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Wilmington Journal.

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THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

ENGELHARD & SAUNDERS,
Editors and Proprietors.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1873.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The American Bible Society has received four new auxillary societies—one in Georgia, two in Alabama, and one in Nebraska.

A Swedish Countess wants to go in search of Livingstone. Mrs. Livingstone has been dead long enough to justify the expedition.

The Viceroy of Egypt, it is said, intends to erect a pyramid which will astound the world. The immense blocks of stone requisite for it will be cut from beneath the cataracts of the Upper Nile.

It is stated that on the late anniversary of Prince Albert's death, Queen Victoria permitted the Windsor band to play for the first time since the loss of her consort. They must have been a little out of practice.

The violent storm of sleet and rain on Sunday last is understood to have caused much damage to the fruit trees throughout the Northern States. In New Jersey the damage is in some places pronounced irreparable.

On the 46th anniversary of Col. Knapp's entrance into the office as a cub, the St. Louis Republican took possession of its new building, costing $350,000, and said to be the best appointed printing office in the world.

Governor Dix's health is spoken of as unable to endure the labors of his new position. He is over 81 years of age, and though hale and hearty, the immense duties of his new position are so exacting, that his friends fear he will not survive mid-summer.

William Hungerford, the oldest lawyer in Connecticut, died in Hartford on Wednesday night, aged eighty-six years. He graduated at Yale College in 1800, and was admitted to the bar in New London in 1812. In 1853 Yale conferred upon him the degree of LL.D.

A gentleman at Lancaster, Pa., has a horse that takes his children to school in the morning, returning home driverless; and at night returns for them in the same way, rubbing his nose against the window-pane to indicate his presence. He is ahead of "Mary's little lamb."

The cable informs us that the special train, which was to leave Paris on the 14th instant, with a number of Bonapartists who desired to visit Chislehurst for the purpose of witnessing the funeral ceremony of the dead Emperor, was interdicted by the French Government:

Vile is the vengeance o'er the ashes cold,
And envy base, to bark at sleeping mould!

The Credit Mobilier exposure continues to exhibit that members of Congress who published most positive and comprehensive denials of ever having in any manner whatsoever received any of the stock, are now reduced to offering excuses for having received it. Both Mr. Colfax and Mr. Dawes are certainly in this category.

The new bill for the revision of the Consular system changes the existing provisions for the relief of destitute American seamen, so as to place a tax of one-half of a cent per ton of registered tonnage on vessels entering a foreign port, to be collected by the Consul, and to be placed to the credit of the fund for the relief of such destitute seamen.

The Turkish Government has discovered an alarming conspiracy against the life of the Sultan, plotted by emigrants from Bucharest. A number of the leaders have been captured and imprisoned, and will, of course be brought to the bow-string. It is hinted that the Pasha of Egypt, who is now called the Khedive, knows something about the matter.

Savannah had a grand carnival last Monday. The procession is described as having been an imposing pageant, and the ball at night a magnificent affair. The carnival and ball were gotten up almost altogether by the German citizens of Savannah. It will be long remembered, say the papers of that city, as one of the most brilliant affairs that has ever occurred in Savannah.

A Washington letter says the amount of claims preferred to the British-American Claims Commission runs up to seventy millions dollars, and are of such a nature as to necessitate the sending out to every State and territory in the Union, and to nearly every country in Europe, to take testimony. At this rate the Alabama Arbitration verdict will not turn out such a big thing for the United States after all.

Patterson, the carpet-bagger of South Carolina, who bribed his way to a seat in the Senate, is to be-cat-hauled. His credentials are to be referred to the committee on Privileges and Elections, and the acquisation of bribery brought against him is to be investigated.—Elliott, the member of the House from South Carolina, who was his competitor for the Senate, is his accuser, and he will follow him up with a malicious energy.

In the report of the Secretary of the State of Ohio, the statement is made that "by the accepted methods of calculation, there are twenty-three thousand million tons of available coal in Ohio." Taking the statement for truth, and estimating the able-bodied men of the whole globe at two hundred and thirty million, the force stored up in the coal of Ohio is equal in producing artificial labor power to the manual labor of the whole world for three hundred years.

The war with the Modoc Indians of Southern Oregon still continues. The band of Captain Jack, secure in its fastness of volcanic rocks, defies the United States troops, who are probably waiting yet for the bombs and mortars already ordered to be sent them. In the meanwhile, other roving Indians are committing further outrages. The whole campaign appears to have been a piece of wretched mismanagement on the part of the United States officer in charge.

It is said that the White Star Steamship Company offers to bring Sergeant Bates back to this country for nothing. It is a "blarsted" British corporation, that's what makes it so generous in the matter. Never mind about bringing him back. We suggest that the doughty sergeant undertake to carry the American flag through the centre of Africa.

