

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, May 9, 1877

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Out of Granville, across Person, Caswell, Rockingham, Forsythe, and Stokes in Surry. We have also been into Virginia and into Yadkin. Let us review the journey, beginning with

THE RIVERS.

We have forded the Tar twice and crossed it once on a bridge. We crossed on bridges the North and South Hycos. We forded the Dan once and crossed it three times on bridges. We forded Mayo once. We crossed Yadkin, once in a flat, and once on the rocks at Rockford. We are now near Ararat River. We inquired how the name originated. A gentleman promptly responded that Noah's Ark rested on Pilot mountain, near Ararat, and so the river got its name. A long time since he attended Sunday School. Other rivers are still before us. We must ford Fish River to reach Dobson.

THE MOUNTAINS

appeared in sight as we were approaching Danville. These were the ridges in Pittsylvania and the White Oak Mountains beyond them. Then came the Sauratown Mountains, the Pilot and the Blue Ridge. Though our route is arranged to avoid the mountains; we have been winding around some and climbing others. The Blue Ridge is now only 10 miles away, and its long backbone is seen for many miles. About one-half of the South-East slope appears to be in cultivation.

THE LOCUSTS

are just appearing in this country. The hogs are fattening on them, and are rooting the woods with vigor. The hogs will probably eat the locusts before the locusts can eat the crops.

THE FRUIT

promises to be plentiful, though in some places a few peaches froze in the bud; but great preparations have already been made to turn apples and peaches to brandy. Corn also is in demand at high prices to be converted—I mean perverted—into whisky. Surry seems to be headquarters, though (as P. S. White says) the Devil's tea-kettles are scattered over all mountains, and up and down the rivers.

TOBACCO

is the great money crop, and splendid barns are on the roadside, making a contrast with old tumble-down school-houses.

EDUCATION

is very much neglected, and thousands of children are growing up in ignorance. Even many large villages have no schools, and country schools are almost unknown. What will become of our country?

MT. AIRY.

This is a charming village, of about 700 people, fanned by Blue Ridge breezes. Its dwellings are beautiful and its stores are very capacious. A large barter business is carried on with the mountain people. Goods are hauled from Winston forty miles, and from the Virginia and Tennessee R. R. forty-seven miles. A narrow-gauge road is to be built from Greensboro. Major Atkinson is here attending to the survey. Such a road will make this a great centre of trade, and develop a splendid country, by the way.

THE MASONIC LODGES

through this country are in very

feeble health. A few are lively and flourishing, while others seem to "live at a dying rate." All of them feel some interest in the orphan work, but are not sufficiently informed in regard to it. We suggest fewer and stronger lodges.

Crossing Mitchell's River (about the size of Swannanoa) and dining on its romantic bank, we reach Jonesville in good time, and meet a full house. Mr. Claywell kindly takes us in charge, and Rev. W. M. Robey, whom we are very glad to meet, prays for the young. Jonesville on the Yadkin side of the Yadkin, and Elkin on the Surry side and on Elkin River, make one beautiful town, connected by a splendid bridge and watered by two noble rivers. These clever people look after the interests of their schools, and the children are in good hands. O how refreshing to find one town with schools in lively operation.

Elkin has also a large cotton factory, and enterprise always improves the appearance of a country.

This is May 2, and what a frost. Alas for the fruit.

ON THE HILLS OF THE DAN.

Danbury is as picturesque a place as was ever found by Dr. Syntax himself. It is perched on a high hill and overlooks the Dan, where the noble river is held in check and made to behave by lofty rocks and mountains. Our entertainment is given in the Court House. Messrs. King, Pepper, Estes, McCanness and others are very kind, and all seem interested in the work. But we leave the waters of the Dan. We have navigated it in canoes, flats, bateaux, and steamers; we have fished in it, waded in it, forded it, and floated down it, for nearly forty years; now we drink of it at Hariston's Ford, and find it clear and cool. At Danbury we leave it. At Stokesburg we meet a large audience at noon. Our dinner with Sister Massey is very late, but the fault is ours. We came a little too late. But that dinner was too good for us. We nearly killed ourselves without hurting the loaded table. May the Lord be kind to brother Massey as he and his family were kind to us. At Germanton Messrs. Vaughan, Campbell and others greet us kindly, and the Methodist church is full. Elder Hill prays for the children. A long ride to East Bend, crossing Yadkin at Houser's Ferry. Brethren Horn, Spear, Poindexter and others receive us at East Bend. Entertainment in Baptist church. Rev. Mr. Hamilton prays for the children. Friday morning rain is falling, but two friends go our way in covered wagons, and keep the children dry and also lead us through the ford across the Yadkin at Rockford. Here we find Brother Lewellen, an old friend, and stop because we can not reach Mt. Airy. So we give an entertainment in Rockford, and find the people very kind.

