THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

J. A. ENGELHARD, Editor and Proprietor

To whom all letters on business must be addressed

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jan 13 49-w6m-ch

STATE NEWS.

Capt. John S. Dancy, near Tarboro', picked cotton blooms on the 16th.

Dr. John Pulier, an old and esteemed citizen of Enfield, died on Wednesday last.

Nothing of interest to the people of this city, in the proceedings of the Supreme Court at Raleigh, on last Wednesday.

James Holeman, Sr., is the Conservative candidate for Convention in Person county.

The young ladies of Christ Church, Newbern, are holding a fair and festival for the benefit of their church.

Quite a number of U. S. prisoners, charged with Ku-kluxing in Rutherford, arrived in Raleigh on Wednesday. Among them were some half dozen women.

Cadet Henry Kingsbury, of Oxford, graduated at West Point a few days ago.—He will enter the cavalry service as Brevet Second Lieut.

A Colored Conference of the Virginia and North Carolina Methodists was organized by Bishop Pearce, at Enfield, on the 15th inst.

Mr. M. W. Churchill has withdrawn from the proprietorship of the National Hotel in Raleigh, and Mr. Rutjes has now assumed complete control of the establishment.

Mrs. Margaret Warlick, of Lincoln county, who is in her 94th year, has 10 children, 50 grand-children, 120 great-grand-children and 1 great-great-grandchild.

A few days ago at Clinton, Wallace Faison, son of Dr. Faison, a youth aged 15 years, got into altercation with a negro, which resulted in the boy stabbing him.—The wound is supposed to be mortal. Says the Raleigh Sentinel.

The Raleigh Telegram says: Our farmers are becoming anxious on the rain question. Crops are suffering from the drouth, and gardens have been almost ruined. No rain of any consequence has fallen in this vicinity in nearly five weeks. Yesterday was cloudy, and threatened rain, but the welcome drops would not fall.

The Southern Home says that there is an old man in east Tennessee by the name of Lawrence Feathers, 95 years of age, who has 16 living children, 125 grandchildren and 87 great grand-children—all living. He is from North Carolina, and related to the Rutledges, of Gaston county.

Dr. J. F. Long of Newbern, assisted by Drs. Chas. Duffy, Jr., and G. S. Attmore, on Wednesday, succeeded in removing a cataract from the eye of a little lad, a son of Mr. John S. Manix, local editor of the Newbern Times. The difficulty of the operation, which was entirely successful, may be judged from the fact that the lad had been totally blind for 5 years.

The Rutherfordton Vindicator says: Gen. Morgan and Lieut. Green were in town on Thursday last, and quite a number of our citizens called to see them, freely conferring with them in regard to the troubles which have been inaugurated in this county. We learn that a detachment of troops will be ordered here to assist the civil authorities in the discharge of their duties, if necessary to call upon them.—Lieut. Green, with a detachment of Co. A, 4th Artillery, arrived here on Friday evening.

Fayetteville is still skating.

Cotton 17 cents in Battleboro.

Peaches very plentiful in Newbern.

Sorry apple crop in Wayne county.

The Greensboro Patriot feasts on delicious apricots.

Cotton and corn in Nash and Edgecombe look remarkably well.

J. J. Stewart, Esq., of the Salisbury Examiner, was in Goldsboro' on Friday.

Gen. W. D. Dowd is Conservative candidate for Convention in Moore county.

Rev. A. B. Earle was to have preached in Raleigh last night.

Hickory Tavern has organized a fire company.

The cotton crop in Washington is said to be very fine.

Caswell county boasts of an old half-breed Indian woman a hundred years old.

Rev. Mr. Earle preached at the Baptist Church in Raleigh on Friday night.

They have established a chain gang of the jail birds in Beaufort county.

Masonic celebration in Hillsboro' and Warrenton yesterday.

There are now 66 prisoners in Wake county jail.

A negro boy, at Rich Square, on the Roanoke, was accidentally drowned on Saturday last.

John D. Soonson, a successful teacher at Yadkinville, has published a primary speller and reader for beginners.

The Lutheran church at Salisbury has undergone extensive repairs and will be re-opened for services to-day.

The local of the Greensboro Patriot has seen some whisky seventy-six years old.

