

THE KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, } Proprietors.
J. M. WHITE, }

VOL. I.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1879.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

NO. 28.

1879. SPRING. 1879.

MRS. S. A. WEST,
Fashionable Milliner,
KINSTON, N. C.

Having been engaged in the manufacture of Ladies Hats for the past few seasons for S. B. West, returns her sincere thanks to her patrons, and extends to them and all the public a cordial invitation to call and examine her

New Stock of Ladies, Misses, & Childrens Hats, Bonnets, Flowers and Trimmings.

All of which has been selected with great care from the most fashionable and Largest Houses in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and consists of the

LATEST NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

Also a full and complete stock of

LADIES DRESS GOODS, READY MADE SUITS, TRIMMINGS, NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS, PARASOLS, UMBRELLAS, FANS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, COSETS, &c.

Remember the place—the New Store adjoining the residence of S. B. West. apr3-3m



Dr. A. R. MILLER, DENTIST.
Holds himself in readiness to insert Artificial Teeth, Extract, fill and clean, or do anything necessary to be done by a dentist.
Office at residence. 68 Board furnished to parties from jan3-12m

J. F. Parrott,
Miller and Lumber Dealer,
Kinston, N. C.

Is now prepared to fill all orders for

FIRST CLASS LUMBER

at the lowest Cash rates.

Also keep on hand the celebrated

Tuckahoe Family Flour. Jan1-12m

JACKSON & LOFTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, KINSTON, N. C.

Practice in Lenoir, Greene, Wayne, Jones and adjoining counties.

Prompt and efficient attention paid all business entrusted to them.

Settlements of estates of deceased persons a specialty.

Office on Court House Square, formerly occupied by Jno. F. Wooten. Jan1-12m

Wm. W. N. HUNTER,
SUPERIOR COURT CLERK, PROBATE JUDGE.

—AND—
Ex-Officio NOTARY PUBLIC
for Lenoir County.

Office in S. B. West's Store, North of the Court House building, KINSTON, N. C.

All legal blanks required to be Probated kept constantly on hand and furnished free of charge. Jan3-17

Drs. HYATT & TULL.
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS OF
Medicine & Surgery.

Office at the Dr. Brown's Office. Jan3-17



HENRY DUNN,
DRUGGIST & APOTHECARY,
Kinston, N. C.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
of the BEST QUALITY constantly being received.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at any hour.

Return my sincere thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore extended and respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. dec 20 ft.

A. M. BAKER,
New Berne, N. C.

for SAMPLES of any kind of DRESS GOODS and TRIMMINGS found in a DRY GOODS STORE.

JOSEPH LASSITTER,
Livery, Sale, and Exchange Stables,
Kinston, N. C.

L. J. HILL & CO.,
Boot & Shoe Makers,
KINSTON, N. C.

Boots and Shoes remarkably low. The best new Boots at \$5.00. Gaiters \$6.00. A No. 1 low quartered Shoe \$4.00. Repairing and other work in proportion.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Over 100 Phillips Store.

Sign of the BIG BOOT.

B. F. FIELDS & BRO., MILLERS,
Falling Creek, N. C.

We are prepared to grind corn and wheat at the usual rate and guarantee satisfaction to our customers in the future as in the past.

We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public one of the firm being always present in charge of the mill. Jan12-3m

Fear of Death.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bath in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

REST.

The hands softly folded,
The kindly pulses still;
The cold lips know no smile,
The noble heart no thrill;
Her pillow needs no soothing
She craveth for no care—
Love's tenderest entreaty
Wakes no responses there.
A grave in the valley
Tears, bitter sobb; regret,
Another lesson taught,
That life may not forget,
A face forever hidden,
A race forever run,
'Dust to dust,' the preacher saith:
And woman's work is done.

NIGHTFALL.

