

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

"As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other!"

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dakotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger, whom we know not!  
Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!  
Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dakotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dakotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:  
"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dakotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed forever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dakotahs,

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dakotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcodony.

At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes.  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.  
He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were!  
She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.  
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labor,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said with gentle look and accent,  
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"  
Then arose the Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them;  
Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.  
"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dakotahs?"  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last forever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,  
And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.  
And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer very gravely:

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;  
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"  
And the lovely Laughing Water  
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband!"  
From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water;  
Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labor,  
Sat down by the sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying:  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us,  
Just when they have learned to help us,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Whose lips piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger!"

## DEACON OPHILTREE'S PEW.

If there is anything Mr. Ophiltree is particular about, it is his own individual corner in his own particular pew. He can't half enjoy the sermon if he has to sit anywhere else than in the inside corner of No. 52, right hand side of the middle aisle. For years he has occupied this seat as regularly as Sunday morning came around. He has heard the gospel "dispensed with" by one minister after another. From that seat he has smiled and nodded encouragement to the Boanerges who have preached the gospel after the ideas of Deacon Ophiltree, and has frowned forbiddingly and terribly at the hapless prebendary who has dared to enunciate doctrines which were disagreeable to No. 52. No usher or sexton ever so far forgot himself as to put any one in that corner because the Deacon was a little late. It was always considered sacred.

Imagine then, the Deacon's amazement last Sunday morning when he entered the church, wrapped in a profound study of the doctrine of regeneration through sanctification, to see a solemn, important-looking stranger in his precious corner. The Deacon brought up all of a sudden at the head of his pew and gazed at the stranger in open-mouthed but voiceless wonder. The stranger, never returning his gaze, sat twirling his thumbs and looking straight at the pulpit. Deacon Ophiltree, doubting the evidence of his senses, backed out into the aisle, and took out his spectacles, rubbed them, and placed them on his nose. Then he tilted back his head and looked at the pew number—"52." Plain as ever a "52" was in the world. There could be no mistake about that.

Then he advanced to the head of the pew, and bent his head down until his chin touched his breast, and gazed fixedly at the stranger over his spectacles. There was no mistake about that. The stranger was there. Then the Deacon stepped back one pace, leaving the entrance to the pew unobstructed, so that the stranger could get out without any trouble. But the stranger didn't appear to have any idea of evacuating his position. He grew a little restless under the Deacon's incensed glances, but he only fidgeted a little in his seat, and stopped twirling his thumbs to pick up a hymn-book, which he opened at "Hold the Fort," and read that stirring bit of religious military composition with evident comfort and edification. The Deacon was amazed. "Possibly," he thought, "the intruder does not see me." Then he took out his handkerchief, a red silk standard, which looked like a pocket edition of a garrison flag, and burying his nose in this warlike banner, blew

a toot that echoed through the room like a signal of defiance. The stranger never moved, but he bent his eyes upon the pages before him and read the line,

"Hear the bugle blow,"

with much mental unction.

The Deacon was more astonished than he would have been if the end of the church had fallen out. He crammed his handkerchief into the crown of his hat with the defiant air of a man who meant business, and inflated his lungs, and called for the stranger's attention with a stentorian—"A-hem!"

The stranger fidgeted a little, turned very red in the face, and looked up, glanced around and saw the congregation tittering and taking it all in, and he evidently made up his mind to "hold the fort," if he had to stay there all winter. So he settled himself again, and, without looking at the Deacon, turned over to the hymn,

"A charge to keep I have."

The minister rose to give out the opening hymn, but the congregation had no eyes or ears for anything but the indignant Deacon and the immovable stranger. The Deacon was about to introduce some new tactics, when he felt a touch upon his arm, and a gentlemanly-looking church official said:

"I will show you a seat, s'r, if you please."

"Seat!" said the Deacon, in such wrathful undertones that he was nearly choked. "Seat? That," pointing to the blushing but obstinate stranger, "that corner is my seat. The seat I have occupied and paid for, for these nine years past."

"You are merely mistaken," said the placid official, "and you are interrupting the service and distracting the minister. The seats in this church have been free for the past five years."

The Deacon looked around him as though he expected the ground to slide from beneath his feet, and a gleam of intelligence and dismay passed over his face.

"This is—" he gasped, and could get no further.

"The Church of the Lost Sheep," explained the official.

The titters of the congregation followed the mortified Deacon to the door as he bent his steps toward his own Church of the Ransomed, and when he got there, he struck everybody dumb with amazement by dropping into the seat nearest the door; and if a cow or an ichthyosaurus had waltzed in and taken its seat in the inside corner of No. 52, Deacon Ophiltree wouldn't have raised one single murmur of objection.

