

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

dropped in the feet of the man addressed to "A. W. M."—Box 86.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY MRS. FOSTER. BOSTON.

"Mother, I am not afraid to see papa, now; I have been praying to-day for the victory, and it has been given me at last. I want to hear him once more call me his own dear Ellen, as he used to when he loved me. He used to say I was the gem that sparkled in his pathway—the light of his eye; but O! when I had thrust my arms around his neck, he cursed me, and drove me from his presence. O Mother! sweet Mother! talk to me of heaven; for the tempest without sounds like an angry voice, and I am terrified. With my father come to-night! I want to see him before he dies, and tell him of the clear stream of living water that flows from Calvary, and ask him to drink of it, to quench his fevered thirst."

"O! save me—save me!" said the dying child; "father is coming; but perhaps he will not hurt me now that the angels are waiting to take me from him for ever. Perhaps he will be willing to kiss me, as it will be the last time the little plague will ever ask him. And now there is a fire kindling about my heart, and I feel almost warm enough to go out and see the sunlight on the bright waters of the brook, and drink from the cups of the jonquils and harebells. But I shiver again, and I can't see your loving face, dear Mother, looking down upon me, and your gentle words sound like far-off music. O Mother, kiss me again—kiss me! and press my aching temples, for there is terrible pain there in that wound; but wait, sweet Mother; wait till I go with the angels."

"Open the door, or I will break it to pieces," were the first sounds from a human voice since the beautiful and spirit-stirring words, "Wait till I go with the angels," fell upon the ear. The mother arose from her knees, for she was praying to be upheld amid the mighty wreck of her hopes and happiness. "Come, Henry," said she; "our little Ellen is better now; and noise can't disturb her. Come and see how quiet she lies in her bed, smiling as she sleeps in the bosom of Jesus."

"I don't care to see the little plague now; I am sleepy, and won't be disturbed by your prating," at the same moment throwing himself upon the bed, with boots half-covered with mud and clay. The blood was flowing freely from a deep wound on the head; and as the poor wife attempted to bind it up, he threw her violently against the door. "Yet she murmured not; the pleadings of love were as earnest as though every word met a response in the heart of the brutal debauchee. There was a moral grandeur in the hour that only those can fully appreciate who have been "that lowly thing, a drunkard's wife." He was soon composed; and a stupor, deep and deadly, said that the brain was the seat of suffering. No human aid could be made available in less than an hour, as the nearest neighbor was more than two miles distant; and leaving her heart-treasures in holy trust, she braved darkness,

storm, and paid to implore help and sympathy from strangers. The call was kindly responded to; but when they reached the abode of death and suffering, the guilty soul of the votary of wine and pleasure was mingling with that of a whose doom has been already disclosed. There is an hour in the period of human woe when the heart is forbidden to give outward manifestation of its anguish. Alice Wilcox gazed long and distractedly upon her dead; and could even the scalding tear have been allowed her, it might in some degree have mitigated her suffering; but alas! the sealed fountain refused the healing stream. The hand of a father had dealt the blow that had taken from her breast her only beloved child, and that father had perished in an era his cry for forgiveness had been heard in heaven. There was no virtue in earthly appliances, and the mourner heeded not such offerings. The soothing words of hope and comfort fell unheard upon her ear, for she was communing with the Great Invisible, who wounds to heal. She passed through the furnace, but it was the purifying fire of the Great Redeemer.

WHO LOVES ME BEST?

Who loves me best?—My mother sweet, Whose every look with love is fraught; Who held me, as an infant on her knee— Who hath ever watched me tenderly; And yet I have heard my mother say, That she sometime must pass away; Who then shall shield me from earthly ill? Some one must love me better still!

Who loves me best?—My father dear, Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth; Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth.

Who loves me best?—The gentle dove, That I have raised with my children's love; That every one has myself dear; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth; Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth.

Who loves me best?—My brother young, With his healthy cheek and his happy tongue; Who delighteth to lead me to merry play; Far from the green world's busy way; Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth.

Who loves me best?—One above, Who loves thee with an unchangeable love; Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth; Who loveth to have me always near; He whom I fly each eve to rest; Whom I have loved since the first day of my birth.

THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys; they ran away; or gave notice that they meant to quit; so he was half the time without, or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping in various ways. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy now-a-days that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master. It is always bad to begin with a master who has no confidence in you; because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, he would try; the wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days, before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer too, for a boy of his age, yet the saw broke in his hands. And Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the wood-house with him. "Why, of course, I didn't mean to, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorry air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw any man like him. That mill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He don't tell of it, but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and said everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not. Did he tell Mr. Jones about the egg?" asked Sam. "No," said the boy; "he was afraid to. Mr. Jones has got such a temper. I think he'd better own up square," said Sam. "I reckon you'll find it better to preach than to position," said the boy; "I'd run away before I'd tell him," and he soon turned on his heel and left Sam alone with his broken saw.

It was after supper, and he was not fitly to see Mr. Jones that night. The shop was dark, and the master had gone to some town-meeting. The next morning he would get up early, go into the wood-house and see what was done, for Sam would never hide the saw. The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the wood-house, walked out into the garden, and then went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable, and he had rather not. "O, my God," said Sam, falling on his knees, "help me to do the thing that is right." Sam had always said his prayers; but he had not put his heart in his prayers as he did that night; that night he prayed I do not know what time it was, but when Mr. Jones came into the house the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning." "What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell me of your carelessness," "Because," said Sam, "I was afraid if I put it off, I might be tempted to lie about it. I'm sorry I broke it; but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot, then stretching out his hand, "Here, Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand. Shake hands; I'll trust you, Sam. That's right; that's right; go to bed; never fear. I am glad the saw broke; it shows the mettle's in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice has not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above board," he would have been a good man to live with. It was their conduct that soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is; I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

ANOTHER CALL TO PRAYER.

We are glad to see that the President does not regard those wicked insinuations and half-concealed taunts about his confidence in prayer, by which some writers for the press have disgraced themselves. We honor his firm reliance upon Almighty Goodness, and believe God will display His special interposition in behalf of a Government that continues to call upon the name of the Lord. We need say nothing about the need of prayer amongst us,—every one who feels at all on the subject, feels the need of it—but we would that we could say something to increase faith in the power of prayer. O if our people would trust in God with all their hearts, and call on Him in faith. God is with us while we do with Him; if we seek Him, He will be found of us, but if we forsake Him, He will forsake us.—Richmond Christian Advocate.

Factions and Impugn.—Says the Fayetteville Observer the Richmond Examiner is so bitterly hostile to the President that it complains of his sitting apart days of Prayer to God for our country. That the people do not sympathize with the Examiner is manifest from the increasing respect paid to those recommendations. And we doubt not that most people will feel shocked at the attempt to subvert the appeal to Almighty favor by such language as this:— "Never has any one year seen so many of these affairs. It is hoped that the latest is the last. The country has had quite enough of them."

White pollsters a long while ago used to say that the population of the United States was 40,000,000. The Adjutant General of the Army has published an account of the population of the United States, according to the census of 1860. He says that out of the 35,000,000 in North Carolina, 9,000,000 were colored, which leaves 26,000,000 for the white population. —Fay. Observer, GREENSBORO, N.C.

D. L. BRINGLE, COMMISSION-MERCHANT, SALISBURY, N. C. Will pay the highest market price for all kinds of Country Produce. April 23, 1862.

Foundry and Machine Shops FOR SALE. The undersigned offers for sale the valuable Foundry and Machine Shop, situated in the place by N. E. Street in Salisbury, N. C. The building is 100 feet long by 50 feet deep and 14 feet high. The machinery consists of 40 17-foot high. Blacksmith shop 20 by 30. All built in the most substantial manner of brick, and is now in complete order and ready for work. It is well calculated for manufacturing all kinds of Agricultural implements, and could easily be prepared for making cast-iron pipes and other work. The establishment is very near the N. E. 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. March 17, 1862.

Richmond Examiner, Charleston Courier, Norfolk Day-Book, and Washington Journal, will publish twice a week for four weeks, and forward him to D. S. Davis, Esq., at this place.

Brown's Livery Stable. It is kept up as usual. It is gratifying to see that this establishment, begun at Salisbury, N. C. as a doubtful experiment, has proved to the public a great desideratum and a complete success. Travelers and others who always have their wants in this line, well supplied. Cash prices paid for Provender. And the subscriber is always ready to sell or buy good Horses. THOMAS E. BROWN. Jan. 1st, 1862.

