

THE EASTERN INTELLIGENCER.

JOHN S. LONG, Editor.

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The Eastern Intelligencer,
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EVERY TUESDAY.

Devoted to the dissemination of Intelligence, Literary and Miscellaneous, the Development of the Commercial and Agricultural Interests of Eastern Carolina, and to the Advancement of our Educational and Social Prosperity.

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feb 9-4m

GARDEN SEEDS.

FRESH GARDEN SEEDS just received, and for sale by

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feb 9-3m

CAREER OF A GUERRILLA'S BRIDE.

Nearly every pleasant day pedestrians on our principal avenues, pass a dark-eyed brunette, of medium size, a plump figure and richly dressed. In the early spring of 1861, Sue Kiteradge, a lovely girl, just returned from boarding school, lived upon her father's plantation in one of the rural districts in Kentucky, that hung in a balance, uncertain whether to risk her fate with the new "Confederacy," or hang back. She was 17, and a frequent visitor at the adjoining plantation of Mr. Mundy, an old gentleman whose wife and son, a young man, composed a happy family. One day a company of Union cavalry rode down upon the place, plundered the premises, carried off the valuables, burned the residence, and finally slaughtered the parents, who were defending their own fire-sides, laying waste the country in their track, and leaving young Mundy and Sue orphans indeed. Young Mundy was at last aroused, and while being carried off a prisoner, no word escaped his lips but "Sue." When asked his name, he repeated, "Sue," probably the effect of a disordered brain. His linen being examined, the indelible name of "Mundy" was found, and ever after he was known as "Sue Mundy," the constant terror of Union citizens and soldiers in that section. Released on parole, he immediately returned and interred the charred remains of his own parents, as well as of the body of Mr. K. Taking a solemn and fearful oath of vengeance, and accompanied by Sue, who was now without home or friends in the wide world, he started for a neighboring camp of bushwhackers, or guerrillas, where he was received with open arms, and was soon promoted to the office of commander of the force, while Sue, disguised and passing by the name of "Kit," an abbreviation of Kiteradge, proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless rider, and of undoubted bravery. Kit, after serving nearly two years as a spy and general planner for the band, found her health failing. Disguised and armed with the highest testimonials, she succeeded in securing a position on the staff of Gen. Cleburne, the hardest fighting Irishman in the rebel army. This position she held, doing her duty like a man, until the battle of Atlanta, July 12th, 1864, when Pat. Cleburne was killed. Returning to her youthful hero and his band, she again revelled in the carnival of blood, and though her evil spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, and Kit was again transferred to guard duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who have shared the hospitality of that celebrated camp will perhaps remember a short, stout and muscular young Lieutenant, with flashing black eyes, a face smooth as a maiden's, and cruel as though a fiend incarnate lurked within. This was Sue Kiteradge, the amiable young boarding school miss, the cheerful companion, the once wealthy heiress, the beautiful maiden and friend of young Mundy, whose life to her was dearer than her own.

Sue Mundy and a part of his band were captured, and tried by a court-martial. Kit was present during the whole trial, and used her greatest influence, but of no avail. Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at Louisville, Ky., in March, 1865. The flowing hair still hung about his shoulders, and when his youthful corpse was taken down and laid away in his narrow bed, the bleeding and broken heart of Sue Kiteradge was buried with it; and now a wanderer on the face of the earth, homeless and friendless, she lives without hope of heaven or mercy, forsaken and disboned and cast away.

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD.—The oldest relic of humanity extant, is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaoh, incased in its original burial robes, and wonderfully perfect considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archaeological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy, was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharaoh Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it! The monarch whose crumbling bones and deathly integuments are now exciting the wonder of

numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs, had been gathered to his fathers!—Why, the tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved, and had his being! His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch! His bones and shrouded slabs contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the Crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

BYRON AND HIS DAUGHTER ADA.

We have touched already on his deep affection for Ada. Madame Guiccioli tells us that the days in which he received a look of her hair or her miniature were kept as days of solemnity, and hallowed with inexpressible sadness. Even when in Greece, news of an illness of Ada affected him so deeply that he was not able to continue his journal. "The mother of Ada, he would say, 'I had the smile of her childhood and her youth, but the tears of her womanhood will be for me.'" He felt them springing for him warm and fast, afar across the dark valleys of time and through the frozen vapors of death.