The Governor has ordered a special term of the Superior Court of Craven county, to be held on the second Monday in July. Judge Clark presiding.

Friend Spelman, of the Sentinel, has been turtled. It was from Beaufort, and weighed 86 pounds.

The rust is greatly injuring the oat crop in Granville county. Tobacco and corn are doing well.

Large saw mills are to be established in the section of the counties between Halifax and Scotland Neck.

Col. Mark Bryan has assumed editorial command of the Carolina Era, the office-holders' organ in Raleigh.

Thiem's ice house in Raleigh took fire (not from the ice) on Thursday, but the flames were soon quelled.

Capt. Wm. S. Harris and Dr. E. A. Crudup are the nominees for Convention in Franklin county.

Hillsboro is to have a brass band. Look out, Evans, that some of those "young gentlemen" don't blow their brains out.

Mr John Powell has received the Conservative nomination for Convention in Caldwell county.

Wm. B. Wright, Esq., and Col. Duncan Shaw, have been nominated for Convention by the Conservatives of Cumberland county.

The Raleigh Skating Association have presented Miss Georgie Briggs with a mammoth album, containing the photographs of the members of the Association.

The Raleigh Sentinel suggests to the ladies the propriety of giving vocal and instrumental concerts or entertainments of some description in order to raise funds for the removal of our dead from the field of Gettysburg.

Yesterday's Sentinel says: Yesterday afternoon the twenty-eight men, brought to this city day before yesterday from Rutherford and Cleaveland counties, charged with complicity in the Biggerstaff affair, were put in jail by order of Judge Bond.

The Fayetteville Eagle says: The earliest cotton blooms in Cumberland is sent us from the farm of Allen A. McCaskill, gathered on the 18th instant, and from the farm of E. R. Partridge, in Moore, opened on the 15th instant. Mr. Partridge had a bloom open on the 12th instant, the earliest in the State.

The Raleigh Telegram has had half a bushel of potatoes, the smallest of which weighed 12 ounces, and the largest 25.—They were raised on the farm of Mr. A. T. Miel, of Wake.

'Twon't do though, Wilmington is ahead yet.

The Raleigh Telegram regrets to learn that Mrs. Burwell, the wife of Rev. Robert Burwell, of Charlotte, died suddenly, in Raleigh, on Wednesday evening last, at 10½ o'clock, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. W. H. Crow. She was on a visit to her daughter, had been complaining for some time, and was suddenly attacked with paralysis, which resulted fatally.

DANGERS OF THE AMATEUR STAGE.—During the enacting of tableau vivants at the Salisbury Theatre, on the 18th inst., the scenery suddenly took fire. Miss Annie Rouzee, a beautiful young lady, courageously attacked the flames, and with the tardy support of the young men of the company subdued them. When this had been accomplished her flowing veil caught fire from one of the foot lights, and she was painfully, though not seriously burned.

We learn from the Augusta Chronicle & Sentinel that a report had reached that city that a suit had been commenced against the Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta railroad, by a party for damages alleged to have been sustained by him under the following circumstances:

On Tuesday the party took the cars at Charlotte, with a through ticket from New York to Savannah. The conductor of the train detached the coupon due the road, and gave the conductor's check. The passenger, without informing the conductor of his intention, got off at some station above Columbia, and remained over the night.

The next morning he got on board the train and renewed his journey. The conductor—a son of the President of the road—came to collect the fare, and the party handed him the check received from the conductor of the other train, and explained the circumstances under which he had received it. The conductor refused to recognize the check, and escorted the party from the car, upon his failure to pay the fare. The passenger walked to Columbia, and when the conductor reached there on his return trip, had him arrested on a charge of assault and battery. The conductor gave bond for his appearance at court, and was released. It is also stated the passenger has commenced suit against the company, and lays his damages at twenty thousand dollars.

A railroad from Shelby, Cleaveland county, N. C., to some point on the Spartanburg and Union Railroad, S. C., is talked about.

The revival which commenced in the African Methodist Church, (colored) in Raleigh, about the close of the winter, is still progressing, and bids fair to last during the summer.

