

# THE EASTERN INTELLIGENCER.

JOHN S. LONG, Editor.

Devoted to the Literary, Educational, Commercial, and Agricultural Interests of Eastern North Carolina.

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The Eastern Intelligencer,  
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PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON, N. C.,  
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.

To our business men the INTELLIGENCER offers extraordinary inducements, upon reasonable terms, to advertise in its columns representing as it does, without a rival, the entire country, with all of its productive industry, between the Neuse and Roanoke Rivers, and from Edgecombe to the Ocean.

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Several use in this place and vicinity daily, not one of which has proved imperfect. In the best manner to order of this great superiority over all other makers. Call and see a Catalogue.  
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apr 27y

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BLOODED CATTLE, SHEEP, SWINE,  
FANCY POULTRY and EGGS for setting,  
offers to the public the most  
COMPLETE AND VARIED  
stock in this line, which will meet the entire wants of  
ALL OUR PEOPLE!  
Circulars of prices can be obtained on application. New Berne, N. C., 1869.  
[june 22-1y]

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Between South Front and Pollock streets  
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[june 22-1y]

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ORGANS AND MELODEONS  
MORE THAN  
45,000  
OF G. A. PRINCE & CO'S  
Improved Patent Prize Medal Organs  
AND MELODEONS ARE NOW IN USE.  
Uniformly awarded the first premiums whenever exhibited in competition with other makers, and sold all over the world.  
They are noted for their peculiar quality of tone—being full, round and rich. Not the slightest "reed" tone can be detected, resembling the Pipe Organ.  
The superior use, both in this country and in Europe, abundantly attests their claims to be the best instruments of the kind manufactured.  
They have been in use 15 years without getting out of order in any particular; although during that time many new and decided improvements have been added, which a refined taste and skillful mechanism could produce.  
They will be furnished by the undersigned, who has been appointed their Agent, at prices so moderate as to be within reach of private families, as well as Churches. Call and get a price list.  
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G. A. JACKSON,  
AT HIS OLD STAND,  
and with his stock of goods fully replenished for  
SPRING AND SUMMER  
TRADE,  
Horsford's Self-raising Bread Preparation.  
A large assortment of Zephyr Waxed  
NO HUMBBUG ABOUT HIS ESTABLISHMENT, BUT EVERYTHING NEAT, TASTY, BEAUTIFUL, and INDISPENSABLE, ready for the  
Patronage of Buyers!  
Attractive varieties and suitable styles of  
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Straw Goods, Hats, &c.  
A splendid assortment of  
SHOES,  
of all descriptions and prices, from the most elegant  
Lady's Gaiter,  
down to an ordinary  
BROGUE!  
Including  
MISSES, BOYS, and CHILDREN'S SHOES!  
An exquisite collection of  
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A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
CONFECTIONARIES,  
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ORANGES, LEMONS,  
NUTS, &c.  
Together with a department of  
Well selected Cigars,  
Smoking Tobacco,  
Pipes, &c. I  
The whole establishment being refreshed and enticed by a nice  
SODA FOUNTAIN  
ALWAYS IN FULL PLAY, MAY BE FOUND AT  
JACKSON'S.  
TRY HIM!  
He tenders his thanks to his patrons for the liberal patronage already bestowed.  
[ap 10-1y]

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THIS WELL ESTABLISHED AND POPULAR Daily Newspaper has recently been greatly enlarged and improved (the second enlargement in eighteen months), and is cordially offered to the people of the two Carolinas as second to no daily journal in either of those States.  
The Star is a live, practical and progressive Newspaper, eminently adapted to the wants of this section; sound and conservative in its teachings, and devoted to the Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the South. It contains full and reliable  
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General Intelligence.  
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Six Months, \$3.50  
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One Month, \$1.00  
Address, WM. H. BERNARD,  
[ap 10-1y] Wilmington, N. C.

SELECT POETRY.  
LIVE FOR SOMETHING.  
Live for something, be not idle,  
Look about thee for employ;  
Sit not down to useless dreaming;  
Labor is the sweetest joy,  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay,  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then, while you may.  
Scatter blessings in thy pathway;  
Gentle words and cheering smiles,  
Better are they than gold and silver,  
While their grief-dispelling smiles,  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth,  
Ever on the grateful earth.  
So let sympathy and kindness,  
Gladden well the darkened earth.  
Hearts that are oppressed and weary,  
Drop the tear of sympathy,  
Whisper words of home and comfort—  
Give, and thy reward shall be,  
Joy unto thy soul returning,  
From the perfect fountain-head.  
Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

SELECT STORY.  
From Beeton's Annual.  
My Sisters' Sweethearts  
and Mine.  
A Tale of the American War.  
BY A. C. S. "OUTLAW."

