

THE EASTERN INTELLIGENCER.

JOHN S. LONG, Editor.

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

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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 Edgemont to the Ocean.

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WRAPPING PAPER, all size, for sale by, H. W. jr.

15 dozen BUCKETS and BROOMS, or sale by H. W. jr.

Parlor MATCHES, for sale by H. W. jr.

A SAD TALE OF REAL LIFE.
A petition for divorce, filed within a few days in the Superior Court of this city, covers a heart history of the most fascinating attraction to the imagination, and, in giving some of the details of this striking episode, it may be stated that they are most substantially true, and may be relied on as drawn from the best authority.

In the year 1859, there lived in a fair and smiling Swiss valley an interesting family of wealth and culture named Junod. A few miles from the City of Neuchâtel, where the romantic river Seven makes its embouchure with the beautiful lake, stood a chateau embowered in trees, and possessing all the attractions that art and nature could contribute to make an enchanting home.

Monseigneur found his sole pride and happiness in a lovely daughter, who had just shot up to a superb womanhood, that made her the most admired belle of that portion of the Canton. The father, a man of stern, solitary nature, the descendant of a long line of seigneurial proprietors, who had exercised the rights of lordship over all the beautiful vineyards that bloomed beneath them, though somewhat fallen from the state of his forefathers, still nourished the feelings of ancestral pride which had always been characteristic of his race.

In the lovely Lucie, his daughter, his nature found a free expression of the deep emotions of fatherly tenderness. Living in daily communication with the most sublime and picturesque revelations of Nature, the lofty heights of the Jura, that lifted their frowning brows into the clouds, the wilderness of vines, rich with fruit and blossoms, the waving grain fields, and the sparkling waters of Lake Neuchâtel, set like a gem in the hoary hills, the young girl had grown up, absorbing the influences of Nature in her development, till she stood the fairest exhibition of all that nature had done.

Thus reared in all the tender influences of Nature and affection, with every grace of culture and accomplishment that lavish wealth could lend, what wonder that troops of suitors frequented the chateau. Many, fitted by nature and wealth to aspire to her hand, vainly offered the tribute of affection. The lady's heart was untouched; and the father's love and pride in the only scion of his house dictated to his ambition a choice far above any that had yet set at the feet of his daughter.

But the heart that failed to yield to addresses from an equal rank and station wasted itself, as it rarely does, on what was beneath it. In some of merry makings peculiar to the wine-bearing districts, in which, by the time-honored requirements of tradition all ranks meet together in a common jubilee, Mlle. Lucie met with a young man named Gustave Flotrou, of person handsome and attractive, and by trade a watchmaker. The abnegation of everything like social distinction enabled Flotrou to approach the lady with a familiarity to which he would otherwise never have presumed. The vagaries of Cupid illustrated themselves in the mutual impressions they made on each other, in a very remarkable degree. The lady forgot her rank, her pride, the expectations which her dotting father had formed for her future, and fell blindly in love with the humble watchmaker. He flattered by the preference, dazzled by her beauty, and, not improbably, still more strongly attracted by her fortune, ardently reciprocated.

The first meeting was followed by many others, of course clandestine in their nature. Her inflamed fancy, united to the innocent experience of girlhood, gave him every opportunity to press his suit, and he became her accepted lover. The father still supposed that his daughter's heart was of virgin freshness, knowing no love but the pure and lovely affection of a daughter to her father. The day of awakening came at last, and his wrath and agony of spirit, wounded both in its pride its love, can be better imagined than expressed. The daughter was forbidden, under the severest threats, again to see the audacious aspirant, who had thus smitten the family peace. The conflict between love and duty ended as such warfare commonly result—Cupid carried the day. The lady's determination was, perhaps, stimulated by another condition of the imbroglia which has not yet

been mentioned. She was possessed of a fortune of \$75,000 in her own right, which made her comparatively independent of all these elements of choice which would perhaps otherwise have influenced her decision.