## AMERICAN JURISTS.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in a letter to Judge Dillon, acknowledging the receipt of the last-named gentleman's well-known work Municipal Corporations, states that "there is scarcely a discussion of any importance in which American decisions and American authors are not cited, and the judgements and dicta of a Marshall or a Story are as familiar to us as those of a Mansfield or an Ellenborough." The English law papers take exception to this statement as to the value of

American decisions, though the *Solicitors' Journal* says that they are utilized there, not merely as authorities, but "as a quarry from which councils hew out arguments, the origin of which they do not always acknowledge." The same paper adds further, that if a careful investigation were made "of the admirable arguments which appear in the various law reports on certain branches of the law, we have a strong suspicion that a transatlantic parentage would be found for many of them." The *Irish Law Times*, however, indorses the opinion of the Lord Chief Justice, and says that it is "to be wished that American adjudications were more generally known in the country." American cases have in times past been sometimes spoken slightly of by English judges and lawyers, but we think they are now regarded by the bench and bar of England with a higher respect than those of any other foreign country.—*Albany Law Journal*.

## NONSENSE ALPHABET.

A tumbled down and hurt his Arm against a bit of wood,  
B said: "My Boy, oh! do not cry; it can not do you good."  
C said: "A Cup of Coffee hot can't do you any harm."  
D said: "A Doctor should be fetched, and he would cure the arm."  
E said: "An Egg beat up with milk would quickly make him well."  
F said: "A Fish, if broiled, might cure, if only by the smell."  
G said: "Green Gooseberry fool, the best of cures I hold."  
H said: "His hat should be kept on to keep him from the cold."  
I said: "Some Ice upon his head will make him better soon."  
J said: "Some Jam, if spread on bread, or given in a spoon."  
K said: "A Kangaroo is here—this picture let him see."  
L said: "A Lamp, pray keep alight to make some barley tea."  
M said, "A Mulberry or two might give him satisfaction."  
N said, "Some Nuts, if rolled about, might be a slight attraction."  
O said, "An Owl might make him laugh, if only it would wack."  
P said, "Some Poetry might be read aloud to make him think."  
Q said, "A Quince I recommend—a Quince or else a Quail."  
R said, "Some Rats might make him move, if fastened by the tail."  
S said, "A Song should now be sung, in hopes to make him laugh."  
T said, "A Turnip might avail, if sliced or cut in half."  
U said, "An Urn, with water hot, placed underneath his chin."  
V said, "I'll stand upon a chair and play a Violin."  
W said, "Some Whiskey-Whizzigigs fetch, some marbles and a ball."  
X said, "Some double XX ale would be the best of all."  
Y said, "Some Yeast mixed up with salt would make a perfect plaster."  
Z said, "Here is a box of Zinc! Get in, my little master!  
We'll shut you up! We'll nail you down!  
We will, my little master!  
We think we've all heard quite enough of this, your sad disaster."

## "MYSELF WILL SEE ME."

Once in a Sabbath-school a very little girl repeated the twenty-third Psalm very well, and so pleased a visitor who was present and heard her, that he took a piece of money from his pocket, and said, "This is for your lesson, my child."

The child's eyes flashed with delight on what she never, perhaps, had in her possession before, and she clasped her hands tightly over her prize.

"Now," said her teacher, "I see a great many shops open in this street, though it is God's day. You must on no account spend that money in any of them to-day, but keep it till to-morrow. You understand, I shan't be with

you to see you; but there is One who will see you, and find out at once if you break the Sabbath-day."

The little one was silent, but kept looking up in the speaker's face with a dark, thoughtful eye.

"Who will see you?" he asked after a pause.

"Myself will see me," said the child in an instant. She would disdain to lie or deceive, even when alone. She could never disgrace herself, though it was only in her own eyes.

## OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

There is true humor in the following story: Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants and everything he wanted, yet he was not happy, and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "t'would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"  
"Yes; and I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door," cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter" said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever heard in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil, for every family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Selected*.

—A few years ago old maids were the standing subject of third-rate newspaper wits. Now it is mothers-in-law. The indulgence of either is in very bad taste.—*New North State*.

The man, who has been unfortunate in the selection of his mother-in-law, shows a very narrow soul when he vents his spite in a newspaper. The man who has secured a good mother-in-law is mean when he smites her with ungrateful insinuations.

"Ho mug-gin, ho mug-gin from a forrin' sho-ore," is the way the words of a popular song, "Home again, Home again," etc., were rendered by a belle at a social gathering. She should be at the head of some city choir.

Old Deacon Ransom went to a circus and took his grand child, remarking to every acquaintance he met, that the boy wanted to see the sacred animals, and he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse him. Arriving at the tent the boy cried to go home, and the deacon had to spank him to make him go in.