

# THE EASTERN INTELLIGENCER

JOHN S. LONG, Editor.

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

VOLUME 1.

WASHINGTON, N. C., TUESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1869.

**The Eastern Intelligencer,**  
FOR 1869.  
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 Edgewood to the Ocean.

The INTELLIGENCER is intended to be an earnest newspaper, adapted to the office of the merchant, the study of the professional man, and the genial family circle.

**TERMS:**  
One copy, one year, \$3.00  
Six Months, 2.00

**CLUB RATES:**  
Clubs of Ten, \$25.00  
Clubs of Twenty, 40.00

**ADVERTISING RATES**  
One square, first insertion, \$1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 50  
Liberal discount allowed to large advertisers.

**JOB WORK:**  
This Department will be under the direction of a gentleman skilled and experienced in the business, and all work belonging to it will be done on moderate terms and with dispatch.

**CARDS, BILL HEADS, POSTERS, HAND-BILLS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,**

will be furnished to persons, cash always on delivery.

The rooms of the EASTERN INTELLIGENCER are located in the upper part of the brick building on the corner, north of S. R. FOWLE & SON.

**MAGAZINES, &c.**  
**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE**—A Weekly Literary and Scientific Journal—Published by Littell & Gay No. 30 Brookfield Street, Boston, Mass. Price, \$8.00 per year. ang 10-1f

**APPLETON'S JOURNAL,**  
A WEEKLY PAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.  
PUBLISHED BY  
**D. APPLETON & CO.**  
No. 90, 92 and 94 Grand St., New York.  
Price, \$4 a Year.  
ang 3-1y

**THE LADY'S FRIEND,**  
A Monthly Magazine of Literature and Fashion.  
PUBLISHED BY  
**Deacon & Peterson,**  
319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.  
PRICE, \$2.50.  
ang 3-1y

**ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE**—  
This veteran Ladies' Magazine of Art, Literature and Fashion, is too well known to the public to need anything more than the usual announcement of terms.

TERMS.—\$2 a year, in advance. Three copies for \$5. Four copies for \$6. Eight copies, and one to get-up of club, \$12. Fifteen copies, and one to get-up of club \$20. For sale by all News Agents at 20 cents a number. ang 16-1f

**THE LITTLE SUNBEAM,**  
A Child's Semi-Monthly Paper:  
**Jas. Marsh Long, Editor,**  
**Frank P. Durand, Publisher.**

Is devoted to the Interests, Education, Amusement and Entertainment of the Children. It is edited and published by boys. Its typographical appearance is unequalled in beauty. A host of able writers contribute to its columns, comprising some of the greatest intellects of this country. Among whom may be reckoned the poet Wm. H. Carty, and that Novelist Alexis De Bar.

The SUNBEAM contains Original Stories, Biographical Sketches, Historic Tales, Original and Selected Poetry, Lessons for the Young, Comic Sketches, Miscellaneous Articles, Riddles, Enigmas, Puzzles, Editorials &c.

Will commence the publication in No 7 of new serial-story, to be entitled  
**Salario,**  
OR THE MASKED FACE.  
BY ALEXIS DE BAR.  
SUBSCRIPTION,  
For Three Months, 25 Cents  
Six Months, 50 Cent  
Address;  
**LONG, DURAND & CO.,**  
Washington,  
Beaufort County, N. C.

**DR. GODDIN'S**  
**COMPOUND**  
**GENTIAN BITTERS,**  
Cures Chills and Fever, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Colic, Sick Stomach, Biliary, Asthma, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.  
**UNIVERSAL TONIC,**  
A safe, and reliable preventive and cure for all Malarial diseases, and all diseases resulting in general tonic impaction. Prepared only by Dr. N. A. H. GODDIN, and for sale everywhere.  
JAMES T. WIGGINS,  
(Successor to J. H. Baker & Co.) Proprietary  
Agent and Wholesale dealer in Patent Medicines, NORFOLK, VA. apr 27y

**BENJ. F. LONG,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
WARRINGTON, N. C.  
Will practice in the Courts of Warren, and adjoining Counties.