The young man Harris, charged with robbing the U. S. mail, and convicted of the crime a few days ago in the U. S. circuit court, has been sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

A negro named Moses Mathews, employed by the contractors now building the Tar River bridge, on the Raleigh and Gaston railroad, fell off the bridge yesterday. He fell about 65 feet, and received injuries from which he died in a few moments. So says the Telegram.

The Raleigh Telegram learns that it is the intention of Judge Brooks to hold a Special Term of the U. S. Court at that place, commencing on Monday of the second week in September, especially for the trial of alleged Ku-Klux cases.

The Telegram says that Elmore W. Woods, of Chapel Hill, has been appointed by the Southern Claims Commission, Special Commissioner to take testimony in regard to claims against the U. S. Government, in this State. No claims larger than $3,000 will be referred to him.

The Sentinel says: On Wednesday night a young white woman got aboard the accommodation train on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad at Franklinton and gave birth to a bouncing boy baby while the train was running between Macon and Littleton depot. The conductor, a young unmarried man, was considerably astonished and very much embarrassed as to the proper mode of procedure.

The Raleigh Telegram tells us that Luke Shepherd, who has been suffering from scrofula, had his right arm amputated above the elbow, on Friday, by Dr. F. E. Haywood, assisted by Dr. Fab. Haywood, Jr., and Dr. Little. Immediately after his arm was amputated, and before the arteries were tied up, under the influence of chloroform, he sprang from the table and ran. The doctors had a race to catch him to finish the operation.

The Belleville (Canada) Chronicle gives a very interesting description of an entertainment given at that place on last Monday by Dr. W. J. Palmer, formerly of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Raleigh, but now at the head of a similar institution in Belleville, to Dr. John Clopton, Superintendent of Williamsburg Asylum, Virginia; Dr. E. Grissom, of Raleigh, North Carolina; Dr. C. H. Hughes, of Fulton, Iowa; Dr. J. Lewis and wife, of Newburg, Ohio. Besides these there were a number of distinguished gentlemen present. The entertainment passed off in a very pleasant manner to all.

A CURIOSITY.—Dr. Morris, says the Western Sentinel of the 22d inst., delivered a negro woman of a female child, near Graham's meeting house, in this (Forsyth) county, on last Sunday, which is a curiosity worthy of a place in Barnum's Museum. The child has a tail three inches long, flat, and about three inches broad, and covered with faze, and on the end of the tail is something like a fleshy bulb, and a finger with one joint, and a well developed nail. Dr. Morris states that the child can wiggle its tail, and is perfectly formed in every other respect. We understand that there is a white man living in Salem who is blessed with a candle appendage. His tail, we understand, resembles that of a hog, particularly the Peccary, or South American species of that animal. Where is Darwin?

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Durham, Plato, Shelby,
Gash, L. S., Hendersonville.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Times tells the following singular story:

"Not many months ago, as a gentleman was about to plunge into a forest stream for a pleasant bath, he saw far down on the pebbly bottom a terrible simulacrum of himself—lifeless limbs swaying with the tide, a white, drowned face, with staring eyes and blue lips. It was but a second, and the vision faded, and with a cold shiver he turned away. A few weeks ago came the news of his death. He fell from the deck of a vessel one stormy night in crossing the Atlantic."

Carpet-Baggers and Settlers.

We observe that ex-Gov. Humphreys of Mississippi has been interviewed by a New York Herald reporter, and are struck with what he is reported as saying about the disposition of the Southern people towards Northern men who come among them. He makes the distinction between the mercenary carpet bagger and the honest settler, which all right-minded Southern people make, and which seems so difficult for Northern people to understand.—His language is forcible and clear. Here is what he says:

"How can the people of the North expect that the 'embers of the rebellion' will ever be quenched as long as they pile that foul mass of 'driftwood' from the North known as carpet-baggers, on these embers? Withdraw that 'driftwood' and restore local self-government to the people of the South is all that is needed to quench the embers of rebellion forever.

"You speak, Governor, of the hatred of Northern men toward the South. Is there not an intensified hatred still existing with the Southern people for the people of the North?"

"The Southern people, sir, hate the carpet-bag official because he is mean, corrupt, low; he comes here to fatten on the spoils of his office, and not to live among and be one of us. They hate meanness, whether of native or Northern growth; but that they despise and spurn the man of Northern birth who is known to be false and untrue. If he comes as the 'wooden nutmeg' vender comes—as the 'Yankee' comes—to plunder and pillage; if he comes as the horde of camp-followers and professional office-seekers come—to gather the spoils of victory and rob the treasuries of our people, then he always has and always will receive the scorn, contempt and hatred of all classes in the South. But if he comes as the peerless Prentiss came, if he comes as the grand old Knickerbocker, John Anthony Quitman, came; if he comes as that noble Roman, Charles Clark, and thousands of our oldest and best citizens came, to make our sunny land their home, to develop the resources and build up the material wealth of the country, to share our burdens as well as our prosperity and glory, then they have and ever will receive the right hand of fellowship, be introduced to our hospitable homes, and cordially promoted to the highest of social and political places of honor and trust."

Governor Humphrey's remarks upon the Ku Klux are also worthy of attention. The reporter continues:

Just before closing the interview I said to the Governor that I had been told the day before by a gentleman in this city that about two years ago he was asked by the Great Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux-Klan to become the Grand Cyclops of the Klan in this State, and asked him if he thought there had ever been a regularly organized body of the order.

"No, sir," he said, "I do not think there has ever been such a thing as a general organization, nor do I believe there has ever been an organization of the kind at all. A few lawless men now and then band themselves temporarily together and commit these outrages, but there is no organization."

"This gentleman to whom I refer," I continued, "seemed to think the Klan was organized to frighten the negroes from their midnight depredations upon stock pens, chicken roosts, &c. Do you think there ever was an organization for this purpose."

"No sir—at least no general organization; though something of the kind might not have been entirely wrong, and it certainly would have had its hands full. I think if we are now permitted to escape from our present local government and to elect our own officers all such klans and associations will disappear entirely and be no longer heard of."

From the Savannah Advertiser, June 17.

A TRAGEDY IN SAVANNAH.

Attempted Murder and Suicide—A Restaurant Keeper Brains his Wife and Shoots Himself.

While the entire city was engaged yesterday afternoon in its last sad duty to the dead [Com. Tattnal's funeral] a tragedy was being acted out, the facts of which are horrifying, and almost too terrible to be dwelt upon.

Amos Nickerson, the keeper of the American Restaurant, on Bryan street, west of Whittaker, in a fit of jealousy, hacked his wife, Elizabeth, to pieces, and then cutting his own throat, jumped into the river and was drowned. For the past six months domestic wrangles and differences have taken root in the family of Nickerson, and it may be interesting to go back upon the record, and trace up the heartburnings and jealousies that culminated so fatally yesterday.

Nickerson, who was about 45 years of age at the time of his death, was a native of Ireland, but long exposure as a seaman tanned him to that hue which led many to accept him as a Portuguese or Italian.—Arriving in this city a few years before the war, he buried his first wife, and engaged in blockading, returning, however, to Savannah, where he married his present wife Elizabeth. With honesty and industry in his favor, he led with her an apparently peaceful and contented life. Latterly, Nickerson started a restaurant in the market, and subsequently opened an eating-house and a bar on Bryan street, nearly opposite the market, known as the American Restaurant. At this point domestic troubles commenced, and jealousies were born that proved to be the forerunners of ultimate ruin and death to one, if not to both, of the interested parties. Mrs. Nickerson, who is about twenty five years of age, rather good-looking and vivacious in her disposition, became a favorite with the boarders, and it was not uncommon for her to indulge in repartee and conversation with them to such an extent as to awaken a morbid jealousy in the mind of her husband, who gave evidence of the feeling in his quick temper and increased devotion to drink. His wife was compelled to fly from him on several occasions, when his desperate conduct induced her to believe he would kill her. His jealousy became so deep-seated that he left town for Chicago with seven hundred dollars, which amount he soon ran through with, and returned to Savannah. His wife, although conducting the business during his absence, had in the meantime applied to the Court of Ordinary, and obtained an exemption of personality, enabling her to do business as a free trader. This but added fuel to the flame, and a domestic difficulty ensued, which necessitated his arrest and the issuing of a peace bond.

