THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

J. A. ENGELHARD, Editor and Proprietor

All letters on business must be addressed

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Wilmington Journal.

VOL. 27. WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 29, 1871. NO. 37

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TO FARMERS:

YOUR PARTICULAR ATTENTION is called to above Partnership, Feb'y, 1871, and we respect that you will give us a share of your patronage. Shipments of Cotton and Naval Stores and other Country Produce are solicited, either for sale in this market, or for shipment to New York, Baltimore, or other ports.

All such orders filled at the lowest Market rates.

sept 1 33-w3moh

State of North Carolina,

NEW HANOVER COUNTY.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Edwin R. Reid and Annie Reid, by their Guardian, Edwin A. Keith,

vs.

James H. Brown and wife Josephine, *et al.*

The defendants in this case, viz: William Curtis and wife Rebecca, *alias* Rebecca Reid, James H. Brown and wife Josephine, and Napoleon Reid, are summoned to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court, at his office in the Court House in the city of Wilmington, on the 10th day of October, A. D. 1871, to answer the complaint of the plaintiffs. If the defendants fail to appear at that time the plaintiffs will apply for the relief demanded in the complaint, together with the costs of this action.

Given under my hand and seal this the 21st day of September, 1871.

J. C. MANN,
Clerk Superior Court.

A. EMPIE, Attorney.
sept 22 36 law6w

SUPERIOR COURT--DUPLIN COUNTY.

John D. Stanford, *et al*, Plaintiff,

vs.

A. G. Moseley, Trustee of Spaight Hill, Spaight Hill, *et al.*, Defendant.

Order for Service by Publication.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant, Spaight Hill, is a non-resident of this State—It is ordered that publication be made in the Wilmington JOURNAL, a weekly newspaper published in the city of Wilmington, N. C., once a week for six weeks successively, notifying him to appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of Duplin county, at the term to be held in said county at the Court House in Kenansville on the 12th Monday after the 4th Monday in August, 1871, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which will be deposited in the office of the Superior Court Clerk of said county.

Given under my hand and seal of office the 12th September, 1871.

J. D. SOUTHERLAND,
Clerk Superior Court Duplin county.
sept 21 26-w6w

SUPERIOR COURT--DUPLIN COUNTY.

John Smith and John T. Heath, to the use of John Turner, Plaintiffs,

vs.

David O. Basden and Alfred Basden, Defend'ts.

Order for Service by Publication.

It appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendants, David O. Basden and Alfred Basden, are now residents of this State, it is ordered that publication be made in the Wilmington JOURNAL, a weekly newspaper published in the city of Wilmington, N. C., once a week for six weeks successively, notifying them to appear before the Judge of the Superior Court of Duplin county at the term to be held in said county on the 12th Monday after the 4th Monday in August, 1871, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff, a copy of which will be deposited in the office of the Superior Court Clerk of said county.

Given under my hand and seal of office the 18th of September, 1871.

J. D. SOUTHERLAND,
Clerk Superior Court Duplin county.
sept 22 26-w6w

GREATEST

MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.

Dr. Fowler's Compound Extract,

FOR THE CURE OF

Scrofula, Syphilis, Liver Complaint, Constipation, Chronic Rheumatism, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, and all Blood Impurities.

We offer to the American public a new and valuable remedy for the above-mentioned diseases. Fowler's Compound Extract is composed of the best medicines known to *Materia Medica*, it is perfectly pure in all its ingredients, being composed of several well-known articles universally used by the best Physicians; each of which in combination, supplies what experience has shown to be wanting when singly employed; but the result of patient investigation, requiring time, labor and skill, so as to give the public a genuine article, which they can rely upon, and in place of the worthless and dangerous Patent Medicines flooding the country; and therefore enables us to warrant Fowler's Compound Extract to be the most perfect curative for diseases of the blood ever discovered.

SCROFULA.

This Compound is a never-failing cure for this terrible disease. How many diseases have their seat in the blood—diseases which have been treated vainly for years. If the blood alone is purified, in most cases health and happiness will soon return. Dr. Fowler's Compound acts especially upon the virus in the blood, causing in time the disappearance of the hideous sores, and restoring the skin to a healthful appearance, the eye clear and sparkling, and the whole human organization becomes healthy.

SYPHILIS.