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.
Alone I stand,
On either hand
In gathering gloom stretch sea and land,
Beneath my feet,
With ceaseless beat,
The waters murmur low and sweet.
Slow falls the night;
The tender light
Of stars grows brighter and more bright;
The lingering ray
Of dying day
Sinks deeper down and fades away.
Now fast, now slow,
The south winds blow,
And softly whisper, breathing low;
With gentle gaze
They kiss my face,
Or fold me in their cool embrace.
Where one pale star,
O'er waters far,
Droops down to touch the harbor bar,
A faint light gleams,
A light that seems
To grow and grow till nature teems
With mellow haze;
And to my gaze
Comes proudly rising, with its rays
No longer dim,
The moon; its rim
In splendor gilds the billowy brim.

I watch it gain
The heavenly plain;
Behind it trails a starry train—
White low and sweet
The Wavelets beat
Their murmuring music at my feet.
Fair night of June!
Yon silver moon
Gleams pale and still. The tender tune,
Faint-floating, plays,
In moonlit lays,
A melody of other days.
'Tis sacred ground;
A pace profound
Comes o'er my soul; I hear no sound,
Save at my feet
The ceaseless beat
Of waters murmuring low and sweet.

Selected.

DRED.

FROM DARLINGTONIA.

'You would think so if you knew him. And I don't know that I can give you a better idea of my Lady's idol than by relating an incident which happened here, just before the first gun fired on Sumter. We are in this fine, picturesque, old-fashioned Southern house, surrounded by its oaks and poplars, standing on this high bluff that overlooks the river. I was here then—on that clear, bright day in the last week of March. The sky was cloudless, to be sure, but old Boreas rode fiercely upon the wings of the wind, and all his subjects held high carnival. Signs, shingles and chimney-tops were sent spinning through the air to the terror and detriment of the passersby. I have never seen this old Mississippi look so grand. The roar of its water sounded like Niagara, and its white-capped billows rose like giants in their might, rushing down stream with resistless force, and lashing in upon the shore below us with demonic fury. The 'Big, Old, Strong,' was himself that day—couldn't have been more himself if he had been just newly made, and let loose from chaos.
'We stood together, my Lady and I, out there upon the upper gallery, watching the wild battle of the waves, and lost in admiration of its terror and its grandeur. Suddenly she reeled toward the railing, and pointing across the river, cried in a voice that sounded strange and hoarse with horror: 'Look! look! it's Dred—launching the skiff—he will try to cross in teeth of this gale. God! God! my boy is lost! I ran into the house and brought the field-glass. Too true—it was Dred. I could see him almost as plainly as I see you now. Half a dozen stout negro men stood upon the shore beside him, evidently using all