Thus matters stood until about six weeks ago, on Sunday morning, when frenzied with liquor, he committed an aggravated assault on the woman, afterwards destroying several hundred dollars' worth of crockery, besides the bar utensils.

In this instance, at the request of his wife, he was arrested by the police, and was fined twenty-five dollars and costs.—Having been released, he has been drinking without cessation ever since. As to what led to the occurrence of yesterday, we have only the testimony of the living, and will give it, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions.

About 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon we heard that a man, apparently wild with rage, was forcibly entering houses, breaking in doors, and jumping through windows in that portion of the city east of East Boundary street, and that he had fired several shots.

An hour later, while endeavoring to ferret out the particulars of this report, we heard that a man had attempted to kill his wife and then had cut his own throat and drowned himself. Further research developed the fact that this was the same party who had figured in the eastern part of the city, as report says, in search of his wife, who had gone into a house of questionable character. Determined to get the true state of affairs as nearly as possible, we visited the house, and learned from a white domestic that Mrs. Nickerson had accompanied her yesterday afternoon on a visit to her house in the eastern part of the city, where, at Mrs. Nickerson's request, they sent out for beer, and were drinking it when she heard the neighborhood aroused by the report that a man was attempting to gain forcible entry into the house. The domestic says she at once informed Mrs. Nickerson that it must be her husband, when they both started home.—On reaching the house by way of the gate on Bay lane the domestic proceeded ahead into the house, Mrs. Nickerson being met by Nickerson, who had also come up Bay lane from the direction of Barnard street. On confronting each other in the door, both entering the kitchen, Nickerson—so a colored servant says—seemed to smile and say, "So you have come home, have you?" She replied, "Yes, and what of it?" Nickerson then immediately grasped her and threw her upon the floor of the kitchen, and drawing a sheath knife, attempted to kill her. The blade, which was about six inches in length, did not seem to perform its work quick enough, so it was thrown to the floor, the blade breaking in two. Nickerson then seized a hatchet and struck her six blows in the head, crushing the skull. He took hold of the finger of his wife that had her wedding ring on, and attempted to sever it from the hand. In her struggles the blow did not come with its intended force, but sufficiently so as to leave the finger dangling from the hand. The screams of Mrs. Nickerson soon attracted the attention of a policeman, Nickerson in the meantime dragging her from the kitchen to the lane. Nickerson fled in the direction of the Exchange, and passing down the hill, staggered towards the dock, from whence he was seen to jump on board the schooner Margaret Ann, pull off his coat, and plunge into the river, giving his throat a desperate cut with some instrument as he was falling.

The body was immediately searched for by those who had witnessed the act, and in half an hour after it was brought to the surface by Thomas V. Williams, a fisherman, with a hook. The suicide was taken out of the water and placed on the wharf, where it was viewed by hundreds, the news of the occurrence having spread like wildfire. Upon examination of the throat it was found that, though there were two severe gashes, the jugular vein had not been severed, and that his death had been caused from drowning, the jury rendering a verdict to that effect. Upon the forehead and head of Nickerson was found an indentation, as if produced with a blunt instrument, which we afterwards learned from the colored domestic, was caused by chopping himself with the axe after it had flown off from the handle. Had not the axe become disengaged, the colored girl says Nickerson would have killed his wife before he fled.

Officer Kaufman took charge of Mrs. Nickerson, and assisted in taking her to her room, when medical assistance was procured. Although badly injured, and suffering terribly, Mrs. Nickerson was alive last night, and, by careful attention, may recover. As there was, seemingly, no desire to have the body of the suicide conveyed to his former home, it was buried by the coroner after the inquest.

Vallandigham—His Last Law Case.