It is very easy to predict that the Louisiana outrage is to be perpetuated. Pinchback will be received in the Senate, Kellogg will continue to be Governor, Durell will not be impeached, but will still play "Vicegerent of God Almighty," unless cut off by bad whiskey in the height of his debauchery, brother-in-law Casey will still be the power behind the throne, the negro will remain on top, and the unfortunate white people of that State, "if they don't like the country, can leave it."

There has been considerable discussion in Virginia over the Free Railroad bill, now under consideration of the Committee on Roads and Internal Navigation of the Legislature of that State. The Committee adopted a resolution instructing their clerk to send printed copies of the bill to the Presidents of all the Virginia railroads, informing them, if they desired to do so, the Committee would like to have from them written expressions of opinion as to the advisability of the Legislature enacting such a law as proposed.

New Yorkers have been waking up to the fact that the South Shore of Long Island, by reason of the natural beauties of the coast, with its various facilities for pleasure, its bathing, fishing, duck shooting, etc., is particularly attractive for country homes, to men desiring to get away from the city.—The South Side Railroad, connecting New York city with almost the entire shore, is lined with villages and towns, rapidly building up by reason of their easy access. The increase of business of this road shows the growing popularity of the island.

Colonel Bogy, who has been elected to the Senate, as the successor of General Frank Blair, on the 4th of March next, belongs to one of the old French families that were the first settlers in the Mississippi Valley. He sympathized with the South at the outbreak of the war, but made no political demonstrations, and he was appointed Commissioner for the purchase of Indian supplies, by President Johnson. The Senate, however, rejected him, as it had rejected the nomination of Mr. Blair, and he has since been an opponent of the regular Republicans at St. Louis.

The Tallahassee Sentinel learns from a private source that a riot took place in Pensacola a few days ago between the Quebec stevedores and colored men of that place, which resulted in the sacking of the Powell House and the shooting of a man named Callahan. The riot grew out of the disposition of the boss stevedores to employ men from Quebec to do the work in the bay in preference to the colored men. The Powell House was sacked by the colored men because it was the chief place of rendezvous of the stevedores. Callahan was shot because he was in some way identified with them. No other serious injury is reported.

For the prevention of marine disasters upon our coasts during the terrible Winter and Spring storms, a gentleman of Washington suggests that two vessels of sufficient capacity for the task shall be permanently anchored some three hundred miles from the shore, one east of Nantucket, the other east of Hatteras; that a telegraphic cable shall be laid from each to the land, and that on the approach of a storm from the eastward notice of its coming shall be given at each of the seaports, thus preventing vessels from going to sea when dangerous weather is likely to prevail. Besides this duty, Mr. Watson proposes that the ships shall act as relief stations for vessels in distress; shall be furnished with extra stores, life-boats, lights and steam pumps to put aboard leaking vessels.

A new steamship line has been formed to run between the ports of London and Melbourne via San Francisco. This new corporation is formed in England, and has for it promoters strong men in that country and Australia, and in addition thereto it has formed a co-operative alliance with the Pennsylvania Railway Company, the Union Pacific and the central Pacific companies, and with the White Star line across the Atlantic, promising to make its trip from London via San Francisco in forty-two days. The ships on the Pacific are to be iron propellers with a guaranteed speed of fourteen miles an hour. It is expected that within seven months of this time the first ship of the line will arrive at San Francisco. It is said that Gen. Burnside is to be President of the new company.

Pinchback, the "dirty nigger" whom Grant made Governor of Louisiana, declares that Grant's conduct in the Louisiana business has been instigated solely by a personal enmity against Warmoth. Grant, according to Pinchback, does not want Warmoth in the Senate, and, therefore, "so long as he thinks the people of the State support Warmoth, he is opposed to them." Hence Gatling guns, regiments of cavalry parading the streets, coercion of the State Government, and usurpation, through which Pinchback gains a success only to "peach" on his confederates. In view of this shabby conduct, the Boston Post asks whether it can be that the loyal Pinchback is one of those "unreconstructed secessionists" who, an administration journal informs us are "concocting distorted representations of the President's views of Louisiana politics."