To condense a long story, she one night made a moonlight flitting with her devoted swain, and ere twelve hours had elapsed, the twain became one. To avoid the unpleasant circumstances of living in a country where she the facts were known, and where she might any time meet her offended father, the couple determined to come to the land of freedom, where money is the principal condition of esteem and respect. Nine years have elapsed, and what a change has come over the spirit of her dream! The man for whom she gave up all, left a wailing father, and the splendid prospects to which she might reasonably look forward, instead of being the devoted, affectionate husband, which her young love in its ardent imaginations expected to find, proved according to her allegations, to be a brute and a sot. His lavish expenditure and reckless pursuit of all kinds of pleasure gradually dissipated the noble fortune she had brought him.—Valuable silver plates which she had also possessed, were conveyed by him to the silversmiths, and converted into funds to pamper his inordinate appetite. The wife's wardrobe, and private jewels, even, were not sacred to him, but appropriated with brutal disregard of the feelings of her who had sacrificed everything to his pleadings, and who should have been the apple of his eye. One stroke of ill-treatment followed another in quick succession, until Mrs. Flotrou, outraged beyond endurance, and fearful of personal violence to herself and her child, a lovely little girl of eight years, was forced to have recourse to the final remedy. And thus, yesterday anniversary of her marriage, nine years ago, a petition for divorce was filed in this city.—Chicago Times.

ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN YEARS OLD.—Kentucky claims to have a genuine Joyce Heth, the following account of whom is given by the *South of Ohio Courier*, a perfectly reliable gentleman.

"A few days ago, in company with Mr. John Irvine, one of the oldest citizens of this county, I visited a very aged negro woman who resides on his farm. Her name is Lucy Thurman. Indubitable family records prove that she is now 119 years old, she having been born in Hanover county, Va., in 1750. Born the slave of Thos. Hooper, she became at his death, the property of his daughter, who married John Thurman. The latter lived many years in Cumberland county, Ky., and died there. In 1812, Mr. John Irvine purchased Lucy, her thirteenth and last child being then two years old. She converses about incidents which came under her observation during the Revolutionary war with as much familiarity as we do about the late war, and remembers the battle of Yorktown with special distinctness. While it was progressing, she was plowing in a field within hearing distance of the guns, and remembers seeing bodies of troops passing and repassing for many days.—Some of them, she says, entered the field and took away the horse she was working to her plow. She is at present able to walk about, and looking fleshy and healthy, though her hair is very white. Until about a year ago she could thread a needle and sew without spectacles, but her eyesight has since been failing. Her children are scattered, and she does not know how many are living. Mr. Irvine, who purchased her in 1812, is satisfied that she is 119 years old."

HOW TO PURIFY A ROOM.—To purify a room—and all rooms need it regularly and often—set a pitcher of water in a room, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gas in it, the air of which will become pure, but the water utterly filthy.—The colder the water is the greater capacity to contain these gases. At the ordinary temperature a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonate acid gas and several pints of ammonia. The capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in a room for a while is unfit for use. For the same reason the water from a pump should always be pumped up in the morning before any of it is used. The above proves how careless many of us are as regards our health.

THE EMPIRE OF WOMAN.
In the education of females, you plant the oak, round which the ivy twines and aspires, that is the example which irresistibly attracts, yea, commands, in the great cause of virtue and religion. The women are susceptible of stranger and more lasting impressions than men, which will be observed by the almost invariable constancy and fidelity of their attachments. Even the slight tincture of the serious, which their fashionable education imparts, is seldom obliterated by all the hurry and confusion of life of gaiety and pleasure. You will rarely—perhaps never—see a female, to whom any idea of religion has been communicated from youth up, in her maturer years entirely abandon a compliance with any of its external duties, or forsake its principles by the language of profaneness and contempt.

Generally speaking, there is a fervor in the soil of a female which never misses sending up what it receives, be the culture ever so meagre; and when abundant, the return is invariably full and glorious. We have numerous examples of women in every period of civilization—and not a few cases are mentioned in the holy writ—that fill us with astonishment at the sacred sublimity and heroism of their characters; and the history of the Pagan world, particularly the austere and virtuous days of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths, likewise afford the most illustrious proofs that the subjects of femininity, when properly educated and directed, can be more than the rival of man in every action and in every sacrifice that tends to dignify and exalt the human name.

We are glad that this is so, and we would not have it otherwise. We are heartily glad that woman-kind has figured so prominently, illustriously, in very many of the greatest and noblest achievements of the world's reformatory movements, both in matters of religious and secular importance. Yes, this is indeed, as it should be; and women exert a potent, marked, and universal sphere of prominence in the world's society, where their moral and religious training has been looked after in early life.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.—Some years since a gentleman named Paul Escoffier, a resident of New Orleans, but formerly living in France, lost his little son, a lad of ten years of age, from a vessel of the Canary Islands. It was night at the time, and although every possible exertion was made to rescue the boy, yet were they unsuccessful, and the little fellow was given up for lost. Shortly afterward the family came to New Orleans, and in time the grief of the parents for the loss of their son became only a sorrow living in their memories. He was dead, they thought, and grief could not bring him back to life. But he was not dead. He had got possession of one of the planks thrown out to him, and although missing his friends, was picked up the next day by an English vessel. In this ship he made a voyage to China, and failing to communicate with his family on his return, continued in the employment of the vessel for several years. At last, learning the whereabouts of his family, he reached this city a few days since, in quest of them. The joy which the appearance of one they had long considered dead can, as the novelists say, be more easily imagined than described. It was like one risen from the grave, and discloses a series of incidents as fruitful of romance as often engages the pen of the novelist and essayist.

