THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL

J. A. ENGELHARD, Editor and Prop.

TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS MUST BE ADDRESSED.

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Wilmington Journal.

WILMINGTON, N. C.:

FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1872.

Raleigh Memorial Association.

We are requested to state that the Ladies Memorial Association of Raleigh will hold a Memorial Fair and Festival on the 5th and 6th of June in that city. We trust it will be liberally patronized.

Hon. Thos. S. Ashe.

From a gentleman who has just returned from a visit to the head of the Wilmington, Charlotte & Rutherford Railroad, we are pleased to learn of the warm and unbiased favor with which the nomination for Congress from the Sixth District, of the Hon. Thos. S. ASHE, of Anson, has been received by the people everywhere. He is undoubtedly the strongest man in the District and will prove a tower of strength in the State, as well as in the Congressional, election.

Col. Dockery, who, it is said, has heretofore declared a certainty of his own nomination and election by the Radicals is, we understand, now determined to abandon the cause in favor of Mr. ASHE, contenting himself with the smaller ambition of misrepresenting the people of Montgomery and Richmond counties in the next State Senate.

F. N. Strudwick, Esq.

The Hillsboro *Recorder*, referring to the probable candidates for the House of Representatives in Orange County says:

"The desperate efforts made by the Radical party in the last Legislature to ruin one of our delegates—a ready and able debater and a bold and fearless champion—calls for a rebuke it would be ungrateful in the Convention to disregard, since he discharged his duty ably as a representative. That's our notion."

We presume the reference is to the distinguished gentleman whose name heads this article, and we take pleasure in adding our endorsement of everything the *Recorder* says in his commendation.

The whole State owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. STRUDWICK for the bold and manly part he took in bringing the traitor Holden to justice, and will not soon forget it.

Delegates to National Democratic Convention.

The following is a list of the delegates to the Baltimore Convention so far as the appointments have been made. We publish also the names of the delegates to the National Democratic Convention in 1868:

STATE AT LARGE.

1872.	1868.
To be appointed.	W. N. H. Smith, W. R. Cox, W. A. Wright, John F. Hoke.

1ST DISTRICT.

H. A. Gilliam, J. L. Mitchell,	M. W. Ransom, D. M. Carter.

2ND DISTRICT.

To be appointed.	M. E. Manly, George Howard.

3RD DISTRICT.

To be appointed.	Robert Strange, N. A. McLean.

4TH DISTRICT.

To be appointed.	R. B. Haywood, W. J. Green.

5TH DISTRICT.

J. M. Worth, J. E. Gretter,	Bedford Brown, J. M. Leach.

6TH DISTRICT.

Z. B. Vance, T. B. Means,	Z. B. Vance, J. M. Long.

7TH DISTRICT.

R. F. Armfield, G. M. Mathes,	T. L. Clingman, [illegible]

8TH DISTRICT.

To be appointed.

The Old War Horse.

We were just about to make an enquiry as to the whereabouts of that doughty old campaigner, that valiant old war horse of the Radical peace establishment, General Curtis H. Brogden, when our respected contemporary, the Goldsboro' *Messenger*, brought us the intelligence that the old General, though not "doing well," was still "alive." We had almost come to the painful conclusion that the General had gone the way of all flesh, or that having come up as a flower he had been cut down, or that some other catastrophe, equally as dreadful, had befallen him. We were seriously contemplating the propriety of setting about the preparation of an obituary. Indeed, we had gotten so far as *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—"say nothing of the dead unless it be good." Just at this point we stuck deep in the mud for near forty-eight hours. We could not recall a single thing, that would bear even the semblance of truth, that could be added with any sort of propriety to our text. Nor could we invent anything that would not be too thin for even the commonest apprehension, at least in this section of the country. A single glance at the life and times of the old man convinced us of the utter folly of attempting anything sentimental, or eloquent, or grief-stricken, or regretful, in announcing the supposed political demise of Curtis H. Brogden. In the agony of our despair, BONITZ came to our rescue.

Thanks.

Brogden is not dead. The syren tones of his voice are once more to be heard in the land. We thought him dead, because for weeks he had maintained an unbroken silence: because for weeks he had ceased his attacks upon his State, his people and his color. We knew how sweet to him was the music of his own words, far sweeter to him now than ever were the dulcet tones of his favorite squedunk, in the long ago days of his youth, and not having heard it for so many long weeks we thought him dead. But our mind is relieved, the old war horse is still neighing and prancing like a young colt.

The thing that now troubles us is to know what kind of a new pressure the Radicals have invented powerful enough to squeeze all the talk out of Brogden for four long weeks.

