

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, March 15, 1876.

ORPHAN ENTERTAINMENTS.

With the hope of exciting more interest in the orphan work, and for the purpose of transacting business connected therewith, I invite the people to attend

FREE ENTERTAINMENTS to be given by

NINE ORPHANS

at the following times and places:

Tuesday, March 21, Mt. Tirzah.
Wednesday, " 22, Roxboro.
Thursday, " 23, Leasburg.
Friday, " 24, Milton.
Saturday, " 25, Yanceyville.
Monday, " 27, Anderson's Store.
Tuesday, " 28, Prospect Hill.
Wednesday, " 29, Chapel Hill.
Thursday, " 30, Durham.
Friday, " 31, Knap of Reeds.

If these appointments do not suit, friends will please inform me. The appointments are for 7 p. m., but other places on the way-side can be visited at 11 a. m., if the people so desire.

We shall need at each appointment a church or hall, four beds, and the usual meals for nine children and food for two mules. Friends of the orphan work are requested to make the necessary arrangements and give due notice.

J. H. MILLS, Supt.

The first page of this paper contains the legislation of the Grand Lodge in regard to the orphan work. The design and management are so distinctly stated that any misapprehension seems impossible. Yet we are every day required to write letters to explain the reasons for regulations which have been adopted by wiser and better men.

Dr. Thornwell, when a poor orphan boy, was adopted by Mr. Robbins and the two Generals Gillespie, who defrayed all the expenses of his education. Dr. Palmer, alluding to Dr. Thornwell's life-long love and gratitude to his patrons, and to the undying interest they felt in his welfare and fame, says:

"No form of charity, probably, yields as quick and large returns as the education of a promising youth; and some of the brightest gems with which society is adorned were thus rescued from the rubbish, where they would have remained buried for ever. The affection, too, which springs up betwixt the beneficiary and his patron, is often one of the purest that is known on earth. The bonds of kindness on the one hand, and gratitude on the other, bring the two into relations only less endeared than betwixt parent and child. The correspondence shortly to be introduced, will show such to have been the affection between Dr. Thornwell and the friends of his early dependence. It will serve to illustrate that entertained by General Gillespie, to relate an incident which occurred with the writer of these pages. At one of the commencements of the South Carolina College, during the presidency of Dr. Thornwell, the pressure of the crowd thrust the writer into an uneasy posture, directly behind the chair occupied by General Gillespie, as a trustee, upon the rostrum. In one of the pauses between the speeches, when the music gave the signal for relaxation, and the hum of conversation pervaded the house, he leant forward and whispered in the ear of his neighbor: "General, I would give a good deal to drop down

into the middle of your heart, and see exactly how you feel, as you sit there and see and hear that man, now clothed with the highest dignities of the State, whom you helped to occupy that post of honor." Turning round, with eyes brimming with tears, and a voice tremulous with emotion, he replied: "Mr. Palmer, you would have to go down into this heart to find it out; for I have no words in which to express the gratitude and joy which the recollection gives me." Truly there are cases in which "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and with a generous nature, a gratitude for the privilege of doing good may rise as high as the gratitude which acknowledges an obligation. Whatever losses may have accrued from the ravages of war, this venerable benefactor has an investment in the usefulness of his ward, stretching along the ages yet to come, of which neither time nor eternity will ever deprive him."

For the Orphans' Friend.

Perhaps the readers of the FRIEND would like to hear something about the mountains and Asheville and the Orphan Asylum at Asheville. But it isn't the right time of the year to describe the mountains and mountain scenery, so I will pass them by for the present, hoping that many of the readers of the FRIEND will find their way up here next summer and see for themselves how grand, how beautiful, how pleasant they are.

Asheville is a sort of metropolis of the transmontane portion of the State, and a place of considerable trade, carried on mostly by wagons. These come here from all the counties around, and west as far as the Tennessee line, and even many from Tennessee come, all loaded with country produce, to exchange for such things as are needed for the farm and household. The barter trade here is very extensive. Eggs, butter, fruit, fowls, flour, corn, meal, bacon and lumber are brought in large quantities and exchanged for salt, sugar, coffee, plows, dry goods and other necessities. Most of the country produce bartered for is shipped to the eastern part of the State, to the South Carolina markets and to Baltimore, but the difficulty, delay and high price of transportation takes away much of the profits of the trade.

There are many things in connection with Asheville of which her citizens may be justly proud. She has eight or ten churches, most of them neat and commodious, the services of which are well attended. Her hotels—the Eagle, Bank, Central and Sanitarium—are not excelled in the South, and a new hotel of large dimensions, now being erected by Pinckney Rollins, will be ready for the summer travel. The new Court House here, when finished, will be another striking feature of the place. It will be the finest and best arranged Court House in the State, when completed. A Mr. Scott, from one of the Northern States, is the contractor.

Another thing of which Asheville may be proud, is the absence of bar-rooms and liquor establishments. You could not buy a pint of spirits in the whole town, not even at the drug stores. The consequence is, there is seldom any "salt and batter" cases for the courts; the country people come to town, transact their business, exchange their produce for something useful, leave in good

time and go home sober to their wives and children. Altogether Asheville is a nice, pleasant place and filled with nice, moral, intelligent people.

But I have gone on all this time and haven't got to the orphans yet. I must leave them for my next letter. I will say now that they enjoy good health, haven't over-eat themselves lately, and are contented and happy.

J. H. M.

SAMPLES OF FINE ENGLISH.

Many, no doubt, use "fine English" because they have never considered and never been told how foolish it is, and how much more expressive and beautiful is real Saxon-English. Others use "fine English" to be genteel. "The bastinado," says Bobadil, in Ben Johnson's "Every man in his Humor," "how came he by that word, trow?" "Nay, indeed," answers Matthew, "he said cudgel; I termed it so for my more grace." Others, and these the most incurable, make circumlocutions of long words do duty for humor; as when a popular writer advises his hero 'not to give vent to vociferations till he has emerged from the forest;' or an Edinburg reviewer calls a dining-table 'the prandial mahogany.'

Of fine English the difficulty is not to find examples, but to choose them from those that so many books, newspapers, and sermons furnish. To begin with the critics. In the *Edinburg Review* the writer wishes to tell us that Edgar Allan Poe was an example of the truth of the old proverb, *In vino veritas*. He says: "We lean rather to the ancient proverb, that truth is made manifest on convivial occasions."

Boys are generally called by the fine writers "the juvenile portion of the community;" but in the *Quarterly Review* they are spoken of as 'the male progeny of human kind.' A critic in the *Literary Gazette* says that Mr. Hollingshead spent some forty pounds among the workmen at the opera, 'which reminds us of an ill-natured proverb about the speedy separation that arises between certain classes of men and their available resources.' I suppose it is the same genius who a few pages after calls a father 'a male parent,' and an uncle "an avuncular guardian," and who winds up his criticism by saying that modern fiction 'furnishes no intellectual nutrition whatever to the adolescent mind.'

Unfortunately, very many of those to whom our children's education is intrusted are themselves educated in schools where the pupils are taught to be genteel, and where the chief mark of gentility is counted to be the using of fine language. Very sensible was that dame who, doubtful, I suppose, of her patrons' understanding the fine inscription, 'Seminary for Young Ladies,' added under it the translation, 'A Girl's School.'

Akin to our subject is the love of affected finery in titles. You may see this announcement: 'The lady of W. Smith, Esq.' Mr. Smith, of course, cannot use the word 'wife.' A friend of mine was asked in the pit of a theatre if there was any room for a lady? He replied, he had no doubt a lady would find room in the boxes; but if a woman really wanted to sit down, he would make room for her. The title of 'esquire' too, which every body now gives to everybody, and expects himself in return, is, I think, another sign of the love of the age for affected finery. Horace Smith defined

'esquire,' 'a title very much in use among vulgar people.' A horse doctor now calls himself a 'veterinary surgeon.' An author is a 'literary gentleman;' and a merchant, 'a gentleman engaged in mercantile pursuits.' A man used to go to law, he now 'institutes legal proceedings;' he used to go to the doctor, he now 'consults his medical adviser.' There is, too, the fine English of the shop-keeper, who styles himself 'the proprietor of the establishment.' He that used to sell by auction, now 'submits to public competition;' instead of 'giving notice,' he 'intimates to the public;' instead of 'raising his clerk's wages,' he 'augments his salary.' Somebody going into a shop to buy half-mourning, was referred by the shopman to the 'mitigated affliction department.' A tradesman of whom I bought some lamp-oil sent it home 'with Mr. Clark's compliments and solicitations.' One man sells 'unsophisticated gin,' and another lets 'general'.

I have tried to show by these examples how destructive of our beautiful language, and how foolish, it is to use fine words and expressions in common talk and writing upon common things. 'To clothe,' says Fuller, 'low creeping matter with high-flown language is not fine fancy, but flat foolery. It rather loads than raises a wren to fasten the feathers of an ostrich to her wings. We may consider it a general rule, that the best English is that in which Saxon-derived words are used the most freely; that it is better, for common purposes at least, to say 'like' than 'similar,' 'help' than 'assist,' 'give' than 'present,' 'beg' than 'solicit,' 'kinsman' than 'relation,' 'neighborhood' than 'vicinity,' 'praise' than 'encomium.' That is good advice of the author of "Guesses at Truth." "When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks." Let us then call a spade a spade. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meanings.

—Harper's Monthly.

The Vain Rhinoceros.

A Rhinoceros who was drinking at a limpid Stream observed therein the reflected image of his Horns and Legs. 'Alas!' quoth he, 'that an animal with such massive Legs should be disfigured by so insignificant a Horn!' At this moment his meditations were interrupted by the baying of a pack of Hounds. Away he fled, but his Legs refused to convey him with sufficient speed, and turning round as the baying pack gained on him he disseminated crude Sausage-Meat and Driving Gloves over that section of the Continent. 'I see,' he cried as he exalted the last Hound into the spacious Firmament on high, 'that the Legs I admired would have proved my ruin had not my despised Horn insured my safety.'

Moral.—Some people don't know what's good for them.

The Emperor of Russia is quite young in comparison with his most important cotemporaries. He is in his fifty-eighth year. His uncle, Kaiser Wilhelm, is twenty-one years older. While Alexander is much attached to his uncle of Germany and his son and heir hates Germany the Germans. Hence the Czar's comparative youth is a good thing for Europe.

LADY BYRON AND FANNY KEMBLE.

Lady Byron was a peculiarly reserved and quiet person, with a manner habitually deliberate and measured, a low subdued voice, and rather diffident hesitation in expressing herself; and she certainly conveyed the impression of natural reticence and caution. But so far from ever appearing to me to justify the description often given of her, of a person exceptionally cold, hard, measured intellect and character, she always struck me as a woman capable of profound and fervid enthusiasm, with a mind of rather a romantic and visionary order.

She surprised me extremely one evening as she was accompanying me to one of my public readings, by exclaiming, "Oh, how I envy you! What would I not give to be in your place!" As my vocation, I am sorry to say, oftener appeared to me to justify my own regret than the envy of others, I answered, "What! to read Shakespeare before some hundreds of people?" "Oh, no," she said, "not to read Shakespeare to them, but to have all that mass of people under your control, subject to your influence, and receiving your impressions." She then went on to say that she would give anything to lecture upon subjects which interested her deeply, and that she would like to advocate with every power she possessed. Lady Byron, like most enthusiasts was fond of influencing others and making disciples to her own views. I made her laugh by telling her that more than once, when looking from my reading-desk over the sea of faces uplifted towards me, a sudden feeling seized me that I must say something from myself to all these human beings whose attention I felt at that moment entirely at my command, and between whom and myself a sense of sympathy thrilled powerfully and strangely through my heart, as I looked steadfastly at them before opening my lips; but that, on wondering afterwards what I might, could, would, or should have said to them from myself, I never could think of anything but two words: "Be good!" which as a preface to the reading of one of Shakespeare's plays might have have startled them. Omit and strongly as the temptation recurred to me, I never could think of anything better worth saying to my audience. I have some hope that sometimes in the course of the reading I said it effectually, without shocking them by a departure from my proper calling, or deserving the rebuke of "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."—[Old Woman's Gossip, by Mrs. Kemble, March Atlantic.

Give till you feel it—till it involves some self-denial, some stinting of comfort or luxury, for the sake of Christ and His cause. How sweet to do something for one who has done so much for us! A gentleman who had given very largely, was inquired of by his presumptive heir, at his dying bed, as to the whereabouts of his fortune. "You will find it," said the dying man, "in the pockets of the indigent."

"Call that a kind man?" said an actor, speaking of an acquaintance; 'a man who is away from his family and never sends them a farthing? Call that kindness?' 'Yes, unremitting kindness,' Jerrold replied.