Years after, Col. Wildman, the successor of Byron in the proprietorship of Newstead Abbey, met Byron's daughter in the round of London society, and invited her to come and visit the seat of her ancestors. Sixteen months before her death, Lady Lovelace made a visit to Newstead Abbey. In the great library of the Abbey, Col. Wildman read one of the finest passages of Byron to Byron's daughter. Touched with the beauty of the verse she asked who was the author. "The author!" said Colonel Wildman. "There is his portrait," (pointing to the picture of Byron, by Phillips, on the wall of the library); and he recited yet more of Byron's poetry to her. Lady Lovelace was mute with astonishment; a new revelation burst in upon her. "Do not think this affectation," she said, "when I tell you that I have been brought up in complete ignorance of all that regards my father."

From that moment a passionate enthusiasm for all that recalled the memory of Byron took possession of her. She loved to shut herself for long hours in the apartments he had lived in, and which still retained much of the furniture which Byron had touched and used. She loved to sleep in the room in which he slept. She gave herself up to lonely meditations on his exiled fate and his premature end, and endeavored, with intense yearning, out of the association of scenes over which his memory lingered, to extract some of that tenderness which she had been deprived in the glory of a great existence. From that time all other charms of life became insipid and colorless before her. This child of Byron was inconsolable. She had been cruelly disinherited and robbed of the most priceless treasure which it was in the power of heaven to bestow upon her—the parental affection of the noblest, most generous, truest, and most loving heart which ever beat in the bosom of a man. She waned and pined and fell ill, very ill—so ill she knew she must die; and then she wrote to Col. Wildman a letter, begging him as a favor to let her be buried by the side of her father. "Yes, I will be buried there—not where my mother can join me, but by the side of him who so loved me, and whom I was taught not to love; and this reunion of our bodies in the grave shall be an emblem of the union of our spirits in the bosom of the Eternal." Byron was more than avenged. The father and daughter lie side by side in the village Church of Hucknall.—Belgravia.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.—This gigantic work has been completed, and we may go now from New York to San Francisco overland, for \$175, the emigrants and second class passengers \$75. When all the accommodations have been completed, the journey can be taken in about six days. The building of this road will secure the trade of China and India, and is one of the most important projects of the age, as well as one of the most gigantic.

DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO LEOPARDS.

Mander's menagerie, on Monday, just before midday feeding, was the scene of a terrible fight between two of the largest leopards. It is usual, before feeding, to place large movable slides to separate the animals; but before doing so, the keeper sweeps out the cage, and clears the groove in which the slide runs. While doing this he had great difficulty in keeping the two large leopards from commencing the combat, and no sooner had he turned his back to bring up the slide than there was a howl, and the two had commenced the fight. At this moment the sight was fearful.—Both animals boldly confronted each other, crouching down, lashing their sides with their tails, and making a spring, fell heavily, locked in each other's embrace. The struggle that followed was fearful. Their eyes were illumined with fury, and they were grappling each other on the ground.

At this moment, Mr. Manders, who happened to be in the Living saloon, was sent for, and was immediately on the spot, and using every endeavor to separate them, all of which was of no avail. Mr. Manders then procured a long scraper, and dealt each a blow, which had the effect of separating them, only to renew the fight with greater fierceness; and, making a second spring, they both fell with a fearful crash to the floor. The larger one seized the other by the shoulder, breaking the fore foot; the other laid hold of the fleshy part of the back.

Here the struggle was great. Struggling and writhing in each other's embrace, they rolled together over and over. Mr. Manders, by this time, had had the slide brought, and dealing one a blow with a large piece of iron, causing it to release its hold and slouch to the other side, in the meantime the slide was slipped in. Mr. Mander's attention was now directed to the one left prostrated on the floor, and which appeared to be badly hurt. The blood flowing freely, and the fore leg being broken. Mr. Manders despatched at once a messenger to Mr. Heyes, veterinary surgeon, of Hatton Garden, who, after examination, found the limb to be smashed to pieces, and the leg broken in several places, and pronounced it to be beyond recovery.—Mr. Manders then procured some prussic acid from Burnley, a chemist in London road, with which he poisoned it, and put it out of its misery. Mr. Heyes discovered after its death that the leopard had received a compound fracture of the near fore leg, and the scapula; in fact all the bones were smashed, the largest piece being only two inches, and the flesh being torn into ribbons, and one of the claws torn off.—Liverpool Post, Feb. 19.