THE SUN DOES NOT NOW SET IN ALASKA.—At Sitka, Mr. Seward will see the sun "standing still," as it did in the days of Joshua. South Alaska is in the latitude of sixty—very nearly the same as that of Southernmost Greenland. In that latitude the sun does not set at all in summer. It remains twenty-five degrees above the horizon at the hour we call midnight.—The only mode of knowing there that it is midnight is, to watch the sun when it begins to ascend. Fowls go to roost at 7 p. m., and repose until the sun is well up. In winter it is, of course the reverse, as in the higher latitudes the sun is not seen for six weeks. It used to be the boast of England that on its empire the sun never sets. Well, we have an empire on which the sun sets only occasionally.—New York Times.

AGRICULTURAL.
TILL A SMALL SURFACE WELL.

A prevalent mistake among the farmers is to wait until their grass begins to "run out" before they break up the field and seed anew. If a farmer has too little manure he had better cart what he has on his best field and take a big crop from that than to put it on his poorest field to enable it to yield a moderate crop. It is easier to increase a corn crop from 50 bushels per acre to 80 on good land than to increase it from 15 bushels to 25 on poor land. In the first case your manure gives you a gain of only 10 bushels. This explains why a farmer with poor land finds it so difficult to make progress and especially if his manure is not labor he applies are nearly so effective as those of his neighbor with richer and better land. In this case it is emphatically true that the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Hence we may incidentally remark that thorough and perfect manuring a small surface is better, and especially on poor ground, than a small quantity over a large field.—Where the soil is already very rich a little manure will go a great way.

TEMPERATURE AND MOISTURE.
Many young gardeners and amateurs flourisher befogged, attributing failure of crops in the garden, or want of health of plants in the greenhouse, to bad seeds, ungenial soil or fertilizers, when it is much oftener the case that the cause is of a totally different nature, and entirely within their control. A temperature at which seeds are sown and plants grown must be congenial to the nature of the variety, else success cannot follow. In a temperature at which a potatoe will vigorously germinate, a pansy seed would lie dormant, or at least show a sickly existence, and vice versa.

Nearly half of the lima beans sown annually perish by being sown from two to three weeks too early, by the impatience of our embryo horticulturists. On the other hand, the cold-blooded carrot or turnip seed all but refuse to germinate in the sultry days of July. Seeds of calceolarias, cinerarias, Chinese primroses and pansies will germinate more freely and make better plants, by delaying the sowing until the middle of September than if sown earlier. Many failures are attributable to want of knowledge of this fact, and without question laid to the charge of the seedman.—Henderson.

TO KEEP FOWLS HEALTHY.
The way I keep my fowls in health, I clean out the house once a week—put wood ashes under roots; have iron basins for them to drink from; whitewash inside of hen house with hot lime; put a little kerosene oil on the roosts once a month. The main food is oats, and cake of scraps to pick on. I never feed but once a day—at noon, or when I shut them up at four or five P. M. When they run out, then give them all they will eat. In my experience, there is no way to get diseased fowls easier than to keep them stuffed; it makes them lazy, and they won't work as much as they ought to, to keep in a healthy condition.

I never had any gaps in chickens. When any fowl begins to droop I give three large pills of common hard, yellow soap; 'tis the best thing to cleanse a fowl I know of. I follow it for three days, give them nothing to eat and plenty of pure water to drink. In desperate cases, give a half teaspoonful of tincture of lobelia. It will seldom, if ever, fail of curing. It is a very cleansing and powerful medicine for fowls.—H. C. Wheeler, Fozboro; Mass., in Rural New Yorker.

A poor farmer cannot conceal the fact that he is a poor farmer. All his surroundings proclaim the verdict against him. His horses, cattle, wagons, harness, plows, fences, fields—even his wife and children—bear unmistakable evidence against him. On the other hand, all these things will testify favorably on behalf of a good farmer. Every passer-by can read this evidence pro or con. This fact alone ought to stimulate every farmer to do his best, for the sake of his own character as well as interest for he may rest assured that every passer-by will pronounce judgment according to the evidence.