

SPECIAL BOYS' AND GIRLS' COLUMN.

We publish below two letters from our young friends, written in answer to our recent proposition for letters of that kind. We hope to make this part of the paper quite interesting, to our young readers especially. Let them send on their communications, and not forget to write only on one side of the sheet of paper.

ST. JOHNS, Nov. 17th, 1875.
I live in Hertford county, N. C., in the eastern part of the State. It is bounded on the north by the Virginia line, south by Bertie county, east by Chowan River, west by Northampton county. Meherrin River runs through the northern part of the county. It rises in the state of Virginia, and empties in Chowan, two miles above Winton, the county seat. Steamers and sail vessels run on Chowan daily. Salt-water fish run up it in spring in great abundance. Shad, rock, herring and sturgeon. I have heard of as many as two thousand and shad being caught at one haul in Chowan. From fifty thousand to one hundred thousand and herring, and several thousand rock. People that engage in hauling the seine send it out two or three miles in large bateaux around the fish, then draw it in by steam or horse power.

The productions of the county are cotton, corn, potatoes and peas. The fruits that are raised are grapes, apples, peaches, pears, plums and cherries. There are several varieties of grapes. Scuppernon the chief variety.

The towns in Hertford county are Murfreesboro and Winton. Winton is the county seat, lying on Chowan River. Murfreesboro is located on the Meherrin River, in the northern part of the county. Population between twelve and fifteen hundred. There are two small villages—Union and Harrellsville. The occupation of the inhabitants of the county is merchants, mechanics and farmers. There are some very flourishing schools of both sexes. Two in Murfreesboro—the Methodist College and Baptist—both female. One male school three miles east, one six miles north, one male school in Harrellsville, and one near Union. I think there has something been done to aid in the support of the Oxford Asylum. My father takes your paper for my sister and myself, and reading that has caused me to reply to your letter, requesting the little girls and boys to write for the ORPHANS' FRIEND, describing the situation of their county.

Yours respectfully,
ST. JOHNS.

NEAR WINTON N. C., }
Nov. 20th 1875. }

MR. EDITOR:—I will now attempt to give you some account of Hertford county in which I live. It is in the north-eastern part of the State, and is bounded on the north by Southampton, Va., on the east by the Chowan River, on the south by Bertie and on the west by Northampton. The Meherrin River flows through this County, and the Chowan borders on it. The Meherrin rises in Virginia and empties in the Chowan. Wheat, cotton and corn are the chief products. Apples, peaches, pears and grapes are the principal fruits.

Hertford contains four towns or villages. Winton, the county seat, contains a new courthouse, two hotels, a handsome Baptist church, a Masonic Lodge, seven stores, two retail liquor shops, and is on the Chowan River; Murfreesboro, on the Meherrin River, contains two female colleges, one Methodist and one Baptist, and one male school, one hotel, quite a number of stores, a printing office and a Daguerreian gallery. Harrellsville is a pretty little village two miles from the Chowan River. Next and "last, but not least," is our flourishing little village of Union with eight stores, two cotton gins, (run by steam,) one hotel, one Methodist church, and is situated seven miles southwest of Winton. I am sorry to say that the people of this county do not generally take as much interest in the orphans as I think they should. I have now given you an account of Hertford. I still remain

Yours truly,
L. E. T.

THEY ARE GOING DOWN THE VALLEY.

Gone to the grave is our loved one,
Gone with a youthful bloom;
Lowly we bend, schoolmate and friend

Passing away to the tomb.

CHO.—They are going down the valley,
The deep, dark valley;
We'll see their faces never more,

Till we pass down the valley,
The dark, death valley,
And meet them on the other shore.

oft we have mingled together,
Sometimes in prayer and song;
Now when we meet, this one we greet

Never again in our throng.

CHO.—They are going, &c.

Sweetly the form will be sleeping,
Under the cypress shade;
Sad though we be, fondly will we Cherish the name of the dead.

CHO.—They are going, &c.

Down in the valley they're going,
Down to the other shore;
But with the blest—fair land of rest—
Weeping will come never more.

CHO.—They are going, &c.

The music to the hymn 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' was composed by Lowell Mason, in Savannah, Georgia, in 1827, at the suggestion of a young lady. The circumstances were thus related by Mr. Mason in a letter to a friend: 'One day as I met her (Miss Moward) she said to me in substance: 'Mr. Mason, I have just received from a friend the copy of a beautiful hymn, but it is of so singular meter that I cannot find any tune to it. Will you write one for me?' Certainly,' I replied. I took it home and wrote the music *impromptu*. When I saw her soon after, I handed it to her. I do not remember that it was sung in public in Savannah, but it became so popular that, not long afterward, I had it printed by Parker, of Boston, and published by him.'

A religion which is but an intellectual conviction of the truth and does not call into exercise the emotions of the heart, can have but little effect upon the life.

For the Orphans' Friend.
A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

MR. EDITOR:

The following is an exact copy of a poster which was found on a street in Oxford, giving notice of an "Entertainment," which would close the exercises of a school in the county about twelve miles distant. It is hardly necessary to state that the "school-master" was an "American citizen of African descent." The original notice is in my possession, and is worthy to be preserved among the curiosities of an antiquary. (Or "archives of gravity.")

A LADY.

TAKE NOTICE

Gentlemen and Ladies I will Now inform you of A Tabaloux Which will be given in—and on the 21 of July on this coming Friday night in the preference of the school their you will enjoy yourself very much indeed the young Ladies will be very glad to have the young Gentlemen to come and visit them there will be A nice super of ice cream Lem-anade caks of all kind come Along and after the Tabaloux are over there will be a large ball to enjoy yourself to dance by you can enjoy yourself all night dancing. Sevrel pieces will be acted my maytomicle boys upon the chair my maytomicle boys upon the rope acting on a rope we will have a band of Music to drums one or to fifes Admition 25 cts a head only 25 cts if any one bring in any one it will be 50 cts for him and who he brings.

The Witchery of Manner.

Almost every man can cite scores of cases, within his knowledge, where pleasing manners have made the fortunes of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants, and, in short, men in every walk of life. Raleigh flung down his laced coat in the mud for Elizabeth to walk on, and got for his reward a proud Queen's favor. The politician who has this advantage easily distances all rival candidates, for every voter speaks with becomes his friend. Polished manners have often made scoundrels successful, while the best of men, by their hardness and coldness, have done themselves incalculable injury; the shell being so rough that the world could not believe there was a precious kernel within. Civility is to a man what beauty is to a woman. It captivates people *instantly*, while the opposite quality excites as quick a prejudice against him. It is a real ornament, worth more as a means of winning favor than the finest jewels ever worn.

An old Dutch dominie in the country, Rev. Dr. —, was a shrewd man, and he once had a balky horse, which always stopped at the foot of a certain hill and took his own time for starting. One pleasant morning the dominie concluded he would try his way of curing the horse, so he put a day's provision and a day's reading into his carriage, and started for the hill. At the foot the horse balked as usual. The doctor laid down the reins, settled back himself and took out his book. After waiting sometime the horse concluded he would go, but with rein and voice the doctor forbade it, so they stayed there all that day till it was too dark to read, when, hungry and thirsty, and subdued, the horse went up the hill, and never balked again.

Rats greatly infest ships, and are by them carried to every part of the world. So industriously do they make homes for themselves in the numerous crannies and corners in the hull of a ship that it is almost impossible to get rid of them. Ships take out rats as well as passengers and cargo every voyage; whether the former remain in the ship at port is best known to themselves. When the East India Company had ships of their own they employed a rat-catcher, who sometimes captured 500 rats in one ship just returned from Calcutta. The ship rat is often the black species. Sometimes black and brown inhabit the same vessel, and, unless they carry on perpetual hostilities, the one party will keep to the head of the vessel and the other to the stern. The ship rat is very anxious that his supply of fresh water shall not fail; he will come on deck when it rains, and climb up the wet sails to suck them. Sometimes he mistakes a spirit cask for a water cask, and gets drunk. A captain of an American merchant ship is credited (or discredited) with an ingenious bit of sharp practice as a means of clearing his ship from rats. Having discharged cargo at a port in Holland, he found his ship in juxtaposition to another which had jus taken in a cargo of Dutch cheese. He laid a plank at night from the one vessel to the other; the rats, tempted by the odor, trooped along the plank and began their feast. He took care that the plank should not be there to serve them as a pathway back again; and so the cheese-laden ship had a cruel addition to its outward cargo.—All The Year Round.

A grandchild of Dr Emmons, when not more than six years old, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind.

"A. B. says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it."

"Don't you believe it? Why not?"

"I know it isn't."

"But how do you know?"

"Is it, grandpa?"

"Don't ask me the question; you must find it out yourself."

"How can I find out?"

"You must study into it."

She knew enough to resort to the first of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmons-like search, she ran into the study.

"I've found it! The moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows were!"

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

- American George, 17—Dr. C. L. Campbell & C. Maddy, & W. Spencer.
- Davis, 33, Thomas J. Pugh, Joseph Cotter & Geo. A. Tally.
- Hiram, 40, J. C. R. Little, T. W. Blake, A. H. Winton.
- Concord, 58, W. G. Lewis, John W. Cotton, Joseph P. Suggs.
- Scotland Neck, 68, A. B. Hill, W. E. Whitmore, G. L. Hyman.
- Eagle, 71, James A. Gattis, Charles C. Trylor, Isaac R. Strayhorn.
- Orr, 104, J. F. Randolph, T. J. Cernal, Rich and Granger.
- Clinton, 107, N. M. Rean, J. C. Griffith, & Watson.
- Franklin, 109, Wm. M. Thompson, F. B. M. Co., B. Lovenberg.
- St. Albans Lodge, 114, Ed. McQueen, II T. Pittman and Neill Townsend.
- Mt. Lebanon, 117, James W. Lancaster, A. J. Brown, S. B. Waters.
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- Mt. Energy, 140, J. B. Floyd, H. Haley, W. E. Bullock.
- Walesville, 156, C. H. Horton, I. H. Scarborough, A. R. Young.

- Buffalo, 172, A. A. McIver, A. A. Harrington, B. G. Cole, A. M. Wicker, R. M. Brown.
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- McCormick, 223, Dalrymple, Nathan Daugall, W. O. Thomas.
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- Watauga, 273, J. W. Council, J. Harding, L. L. Green.
- New Lebanon, 314, Samuel Williams, John Jacobs, W. M. Spence.
- Jerusalem, 315, John H. Davis, Geo. E. Barnhart, Thomas M. Besant.
- Mattamuskeet, 323, S. S. Buer, J. C. McCloud.
- Fayetteville, 329, A. S. Heide, B. E. Sedberry, George P. McNeill.
- Mt. Moriah, U. D., J. W. Powell, J. B. Phillips, W. P. Hines.

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All the net profits go to the benefit of the Asylum.

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.

V. B. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. E. A. LYON.

(Late of "Dalby Press.")

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