**Notice**  
**Dr. JAMES F. LONG** offers his professional services to the citizens of Washington and surrounding country.  
Office—At the Drug Store of D. N. Bogart Main street. feb 23-1f

**New Berne Column,**  
**Hollister & Slover,**  
—GROCERS AND—  
**Commission Merchants.**

A full assortment of Goods in their line kept constantly on hand.  
Consignments of Produce Solicited.  
Corner Pollok and Craven sts.,  
mch 9-6m] **NEW BERNE, N. C.**

**J. J. WOLFENDEN & CO.,**  
**Commission Merchants**  
and dealers in  
**FLOUR and GRAIN,**  
MIDDLE STREET,  
11-3m] **NEW BERNE, N. C.**

**WALKER, JONES & CO.**  
**Wholesale Grocers**  
and  
**Commission Merchants,**  
Craven Street, New Berne, N. C.,

Manufacturers Agents for the sale of the best brands of  
**Virginia and N. Carolina Tobacco.**  
Constantly on hand one of the largest stocks of Groceries in Eastern North Carolina. [mch 16 1y]

**GEORGE BISHOP,**  
New Berne, N. C.,  
Manufacturer of Window Sash, Blinds, Doors, Mouldings, Brackets, &c. &c., &c.  
**STEAM SASH AND BLIND FACTORY**  
Hancock Street, near A. & N. C. R. R.

**METALIC**  
Burial Cases,  
Mahogany, Walnut, and Poplar  
**COFFINS**  
kept on hand,  
and furnished at short notice.



**WILLIAM CLEVE,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**GROCERIES, PROVISIONS and FISH**

Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of articles in his line, which he will sell

**LOW FOR CASH,**  
or in exchange for  
**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**  
Middle Street, near the Market,  
june 22-1y] **NEW BERNE, N. C.**

**GEROCK & WINDLEY,**  
Grocery and Provision Merchants,  
Keep constantly on hand a good stock of  
**SUGAR, COFFEE, MOLASSES, FLOUR, MEAL,**  
and all other goods in their line.  
Located on South Front street, nearly opposite the Gaston House. Will sell

**LOW FOR CASH.**  
Ed. GEROCK, formerly of Trenton, N. C.  
SAM'L C. WINDLEY, formerly of Washington, N. C.  
june 22-1y

**CHARLES H. LATHAM,**  
General Agent for the State of North Carolina, for the sale of  
**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

**JULIUS ASH & CO.,**  
Middle Street,  
Between South Front and Pollok streets  
**NEW BERNE, N. C.,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES and HATS,**  
**GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS**  
Trunks and Valises.  
A large assortment constantly on hand.  
june 22-3m.

**S. F. FULFORD,**  
Wholesale dealer in  
**BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, GROCERIES**  
Located at the corner of South Front and Craven Streets.  
**TERMS CASH.**  
Also will give his personal attention to all orders entrusted to his care, for the purchase and forwarding of packages to parties on the line of the Railroad, or in the surrounding country. And receiving and disposing of country Produce, for Cash, or exchanging the same for Goods, as per order of consignors.  
Having been long connected with the mercantile business, and from his extended acquaintance in the up-country, he hopes to merit, as well as receive, a liberal share of public patronage.  
june 22-1y

**WALTER G. WEST,**  
Bookseller, Stationer and News Dealer.  
POLLOK STREET, NEW BERNE, N. C.,  
Keeps constantly on hand a good supply of  
**School and Miscellaneous Books.**  
STATIONERY,  
**FANCY ARTICLES,** &c  
Also receives regularly, by every mail, the latest New York DAILY, WEEKLY and ILLUSTRATED Papers, Periodicals, Magazines, Fashion Books, Novels, Song Books, &c.