A LETTER from the North German Society predicts an enormous German immigration when the season opens, in spite of the advanced transportation rates. It is stated that the conviction is profound among the German masses, notwithstanding all the professions made to the contrary, that the Home Government expects war, and that emigration is discouraged on that account. It also says that among those who will embark for this country in the Spring are twelve thousand from the wine countries, where the wine crop failed this year, and where there are no prospects for the year to come. Then there are about ten thousand tobacco growers and manufacturers who are disgusted with the duty and the internal tax on this article, who propose to transfer their energies and their industries to this side of the Atlantic. The letter closes by saying that, notwithstanding the glory attending Germany consequent upon the war with France, the low wages, high cost of living and expectation of service in the Landwehr in times of peace or the rank and file in case of war, the spirit of discontent was never so strong as at present among the German masses. The wire-makers and tobacco-growers will find no region of the States more attractive than Tennessee.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

When Warmoth had control of the State government of Louisiana, and was about to surrender it to the legally elected candidates of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans, Wm. Pitt Kellogg applied to Judge Durell, of the United States Court, for an injunction—basing his application upon the provisions of the Enforcement act. The Judge decided that the act covered the case exactly, and at once put in operation the machinery of his Court to turn over the control of the State to the Custom House conspirators. That was the law in Louisiana. In Arkansas the Radicals were about to take possession of the government, and the Liberals, profiting by the lesson taught in New Orleans, applied to Judge Caldwell, an United States Judge in Little Rock, for just such a restraining order as Durell had granted. The Enforcement act was also the basis of this application. The case was the same, but the parties were reversed, and the complainant in New Orleans was the defendant in Little Rock. Therefore, after a learned dissertation on the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, the astute Judge of Arkansas decides that his Court has no jurisdiction. When the Liberal ox is being gored, that is another matter, and United States Judges have no right to interfere. In the hands of the judicial thimble-riggers the Enforcement act plays the part of the little joker—now you see it, and now you don't.

THE UNIVERSITY.

We hope that the time is auspicious for the restoration of the University of North Carolina. The terrible picture of its decay, and the rapid destruction of its buildings, grounds, libraries, geological and scientific collections, as portrayed in a late number of our paper, seems to have astonished the people of our State. They had no idea of the real situation of affairs.

And now Governor CALDWELL gives the best evidence in his power to show that he is in earnest in his desire to promote the educational interests of the State. Mr. BATTLE, the newly appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction, is an honored graduate of the University. He and his father were members of the Faculty in the halcyon days of the institution. We know something of his efforts to restore it. He is now situated so that he can do much to help it.

The Legislature is in session, and the Trustees are called to meet at an early day. If the latter body will sustain the Superintendent we are sure that the former will.

It seems to us that the time is, indeed, auspicious for something substantial to be done for the University. Our political opponents have tried to run it as a political machine and have most ignominiously failed. Their appointees, from Pool down, were criminally incompetent, and have brought ruin upon the University and the village of Chapel Hill, and lost the respect of all parties and classes. If the institution can be reconstructed there can be no good reason why Conservatives and Democrats, Republicans and Radicals should not heartily join hands in the good work. There can possibly be no political advantage to either party in the establishment and maintenance of a good University—there is certainly great disadvantage to both parties and to the State arising from the want of one. President and Faculty can be selected with no view to their politics, but for their character as scholars, teachers and gentlemen. Who inquires of the political opinions of the Faculty at Yale, at the University of Virginia, or at Princeton? Let us be careful to select no one, whatever may be his qualifications, who has rendered himself offensive to any class of our people—especially to those whose patronage is necessary for the support of the University—and we are satisfied that the old-time prosperity will return to Chapel Hill.

If nothing can be done now, then let us consider the proposition of a sale of the University, under the mortgage, and the formation of a company for its purchase. This proposition was submitted to the late GEORGE W. MORDECAI and other gentlemen, by the writer, when Governor Holden first manifested his purpose to sacrifice the University upon the altar of Radicalism. We hope now it is not necessary.

We trust Mr. BATTLE will act in this matter at once.

A daily illustrated newspaper is to be started in New York next month. This is the very latest phase of journalism.

ANOTHER CLUB.

We return thanks to a friend for a club of subscribers at Wolf Pitt, Onslow county. The people of Onslow have a partiality for the JOURNAL, which manifests itself in a substantial sort of way.

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

We are glad to see that we are to have no disgraceful squabble over the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. We see that Messrs. Battle and McIver have made up a case agreed, and referred the matter directly to the Supreme Court. We suppose, in a few days, we will have a decision.

We trust so, at least. The Educational interests of the State have already suffered too much to be still further retarded by a long and irritating squabble between men either of whom should willingly make personal sacrifices to advance them. Let the Court render prompt decision.

OUR HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS.

Doubtless all our citizens, who feel interested in the future growth and prosperity of Wilmington, were much gratified at the rapid progress the government works at New Inlet have made during the past few months, as shown in the recent report of Mr. Nutt, on behalf of the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. A channel of several thousand feet, extending from Zeke's Island to the Northern point of Smith's Island, through which a vast expanse of water rushed at every ebb and flow of the tide, has been almost completely stopped. And nature coming to the aid of the engineer, has secured the work by depositing vast beds of sand, surrounding and covering the superstructure. A few weeks more and a man can walk, dry-shod, from Smith's Island to Zeke's Island.