Of all diseases which flesh is heir to, none bring so much misery, moral and physical, as Syphilis. To all so afflicted we can truly say this remedy will help you. Two articles found by experience to be peculiarly efficacious for this disease are contained in this compound.—We ask you to try Dr. Fowler's Compound Extract, and by giving it a fair trial, it will cure you.

We speak with much confidence of Dr. Fowler's Compound, because we know what it is composed of, and what it will do. We know Dr. Fowler well, who is a physician of known rectitude, standing second to none in the country, of long experience, an honorable man, who, having a reputation for character, as well as ourselves, would never allow a medicine to go before the public without merit. And we say of this Compound, if taken according to directions, after a fair trial, it will do all we claim for it.

We offer it as a new discovery, which it certainly is—a genuine article for Scrofulla, Syphilis, and all blood impurities; and knowing the genuineness of it, as such we send it forth, saying, "Go Heal the Suffering!"

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

For sale by
HOCKOVER BROS., Sole Proprietors,
115 Liberty Street, New York City,
AND
J. K. McILHENNY,
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
July 28 26-6moh

FOR SALE!

234 ACRES LAND, lying in Caintuck District, joining the lands of Jacob Loeb and others—a portion under cultivation; well adapted to the raising of Corn, Potatoes, &c. Persons wishing to purchase will do well to call soon and examine.

R. H. KELLY.
sept 29 36-w4t*

TURPENTINE AND TIMBER LAND FOR SALE!

I OFFER FOR SALE 2,606 ACRES TURPENTINE and Timber Land in Columbus county, N. C., adjoining the lands of Rev. H. Lennon and the Estate of Toon. The land has all of its original growth, making it valuable for timber, tar and turpentine. Terms liberal.

—ALSO—

a Turpentine Copper Still, which has made the very best No. 1 Rosin, being of the proper depth and shape.

For better information apply to Hart & Bailey, or

JOHN D. BELLAMY,
Wilmington, N. C.
sept 12 296-d1t&w1mch

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
SAMPSON COUNTY.

IN THE PROBATE COURT,
September 8th, A. D., 1871.

Gerard Lee, Bargett Lee and others,

vs.

Blackman Lee and others, Heirs at Law of Pharoah Lee, deceased.

ON MOTION it is ordered that publication be made in the Wilmington JOURNAL for six weeks for the heirs of Edmund Lee, residing in Tennessee, and John Lee, residing in Alabama, to appear at the next term of the Superior Court, to be held for the county of Sampson, at the Court House in Clinton (tenth Monday after the 4th Monday in August, A. D. 1871) to see proceedings in this case and to make themselves parties to the said issue if they shall think proper.

JAMES K. MORISEY,
Probate Judge.
sept 15 35-w6w

A MODEL NEWSPAPER.

The Carolina Messenger,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT GOLDSBORO, N. C.

IMPROVED AND ENLARGED!

A NEWSPAPER OF THE PRESENT TIMES,
INTENDED FOR THE PEOPLE NOW ON EARTH,
including Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, Professional Men, and all manner of honest folks, and the wives, sons and daughters of all such.

ONLY TWO DOLLARS A YEAR!

SIX COPIES ONE YEAR FOR $10.

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No North Carolinian should be Without this Map.

THE MESSENGER is pre-eminently a readable FAMILY PAPER, (now in its 7th volume,) and, as a VEHICLE OF NEWS, has always held the first rank among Southern journals. Its news on every topic of interest—political, literary, social domestic and foreign—is always fresh, abundant, various and accurate, comprising the whole circle of current intelligence, always rendered with such promptitude and spirit, that the paper has a large and increasing circulation.

AS AN ORGAN OF OPINION,

THE MESSENGER is fearless, trenchant, indomitable, ardent in its advocacy of sound Democratic principles, unsparing in its denunciation of political abuses and corruption; and not confining its discussion to mere politics, it takes a wide range, touches upon a great variety of subjects, and aims to be a safe guide of public opinion on all topics which engage public attention. It gives conspicuous prominence to State news and market reports.

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SEND YOUR MONEY

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Address JULIUS A. BONITZ,
Editor and Prop'r
Goldsboro', N. C.
mar 3 d1t-w1y

ROBERT C. JOHNSON,

INSPECTOR OF NAVAL STORES, COTTON, &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

OFFICE AT JOHN C. HEYER'S STORE, would inform his friends and old customers that he has qualified as Inspector, and solicits their patronage.

jan 13 w-tf

STATE NEWS.

