

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL VIII.

OXFORD, N. C., FEBRUARY 14, 1883.

NO. 38.

"TWILIGHT'S WITCHING HOUR"

BY MISS MAMIE L. HATCHETT.

Sol had closed his golden eye and laid him down to rest—

'Twas twilight's witching hour;
The hour when maidens young and shy
Are wont to steal from home hard by,
And seek some sheltered nook or dell,
To revel in its magic spell.

'Twas twilight's witching hour;
The day in gorgeous splendor dies,
As on her ruby couch she lies;
And swift her soul its flight will wing,
When night her sable pall shall bring.

'Twas twilight's witching hour;
The mocking bird no more did stay
To carol soft its roundelay;
But to its callow young had down,
To shelter them from wind or storm.

'Twas twilight's witching hour!
The lilies all had said "good-night,"
Their faces fair had hid from sight,
And said: "We'll meet again at light,
When Aurora tips the Eastern height."

'Twas twilight's witching hour;
The jasmine fair, the scented rose,
Had gently sunk to sweet repose:
In sportive glee the leaflets played,
While zephyrs sighed beneath their shade.

'Twas twilight's witching hour;
The evening dew did pensive weep,
And in her tears the flowers did steep,
'Till fragrance soft upon the breeze,
Was wafted o'er the wooded leas.

'Twas twilight's witching hour:
The evening waned till by and by
Nox arose from throne on high,
And in her sombre garb revealed
A crescent moon upon her shield;

The owl in yonder rifted oak
Welcomed the hour with dismal croak;
Fair Luna smiled and brightly glimmered,
The wee stars blushed and shyly shimmered;

Beneath a willow's leafy boughs,
A maiden fair had sou'tt repose;
And chesnut curls anon did rest
'Pon hand as fair: a ocean crest.

—Baltimorean.

OURSELVES.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS BY DR. J. W. C. OUDY, OF BALTIMORE.

Are we deporting ourselves as men? This subject of what we ourselves are, was, a few years ago, by a single remark, so deeply impressed upon the broad tablet of my mind that even Time, with its constantly working fingers, can never efface it. In early morning, on a bright summer day, I found myself away out in the mountain regions of western North Carolina—the genuine Switzerland of America. With a party of newly-made friends—physicians of that section—I took a trip to the highest point in that whole vast Appalachian chain. Upon reaching its pinnacle we dismounted from our horses, and drank in the beauties of the scene. Looking down into the valley below, a miniature world of surpassing loveliness lay spread out before our enraptured vision. Fields, rivers, towns, forests, all passed in kaleidoscopic view as we took in the enchanted sight. Vast mountains, lofty and grand, walled in the valley on either side; peak after peak, miles upon miles distant, reared their lofty heads in the broad sunlight of that delightful morning; and the whole intervening valley lay, like a thing of beauty, far below our lofty standpoint. Village after village lay before us, their tall spires glistening in the morning's amber light. Field after field, darkly green with its waving corn; and acre upon acre, with its carpet of brown and gold shadowed forth the prose of the view, while lovely parterres of variegated flowers made up its poetry. And down the centre of the valley, in

all its grandeur and magnificence, flowed that noted and historic river, the French Broad, looking, in its pearly brightness, like a wide ribbon of silver, winding its inconstant way to mingle itself with the mother waters of the sea. On either side, its banks were fringed with the loveliest of wild flowers of every name and hue—lilies in all their purity, and roses as sweetly tinted as a maiden's blush; while rhododendrons hung far over the placid waters, and mirrored themselves in its smooth surface; and daffodils, in wild profusion, drooped their purple cups along its shelving banks. Such a scene of beauty in nature I had never seen before, and I stood spell-bound with its loveliness.

Looking in the distance at the town we had just left, and seeing its largest building looming up above the surrounding buildings, I said to a gentleman by my side: "I wonder if our friends at the hotel, by the aid of field glasses, can see us here?" He replied, "they may possibly be able to distinguish some object, but they cannot tell that we are men." And with that reply there came ringing down the aisles of the brain that grandest of all thoughts, that we are the highest embodiment of creative genius—we are men! Grand, noble thought! How little and insignificant I had felt before, as I stood there, a mere atom, with vast mountains, broad rivers, and gigantic forests all around me. But with that reply there came the consciousness, the fact, that I am superior to it all—I am a man.

