

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Articles for this column must be dropped in the Post Office, addressed to "A. W. M."—Box 88.

LOLLA'S LAUGH.

BY REV. A. L. P. GREEN, D. D.

I AM happy to say that, sin-cursed and bad as this world is, once in a while we meet with scenes which greatly relieve the dark picture, reminding us that this earth was once a paradise—the residence of one made in the image of God.

I saw not long since a countenance, and heard a laugh, which one might make a pilgrimage to enjoy. And since I enjoyed the sight of that face and heard the music of that laugh, I have sought in vain among the recollections of the past for something equally sweet and heavenly.

I have lain down full-length at midnight in deserts wild, and heard the winds whisper through the pine; heard the low murmur of waterfalls, and the chant of the bird over her sleeping brood. I have gazed upon the stars, that had come out to watch in the silent sky, some hurrying along, as bearers of dispatches which their neighbors did not understand, others taking it more leisurely, while here and there were those who seemed cast off from the community of worlds, solitary, but sweeping across the lofty dome, crowded together in glittering ranks, as though they had assembled in obedience to an order for a grand review of worlds. And there was the North Star, perfectly at rest—a world at anchor!—holding his place at the command of Him "who spake, and it was done."

And, as I gazed, the meteor was shaken loose and set on fire, madly rushing through the heavens, leaving in its track a train of flame. But in all this I saw not Lolla's face, I heard not Lolla's laugh.

I have stood upon the mountain peak, with the nations beneath me, and looked above the thoughts of mere men of the world, while wrecked and rainless clouds floated by, like driftwood on the stream, and others sallied forth from their mountain harbors, like men-of-war menacing, while reinforcements hurried into rank from every direction; till at length the flash in arms and the sound of heavy ordinance—the roll of the "thunder-drum of heaven"—broke on eye and ear; and the unbridled winds kept up the martial music. I looked again, and all was calm. The clouds were rifted away, the sun was shining in his strength, and, in the distant vale below, the locomotive with its train dashed headlong through hill and vale, and over running streams; and I have followed it with my eye till in the distance they seemed as a chain of insects, borne on by a breeze. Far as the eye could reach, there lay before me the varying scenes of mountains and valleys, running streams, towns, villages, farms, and solitary habitations, like a map spread out at my feet—as though Nature had thrown back her veil, that she might display at once all her beauty. Here I have lingered until the day grew old, and the burning sun that flamed along the sky grew weary, and sank to rest among the clouds that canopied the west; and still I gazed in rapture upon the varying glory of the setting sun—the shifting forms and fantastic shapes of the evening clouds, all gorgeously painted by the sun's lingering rays: at one moment it seemed a vast fleet, vessel after vessel in full sail; at another, a mighty giant, with the club of Hercules in his hand. At one time I saw two children away in the distance, one leading the other by the hand, and at once recognized them as the "babes in the woods;" the next moment a ponderous elephant appeared with his unwieldy trunk, and an African chieftain, spear in hand, sitting on his back. Then rose a mighty city, with battlements and towers; part had fallen into ruin, the rest was all on fire. At length, far in the distance, which the straining eye could scarcely reach, was a frail aerial bark, with an angel's hand upon the helm. Such scenes have held me spell-bound, until old Night, the emblem of death, laid her dark veil around me, and the winds among the rocky heights and ancient cliffs sang the mountain's lament for the loss of day. But in all this I saw not Lolla's eyes, I heard not Lolla's laugh.

I have taken my stand on the deck of the ocean steamer, whose prow threw back the feathery spray, as she moved along with superb majesty, and contemplated the monsters of the deep, sporting through the waves. I have looked upon the sea-fowl, standing on trusty wings before the wind—some soaring aloft, as though dispatched for worlds above; others turning to the right and left with gentle curves and easy grace, and effortless, as though they were but winged thoughts; and still I have looked, until the sun passed down the western sky to slake his thirst and bathe his brow in the mighty deep; while on the clean-swept deck I have seen the young bride, in conscious innocence and buoyant hope, lean on the arm of her earthy lord, and as the evening star came out, the witness of their plighted vows and early love, when, hand in hand, they moved along flowery walks now far away, and heard the fair bride sing:

"The scene is more beautiful, fair to behold,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blows mild, and azure-arched sky
Looks pure as the Spirit that made it."

But, still, the countenance and the laugh of Lolla were not here.