It does seem that the problem of restoring our River and Harbor to something like their former depth is about to be solved. And yet how much is to be accomplished, and how great is the sum of money yet needed. Do our people comprehend the advantages to be derived and the necessity of their making some effort to secure sufficient appropriations to carry forward the work? It will not do to leave the whole matter in the hands of our immediate Representative in Congress, and content ourselves with the favorable progress of the work and the reports of the Engineers, to secure an appropriation. Our Chamber of Commerce should at once advise with Colonel Waddell and the Engineers in charge to see if that body cannot give aid in the matter. The time is short. The term of the present Congress expires, by limitation, on the fourth of March next. Six weeks is all that is left. The present appropriation will scantily furnish means to carry on the work to the end of the fiscal year. We learn that the official report will ask for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is time that our claims should be presented to Congress.

We see by the Baltimore *Sun* that a delegation from that city visited Washington the present week to secure an appriation of two hundred thousand dollars for the improvement of their harbor. This delegation consisted of Mr. J. Hall Pleasants, of the Board of Trade, Mr. John W. Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with several leading merchants and citizens. Mayor Vansant was prevented from going, as chairman of the delegation, by urgent official engagements. These gentlemen, with some of the Senators and Representatives from Maryland, appeared before the Sub-Committee on Commerce, and the two first named, in fine arguments, presented the claims and advantages of Baltimore and the importance of the work. The report adds that prior to the adjournment the members of the Committee expressed themselves as much interested in the subject, and much impressed with the national importance of the rapid prosecution and early completion of the work.

We have referred to this matter thus in detail to let our people see how other communities go to work to secure governmental appropriations. We have no doubt that Baltimore will get the full amount asked for. Her citizens have manifested the interest, and have taken pains to present to the proper committee the necessity and the advantages of the improvements in progress. Shall we do less? Is it right or safe to leave a matter of such vital consequences to this city in the hands of one or two men, however willing and anxious they may be to aid us? Our harbor improvements have reached an important point in their progress. What has been done, however material to the completion of the whole, will do little or no good unless pushed forward. Much, very much has been accomplished, but it all amounts to nothing unless more is done. It behooves our merchants, and property owners especially, and our citizens generally, to strike while the iron is hot. Time passes. We should act at once.

Educational Meeting.

On Thursday evening, at the office of Mr. S. N. Martin, on Market street, the Special Committees, appointed by the Board of Aldermen and Board of County Commissioners, met to consider the proposed free school movement. There were present on the occasion, on behalf of the county, Messrs. S. N. Martin, A. R. Black and H. B. Blake, and Mayor Wilson and Aldermen Kerchner and Sampson for the city. It was stated that there were 1,300 children in the city that the proposed free schools would benefit, besides those in the schools here under charge of Miss Bradley, and it was estimated that it would require about $7,000 a year to meet the necessary expenses. Of this amount the Peabody Fund and the assistance to be received from the State would probably reach some $6,500, and it is expected that the city would furnish the balance.

The Joint Committee will meet again this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, to perfect their plans and draw up a report to be submitted to the Board of Aldermen at their meeting on Monday night.

For the Journal.

LISTEN.

Listen to another version
Of the story ever new;
Though but simple be the accents,
Grand the truth they bear to you.

Glad the sun rose on a structure
Whose fair towers to rear on high,
Many stalwart forms were toiling
Close against the Summer sky.

Near sunset came the crash of falling
Masonry and massive stone:—
On a quivering, dying mortal
Day's last slanting ray down-shone.

Tenderly and sad, they bore him
Through an humble cottage door,
Whose low threshold, terror muttered
He should cross again no more.

In silence as they brought him hither,
Now they stood his couch about,
Waiting—till the wavering-trembling
Flame of life's torch should go out.

Loudly ticked the restless time-piece
On the shelf above his head,
Checking off the lessening moments
Of that form upon the bed.

"Ah," he groaned, with inward anguish
"More than all his mortal pain,
Would that those rejected counsels
To my soul might come again."

A friend bent, as in answer, o'er him,
Whispering kindly, "Dost thou trust,
Death will bear thee to that haven,
Which is home for all the Just?"

Slow the dimming eyes were lifted.—
Not a word the pale lips said,—
Yet too plain the piteous answer,
In that look of anguished dread.

Said the friendly accents,—"Comrade,
Try to repeat what I shall say—
Lord, though my sins are very many,
Thy blood can wash them all away?"

Fast the tears fell down the furrows
In the sun-burned, hardened cheek,
And the death-dew gathered thickly,
As he thrice essayed to speak.

Hard he clasped his hands together,
Struggling the frail flesh to sway—
"Lord—the sins are very many,—
Thy blood can wash them all away."

As the stars looked in the casement,
As the darkness gathered gray,
Swiftly he "fell on sleep" with only—
"His blood can wash them all away."