All orders by mail promptly filled. Special discount to teachers and dealers. Pictures framed on reasonable terms, and at short notice. june 22-1y

**New Berne Advertisements.**  
**J. E. AMYETT,**  
dealer in  
**General Merchandise**  
and  
**PROVISIONS,**  
At the old stand, South Front street,  
mch 9 1y] **NEW BERNE, N. C.**

**D. T. CARRAWAY,**  
**Commission Merchant**  
and dealer in  
**Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, and Glassware.**  
**Court House Building,**  
mch 9-1y] **NEW BERNE, N. C.**

**ORGANS AND MELODEONS**  
**45,000**  
or 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 "reediness" can be detected, resembling the Pipe Organ. The universal 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.  
W. E. DEMILL, Agent.

**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 Worsteds  
**NO HUMBAG ABOUT HIS ESTABLISHMENT, BUT EVERYTHING NEAT, TASTY, BEAUTIFUL, and INDISPENSABLE, ready for the Patronage of Buyers!**  
Attractive varieties and suitable styles of  
**Gentlemen's Clothing!**  
**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  
**BROGAN!**

Including  
**MISSES, BOYS, and CHILDREN'S SHOES!!**

An exquisite collection of  
**Yankee Notions,**  
consisting of  
**GLOVES, HOSIERY, HANDKERCHIEFS, PERFUMES, SOAPS, &c.**

A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF  
**CONFECTIONARIES,**  
embracing  
**CANNED FRUITS and PRESERVES, CANDIES, JELLIES, APPLES, ORANGES, LEMONS, NUTS, &c.**

Together with a department of  
**Well selected Cigars, Smoking Tobacco, Pipes, &c.!**

The whole establishment being refreshed and enlivened 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.  
apr 10-1y

**THE MORNING STAR,**  
AGAIN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

**THIS** Daily Newspaper has recently been greatly enlarged and improved (the second enlargement in eighteen months), and is confidently 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; social and conservative in its teachings, and devoted to the Commercial and Agricultural Interests of the South. It contains full and reliable

**Reports of the Markets, telegraphic Dispatches, Local News, and General Intelligence.**

**TERMS—In Advance:**  
One Year, \$7.00  
Six Months, \$3.50  
Three Months, \$2.00  
One Month, .75  
Address, WM. H. BERNARD, Wilmington, N. C. apr 9-1f

**SELECT POETRY.**  
**A TWILIGHT SCENE.**  
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The twilight deepened round us. Still and black  
The great woods climbed the mountain at our back.  
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day  
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,  
The brown old farm house like a bird's nest hung;  
With home-like sounds the desert air was stirred,  
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,  
The bucket splashing in the cool, sweet well.  
The pasture bars that clattered away fell.  
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed;  
The gate  
Of the barnyard creaked beneath the merry  
Of sun-brown children, listlessly  
they swung,  
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear  
And down the shadowy lane, in tinkling clear  
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.

**SELECT STORY.**  
From Beeton's Annual.  
**My Sisters' Sweethearts and Mine.**

A Tale of the American War.  
BY A. C. S. "OUTLAW."

Who does not remember the first shot fired?—the taking of Fort Sumpter, and the battle of Manassa, or Bull's Run, as Yankees call it? What an electric fire ran through all veins then, as victory was shouted from State to State! And all eyes gathered gladness in this first sunshine of our triumph! Who would have thought at that time that Yankee beef and mutton, and Thanksgiving Day turkeys would get the better of Confederate valour!

There had been a bit of a scrimmage one day near the White House, just a little brush, in which only a few hundreds or so got upon their backs, without any prospect of rising, and my company—for I was a captain now—had been mighty busy planting them in, and I was jogging back to camp tired as a dog, and thirsty as a peck of dust, when I heard a fellow coming along behind me clickety-click as hard as he could tear, bawling at the top of his voice—

"O stick your toe-nails in the ground—stick your toe-nails in the ground! That when you're dead you may be found! If you belong to the rebel band, Oh! here's my heart, and here's my hand, We are fighting for our homes."