A ROMANCE IN COLORADO.

A letter from Danver says: "A very pretty romance, in which a woman is not mixed up, has just happened in the mines. It runs thus: A soldier who had served through the war, soon after his discharge, came West to seek his fortune. He drifted into the mines, and got hold of some claims which were discovered to be very rich. His captain, who had been very kind to him in the service, lived far to the East, and finding himself in want of a partner, the young soldier determined to write to the captain, who was poor, and ask him to come out and share with him his good fortune. He did so. The captain came, and the ex-private made over to him, as a gift, one-third interest in all his mining claims. The captain was a shrewd man, the new firm prospered, and presently the generous young miner sent for an old friend who had been with him as a private in the same company, and made over to his comrade another third of his mines. The company prospered amazingly, and grew rich.

A few weeks ago the captain and the third member of the firm, longing to rejoin their families, and feeling that they were rich enough, proposed to sell out. They did so for \$100,000 each, and the rich ex-private was the principal buyer. The other day the trio were seen walking along the street arm in arm, apparently contented with the affairs of this world. They are all three on their way East, the head of the firm going to visit the ex-partners whom he has made so rich. After a short stay in the East, the rich young soldier will return West and continue his mining operations.

MORGAN, THE RIFLEMAN.

Daniel Morgan was a wagoner in the French and Indian war. He was once injured by one British officer, and punished by another, for which he vowed vengeance. At the beginning of the revolutionary war, he raised a company of riflemen, which he drilled to perfection, and instructed in the keen, unfailing aim of the backwoodsman. At the battle of Saratoga, seeing the day was going against the Americans, by reason of the extraordinary skill and energy of the British, he resolved to resort to the only measure conceivable to arrest the tide of battle that threatened to overwhelm them. Summoning to his presence the best marksmen in his command, whose aim was never known to fail, he said: "Murphy, do you see that officer on the iron-gray horse?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply of the soldier. Morgan rejoined, with an almost unflinching voice, "Then do your duty." Murphy ascended a tree, cut away the interlaced branches with his hatchet, rested his rifle on a sure place, watched his opportunity, and as soon as General Frazer had, in his animated movements, come within practical range, Murphy fired, and the gallant General fell mortally wounded, being shot in the centre of his body. The fall decided the day. The enemy soon gave way, and Saratoga became immortal. But Morgan, the rough soldier, was a man of tender feelings, and he almost wept at the deed, and always said it troubled him, because it looked so much like a kind of assassination of a brave and noble officer.

LINEAGE OF THE FAIRFAX FAMILY.

—Debrett's Peerage, called by Thackeray the "Englishman's Bible," contains many curious stories in reference to the noble families of Great Britain. When the last lineal heir of a title dies, there is always a long search for the collateral relatives, and frequently the latter are found in a position far removed both in wealth and station from that occupied by the head of the house. Debrett, however, manages to keep these collaterals well advised of the probabilities of the future, and in this way is swelled out into undue proportions. The last edition, among many other romantic episodes, contains an account of the tenth Lord Fairfax in the peerage of Scotland, who now holds the office of reporter of the Supreme Court of California, one of high position and responsibility in the United States, as the Peerage declares. A long story is also given of a street fight in 1859, in San Francisco, between Lord Fairfax and an ordinary reporter. Charles Snowden Fairfax, tenth Baron Fairfax, is collaterally related to Thomas, the sixth Baron, who, having relinquished his English estates to his brother Robert, came over to America, and settled at Greenway Court, a plantation of more than half a million acres of land in Virginia, which he inherited from his mother, Catharine Colepepper. Thomas as Fairfax, out of Virginia, is better known as the person who employed George Washington as a surveyor.—On the death of Robert Fairfax, in 1793, the estate descended to Rev. Bryan Fairfax, a second cousin, who became eighth Baron. The present Lord Fairfax, great grandson of Bryan, was born at Vacluse, Fairfax county, Va., in 1829, and succeeded to the title in 1846.