Our Father, give us grace to say it:
Help us to pray it every day:
"Dear Christ! the sins are very many,
Do Thou wash them all away!"

SIGMA.

THE FIRE FIEND.

Disastrous Fire Yesterday Morning—Twelve Thousand Dollars worth of Naval Stores burned—Houses destroyed and Wharf injured—Incendiary.

A fire broke out yesterday morning at 2:30 o'clock, at the foot of Castle street, in a warehouse in which was stored a lot of spirits turpentine and occupied by Messrs. Geo. G. Barker & Co. The alarm was sounded and the fire department turned out promptly. The whole shed was soon wrapped in flames and the fire then extended to a large pile of rosin which was piled in the lot east of the shed, to a building adjoining this rosin and occupied by a number of loose persons, white and colored, and to a pile of wood on the north owned by the Wilmington Gas Light Company. Everthing possible was done to check the flames but they could not be stayed until the above property had all been destroyed. Fortunately, the wind was from the Southeast, or we might have been called upon to record the destruction of a large portion of the city, as it was blowing furiously at the time. So strong, indeed, was the gale, that it carried the fire accross the river to Messrs. Martin & Hallett's distillery, probably half a mile from the scene of the fire, and at one time it was thought that the works there would be destroyed. The coals fell and were fanned into a flame in several portions of the yard and one end of the office was burned, but the flames were fortunately suppressed by the wise precautions always taken there to guard against fire.

When the fire was first discovered, the schooner *J. M. Morales* was lying at the wharf, within a few feet of the burning shed, but a line was gotten out and she was hauled off not, however, without having been damaged somewhat by the heat. Another vessel, the brig *Open Sea*, was lying at a wharf a little above the fire, and she was towed out by the revenue cutter *W. H. Seward*, and assistance was also rendered the *Morales* by the cutter. Captain Carson having steamed up immediately and run over to their assistance. Captain Carson also, with a very commendable forethought, kept his men in boats cruising around the docks, to render assistance in any way that they could. Messrs. Strauss & Rice's building just in the rear of the fire, also caught but was extinguished with but little damage.

The Fire Department all worked faithfully and according to their several abilities, although the heat from the burning rosin was most intense.

The losses were quite heavy and foot up nearly $15,000. Messrs. Geo. G. Barker & Co., lost 3,000 barrels of rosin and 50 casks of spirits turpentine, in all valued at $12,000. On this amount there was an insurance of $9,000 in the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Company, represented here by Messrs. Græme & DeRosset. Mr. Robert Henning, who owns the wharf and the buildings, estimates his loss at $1,500, on which there was no insurance, and the Wilmington Gas Light Company lost about 100 cords of wood, the estimated value of which was $500, and on this there was no insurance.

There is no doubt but that the fire was an incendiary one. The flames were first discovered in the Northwestern end of the spirit shed, which was within a few feet of the wharf, and as there was no fire in use thereabouts, the general opinion is that it was set on fire.—*Daily Journal, 17th.*

Attempted Highway Robbery.

On Thursday night, about 11 o'clock, Capt. Jake Williams was attacked, with a club, by an unknown white man, at the corner of North Water and Mulberry streets. Capt. Williams was crossing the street at the time, in the rain, and paid but little attention to a man who approached him until he received a sudden and powerful blow on the head from a club. He turned and grappled with his unknown assailant, and, in the tussle, fixed his teeth in his throat. The man tore away, leaving behind him his club and a portion of his flesh, which was bitten out by his intended victim. Capt Williams wore, at the time, a valuable watch and chain, and it is supposed that the assault was nothing less than an attempt at highway robbery. The club with which he was attacked is said to be a policeman's billy.

Prohibitory.

In the House, on Friday, Mr. Norment presented a petition from certain citizens of Lumber Bridge township, in Robeson county, asking for the passage of a bill to prohibit the sale of spirituous liquors within one mile of Lumber Bridge and Providence Church in that county.

Also a similar petition from other citizens of that county, praying for the same prohibition for Marion Chapel and Ashpole Chapel.

Man Killed.

We learn that a young man by the name of Bryant Morse, recently a clerk at Mr. F. Mayer's bakery and confectionery, in this city, but who has has since removed to some point in Georgia, near Macon, shot and killed a man one day of last week. Mr. Morse was, we understand, proprietor of a liquor saloon, and was attacked in his own house by the man, when he drew a pistol and shot him dead. Our informant states that the act was considered justifiable, and that Mr. Morse had been released on bail.

New Engines.

We learn that Col. Bridgers has recently purchased several new and powerful engines for the Wilmington & Weldon Railroad, which will be put on the track very shortly. There has been a deficiency of engines on this road for some time, and we are glad to know that the posperity of the Company warrants further additions in the way of rolling stock.

Masonic Visits.

