

The Orphans' Friend.

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SUNSHINE.

The sunny hours of childhood—
How pleasant, fresh, and bright!
But, like the morning sunbeams,
They quickly take their flight.
O'er hearts that now are lightest
A cloud may soon arise,
And faces that are brightest
Be dimmed by tearful eyes.
If we would glow with gladness,
The path of pleasure trace,
Then we, to banish sadness,
Must gaze on Jesus' face.
'Tis sunshine to be dwelling
Where all is light and love;
And bliss, all thought excelling,
To rest in Christ above.

He is the sun and center
Of heaven's delightsome land;
And blest are they who enter,
And in his presence stand,
The Lamb adoring, praising,
Who once on earth was slain,
To God the Father raising
The ever-joyous strain.

GEN. JACKSON COLLECTING A DEBT.

Two or three weeks since we published an anecdote of the celebrated Irish advocate Curran, showing his adroitness in recovering for a countryman £100 which he had deposited with a landlord who refused to restore it. The *Tribune* relates the following of a somewhat different character in regard to Andrew Jackson:

When Andrew Jackson was President he was waited upon one day by a Washington boarding-house keeper who complained that a Tennessean, who had been appointed by him to a clerkship in one of the departments, would not pay a board bill. "Get his note," said the President, "for the full amount, interest included, payable in sixty days, and bring it to me." "That will be of no use," replied the boarding-house keeper, "for he never pays his notes." "Do as I tell you, Sir," said Jackson, and turned away. The next day the boarding-house keeper reappeared at the White House and handed the note to the President. He took it, read it, wrote "Andrew Jackson" across the back in his well-known autograph, and handed it back, saying: "Take that to the Bank of the Metropolis and tell them from me that at its maturity it will be paid either by the drawer or the indorser. They will discount it for you." A few days afterward the man who had given the note met his creditor and tauntingly said: "Well, I don't suppose you have been able to negotiate my paper?" "Yes," replied the boarding-house keeper, "I had no trouble in getting it discounted at legal rates of interest." "Who in thunder is willing to discount my notes?" asked the Tennessean. "The Bank of the Metropolis discounted the one you gave me, upon the assurance that if you did not pay it the indorser would." "But who would indorse my note?" "Gen. Jackson, and he sent word to the bank that if you did not pay the note he would." It is hardly necessary to state that the note was promptly paid by the maker.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

From Mr. William Allen Butler's address at the unveiling of the Halleck statue in Central Park, we take the following paragraphs:—

"To make the true poet, as distinguished from the writer of verse—the poet whose words shall live in the hearts and on the lips of men—there must be, beside the poetic nature and the faculty of expression, the latent energy and force which, when occasion serves, shall be able to seize the passing moment, the present scene, the grand event, and make them subservient to its use. It is this vigilant readiness to grasp the opportune and instant advantage and turn it to great and lasting account, this assertion by brave spirits furnished for their work, of their hidden but conscious power, which is the constant wonder and admiration of the world. It is the supreme faculty. When it wins fortune by a bold stroke, we are apt to misname it luck: when it saves imperilled lives at the risk of its own, or turns defeat into victory on the battle-field, it is heroism; when it makes its own thought and its own word the mirror and the voice of the common thought and the common feelings of mankind, for want of a better name, we call it genius.

This rare gift was Halleck's. His best poems were the richest and fullest expressions of his nature, and the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin" is the talisman attracting to his memory a universal homage. If there is here, or anywhere, a questioner or a caviller who asks: Why rear a statue to Halleck in this place of public concourse?—I reply, in a word, because in him the world found that rare gift of God, a brother man on the common level of humanity, with the full heart of a poet and the fire therein. It is this inspired naturalness which is the charm and the strength of his verse. It's pathos is the tear and sob of a first, heart-breaking grief; his fancy has the perfume of the thicket and the woodland; his satire is the home-thrust of an honest foe; his humor is the gaiety which must have companionship, and the echo of an answering laugh. This pathos, this tender grace, this humor, were not the mere fringes and furniture of his verse. They were inherent in the very impulse and movement of his poetic thought. They give it its unique variety and rapid alterations. How often he surprises us with those quick transitions which blend the tear and the smile. How often the flow of his steady rhythm keeps its even swell, like a billow seen at a distance, which we fancy will break at our feet with the resounding waves before it, but of a sudden, far out from shore, as if by an impulse of its own, breaks into foam and spray, and seems to gather all the sunlight into a coronet for its sparkling crest."—*N. Y. Observer.*

ANECDOTE OF LOUIS XIV.

The following anecdote is told of Louis the Fourteenth. He very often amused himself, during leisure hours, by composing poetry, and, not being preserved by his royal diadem from the fault of many would be poets of the present day, his poetry was often more rhyme than reason. The Marshal of Grammont

entered his royal chamber one morning, and the king, wishing to have a little fun at the expense of his grave courtier, handed him a short poem, which he had just written, requesting his opinion. "Marshal, read this, I pray you, and see if you do not find it very silly. Some one has heard that I like poetry, and has sent me some of all sorts."

The Marshal read it, and, turning to the king, said:

"Sire, your Majesty judges all things well; it is true, that this is one of the silliest and most ridiculous poems that I have ever read."

The king burst out laughing and said, "Must it not be true, that he who wrote it was a great simpleton?"

"Sire, we can give him no other name."

"Ha, ha!" cried the king, "I am delighted that you have spoken so candidly: it is I who wrote them!"

"O sire!" what treason you have rendered me! I read the poem hastily. Allow me, I pray you, to read it again. No doubt, in my haste I overlooked the true merits that are certainly in it if your Majesty did it the honor to compose it."

