

GOING STILL.

Here is La Grange. A kind Committee meets us and has every thing provided. Rev. Mr. Nash prays for the orphans, and in spite of thunder and rain, we have a pleasant time. The entertainment is given in the Baptist Church.

At Newbern our illustrious brother Clark is at the depot and all things are ready. The children are soon distributed. In spite of the intense heat, a crowd fills the Theatre. Rev. Mr. Cannon prays for the orphans. The collection is very good when we consider that "there is no money in the country," as the people say. Saturday is very hot; but the people are very kind. The writer occupies the room lately occupied by the lamented Rev. S. W. Wescott, in the house of a pious widow, rich in faith and works; but he sees another widow more than seventy years old who is active and lively as a young girl. The Newberns people live long and are well preserved. Even old brother Slade is still alive and remarkably active.

At Beaufort we find Dr. Walker, Capt. Charlotte and other friends of our work. They kindly care for us on Sunday and Monday, and we occupy the large Music Hall of the Atlantic Hotel on Monday evening. The children sing face to face with the roaring ocean. Beaufort is full of visitors. It is impossible to see where Capt. Charlotte puts so many, and he feeds them on all sorts of wild and curious fishes taken fresh out of salt water. As for the orphans they are full of excitement at every thing they see. The bath house is the children's paradise. The shells on the beach are soon gathered so that the basket is a burden. The sand fiddlers, sea rabbits, crabs, &c., are sources of endless amusement. On Tuesday at 3 a. m. we board the Beauregard for Morehead. A storm of wind and rain drives us to a wharf and we seek shelter under sheds; but the rain falls in torrents and washes the starch out of the girl's hats and dresses. At last the wind allows us to start again, and in the rain we reach Morehead. A squall on the sound terrifies children and puts them into a very demoralized condition. In time for the train. The Captain orders a fire and our clothes are dried as well as they can be under the circumstances. At Kingston we find a handsome hat for each girl sent by a friend who knew nothing of the squall. The people meet us at the train, and provide for all our wants. Rev. Mr. Wilson prays for the orphans. A remarkably pleasant place. Attendance very large. Collection good. Still they say we must come again when they have some money. Always pleasant to visit such people.

Here is Warsaw. Col. Faison has a wagon and we reach Clinton at sunset, but no one has heard that we are coming. But bless brother Culbreth's soul. He soon has the Methodist Church open and a good audience ready. Rev. J. L. Steward prays for the orphans, and the exercises pass off pleasantly. And now for Warsaw.

We reach Warsaw at noon and give a short entertainment in the church. Several orphans attend and wish to go to Oxford. Mr. Brown has a good dinner and the

ride from Clinton has prepared us to enjoy it. And again we are off for Magnolia. No lodge, no committee; but Mr. Southall is a host within himself. We meet the people in the Baptist church, Presiding Elder Black offers and excellent prayer for the orphans and the people are very attentive, and after the exercises the children are distributed.

Now it is Friday morning and we are waiting for the train for Wilmington.

TOBACCO versus COTTON.

It is, we believe, an admitted fact that farmers of our State do not receive commensurate compensation for the capital and labor invested in their business, hence an overdue proportion of our people are quitting the farm and investing their capital and directing their labors in other directions, to the detriment, we think, of the general prosperity. It is true that one cause of the poor compensation received by the farmer may be found in the heavy taxes he has to pay, (for the burden of taxation always falls on the producer, either directly or indirectly,) while another and, perhaps greater, is traceable to a want of an intelligent direction of labor in the cultivation of the soil. But, with these brawbacks, we think the pursuit of agriculture in our State ought to receive better compensation than it does at present, and the question is, How can this be attained? We believe a little observation would make the answer plain.

By way of exemplification, we will take two of the leading agricultural products of our State—tobacco and cotton. A residence for a number of years in a section where cotton is raised almost exclusively as a money crop, and, more recently, an opportunity of observing the condition of affairs in a section where tobacco is extensively cultivated, convinces us that the financial condition of the farmer is more prosperous in the latter than in the former. We were at first disposed to attribute this state of things to the fact that tobacco was cultivated at less expense and labor than cotton, but we are now convinced that this is not true, but, on the contrary, it requires more unremitting labor and attention to prepare a tobacco crop for market than it does a cotton crop, and besides, there is a heavier burden on it after it is made than on cotton—we mean in the way of legal taxation. And still the tobacco regions seem to be more prosperous—there is more money in circulation there—than in the cotton sections.

We think there is but one solution to this question, and it is this: Throughout the tobacco sections there are establishments for the manufacture of the raw material, and by this means the expense of transportation to a distant market is avoided and all the nett profits of manufacturing the tobacco is kept in the section where it is produced. With cotton it is different. On that the farmer pays not only all the expense of transporting it to a distant market, but also the commissions on its sale; and the section in which it is raised loses the profits of its manufacture, which go to enrich other sections at their expense.

A raises a crop of tobacco which he sells to the manufacturer in his neighborhood and puts the money in his pocket. The manufacturer works it into shape for market, paying his hands good salaries, which, with all the percentage on capital invested, is

kept in circulation where the tobacco is raised.

B raises a crop of cotton, is at all the expense of packing it for market; pays the expense of transportation, and commissions for its sale; it is taken to a distant point for manufacture, all the profits on which enrich another place and another people, so that the farmer gets back only the bare stalk, as it were, stripped of all its leaves and fruit.

In the few localities in the State where manufactures of any kind have been established, there is always money in circulation at all times of the year: in the exclusively cotton growing sections they have comparatively little money except in the Fall, in return for the year's labor, and even then a good slice is taken off for the benefit of the distant merchant and manufacturer.

Suppose B makes ten bales of cotton worth, in the New York market, sixty dollars a bale, you might say he gets six hundred dollars for his crop. But he don't. It is an exceedingly moderate calculation to say it will cost him five dollars a bale for transportation, commissions and insurance, to get it sold. Then he loses on his crop for want of manufactures to create a home market, fifty dollars, and his section loses all the profits of turning six hundred dollars worth of raw material into twelve hundred dollars worth of manufactured goods.

But we can not pursue the subject further now. We think it would be well for our people, who have so long thought and talked of this matter, to begin some active steps to remedy the evil under which they labor in this respect.

EXTRACTS, AND NOTICES OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Dr. B. F. Dixon, writing from Kings Mountain, enclosing a contribution from M. E. Church Sabbath School of that place, says,

"We also have on hand about thirty-five dollars worth of bed clothing which we supposed you would need. It is awaiting your orders."

Any article "in kind" intended for the Orphan Asylum here can be shipped by common freight or express to Henderson, N. C., directed to the "Orphan Asylum, Oxford, N. C." and we will get it. Things for the Mars Hill branch can be sent to Mars Hill or Asheville, or to any point within striking distance of Mars Hill, and Mr. Sams, the Steward there, on being notified will make arrangements to get them.

We thank the good ladies of Kings Mountain for their considerate provision for the little ones against winter.

A friend writes from Centre Hill, notifying us that the good people of that section have shipped a quantity of hams, meal, flour and various other articles for the benefit of the Asylum, which have not arrived yet, but which will be exceedingly welcome when they come.

A highly valued friend, writing to the Superintendent from Harrellsville, says, "I have your great and noble work much at heart, and shall do what I can to assist you." The writer proves his faith by his works, as a goodly club of subscribers and a cash contribution this week, in addition to others heretofore, testify.

Another friend writing from Hertford, N. C., enclosing a cash

contribution and thirteen subscribers, says, "We hope soon to send more names for your paper and more funds for the Asylum. Our church has appointed a committee to raise funds for the Asylum, and we hope to be able to send contributions regularly." If this example were followed by all, or even half, the churches in the State, we could provide for all the poor orphans of the State comfortably before September.

The following extract we make from a letter received from Windsor, N. C., some days since: "By request, I write you in regard to some children here whose friends wish to get them into the Orphan Asylum. Their father is dead and their mother has been afflicted for eight years, and is living on the charity of her neighbors. She is not able to take care of her children and wishes to know if you will take them." This is a fair specimen of many letters received and to which we have been afraid to respond favorable. But the prospect is now brightening and if the friends of the good work will hold up our hands, we hope soon to feel free to add to the list of beneficiaries of this the christian people's noble charity, many destitute orphans like those mentioned above.

At the risk of being accused of furnishing wind to help sound a trumpet in our own praise, we copy the following from the Oxford Leader of last week, because it does but simple justice to the efforts of the excellent lady teachers who have been employed in the institution, who have had the immediate charge and training of the children, and it shows also that the children have profited by the care bestowed on them:

COMPLIMENTARY.

It has recently been my pleasure to meet with several of the children of the Orphan Asylum, and I was so agreeably impressed by their manners and conversation that I cannot refrain from commending them. A lady in town who has lately seen some of them at her house, remarked very emphatically a few days since that "The manners of those children would reflect credit on the training of the best schools in the State."

In the House of God one is even more pleased with their behavior. Many children of a larger growth could learn lessons from them. It is true that some of the little ones fall asleep, (how can they help it, poor little things, when their heads barely reach the top of the pews, and their little feet look as if they lacked two or three big feet touching the floor,) but one would look in vain to find them whispering, grinning, or staring around at the congregation.

Children, especially those who are taken from the lower walks of life, do not possess manners by instinct. They learn them as they are taught, and the faithful working Superintendent, the gentlemanly Steward, and intelligent and cultivated ladies of the Asylum certainly deserve higher meed of praise than any men can bestow upon them. If the people at a distance could have some personal knowledge of the children and their necessities, and the arduous labors of the teachers and managers, I'm sure they would realize more fully the importance of supporting the Asylum, which is certainly one of the noblest institutions we have in the State, and should be duly appreciated and encouraged. "Inasmuch as he have done it unto Me." "Whoever shall give unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only shall in no wise lose his reward."

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

CORRECTION.—In our notice of "Our Living and Our Dead," for July, last week, we stated that the subscriber, for three dollars a year, would get a volume of 864 pages reading matter; whereas, for three dollars a year he gets two volumes of 864 pages each. Quite a difference, and we hasten to correct the error, although the Magazine would be exceedingly cheap at the first statement.

Remember the Orphans.

FROM THE N. C. AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL.

A man, when not prevented by obstacles hard to overcome, will certainly follow where inclination leads him. Thus we see J. H. Mills, Esq., in the christian work of feeding and clothing the orphans, and he should be sustained by every christian woman and man, at least, throughout the length and breadth of North Carolina. More, by every man or woman who has a human heart beating in the bosom. In the two Orphan Asylums are children directly descended from some of our most worthy and intelligent citizens—from citizens who held the highest places in the gift of our people; children, when born, surrounded by all that a mother's affection could dictate, or a father's liberality could give, and still so soon we find them orphans, penniless; and but for Mr. Mills and a few others that aid him, homeless. Fatherless, motherless, see how uncertain the fortunes of this life are, and let us not turn away with the fist clutched from the extended hand asking aid for these dear little ones, for we may be destroying a home for our own, and sinking them in misery, starvation and a fate worse than death, from which some children have already been rescued by the noble efforts of a charitable, big-hearted man. Let us strengthen his hands ere he relaxes his hold, never from desire, but from necessity, and the orphans are again left, as we before stated, to sink to a depth too horrible to contemplate. Never did the sweet words and notes of actors reach so far into our hearts as did those that fell from lips made joyful the other evening at Metropolitan Hall. We accidentally were standing by a stranger, strong and rough looking in stature, when the Old North State was given, and it was sung, too, with spirit and effect by the children, when he put his hand in his pocket and drew out another bill, and added it to the one he already held between his fingers, exclaiming to me, "If I had more I would give it, for I know what it is to be a deserted orphan—A deserted orphan!"

Oh, if we could all feel as that man did, then we could realize the sad condition of those thrown upon the world, without sympathy or protection, to be reared in corruption and ignorance.

Could not, would not our churches, if properly requested, take up, at stated times, collections for the orphans?

Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, here is a glorious work for us all. Only a small portion of what we could daily dispense with, with benefit to ourselves, would snatch the poor unfortunate children, in our own State, from degradation and utter ruin.

We cannot say: "Children, it is all your own fault." No, no, no, it is not; they are not responsible for their deplorable condition. Their bright eyes and intelligent features tell us, give them a chance. Save and defend them when helpless, and they too, in time, will not only help to feed and clothe the orphan, but add lustre to the brightest pages of the history of their country.

Proverbs.

Amos Atkins was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs and spoke proverbs; and, meet him where you would, he had always a proverb upon his lips. When he once began to speak there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos I was on my way to my uncle's. A long walk it was; but I told him I hoped to be there before night.

"Aye, aye," said he. "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope; but he who does nothing but hope is in a very hopeless way."

"Have a care of your temper; for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it. Therefore, again I say, have a care of your temper."

"Remember that the first spark burns down the house. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket, and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."

"Look to your feet and your fingers, boy, and let both be kept in activity; for he who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief. An idle lad makes a needy man, and I may add, a miserable one, too."

"If you put a hot coal in your pocket it will burn its way out. Aye, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek through God's help to overcome them."

Now step forward, boy; and as you walk along, think of the half-dozen proverbs given you by Amos Atkins.