Mr. James Southgate, General Agent for the Masonic Temple, and D.G. M., Thos. H. Gardner, of this city, returned here yesterday from a round of visits paid by them to Lodges on the line of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad. Mr. Gardner expresses himself as well pleased with the result of his visit, and Mr. Southgate succeeded in securing liberal subscriptions to the Temple fund.

These gentlemen will go up the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroad, next week, and have made the following appointments: Fair Bluff Lodge, at Fair Bluff, Tuesday and Wednesday; Lebanon Lodge, at Whiteville, Thursday and Friday; and Black Rock Lodge, at Black Rock, on Saturday.

Mr. Gardner will revisit Lumberton on the first Monday in February.

Boat Swamped and Man Drowned.

Mr. Charles Howe, of Sampson county, a resident of the section formerly known as Franklin township, in this county, arrived here yesterday evening with a flat-boat from upper Black River, loaded with 173 barrels of turpentine and 100 bags of peas. He had with him three hands, all colored men, and about 9 o'clock last night attempted to reach the wharf at Messrs. Martin & Hallett's distillery, on the opposite side of the river. The wind was blowing very strong at the time and the waves were high, and through some mismanagement on the part of the hands, the boat was swamped just about the time it reached the wharf. They managed to gain the dock, however, when Mr. Howe got a boat and came over to the city and, assisted by Mr. G. C. Shields, returned and towed the boat to this side. One of the colored hands, by the name of Dick Corbett was found to be missing and it is supposed that he was drowned. The last seen of him he was endeavoring to reach the wharf as the boat swamped.

The other hands were saved and the turpentine was rolled out at Market Dock, but some of the peas were washed away and the balance were all ruined by the water.—*Daily Journal, 17th.*

STORY OF A MONSTROUS POISONER.

Mrs. Sherman's Sentence and Confession—Wholesale Poisoning of Husbands and Children—Eight Victims in All.

THE CONFESSION.

Her confession was as follows: I was born near the town of Burlington, N. J., December 24, 1824. My mother died when I was nine years old, and I was sent to live with my uncle, Mr. John Clayguy. I never attended school much, being able to go only about three months in the year. At sixteen years of age I went to New Brunswick with my two brothers, and afterward to live with the Rev. Mr. Van Amburg, in Jacksonville, twenty-five miles from New Brunswick. Lived there for three years, then returned to New Brunswick and learned to be a tailoress. I worked three months without pay and was then employed by a Mr. Owen. He was a class leader in the Methodist church, of which I became a member. It was there that I met Mr. Edward Struck, who was a devoted Christian up to a few months before his death. I was his wife eighteen years; he has been dead about eight years. My first child we called Lydia, and after her birth we went to New York and resided near Elizabeth and Houston streets. In New York we had two boys. Afterward we moved to Carmansville, where we had four children born. At the end of that time Mr. Struck obtained an appointment on the Metropolitan police force. Six months later we lost a daughter, aged twenty-two months, by the measles. About this time my husband was transferred to Manhattanville, and we moved to 125th street. Then occurred our first trouble, which came about in this way:

THE FIRST TROUBLES.

A man came up to Stratton's hotel, on the Bloomingdale road, and made a disturbance in the bar-room. He attacked the bar tender with a knife, and immediately the cry of murder was sounded. Just at this time the Manhattanville stage came along, and on it was a detective, who heard the cry.—He rushed into the hotel, but finding he was powerless to accomplish anything, he asked for the assistance of a policeman. There was none near, and he endeavored to quiet the man by talking to him, but he could not succeed. The man appeared deranged.—The detective struck him with a cane, but the man would not desist. He struck the officer with a knife, when the latter drew a pistol and shot the man dead.

The stage drove on and soon met Mr. Struck, and as he was a policeman, the driver told him the circumstances about the killing of the man at the hotel. Mr. Struck started immediately for the hotel, and when he reached there he found that

THE MAN WAS DEAD.

Word was sent to the Manhattanville police station, and the doctors gave it as their opinion that the man was deranged. My husband reported at headquarters, and soon after a rumor prevailed that he would not arrest the man because he had a pistol. This was incorrect, but the employees of the hotel testified that Mr. Struck was at the place and was afraid to go in. The result was that he was discharged from the police force.

Then my husband became downhearted and discouraged. Captain Hart tried to get him back on the force, but failed, and then Struck, who had always been a good workman, did nothing but fret all the time. Since then he would be in bed for seven or eight weeks without allowing me to send for a doctor. One day he said he wanted to see his daughter Gertrude, who was married to a Mr. William Thompson, so I went to New York and took her up to see him, but he said very little to her. Gertrude sent a doctor to see her father, but the latter said he was not sick. Once he put a pistol in his mouth and threatened to blow his head off. Another day he tried to get a razor to cut his throat, but I took it away from him. Then I sent for Captain Hart, but when he came my husband would neither look, speak, nor have anything to do with him. The Captain said he was out of his mind, and advised me to have him sent to an asylum.

