

L-A-W, LAW.

Come list to me a minute,  
A song, I'm going to sing it,  
There's something serious in it,  
'Tis all about the law,  
L A double U law,  
Which has such a high old law.

**Cho.**—If you're fond of pure vexation,  
And sweet procrastination,  
You are just in a situation  
To enjoy a suit at law.

Snail-like your cause is creeping,  
It hinders you from sleeping,  
Attorneys only reaping,  
For still your cash they draw,  
D R A double U draw,  
'Is the mainspring of the law.

**Cho.**—If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

Oh, misty, toil and trouble,  
Make up the bubble-bubble,  
And leave you nought but stubble,  
Or only a man of straw,  
L A double U law,  
Divides the wheat from straw.

**Cho.**—If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

In a rotten stick your trust is,  
You find the bubble burst is,  
And tho' you don't get justice,  
You're sure to get plenty of law,  
And L A double U law,  
Leaves you not worth a straw.

**Cho.**—If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

So it life's all sugar and honey,  
And fortune has always been sunny,  
And you want to get rid of your money,  
Why then just go to law,  
And L A double U law,  
Will like a blister draw.

**Cho.**—If you're fond of pure vexation, &c.

GOD BLESS YOU.

How simply fall these simple words  
Upon the human heart,  
When friends long bated in strongest ties,  
Are doomed by fate to part!  
You sadly press the hand of those  
Who thus in love caress you,  
And soul responsive beats to soul,  
In breathing out "God bless you!"

It never fails to fret and growl  
When fortune seems our foe,  
The better bred will push ahead  
And strike the braver blow.  
For luck is work,  
And those who shirk  
Should not lament their doom,  
But yield the play,  
And clear the way,  
That better men have room.

What a Boy can Do.

About two hundred and sixty years ago a poor lad of seventeen was seen traveling on foot in the south of England. He carried over his shoulder, at the end of his stick, all the clothing he had in the world, and had in his pocket an old leather purse, with a few pieces of money given him by his mother when, with a throbbing, prayerful heart, she took her leave of him on the road a short distance from her own cottage.

And who was John? for that was his name. He was the son of poor but honest and pious people, and had six brothers and five sisters, all of whom had to labor for a living. He was a godly lad, and at fourteen was disappointed in getting a place as parish clerk, and with his parents' consent set out to get employment.

At the city of Exeter, where he first went, he met with no success; but as he looked on the beautiful cathedral, and in the booksellers' windows, a strong desire sprung up in his mind to become a scholar, and at once he set out for the University at Oxford, some two hundred miles off, walking the whole way. At night he sometimes slept in barns, or on the sheltered side of a haystack, and often met with strange companions. He lived chiefly on bread and water, with occasionally a draught of milk as a luxury.

Arriving in the splendid city of Oxford, his clothing nearly worn out and very dusty, his feet sore, and his spirit depressed, he knew not what to do. He had heard of the Exeter College in Oxford, and thither he went, and to his great delight was engaged to carry coal into the kitchen, to clean pans, and that kind of work.

Here, while scouring his pans, he might be often seen reading a book. His studious habits soon attracted the attention of the authorities, who admitted him into college as a poor scholar, providing for all his wants. He studied hard and was soon at the head of his class. He rose to great eminence as a scholar, was very useful as a minister of Christ, and many years before his death, which took place when he was seventy-two, he visited his father and mother, who were delighted to see their son not only a "great scholar," but a pious bishop. Such was the history of Dr. John Prideaux, who used to say, "If I had been parish clerk of Ugborough, I should never have been bishop of Worcester." He left many voluminous works as fruits of his industry and learning.—*Youth's Instructor.*

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

We regret to learn that this institution is in need of immediate assistance, to enable it to supply the wants of the orphans. There is no institution of charity in the State which so strongly appeals to the hearts of the people as this. Shall it be sustained, and made the means of training the orphan children of the State for lives of morality and usefulness, or be permitted to fall and these children to be turned loose to grow up in ignorance and vice? The question must be answered by the men and women of the State, and must be answered at once. It will be a burning shame if its doors are allowed to be closed for the want of the means necessary to carry it on. The money expended for whiskey would feed all the orphans in the State. Yes, the amount fed to and destroyed by the worthless dogs of North Carolina, would feed, clothe and educate the orphans.

We have no doubt but there are many people in the country who would willingly contribute if the matter was brought to their attention, and that is our object in writing this. Provisions, clothing or anything you can spare, if delivered upon the Railroad and marked to the "Orphan Asylum, Oxford" will reach its destination. Who that reads this will at once send a barrel of flour, or corn, or a hundred pounds of bacon?—*Warrenton Gazette.*

The Polished Woman.

Surrounded by people whom her gracious good-breeding compels into a like courtliness 'is the polished woman whose freedom from mannerisms and quiet grace will make her queen wherever she is; for you feel there is a reserve force of character and true womanliness behind her tact and refinement. She is witty without being loud, and has all the marks of good-breeding which Oliver Wendell Holmes enumerates: "Good dressing, quiet ways, eyes that do not wander, shyness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions." You may not meet such a woman everywhere, although you may see imitations, but when you do, pay at once that homage which genuine elegance commands from all.

A City Under the Sea.

In the later end of last century old Port Royal disappeared beneath the waves in an earthquake, leaving no memorial behind than these few reefs. In calm and clear evenings, when there is not a ripple on the glassy surface of the sea, you may look down into fifteen fathoms of water and see submerged houses, towers and churches, with sharks swimming quietly in and out of the open windows of their belfries. The work of centuries was destroyed in a few moments by one single convulsive throb of this thin film on which man has lived and speculated for ages past.—An American diving company, instigated in their enterprise by tales of untold wealth buried beneath the sea by this sudden shock, rescued no treasures but the big bell suspended in the bell tower, and donated the same to the museum of the Island, where it may be seen with many puzzling inscriptions upon it which nobody has yet been able to decipher.

A Big Boy and his Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world, says Berian Green, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a love pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant to his mother, saying plainly to everybody that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother.—Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in searleaf autumn as he did in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

A bright German gentleman, retired from business, relates the following little anecdote: "Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing. "Well," he replied, 'shoot now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness.' "Glad to hear it. What are you going into?" "Well, I goes into partnership mit a man." "Do you put in much capital?" "No; I doesn't put in no gabital." "Don't want to risk it, eh?" "No; but I puts in do experience." "And he puts in the capital?" "Yes, dot is it. We goes in to pizness for dree year; he puts in de gabital, I puts in de experience. At de end of de dree year I will have de gabital, and he will have de experience?"—*Harpers's, for October.*

A little girl came into our house one day, and some apple-parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting a little while, she said: "I smell apples." "Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell those apple-parings on the plate." "No, no," said she, "taint them I smell; I smell whole apples."

Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in an address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following anecdote:

A poor little boy on a cold night in January with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way, with his blessing. Those kind attentions cheered his heart and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled on; Providence led him on; had he reached the legal profession that host had died; the cormor, sin that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill through out the house, "that orphan boy stands before you!"

Lorenzo Dow was once preaching in the eastern part of Connecticut to a crowded house, the season being midwinter, and the weather extremely cold. During the sermon the congregation would make frequent visits to the stove to warm up. The old man stood the interruption until forbearance ceased to be a virtue; stopping short in the middle of a sentence, he said, "Those who have holes in their stockings may now go to the stove and warm their feet." He was annoyed no more during the service.

Artemus Ward was on a slow California train, and he went to the conductor and suggested that the cow-catcher was on the wrong end of the train; "For," said he, "you will never overtake a cow, you know; but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful, for now there's nothin' on earth to hinder a cow from walkin' right in and bitin, the folks!"

Committees of Subordinate Lodges Appointed under Resolution of the Grand Lodge, to raise Contributions for the Orphan Asylums:

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- Concord 58, W. G. Lewis, John W. Cotton, Joseph P. Suggs.
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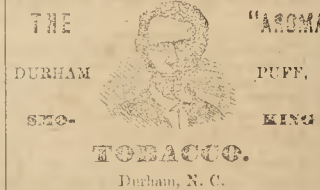
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We ask every present subscriber to get us at least one additional name before the meeting of the Grand Lodge, but one need not be considered the limit.

August 25th. 1875.

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