"Mum" is the word for the old General, doubtless, from his Party Head Quarters. His great speech in the Convention that nominated him for Lieutenant Governor, was a crusher—a cross between a thunder storm and perpetual motion. Indeed, some of the General's enemies say that had it been made before the nomination Curtis would not have had a place on the Radical State Ticket. We know not how that may be. This we do know: There is no power as yet known to mechanics that can keep Brogden from talking, and talking to the injury of his friends, and the advantage of his enemies. But as for that matter he will not do his party any more harm than either Caldwell or Hargrove, and then he drinks less whiskey and spouts much more poetry, and then, too, there need never be any fear of a reply to him for, if his audience would remain the next morning's sun would find him still talking. But friend BONITZ, of the *Messenger*, has not known Brogden as long as we have, and does not like him. This is the gentle way in which he told us the old man was still alive:

"This frothy babbler and political leper spoke at Snow Hill on Tuesday last to a small crowd of negroes. We were not present, but learn that he harangued his sable audience in his usual blustering way, appealing to their passions and prejudices. The *Messenger* received a passing notice as a 'dirty and scurrilous sheet," those whom he once claimed as friends were denounced as "rebels" and "Ku-Klux;" he boasted of political consistency that he might hide his vile corruption and political rascality; in short, he proclaimed himself to the world unfit to be believed, even when he tells the truth, and unworthy to be trusted in any position, even that of a Jail Keeper."

LOCAL.

SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

An Engine and Three Cars Thrown from the Track and Demolished—The Sleeping Cars Escape—Seven Persons Wounded, Two Seriously—Arrival of the Wounded.

A terrible run off and smash-up occurred on the Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta Railroad yesterday morning at a point about 1 mile south of Grist's station, and 55 miles from this city, by which two persons were seriously wounded and five others badly hurt. As soon as the news reached the city, a special train was dispatched to the scene of the accident, having on board for the relief of the sufferers, Drs. W. G. & G. G. Thomas and T. F. Wood. This train, however, met the express train, which left Wilmington that morning, returning with the wounded and other passengers, arriving here at 1 p. m. The following are the particulars attending the accident:

When the train leaving Wilmington for Columbia at 6:30 p. m. Wednesday, met the train from Columbia for Wilmington at the usual passing station, Flemington, Capt. Gilbert of the train from Columbia reported that he had met with an accident about 5 o'clock that afternoon at a point about 2 miles this side of Marion, (85 miles from Wilmington,) by which his first and second class cars were thrown from the track and there obstructed the road.—This accident was caused by the malicious removal of a rail from the track; but fortunately none of the passengers were injured. By transferring his passengers to the baggage car, Capt. Gilbert proceeded on to Wilmington, and was thus enabled to make his connection, though he was compelled to leave the track obstructed.

The Columbia bound train then proceeded along to the point of obstruction, where it awaited the coming of the train from Columbia for Wilmington. When the two met, a reciprocal transfer of the passengers was effected and the respective trains put back for Wilmington and Columbia. The train returning this way then fell under the charge of Capt. Jos. N. Bowden, who caused the cars to be so shifted as to throw the two sleeping cars and the 1st and 2d class coaches in the rear; but there being no turn-table at hand, the engine was compelled to proceed tender in front. When within about 1 mile of Grist's Depot, and running at the rate of about 15 or 18 miles an hour, the accident occurred. The tender was first thrown entirely from the track, dragging the engine, which lay upon the track crosswise, and the baggage car was thrown off and badly damaged. But the principal wreck was that of the first and second class coaches. The first class coach was hurled upon the rear end of the second class car, which had been partially thrown from the track, with such force that the second class car pierced the other coach diagonally nearly the whole length of the car. No one in the second class coach was injured, though the roof was literally torn off. Fortunately the greater portion of the passengers were in the sleeping cars, but there were several in the first class coach who were hemmed in by the rubbish or thrown through the sides of the car into a ditch bordering the track. One negro woman, though slightly injured, was placed in a most perilous position, being taken up and caught by her leg and clothing at the top of the car, and then suspended head downwards. Though she was supported by the train hands and those assisting, it was some time before she could be extricated.

The wounded are the engineer and firemen, and two white and three colored passengers. The following is the list, with a description of injuries:

C. H. Rickstraw, of Cheraw, S. C.,—scalp-wound, 6 inches long, right arm badly fractured above the elbow, and cut over right eye.

Maurice Bischoff, of Terra Haute, Indiana,—right thigh badly fractured.

G. B. Hodge, engineer,—cut over right eye and slightly bruised in the side.

Mary Holly, colored servant of Mr. L. C. Carpenter, of the Columbia *Union*,—left shoulder severely bruised and slight internal injuries.

C. D. Lowndes, colored servant of Mr. Carpenter,—slightly bruised on right shoulder and left leg.

Alvan Copeland, colored fireman,—left hand badly cut, and bruised on right side.