Animated and grand as the scene was, it was far inferior to us who stood there with reasoning faculties, the grandest work modeled by God's creative hands. Beautiful as the broad fields look, clothed in their garb of green, we stand far above them, clothed in the garb of humanity, knowing that we are men. The French Broad in its grandeur flows magnificently on; but far above the crystalline flash of the pearly waters of the beautiful river, we stand, recognizing the fact that we are men. Wild flowers innumerable bloom about us with a beauty of finish that can only be executed with a divine pencil, and stand out in their radiance and loveliness, the admiration of us all, but higher up the scale of creation we stand as men. About us stand our noble steeds, and through forest and vale, animals wild and domestic abound without number. In the order of creation they are formed as we are, with bone, muscle, nerve and blood, so similar to ourselves that the keenest biological research has so far failed to distinguish the life germ of the one from the other; but far above such animal life the distinguishing feature is our manhood. Around us on every hand myriads of little feathered songsters are chanting their early matin lays, issuing forth from their musical throats the sweetest sounds—fit music to resound along the corridors of the upper spheres; but far above the lute-like notes of the choristers of the wild-wood, there comes ringing in the portals of the ear the melodious echo, we are men.

And, gentlemen, as we have been placed on this high plane of created beings, I say let us be men. Let me entreat you young men do nothing that will tarnish your manhood; and you, who are a little farther on in the path of life, who, like myself, are having planted over your temporal region the whitened milestones, which mark the pathway to the grave, be men—be true men—and you, who are still older grown, and getting on to the "sere and yellow leaf" of life, do nothing that will cause a blot to the fair page you have so nobly written. And I hope that each one of ourselves will so close up our lives, that as we step out from the gray sunset of the present to the rosy sunrise of the beyond, that our friends—aye, even our enemies, if we have them—may stand over us, and with truth repeat those memorable words which Antony uttered as he leaned over dead Brutus' body:

"His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that nature might stand up, And say to all the world, THIS WAS A MAN."
—Baltimorean.

HOW TO DEVELOP A BOY'S BRAINS.

An incident in the school-life of a teacher, as related by herself, illustrates our point. She had charge of a school in a country town early in her career, and among her scholars was a boy about fourteen years old, who cared very little about study and showed no interest apparently in anything connected with the school. Day after day he failed in his lessons, and detentions after school hours and notes to his widowed mother had no effect. One day the teacher had sent him to his seat, after a vain effort to get from him a correct answer in grammar, and, feeling somewhat nettled, she watched his conduct. Having taken his seat, he pushed the book impatiently aside, and spying a fly, caught it with a dexterous sweep of the hand and then betook himself to a close inspection of the insect. For fifteen minutes or more the boy was thus occupied, heedless of surroundings, and the expression of his face told the teacher that it was more than idle curiosity that possessed his mind. A thought struck her, which she put into practice at the first opportunity that day. "Boys," said she "what can you tell me about flies?" and calling several of the brightest by name, she asked them if they could tell her something of a fly's constitution and habits. They had very little to say about the insect. They often caught one, but only for sport, and did not think it worth while to study so common an insect. Finally she took the dunce, who had silently, but with kindling eyes, listened to what his schoolmates hesitatingly said. He burst out with a description of the head, eyes, wings and feet of the little creature, so full and enthusiastic that the teacher was astonished and the whole school struck with wonder. He told how it walked and how it ate, and many things which were entirely new to his teacher. So when he had finished she said: "Thank you! You have given us a real lecture in natural history, and you have learned it all yourself."

After the school closed that afternoon she had a long talk with the

boy, and found that he was fond of going into woods and meadows and collecting insects and watching birds, but his mother thought he was wasting his time. The teacher, however, wisely encouraged him in this pursuit, and asked him to bring beetles and butterflies and caterpillars to school and tell what he knew about them. The boy was delighted by this unexpected turn of affairs, and in a few days the listless dunce was the marked boy of that school. Books on natural history were procured for him, and a world of wonders opened to his appreciative eyes. He read, studied and examined; he soon understood the necessity of knowing something of mathematics, geography and grammar, for the successful carrying on of his favorite study, and he made rapid progress in his classes. In short, twenty years later he was eminent as a naturalist, and owed his success, as he never hesitated to acknowledge, to that discerning teacher.—Phrenological Journal.

The Nashville American says: "The South is a new field. We have found that we can manufacture as well as our neighbors. We have found that in our cotton, if we only manufacture it ourselves, there is immense wealth; and not only cotton, but other immense resources. We have iron and coal; we have valuable timber; we have great advantages in water power; indeed, we have found immense resources, and that the road to wealth is in the workshop, the factory, the foundry, the iron and coal beds. This is a new discovery, and it is making for us a new South. To-day the new South has more promise—a better outlook—than any other portion of the United States. What we need is live men in business affairs and wise men in making laws."

Williams & Furman,
OXFORD, N. C.