"No, M. le Marshall, the first impressions are always the most natural." And he added, as the courtier left him in confusion, "O that a king could always know as near what his subjects think of what he does! This is but a little thing; but it shows that a monarch but seldom knows the feelings of his subjects, and then only through deception. In private, they censure my every act, and curse me for all I do: in my presence, they cringe and fawn and flatter, hoping thereby to gain favor, but much more deserving my sincerest contempt."

Thus mused the sage monarch, winding up with the conclusion, that the care-free swain, minding his flock, is far more blessed than the sceptered monarch.—*Young Folks' Gem.*

THE BRINLEY MAZARINE BIBLE.

At the meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, a few days since, in Hartford, the chief interest gathered about the exhibition of one of the rarest and most valuable books in the world. Dr. Trumbull brought out the Mazarine Bible, belonging to the collection of the late George Brinley. This is one of the only two copies in America, and there are only six in the world. It was printed in 1455. Two years ago two copies were sold at auction, in London in the same sale, and one, printed upon paper, brought \$14,000 gold; the other, on vellum, brought \$20,000 gold. Usually a vellum copy of any work brings four or five times as much as a paper one; but the history of the Mazarine Bible raises the value of the paper copies relatively to those on vellum. Gutenberg printed the first copies in 1455, and all these were on paper; in 1456 Faust got possession of the types, and his edition was partly on vellum. Those, consequently, are not so completely "original."

The Brinley copy is on paper—one of the genuine Gutenberg prints, and it is a marvel of the printer's work. Its equal could not be made to-day. The ink, though four hundred years old and more, is as distinct as ink could be, and the paper is still white and clear. The "register" is perfect, and the appearance of the page far surpasses that of the best modern books. The first letter of each chapter is an illumination done by hand, and there are frequently full-page illuminations through the two volumes, also done, of course, by hand. These are exquisite specimens of work, and their coloring is as fine and rich as it was when put on, finer in some cases than it could be made now. The work is printed in Latin, with a number of curious contract symbols in the text, used to space the lines evenly. Three different ways of the letter "S"—broad, moderate width, and narrow—are examples of the care taken in such respects. This volume was probably bound about a hundred years after its printing, and must have been hidden away for centuries in some monastery. The Mazarine Bible was the first book printed with movable type. Its date is not given, but was discovered by means of certain marks upon the manuscripts found with one copy. The oldest dated printed book is marked MCCCCLIX. The Watkinson Library has a copy of this. A curious feature of the Brinley copy of the Gutenberg Bible is that upon each page is a faint pin mark at the top and bottom. This solves the hitherto inexplicable problem of how the register had been made so exact; that is, how exactly the matter upon opposite sides of the same leaf had been made to cover the same space, lines and margins corresponding precisely.—*Hartford Courant.*

ROUMANIA.

Roumania, or the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, so often the battlefield of Russian and Turk, was declared an independent principality under the suzerainty of the Porte by the treaty of Paris, signed on the 30th of March, 1856. The present Prince of Roumania was elected in 1866, and comes from the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen family of Prussia. The industry of this productive principality is sadly injured by the frequent contests which have taken place between Russia and Turkey. No fewer than eight different times has Russia "occupied" these provinces,—bringing many miseries in her train after each occupation; for it seems unquestionably true that the spoliation on each of these occasions is great, the Russian troops seizing on the crops and the herds of the peasantry and leaving as an unsolved problem the question of payment. Again, during these occupations the Russians have never failed to introduce the plague, or at least some bad fever which passes under that name.

During the last eighty or ninety years more than thirty have been years of Russian "occupation" of this principality; and not less than twenty campaigns between

Turk and Muscovite have taken place. Yet in spite of these disturbing influences the Moldo-Wallachian plains have advanced in cultivation. The two provinces together occupy an area of about 50,000 square miles, and contain 2,000,000 inhabitants. From the earliest days they have produced an amount of food more than adequate to the wants of the inhabitants; they were regarded as the granary of Trajan's troops as they have since been of those of Russia. Of the inhabitants much can not be said that is favorable. They are to be seen standing or lying about, in their loose tunics, red sashes, high woollen caps and most unwashed sheepskins,—a common vesture of all the Danubian races,—models of picturesque filthiness. It would almost appear as if they had scarcely advanced one step since the days of Trajan, and one gets to feel that any revolution which could rouse their torpor and stimulate their energies—which would hold out a motive to exertion and secure a return to industry,—although accompanied with the ingredients of confusion and strife must bring superior advantage in the end.

The Roumanians have neither the bold determination of their neighbors, the Seroians, nor the spirit of enterprise, combination of fiery valor of the Greeks; they more resemble the moujik (serf) of Russia. The principal towns are Bucharest and Galatz, which are connected by a railroad. The Roumanian army consists of about 20,000 regular troops and 30,000 irregulars; the navy, of three steamers and seven gunboats, manned by about 450 men and officers. They have a public debt of £12,000,000 sterling, which will naturally be increased by their present policy, which has just been defined by a declaration of war against Turkey, although they propose to act purely on the defensive.—*Boston Advertiser.*

WHAT A WOMAN DID WITH HER PEN.

In a recent letter to the *Baltimore American*, Jennie June wrote a plaintive true story of what a woman did; I have one to match it. Two or three years ago an aged mother gave her daughter several thousand dollars to invest for her in some safe and productive securities. By the advice of a friend in Wall street the daughter was led to purchase certain West Virginia railway bonds. This proved to be a fatal mistake, for in a few months the stocks became worthless and the little fortune was lost! As soon as the daughter received the news she determined by her own exertions to replace every cent of her mother's money, and never let the dear old lady know that it had been lost. She did this with her pen, working early and late, denying herself, scouring the city and country for information. And she accomplished the task just as Harriet Martineau forced success from the most adverse circumstances. That woman was "Jennie June" Croly herself.—*Boston Transcript.*