I doubt if there was a happier boy in Old Virginia than myself before the war fever broke out. My father had a large plantation in the south-west corner of the State, and his mansion and grounds could scarcely be matched for beauty and comfort, even in England itself. I was a student at the Naval College, and when the holidays came, and I rushed down to the depot and found myself seated in the cars tearing along the roads towards home, if I wasn't happy you may call me a fool and shoot me, that's all.

My! wasn't it jolly when I arrived, to see my pretty cousin Mamie, and my sisters Hattie and Ruby, waiting for me at the depot? And when I put my head out of the car, and cried—  
"Bully, boys, Oh! here I am, and I've come like a shot!"  
ing and kissing, and a few loud smiles, that sent the squirrels skedaddling through the woods in a fright then my name is not Charlie Douglas, and I am not a grown man.

Ah! those were happy times; and in these changed days, when the Yankees have whipt us, and the Confederacy is caved in, they'll scarcely bear thinking about, and that's a fact.

I never anticipated such a sudden and overwhelming termination to the war. And it is galling indeed now to revert to all the victories and gallant fights of the four years of war, after such an end. All the brave blood spilt in vain, all the bitter tears shed, all the sorrowful partings,—all this ruin, and pain, and death, only to bring back Yankee rule, and cement the union we strove to rend. My boast has always been that to be a Confederate was better than to be a king; and it is this same pride of mine which can't be reconciled. I have renounced America—no, the United States, and what were the Confederate States—for ever. I shall never enter them again, unless as the citizen of some other country. At present I belong to none, and the Yankees term me an outlaw. Well, I glory in the name, so long as they do not apply it to themselves, and I will remain so to them as long as I live. Having said which, I feel better, and will try to go on with my story.

Of course my pretty little cousin Mamie was my sweetheart. I call her cousin by the by, but in reality she was no cousin at all, for her mother was only my uncle's widow, and when he died, she being very young, married again; but as we liked her very much, we continued to call her aunt, and we looked upon her children as cousins.

I don't quite know when I first fell in love with Mamie, but I rather think it was one day when she was about three years old, and I saw her, seated by the side of a great bowl of butter-milk, among a crowd of little darkies, dipping her crust in (among the rest, and laughing to the whole extent of her rosy mouth. When we grew older, we went to school together, and I always carried her satchel, and told her her lessons when she did not know them, which I am sorry to say was very often. And how often for that same propensity of mine to tell the girls their lessons I got "ruled," I won't attempt to say.

Now Mamie had a brother a good deal older than herself, who was in the U. S. Navy, and it was the sight of his uniform, the glory of the gold lace and sword, that tempted me to enter the Naval College. There of course I worked like a nigger, as we all do when we are at College; and I was just going to get my commission, when my father sent for me to come home.

It was just after Abe's election, and I found the old gentleman's face growing mighty long over the state of affairs.

"Charlie, my boy," said my father to me, "we shall have war assuredly as corn grows in shucks, and I've sent for you just to know what you mean to do. I don't wish to influence you not the least bit in the world, but if you accept a commission in the Yankee service, and fight against your own State, why, of course, I shall never speak to you again, that's all. And I rather think your mother and sisters won't speak to you, and your sweetheart will kick you, but all that is of no consequence, and it needn't persuade you to one side or the other. You'll do what you think right yourself, for certain."

"My dear father," said I, taking off my hat, "I have done it already. I resigned right off the moment I had your letter, and I gave my uniform to an old darkie who sells fruit in a barrow, and I hope he'll wear it, and do honour to it. The Yankees are so fond of the niggers that I reckon they will make admirals and generals of them, right away, so at all events I've provided one of them with a uniform against that time."

My father did not seem to care for my hand and shake it! I thought all my finger bones were broken, and should never have the pleasure of shaking a Yank.

I ran on through the grounds, upsetting the little darkies in my way, and never stopped till I got into the family sitting-room. There was mother in her rocking-chair, as stiff as a bean-pole, and instead of rising up to her head and said—  
"How are you, my son?"  
"Mother," I said, "you had better make much of me. You won't have me very long, I can tell you. I have joined the Confederate army, and have got my commission as full private."