AGRICULTURAL.

BROOM CORN—ITS SUCCESSFUL CULTIVATION.

1. It is important that the ground should be good. It ought to be as fresh as you would want for Indian corn. It should be well broken, and, if harrowed, is all the better for it.

2. Plant the seed in the spring not too early, when the ground is warm and in good condition.

3. Rows should be three and a half feet apart, and the seed should be drilled. One stalk of corn should be left if too thick in the row, six inches apart.

4. Cultivate well—all depends upon good cultivation. I always cultivate in the same manner as Indian corn, and never permit any weeds to grow.

5. Cut when the seed on the stalk are in the milk. One hand should go ahead and "table," to be followed by the cutters. One hand will table for four or five cutters.

6. TABLEING.—This consists in bending the stalks of two rows diagonally across each other, about two feet from the ground. The brush projects beyond the row, and is then cut and laid on the table, thus formed to dry. The third row is then cut and laid on the same table; by this means the "wagon row" is cut—that is, a wagon-row to every six rows. I will explain; a, b, c, d, e, f, represent six rows; a and b, e and f, are table rows; c is cut and placed upon the table rows of e and f. It is easy to see that a and d, b and g, c and h, e and i, f and j, are table rows, and each table row is cut on each side, convenient for loading into the wagon.

7. CUTTING.—If the brush is large, six inches of stalk should be left to it; but to the small brush much more—say eight to twelve inches. Knives should be sharpened with good handles and kept sharp.

8. THRESHING the seed off is the next thing. A cylinder of wood 12 inches long and ten inches in diameter, must be provided. It should be of solid wood. Into this, iron or steel spikes should be driven, two inches apart, with three left outside the cylinder. This is propelled by horse-power; but, for very large crops, I recommend steam-power. Machines are now manufactured, greatly improved, for this very purpose, and can be purchased somewhere East.

9. CURING.—Sheds must be provided for this purpose, so that the corn can be perfectly protected from the sun and rain. I put my corn in racks eight inches apart, leaving abundance of space for free ventilation.

10. The yield is from four to five hundred pounds to the acre, the latter figure being a large yield.

11. Baling is done in a hay press. The brush should be laid straight, with care, and the bale may be fastened by wire or hoop poles.

12. The cost of cultivation is just equal to that of Indian corn until it is ready to cut. The cutting, hauling, and threshing requires eight men per day for each acre of corn, besides two teams and one wagon. This includes putting it away on the racks for curing. The cost of baling is just double that of baling hay.

13. I would advise those going into the business of broom corn raising, to begin on five or ten acres for initiation.

—Common's Rural World.

HOW A FARMER MAY LOSE MONEY.

By not taking one or more good papers.

Keeping no account of farm operations; paying no attention to maxim.

"A stitch in time saves nine" in regard to the sowing of grain and planting of seed at the proper time.

Leaving reapers, ploughs, cultivators, &c., unsheltered from the rain and heat of the sun. More money is lost in this way annually than most persons would be willing to believe.

Permitting broken implements to be scattered over the farm until they are irreparable. By repairing broken implements at the proper time many dollars may be saved—a proof of the assertion that time is money.

Attending auction sales and purchasing all kinds of trumpery, because in the words of the venter, the articles are "very cheap."

Allowing fences to remain unrepaired until "strange" cattle are found grazing in the meadow, grain field, or browsing on the fruit trees.

Disbelieving the principle of a rotation of crops, before making a single experiment.

Planting fruit trees with the expectation of saving fruit without giving the trees half the attention required to make them profitable.

Practicing economy by depriving stock of shelter during the winter, and feeding them on unsound food, such as half rotten and mouldy hay or fodder.

Keeping an innumerable tribe of rats on the premises, and two or three big lazy dogs who never molest the vermin.

Spending rainy days in groceries and bar-rooms, instead of being at home putting things to rights when you have leisure.—Rural World.

The best farmers are those who first find out what their soil is best adapted to. They then turn their energies in that direction and go straight forward in that line. A poor crop does not discourage them. They keep on, and are sure to be finally successful.