

## ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, May 23, 1877.

### ROAD-SIDE NOTES.

Leaving our kind friends at Farmington, and we leave them with great reluctance, we cross Dutchman's Creek, a stream which soils itself in draining the rich loamy lands of Davie. Several branches, clear and delicious, run together near Mr. Cain's, and the Creek starts with water fit for kings to drink. But before it reaches the Yadkin, its waters are dyed with clay, covered with scum, and unfit for genteel bathing; but it feeds the fish. In Mocksville we find a big, biting Frost. His name is Ebenezer. Messrs. Clement, Pass and many others receive us kindly. The Presbyterian church is full, and we are honored with the presence of the clergy. Messrs. Crawford, Ruple, Conrad, Booth, Boone, Wilson and possibly others are present. The writer enjoys the hospitality of Dr. Brown, and the children are distributed. On Saturday we are off for Yadkin College. The river is crossed at Fulton Ferry, and we are soon in a charming village shaking hands with President Simpson. We have seen so much need of education that it is really refreshing to find a live school. The young men present a good appearance, and we are glad that so many of them are from Granville. Those prosperous farmers ought to educate their sons; but some of them seem too indifferent to the value of learning. Mrs. Simpson was also a Granville girl, and she knows how to prepare a tempting dinner. The people seem interested in the Orphan Work. Grateful for overflowing kindness, we are off for Lexington, and arrive just in time to be distributed for supper. The Court House (probably the best in the State, unless the new building at Asheville is done) is full. But the children are tired, and one of them gives out during the exercises and has to retire. Sorry that we can not do our best for such clever people. But they bear with us, because they love the cause, and shower every kindness on us. This kindness of the people has enabled us to pass over a journey of more than three hundred and fifty rugged miles. Well, at last, we close the present trip. We have been out four weeks, and have given twenty-four entertainments. In spite of mud and rain, we have forded rivers and creeks till we have lost all fear of water. We have climbed hills and mountains till we laugh at a correspondent of the *Raleigh Observer* who called the road from Henderson to Oxford the worst in the State. That man ought to travel up and down Snow Creek. The children are jaded out, and so are the mules. All must rest and recruit. As soon as we are able to fill them, other appointments will be made.

OLD SKINFLINT says: "I've heard of a nother war broke out some whar. Corn, flour, meat and sich will be skace and mighty high, and money will be mighty bad. I sells for all I can git, and takes my pay in gold."

Skinflint ought to study geography and learn how far off that war is. He reminds us of an old woman in Guilford who informed us that she "was born in Macklenburg, Ferginny, Person county." She thought proud old Virginia was merely a precinct somewhere about Shake Rag.

### A WISE INVESTMENT.

The city of Raleigh has voted to levy a tax to support free public schools for the young. The State is paying ten thousand dollars a month to support ignorant and vicious men and women in the Penitentiary. These people are too ignorant to be penitent. They feel guilty of being caught. It would have been cheaper to have taught them to read the Ten Commandments when they were young.

YADKIN COLLEGE will hold its Annual Commencement on June 7. Rev. W. C. Norman, of Raleigh, will preach the Sermon, and Dr. J. H. Smith, of Greensboro, will deliver the Address. A delightful season of enjoyment is anticipated.

### PLEASE PASS HIM AROUND.

One "Professor Eppynetious," as he calls himself, has already been denounced in this paper as a humbug and impostor, for shielding his tricks and traps under the name of the Orphan Asylum in order to avoid the payment of honest taxes to the State. But it seems that he is still finding dupes. Well, some people do not read the ORPHANS' FRIEND. We therefore ask our brethren of the press to call attention to this swindler and deceiver, and help us check his imposition. The following letters will indicate how he works and where he is:

TRENTON, Jones Co., N. C.,  
April 30th, 1877.

Supt. Orphan Asylum, Oxford, N. C.—  
Sir:—There is a person traveling in this section of the county professing to give concerts for the benefit of the Oxford Asylum. We think here he is an impostor and humbug, endeavoring to raise money for his own individual benefit upon the credulity of the people, and avoid paying taxes. Inclosed I send you one of his bills. Let us know if he is in any wise connected with the Asylum.

Very respectfully,  
BEN'J. ASKEW.

### CONCERT FOR THE BENEFIT OF OXFORD ORPHAN ASYLUM, —TO-NIGHT AT— TRENTON, APRIL 27th.

Prof. Eppynetious will appear before the citizens of this place in his Grand Vocal, Instrumental, Sleight of hand and Mesmerical Performances. Prof. Eppynetious has visited all the principal cities of the Union, and for a charitable purpose the Professor should be heard and seen in his great feats of Sleight of Hand.

#### PROGRAMME:

- 1st. Great Rope Trick by Prof. Eppynetious.
  - 2nd. Eating Fire by Prof. Eppynetious.
  - 3rd. Eating Cotton and converting it into Ribbon by Prof. Eppynetious.
  - 4th. Baking Bread in a Hat by Prof. Eppynetious.
  - 5th. Cutting the Head off of a Chicken and bringing it to Life again by Prof. Eppynetious.
  - 6th. The Anvil Trick.
  - 7th. The Hat Trick.
  - 8th. Shooting a Water into a Bottle.
  - 9th. Turning a Watch into Wine.
  - 10th. Two Songs.
  - 11th. Mesmerism in all Forms.
  - 12th. Songs and Dances.
  - 12th. Lecture on Phrenology.
  - 14th. Negro Farces, &c., &c.
- Admission, 25 cts. Children, 15 cts.  
Doors open at 7.30 p. m.

NEWBURN, N. C., April 17, 1877.

J. H. Mills—Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find post office money order for \$4.20, put in my hands for the benefit of the Oxford Orphan Asylum as a part of the proceeds of his exhibition at Buck Grove Academy in Beaufort county, by Professor Eppynetious, which I hope you will accept with my regards.

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
W. A. THOMPSON, W. M.  
of Pamlico Co., No. 300.

J. H. Mills, Supt. Orphan Asylum, Oxford, N. C.—Dear Sir:—I send enclosed one dollar, it being one-fourth of the gross proceeds of an entertainment given by Professor Eppynetious at Polkville, on Monday night, April 30, 1877 for the benefit of the Asylum.

Yours truly,  
JOHN PEARCE.

### THE ENTERTAINMENT.

Last Wednesday evening a large number of people assembled in the Chapel of the Orphan Asylum to witness the entertainment given by the ladies of Oxford for the benefit of the Asylum. The names of the managers were sufficient to raise expectation high. And yet it excelled all we had expected. "Esthetic and enjoyable, it was delicate in sentiment and just in conception." But though the ladies were the prime originators and movers in the affair, they had the invaluable services of many gentlemen, and to none are they more indebted than to Messrs. Turner, Edwards and Hunter, whose skill and taste added so much to the enjoyment of all. We give below the poem—"The Orphan"—so effectively rendered by one of the ladies:

#### THE ORPHAN.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

Speak gently to the orphan child, deal kindly though he stray,  
And smooth his rugged path that leads along life's stormy way—  
His idle, waywardness of youth, perchance had been your own  
Had not some tender, loving hand the seed of virtue sown—  
Had not in childhood's sunny home, a mother's gentle care  
Oft wooed you to the mercy-seat and crowned you with her prayer.  
A Father's kind but watchful eye, a mother's warning tone,  
A sister's sweetly chiding love, the orphan has not known,  
But friendless and alone, he meets the world with folly rife,  
And like a waif he floats upon the troubled sea of life.  
And when the winds of passion rage, no haven can he find,  
Against the storms that sweep the soul, the riven heart and mind.  
No chart to guide, no sure retreat, when breakers foam around,  
No hand to shift the sails of life and set them homeward bound.  
Within the shell is ever heard, the billows cresting foam,  
Though e'en removed, it murmurs still, in whispers of its home,  
So ever in the heart will live the homestead scenes we love,  
And memory paint them pure and bright like those we seek above.  
Then do not scorn the orphan child, whose fortune has been less,  
Who never knew a mother's care, a father's fond caress;  
But gently lead him by the hand, his wayward foot-steps stay,  
And win him from his erring course and teach him how to pray.  
Such deeds the *Orphan's Friend* will bless, so that when death appears,  
True love shall lighten all the heart and fill the flight of years,  
And Faith and Hope and Charity shall strongly glow, and shine  
As sunlight streams from sky to sky, just at the day's decline.

#### ABRAM AND LOT.

The Bible gives us rules for our actions in the various relations of life. It relates many incidents in the lives of some of the greatest men that ever lived in the world, and this gives us hints how we ought to act when placed in circumstances similar to those related of them. Thus the Bible becomes a study from which to draw lessons of instruction not only in regard to the great questions of our immortal destiny, but also in regard to our every day life and our duty under all emergencies. Take the case of Abram and Lot, as showing how a good man will act in regard to personal or family differences which so often occur in families and neighborhoods. The incident is recorded in the thirteenth chapter of Genesis.

Abram and Lot had left Egypt with their families and flocks and herds, journeying southward slowly until they came to the place where Abram, many years before, had received a remarkable promise, in commemoration of which he had "built an altar unto the Lord who had appeared unto him." Here they pitched their tents, and their flocks were driven forth daily to graze in the plains around them. But, by-and-by,

difference arose between the herdsmen of Abram and those of Lot. No doubt their cattle got mixed up sometimes and the herdsmen had trouble in separating them; and then, may-be, they got fretted and began to throw stones at each other's cattle and to say cross and angry words to one another. Perhaps some days each set of herdsmen desired to drive their flocks to the same green valley or grassy slope, and that increased the difficulties. Abram's servants would very naturally complain to their master of the bad treatment they received from Lot's servants, and Lot's servants would complain to their master in the same way about Abram's servants. Such a state of things would naturally irritate both the masters, and in our day would probably end in a long and bitter law-suit and the entire alienation of the families from each other. We once knew of a lawsuit in this State between two neighbors about a piece of land not exceeding half an acre, that cost one of the parties over two thousand dollars, and the other nearly as much, the land itself not being worth five dollars.

But Abram had a better spirit. He knew it was true, what Solomon said a long time after, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" so that, when Lot came to him as we are led by the narrative to suppose he did, to complain of the conduct of his herdsmen, Abram met him in a spirit of kindness and conciliation. "Let there be no strife between us," said Abram, "for we are brethren; nor between my herdsmen and thine; there is plenty of room in the land for both our flocks; you may take your choice between the green, fertile valleys of the Jordan and the almost equally fertile hill-slopes and plains of Canaan; if thou wilt take the left hand then I will take the right, but if thou wilt take the right, then I will take the left." Here was an end of controversy; Lot could not quarrel with his uncle after this, if he had been before disposed to do so. Lot concluded to pitch his tents in the well-watered plains of the Jordan and Abram dwelt in the land of Canaan.

Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, but if the circumstances are such as are likely to give rise to bickerings and difficulties, as was the case of these two patriarchs, the next best thing to do is to separate peaceably and in friendship as they did, and each seek his own welfare without interfering with the welfare of the other.

Thus historic teaches a lesson which, if heeded, would keep half, if not more, of the civil suit at law out of our courts, and would substitute peace, harmony and happiness for quarrels and contentions, in many families and neighborhoods.

On the fourth page we give a picture of a little urchin who has fallen asleep while eating. It is a familiar sight to those fond of observing the little ones of a household. He began in earnest but before long he was fairly defeated by the god of sleep and taken captive into the land of "nod."

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree."—Bible.  
Rev. R. H. Marsh's cow has twin calves.

How many peas are there in a pint?—One p.

### THE CITY OF ERZEROU.

The pashalic of Erzeroum is the most important in Asia Minor, including a population of 800,000 people distributed in 1,500 val-lages and towns. The chief city is Erzeroum, which has a population estimated at 40,000, beside its garrison. Of these 40,000 30,000 are Turks, 5,000 orthodox Armenians, and 2,500 Catholic Armenians. In 1827 the population was estimated at 80,000. The number of its inhabitants is constantly changing, however, owing to the great number of people who arrive and depart with the caravans. Pestilence has often made serious inroads upon the population, and imigrations taken many people away. The city contains 28 khans, 13 public baths, 70 mosques and merjids, and churches of the Armenian, Latin, and Greek Christians. The new part of the town is partially surrounded by an old castellated wall, but a large part of the place is not walled. A deep ditch was excavated round the suburbs years ago to keep off the Russians. There are some curious ancient buildings in and around the citadel, and nearly 30 tombs in the form of circular towers, with conical stone roofs, after an early Saracenic style of architecture, dating, some of them, as far back as the twelfth century. The most elegant buildings ever erected in the city are in ruins, being two colleges one of them remarkable for its minarets, which were built of fine brick, fluted like Ionic columns, and enameled in some parts with a blue color. The winters in Erzeroum are very severe, owing to its elevation (6,000 feet) above the sea. The plain about the city, which is 30 or 40 miles long, formerly contained 100 flourishing villages, but emigration has depopulated many of them which now lie in waste. The chief trades are dyeing and tanning morocco leather. Great numbers of horses and cattle are reared in the plain.

Regarded strategically, the town is not favorably located. Although at a high elevation, it is surrounded on one side by a hill, which in the hands of an enemy, would render a difference exceedingly difficult. Some of the summits of these hills are continually covered with snow.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

SALT.—The American salt is claimed to be the best salt in the world, and we doubt not it is, at least, as good as the best. Some of the English brands also stand very high; but we always find this difference, that the English is more subject to become hard and lumpy, and when this is the case, it does not like the American, readily pulverize again by a little crushing in the hand. The English is much more troublesome to use in the dairy, and if our dairywomen could once become acquainted with our American salt, they would never patronize the foreign article afterwards.

Nor do we find so great a difference in the cost of the two, if only the best English brands are purchased. In looking over the English salt in our market, a few days since, we found that the popular brands of the English dairy salt were held at prices even above that asked for the American. So, if our New England dairymen will insist their grocers shall keep the American salt and sell it by weight, they will find it quit as cheap as the best or most popular English salt.—*N. E. Farmer.*