Well, I never heard any screeching, till then. Out tore Hattie and Ruby from behind the curtains, or down the chimney, or wherever it was they had stowed themselves away and didn't they hug and kiss me, and pat me on the back, and cracked up, until I was obliged to pretend to get mad; in order to make the girls vamoose for a while, and give me the chance of a quiet chat with mother.

The dear old lady was in tears. "I always knew you were my own boy," she said, as she took my hand.

"Mother, you surely couldn't think I should draw my sword against old Virginy!" I answered. "Now, tell me, what are Phil Springfield and Dick Boyle going to do?"

"We can't tell," said my mother; "we have not heard from them yet."

"And if they stick to the Yankees?" I asked.

"Then, I am quite sure your sisters will never speak to them again."

"Of course they won't," I replied, "but I think I can answer for Phil. Mamie's brother will never be sneaked enough to turn Yankee."

"Who has said so? I should be glad to know!" cried a voice at the door, and there stood Mamie herself, blushing rosy red with anger, while her eyes flashed and her whole face sparkled and gleamed with beautiful indignation.

"No one has said so, Mamie dear," exclaimed my mother, "we all have every reliance on Phil's sense and honour."

Upon this Mamie sat down appeased, and my mother rose and left us.

"Well, good-for-nothing," said Mamie, laughing, "have you no word of thanks to give me for riding five miles in the sun to see you? It will be your turn to-morrow, and then I shall expect you to ride over to see me."

"Mamie, I am going away to-night to join the army, and heaven knows when or where, if ever, we shall meet again."

"Ah, me! how the roses faded out of Mamie's cheeks at these words, and how fast the tears fell that I kissed away. Sorrowful as it was, it

was mighty pleasant too, and the day came when I looked back to that hour, and reckoned it among the good times of my lot.

Of what use is it to talk of parting. We told each other good-bye with the usual amount of promises, and, elated and enthusiastic as we all were, there was less sadness in my departure than when I had gone off quietly to college in the old days of peace.

"Tell Phil Springfield for me," said Hattie, with a glowing face, "that I rely upon him. He won't be mean, I know."

"I'll tell him, if I see him, Hattie, but I don't think the war will go quite so far as the coast of Africa, and that's where his last letter was dated from."

"Never mind," said Hattie, mysteriously; "he isn't on the coast of Africa, now, I'm certain."

Then Ruby puckered up her pretty little face into a haughty expression, and begged me to inform Dick Boyle, if I came across him, that he need not trouble himself to come again to the Dell if he still wore the Yankee uniform.

Thus loaded with messages, and covered with kisses and blessings, I vaulted on my horse, and departed in company with two other full privates like myself, who had determined on joining a Virginian regiment now forming.

To be Continued.

RETURN OF A CONFEDERATE PRISONER TO ARKANSAS.  
The Jacksonport Herald and Batesville Times have lengthy accounts of the capture and imprisonment for six years of Mr. H. H. Lee, a cousin of Gen. R. E. Lee, and formerly a citizen of Madison, Arkansas. In November, 1862, he was arrested in Memphis on a charge of speculating in Confederate money, put in the Irving block for one night and then shipped for Camp Douglas, in Illinois. Arriving there the officer refused to receive him because there was no law for speculating in money of any kind. The Lieutenant having him in charge accompanied by seven guards, went to Milwaukee, Wis., and were going to put Lee in jail for safe keeping until they could have a spree. About this time Lee and one of his guards who accompanied him escaped, but were soon recaptured. Mr. Lee was then imprisoned in Milwaukee jail, and kept in close confinement for two and a half years without a trial. At the end of that time he was taken out and sentenced without a trial to four years' imprisonment in the State Prison, at Madison, Wis. During these four years he was not allowed to write to his friends, or read a book or newspaper of any kind, but was effectively excluded from the world. During this time his health was good. The time for release came. He went to Cincinnati, where he heard that his wife was dead, and he could hear nothing of his child. From there he went to Memphis, where he was received by his friends as one risen from the dead, and learned the joyful news that his wife and child, the latter a grown-up lady, were both living, and at Batesville. The telegraph was used in announcing to his wife his safety, and stating that he would meet them in Jacksonport on the 12th. Says the Herald:  
"They met, and such a meeting as it was never occurred within our knowledge. The joy of the wife at the sight of her restored husband was too great, and swoon after swoon followed in rapid succession."  
From here they went to Batesville, their future home, where we leave them, trusting that a long and happy life may be vouchsafed to the happy family, and trusting that this is the last one of the Confederate Prisoners.—Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette, July 20.

A SMART RETORT.—The following anecdote used to be related by the late William Hazlitt: He was once visiting Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montague when Sir Anthony Carlisle came in, apparently in a state of more than usual self-complimentary testimonial from the Apothecaries' Hall. In answer to the inquiries of Mrs. Montague, he said very pompously and somewhat profanely, "Madam, the glorious Company of the Apothecaries praise me!" "But," retorted Mrs. Montague, "what say the noble army of martyrs, your patients, Sir Anthony?" Sir Anthony was so non-plussed by this retort that he left without saying a word.

AGRICULTURAL.  
RUTA BAGA CULTURE.

Your Kentucky correspondent wants to know the best way to raise Ruta Bagas or Swede turnips. I give our plan. Sow the seed in the garden the same as cabbage. I select a piece of land that is rich. During the winter I draw on a plenty of barn-yard manure; plow deep early in the Spring; then draw and roll often until the plants are large enough to set out, say about the middle of June. Then ridge it up in rows three feet apart; take a rake and smooth it down. It is now as fine as a garden and not a weed on it.—Choose a bland day and four smart hands will set one acre per day.

In about ten days all the plants will be straightened up; put in the cultivators; plow deep often. Thus I get from eight hundred to nine hundred bushels per acre. My soil is a gravelly, sandy loam. I have taken the first premium at our county fair on Swede turnips for several years, ten turnips made a bushel. One of them, after cutting off the roots and tops, weighed nine pounds and six ounces. I get my seed from an honest seedsman—James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.—J. O. BARRINGTON, Cambria Mills, Mich., in Rural New Yorker.

FOOD FOR CHICKS.  
I have kept fowls and raised chickens for many years. For several years past I have fed chicks with corn meal prepared by mixing with boiling water, and after standing thirty minutes it is ready to feed. I usually salt it slightly, sufficiently to taste the salt, and believe the salting prevented gapes, as I have not lost a chick by that disease since I used salt, and previously I did lose from gapes. Salt is destructive to worms. That the young chicks may have a variety, I also feed wheat screenings and on these I pour boiling water, both to swell and open the screenings, and wash out the dust and smut. Pour off the water, and pour on again if necessary to cleanse the screenings, and after standing a few hours, feed. I also give my fowls and chicks a little of the following mixture to consume with great avidity. Pluck out fine once a week, or oftener, is picked up very quickly. Clam shells and bones broken fine I also feed. Shells and bones are easily broken on a stone with a hatchet. To save stooping and to keep above the fowls, I place the stone on a box, on which is also a piece of oak plank, to cut the scraps and break the bones. I have no trouble with softshelled eggs or gapes—and since my henhouse floor is of wood and coal ashes, six inches deep, the lice have disappeared from my poultry. My chicken coops are stationary, and have a floor of ashes. Fresh ashes are supplied as often as is necessary.—Country Gentleman.

WATER FOR HORSES.  
Mr. B. Cartledge, of Sheffield, a member of the Royal Veterinary College, calls attention to the very common mistake made by keepers of horses in limiting the supply of water to their animals. Many owners of horses, most grooms, and others who have the charge of them, profess, he says, "to know how much water a horse ought to be allowed," and when a poor thirsty, over-driven animal arrives at his journey's end, he is treated to a very limited supply and the pail is taken away before its necessity is half met. It is a mistaken notion that cold water frequently produces "colic." I have known it cure the disease. "When cold water does cause abdominal pain, it is from long abstinence and when the horse drinks to excess. But even this is rare. I allow my horse to drink from every trough I meet on the road if the water be clean, and, in my own stud, I never had a case of colic. At home, my horses always have water before them. A friend of mine, to whom, he other day, I gave this advice directed his servant to adopt it. The servant shook his head, and said, "he thought he knew as well as Mr. Cartledge when his horse required water and how much." The owner, in reply, told his servant that might be so, and he must allow his horses to drink as often and as freely as he did himself.—English Farmer's Journal.

The Herald of Health tells us that sleeping after dinner is a bad practice, and that ten minutes before dinner is worth more than an hour after.