

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—We are pained to learn from the *Abingdon Virginian* of yesterday, that Col. John H. Earnest was killed by a most distressing and unfortunate accident at his place near Glade Spring, on Tuesday. He was aiding in removing a large saw log on a steep piece of ground, and to give as much of his weight as possible to the effort, placed his breast against the log. The log moving, his foot slipped, and he fell forward below, and it passed over his head, crushing it and producing instant death. He leaves a wife and five children.

Col. Earnest was one of our old friends and patrons, and belonged to the school of real Virginian gentlemen. He was a useful, intelligent, patriotic man, and his loss will be a calamity long felt by the community from which he was so suddenly taken.

from N. Y. Times

Death of Col. John H. Earnest,

On Tuesday, the 3rd inst., Col. Jno. H. Earnest, of Washington county, Va., lost his life by accident. A correspondent sends us the following notice of the deplorable event:

"A telegram was received here on Tuesday night announcing the death of Col. John H. Earnest, of Washington county, by an accident, whilst assisting in loading a saw-log. For a good many years Col. Earnest has been known to this community. He has been the guest and the host of many of us. His hospitality, his high-toned, gentlemanly bearing, the liberality of his nature and the genuine kindness of his heart, have endeared him to many in this community, who feel that his loss is not only to be deplored by his family, but by them. He was a native of Hanover county, and was worthy of the noble old county that gave him birth. W. D. S.

February 4, 1868.

At a communication of Marion Lodge No. 31, Free and Accepted Masons, held on the 4th of March, 1868, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted in reference to the untimely death of brother John H. Earnest, who, in the brief space of time he was permitted to associate with us as a member of the "mystic tie," endeared himself to all:

WHEREAS, The Supreme Architect of the Universe has been pleased to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, in a violent and unexpected manner, our worthy Brother, John H. Earnest, member of this Lodge, which sad event occurred near his house in Washington county, Va., on the 3d instant, therefore—

Resolved, That in the sad death of brother Earnest, society has lost a useful and esteemed member, his devoted wife, a kind and affectionate husband, his children a kind and benevolent father, and Masonry a true and worthy brother.

Resolved, That we attend his funeral at Glade Spring Church, and pay the last tribute of respect by consigning the remains of our dear brother to their last resting place with Masonic honors.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathies to the family of the deceased in this their deep distress.

Resolved, That the usual badge of mourning be worn by the members of this Lodge for 30 days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother, and that copies be sent to the Southern Star and Abingdon Virginian, with a request for publication; and also, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge. G. H. FUDGE, Ch'n,

A. J. SALE,

C. H. KEHR,

H. C. STEVENS,

} Com. wittee.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL JOHN HENRY ERNEST.

The community of Glade Spring, Washington county, Virginia, mourns his untimely death. On Tuesday, the 3d of March, he was in one of his fields directing his laborers in rolling some large logs out of the way of his plows. To one of them, (a section of a large chestnut, eleven feet long and four in diameter,) they had hitched a pair of mules: but the log was hard to move from its bed. Colonel Ernest exclaimed, "let's help the mules," and instantly sprang forward to the log, laying both hands upon it and pushing with his might. It seems, that the instant his hands touched the log it started from its place and commenced rolling down the slope, by which he lost his balance, fell upon it, was carried over with the log and crushed. He breathed out the little remnant of life remaining, in about an hour.

Thus fell one of our most prominent citizens; prominent for his talents, prominent for his polite and gentlemanly bearing, for his public spirit. A man of high-toned gentility, he hated all that is mean and degrading; and sometimes made enemies by indignantly rebuking such vices. It was always his aim to elevate virtue and degrade vice. There was no better friend to society than he. He was the friend of the poor man. His liberal hand dispensed, with the most profuse and lavish kindness, the earnings of his own labor. When the war ended, he found a poor man in the mountains, who had lost an arm in the service, and who, consequently, had but a poor prospect of earning a living in so rugged a region. Instantly, his generous heart was moved with pity, and he clothed him in genteel apparel, sent him to college and assumed the whole cost of his education. The writer of these lines knew him well, and does not hesitate to say, that he never knew a more liberal, kind-hearted and humane man. Sometimes, he spoke from impulse and made an enemy by it, but 'twas not in his nature to cherish anger. He was ready to forgive when properly approached; for his magnanimity was greater than his ill-will. He was a warm friend of the Christian religion; regarding the church as a social necessity and public blessing of incomparable value. He began the correspondence with the present pastor of Glade Spring Presbyterian Church relative to his settlement, and did more than any other man to bring him here. And when he came, took him and his family into his own house, and kept them there until the congregation built a parsonage—a period of nearly two years. During all this time, he studied the comfort and happiness of his pastor. And when he moved away to the house built by the congregation, he still watched his wants and supplied them with astonishing generosity. Hardly a week has passed since last November, during which his pastor did not receive some token of his good-will, and often, two or three in a week. All this he did as a friend of the church, for the minister, apart from his relation to that, was no more to him than any other friend. Although not a professor of religion, he talked with his pastor more about the improvements necessary on the house of worship and the general interests of the church, than any member of it. Nothing excited his admiration more than genuine religion; and nothing his indignation more than hypocrisy. A man of no duplicity himself, he abhorred it in others.

The largest assembly ever seen in this place, on a similar occasion, came to take part in his funeral obsequies. He was borne to his grave by the Masonic Lodge, of which he was a member, and buried according to their prescribed forms.

He has fallen in the prime of life, being in his forty-third year, and leaves a widow, with three daughters and two sons to mourn his sudden death. The eldest of these, now orphan children, is but seventeen, and the youngest five years of age. A large circle of friends and relatives—nay, the whole community—mourn with this sorely bereaved family to an extent rarely equaled, perhaps, never surpassed.