The North Carolina Cherokee Indians will be removed in a few weeks to the Indian Territory.

The Winston Sentinel says that a black bear has been seen recently, by several persons in Forsythe county.

Grand Masquerade Ball in progress in Raleigh.

We learn from the Observer that S. T. Hooper, Esq., has been appointed Sheriff of Richmond county, vice John Shortridge, resigned, and Rev. R. S. Ledbetter has been appointed County Treasurer, vice Alfred Dockery, resigned.

Yesterday, says the Raleigh Sentinel, the argument in the case of the U. S. *vs.* R. A. Shotwell and others, was consumed by Mr. Phillips for the government, Hon. T. C. Fuller for the defence, and Col. Mark Erwin for the individual prosecutor, Justice having spoken the previous evening—who spoke till the hour of recess. At 4 o'clock Geo. V. Strong, Esq., concluded the argument for the defencce.—At the hour of going to press the case had not been given to the jury.

The Newbern Journal of Commerce says: We learn that the Hold(en) over Directory at their meeting Tuesday night in this city, appointed Thos. Powers, Esq., of Craven, and Walter Dunn, Esq., of Lenoir, to fill the vacancies in that body, caused by the resignation of Messrs. J. A. Bryan and A. G. Hubbard, Holden Brigadier, member of the Legislature, &c., &c. William Loftin, of Kinston, was appointed Conductor, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of that prince of railroad conductors, John A. Richardson. "Mine Got vat a peeples."

We understand, says the Robesonian, that the present incumbent, Mr. McK. Ivey, is about to be removed from the postoffice at this place, and that one Jno. Holloway, a negro, now under indictment in our Superior Court for going disguised and committing an assault upon another negro for voting the Democratic ticket, is to succeed him—we suppose as a reward for the services rendered by him to the Union in intimidating voters and otherwise advancing the interests of the party composed, in this State, as Sinclair declared last Spring, of negroes and of white men, whose characters, to say the least, are assailable.

The Raleigh Sentinel says that Gen. Gorman has returned from the "seat of war" in Robeson county, but we are informed that it is his intention to return as soon as he can arrange some private business which needed attending to. It is said he is sanguine of eventual success in the capture of the outlaws, but admits that it is no easy undertaking, being opposed, and his efforts towards that end neutralized, by the mulatto and republican element of that section, who are almost unanimously in sympathy with the Lowry gang. At present only about fifty United States troops and a score or two of citizens are operating under his command, and he is hopeful of obtaining further Federal aid. He represents the militia as entirely inefficient, many of whom he thinks in sympathy with the outlaws, and the larger portion of the balance, demoralized by the farcial attempts which have hitherto been made with their aid.

Newbern is boasting of a second crop of pears.

A revival is progressing in the M. E church at Rutherfordton.

Elizabeth Dover, wife of S. Dover, of Cleaveland county, eloped last week with a man by the name of Green Thrift.

The store of Phillips and Brogden, of Salisbury, was broken open last Thursday night, and over $1,000 taken off. So we learn from the Examiner.

They do some tail cotton picking up in Anson county. Mr. N. A. McNair tells the Wadesboro Argus that two of his hands, Henry Monroe, and his wife Sarah, picked out 2,696 lbs in six days, an average of 232 lbs each, per day.

The Hillsboro Recorder says: Cuff Trice, a negro, was brought to town last night and committed to jail, charged with a bold and desperate effort to rape a white woman, whose name we withold making public.

The Greensboro' Patriot is informed by letter from W. H. Green, Superintendent of the N. C. R. R., that the rates of travel have been reduced on that road, now called the N. C. Division of the R. & D. R. R., to 4½ cents per mile first class and 3 cents per mile second class. The rates heretofore have been about 6 cents per mile first class.

The Washington Express says: Mr. Hugh McNair, a gentleman well known throughout this entire State, and we may say, by every old business firm in the United States, went home to the residence of Mr. O. W. Telfair, his brother-in-law yesterday afternoon, and lay down on his bed and fell asleep, Every exertion to rouse him failed, and this morning about 10 o'clock he breathed his last.