The McGehan murder trial, the case in which the Hon. C. L. Vallandigham was engaged as counsel at the time of his death, has created great interest in Southern Ohio, on account of certain political relations, and because it involved the exposure of many prominent men of Hamilton, Ohio, as frequenters of a faro den.—On the night of Dec. 24, Thomas Meyers, a republican, was shot, as alleged, in a gambling saloon, by one of a party of five men, who, according to the indictment, entered the place with intent to commit the murder and according to a preconcerted conspiracy. The five men were Thomas McGehan, now on trial, Jack Garver Daniel McGlynn, James McGehan and Ich. Sheeley, all democrats. Mr. Follett made a long argument for the prosecution on Friday. The following words, written by the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette on Friday, read very strangely now: "Mr. Milliken will commence his argument on Saturday morning. Whether Mr. Vallandigham will follow in the afternoon *depends upon circumstances.*"

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper has a capital hit on "The Poetry of the Period." The cartoon represents two young ladies gazing admiringly at a rough-looking man who is angrily addressing a boy slopping past him with an overflowing pail of water. Underneath is the following dialogue:

Six Ward Politican (who has been splashed): "You bloody snoozer! I'll make you restle your hash in h—ll!"

Poetic Young Lady: "O, Clara!—There's the author of the new poems!—Let's stop and listen. How sweet!"

"What flower of beauty shall I marry?" asked a young spendthrift of his miserly governor. To which the governor replied with a grim smile, "Marigold."

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place in the harbor on Thursday. The Agnes, Addie, Vixen and Flyaway were the victors.

The Boston Transcript says that some of the Ohio Republicans think that General Noyes, a gallant soldier who lost one leg in the war, would make a good run should he stump the State as a candidate for Governor.

"Gentlemen," said a publican to his guests at midnight, "I don't know whether you have talked enough or not; but as for myself, I am going to shut up."

THE BABE OF HEAVEN.

The following beautiful story—one of the sweetest and most touching we ever read—was published in the "Christian Observer" nearly two years ago. Be sure to read it:

"Does you love God?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior. He and the child were traveling in a stage coach. The latter sat on her mother's knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looked out from a frame of delicate frame work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road; and the child had been very winning in her little ways—lisping songs, lifting her bright blue eyes to her mother's face, then falling back, in a little, old fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms, saying, by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarce yet entering the rosy threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man, who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tunes; he had offered her his pearl-handled pen-knife to play with; and at last his heart went over to her at every glance. The mild blue eyes, full of the innocence of a holy love and a trusting faith, made his leap with a purer joy; and, as the coach rattled on he began to wish the end of the journey not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that almost seemed solemn; neither smiling at his caresses nor at the dear face that bent over her.

A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily, preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man and lisped, in her childish voice, these words: "Does you love God?"

He did not understand at first in the confusion, and bent over nearer; and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly, "Does you love God?" the thoughtful, inquiring eyes, meantime, beaming into his own.

The young man drew back hastily, blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom, turned to the coach door, gave another look back as if he longed to see her face, and then he left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel, but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart, constantly repeating the question of the child, "Does you love God?"

Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was almost boisterous. They had prepared an elegant supper, and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glistening furniture; red wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen. There was mirth, wit, faces lit with pleasure—everything to charm the eye and please the palate! but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again, and ever and anon he seemed to hear the words, "Does you love God?"

His name was Gilbert. Only twenty-three years of age, he was a good scholar—esteemed by his friends a genius. Already he had made his mark as a writer; but he had never thought, as he thought to-night, on the solemn import of the question, "Does you love God?"

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips; it was heard among the clatter of the billiard balls, and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the wide room everywhere. Which ever way he turned, he saw the earnest glance of the blue eyed child, heard the low voice singing, the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly, "Does you love God?"

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in wine, in song, in careless levity. He strove to sleep it away, but he heard it in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in dazzling robes. The gleam of pearls and the lustre of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her loveliness; but even as she came sailing into the room with smiles upon her red young lips, and a welcome in her words, there came, too, floating noiselessly at her side, the presence of that angel child. The better feelings her innocent presence awakened were yet warm; and, before he knew it, the young man said, quickly and earnestly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl, with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was in the act of leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up and asked me that question."

"And what, pray, put it in the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced; and more than once it was said of him, "He does not seem himself."

No, he was not like the gay, thoughtless self of former years. There was a still pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed.—Now a little child had dropped a pebble in it, and the vibration was to go on through eternity.

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Dust-soiled and travel-weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large Western city. As he walked on, apparently absorbed in his own meditation, his eye suddenly encountered a face looking down from a window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly altered. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the window; and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by after seeing you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who, five years ago, in a stage-coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' Do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady, smilingly, "from the circumstance that you seemed so much startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person with whom we met that or similar questions."