Wm. Roath, colored passenger,—bruised on hip and rib broken.

Messrs. Rickstraw and Bischoff were conveyed on arrival here to the city hospital, where their injuries received prompt attention. In neither case was amputation necessary. Both patients are doing well, and no immediate danger is apprehended. Mr. Bischoff's scalp-wound is an ugly one.

The passengers who were in the sleeping cars rendered every assistance to the wounded, and all speak in high terms of the conduct of Capt. Bowden.

This accident is also thought to have been caused by the malicious removal of a rail, but the track is now so badly torn up that it is impossible to ascertain the correctness of this suspicion.

A full force was immediately dispatched from the shops here to remove the debris from the track, which was accomplished in time to permit the ordinary passage of trains last evening. But one connection at each end of the line was lost by the accident.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—The Board met last night.

It was ordered that the Chairman examine the accounts of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad for return of taxes to said road exhibited by Messrs. Wright & Steadman, and report to this Board as to its legality and correctness.

The Chairman, to whom was referred the matter of a bridge over the branch of Smith's Creek, near the Work House, recommends that Mr. Van Amringe be allowed $85 for the entire work. Report adopted.

Ordered, That, at the request of the trustees of the township of Wilmington, a tax of 3 cents on the $100 valuation of real and personal property in said township be levied for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of the township and the payment of its just debts, to be collected by the Sheriff of the county at the same time as the State and county taxes are collected.

Ordered, That Commissioner Black take under his supervision the running out and establishing the boundary line between Rocky Point, Holden, Columbia and Lincoln townships, the work to be completed 40 days previous to the August elections.

Adjourned to 3 o'clock on Monday next, 2nd inst.

ANOTHER ACCIDENT FROM PREMATURE DISCHARGE OF A PIECE—ANOTHER SEAMAN ON THE REVENUE CUTTER SEWARD HAS HIS HAND BLOWN OFF.—It seemed as if yesterday were destined to furnish us with a chapter of accidents. In addition to the excitement attendant upon the news of the railroad smash-up, popular craving for the horrible was still further fed by the news of another premature discharge of one of the guns of the revenue cutter *W. H. Seward*, while firing a salute.

About 4:15 o'clock, while the Federal memorial procession was moving through the streets, in accordance with the programme previously arranged Capt. Carson commenced firing minute guns from the cutter. While a seaman by the name of Nell Nelson, a native of Sweden, and recently from Wilmington, Del., was ramming home the charge for the third gun, the piece was prematurely discharged and Nelson's right hand blown off. The boatswain had his thumb carefully over the vent at the time; so it is firmly believed that the piece is defective. It is the same gun by which the seaman Kavanaugh recently lost his hand in the same manner. With this accident before him, Capt. Carson says he selected for this occasion the boatswain and Nelson as two of the most experienced gunners he had, in order to prevent the possibility of another like occurrence.

The wounded man was conveyed to the hospital, where the mangled arm was amputated by Drs. Winants, King, Love and Cobb. He was doing well at latest accounts.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.—This body met at the Commissioner's Room yesterday.

A communication having been received from Alex. McIver, Superintendent of Public Instruction, requesting the account of the Treasurer, of the receipts and disbursements of the apportionment of the taxes of school fund, the following account was made out and approved by the Chairman, to-wit:

	Dr.
To Apportionment of 1869	$3,767 50
To " " 1870–'71	3,767 50
To " " 1872	827 91
To Poll Tax for School in 1869–70, received of the Old School Committee	428 51
To Taxes for School Houses, &c., 1869–'71	5,845 67
To three-fourths of entire Poll taxes of 1871	2,126 09
To Taxes for Building School Houses in 1871	288 98
Interest on School House Money received	159 07
Total	$17,021 14
	Cr.
By Amount Paid Teachers as per Vouchers	$9,472 23
By Amount Paid for building or repair of school-houses	3,635 15
	$13,107 38
Balance belonging to school houses	$2,963 11
Balance for payment of teachers	1,010 65
Balance of School Fund in Treasurer's hands	$3,913 76

The above is a true statement of the Treasurer's account up to the 1st of May, 1872.

Adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon next.

Big Trees.

An exchange says: "In almost all parts of the country may be found large trees. The largest in the Northern States is that known as the Balm of Gilead tree, near Newburgh, which is about thirty feet in circumference. It is now about 100 years old, a fact which casts some doubt upon the antiquity of its California brethren. On Denning's point, opposite Newburgh, are two old oaks, called the Washington Oaks. One is twenty-three feet in circumference, and the other eighteen feet. A few years ago a companion of these trees was blown down, and, on being sawed up, an examination with a microscope revealed 765 rings, showing that the tree was 765 years old; as it was only thirteen feet in circumference, it is supposed that the largest tree now standing must be about 1,200 years old, and the other 1,000 years. The railroad company owning the property has directed the tree to be protected from injury, and it is possible that they may stand another 1,000 years.

It is ascertained that President Grant has released from durance vile in the Baltimore city jail, Major Thomas J. Wilson, who was tried, convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, for embezzling some $75,000 from the government whilst an officer in the Baltimore customhouse. The Major's high social position (?) and extreme loyalty caused executive interference. Had he been an obscure devil he would have served his time out.

An exchange says: "Don't borrow a newspaper; nearly all the prevailing epidemics are spread in this way. If you don't want the small-pox take your paper direct from the publisher.

BELLE ALDEN.

A ROMANTIC EXCHANGE OF TRAVELLING BAGS AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A train bound for St. Louis had just left the station at Bellefontaine, when a gentleman entered the smoking car, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of his traveling companion—a tall, handsome man of thirty, who sat musingly blowing rings of smoke in the air.

"Marcy," said the new comer, "if you want to see at once the sweetest and saddest sight you ever beheld, go into the last car but one on the train. There's an emigrant German woman, with four little children and during the afternoon the youngest, a baby, has died. The mother and other children are inconsolable."

"I can understand," interrupted the smoker, "the sadness of such a scene, but where is the sweetness you spoke of?"

"I'm coming to that. The whole party have been taken in charge by a young lady. Such a beauty! She's dried the mother's tears and wiped the children's noses. She's a divinity! She only needs a few feathers on her shoulder blades to make a full fledged angel of her. If I was not married I'd never leave her till I'd made her Mrs. Angelica Townsend."

"That's a speech I shall faithfully report to Mrs. Agnes Townsend," said the gentleman addressed as Marcy, rising. "I shall go back and feast my eyes on this beautiful Sister of Charity; and," he added, taking his travelling satchel and shawl from the rack, "as we stop at the next station, which is due in ten minutes, I may as well take my traps through with me and join you on the platform."

Thus saying Richard Marcy threw his shawl over his shoulder, and sauntered leisurely through the long train—rushing blindly and calmly to his fate. For, as he entered the last car but one, he became a witness and an actor in a scene that influenced his future life.

The poor grief-stricken German, of whom his companion, Dr. Townsend had spoken, with the dead infant in her arms, sat silently weeping over the little dead face.

The three sturdy children grouped in childish sorrow about their little dead brother were indeed a touching spectacle. But standing beside them was the divinity of Dr. Townsend's admiration, and she was most certainly to "shape the ends of the unhappy Richard."

She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen, with magnificent eyes and hair. As he entered the car, she was speaking, her lovely face flushed, and the small, rosy mouth disclosing a beautiful set of teeth, turned bewitchingly toward the tall stranger at the door.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the sweet voice, "this poor woman, friendless, speaking no English, with four little children, was expecting to find work in St. Louis to support them. If everything had gone well with her it would not have been hard for her; but with her little dead baby and her sorrowful heart, she is certainly a deserving object of charity; and I propose that such as feel willing contribute their little mite toward a purse for her immediate wants and the burial of her poor baby. And," she added with a bewitching smile, "if any gentleman will lend me a hat, I will go round and take up a collection."

In an instant the gallant Richard pulled his traveling cap from his blonde curls and offered it to the Angel of Mercy, who accepted it with a smile, this time all his own, and commenced gathering the readily forthcoming dollars her generous, graceful appeal brought from the purses of all in the car.

Richard watched the slender figure in gray gathering the money; and looked at the plaid cap in the white, jeweled fingers, he bethought him of his own donation, and stepping to the seat the beauty had just occupied, he laid his satchel and shawl upon a family of its kind belonging to the angel in gray, and took from his pocket a ten-dollar bill, which he placed in the little hand which returned him his cap. Further damage the poor fellow received when a second smile and warmly worded thanks for his liberal contribution were dealt him from the beautiful mouth.

Dick was in the midst of an elaborate reply, when the cars stopped. He lingered yet another moment, seized his satchel and shawl, with his eyes still on the face of his charmer, and then, even as the cars were in motion, he bethought himself of the Doctor, and hurriedly left the car and joined his friend on the platform.

"Well," ejaculated that worthy, "I began to believe you'd concluded to go and bury the dead baby, and make the protecting beauty Mrs. Angelica Marcy. Isn't she a stunner?"

"Townsend," returned his friend, "don't use slang in speaking of the noble creature." He looked after the train just disappearing in the distance. "I wish to heaven," he continued, "I had remained aboard. How stupid I was to leave it. I might have learned her name and residence. And now—

"Now, in all probability," broke in the Doctor, "you'll never meet her in this vale of tears. But you'll know her in heaven, if you behave yourself well enough to get there, by her wings: she'll have the biggest of any of them, seeing they've commenced to sprout on earth."

