



KINSTON JOURNAL.

J. W. HARPER, Editor and Proprietor.

Independent In All Things.

TERMS—\$1.50 Per Year.

VOL. 1.

KINSTON, N. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1879.

NO. 48.

THE CIDER MILL.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Under the blue New England skies, Flooded with sunshine a valley lies.

The mountains clasp it, warm and sweet, Like a sunny child to their rocky feet.

Three pearly lakes and a hundred streams Lie on its quiet heart of dreams.

Its meadows are greenest ever seen; Its harvest fields have the brightest sheen;

Through its trees the softest sunlight shakes, And the whitest lilies gem its lakes;

I love, oh! better than words can tell, Its every rock and grove and dell;

But most I love the gorge where the rill Comes down by the old brown cider mill.

Above the clear springs purple out And the upper meadows wait about;

Then join, and under the willows flow Round knolls where beach whip stocks grow.

To rest in a shaded pool that keeps The oak trees clasped in its crystal deeps.

Sheer twenty feet the water falls, Down from the old dam's broken walls.

Spatters the knobby boulders gray, And laughing, dies, in the shade away.

Under great rocks, through trout pools still, With many a tumble, down to the mill.

All the way down the nut trees grow, And squirrels hide above and below.

Acorns, beechnuts, chestnuts there Drop all the fall through the hazy air;

And burrs roll down with curled up leaves In the mellow light of harvest eves.

Forever there the still, old trees Drink a wine of peace that has no lees.

By the roadside stands the cider mill, Where a lowland slumber waits the rill;

A great bonny building, two stories high, On the western hill-face warm and dry;

And odorous piles of apples there Fill with increase the golden air.

And heaps of pumice, mixed with straw, To their amber sweets the late fies draw.

The carts back up to the upper door, And spill their treasures in on the floor;

Down through the toothed wheels they go To the wide, deep cider press below.

And the serows are turned by slow degrees Down on the straw-lined cider cheese;

And with each turn a fuller stream Bursts from beneath the groaning beam.

An amber stream the gods might sip, And fear no morrow's parched lip;

But wherefore gods? Those idle toys Were soulless to real New England boys.

What classic goblet ever felt Such thrilling touches through it melt,

As thrub electric along a straw, When the boyish lips the cider draw?

The years are heavy with weary sounds, And their discords life's sweet music drown;

But yet I hear, oh! sweet, oh! sweet, The rill that bathed my bare, brown feet;

And yet the cider drips and falls On my inward year at intervals;

And I lead at times in a sad, sweet dream, To the babbling of that little stream;

And I sit in a visioned autumn still, In the sunny door of the cider mill.

Selected.

The Death-Charm.

Along a broad highway in the State of Maryland rode two persons, mounted upon two splendid animals, with the easy grace of equestrians accustomed to the saddle.

One was a maiden of scarcely more than sixteen, with a fresh, lovely face, and a form developing into perfection, wearing a dark blue habit and as louch hat with a heavy ostrich plume.

Gauntlet gloves incased her tiny hands, while about her there was an air of high breeding.

Her company was nearly double her age, attired in the undress uniform of a captain of cavalry. He was a striking-looking man, with a frank, fearless face that was very fascinating.

That there was a love affair existing between the two—young as was the maiden—their glances indicated, and the course of true love, in their case seemed to be running smooth.

Presently they came upon a crowd of men on the roadway. A youth lay bound upon the ground, his face pale and bleeding, and above him bent a half-dozen rude fellows, talking in angry tones.

'Carter, what means this disturbance,' asked the maiden, sternly, addressing one of the men.

The man touched his hat politely and replied.

'It means, Miss Lulu, that we've caught a Tarter here, but we've got him, tied fast now.'

'What has he been doing, Carter?'

'Well you see, Miss, I saw him coming out of the forest, where, you know, your father allows no gunning, and I called to him to stop and he paid no attention to me, so I calls the boys from the field and we gave chase and caught him, though he fought like a tiger.'

'And have you dared to attack a man in the public road, sir? My father shall hear of this at once,' said Lulu Sanford, angrily.

'He's nothing but a gypsy, Miss, from the camp over the hill yonder,' sullenly said the man.

'He is a human being, and was doing no harm. Unbind him at once, sir!'

The young officer at once sprang from his horse and quickly released the youth, who was secured with a rope, and said kindly: 'Get up, my

man and return to your camp.'

The youth turned his dark eyes upon the speaker and said, faintly: 'I can not, sir; I am badly hurt.'

'Shame on you Carter! a number of burly men to beat a poor boy as you have done! You shall suffer for this, all of you!' cried the maiden indignantly, and as the men hung their heads abashed, she continued:

'Raise him in your arms and carry him at once to the mansion, while I ride by and send Dr. Moore to see him. Tell Jane to put him in a comfortable room.'

Anxious to redeem themselves in the eyes of their employer's daughter, the men raised the youth in their arms and bore him away, while Lulu Sanford and her escort, Capt. Fred De Lancy, galloped on after the physician.