"O keep your hat upon your head—keep your hat upon your head, For you won't want it when you are dead. If you belong to the rebel band—If you—"

"Dick Boyle!" I shouted, "you are mean, horrid mean! You are the meanest man alive. Why didn't you let me know you were in camp, you miserable old fellow?"

"If you belong to Dixie's land, Oh! here's my heart, and here's my hand, We are fighting for our homes," responded Dick, in a mellow voice, striding up to me, and staring till his eyes were a caution to gas-lamps.

"Well, I am astonished!" he cried, "I am some. This is a surprise, it is so. Why, Charlie, man, your sister told me you were at Vicksburg."

"So I was, but I'm here now, Dick. So just get outside of my horse, as you seem tired, and I'll walk along by your side, and you shall tell me all the news from home. When did you hear from Ruby?"

"Yesterday. And the last news is, that Miss Mamie has kicked you and accepted Frank Spence."

"Dick, you always were mean, and now I see you are quite demoralized. How much liquor have you put yourself outside of to-day?"

"I would be sorry to tell you," responded Dick, in a melancholy tone. "You'd be sick if I did. The fact is, I have swallowed water; I haven't had half an inch of whisky in me for a week."

"Now Dick," said I, "I wonder such a lie as that doesn't lift you right out of your boots, and send your soul to the Yankees, because it is too mean to go anywhere else. Ain't you ashamed of yourself to tell such stories?"

"It's true, it is so," said Dick, ruefully; "and the sooner I can put myself outside of a cocktail or a julep, the sooner you'll get Miss Mamie's message, that's all. My tongue is too dry to tell it now. And as to my boots," continued Dick, with complacent pride, "of course I don't wonder at your remarking them. They are good; ain't they; first rate, eh? I got them yesterday from a Yankee colonel, I made an exchange with him."

"An exchange! why, what had you got to make a swap with?"

"Oh, only a little lead. I didn't in-

tend to bestow it on him, only he was making himself unpleasant with a big sword he had buckled himself to, so I was obliged to waste a shot on him, upon which I took his boots in return. I knew he wouldn't want 'em in the hospital. Indeed, he said so himself, and he was altogether so polite about it, that, upon my word, Charlie, I felt—well, I felt real bad, and that's the truth. In fact, it's owing to him I am so dead tired to-day. I sat up with him last night in the hospital. You know this is the first time I've shot at a fellow whose face I could see, and I can tell you, I feel like being sick a week. What did he fasten himself on to that?

had left it at home, I do. And I just up and told him so, too, when I was giving him a drink out of my flask; that's how he came to request my acceptance of the boots—

"Oh, keep your shoes upon your feet—keep your shoes upon your feet. For you will want them in retreat. If you belong to the rebel band, If you belong to Dixie's land,"

sang my poor friend, ruefully, as he clasped my hand.

"Ah, Dick," I answered, "we are all getting like Old Sambo, who always answers when asked what he has to say, 'Well, Massa, Sambo tired of dis war, dat's what Old Sambo got to say.'"

"Yes, but we've got to fight it out to the bitter end first," said Dick, "so what's the use of being tired? Is there any chance of supper! I feel as if I could carry safely any amount of beef, and ten inches of whisky punch."

By this time we had got into camp, and seeing an old darkie, I shouted out to him—

"I say, Sambo, what can you bring us to eat?"

"Lor-a-mussy, Massa, Sambo got nothing—had nothing but dis yar pipe all day. Think I can git you some buttermilk and eggs, jibbleum, if dat'll do."

Of course, that would do, although there were other things that would have done better, but since they were not to be had, we roasted the eggs and drank the buttermilk, and felt happy.