PURE
DRUGS.

All STANDARD Preparations.
PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY
COMPOUNDED.

GARDEN SEEDS
ALL NEW! NO OLD STOCK
ON HAND! WARRANTED

THE BEST!

Just Received:

A Fresh Lot of Apples and Oranges,
Candies and Confectioneries

Generally, which are
VERY FINE!

A large supply of
School Books, Stationery

&c., on hand. Any article not in
stock will be ordered.

Call and see us, we KNOW we can
please you.

WILLIAMS & FURMAN.
Mitchell's old Stand.

NORFOLK FERTILIZER

—AND—
INSECTICIDE!
\$15 PER TON.
Delivered at any of the Depots in Norfolk or
Portsmouth.
Manufactured by
STYRON, WHITEHURST & Co.,
NORFOLK, VA.

Office, Biggs' Wharf.
Also Dealers in Charleston Ground Bone Phosphate and Kainit.
CERTIFICATES:

NOTTOWAY CO., VA., Sept. 20, 1882.
This is to certify that I used two tons of the Norfolk Fertilizer and Insecticide, purchased from Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Norfolk, Va., on my crops of cotton and tobacco this year, and that it acted to my entire satisfaction. My tobacco is considered equal to the very best in Nottoway county, and my cotton much better than where I used the same in equal quantities, say from two to three hundred pounds per acre. Such is my satisfaction with the Fertilizer that I expect to use it much more largely in the future.
J. M. HURT.

HERTFORD, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.
Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I take pleasure in saying that the five tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last spring I used under cotton, corn, potatoes and vegetables with decidedly better results than where I used the high priced fertilizers which cost from \$35 to \$45 per ton. Am satisfied I will get one-quarter to one-third more cotton where I used yours. In composting with cotton seed, stable manure and rich earth, it is the best Fertilizer I ever used. Will use it under all my crops next year. Hoping you much success, I am, very truly,
JOSEPH A. HUGHES.

KEMPSVILLE, Princess Anne Co., Va., 1882.
Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: I used your Norfolk Fertilizer under Irish potatoes at the rate of 300 lbs. to the acre, and the yield was abundant, in fact surprised me. Also used it under corn and made an excellent crop. My kale is looking well where I used it. Am so well pleased with it shall use it again next Spring.
Very respectfully,
N. B. SANDERLEN.

PERQUIMANS CO., N. C., Nov. 30, 1882.
Messrs. Styron, Whitehurst & Co., Gentlemen: The half ton Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring gave entire satisfaction; I used it along side of higher priced fertilizers, and the yield from yours was fully as good as where I used the other brands. Yours truly,
B. F. CITIZEN.

SEBELL'S P. O., Southampton Co., Nov. 30, '82
Gentlemen: The five tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton and peanuts with very satisfactory results. Please ship me ten (10) tons by 1st February, '83.
Very respectfully,
W. N. SEBELL.

WINFALL, Perquimans Co., N. C., Nov. 10, '82.
Gentlemen: I used 14 tons Norfolk Fertilizer under Cotton this year, side by side with Peruvian Bone Dust, at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre. The result was in favor of your Fertilizer. Will use it again next Spring.
Respectfully,
W. L. JESSUP & CO.

WINFALL, N. C., Nov. 10, 1882.
Gentlemen: The two tons Norfolk Fertilizer purchased of you last Spring I used under cotton at the rate of about 175 pounds per acre, which gave better yield than any other Fertilizer. Will use it more extensively next year.
Yours truly,
R. B. KIRBY.
Feb 7m3

LUTHER SHELDON,

DEALER IN
SASHES, DOORS AND BLINDS
MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR RAILS,
NEWELS, BUILDERS' HARDWARE,
Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty
AND BUILDING MATERIAL OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION.

No. 16 W. Side Market Sqr. and 49 Roanoke Ave.
NORFOLK, VA.
Feb 7y1

THE Orphans' Friend,

Organ of the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and of the Grand Lodge of Masons in North Carolina.)

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY AT
ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

It is designed to promote the entertainment, instruction and interests of

THE YOUNG;

especially those deprived of the benefits of parental and scholastic training. It also seeks to increase the soil-growth of the prosperous by suggesting proper objects of charity and true channels of benevolence, in order that they may, by doing good to others, enlarge their own hearts and extend the horizon of their human sympathies, as they ascend to a higher plane of christian observation.
Address
ORPHANS' FRIEND,
OXFORD, N. C.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUY COAL
this winter. If so, leave your order with
W. R. Beasley, and he will take name and
quantity. This must be done in the next
ten days.
JOB OSBORN,
Raleigh, N. C.