

The Orphans' Friend.

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BRING BACK MY FLOWERS.

"Bring back my flowers!" said a rosy child,
As she played by the streamlet's side,
And cast down wreaths of the flowerets wild
On the ever-hurrying tide.
But the stream flowed on, and her treasures bore

To the far-off sparkling sea,
To return to the place of their birth no more,
Though she cried, "Come back to me,
Ye fairest gems of these forest bowers;
Oh, stream! bright stream! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" said a noble youth,
As he mournfully stood alone,
And sadly thought on the broken truth
Of a heart that was once his own,—
Of a light that shone on his life's young day,
As brilliant as man e'er knew,
Of a love that his reason had led astray,
And to him was no longer true.

"Return!" he cried, "life's brightest hours!
Oh, stream of time! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" a mother sighed,
O'er the grave where her infant slept;
And where, in her stubbornness and pride,
She her tearful vigils kept.

"Oh, why does the cruel hand of Death
Seek victims so fair as she?
Oh, why are the loved ones of others left,
While mine is thus snatched from me?
Who gave to thee, Death, such cruel powers?
Oh, grave! dark grave! bring back my flowers."

"Bring back my flowers!" said a grey-haired man,
For the friends of his youth were fled;
And those he had loved and cherished most,
Were slumbering with the dead.

But a faith in his God still cheered him on,
Though the present was dark and drear,
For he knew that in heaven he'd meet again
The friends upon earth so dear.

"Come, Death!" he cried, "for in Eden's bowers
Our God will restore our long-lost flowers."

HOMES AND SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN.

GOOD TEMPLARS' HOME FOR ORPHANS, VALLEJO, CAL.

Children between 2 and 12 years of age are received here, and are retained till after 14. The sources of revenue are: 20 per cent of the Grand Lodge per-capita tax; State aid, under the law of California relating to orphan asylums; donations of lodges and individuals, and revenue derived from the support of children whose surviving parent, guardian, or friends may pay a monthly stipend. These sources of revenue are stated to be amply sufficient for the wants of the home, which, in 1874, sheltered 55 children—39 boys and 16 girls.

The report for 1874 states that all the laws of California in relation to granting State aid to orphan asylums emanated either from this Grand Lodge or from this board; and the act of the legislature of last session, concerning the guardianship of orphaned and abandoned children, was passed at the suggestion of this board. Under the operation of the statutes now in force, the State contributes a large and satisfactory proportion of the cost of maintaining the orphan asylums of the State, and in such equitable proportion to each as the number of inmates entitled them to. With the existing laws the board is now content, believing they have been enacted in accordance with the suggestions of experience; and their practical operation has justified their wisdom.

The children here are instructed in the common school branches of education, and an effort is being made to provide some industrial training also.

HARTFORD ORPHAN ASYLUM, CON.

This institution was organized in 1819, and has received on an average 60 children annually. It is well supported, and is doing a steady and creditable work.

NEW HAVEN ORPHAN ASYLUM, CON.

This institution had its origin some forty years ago in the efforts of about twenty-five benevolent ladies, who, after discussing the needs and sufferings of the destitute children of the city, organized the New Haven Female Society for the Relief of Orphan and Destitute Children, out of which grew the New Haven Orphan Asylum, incorporated in May, 1833.

Its officers are a board of female managers, consisting of a president, chief manager, treasurer, corresponding secretary, recording secretary, provider, and forty managers. These control the appropriation of the income of the asylum and have the general management of the internal and domestic concerns of the institution. The constitution provides that the board of managers shall be chosen from the different Protestant evangelical religious denominations of the city.

Besides this, nine gentlemen are elected annually by the society as a board of trustees, whose duty it is to take charge of the property of corporation, both personal and real. They are *ex-officio* counselors of the board of managers, and act as advisers to them in all cases of necessity.

Many of the children received have friends who pay a merely nominal sum weekly, in order to retain the control of their children, hoping some time to be able to care for them.

Children are not received before they are 2 years old or after they have completed their tenth year, and they are rarely kept in the asylum after they are 14 years of age. Then they are placed in some family where they can be taught some trade or employment and also attend school during a portion of the year. The by-laws contain the following provisions on the subject:

Persons taking children into their families must be married or keeping house, regular attendants of a Protestant place of worship, and be recommended by their pastor or other respectable persons.

No child shall be indentured to perform labor under 12 years of age; the term of service shall be discretionary with the board of managers.

Employés will be allowed two months' trial, at the expiration of which time, if either party is dissatisfied, the child may be returned to the asylum.

Great care must be taken by the board to secure to the children a comfortable home, kind treatment, and a thorough industrial, moral, and religious education.

The grounds are very beautifully laid out and the building large and convenient. The deep front yard is covered with a soft and rich turf and shaded by a number of large and elegant evergreens, while in the rear of the house are the ample play-grounds and a neatly-kept kitchen-garden. Entering the building, one finds on the ground-floor the parlors and sitting-room of the family, the large dining-room for the children, the capacious kitchen, wash-room, pantries, &c., and the

sewing-room, where several sewing machines are kept in constant operation, making and mending the children's clothing. On the next story are the apartments of the matron and teachers, the boys' and girls' rooms, nursery, bath-rooms, &c. Above these are the sleeping-rooms and hospital. Each sleeping-room contains fifteen or twenty little iron bedsteads, and the care of the beds is delegated to one or two of the larger boys or girls, and throughout the whole house those who are able to work are initiated into all the mysteries of housekeeping.

In the basement, beside the hot-air and steam-furnaces which heat the building, are two large, separate play-rooms for the boys and girls. Here each child has a little closet or box in which he keeps his own playthings, and they are made the means of teaching the children neatness and the difference between 'mine' and 'thine.'

The present number of children in the asylum is not far from 110, and the total number who have found a home in it since its organization is considerably over 1,000.

The accounts of the asylum have been very carefully kept, and there is ground for felicitating the ladies on the fact that an institution managed entirely by them has not lost a single cent by carelessness in keeping the accounts in the forty years of its history. The records show that when the asylum was first founded the average cost of maintaining each child was \$1 per week; in 1847, it was 75 cents; in 1848, 77 cents; and in 1870, 64 cents.

The discipline of the asylum is of the most careful sort, and every endeavor is made to mitigate in the cases of these desolate children the absence of a mother's care and father's watchfulness. The school connected with it is in excellent condition and reflects great credit on its teachers. It has also a valuable children's library of several hundred volumes, which has been replenished for some time past by annual donation of fifty dollars.—*Bureau of Education.*

LORD MACAULAY.

The publication of the biography of one of the most influential writers that has ever made use of the English language is almost a national event; and to the admirable biography of Lord Macaulay just published by his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, there attaches this unique interest, that it is, to an extent perhaps quite unprecedented, a revelation of the character of the man. We cannot express the astonishment with which we were affected when we found that, until we read this book, we had never known the true Macaulay. Opinions, we were aware, might differ concerning him on several points; but all the world, we fancied, must agree that a polished, lance-like, crystalline clearness and hardness ranked among his most characteristic qualities. Of him, almost as confidently as of Goethe, we would have said that 'he never wept, or that his tears were as drops of water trickling over adamant.' And now it is demon-

strated beyond possibility of question that Macaulay was one of the most tender-hearted of human beings, a creature whose organization was intensely emotional, whose very life depended on the nearness of those he loved. As a child he would cry for joy when his mother returned to him, after a few hours' absence, and she, 'till her husband put a stop to it,' often made an exhibition to her friends of her power of working on the little fellow's feelings. He died at last of heart complaint, brought to a crisis by the prospect of having to bid his sister, Lady Trevelyan, farewell, on her departure for India. His delight in children was the unaffected, buoyant, sympathetic delight of one who, in heart, remained throughout life a child. He would laugh with them, romp with them, rhyme with them, address beautifully versified valentines to them, but never forgot to treat them with a reverential delicacy of loving care. Think of this—it is Macaulay himself who writes—"Alice was in perfect raptures over her valentine. She begged quite pathetically to be told the truth about it. When we were alone together, she said, "I am going to be serious." Down she fell before me on her knees, and lifted up her hands: "Dear uncle, do tell the truth to your little girl. Did you send the valentine?" I did not choose to tell a real lie to a child, even about such a trifle, and so I owned it." His fun with children was often good enough for their elders; and his pet hatreds, always manly and rational hatreds, found their way into it. He cordially hated and despised, for instance, that truly hateful and despicable thing, Puseyism, and it is as follows that he announces to two of his nieces how he intends to celebrate the solemn Puseyite festival of Michaelmas at Clapham:—"Michaelmas will, I hope, find us all at Clapham over a noble goose. Do you remember the beautiful Puseyite hymn on Michaelmas day? It is a great favorite with all the Tractarians. You and Alice should learn it. It begins—

"Though Quakers scowl, though Baptists howl,
Though Plymouth Brethren rage,
We Churchmen gay will wallow to-day
In apple-sauce, onions, and sage.
"Ply knife and fork, and draw the cork,
And have the bottle handy;
For each slice of goose will introduce
A thimble-ful of brandy."
It is good? I wonder who the author can be. Not Newman, I think. It is above him. Perhaps it is Bishop Wilberforce." It was not only his own nieces and nephews that he loved; the thought of any child that was desolate and unhappy affected him to tears, and a paragraph in a prayer about the suicide of a girl would make him cry. In all that related to money he was extremely generous, and Dickens himself could not have been more easily imposed upon by a tale of distress. With quite romantic, and, indeed, almost absurd munificence, he insisted upon it that Mr. Adam Black, the eminent Edinburgh publisher, who had exerted himself to secure his return from Edinburgh, should pay nothing for those exquisite biographies of Bunyan, Goldsmith, Pitt and others, which form brightly green

oases in the sandy expanses of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and were separately published in a charming volume. The genuineness of his emotional displays being thus attested, we can have no suspicion of affectation when we hear of his crying like a girl over the woes of Priam and the death of Hector as described in the *Iliad*. In short, this keen reviewer, this laughter to scorn of Robert Montgomery, this grim executioner of Barrere, this man who was thought to have a two-fold share of coldness, first as a literary artist and secondly as a Whig, was one of the most affectionate and tender men that ever lived.

The secret—for a secret it certainly was—could not, we think, have been kept if it had not been for Macaulay's almost morbid carefulness as a writer. He made a rule for himself, Mr. Trevelyan tells us, "to publish nothing which was not carefully planned, strenuously laboured, and minutely finished;" and it is just the traces of emotion which the labor of the file is apt to remove. We doubt whether there is anything so striking in Macaulay's published writings as some of the mere dashes and random touches of his pen when he writes amid surrounding din, or in some snatched moment of excitement to his sisters, or when he jots down a remark in his journal without a thought of its being published. Take this, *apropos* of Moore's life of Byron:—"It is a sad book. Poor fellow! Yet he was a bad fellow, and horribly affected." That is a complete critique of the biography, and a condensed estimate of the poet. Still finer, in respect of execution, is his portrait of Brougham, as he saw him for the first time when they both sat in the House of Peers. "A strange fellow! His powers gone. His spite immortal. A dead nettle!" We restrict our praise of this to its merits as a portrait by a literary artist. There is nothing so wildly strong in his books as his description of the scene in the House of Commons when the Tories were beaten on the Reform bill in 1831: "Then again the shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. And the jaw of Peel fell; and the face of Twiss was as the face of a damned soul; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation." This strikes us as combining the manner of Michael Angelo with that of Rembrandt, with something added from the humor of George Cruikshank in his most sardonic mood. We have no hesitation in saying that the reputation of Lord Macaulay as a literary man will be raised by the specimens of his off-hand work given in this biography.

But, after all, the most important consideration relating to the boundless popularity of Macaulay is that it rests on the basis of sound moral teaching. We shall not say that the moral tone of his writings proved ultimately to be so high as it at one time promised to be. He began with the Puritans; in his later life he studied the base generation that shouted and drivelled round Charles II.