An hour after, the two rode up to the door of a very handsome mansion surrounded by ornamental grounds, flower gardens, and every indication that those who dwell there were possessed of wealth and refinement.

At the door an elderly gentleman met them, who called out pleasantly: 'Well, Fred, I am glad to see you and my boy. Richard told me you had arrived this morning.'

'Yes, Colonel, I received sixty days' furlough and stopped to see you on my way home; and this afternoon Miss Lulu and myself ran off for a ride, repaid your officer.'

'And I am very glad we did, papa, and I found your overseer, Carter, and five of the hired men, had beaten a boy severely just because he did not stop when commanded to,' said Lulu.

'Yes, the doctor is now with the poor boy and his father too. I fear the youth is badly hurt, and Carter and the men shall leave my place at once, for the little fellow was doing no harm, and his being a gypsy is no crime. But come into the house and get ready for dinner, for I have a surprise for you.'

'A surprise for me, sir?' said Lulu.

'Yes, I have found a governess for you—one in every way competent to teach you in singing and instrumental music, as you desire, and who speaks Italian perfectly; she will be here in two weeks, and I have engaged her for two years, so you can complete your education under her.'

'I am so glad—I was afraid I would have to go to boarding school,' Lulu said.

Lulu ascended to her own room, while her father took Capt. De Lancy in charge.

The Gypsy boy was severely hurt, and for nearly a week the doctor feared he might not recover. His father hung night and day over him, never caring for himself. At length the youth rallied, and recuperated with such rapidity that the Gypsy chief said he could take him back to camp, and asked to see Lulu, who had been untiring in her devotion to the wounded boy. Finding that the Gypsy would go, Lulu ordered the carriage to drive them to their camp, a kindness that was accepted.

'And, lady, said the chief, with deep feeling, 'my boy owes you his life, and the prayers of our people will ever be for your joy. I have money to pay, yet I will not insult a heart that was kind that you brought my boy to your own home, and have cared for him as though he were of your own kin, and not a poor wader-gypsy.'

'Now lady, I beg you to remember if ever the world should turn against you, that you have true friends in the camp of Capt. Carl, the gypsy.'

Lulu offered her hand in farewell to both Capt. Carl, as his tribe called him, and the boy, and the dignified manner and striking appearance of the wandering chief could not but impress her.

The second day after the departure of the gypsies from Sanford Hill, as the rich old ex army officer's place was called, there was an arrival in the person of the governess engaged to 'finish off' Lulu's education.

At the first glance at Viola Hale, Lulu did not like her; but a few moments after she changed her mind, and seemed almost fascinated by the beautiful governess, for she was strangely, weirdly beautiful, with great black eyes in which slept worlds of passion, rife red lips, teeth like milk and without a blemish, and hair that touched the floor when she was standing—hair blue black and with an inclination to curl.

Her complexion was dark, almost bronze in hue, but there was rich blood in the cheeks, and her form was the very perfection of grace and beauty.

Her age was hard to tell—at times she seemed like a girl, and then again one might not be far wrong if he said she was nearly thirty.

From her entire into the mansion she ruled, and yet no one seemed to know that she held the reins, but Col. Sanford soon became her slave. Lulu seemed wholly under her influence, and no one seemed conscious that she made her power felt. She was an accomplished musician, and sang with a depth of feeling that would capture any listener.

When at length Capt. Fred, De Lancy came again to Sanford Hill on a visit, and met Viola Hale, he seemed to Lulu's surprise not to take a fancy to her.

'That woman has a history, Lulu, and a dark one, mark my words for it,' he said.

'She is very beautiful, Fred, and accomplished, sweet-tempered, and, and—'

'And what, Lulu?'

'And I do not like to have you find fault, with my sweet governess.'

'Then I will not. She's an angel—only she has a history,' and the persistent man could not be changed in his opinion.

The next day Fred proposed a horse back ride, and when the horses were brought round Viola Hale appeared in a habit that set off her wondrous beauty strangely.

Refusing the offer of Fred to aid her, she laid her hand on the pommel and leaped lightly into the saddle from the ground.

'She's been in a circus, I'll wager,' said Fred, in a low tone, as he lifted Lulu to her saddle, and he was more convinced of this when he saw the perfect manner in which the governess managed the wild horse she rode.

Whether Viola Hale realized that the young captain did not exactly like her, it was hard to tell; but she suddenly began to turn her battery of fascination upon him in a manner that threatened to change his mind regarding her. But fortunately his furlough was soon ended; and he departed for command on the frontier, a happy man, because Lulu Sanford had promised to become his wife when she was a year and a half older; and Col. Sanford approved the match; for the young officer came of good family and was a brave and dashing fellow, possessed no evil habits, and yet was the richest man in the army.

A year passed by, and again Captain Fred De Lancy was a visitor at Sanford Hill, and delighted at the wonderful progress Lulu had made under her beautiful governess.

'Have you picked up any links, Lulu, that connect her with the past?' asked Fred.

'For shame, Fred! She is all that is lovely, and I believe that papa is really in love with her; and I assure you I would not object to her for a stepmother.'

'And does she care for your father, Lulu?'

'I thought so once; now I believe she only admires and respects him, and I have lost heavily of late, he wrote me.'

'Yes. You'll not get the rich heiress you expected to, as papa is now barely well off.'

'I have been more fortunate for my wealth has increased, and after I marry you, Lulu, I shall resign from the army and settle down to take care of my vast estates.'

'I am glad to hear you say so, for I have no desire to see your brown curls taken off by an Indian's scalping knife. But here comes Miss Hale.'

As Lulu spoke, the governess swept into the room, and more than ever gracious was she to Captain De Lancy, and during his entire visit did she devote herself to him in such a kindly way that when he again returned to the army he admitted that he had misjudged her, and believed her to be a thoroughly true woman.

'I would like to see Miss Sanford—my boy has sent her some little trinkets he has made for her,' said Captain Carl, the gypsy chief, appearing at Sanford Hill one day, two years, nearly, after his departure.

In his hand he held a basket, in which were some shell and wooden ornaments skillfully carved.

'Miss Lulu has not been very well of late, and it's a pity, as the Captain's coming home soon to marry her; but I'll tell her you are here,' said the butler, and he soon returned with word that he was to come into the library.

In an easy chair, a book lying closed upon her lap, sat Lulu Sanford, looking pale and with a haggard expression in her beautiful eyes.

'It was very kind of your son to remember me, and these are very beautiful indeed. I suppose he is quite a man now?'

But the gypsy made no reply and his eyes were riveted upon Lulu.

Again she spoke to him, surprised at this strange look, and then from his lips burst the question:

'Where did you get that charm, lady?'

Supported by a gold chain of rare workmanship that encircled her neck, hung a massive gold heart, with a single ruby of rare size in the center, and upon this the eyes of the gypsy were fixed with a startled look.

'This beautiful charm,' and Lulu raised it in her fingers—it was given to me by my governess a month ago.'

'Lady, I would know that gold heart with its single red eye among millions; it is the Death Charm.'

The man spoke in hoarse tones, and his manner startled Lulu, who said quickly:

'The death charm! What do you mean?'

'Lady, let me see it please.'

Impressed by his manner, Lulu unfastened the clasp and handed it to him.

For a moment he gazed intently upon it, and then, to the surprise of the maiden, touched a spring, the existence of which she knew not of, and it flew open like a locket.

'I knew I was not mistaken—it is the death charm. See here, lady; do you see these little marks that look like engraving? Well, they are holes through the gold back, as you see when I hold it up to the light. There, you see this sponge within this wire case? This is saturated in deadly poison—poison that you inhale day by day, until you gradually die, and none know the cause of your death. Lady, the one who gave you this wished to murder you.'

As white as snow and trembling with excitement, Lulu cried:

'No, no, no! It was given me by my dear governess, Viola Hale.'

'Viola Hale! The first name is here; she must be the one who is your foe, lady. Is the woman you speak of in this house?'

As the gypsy spoke the governess glided into the room, and as her eyes fell upon the tall form near Lulu, she stopped, turned livid, and with a cry upon her lips sank upon the floor.

'Oh, sir, call the servants, for she has fainted,' cried Lulu in alarm.

'Lady, let her lie there while I tell you that she is not worthy of a kind thought. That woman is my wife!'

'Your wife?' whispered Lulu.

'Yes, lady, she is, like myself, a gypsy, and, at fourteen years of age, became my wife and queen of the band; but the year after the birth of our boy, whose life you have saved, she ran away from me to go with an Italian Prince, and when she had squandered his money she left him, too, to attach herself to a Spaniard, a sorcerer, and the man who made this death charm I hold in my hand. She killed him with his own poisons, and came back to me, professing repentance. Alas! it was from a desire to get her boy; as I still doubted her, she gave me this very charm to wear around my neck, telling me it would bring back my love for her.'

'Accidentally I found a paper one that told me the secret of the death charm and its poison, and I accused her of her treachery, and so great was her assumed grief that I did not make known her intent to kill me to my band.'

The following day she disappeared and carried the charm with her. Since then I have never known what became of her; but, thank heaven, I came here to day!'

In horror Lulu had listened to the awful story, and then she felt all was true, for it came to her how her old nurse had said the governess wanted to marry Fred De Lancy herself; then how she had insisted for love of her the death-charm should be worn day and night, and from the time she had put it on her health had begun to fail.

'Oh, how could she be so wicked?' cried the girl.

'It is her nature, lady. Ah! she is recovering consciousness,' and the gypsy chief stepped toward the prostrate woman, and, in his own language, spoke to her sternly.

With every nerve quivering, and her black eyes looking wild with terror, the woman arose and stood before her master thoroughly conquered.

'Lady, farewell. Please send this woman's things to this address in the city,' and Carl handed Lulu a card, while he continued: 'Keep that death-charm, but take from it that deadly poison. Keep it as a souvenir that Capt. Carl repaid the service you did his son.'

Then turning to the guilty, trembling woman, he said to her simply: