

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, June 14, 1876.

STILL GOING WEST.

Leaving Oxford, on a pleasant morning, and leaving the children to pursue their studies, we are off again for the West. Horace Greely says, "go west, young man," and we go, and keep going. At Henderson, many prominent citizens of Granville take the train to go to Raleigh to court Judge Brooks. Better visit him at his home in Elizabeth City than at the bench and bar in Raleigh. The courts and the politicians are busy at the Capitol. New lawyers and old campaigners are at work. Some body is to hold office, and hundreds feel themselves competent. But our business in Raleigh is arranged, and off we go. "Westward, ho!" Train full. Col. Long reads of the Indians and falls asleep. He dreams that a rude red-skin seizes him by the hair on the top (a hem!) of his head, and draws the dreadful scalping knife. His nightmare can not take him away, and so he cries aloud for help. "Murder, murder, murder," rings through the coach, and the Col. awakes as happy as sister Jones at a camp-meeting, and laughs at his own alarm.

We reach Thomasville and the Female College too late to hear the address by W. H. Pace, Esq. But the people pronounce it a good one. We are too late also for the exercises of the graduates, but in time for the excellent concert. So far as we can learn, this institution is doing thorough and faithful work in the cause of education, and the prices are low, while the fare is good.

COMMENCEMENT AT TRINITY.

On Wednesday and Thursday, for many miles around, the land is astir to hear Dr. Talmage, the famous Brooklyn preacher, at Trinity College. He is a small man physically, except that his mouth, nose and eyes are large. His red hair is combed across his bald head, and he looks like a cool, calculating Yankee. His voice is loud and strong, high or low, coarse or fine at pleasure. All his weeping is done with his mouth. In an instant he can fill his voice with tears, while his eyes look sad, but keep perfectly dry. As a speaker he is intensely humorous and better than an average circus. Even in a sermon, his wit and humor are constantly boiling over; but his sermons are sensible and attractive. His literary address was not literary, solemn or profound. It was amusing from the start. He first broke a bottle of mirth over the heads of his hearers, and then came a rolling flood of

"Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides."

It was good for the grumbles, a disease which now sorely afflicts our people. It abounded in good advice on matters of minor importance. But the people laughed at the man and at his manners, even when what he said was common. Here is a sample: "The man, who does not love a horse, ought to be—ah—kicked by a mule." Read this sentence and it seems to be as dry as a bone; but hear Dr. Talmage say it, and you will laugh till your sides are sore. The address was certainly entertaining to the vast assembly; but the occasion might have been improved to stimulate education among the people. The graduates delivered their orations with ease and graceful dignity. Dr. Craven held the crowd under

complete control, and the marshals were equal to every emergency. The aisles were kept open, talking was prohibited, and perfect decorum prevailed. Judge Dick presented the medals, and Dr. Bryant presented the Bibles. Both delivered brief and very appropriate addresses. Mr. C. L. Heitman, of Lexington, delivered the Valedictory Addresses. They were touching and appropriate. Dr. Burkhead, President of the Board of Trustees, presented the Diplomas to Dr. Craven, and he read them to the audience and presented them to graduates. All the ceremonies were impressive. High hopes are entertained of the future usefulness of Trinity College.

Leaving a discharged orphan with a good lady in Lexington, we are soon in Salisbury. Mr. Robbins and Col. Waddell have been renominated and the people are full of politics. Some can hardly eat. What will become of the orphans when the campaign gets hot?

SUGGESTIONS TO FARMERS.

1. Many have failed to raise a supply of tobacco plants, and will have leisure in June, though grain crops are growing where preparation was made for tobacco. In one day a large quantity of blackberries may be gathered. At night they may be dried in a few hours in the tobacco barns, just as tobacco is cured. Next day they will command the cash in any market, and will promptly and richly repay for the labor bestowed.

2. It is true that corn is the best food for hogs. It is also true that hogs need vegetables, and onions especially—as a preventive of cholera. When you take up dinner, drop onions, (tops and all) into the pot and boil for half an hour. Hogs so fed enjoy good health.

3. Dead wood in the forest engenders diseases. Better burn it, in dry seasons, and fertilize with the ashes, the best and cheapest of all the fertilizers.

4. Let us, as a people, help each other. Some things must come from Northern shops and stores. But as a general rule, let us buy from our own manufacturers and trade through our own merchants. There is no virtue in sending to New York for painted goshen butter, while good butter made in our own state is selling for 20 cents. Cloth made in our own state is good enough for a gentleman's coat or a lady's dress. Our own tan-yards and shoe-shops, and chair factories, sash factories, cheese factories, and wagon factories would be equal to all our wants if duly patronized. The best hominy in the world is made in North Carolina. Yet our people pay double price for hominy from other states. Those farmers who raise their own hogs and beeves, and make most of their farming tools are always prosperous. Those who buy every thing they want, and depend on cotton and tobacco to pay for all, are generally asking credit at the stores.

It is a remarkable fact that every day in the week is observed by some nation for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

WAKE FOREST COMMENCEMENT.

June 6th, 7th, and 8th.

Tuesday, the visitors begin to come in on the different trains. The Trustees meet at 11 a. m. The visitors are delighted with the appearance of the place. They admire the stately oaks, the beautiful grass and the winding walks of the College Campus.

At 8 p. m., Rev. C. C. Bitting, D.D., Richmond, Va., delivers the Annual Sermon from Luke 24: 45, "Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures."

"The Enlighten Understanding" was well discussed. The preacher was enabled to keep his subject between himself and his audience in such a way, that the people saw the subject, not the preacher. Notwithstanding the occasion and crowd, he kept the undivided attention of his audience. Long will we remember his pleasant face and kind heart.

Wednesday, 11 a. m., the address before the Literary Societies is to be delivered. The address comes, but the Hon. W. M. Robbins, of Statesville, N. C., is kept by pressing duties in Washington. The address is read by Dr. Bitting. He enters so fully into the spirit of the address that it is hard to conceive how Mr. Robbins himself could delivered it in a better manner.

Wednesday, 4 p. m., the Alumni Association holds a mass-meeting for the purpose of discussing the North Carolina Baptist Student's Aid Society. Short speeches are made by Prof. Taylor, J. W. Denmark, Dr. McDowell, Rev. J. D. Hufham, J. C. Scarborough, Dr. Bitting, Dr. Pritchard. Mr. Scarborough tells how he came to Wake Forest soon after the close of the war wearing his Confederate Uniform, and without one dollar in his pockets. He finds friends who lend him money and he completes the regular College Course. He is employed as Tutor, and two years after he graduates, repays the last cent of the borrowed money, and has twenty dollars in his pockets. The object of this Society is to lend money to poor young men to enable them to obtain an education—the money to be repaid with interest as soon as the young men can.

Wednesday, 8 p. m., Rev. T. H. Pritchard, D.D., of Raleigh, N. C., delivers the Annual Address before the Alumni Association. His subject: "The English Language." The address was well conceived, instructive, and well received by the audience.

Below we give the programme for Thursday. Were we to tell a title of the compliments we heard paid the different members of the graduating class, we might turn their heads well balanced as we think they are. It is sufficient to say that without exception, they acquitted themselves well.

PROGRAMME.

- PRAYER.
- MUSIC.
- LATIN SALUTATORY.
J. T. Bland, Pender Co., N. C.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION.—Talent, a Dangerous Possession.
J. B. Powers, Pender Co., N. C.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION.—Pleasure of Communing with the Wise.
J. L. Britt, Wayne Co., N. C.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION.—"What Man has Done Man can Do."
B. F. Montague, Wake Forest, N. C.
- MUSIC.
- ORATION.—The Materialistic Nature of our Civilization.
J. T. Bland, Pender Co., N. C.
- MUSIC.
- VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.
J. B. Powers, Pender Co., N. C.

MUSIC.
Conferring Degrees and President's Address to Graduating Class.

MUSIC.

BENEDICTION.
NAMES OF

I. Students who have completed the several Schools.

LATIN.
J. T. J. Battle, W. E. Daniel,
J. G. Bunch, A. E. Walters.

GREEK.
J. G. Bunch, C. W. Scarborough,
W. L. Potat, N. H. Street.

MATHEMATICS.
L. T. Buchanan, W. L. Potat,
F. R. Jones, W. C. Scarborough,
J. R. Jones, N. H. Street.

II. Students who have completed the Course for the Degree of Bachelor of Science.
B. F. Montague.

III. Students who have completed the Course for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.
J. T. Bland, J. L. Britt, J. B. Powers.

IV. Students absent from no duty during the past year.
H. Y. Allen, D. H. Jenkins,
E. F. Aydlett, W. N. Jones,
J. T. Bland, J. B. Powers.

V. Students absent from no duty during the past two years.
W. E. Daniel.

Thursday, 4 p. m., there are pleasant reunions of old students in the mass-meetings of the two Literary Societies, and many a tale is therein unfolded.

At night the Campus, Chapel and Literary Halls are filled by old and young. There are very few "wall-flowers" and every bashful young man and blushing maiden seems to find something to talk about. And that something generally appears to be of a private nature. Notwithstanding it is leap year, we see several young men, we think, are doing the courting.

The D. D. tree bears no fruit this year. No honorary titles are conferred. We have attended every Commencement since the war, and we have no hesitancy in saying, that this is the most enjoyable of them all.

L. R. M.

THE OXFORD ORPHAN ASYLUM.

There is no institution, or enterprise in the State, which so strongly appeals to every noble and generous impulse of the human heart as the above. And yet, notwithstanding the unquestionable claims it has upon the people for a generous and liberal support, we learn its excellent Superintendent is barely able to keep it going. There is no duty which a State is called upon to discharge of a higher dignity than the comfortable maintenance and education of its indigent orphans. It is a question which has both a political and religious aspect, and appeals both to our patriotism and philanthropy. It should be done as a matter of State policy. It is well known that the bulk of the crime committed is the result of neglected childhood and ignorant manhood. Our jails and penitentiaries are filled with criminals who might have been occupying honorable and useful places in society, but for a childhood of poverty and neglect. It is our duty from a social and political standpoint to look after the poor and destitute orphans of the State, take them out of the abodes of vice and wretchedness in which many of them are forced, and give them a chance to make honorable and useful men and women.

As a christian people, we should remember the word of God tells us that "pure religion, and undefiled," is "to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction." There is no duty more strongly enforced in the christian's creed

than that of helping the orphan, and yet we people of North Carolina who almost boast of the purity of our faith and the consistency of our religious deportment, are permitting hundreds of orphans all around us to grow up in ignorance and vice, with no religious training of instruction. We write this as the editor of a secular paper, and we say to the professed christians of the State who ride to church in carriages and worship God in silk and broad-cloth, without lifting a hand to help the destitute and starving orphans around you, we would not give a fig for your religion. Notwithstanding the admitted poverty of our people, we throw away on useless, if not actually hurtful indulgences, enough every year, to feed, clothe and educate every orphan in the State.

We intend, at some future time, urging the importance and propriety of our State Legislature making an appropriation for the maintenance of the orphan institution, but in the meantime, we appeal to the people of the State to come forward like the noble men and women we have always regarded them, and support this institution. Send your money, and if you have no money to spare, send provision or clothing. The editors of this paper will gladly take charge of and promptly forward any donations to the Oxford Asylum.—*Warrenton Centennial.*

A Cheerful Heart.

"I love to see you coming. You are gladness in the darkest hour—a perfect sunbeam." A merry or a cheerful countenance was one of the things Henry Taylor said his enemies could not take from him. There are some who spend their lives as if shut up in a dungeon—gloom and despondency ever on their faces, fretting and fault-finding ever on their lips. They moan day by day, they have so little, and are in constant fear lest what they have should slip from their fingers.—They never enjoy the good of to-day, for fear of the evil which may come. This is poor piety.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." Religion must make the heart glad. When the true relation is established, and known between God and man, men must be happy in spite of themselves, and happiness in the heart will be reflected in the face.

There is enough to find fault with, if we have the disposition; there are thorns and thistles on every hand; there is a cross in every lot. We may be called to travel a weary road; but with a heart to praise God for His mercies, we may "make a joyful noise" unto Him and walk as in our appointed way in comfort and peace, even to the end of the journey.

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.—Of all the trees, I observe that God hath chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and guileless dove. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor in the spreading palm, but a bush, a humble, abject bush. As if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate like pride.—*Feltham.*