DEATH OF MR. G. W. WHITFIELD.—The Wilson Plaindealer of Friday last has the following notice of the death of this estimable gentleman:

"The painful duty devolves upon us of chronicling the death of another of our most esteemed friends and fellow-citizens, Mr. G. W. Whitfield, who has been in a very debilitated and low state of health for twelve months or more, died at his residence in this place on the night of Wednesday, the 13th inst. He was a kind hearted gentleman, and sympathising friend of the distressed. He was learned in the law, which was his profession. The members of the Wilson bar met yesterday afternoon and passed appropriate resolutions of regret at the death of a brother and greatly esteemed friend. The remains of Mr. Whitfield will be taken to Tarboro to-day for interment."

NORTH CAROLINA FUGITIVES.—On yesterday morning we stated that the Chief of Police had received a telegram from High Point, North Carolina, asking him to arrest two young men—descriptions of whom were given—who would arrive on the Charlotte train. The parties, whose names were Merriman and Winstead, were found on the train and taken into custody. They turned out to be students at college, who had grown tired of their studies and determined to take a trip to the West.—They had purchased tickets to Memphis, and were very much astonished when arrested by the police. One of the parties is the son of the Circuit Judge at Raleigh.—Augusta Chronicle, 21st inst.

There is an evident mistake as to the identity of one of these young men. There is no Circuit Judge at Raleigh bearing the name of either. Nor can there be a mistake for ex-Judge Merrimon of that city.

Ten prisoners were convicted at the U. S. Court in Raleigh yesterday, of the outrage on J. M. Justice, the Radical representative in the Legislature from Rutherford county. The following are the parties and the sentences passed upon them: R. A. Shotwell, 6 years imprisonment and $5,000 fine; Adolphus Depriest, 2 years and $500; G. W. Holland, 2 years and $500; Wm. McIntyre, 2 years and $500; Wm. Teal, 3 years and $500; David Collins, 4 years and $500; James Moore and D. B. Fortune, 6 months imprisonment each, and Wm. Scruggs, 3 years imprisonment and $500 fine. They are to be sent to the United States prison at Albany, N. Y.

The case of the U. S. *vs.* Wm. Robinson and others, from Goldsboro', was continued, and the witnesses recognized.

The following cases also were continued: U. S. *vs.* J. H. Smith and others; U. S. *vs.* Rorie B. Douglas and others; U. S. *vs.* John Knight and others.

In the case of the U. S. *vs.* Anderson Dickens and others a *nol. pros.* was entered as to Dickens.

In the Sally Gillmore case, Jesse Bryant and Horace Bishop were recognized to appear at the next term of the Court, in November next.

INFAMOUS AFFAIR AT ENFIELD.—From a private letter from Enfield to one of our citizens, which has been kindly furnished us, we obtain the particulars of a most infamous judicial outrage.

On the night of the 2d inst, one Joe Taylor entered the store of Mr. P. B. Key, and while Mr. K. was waiting on some customers, stooped over the counter and abstracted money from the cash drawer. He was seen by Rufus Burnett, colored, who informed Mr. Key soon after. In the meantime, Taylor had left the store. Mr. K., secured the services of the town policeman, had the thief arrested, searched, and found his money, which he at once identified. Taylor was then released by the policeman, that functuary warning him not to steal any more. He promised that he would not, thus confessing his guilt, and then proceeded to have Mr. Key and Josh Bradley, the policeman, arrested on a charge of robbery and tried before Justice(?) Stratfort and John Jones, both colored, and Dawson, white, who bound the defendants over to Halifax Court to answer the charge. While the preliminary trial was being held, one of the justices loudly applauded and encouraged John Judge, the plaintiff's counsel.

What are we to think of such reeking in infamies, high-handed outrages and fetish stupidity, transacted in a North Carolina court of justice—Heaven save the mark!—Battleboro' Advance.

While there are a number of iron front stores in Washington, the National Republan states that only one dwelling has ever been constructed with iron in that city.—This dwelling was erected some years ago of corrugated metal.

The subscriptions in Spain for a monument to Gen. Prim have reached the sum of 93,847 pesetas, about £3,750 sterling.

THE DARLING NEGRO.

Radical Profession and Practice.

A Black Skin a Bar to Dining with President Grant.

Political Equality One Thing--Social Equality Another.

Pennsylvania Radicals Pocket a Poor Negro's Funds, to Help Feed Our Wandering President.

They Then Kick Him from the Dining Hall Door.

The Radicals claim to be the especial friends of the negro. They love him, oh! so fondly, especially when there is any voting to be done. If a white man in the South so much as pricks the black man's skin with the point of a pin, a howl goes up all over the country forthwith; the horrible cry of Ku-Klux is heard all over the "loyal" North; and the military power of the Government is invoked to suppress the outrage. In the South, if a negro is refused admission to a hotel or a street-car, the civil-rights bill is immediately resorted to to get the colored man his rights. Here in Washington, restaurant-keepers have been subjected to fine because they would not allow negroes to drink at their bars. The courts have decided that social equality in the theatres of this District must be recognized, and that if a negro secures a ticket he may be admitted to any part of the house. That is the law for the South; and the law was made principally by Northern Radicals, who profess so much love for the negro. The hollowness of their professions has been frequently exposed, and now we have another case in point.

President Grant lately traveled through the State of Pennsylvania, which is now under Radical rule. It is the State of Kelley, and Myers, and Dickey, Schofield, Scott, Negley, Cameron and others, who have made the halls of Congress ring with speeches to show.

HOW THE RADICALS LOVE THE NEGRO.

Well, in the course of his pilgrimage, our President arrived at Titusville, in the oil regions. Titusville was represented not long ago by Calvin W. Gilfillan, a Radical of the deepest dye. It was determined to entertain Grant, and Mr. Gilfillan was the chairman of the committee. Grant was given a breakfast at the principal hotel in the town. For this breakfast seventy-five tickets were sold at two dollars apiece.

President Grant did not go to Titusville professedly as the representative of the white portion of the Republican party, or of the whole party. On the other hand all American citizens living in Titusville were supposed to be equally interested in receiving and entertaining General Grant President of the United States. High and low, rich and poor, native born and naturalized, white and black, had a common and equal interest in paying their respects to the Chief Magistrate of the country.

SNUBBED ON ACCOUNT OF HIS COLOR.

The colored people had not been invited—inadvertently or otherwise—to participate in the reception. One of their number, Mr. Abraham Lee, purchased a ticket for the Presidential breakfast. On presenting it at the door, he was refused admission, as he believes, and as everybody else believes, on account of his color.

STATEMENT OF THE VICTIM OF RADICAL LOVE.

Abraham Lee, the colored man who was so outrageously treated, publishes the following card in a Titusville paper, giving a full statement of the case. The Radicals as usual, affected to believe that it was all a Democratic trick, but Lee places the responsibility in the proper quarter. His card is as follows:

"As reports have been circulated by interested parties that I was put up by the Democrats to purchase a ticket for the Presidential breakfast in order to make trouble, and offer that party a chance to make political capital, I feel that, in justice to myself and to my colored fellow-citizens to emphatically deny this statement. No Democrat told me to buy a ticket, or even suggested that I should do so, and no member of that party was consulted by me in relation to the purchase of a ticket to that breakfast. The facts in the case are simply these: While going to my work on the afternoon of the 13th inst., I met P. T. Colding, and asked if he was going to turn out in the procession to receive Gen. Grant the next morning. He said that he was not, that the colored people had been entirely ignored in the affair, that while they had put all the other clergymen upon the reception committee they had omitted our pastor, and that they had neglected to place any of our people on either of the committees, as I and he know is usually the custom to do upon such occasions in other cities, and he wished that I would attend the meeting to be held at the Council Chamber, to see what was done about it. After conferring with him, I called at the Herald office, and spoke to Mr. Bloss about the matter. He said we ought to turn out. That in the hurry they had neglected to make arrangements for it. I then went to the Council room, and while Mr. Bloss commenced to sell the breakfast tickets, I asked him to sell me a ticket. He was talking at the time with Mr. McCrum, and remarked that he was busy, but would see me directly. After finishing his conversation with Mr. McCrum, he started to go across the room, and I again asked him to sell me a ticket. He smiled, and said I was trying to get him in the same scrape that Mr. Smith was in, referring to Mr. S.'s refusal to sell tickets to the colored people, entitling them to seats in the parquet. He then handed me a ticket for which I paid him two dollars, giving him a ten dollar bill to change. A prominent Republican of this city standing by, asked what the denomination of the bill was. I told him. He then said I had better buy three tickets, one for Colding, and one for Thompson, as well as one for myself. This I tried to do, but Mr. Bloss refused on the ground that he was instructed to sell only one ticket to any one man. The facts in regard to my treatment at the Marshall House the next morning are before the public. I need not reiterate them here. I will say this, however, that as I approached the dining room door, Mr. Bloss was standing there, and I was quite sure he saw me coming. He slid away out of sight, and I am under the impression that he did so to avoid witnessing the consequences of his instructions to Mr. Orr, for I am confident that Mr. Bloss did not wish me to go into that dining-room, not because of my occupation, but because of my color. He now seeks to shelter himself behind Mr. Orr. It is my intention to see this thing through, not on my own personal account, but on account of my race, and particularly such of them as Mr. Bloss considers representative men.