their efforts to dissuade him from his mad purpose; but, as it seemed, all in vain. I should mention that 'Dred had established a wood-yard on the Arkansas side, where he went every day or two to superintend the business, very often crossing to and fro in his own skiff rather than go so far up the river to reach the ferry-boat. The negroes were his own men—all fond of him and proud of him. As usual, he followed his own head, sprang into the boat, waved his hand to the men with that gay, fearless gesture, which I knew so well. I could almost hear him say: 'Never mind, boys; I'll be all right,' took up the oars and struck out lustily for the Tennessee shore. He was lithe and supple as a panther, and although only 19, stood six feet in his stockings, and had the nerve and strength of a young 'thorough-bred.' But, what availed the strength of any human arm against the maddened might of wind and wave that rose against him on that fearful day? We stood like dumb creatures, with straining sight and freezing pulses, watching his progress. His little boat would mount like a feather on the white crest of a great wave, then shoot down like an arrow into the trough and be lost to sight until it rose again, bird-like, and hovered for a moment poised upon the comb of another on-sweeping billow. So he rowed on, strength and pluck never failing, battling with the demon waters like a young Hercules, until he was within a hundred yards of the Tennessee shore. Suddenly he looked up and saw his mother; he knew that she watched him in an agony of fear. Oh! fatal impulse! To encourage her he raised his hat, then waved it round his head, a monster wave bore down upon him, the boat capsized, turned bottom upwards, and like a withered leaf went tossing down the stream. We saw 'Dred rise, farther out, farther out, and battling still with the seething waters that foamed and boiled like a mighty cauldron; we saw him turn, wave an arm backward and, God help us all! he was making for the Arkansas shore! The reason flashed upon me, the current was so strong, and undertow so treacherous near our side, he knew that swimming he could never make the land.
'A frenzied cry came up from below us. I looked down and saw his cousin, Dr. Wilfred (he's off in the Confederacy now, as you know), rushing like a mad fellow down the bluff. I followed with all possible speed; I found him on the sands, pulling at the bow of a skiff and in fierce altercation with an old boatman and his two sturdy 'hands,' who held to the stern, while the old man implored him to stop and listen to reason. He turned to me saying, 'Save him, sir, save him; he'll listen to you. God knows I'd give my old life in a minute to save Mr. 'Dred. God bless the boy! But you know we couldn't save him. I'd been out that long ago, if that was any chance at all. Look at that river! I've been a boatman on it for thirty years, and I never saw the Mississippi look like this. The steamboat to the ferry up yonder's tied up. I reckon that's why Mr. 'Dred ventured out in that egg-shell of his.' He couldn't have made it anyhow against the current that shaves this shore. Look out that, will you? He saw that and turned back, when his dock-leaf capsized!
'We had to seize Dr. Wil' and hold him. Poor fellow! he screamed, and fought, and tore at us and cursed us like—well, like the madman that he was—nothing less. It required the united strength of the whole four of us to master him and carry him bodily back to the house. From the low shore we could see nothing of 'Dred. The boy had gone down, I felt assured. As we came up the lawn bringin' Dr. Wil' by main force, I glanced up at the gallery. My Lady was crouched together as in a heap against the railing—her face whitened with a frozen and speechless agony—and still she watched the river. As soon as we had the Doctor fairly into the house, I ran up to the gallery. I spoke to my Lady. She did not answer. I bent down over the bowed form, and started back aghast, for I thought her dead. Her eyes were wide open, but their gaze was stony—she was seeing, hearing, feeling—nothing. I carried her in to her own room. Afterwards—long afterwards—she told me that she had watched her boy rise upon the crest, then in the trough of wave after wave, until when, as it seemed to her, two giant waves rushed together, crushing him between them—and she saw him no more.
'The agony of that day in this house no man can pen—no tongue can tell. I staid with them, trying in vain to quiet poor Wil'. He laughed, wept, raved, prayed, cursed, reproach-

ed—all in a breath. He recalled every harsh word he had ever spoken to the boy, every pleasure he had ever envied him—not once remembering a single kindly speech, a single loving deed which he had given, in his wealth of love and tenderness, to this boy cousin, the household darling.—So passed this day of bitter gloom, and night came down, folding her black wings over the dull, booming waters, in whose cold depths, I doubted not, lay all that remained of the pride of the house. I had sent for assistance, and had also sent runners to see if the ferry boat was really tied up, or passing; but no messenger had returned. When my Lady recovered her consciousness the ravings of poor Wil' seemed to fill her with a silent awe, and—true woman that she is—she hid and hushed her own crushing agony in efforts to quiet, sustain, and even comfort him. He had flung himself on his knees in the midst of a wild medley of prayers and curses. The clock struck 11, the hall door opened and shut with a clang, a quick step sounded on the stairway, and in our midst stood—'Dred. Will sprang up with a cry that fairly shook the walls—'Dred caught his mother in his arms, and Wil' caught them both in his, and thus clung together. And? Well, I went out on the gallery there, and stayed for a good while. What business had I there? or what human hand had a right to lift that veil? what human tongue dare try to paint that meeting.
'Ah! well—I went back after a while, and when I slipped in, silent-like—the boy came up and put his arms about my neck—me, now, think of that as if I was really something to him! and tried to laugh in the old rollicking way, but the tears would have their turn, and so he laid his bright, brown head down on my shoulder, and was quite subdued and still for a few moments, which was rather a wonderful thing for him.—Then we sat down together, and I said, 'Now, Dred, we are all right again, thank God. Tell us all about it.'
'Why, sir,' he answered, smilingly, 'there is really not much to tell, though it did seem to me that it took a—well, a "condemned" (you know) long time to do. You see I was a fool to-day. Not that this is a new rale for me, particularly—I merely mention it as having been a rather more uncommon fool to-day than usual. I stayed over at the yard last night, you know, and to-day being so bad there were no boats running, and nothing to do, I thought I would come home. The boys fairly begged me on their knees not to try it—but, as I remarked in the outset—I was a fool, and wouldn't listen. I got along splendidly until I was within about a hundred yards of the shore here—when—well, the boat was struck sideways, capsized, and left me.'
'(I could have hugged the boy right here, for his care in not mentioning before his mother that it was his wish to encourage her that made him loosen his grasp of the oar, and thus came his disaster.) He went on, a little hurriedly—I tried to make this side, but you all know what the current is to a swimmer, even in still weather, on this shore. I soon found I couldn't make it—my only chance for life was the Arkansas side—so I turned and started for it, not with much hope of reaching it, I confess. I swam a little and floated a good deal, and did pretty well until I began to cramp. Then I got up first one leg and then the other and got my boots off; that was better and I floated on for a while, but at last I become so exhausted that I give it up. Looked out at the sky—thought of mother and said 'Good-bye'—shut my eyes and—well, I know no more about it until I opened them and found myself in 'Bram's bunk at the wood-yard, rolled in a dozen blankets, 'Bram and Phil rubbing me with hands that rasped like huge graters, and Caesar pouring the vilest of vile whisky down my throat. Poor fellow! How they cried and roared and rampaged when I opened my eyes and with my customary courtesy asked them: 'What the devil they were rubbing my skin off for, and if they hadn't brought that whisky right fresh from—well, from the lake of fire and brimstone?' They had saved me.—They had watched me all the time—never lost sight of me. When they saw me turn back they stood in line with a strong rope passed between them and waited for me. At last, when I had given it up, a big wave dashed me on the bar at their feet. They grabbed me instantly, before it could make off with me again, and I made for the shore. They had gone into the water as far as they could venture—as far as they were able to keep their feet on the slippery, shift-