I have seen the storm-cloud pass by when the deluging rain had ceased. The sturdy oak was no longer bending beneath the strength of the enraged winds; the sun had unveiled his face in the west, and was looking once more upon the earth, kissing away the excess of tears, though, towards the east, the rain-drops still fell like diamonds, while the bow of promise stood forth in all its beauty, an angelic railway connecting earth and sky. But Lolla's smile and Lolla's laugh were not there.

I have walked a midst sweet-scented shrubs, flowering vines, and opening flowers; I have looked upon the pure and limpid rill, as it went laughing down its channel, while the busy bee drank from the flower nectar as pure as angel's tears. Grasshoppers waltzed around me; and butterflies, attired in silken robes, with gold and purple trimmings, kept up their flirtations. Yet the beauty of Lolla's face, the music of Lolla's laugh, were not there.

An object often partakes of the circumstances by which it is surrounded; yet the surroundings of Lolla was unpretentious. She is not an inhabitant of a proud city, with pebbled streets and granite pavements; neither is her dwelling a costly marble pile. She lives in a country village, not even within hearing of the tramp of the rail-car or the shout of the steam-whistle. Her dwelling-place is a neat, retired cottage. The time and the circumstance in which she made her appearance were not such as you might suppose. It was not a May-day occasion; neither was she brought forth as the queen of flowers. The time was a Sabbath afternoon, and the place a sick room. The afflicted one was a venerable man who had passed his threescore years, thirty of which he had spent in the village and neighborhood as a physician; and, being a man of sound head, pure heart, and large benevolence, he had won the affections of the whole community; and now that he was passing away, one and all were vying with each other in kind attentions and tokens of regard. Such was Dr. Edwards.

He occupied a room in the house of his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. C., the honored father of Lolla. The writer, together with a number of the Doctor's old friends, had come to his room at his instance, as he wished once more, before he should go home, to partake of the broken body and shed blood of the blessed Savior. The Rev. Mr. G., a weeping prophet, Mr. M., his pastor, Mr. N., his class-leader, and Aunt Casy, the guardian angel of the village, with numbers of others, were present. The services were attended to according to the impressive form laid down in the Book of Discipline. An infant sister of Lolla was dedicated to God in holy baptism, and the Rev. Mr. G., was called upon to offer up the closing prayer. The Doctor's wife and daughter, Mrs. C., were invited forward to partake of the holy eucharist with him. When the last prayer was closed, Brother N., the class-leader, commenced singing the hymn,

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
With the chorus,

"Heaven, sweet heaven, home of the blest,
How I long to be there, in its glory to share,
And lean on my Saviour's breast!"

During the singing of this hymn, the persons present, already greatly excited, seemed to be almost overwhelmed with floods of glory.

And here I introduce Lolla, a child of seven years, perfect in form naturally exquisitely beautiful, with fair skin, blue eyes, light hair, gently thrown back, and resting on her ears, perfectly graceful in manner, and in step almost as light and timid as a bird. She was neatly dressed and scrupulously clean. Her mind is naturally good, and well improved for one of her years. She has also enjoyed the advantages of Sunday-school instructions; and she is so familiar with the ministers, and loves them so much, that she regards them as relations, and calls them Uncle. While the hymn referred to was being sung, Lolla's mother threw herself into the bosom of her father, and talked of the meeting of friends in heaven. Tears fell like rain from every eye, and several shouted for joy. This was the time when and this the place where Lolla appeared. She had moved up to where I sat, not far from her grandpa's bed, shouting for joy; and, leaning against me, arrested my attention by gently shaking my elbow; and when I looked around, there she stood, not trembling with fear, but perfectly self-possessed. She was weeping, but not with feelings of mingled awe and dread, but weeping as angels weep, if angels weep at all; and now, when an extraordinary burst of holy joy came up, she shook my arm again, and, looking me in the face, her whole countenance beaming with delight, her eyes sparkling with supernatural joy, she laughed the most musical, heavenly laugh that ever fell upon my ear. It was perfectly electric, and thrilled along my nerves as though a hand by accident had struck an angel's harp. She seemed anxious that my attention should be continually directed to where the greatest signs of joy were apparent; and every time I caught her eye, she favored me with that transcendently glorious laugh. Oh had I then only been blest with gifted sight, I would probably have seen her angel showering light and kisses on her cheek.

But the service closed, and the friends slowly retired. After all were gone save the family, with little Lolla sitting on my knee, I said to her:

"Lolla, how did you feel during the services, a while ago?"
"Uncle," she answered, "I was very, very happy."
"Were you ever happy in that way before, Lolla?"
"O yes," she replied, "many a time."

"How long," said I, "since you were first happy, and how did you happen to get happy the first time?"
"It was more than a year ago."
I went one day with Pa to class-meeting, and Uncle G., was telling them all how they might get happy. I thought I would try it, and did so, and got happy directly."

"And what did Uncle G., tell you to do?" said I.
"He told all who wanted to be happy, just to go by themselves, and get on their knees, and pray to God to make them happy, and God would do it. And when I came home, I just went by myself, and got on my knees, and prayed to God to make me happy; and I got so happy directly, that I hardly knew what to do. And I have prayed to God and got happy the same way a great many times since."

I then asked her if she had been praying to God to make her happy that day, but did not expect to get happy that day; that the Lord had made her happy that time without her looking for it.

A few moments before the close of this conversation, her father came into the room; and, after Lolla had retired, gave me much the same account of the conversation, remarking that it was characterized by every mark of genuine regeneration, and that he had no doubt that she was truly pious; that she attended to all her Christian duties with great regularity and spirit.

O that all parents would take the same care to impress the minds of their children with heavenly things! Then there would be more Lollas in the world.

It was truly interesting to converse with this child. She regards

our blessed Saviour as the best friend of the family, and talks of going to heaven as of the dearest wish of her life. I think I never before saw so pure a specimen of humanity as is Lolla. The seeds of sin were never permitted to grow, but were crushed out by grace before they sprouted. At present, she seems almost unearthly; and I trust I never shall forget the countenance and laugh of Lolla.

D. L. BRINGLE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
SALISBURY, N. C.

(Office opposite the Mansion Hotel.)
Will pay the highest market price, in cash, for all kinds of Country Produce.
April 28, 1862. 3m78

**Foundry and Machine Shops
FOR SALE.**

THE undersigned offers for sale the extensive Foundry and Machine Shops erected in this place by M. Boyden & Son, and recently in possession of Ferch & Rader. The main building is 130 feet front, 30 feet deep and 14 feet high. The Foundry is 60 by 40, 17 feet high. Blacksmith Shop 80 by 30, 12 feet high. Pattern Shop 40 by 30. All built in the most substantial manner of brick, and is now in complete order and fit for work. It is well calculated for manufacturing all kinds of Agricultural implements, and could easily be prepared for making cannon, guns and other arms. The establishment is very near the N. C. Railroad Depot and affords every facility for receiving material and forwarding goods. It will be sold low and on credit if purchase money is satisfactorily secured. For further particulars address me at Salisbury, N. C. SAM'L KERR, 1862

March 17, 1862.
E. T. Richmond Examiner, Charleston Courier, Norfolk Day-Book, and Wilmington Journal, will publish twice a week for four weeks, and forward bills to D. A. Davis, Esq., at this place.

Brown's Livery Stable.

It is kept up as heretofore. It is gratifying to him that this establishment, begun, at first, as a doubtful experiment, has proved to the public a great desideratum and a complete success. Travelers, and others, can always have their wants, in this line, well supplied. Cash prices paid for Proveder. And the subscriber is always ready to sell or buy good Horses.
THOMAS E. BROWN.
Jan. 1st, 1862. 1855



January 29, 1861. 1837

Valuable Jersey Lands for Sale.

I WILL SELL PRIVATELY THE place on which I now reside, containing **215 ACRES,** about fifty of which is fresh cleared, the balance heavy timbered. About ten thousand Railroad Sills can be gotten on the place, and as it lies convenient to the North Carolina Rail Road, would well pay the undertaker. The buildings, which are all new, consist of Dwelling House, Barn and all necessary out buildings. Any one wishing to purchase such property, can call on me, or address me at Hillsburg, N. C. Those wanting a bargain must apply soon, as I am determined to sell. Terms made easy. J. R. FITZGERALD, 1862
March 24, 1862

Head Quarters 76th Reg't. N. C. MILITIA, April 14th, 1862.

The commanding officers of companies will report at Head Quarters immediately. Muster Rolls as follows:

Name	Age	Profession	Private	Public	Remarks

They will report also the names of those who have volunteered since the 24th of March, ultimo.

NOTE.—Any guns that can be purchased by, or that belong to the State, will be immediately reported to the Adjutant General's Office. If any material for the manufacture of Powder, Sulphate especially, be found in the county, it is to be also reported.

Under the head of "remarks," opposite the name of the person unable to do military duty, will be written the cause of such inability.
JNO. A. BRADSHAW, Col.
B. F. CROSSLAND, Adjutant.
Salisbury, April 14, 1862. 1770

LUMBER.