"Well, Charlie," observed Dick, "I think your mess is something like ours, when I was middy in a big ship off Saint Helena, and we made Fred Stanly caterer, and he went ashore, and bought one barrel of beef, and three barrels of mustard."

"Something, only here the mustard is turned into gun-powder, and there's no beef at all."

"You needn't tell me that," remarked Dick, with a deep sigh, as he rolled himself into a ball, and betook himself to his slumbers.

In about an hour, as I was still smoking and ruminating, Dick awoke suddenly, and cried out in an anxious voice—

"I say, Charlie, what's the matter? Have the Yankee's shot me? I feel very warm at my back."

"And no wonder, I answered, convulsed with laughter; 'your coat-tails are on fire.'

"You'll never be married in that coat now, Dick, my boy, but you'll certainly be buried in it, if you don't lie still, and let me put the fire out."

"Now, wouldn't that be news for the tailors if there were any cloth left in the Confederacy," said Dick, ruefully, as I poured the rest of the buttermilk over the spike-tail, and stamped out the smouldering flame. Could you not take more care of a friend than to let him burn up his only coat?"

But there was no time for disputing the justice of this reproach. A sudden call through the camp roused us all, and our division was marched off to a wood at about three miles distance, when we once more lay down to sleep.

"I tell you what, Charlie," said Dick, as he spread his blanket over a stump, and laid his head upon a pine stump, "such luxuries as these are too much for us naval fellows; we ain't used to 'em. I'm beginning to see that campaigning don't suit my constitution. I'm getting enervated and demoralized. Would you believe it now? I'd rather be in the hard, dry bunk, than lying on this soft couch. I know it would be better for me, so I shall apply at once for a place in the navy."

"Bully for you, old boy, if you get it! Ask for me, too, will you?" and so saying, and thinking of Mamie, I fell asleep.

To be Continued.

of blood in an adult averages thirty pounds, or full one-fifth of the entire weight.

The heart is six inches in length and four inches in diameter, and beats seventy times per minute; 4,200 times per day; 190,800 per day; 36,772,200 per year; 2,665,440,000 in three scores and ten; at each beat, two and a half ounces of blood are thrown out of it; one hundred and seventy-five ounces per minute; six hundred and fifty-six per hour; seven and three-fourths tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes.

The lungs will contain about one gallon of air at their usual degree of inflation. We breathe on an average, 1,200 per hour; inhale 600 gallons of air, or 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches, an area very nearly equal to the floor of a room twelve feet square.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in number forming a "body-guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled!

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about four-tenths of a pound to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 40,000 pounds.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Man is made marvellously. Who is eager to investigate the curious, to witness the wonderful works of Omnipotent Wisdom, let him not wander the wide world round to seek them, but examine himself. "The proper study of mankind is man."

**GEORGE D. PRENTICE.**  
I was wandering through the hot rooms, at midnight, in search of a proof-reader, when I stumbled upon that of the man whose magic name yet gives significance to the journal he founded and made famous. It was a little room, lit by one gas jet, that flared over a low cot bed, one table and a few chairs, all of the severest style of upholstery. From amid a pile of papers knee-deep, scissors in hand, rose up the poet journalist. I could have then and there embraced the dear old gentleman, had I not been shocked into a sense of propriety by his unexpected appearance. I had not seen Mr. Prentice for years, and was not prepared for the change he presented. Never, at his best, caring for his appearances, he had, in the heat of this July night, discarded all wearing apparel, save his linen, pantaloon, and slippers, while his hair stood out like quills upon the fretful porcupine. He welcomed me heartily, and I was glad to learn that his health is better now than it has been for years.

Few men have wielded a wider influence in his day and generation than George D. Prentice, and even now the shadow of his name seems to breathe over and give character to the journal he originated. But looking back over his career, an admirer could wish he had other surroundings than these. Perhaps, however, he would not be happier. Berringer-like he probably clings to his old ways for choice.—Don Platt in the Cincinnati Commercial.