

The Orphans' Friend.

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POETRY.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang;
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue.
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sang then now,
Sung them slow and wearily—
Wan hand on her aching brow.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sang the hymn,
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee."
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath, all restfully,

All life's joys and sorrows hid,
No more of grief, no more of pain,
No more of sorrow, and no more
Of life's sad, sad, sad, sad, sad, sad,
With their eyes open to the light,
Could the sightless, smitten eyes,
Closed beneath the soft, gray hair;
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, eye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

AN OLD MAN'S SPEECH.

The eloquence of persuasion often effects us strongly in the silent suffering of those who have sinned under great temptation; but who can read the spoken sadness of the aged prisoner here named without feeling the same pity which his plea excited in the breasts of his hearers? The Elkton (Ky.) *Witness* tells the story.

"Not long since we had quite a touching scene in our courthouse. Old John Garner, an old, gray-headed man, was arraigned for the crime of grand larceny,—horse stealing. He pleaded guilty, and presented himself to the jury in a brief and touching address. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Jury: I am an old man, and my race is nearly run. This is the first time in my life I have ever been before a jury. I have never even been a witness in a magistrate's court. I was born in 1816, and have been a hard-working and honest man all my life until now.

"I am a stranger to every man in this house, except His Honor who sits on that bench. He has known me for nine years, and he will tell you I have been an honest man and a good citizen. This jury looks like a set of honest and intelligent men, and I wish you to deal with me the best you can. I read in the paper that the prison at Frankfort is an awful place,—that it is so crowded that one can scarcely live there. From the accounts of that place I suppose I could not live there long. You see I am old and feeble, and I ask you to do the best you can for me.

"Gentlemen, if I could have got work I could have supported my family, and not been here. But I want to tell you—I am a very poor man, and have to work to live. Well, last year the times were very hard indeed, and I could not get work much of my time. I am a mechanic, and I went to Clarksville, Fairview, and many other places, but I could not get any work. The times were very hard, as you all know, and but few men had money to pay for labor. I traveled around till I spent all that I had but a bed and a chair. I was tired and out of heart, and my family suffering for food and clothing.

"I heard then that I could get work in North Logan, and I sold my kit of tools to get my family up there. I paid \$75 for my tools in Louisville, and had to sell them low. After paying for moving I had \$15 left. I got a place for my family for a little while, and started again for work. I tried hard to find it, but could not. I went back to my family broken down in spirit, thinking I would have to starve or beg. Gentlemen, my little boy, about six years old, got in my lap and put his little arms round my neck, and asked me if the good Lord would be a friend to his father and mother of any man, and would that of them stay here."

The prisoner, overcome and overwhelmed with emotion, and passing a few moments in pleading for as light a verdict as the jury could give him. The occasion was exceedingly solemn. The prisoner told his story without reservation. Age and care had whitened his locks and furrowed his brow. He had seen better days, but he was now a broken reed. The jury, the attorneys, the judge and the spectators were touched by the homely recital of the suppliant prisoner. The jury gave him two years in the penitentiary, and the judge, jury and lawyers then signed a petition to the governor for his pardon.

"My son," said a father to his hopeful son, "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yesterday, as I told you to; you left the back gate open and let the cow get out; you cut off eighteen feet from the clothes line to make you a lasso; you stoned Mr. Robinson's pet dog and lamed it; you put a hard shell turtle in the hired girl's bed; you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door-bell; and painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polay's white pony; and hung your sister's bustle out in the front window. Now, what am I, what can I do to you for such conduct?" "Are all the counties heard from?" asked the candidate. The father replied, sternly: "No trifling, sir. No, I have several reports to receive from others of the neighbors." "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official court is in. Shortly afterward the election was thrown into the house; and before half the votes were canvassed it was evident, from the peculiar applause, that the boy was badly beaten.

THE VALUE OF A DOLLAR.

A few days since Mr. Johnson found a \$1 bill in the cars. He could not find an owner. A friend suggested to put it in some trust company with the proviso that it shall bear interest, which interest shall be compounded every year, and at the end of two hundred years a hospital shall be erected with the product. Mr. Johnson smiled and suggested that the amount was too small. We have taken the trouble to reckon what that dollar would amount to, and find that the final sum would be \$131,072. This is reckoning at 6 per cent interest. Now, suppose Mr. Johnson should invest \$5 more to endow the hospital we have the immense sum of \$655,360 to forever keep the hospital in active operation. Some will say, "Two hundred years, pshaw! that is too far off;" yet money institutions are now in existence in London that are more than three hundred years old; and if a man is dead it will make little difference to him if the money he bequeaths is invested in two years or in two hundred years. So we respectfully suggest that the dollar, with the additional \$5, shall be put out at interest to found the hospital, to be built in 2079, and to have the one dollar found in the cars.

THE WIFE.

Thomas Jefferson wrote the following excellent advice. There is much human nature and goodness in it: "Harmony in a married state is the first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted happiness but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and the determination of each to consider the love of the other more value than any earthly object whatever on which a wish can be fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life. Opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation; this only takes place when all the oppositions are put, as it were, in a pouch, which, while it is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on, and when full it is complete.

THE SILVER BELLS.

In Eastern poetry, they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these golden apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tingled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel tree there grow melodious blossoms; sweeter bells than those that mingle with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest; holy feelings, heaven taught joys; and when the wind bloweth where he listeth, the south wind waking, when the Holy Spirit breathes upon that soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, where gentle tones and joyful echoing are wafted through the recesses of our soul.—*Bapt. Teacher.*

It was thirty-nine years the 7th of December since Mr. Disraeli made his maiden speech in the House of Commons—an oration which, amidst a storm of ridicule and opprobrium, he concluded with the memorable sentences thus reported in the *Morning Chronicle* of the following day: "I am not at all surprised, Sir, at the reception which I have received [continued laughter.] I have begun several times many things [laughter,] and I have often succeeded at last [fresh cries of 'Question.] Ay, Sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me." Not "shall hear me," as we have been accustomed to quote it with due emphasis any time during the last twenty years. Here is a description of Mr. Disraeli's personal appearance on this memorable night, as described by an eyewitness: "He was very showily attired, being dressed in a bottle-green frock-coat and a waistcoat of white, of the Dick Swiveller pattern, the front of which exhibited a net-work of glittering chains; large fancy-pattern pantaloons, and a black tie, above which no shirt collar was visible, completed the outward man. A countenance lividly pale, set out by a pair of intensely black eyes and a broad but not very high forehead, overhung by clustered ringlets of coal-black hair, which, combed away from the right temple, fell in bunches of well-oiled small ringlets over his left cheek? Hughenden House, the manor over which the youngest of England's earls hold dominion, has been associated with not a few names of distinction. In a chapel of the old church are many knightly tombs of those who were once lords of the manor. Here Phillip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, frequently resided when the estate belonged to him. But of all its successive owners, none has made more distinct a mark on his age, or imprinted his name in characters more brilliant on the page of history than he who, uniting the dash of a De Montfort with the polish of a Chesterfield, has step by step risen to be Prime Minister of a mighty empire.

The following letter from Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, written some twenty years ago, is quoted to show that the price of lectures has risen: "My terms for a lecture, when I stay over night, are: Fifteen dollars and expenses, a room with a fire in it, in a public house, and a mattress to sleep on—no feather bed. As you write in your individual capacity, I tell you at once all my habitual exigencies. I am afraid to sleep in a cold room, I can't sleep on a feather bed, I will not go to private houses, and I have fixed upon the sum mentioned as what it is worth to me to go away for the night to places that cannot pay more.

It has been suggested to the enterprising people to direct their attention to the cultivation of spiders as manufacturers. We only hope the demand for the 'varmint' may be very great as we would have bright prospects of a fortune.

Barber.—"Well, my young gentleman, and how would you like your hair cut?" Youth—"O, I see papa's, please—with a little round hole at the top."

A little girl, four years old created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday School class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels was scared when they see him coming up the walk. He's cross to strangers."

An old black woman, reciting her "speermance," said she had been to heaven. "Did you see any of de colored ladies dar?" asked a younger sister. "Oh, you git out; you 'spose I went in de kitchen when I was dar?"

"Did she return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a young man, who intimated that he had had some difficulty with his sweetheart. "Yes, she returned it, and that is exactly what the trouble is. She said she didn't want it."

A gentleman said to his gardener, "George, the time will come when a man will be able to carry the manure of an acre of land in one of his waistcoat pockets." To which the gardener replied, "I believe it, sir, but he will be able to carry all the crop in the other pocket."

Sympathetic old lady. "Why, what in the world is the matter, my little man? What are you crying so for?"

Aggrieved Urchin. "Boo—hoo—hoo! Billy Spriggs has gone and busted my 'Lovers' Telegraph,' 'cause I wouldn't lend it to him to court Sally Brown with."

A school-master tells the following: "I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I had leisure to survey my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool. 'Is this the Junco block?' I asked a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out, 'I suppose so; the teacher always sits on it.' The stool was unoccupied that term."

A man with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for commitment on a charge of bigamy. "Four wives," exclaimed the astonished Hans—"four wives? Dat was a most innocent crime. Discharge him at vonst." "Why," protested the prosecutor,—"why discharge him, when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I eeksplains: Off he lif mit four wives, he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, and I got doo much bunishment already."

A young negro, very awkward, but with a kindly face, and low, soft voice, was tenderly and carefully leading an old blind woman, whom he called mother, through the Centennial buildings. He stopped before anything that interested him, and graphically explained it. His attention being arrested by a Cupid and Psyche, he thus explained to the old blind woman: "Dis is a white manny and her baby, and dey has just got no clo' onto 'em at all, to speak of, and he is a-kissin' of her like mischief, to be shuah. 'Tis kind of glad you can't see 'em, 'cause you'd be flustered like 'cause dey don't stay in de house till dey dress deyselves. All dese figures seem to be scarce of glo', but dey is mighty poaty."

When ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise.