

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, December 15, 1875.

SPECIAL BOYS AND GIRLS' COLUMN.

SUNSBURY, N. C., }  
Dec. 3rd, 1875. }

Mr. Editor:—Although it has been some weeks since your request was published in the ORPHANS' FRIEND, I hope it is not too late to comply with it.

I live in Gates county, in the eastern part of the State, on the edge of the Dismal Swamp. It is bounded on the north by Nansemond county, Virginia, on the east by Camden and Pasquotank, on the south by the counties of Chowan and Perquimans and the Chowan River, on the west by Chowan River. There are no rivers in the county, but the Chowan River is on its borders, which is one of the largest and prettiest rivers in the State. It is formed by the Nottaway and Meherrin rivers, both of which rise in Virginia. It flows into the Albemarle Sound, and is navigable as far as Franklin, on the Seaboard railroad. There are no mountains.

The principal farm products are wheat, oats, corn, beans, peas, potatoes and the garden vegetables. There is no fruit raised except for domestic purposes. There is but one town in the county, Gatesville, the county seat. It is four miles from the Chowan River in the southern part of the county.

There is but one school of any importance in the county, which is the male school at Reynoldson, nearly on the Virginia line. No railroads run through the county, but there is one proposed from Suffolk to Edenton, which will run through the county. The people have not done much for the orphans, but I hope they will. G. B. M.

NEAR WHITEKERS, N. C., }  
Dec. 3rd, 1875. }

Mr. Editor:—At your request I will attempt to give you an account of Edgecombe county, in which I live. It is in the eastern part of the State. It is bounded on the north by Halifax, south by Pitt, and Wilson, east by Martin, and west by Nash. Cotton, corn, wheat, rye, oats, clover, peas, potatoes and all the garden vegetables are the products. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries and grapes, are the principal fruits. Tar river flows through this county. It rises in the north-western part of the State and empties into Pamlico Sound. Its name in the Indian tongue, it is said, signifies "River of health." It is navigable for steamboats as far as Tarboro. Tarboro, the county seat, is a thriving little town on Tar river. It has two hotels, seven churches, and several stores. The Southerner-Enquirer, the oldest paper in the State, is published in that place. Its population is about fifteen hundred. Rocky Mount, also an enterprising place is on the Wilmington & Weldon R. R. and Tar river. It contains three churches, one hotel, several stores and a cotton factory. In the latter an extensive business is done by Wm. S. Battle, such as spinning and weaving. The Rocky Mount Mail is published weekly at this place. Near here the river has many rocks in it, and the water falling over them forms the Niagara of Edgecombe. Battlesboro has made much improvement since the war. It has several stores, one hotel, two churches, and a

foundry. Several new buildings are being erected. And last, but not least is the village of Whitekers, much business is carried on here, for an inland place. There are nine stores, a coach shop and a large saw mill, to which is attached a grist mill, a cotton gin and a machine for planing. There are two good schools in Tarboro, one male and one female, and Oak Dale Institution near Rocky Mount. There are no mountains in the county, the surface is mostly level. The county has done something for the aid of the Orphans, but I do not know how much. My father takes your paper and from its columns I learned that you wished the little boys and girls to write for the ORPHANS' FRIEND giving a description of their county.

Yours respectfully,  
L. E. E.

WILMINGTON, N. C., }  
Dec. 3rd, 1875 }

I live in New Hanover county. It is in the south-eastern part of North Carolina. It is bounded on the north by Pender, on the west by Brunswick, on the south and east by the Atlantic Ocean. The Cape Fear and the North East are its rivers. The Cape Fear is formed by the junction of the Haw and Deep rivers, and flows into the Atlantic. The North-east river rises in Duplin and flows into the Cape Fear. These are the rivers. There are a good many steamers, brigs, barks, schooners and other vessels that run on these rivers; they bring to and carry away from Wilmington; which is the capital of New Hanover, various kinds of merchandise. Perch, cat-fish, trout, fresh-water mullets, shad and herring abound in these waters. The principal farm products are corn, peanuts and sweet potatoes. Wilmington has 20,000 inhabitants. The schools are very numerous. Prominent among them are two free schools, the Tilleston Norman and Hemmingway, which are attended by several hundred boys and girls. There are two male and two female schools besides. There are three railroads, the Wilmington & Weldon, Columbia & Augusta, and the Carolina Central, which terminate at Wilmington. The people of the county have done something for the orphans, but perhaps not as much as they might.

HORTON.

CLOGGED LAMP WICKS.—An exchange says: The light often is unsatisfactory while all is apparently in good order. It should be borne in mind that, though the wick is but gradually burned, it is constantly becoming less able to conduct the oil. During the week some quarts of oil are slowly filtered through the wick, which stops every particle of dust or other matter that will with the utmost care be in the best kind of oil. The result is, that the wick, though it is of sufficient length and looks as good as ever, has its conducting power greatly impaired, as its pores, so to speak, or the minute channels by which the oil reaches the place to be burned, become gradually obstructed. It is often economy to substitute a new wick for an old one, even if that be plenty long enough to serve for some time to come.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut down, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone.

Who think a reformation,  
Of minor not to be,  
Would benefit our nation;  
Who deemed intoxication,  
With all its dissipation,  
In every rank and station  
The cause of degradation,  
Of which your observation  
Gives daily demonstration;  
Who see the ruination,  
Distress and desolation,  
The open violation  
Of moral obligation,  
The wretched habitation,  
Without accommodation,  
Or any regulation,  
For common sustentation;  
A scene of deprivation,  
Unequaled in creation  
The frequent desecration,  
Of Sabbath ordination,  
The crime and depredation,  
Defying legislation,  
The awful profanation,  
Of common conversation,  
The mental aberration,  
And dire infatuation,  
With every sad gradation,  
To maniac desperation;  
Ye who, with consternation,  
Behold the devastation,  
And utter condemnation,  
Of all inebriation,  
Why sanction its duration,  
Or show disapprobation  
Of any combination  
For its extermination?  
We deem a declaration,  
That offers no temptation,  
By any palliation,  
Of this abomination,  
The only sure foundation,  
Had no communication,  
With noxious emanation  
Of brewer's fermentation,  
For any vain libation,  
Producing stimulation.  
To this determination  
We call consideration,  
And without hesitation,  
Invite cooperation,  
Not doubting invitation  
Will raise your estimation,  
And by continuation  
Afford your consolation.  
For in participation  
With this association  
You may, by meditation,  
Insure the preservation  
Of a future generation  
From all contamination.  
And may each indication  
Of such regeneration  
Be the theme of exultation  
Till its final consummation.

Don't Try to Conceal It.

More than fifty years ago, says a writer, my brother George and I were set to stick pumpkin seeds between the hills of corn. We both wanted to go fishing. Our father told us that we might when we had stuck all the seeds we had. So we both worked as smart as we could. But the sun was fast sinking in the west, and we decided that our only chance to go a-fishing was to get rid of the pumpkin seeds in a more expeditious manner. Near by was a big flat stone; so the stone was raised and the pumpkin seeds put safely under it, and the stone let back again to prevent any future exposure. Never, we thought, had two boys buried their secret more safely.

A-fishing we went and had good luck; brought home trout enough for all. Strange to say, when the seeds came up between the hills of corn, about one-third of the field had no vines. One Sunday after noon we strolled with our good father past said field, and around said flat stone on every side was one mass of pumpkin vines? We stood confounded; these seeds had all sprouted out from under the flat stone, and our fault was manifested! The thing was so ridiculous, our kind-hearted father forgave us on our owning up to the truth, and the whole truth, and asking his forgiveness. It was a warning to us never to try to conceal a fault.

In Putaski county a youth of nineteen summers married his grand-father's widow, who had several children. As his grand-mother's husband he became his father's father, and as he is father's father he is his own grand-father. He and his wife are, therefore, the great-grand-father and great-grand-mother of their own children. His sons are then his uncles and his daughters his aunts, their children are his grand-children, but they are his first-cousins, because they are children of his uncles and aunts, while these are yet his children. As the father of his father he is father of his uncles and aunts, as such his nieces and nephews are his grand-children. His wife had several children. These children are his uncles and aunts, because they are children of grand-parents, but they are his children for he is the husband of their mother, then they are half-brother and sister to his own children and at the same time they are uncles and aunts to these half-brethers and sisters. These first children being his uncles and aunts are also the great-uncles and aunts of his children, but his children and these children are brothers and sisters, therefore his children are great-uncle and great-aunts to themselves. Since his sons and daughters are great-uncles and great-aunts to themselves his wife is his niece, he is her grand-son and he his own grand-father.

The E. City Economist said: On Sunday last, the ocean near Nag's Head was one boundless continuity of blue fish, as far as the eye could reach. The oldest inhabitant (and some of the ancient ones are there) had never seen the like. A little boy caught thirteen (by tail) in the surf, and threw them on the beach. A man with a farm pitchfork struck 200 and threw them upon the beach. The beach for miles was covered with fat backs.

MAMIE'S VICTORY.—"Mamie," said a mother to a little six year old, "If I was a little girl like you I would pick up all those chips." "Well, mamma," said the little one, "ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

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T. B. LYON, JR. E. DALBY. E. H. REAMS. (Late of "Daily Post.")

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