"And He called a little child unto Him" were the words from which Rev. Thos. Ogburn preached a most appropriate and excellent sermon in the chapel of the Orphan Asylum.

According to previous announcement Mr. Ogburn preaches at the Asylum the first Sunday in every month. We wish that many more of the children and grown people too could hear him—his sermons deserve to be largely attended.

We were pained to hear of the death of Dr. W. G. Hill. The Orphan Asylum loses a sincere friend by the death of this estimable man.

Bishop Lyman occupied the pulpit of the Episcopal church on last Sunday. In the evening he administered the rite of confirmation to six candidates.

Lettuce, radishes, early onions and green peas, at present, constitute the only Spring vegetables in this section.

THE DOG OF THE LOUVRE.—(Delavigne.)

Passing, let each head be bare!
Many heroes slumber there.
Floral offerings bring the dead!
To his mourning dog some bread!

'Twas the day of battle hot;
Breasted he the storm of shot,
With his dog hard by;
Both were stricken by the lead;
Shall he mourn the master dead?
Better both to die!

Sadly o'er the brave he bends,
Piteous cries, caresses, blends,
With his snow-white head;
On the body of his friend
Mingled tears and blood descend,
Raining on the dead.

As the wain of dead rolls on,
See, the dog, disturbed by none,
Takes his station near;
Sad his eye, with ears depressed,
Marches he before the rest,
Like a kinsman dear.

profession and society at large, suffer a heavy loss in the death of this good man, but the loss is most severe to the loved ones of his immediate family to whom he was the guide and stay; the faithful adviser and kind sympathizer in all their joys and sorrows. These have our warmest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow and bereavement.

The Masonic Grand Lodge was convened in special session, on Sunday afternoon, to attend to the funeral of Dr. Hill, who was Past Grand Master of that body. The funeral took place from Edenton street M. E. Church, at 4 o'clock, p. m., and was attended by a larger procession of the Fraternity and of citizens than has been brought together upon any similar occasion in Raleigh for a long time.

WARS IN EUROPE.

Rumors of war come to us from the other side of the Atlantic. Russia and Turkey are already fighting each other, and other nations of Europe may be drawn into the fight before it is over. It is horrible to think what a number of lives must be sacrificed to gratify the whims of ambitious rulers or atone for their ignorance and tyranny, but God can bring good out of evil and make even the wrath of man to praise Him. Most of the wars of Europe, in the past, have resulted, more or less, in the liberation of the down-trodden masses and the advancement, partially at least, of civil and religious liberty; and we can only hope that the same will be true of the present turmoil among the contending parties in the old world.

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Wounded in the summer's heat,
Dragging on with limping feet,
To the pit of fame;
There they laid his master down,
Naught to name, without renown,—
'Legion' was their name.

Watcher by the funeral mound,
Careless of his bitter wound,
Of his sorrow deep;
Deaf to each appeal that tries
To entice, he mute replies:—
"Not for you I weep!"

Sprigs of fadeless flowers gleam
In the sparkling roseate beam
Of the morning dawn;
Bright his eye, erect he stands,
Waiting, at his master's hands,
For his glad "Good Morn!"

When the cross-wreath o'er the tomb
Rustles in the gusty gloom,
Hopeless, in his fright
Tries to make his master hear,
Growls, and weeps, then bends his ear,
For the kind "Good Night!"

When the snow with hurried march
Mantles with soft flakes the arch
Of the fresh-made mold,
Tender, mournful cries ascend,
Tries his master to defend
From the northern cold.

Ere he shuts his weary eyes,
Often from the earth he tries
On his feet to leap;
Failing off, this solace takes:—
"He will call me if he wakes,"
Then he falls asleep.