And thus rallying his thoroughly captivated friend, the two made their way to the house of an acquaintance, with whom they were to remain that night, and go on the next day to their destination—St. Louis.

After the first salutation, our hero went to his room to remove some of the evidences of his long ride from New York. He had removed his coat, vest and collar; he had splashed and soaped and washed till his damp curls clung close to his shapely head, when he made a most startling discovery.

Flushed and breathless, he burst into the next room upon his friend.

"Townsend!" cried he, "what on earth do you suppose? I've got the wrong bag. I've changed baggage with the Angel of Mercy. Look at that slipper. See that thimble. Contemplate that glove."

"It's evident you've got the lady's satchel. And what was there in yours?"

"Don't bring up that dreadful idea," said Dick. "Cigars and a hair brush, a pack of cards and a comb, pocket flask and a tooth brush—everything disreputable. If I am judged by that bag, I'm a lost man."

"And this I took for a clean shirt," and Dick held up a frilled and fluted sack, such as do duty for more extensive night-dresses with ladies when traveling. "I'd like to see Angelica when she opens my satchel."

And Dick fell to musing, with the slipper perched on two fingers, and the frilled white sack spread out tenderly on his knee.

* * * * * * *

In the upper apartment of a handsome mansion in St. Louis, on the evening of the day our heroine first made the reader's acquaintance, beautiful Belle Alden, the petted and only doughter of the house, sat contemplating the various articles her confidential maid was disposing upon the table—articles taken from no less a receptacle than Dick Marcy's traveling bag.

The cards and cigar case lay side by side, and a highly scented party they were.

"What's in the little silver flask, Rosa?" said the fair mistress.

"Brandy, mo'am," replied the maid.

"He can't be very dissipated, to travel with such a little bottle. That's in case of sickness, I suppose," replied Belle.

"It is my belief" said Rosa, who was a shrewd girl, "that the gentleman was a mighty nice one, else you would not so readily excuse the cards and bottle."

"For shame, Rosa. All gentlemen play euchre traveling, and even clergymen take a little brandy in case of sickness," answered Belle. "And this man was a gentleman, and a liberal one too, for he gave the poor emigrant woman ten dollars. What's that, Rosa?"

For at that moment Rosa held between her fingers a letter.

Whether it was wrong to read a stranger's letter vexed Belle for a moment, as her eyes glanced at the superscription and handwriting.

"Why, of all things!" exclaimed the delighted girl, seizing the letter. "Why, Rosa, this is Jenny Marcy's writing, and addressed to Richard Marcy—her only darling brother—who was in Europe when we two graduated at Madam Ritter's, in Brooklyn."

Belle read rapidly until she had reached the middle of the letter, when she burst into a merry laugh.

"Hear this, Rosa," and she read from the letter:

"Above all things, Dick, dear, don't fail, while in St. Louis, to see my best friend and schoolmate, Belle Alden. I know you will fall in love with her, for, besides being the best girl in the world, she's a beauty and an heiress, and father's choice above all others for his son's wife. He used to talk it over at home, and hope Belle would not marry before you come home from Europe. She is full as anxious to know you, and wears your hair and mine in a locket father gave her last year. Give her lots of love and beg her to overlook your many imperfections, for the sake of her old school-fellow, Jenny."

"Then this gentleman is, of course, Miss Jenny's brother," said Rosa, "and what will she say when she hears of your having met in this romantic way?"

"I don't intend to tell of it till I go to New York this Fall," said Belle.

"Perhaps her brother will call."

But in this supposition Belle was wrong. The month passed away and she saw nothing more of the golden-haired Richard.

And she carefully separated the yellow lock in the little keepsake from the dark tress of Jenny's and put it in its place alone, while another locket held the tri of Jenny's. And somehow Belle look-d very often at the wee golden curl, and she never did so but the rest of the handsome head sprang up beside the locket; and she would sit and contemplate the picture her fancy wrought for her, not dreaming the interest she was allowing to grow in her bosom for Jenny's brother.

In the Fall Belle and her father went to New York, and the first day after arrival found her sitting with her old friend, who, after the effusive meeting was past, sat down to empty her soul.

"I am so glad that you are here this month," Jenny said, "because I am to be married in October, and I have always been crazy to have you for a bridesmaid, and Dick is to be Harry's best man." Belle blushed.

"But Dick has fallen hopelessly in love." Belle turned pale.

"Yes, I was terribly provoked when he passed through St. Louis and never went near you. But he went wild over some lady he met on that fatal trip. He will talk to me by hours of his Angelica. And when I have spoken of you he has been positively rude, and asked me to have done bothering him about my freckled school friends—you know that your picture shows freckles. But bless me, you haven't any now! And your picture don't look any more like you than it does like me, not a bit."

"But tell me," said Belle, "is your brother engaged to this lady?"

"Engaged! Why, dear heart, he don't know her name. He just found some of her old clothes somewhere. He's got her old slipper under a glass case; he's got her gloves stuffed under another; and he's got her nightgown done up in lavender; he's got her gold thimble hung on his watch-chain, and I do believe he's got a hair brush and some hair pins next to his heart! Oh, it's folly to interfere! He's beyond all hope. I did think the excitement of my wedding would wean him from it; but not a bit. He looks at my new things as calmly as an oyster, and only says—it's not kind of me to repeat it, though," broke off Jenny.

"What was it he said?" inquired Belle, laughing now heartily. "Do not fear for my feelings."

"Why," he said, "I'll stand up with your friend, Belle, and see you safely married; and then I'm off to winter in Paris; I'm done with love on my own account. It's positively awful."

And so Belle thought, as she looked at her old slippers and gloves lying beneath the globe on either side of the faithful Richard's mantle.

"And," said Belle, "since he desires only to meet me on the morning of the wedding, so it shall be. I will be introduced only as we are leaving the house, and he can do as he pleases about continuing the acquaintance afterwards."

Belle was radiant with happiness when she returned to her father, and delighted his fond heart by the change, for Belle had been very quiet of late.

Jenny and Belle shopped and talked and visited together for the next few days, and when the eventful morning arrived, and amid a bevy of beautiful girls, Belle shone like a queen, the bride was eclipsed and delightfully acknowledged it.

"Oh Belle!" she said; "I long to have old stoical Dick see you. Hark! there's his step. Come into the next room and be introduced. Don't wait till the carriages come—it's an hour yet."

And Belle, with a beating heart, swept through the door, and stood even as Dick first saw her, only in place of the gray traveling dress, a magnificent white satin fell in rich folds about her, and upon her lovely white throat lay the torquoise locket that held Dick's golden curl. Upon the beautiful head, crowned by its chestnut hair, a coronal of pearls added to the grace and beauty of that image that shrined in Dick's heart was already an angel.

Belle did not look up, but she felt the presence, as Ric and Marcy came up and was introduced to little Jenny's old schoolmate. Then as he held out his hand, she raised her eyes, and laid her tiny palm in his, and said:

"I think we had better rectify that mistake about those traveling bags, Mr. Marcy!"

"Good heaven, Jenny!" said Dick Marcy, "why didn't you tell me that your friend Belle was my Angel of Mercy?"

"Because I didn't know it until last night, and then Belle made me promise not to tell. And besides you did not want to meet the freckled school girl till it was positively necessary," returned Jenny, mischievously.

It would be hard to say which of the four that made Jenny's bridal party was the happiest that day.

Dick did not go to Paris that Winter. He found that St. Louis contained more attraction than any foreign city.

But the next Fall did see Dick and Belle on their wedding tour, and he vows he will have the old romantic traveling bags brushed up for the occasion. Dr. Townsend, who is to go along, says he knew the minute he saw the girl, she would one day be Angelica Marcy, as "he felt it in the air."

Mr. Greeley writes to a confectioner in Boston that in making calves-foot jelly the Durham breed should always be selected. Take a live calf, place the hind feet in a corn-mill, and begin to grind, and the jelly will flow out in its crude state. Collect this in a pail, and throw away the calf.

The Danberry *News* tells of a lady stranger who accosted a shabbily dressed lad in that town, and said, "Where is your home my little son?" "I haint got no home," he answered. "Got no home?" she repeated, the tears standing in her eyes. "No marm," said he, equally affected, "I board."

A WONDERFUL STORY.

How an Ignorant Nurse Girl Got up in Her Sleep and Gave Splendid Musical Entertainments—Something to Wonder Over, if True.

A lady of Indianapolis furnishes The People, a paper there, with the following extraordinary narrative concerning Lisette Bernard, a little girl of French extraction, "who was one of a car load of orphan, homeless children, sent West from New York by the Children's Aid Society there, to find homes. My husband had spoken to Mr. Friedgen, the agent of the society, brother of the shoe merchant on Washington street, to bring him a little nurse girl the next car load he should conduct to the West. This was in the winter of 1864–5. That spring, in April, he brought us Lisette, stating that he knew nothing of her parentage, and that he selected her on account of her gentle disposition from a number of favorites at the Orphan Asylum on Randall's Island, near New York, where she had been for four years. * * * *