ing sand-bar, and there they stood to wait for me. They hurried me up to the shanty, buried me in blankets, almost flayed me alive, drenched me with hot whisky, 'warranted to kill at three hundred yards,' and at last brought me round into this world again. They tried to make me stay all night, but I knew what you all believed at home and told them I couldn't. So 'Bram took me up to the Hopefield landing and the ferry did make one trip—so I came right along, and here is the 'bad penny' back again.' And I say mother dear,' he continued, as he took a small seat at her feet and laid his head upon her knee. We must do something handsome for those boys. As 'Mummy' would put it—'dey's awful black outside—but dey's pow'ful white inside, shore.'
'God bless them, yes! murmured my Lady reverently, as she passed her arms around the boy, and drew his head up to rest upon her heart. 'God forever and forever bless them; and may His wisdom direct us right and enable us to give them their hearts' best desire!' And we said solemnly 'Amen.'—Detroit Free Press.

Suspended Animation.

PERHAPS any of us may soon be able to take a Rip Van Winkle nap whenever we may choose. The Brisbane (New South Wales) Courier has a long account of a new method of suspending animation, discovered by one Signor Rotura, whose researches into the botany and natural history of South America have made his name eminent. Some five months ago Signor Rotura called upon Mr. James Grant, a pupil of the late Nicollas, 'of pre-eminence in his knowledge of the science of generating cold,' and the owner of a freezing chamber at Woothara. 'Signor Rotura averred,' says the Courier's correspondent, 'that he had discovered a South American vegetable poison allied to the well-known *woolara*, that had the power of perfectly suspending animation, and that the trance thus produced continued till the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heart its functions. So perfect, moreover, was this suspension of life that Signor Rotura had found in a warm climate decomposition set in at the extremities after a week of this living death, and he imagined if the body in this inert state were reduced to a temperature sufficiently low to arrest decomposition, the trances might be kept up for months, possibly for years. Rotura and Grant have erected extensive works, in which they are experimenting in secret, with a view soon to revolutionize the meat trade of Australia by shipping sheep to England while in this trance and reviving them for slaughter when landed. The correspondent visited this establishment and was shown the freezing chamber, a small dark room, about eight feet by ten feet. Here were fourteen sheep, four lambs and three pigs, stacked on their sides in a heap, 'alive,' which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for another three months. Selecting one of the lambs, Signor Rotura put it on his shoulders and carried it outside into the other building, where a number of shallow cemented tanks were in the floor, having hot and cold water taps to each tank, with a thermometer hanging alongside. One of these tanks was quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the Signor, I meantime examining with the greatest curiosity and wonder the nineteen days' 'dead lamb.' It was gently dropped into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above the water twice for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth, and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor, Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on its neck and inserting a sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the antidote. This was a pale green liquid, and, as I believe, a decoction from the root of the *astragalus*, found in South America. The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura standing across it, gently compressing the ribs with his knees and his hands, in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and, when released, skipped out through the door, and went gamboling and bleating over the little garden in front.' The Signor's experiments lead him to believe that it is immaterial whether the suspension lasts weeks or years. He is negotiating for a felon under capital sentence, upon whom he wishes to operate.