Dreams of battle every night,
Sees his master in the fight,
All begrimed with gore;
Hears him in each ghostly sound,
Rises, springs with eager bound,
Moans out "Nevermore!"

This the home he never leaves,
Here he suffers, loves, and grieves,
Here will e'er remain:
What his name? No one can tell
Since the voice he loved so well
Will not call again.

UNCLE AL.

For the Orphans' Friend.

LETTER TO GIRLS AND BOYS.

No. 3.

DEAR CHILDREN:—I promised to tell you how I got along after I quit school. When the last school I went to closed, I expected to go to school again the next year, but as it happened there was no school made up any where near enough for me to reach and, consequently, I did not go. I worked through the Spring and Summer, studying nearly all the spare time I could get, such books as I had or could borrow. You have no idea how much time one can get for study, even while engaged in regular farm work, by saving all the little fragments of time every day. It was a custom with me to keep some book always on hand to read and study while my horse was eating in the morning and at noon. When I was sent to mill I would take my book along and study going and coming, and during the time the grist was being ground. On rainy days, too, I had a good time with my books and slate. I learned a good deal this way during the Spring and Summer, and in the autumn I was hired by a country merchant, who bought a good deal of cotton from the farmers, to stay at his gin and weigh cotton. This allowed me a good deal of odd time for study; then at the end of the cotton season, he took me in his store as an under clerk, in which situation I still had a good deal of time for study, and I improved it with all diligence. During that Fall and Winter I went through Murray's Grammar, Morse's Geography and twice through Smiley's Arithmetic, besides making some considerable progress in Algebra. And here I would say that I made it a point to understand thoroughly everything I undertook before learning it, committing to memory perfectly and applying them in study; and this made my progress and success more easy.

Now that I have given you some idea of how I got along for the first year after I left school, I will state that, for some years afterward I went on somewhat in

the same way. I always found it very easy to get employment because I was very particular never to neglect my business, and I never had an employer but what was very willing for me to spend my time with books provided it did not cause me to neglect his business.

I went on studying in this way until I gained a pretty fair knowledge of the ordinary branches of education, including Philosophy, Astronomy, Botany, Mineralogy, History &c., and also the higher branches of Mathematics and Chemistry. My Course of study was of course, rather irregular, not having a regular teacher, and being influenced in my course, also, by circumstances, such as the facility for obtaining necessary books, and sometimes, perhaps, by my own whims which would induce me to commence a particular study that I took a fancy to at the time. In later years I studied the Latin and Greek and some of the modern languages sufficiently to enable me to read them, but not as critically as required in the colleges.

And now, though an old man, I am still fond of study. I have always been obliged to work at some regular employment to maintain myself and family, but I have, at the same time, found opportunity to devote time to books, and it affords me great pleasure to sit at my fireside on long winter evenings and read good books of history, biography, travels and other subjects. Besides the pleasure thus gained, I reap real advantage from the books I read by gaining knowledge that enables me to do many things by which money is made.

Now I want to say to the girls and boys who may read this, that I have no uncommon talent or mental power. I have been enabled to read and study many books and gain a good deal of useful knowledge simply by economizing time. Whatever I may have accomplished any girl or boy may accomplish, and perhaps much more, by saving the precious moments that God may give them.

Your Friend,

JACOB HARVEY.

FIFTY PARAGRAPHS.

When a man leaves our side and goes over to the other, he is a traitor; but when a man leaves the other side and comes over to us, he is a man of great moral courage and sterling worth.

In the settlement of controversies a great deal depends upon whose ox it is that was gored.

Some quaint old writer gives this definition: Othodoxy is my doxy; Heterodoxy is your doxy.

Ignorance is at the bottom of a great deal of the crimes committed in this world. Many men do wrong because they do not know any better. But then a great many are wilfully ignorant.

Many people have a superstitious fear of ghosts, forgetting that it will not be very long before they must go where they will have no other associates.

Many professors of piety do like some merchants, hang their best samples outside of the door to attract attention.

We never knew a good man to start a Sunday school in a country neighborhood, but there was a church soon organized, if there had not been one there before.

Many a man with every gratification for a first class town crier can not ask God for the simplest favors in the hearing of others. They have no "gift" that way.