"Her innocent face is engraved on my heart," said the young man, with much emotion. "Never, since that day, have I been tempted to do that which my conscience would not sanction out the earnest, serious gaze with which she regarded me before she asked me that question, has come to my mind. Would she remember me, do you think? Absurd thought! of course she would not. But I should remember her anywhere, under any circumstances. Can I not see her, madam? Is she not at home with you? I long to take her in my arms, and hear once more the voice that God has used to draw my heart to him."

Strange that, in his eagerness, he did not notice that paling cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips, the sudden placing of her hand against her heart. Strange, also, that he did not mark the absence of pattering feet, of little gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him.

Suddenly, as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness.—He saw the tear-stained cheek turned toward the window; he noticed the garments of sombre hue; *he heard the silence* reigning within.

"Madam—is—the—child——?"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips.

The young man sank back on his seat, agitated, dumb—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn open the still bleeding wound in that womanly breast.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! she is, then speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose and beckoned him to follow her. In a little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case, were the books the child loved, her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down, and sobbing as she spoke, "there is all that is left on earth of precious Nettie."

"No, madam; that is not all that is left; I am a monument of God's mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubts, of bewildering and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. I had defyingly thrown my taunts at him who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was unlimited; because men looked up to me, and chose me for their leader.—I was going the downward path, grasping blindly in a labyrinth of error, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine, a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked for question, "Does you love God?"

"Oh that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine pity that, through her, glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishings toys."

Utterly broken down the strong man wept like a child. All he said was true; for he held the hearts of men in his hands. In genius he was one of the strong ones of the earth; and all that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man's salvation through Jesus Christ.

"Oh! little children do a mighty work." Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe of Heaven, is there not a voice in your heart asking, "Does you love God?"

Mr. Vallandigham.

Mr. Vallandigham was a member of the Presbyterian Church until after the war broke out, when he was driven from it by the intolerance and proscription of his opinions exhibited by the congregation. Recently he has attended the Episcopal Church, and has been a faithful member. The funeral sermon will be preached by Rev. E. P. Wright, of the Episcopal Church. Mr. Vallandigham's estate is valued at $30,000 or $40,000, clear of incumbrances.

State Officers Indicted for Embezzling.

ATLANTA, GA., June 21.

The grand jury of Fulton county to-day indicted Foster Blodgett, late superintendent of the State road, and his private secretary, Varney Gaskill, for larceny, after trust, in the embezzling of the State road funds.

The constitutionality of the income tax is at last fairly submitted to a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Justice Strong, sitting on circuit in Philadelphia, in the case of Henry C. Lee, the well-known capitalist of that city, against Wm. R. Leeds, an internal revenue collector, to recover back the amount of certain income tax heretofore collected. For the plaintiffs, Spencer Miller, Esq., and Hon. Wm. Evarts appeared.

Presidential.

Toombs prefers Greeley for President to any Democrat.

The Mound City Journal is out in favor of ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, for President.

The Boston Traveller (Butler's organ) continues to ridicule Mr. Greeley as a Presidential candidate.

The Cairo Bulletin proposes James R. Doolittle as the candidate of the Democracy for President in 1872.

The Indianapolis "Sentinel" formally presents the name of Thomas A. Hendricks for the Democratic nomination for President.

The New York correspondent of the Charleston News says there is a movement being matured among certain prominent Democrats in that city to push John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, for the Presidential nomination, on the ground that he possesses the most elements of availability.

A Whole Family Killed by Runaway Horses.

A Missouri paper gives an account of a sad accident which occurred near Johnstown, in that State, on Sunday morning last, by which four persons were killed—a father, mother, son and an infant child.—From the meagre report we glean the following facts:

Mr. Bottles and family were returning from church in a two horse wagon. In crossing Deepwater the horses became frightened and ran away, dragging the son, who was driving, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. In going this distance from the creek it appears that the mother jumped out on her infant child.—In the afternoon a traveler from Germantown discovered the lifeless body of the son near the road. Soon after he found the woman with her neck broken, and the child lying near her alive, but almost dead from the effect of the heat. Further on he found the dead body of the father. The child has since died.

An unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Divisions among families.