ABRAHAM LEE.

"TITUSVILLE, September 16, 1871."

The Titusville Courier, a Democratic paper, thus speaks of the affair editorially:

"We have denounced this treatment of Mr. Lee, and still denounce it, as an outrage upon the colored American citizen, and as an outrage upon American citizens without regard to color. And we cannot help thinking that all candid and fair-minded persons will agree with us in the conclusion.

"We have no wish to make political capital out of this matter. The position of the Democratic party, when the attempt was made to take from the States the right to regulate suffrage in their own respective limits, and confer this power upon the General Government, is very well understood. In this position we naturally got the ill will of the colored people, and expected, as has been generally realized, that they would vote against us. But now, that they are clothed with all the rights and dignities of American citizens, we shall unhesitatingly cordemn any attempt to rob them of their privileges."

From the Philadelphia Day, Sept. 19.

A Whole Family Poisoned by Mushrooms.

Near Morton's Station, on the West Chester Railroad, resides a gentleman named John H. Irwin, whose family consisted of his ward, Miss Caroline Herd, a young lady aged about 20 years, and a gardner and wife. Mr. Morton is from Chicago, where he carried on an iron foundry, but recently moved to this city, bringing with him Miss Herd. He purchased his villa last spring, and has lived there since. On Sunday, the 10th inst., in company with Miss Herd, he plucked some mushrooms, and the next day they were served up for dinner, and all at the table ate of them except the gardener.

After the meal Mr. Irwin and his ward came to this city to take the cars for Jersey Shore, where Miss Herd was going to school. Finding themselves too early for the train they took a walk out Market street, and at Thirty-fourth street Miss Herd was taken with cramps. Passing the drug store of Dr. Smith, the two went in and medicine was administered, but the young lady grew worse, and Dr. Gilting was sent for. The symptoms were all of poisoning, and the unfortunate young woman was put to bed and efforts made to relieve her. About 11 P. M. Mr. Irwin was also taken ill with similar symptoms, and in the emergency Prof. Gross was sent for to consult. Mr. Irwin was much worse on Tuesday, but by the constant application of stimulants he was kept up until the crisis passed, and is now in a fair way of recovery, although still weak.

The efforts to save the life of Miss Herd, however, were of no avail, and on Wednesday night she sank into a comatose state, and expired in a few hours.

Mr. Irwin, who is a middle-aged man, was able yesterday to go to his home at Morton's Station. There is no doubt but that the poison was developed in the supposed mushrooms, which were probably toad-stools, for the symptoms of both the patients were of that character. Besides this, all who ate of them were attacked similarly, only not so violent, which can be attributed to the fact that they ate but sparingly of them.

A son of Dr. Paul B. Goddard, of this city, was a visitor at the house, and on his return to this city was taken ill, and continued so for two days, although not dangerously. The whole affair is a sad one, and shows the necessity of using proper precaution in the gathering of mushrooms, especially when done by inexperienced persons.

Suicide of Professor Mahan, of West Point.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.

Professor D. A. Mahan, of West Point, educator of most of the distinguished military officers of the present day, committed suicide yesterday morning. He went aboard the steamer Mary Powell in the morning at West Point, on his way to New York. Nothing peculiar was noticed in his manner. About an hour after going on board he jumped from the steamer forward of the wheel into the river.—He was undoubtedly struck by the wheel, as his body did not come to the surface.—Boats were lowered and every effort made to save him, without success.

This act was undoubtedly deliberate, as coat and overshoes, were found in the vicinity where he made the fatal jump.—He went on board the steamer with his housekeeper, who seemed to have suspicions that the old gentleman was in trouble. He said to her, "Don't follow me about." He succeeded in getting a way from her and disappeared. He was seen to make the fatal leap by one of the pilots, who gave the alarm. Professor Mahan was a man about seventy years of age and apparently hale and hearty. Inquiry was made at once to receive the news.