MEETING THE TEMPER.

One night after this he was acting very badly and I called in police sergeant Mc——, who lived in the lower part of our house. The sergeant advised me to put him out of the way, as he would never be any good to me or himself again. I asked him what he meant, and he told me to get a certain quantity of arsenic and give him some of it. I paid ten cents for it, put it in some oatmeal gruel, and gave him some of it during the afternoon. That night he was very ill, and at 8 o'clock the next morning he died.

THE MURDER OF HER FOUR CHILDREN.

The following July I made up my mind that my two little children, Mary Ann, six years old, and Edward, two years younger, would be better off if they were put out of the way; so, after thinking the matter over for several days, I made them some of the same kind of gruel their father had eaten. They only survived a short time.

The doctors said that the children died of gastric fever. They had not the least suspicion of the truth.

MARRIED AGAIN.

I continued to keep house, and had four children with me at the time. My son, George Whitfield, who was then fourteen years of age, was living with me. In the latter part of August he was taken sick, and I sent for Dr. Oviatt. He said the boy had painters' colic, and as he did not improve I became discouraged, and mixed some arsenic in his tea. He died the next day, and the doctor said it was the painters' colic.

Then my little daugeter, Ann Eliza, took the chills and fever, and was continually sick. This made me downhearted and discouraged again. I had some arsenic in the house, which I purchased in Harlem, and I put it in the medicine I bought for her to cure the chills. I gave it to her twice; then she was taken sick as the others were, and died about noon four days afterwards. She was the happiest child I ever saw.

I then kept house until the following May, going out, as usual, to do nursing. About that time Lydia, my eldest daughter, went to New York with work, was taken sick, and, after an illness of twenty-one days, she died a natural death. I never gave her anything the doctor did not order. Then I went to Sailorsville, Pa., with a family named Maxom. It was not a profitable venture, so I returned to New York and went to live with my stepdaughter, Mrs. Thompson. Then I took a situation with Mr. Cochran, who kept a sewing machine establishment in Canal street. There I became acquainted with Mr. James Curtis. He asked me to go to Stratford, Conn., to take care of his aged mother and keep house for them. I consented to go for $8 per month. I lived there eight months. One day Mr. John Fairchild, at whose store I bought our groceries, asked me if I would like to keep house for a man who had just lost his wife. In this way I became acquainted with Mr. Hurlburt, who lived in Coram, Huntington. After I had been a few days with him he asked me to marry him, which I did November 22, 1868. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Morton, in his own house. We lived happily for fourteen months.—About three months after we were married Mr. Hurlburt made his will. He was subjected to fits of dizziness.

THE FIFTH MURDER.

One day he was unwell, and he ate clams and drank cider with saleratus in it. Then he became worse. On one occasion he made me drink cider and saleratus, after which I became very sick and dizzy, and took to vomiting. Finally Mr. Hurlburt became worse, and about 5 o'clock one morning the old man died. Now I wish to say that I never gave Mr. Hurlburt anything that would cause sickness, though there may have been arsenic mixed with the saleratus which he put into the cider.

About two months after Hurlburt died, I heard that Horatio N. Sherman, of Birmingham, wanted me to take a little baby to board. I met Mr. Sherman one Saturday morning. He introduced himself to me, and said he had another object in calling besides getting me to take care of his baby. He wanted me as his housekeeper, because his mother-in-law and his daughter could not get along well together. I said I would think about it. Two weeks later he came again and offered to marry me. I told him we ought to be better acquainted. He said he was compelled to get some one, as he could not have the old woman in the house, as she was creating a constant disturbance. He then went away, and I did not see him for three or four weeks; but at the end of that time he had found me a tenant for my farm, which ended in my lending him $300.

THE THIRD HUSBAND.

In July, 1870, I lent him $300 more, and on the 2nd of September, 1870, we went to Mr. Sherman's sister's house in Bridgewater, Mass., and were married.

After we had been married about two months, Mr. Sherman said one day that he wished his babe (Frank) would die, and then the old woman should not stay another day in the house. I was full of trouble, and, not knowing what to do, was tempted to give him (Franky) something to get him out of the way, for I thought he would be better off. They had arsenic in the house. The old lady had used it before to poison rats. I put some of it in some milk, and only gave it to him once. Being quite feeble, he began to be sick and to vomit. I sent for a doctor, and he said the child was not out of danger, though he was better. This was in the forenoon. That night at 11 o'clock, the child died. This was November 15, 1870.

MORE TROUBLE.

Instead of making matters better, everything grew worse. Mr. Sherman and his mother-in-law kept constantly quarreling about a piano for which she claimed Mr. Sherman owed her $70. I sold my farm for $1,100, of which I received $300 cash; so I gave Mr. Sherman $100, told him to pay her, which he did, and then the old woman left us.