THE subscriber, living near Lead Station, in Burke county, is prepared to furnish any amount of sap lumber, delivered on board the cars, at \$1 per hundred. Heart lumber as per contract. Orders addressed to him at Happy Home, Burke county, N. C., will receive prompt attention.
T. L. C. DONALDSON.
March 17, 1862. 1866

Dr. Wm. H. Howerton

HAVING returned to Salisbury, again offers his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. He may at all times (unless professionally engaged) be found at the Boyden House. 1760

**BLANK DEEDS
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE**

COWAN'S Vegetable Lithontriptic,

FRIEND OF THE HUMAN FAMILY,
suffering from
DISEASED KIDNEYS,
Stone in the Bladder and Kidneys,
Weakness of the Loins, &c.

THIS invaluable Medicine is for sale only at Mocksville, Salisbury, Statesville, Concord and Fayetteville, and at Col. Austin's and on where else.

The subscriber having entered into copartnership with John F. Cowan, original patentee, for the manufacture and sale of the above Medicine, is prepared to furnish a supply by addressing him at Mocksville, N. C.

E. D. AUSTIN.
June 21, 1855. 175

**Greensborough Mutual
INSURANCE COMPANY.**

Pays all Losses Promptly!

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John A. Hobano, W. J. McConnell, C. F. Mendenhall, D. F. Weir, James M. Garrett, John L. Cole, N. H. D. Wilson, Wm. Barringer, David McKnight, N. E. Sherwood, Jed. H. Lindsey, Greensborough; W. A. Wright, Wilmington; Robert E. Troy, Lumberton; Alexander Miller, Newbern; Thaddeus McGehee, Raleigh; Thomas Johnson, Yanceyville; Dr. W. C. Ramsey, Wadesboro; Rev. R. C. Maynard, Franklinton; Dr. E. F. Watson, Watsonville.

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J. A. MCGONNELL, Executive Com.
J. M. GARBETT, Executive Com.
All communications on business connected with this Office, should be addressed to PETER ADAMS, Secretary, Greensboro', N. C., June 19, 1860. 174

New Firm.

MURR & SOSSAMON,
HAVING purchased of J. D. Brown & Co., their entire stock of

TIN, SHEET-IRON, COPPER-WARE, STOVES, &c.
now offer the largest and handsomest lot of COOKING, PARLOR AND CHURCH STOVES ever offered in this market, and will sell for cash as low as can be had in Western North Carolina. Also, all kinds of Flat and Japanned TIN-WARE and STILLS kept on hand. All kinds Tin, Sheet-Iron or Copper work done at the shortest notice.
MURR & SOSSAMON.
Salisbury, Jan. 22, 1861. 1736

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of McNeely & Young is this day dissolved by limitation. All persons indebted to us are requested to come and settle up. Accounts must be closed by cash or note.
A. L. Young & T. C. McNeely are authorized to settle up the business of the firm.
T. C. McNEELY,
A. L. YOUNG,
W. G. McNEELY.
October 22, 1861. 1746

NEW FIRM.

THE business will be continued at the Old Stand by T. C. McNeely & A. L. Young, where they will be happy to see their old customers.
(Our terms are positively Cash or Barter.)
T. C. McNEELY,
A. L. YOUNG.
Oct. 22, 1861. 1746

IMPORTANT ARRANGEMENT.

McCUBBINS & FOSTER
HAVE bought out the extensive stock of HARDWARE formerly owned by Jones & Overman, and have added the same to their extensive stock of

DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Clothing, Drugs, Paints, &c.,

which gives them the best stock of general merchandise to be found in the State. Farmers and Mechanics would do well to call immediately and supply themselves before it is too late. Call at Jenkins' corner.
Salisbury, Nov. 30, 1861. 51

JAMES HORAH,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler,
One door below E. & A. Murphy's Store,
SALISBURY, N. C.

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of WATCHES and JEWELRY of all kinds. Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of every description repaired in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.
February 14, 1862. 1738

SHOES, SHOES.

PEGGED AND STITCHED BROGANS
WE can fill orders of the above styles at our Manufactory in Salisbury.
ENNIS & BRADSHAW.
Jan. 27, 1862. 1759

GARDEN SEEDS.

WE will receive in a few days a fresh assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, put up by an experienced southern gentleman. For sale by HENDERSON & ENNIS.
Feb 8, 1862. 6117

Wheat Wanted.

WE wish to buy 3000 bushels good clean wheat. The highest prices will be paid a cash.
McCUBBINS & FOSTER.
Salisbury, Nov. 30, 1861. 51