"There was nothing remarkable about her but her very mild ways, and dreary, weary look from her deep-set blue eyes. I noticed Lisette manifested a peculiar and intense interest whenever I played on the piano selections from any of the old operas and masterpieces. At such times I would frequently find her sitting in the adjoining room utterly oblivious to everything but the music; from the effects of which she seemed to recover when spoken to and would then rouse herself as if from sleep. This absorption of hers was the subject of frequent remark in our family. One night last November, about one o'clock, my husband and I were aroused from our slumbers by hearing the sweetest of music coming apparently from our parlor. Our bed-room was off the sitting-room—all on the same floor, and of course we were frightened. The doors from our room to the sitting-room and parlor were all open—the gas by our bedside was burning dimly, but the parlor was dark. We lay a moment listening to the perfect concord of sounds from the piano, which we perceived was under the fingers of a master hand. The music was from Bach—one of grand and majestic movement—but not one that I had played on that piano, for I had not the notes in the house. The playing ceased a moment or two, and then began with one of Liszt's Fantasias—one so difficult of execution that none but the highest professors of art ever attempt it. I had heard it the Summer before at Crosby's in Chicago, but had never tried it myself. Mr. J. and I hastily dressed ourselves, for by this time we supposed some of our friends had taken this novel method of serenading us. But who was the performer then touching the instrument with a skill possessed by none of my acquaintances, was the puzzling question. We passed noiselessly to the parlor door—the light from our room by reflection made everything in the parlor visible. You may imagine our surprise when I tell you that the performer at the piano was none other than Lisette—dressed in her gayest suit, with her abundance of hair put up in a style I never saw before on any one, but very neat and tasty. Her face was from us, and Mr. J. motioning me to keep silence, lighted the gas and we both went to Lisette's side just as she concluded the fantasia. Her eyes were closed, and her face, unusually pale, was now deadly white. At the same time Lisette, turning her head toward me and bowing politely, said in a lady-like voice—not natural to her—that was Liszt's own favorite when I knew him; beautiful, isn't it? But here is something I like better, and turning to the piano, her eyes still closed, she gave with exquisite skill one of Bach's counter fugues, and which is perhaps the most difficult of all compositions to render, but when well delivered, as this was, carries the hearer from earth to heaven. If I could render a counter fugue, as a musician, I should be content. I was so absorbed in her theme that I forgot who was the fine performer. As it closed, Lisette rose gracefully and bowing said: 'That is sufficient for this child to-night; she must now rest. Please, kind friends, do not awake her in the morning, I will arise her at the proper time,' and bowing again with a womanly grace Lisette had never attained, she passed to her room.

"The next morning Lisette, usually an early riser, slept until 10 o'clock. We said nothing to her of what we had witnessed, nor told it to any one else that day. On the second night after, we were awakened about the same hour by a similar performance in the parlor. We went in again.—The pieces played all were classic, mostly from Handel—one or two from Beethoven—and their execution perfect; only one of which I had ever played in her hearing.—Between each she made remark and criticisms as naturally as if she were some accomplished performer presiding at the piano, and not our little nurse girl. As she closed this performance, she astonished us more than ever by saying: 'Good friends, I much thank you for your kindness to this child. I am her mother, and I am training her unconsciously to herself.—Please do not tell her of this practice, for I fear she will not remain long with you, as she is very delicate,' and bowed herself out as before.

"These performances being repeated every alternate night after, became somewhat annoying—especially since Lisette seemed to be declining rapidly. The physician prescribed for her, but never seemed to understand her case. He witnessed her musical performances. He said she was undoubtedly asleep the whole time at the piano. On one occasion she turned to him and said:

"'Oh, Doctor, I see you don't understand this; Lisette is not before you except in body. I am her mother. I can use her body. My name is Therese Bernard. I was reared in Lorraine, married in Paris. I taught music in Paris—it was my grand passion. My husband died on board ship as we came to America. I died in New York a few months afterward. I have watched Lissette ever since—you need not give her medicine—she will soon be with me and Louis."

She lingered untill January last and died a painless death. It was a gradual fading away. Her performance ceased in December. After her death Mr. J. wrote to the asylum whence she came, to know what the record showed concerning her. The answer so far as applicable is as follows:

"Bernard Lisette entered January 20, 1861, from Bleeker street tenement house. Supposed to be four years old; mother died of starvation; said to be a French music teacher. Lisette sent to Indianapolis, April, 1865.

"She never touched the piano when awake, but said she would like to learn to play it. Nor did she with but two exceptions play any pieces that were played in our house by any person."

Curious Reminiscence.

A curious reminiscence of revolutionary times has been brought to light in the matter of the recent application to Congress by an aged lady for payment of the services of her father, an officer in the old Continental navy. It appears that the officer in question performed, in addition to his ordinary duty as a cruiser, some special services in England [illegible] committee of Congress [illegible] of being subjected [illegible] comrades. "They were fastened upon a boating machine, their bodies, legs and arms so ironed that they could not bend either; the machine was towed at high water to a gallows erected by government orders; the hangman made the halters fast to the gallows, and left them to die at leisure—that is, by inches, as the tide fell." The committee considering the claims report in favor of its payment.