Professor Mahan was made acquainted with reports that he was to be placed on the retired list, and felt that his life-long reputation was assailed. For the past few days he has shown signs of mental aberration.

A Whole County Stake in Florida.

The Florida mails give meagre and vague accounts of an astonishing phenomenon at Apopka, Orange county, near Pilatka. The whole county disappeared in one night, and its site is covered by a great lake. A correspondent, writing from the neighborhood to the Pilatka Herald, gives an account of the adventures and hair-breadth escape of a Mr. Alex. K. Foster, who was caught, horseback, by the bog-quake, and barely reached hard ground. As soon as he was safe he looked back, and this is what he says:

"The first thing that attracted attention was that the trees were moving—first a gyratory motion of the top, then some sinking gradually out of sight, the tops revolving more and more rapidly as they sunk and disappeared, others following, and as they fell revolving and describing arcs of a circle against the sky. Then the whole earth, as far as the eye could reach, sinking, and its place supplied by a sea of waters, rushing, seething, boiling with the noise of mighty cataracts, and ever and anon casting to the surface the roots, tops or bodies of mighty pines and oaks."

The Herald's correspondent adds:

"Rumors are rife that Orlando is swallowed up, and the whole chain of lakes to Lake Conway are now united and form an immense inland sea."

A California paper reports that the big tree known as "Andy Johnson," in the Mariposa grove, fell with a great crash not long since.

The apple crop in Connecticut is a failure.

Pearls and Blackberries.

"No!" said Dr. Darling slowly—"no! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses." And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M. D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Cuff rd was tall and hazey, with red brown hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that shed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles for the hundredth time, and deliberately polished them in their case, still with his twinkling eyes upon his old pupil. Harry Clifford smiled, but he looked a little embarrassed notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," persuaded Dr. Darling, dropping great blobs of sealing wax over a shelf-worn gem, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an amazing sort of way.

"Yes; but I ask you, sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the intervened D. J. D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, sir, but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy," ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a wilful man maun hae his way,' and I shall interfere no further. By-the-way, Harry—"

"Yes, sir?"

"You are going to the city this afternoon?"

"That is my present intention, sir."

"Stop at Depierre's will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of everything."

"Certainly, doctor," and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed pearls, in his waist coat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man!" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose anything!" asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of a way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning-glories and Maderia vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Dunning's orphan neice, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the house-wifely apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in "Macbeth," while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula."

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows; "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accent.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula?"

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely, "And Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter."

Harry put a honey sweet globule of fruit to his mouth.

"Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula."

"Very," and Miss Percy kimmed diligently away at the boiling caldron.

Especially when they are done up," added the young M. D., with a meaning emphasis at Ursula's blushing face.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked across the room and took both her hands in his.

"Ursula, do 'tell' the berries will burn."

"Let them burn, Harry, what do I care?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and coughing in spite of the grave look she attempted to assume.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face, then withdrew them with a sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read yes!"

"Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined not to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they are burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. "Oh, do let go my hands!"

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all your imagination, Ursula!"

"No it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But, Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tete a tete*. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

"Yes, yes, anything—everything; only go!"

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh! I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry, "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket.—I know I put it in there."

"Yes," drily interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost anything. So the brooch is gone eh?"

"Yes, sir, it is gone. But Miss Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs Darling, who had quite recovered her self-possession, "Perhaps we shall find it some time in the course of the round."

But the dessert bowl was done, and the last of the cold boiled remained untouched, despite Harry Clifford's praises of Mrs Darling's delicious preserves. Mrs Darling blushed, and pouted, and laughed at the compliment, and finally ordered the half full bowl to the tired face barb-shower at her elbow.

"But it's such a pity to have it become of the old fashioned Madeira stained with the cheap fruit of blackberries; but Ursula keeps it so much more than I do that I can't deny her anything."

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up in the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table; and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling, one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I don't see—"

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded. Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-chaff manner, and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor," he began valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said, "I know how you did not want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I do wish you had chosen better to deceive Ursula's aunt by signs!"

And doctor Darling laugh'd again until, but his spectacles had been present, he would surely have brought a second crop of blackberries into invisibles.

"Let Ursula's aunt alone," he added. "Will you shake hands on it, Harry?"

The pears were all discarded, and the gold-headed old crock was stirred with the cheap fruit of blackberries; but Ursula keeps it so much more than I do that I can't deny her anything."

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