Mr. Sherman then took to drink, and I supported the family for about six months. During this time I found that he had dissipated the money I gave him, instead of paying his bills with it, so I took out about $300 more for him. Then came Christmas, and Ada devoted a great deal of time in decorating the church. I furnished her with all her clothes and paid her dressmaking bills. On Christmas eve Ada was taken sick and Dr. Beardsley was again sent for. He prescribed a brandy sling for her, but Mr. Sherman drank all the liquor I bought. I could not keep a drop for Ada. The next morning she was no better, and we sent for Dr. Dutton, of Milford.—When the doctor came Mr. Sherman was so drunk that he could not walk straight. Mr. Sherman asked me for $10 to pay the doctor. I refused to give it to him, saying that I would pay the doctor myself. Then he got mad and went out.

ALL ANOTHER MURDER.

That made me feel so bad that I was tempted to do as I had done before. I had some arsenic in the house, which I mixed in her tea and gave to her twice. She died the next morning.

Then Mr. Sherman began drinking more than ever. He did very little for the family, leaving me to pay for everything. He went on in that way until quite late in the winter. His brother Andrew and wife and his brother George came to visit us, but that only made matters worse. I tried to get Mr. Sherman to join the temperance society, but he kept on drinking. At la t I joined a temperance society, and then George Sherman and my husband joined it together. My husband only kept it a few weeks, and then went to drinking harder than ever. He next sold my piano for $325, and put $300 in the bank in my name.—Two weeks after he drew it out and went to New Haven, where he spent every cent of it. I sent my stepson, Nelson Sherman to find his father, and one evening about eight o'clock he arrived. I met him at the door and said, "I'm glad you are alive." The next day, being Saturday, he remained at home all day. Sunday he went out and returned very drunk. Monday he went out again and returned in the evening. He drank a cup of chocolate and then went out to get some greens for dinner.

THE LAST MURDER.

While he was gone he was taken sick, and he came home immediately. I had about a pint of brandy in the house, and I put some arsenic in it.—That night he drank it, and the next morning he was very sick. I did not want to kill him, I only wanted to make him sick of liquor. The next day he drank more of the brandy, and was worse. I sent for Dr. Beardsley, and told him that Mr. Sherman had one of his old spells. He continued to grow worse, other doctors were called in, but he died at 8 o'clock the following morning.

But Three Days Married.

BY LUCLA LOVEJOY.

"My dearest," said Fred, as we neared a little wayside station, "what do you say to some lunch? I can step out here and get you anything you fancy. It may seem a dreadful thing for a bridegroom to confess, but I begin to feel quite sharp after our early dinner. If you don't mind my leaving you for five minutes—"

I signified that an absence of that duration might be supported, and Fred started for the refreshment room.

We had been married just three days, and the glamour of the honeymoon was upon everything—the atmosphere was rarified beyond that breathed by every mortal—the earth glorified with a new beauty—the heavens with new light. We ate not bread and beefsteak, but some ambrosial dish untasted before, and drank golden nectar, etherialized from hot coffee pots.

I watched Fred from the car window until he disappeared in the refreshment room. What a splendid fellow he was! Such eyes—such a mind—such teeth—such a heart—such a general combination of perfections! How charming; how delightful; how altogether inexpressible it was to belong to him forever, never to be separated more! when whiz! clang! Horrors! The train was off again—off, with Fred still discussing boned turkey in the eating saloon, and his faithful wife hopelessly quiescent in the ladies' car—off, sundering at the rate of thirty miles an hour those whom law and Gospel both declared only death should part.

"What's the matter, mum?" asked the conductor, noticing my excitement.

"There—there's a gentleman left behind," I gasped.

"Is there mum?" was the stoical reply. "Bless my soul, that's nothing new!"

"But—but—he's my husband!" I faltered, blushing to my finger-tips, as I felt that the fact was something new.

Three ladies turned around to stare at me, and there was an unmistakable titter beneath the heavy moustache of a gentleman opposite.

"Sorry, mum, but it can't be helped. If gents will stop at bar-rooms to wet their whistles we can't wait for 'em."

A bar-room! Fred in a bar-room wetting his whistle! What did the odious man mean? I tried to crush him with a look, but I wasn't equal to it. Fred—my Fred—in a bar-room!

"You needn't be alarmed," said an old gentleman, kindly: "there will be another accommodation at eight."

"At eight!" and it was now just half-past four. I sunk back upon the cushion in quiet desperation. What was to become of me?

With the entire abnegation peculiar to the early phases of the honeymoon, I had put my little velvet portemonnaie, handkerchief and vinaigrette in Fred's breast pocket—not that I hadn't a pocket of my own, but there was