TELEGRAPHIC.

WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, June 1.

Carpenter continues his political debate in the Senate to-day.

A prolongation of this session of Congress is considered inevitable.

The West and South in the House yesterday, voted almost solidly for 16 cents uniform tax on tobacco. A compromise on 20 cents is considered probable.

In the U. S. District Court orders were made for the payment over to Dr. Cornelius Boyle, B. H. Taylor and the administratrix of C. S. Wallock, of this city, of the proceeds of the sales of their property here, made under the confiscation act. Under the amnesty act they become entitled to whatever sum the United States has derived from the confiscation of their estates, the costs which were comparatively enormous, amounting in one of the cases to $1,500. These parties left here and served in the Confederate armies. H. B. Tyler, had been a Major of Marines in the Federal service.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, June 1.

Mr. Bennett is unconscious and the doctors are hopeless of his recovery.

Lieut. Col. St. Clair, Gen. Trevino's Chief of Artillery, arrived here yesterday from Matamoras. He reports that the revolutionists are enthusiastic in support of Trevino, and that many of the States desire to see him President instead of Juarez. The Colonel speaks in strong terms of the resources of the Revolutionists, and declares that they are likely to gain considerable strength.

THE PRESS VS. SUMNER.

The "Times" says that Mr. Sumner's speech is a collection of slanders against the President with literary antiqurian and scholastic embellishments.

The "Tribune" considers Sumner's speech one of the greatest he ever delivered.

The "World" says that Sumner's indictment of Grant recites nothing which the Democratic press has not reiterated for months, but coming from a man whose biography is the history of the Republican party, will carry conviction where the Democratic voice would pass as the wind.

The "Sun" styles Sumner the American Caesar, and calls the speech magnificent.

The "Herald" says that the speech is a savage arraignment of the President, and the bitterness, which is evidently provoked by a sense of personal provocation, will weaken its force. It contains nothing new, except the statement of Stanton, that Grant could not govern the country.

PENNSYLVANIA.

READING, June 1.

In the State Democratic Convention resolutions were adopted declaring that the party is bound upon the Constitution, Jackson's farewell address and Jefferson's inaugural, and urge the Democracy to support the ticket and secure the triumph of the cause. There is no allusion to any Presidential candidate.

TENNESSEE.

MEMPHIS June 1.

George F. Clark, a balloonist attached to Noyes' circus, fell a distance of fifty feet. He will probably die from the effects of his injuries.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The schooner Velocipede, engaged in seal fishing, foundered at sea and twelve lives were lost.

OHIO.

CLEVELAND, June 1.

H. Harvey & Son's City Mills were destroyed by fire this morning, together with one thousand barrels flour—loss $100,000.

CABLE DISPATCHES.

MADRID, June 1.

Serrano's leniency to the Carlist chiefs has utterly disorganized the rebels, who begin to suspect their leaders of treason.

PENNSYLVANIA.

READING, June 1.

The following platform was adopted:

Resolved, That the Democratic party, while in the future, as in the past, firmly upholding the Constitution of the United States as the foundation and limitation of the powers of the General Government and the safe shield of the liberties of the people, demands for the citizen the largest freedom consistent with public order and for every State the right of self government, that to uphold the former and protect the latter, the Democracy of Pennsylvania can find no better platform upon which to stand than the great leading principles enunciated in the inaugural address of President Jefferson and the farewell address of the immortal Jackson, upon these two great State papers we plant ourselves and enter the contest of 1872.

Resolved, That abused as the public confidence has been by a long period of official mismanagement, waste and fraud, this Convention invites the co-operation of all citizens of the commonwealth in the earnest effort which the great constituency it represents is about to make, to remove from our State Administration evdry taint of political corruption, the interest of every Pennsylvanian is directly and vitally concerned in the eradication of all unjust usaues and practices by which individual fortunes may be created at public cost, and the attempt to do this can be made certainly successful by the union of upright and fair-minded men of all parties and by sustaining candidates of unquestioned abilities and unspotted names.

Resolved, That this Convention appeal to he people of Pennsylvania for the support of the candidate for Governor, whom it has placed in nomination because his election will secure at once a correction of the existing wrongs, and the permanent future prosperity of the State; it asks for his support because he has been nominated, not to subserve the views or to promote the interests of any section or faction, but to meet the requirements of an urgent and common need; because he fully represents, and in his life and character fully illustrates the true spirit and principle of popular government; because he has been an earnest, sincere and efficient opponent of the fraudulent practices and false doctrine of the party that has held