Valuable Jersey Land for Sale. I WILL SELL PRIVATELY THE place on which I now reside, containing 215 ACRES, about fifty of which is cleared, the balance heavy timber. About ten thousand Railroad Sills can be gotten on the place, and as it lies convenient to the North Carolina Railroad, would sell very well for the undertaking. 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 Hillsborough, N. C. Those wanting a bargain must apply soon, as I am determined to sell. Terms made easy. J. B. FITZGERALD. March 24, 1862.

Head Quarters 16th Reg't. V. Ca. MILITIA, April 1st, 1862. The commanding officer of companies will report at Head Quarters immediately Muster Rolls as follows:

Table with 4 columns: Name, Age, Remarks. Contains names of soldiers.

They will report also the names of those who have volunteered since the 24th of March, at this time. NOTE.—Any gun 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, Saltpetre especially, be found in the county, it to be also reported. Under the head of "remarks," opposite the name of the person liable to do military duty, will be written the cause of such liability. J. H. BRADSHAW, Col. Salisbury, April 14, 1862.

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

Dr. Wm. H. Howerton. Having returned to Salisbury, N. C., and offering his professional services to the citizens of the town and surrounding country. He may be at all times (unless professionally engaged) found at the Boyden House. BLANK DEEDS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE. Salisbury, Nov. 20, 1861.

Vegetable Medicines. FRIENDS OF THE HUMAN FAMILY. DISEASED KIDNEYS. Stone in the Bladder and Kidneys. Weakness of the Lungs, &c. FEYLL'S Vegetable Medicines are now only sold at Salisbury, N. C., by Messrs. McCubbin & Foster, and at each of their places. —The subscriber having entered into partnership with John F. Conroy, original proprietor, for the manufacture and sale of the above Medicine, is prepared to furnish a supply by addressing him at Salisbury, N. C. J. F. CONROY, E. D. AUSTIN. Jan. 21, 1862.

Greensborough Mutual INSURANCE COMPANY. Pays all Losses Promptly! DIRECTORS: John A. Mcbane, W. J. McConnell, C. F. Mendenhall, L. F. Wier, James M. Garges, John S. Cook, N. B. D. Wilson, Wm. Burtin, Geo. David McCullough, M. S. Gibson, Jos. H. Lindsay, L. C. Ramsey, W. A. Wright, Wilmington; Robert E. Froy, Lenoir; Alexander Miller, Newbern; Thomas McGee, Raleigh; Thomas Johnson, Vassarville; Dr. W. C. Ramsey, Wadesboro; Rev. R. C. Maynard, Fruncheon; Dr. E. F. Watson, Watsonville.

N. H. D. WILSON, President. J. H. D. LINDSAY, Vice-President. C. F. MENDENHALL, Attorney. PETER ADAMS, Sec. and Treas. WM. B. CUNNING, General Agent. W. J. McCONNELL, Executive Com. J. A. McBANE, J. M. GARRETT. All communications on business connected with the Office, should be addressed to PETER ADAMS, Secretary, Greensboro, N. C., June 18, 1860.

New Firm. MURR & SOSSAMON, HAVING purchased of J. D. MURR & CO., their entire stock of TIN, SHEET-IRON, COPPER-WARE, STOVES, &c. we offer the largest and best assortment 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 Polish and Japanese 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.

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 seal 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.

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.

IMPORTANT ARRANGEMENT. McCUBBIN & 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.

JAMES HORAH, Watch-Maker and Jeweler, One door below R. S. Murphy's Store, SALISBURY, N. C. KEEP constantly on hand 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.

SHOES, SHOES, PEGGED AND STITCHED BROGANS WE own the secret of the above styles at our Manufactory in Salisbury. JENNIS & BRADSHAW. Jan. 27, 1862.

GARDEN SEEDS. WILL receive in a few days a fresh assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, sent up by an experienced southern grower. For sale by HENDERSON & ENNIS. Feb. 3, 1862. Wheat Wanted. WE wish to buy 5000 bushels good wheat. The highest price will be paid for cash. McCUBBIN & FOSTER, Jenkins' corner, Salisbury, Nov. 30, 1861.