Sonnet Upon a Stolen Kiss.

New gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

Satire on the Town Ladies.

Some wonder of the borrowsown
Sae woful vane are, and wantoun,
In ward they wait not what to wear;
On clathis they spend mony a crown,
And all for newfangledness of gear.
And of fine silk their furrit cloaks,
With hings sleeves, like geill pokis;
Nae preaching will gar them forbear
To wear all thing that sin provokes;
And all for newfangledness of gear.
Their wilcoats mann weel be hewit,
Broud'd richt braid, with paments sewit,
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudmen had cause to rue it,
That evar their wils wore sic gear.
Their woren hose of silk are shavin,
Barrit aboon with talsels drawin,
With gartens of ane new maner,
To gar their courtlines be knowin,
And all for newfangledness of gear.
Sometime they will be up their gown,
To shaw their wiliot hingin down,
And sometime bath they will appear,
To shaw their hose of black or brown,
And all for newfangledness of gear.

Snakes—A Man Who has 'Em Bad, but Don't Mind It.

A curious exhibition was given in Dr. Duncan Ever's rear office yesterday morning. Dr. H. Shacklett and M. G. Collins, of Centreville, appeared there with the understanding that Collins was to permit a rattlesnake to bite him, and then cure himself by a concoction manufactured out of the mosses which grow on white oak and hickory-nut trees. This moss had been put in three and a half pints of water, they said, and boiled down to half a pint. The physicians chose a rattlesnake in preference to a copperhead or cottonmouth snake, by either of which Collins proposed to make the test. He was bitten on the wrist by the rattlesnake, and the wound bled. He at once applied the remedy to the wound and took internally. His pulse had beat at 84; temperature 99. At the end of 15 minutes from the bite, the pulse had risen to 91 and the temperature to 101 degrees; 15 minutes more his pulse was 63 and temperature 100; on one hour from the time of the bite, the pulse beat at 60, while the temperature marked 98. At this point of the proceedings, Collins suffered with nauseated stomach, and remarked that he had tried the same experiment with a rattlesnake at Centreville last Monday; that the two experiments had been too close together, and they would not catch him making experiments without a greater lapse of time between them.
The snake that bit Collins was then teased until it struck a dog, which died from the bite one hour and thirty-five minutes after. Collins claims to have got his antidote from the Black-foot Cherokee Indians when a youth.—Nashville American.

A Base Proposition.

A Detroitier who has the reputation of being hard pay was waited on the other day by a man who began:
'Mr. Blank, I hold your note for \$75. It is long past due, and I wanted to see what you would do about it.'
'My note? Ah! yes, yes, this is my note. For value received I promise to pay, and so forth. Have you been to the note-shavers with this?'
'I have, but none of them would have it.'
'Wouldn't eh? And you tried the banks?'
'Yes, sir, but they wouldn't look at it.'
'Wouldn't eh? And I suppose you went to a justice to see about suing it?'
'I did, but he said a judgement wouldn't be worth a dollar.'
'Did, eh? And now what proposition do you wish to make?'
'This is your note for \$75. Give me \$5 and you can have it.'
'Five dollars! No, sir! No, sir! I have no money to throw away, sir!'
'But it is your own note.'
'True, sir, very true, but I'm not such an idiot as to throw away money on worthless securities, no matter who signs them. I deal only in first-class paper, sir, and when that note has a negotiable value I will be pleased to discount it. Good day, sir—looks like settled weather again!'