

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

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A REPLY.

[An old poem by Rev. N. B. Cobb.]

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert
air.

—GRAY'S ELEGY.

No ocean "gem of purest ray serene"
Is planted in the deep to perish
there;
No flower on earth is "born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the
desert air."

The eye of man may ne'er behold
that gem,
"The dark, unfathomed caves of
ocean bear;"

His keenest sense ne'er note "the
sweet perfume
That rose distils upon the desert
air."

Still, not one sparkle of that gem is
lost,
And not one breath of fragrance
from the rose,
For round about them are a count-
less host,
Who in their splendor revel or
repose.

Those "dark, unfathomed caves" of
ocean deep
Are not so dark as poets some-
times write;
There, myriads, moving, mingling
monsters creep,
And doubtless to them all that
gem is bright.

Within the caverns of the grains of
sand,
That lie around that desert rose's
feet,
A thousand living things, fed by
God's hand,
Find joyous homes. To them, that
rose is sweet.

And still, if not a creature where
That rose is blooming or that gem
is laid,
The great Creator, God, who placed
them there,
Would take delight in work his
hands have made.

Think not thy worth and work are
all unknown,
Because no partial pensman paints
thy praise;
Man may not see nor mind, but
God will own
Thy worth, and work, and thoughts,
and words, and ways.

The desert rose, though never seen
by man,
Is nurtured with a care divinely
good;
The ocean gem, though 'neath the
rolling main,
Is ever brilliant in the eyes of God.

THE CHEROKEE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

From the Grand Saline it is but a mile or two to the Orphan Asylum. This was established in its present location a few years ago, and was originally the house and estate of Lewis Ross, a brother of Chief John Ross. He devoted himself to trade and accumulated a large fortune, having more than fifty slaves, and conducting stock-raising and farming on a very large scale. He had built for his residence a large brick mansion in the old plantation style, and laid out extensive grounds with native exotic trees and shrubbery. Around were the offices and buildings necessary for so large an establishment, compelled to be complete in itself. Such of these as were of wood were burnt during the war, but the

mansion remained intact, and was enlarged by putting on an additional story and two wings, the whole forming a roomy and substantial building. The superintendent, Rev. W. A. Duncan, a Cherokee, was ill with the rheumatism; but to his bed in the parlor, warmed by a hospitable fire in the wide stone fire place, came the children at will, the larger receiving directions about the farm-work, and the younger with their complaints or with inquiries about his health. The scene had the aspect of a large family rather than a charitable institution, and the impression was strengthened by the freedom and familiarity with which the children roamed through the building, followed the teachers about, and played noisily in the yard. They are not compelled to wear any distinguishing uniform, but were dressed in the ordinary rough clothing of the frontier. The furniture of the building was rude in comparison with that of an Eastern institution, and there was a lack of the prim neatness and impression of perpetual white wash characteristic of civilized charity; but the appearance of home-like freedom more than counter-balanced these defects.

The supper hour was early, and, as the children marched in at the sound of the bell and took their places at the tables, the scene was a striking one, and there was more than one notable face among them. Here was one with flaxen hair and blue eyes, the scion of some wild border rover, to whom, like the hero of Wordsworth's "Ruth," who "dwelt among the Cherokees," a life of wild adventure was the only enduring existence, and of whom it was also true that

The wild men's voices he received,
And gave them back his own.

The bold gaze, tempered somewhat by the restraints of education, and the supple, restless motions, gave unmistakable tokens of a heritage of wild blood that promised an untamable youth and reckless manhood. Here, in strong contrast, was the dark face of a little Indian girl, with raven hair and black solemn eyes, and an aspect of grave melancholy too settled not to be habitual, reminding one of Matthew Arnold's gypsy girl in the Isle of Man. The older girls were helpful, waiting on the tables and all were orderly and well-mannered under the eyes of their teachers. These are all native Cherokees, educated in the schools of the Nation, and manifest not only zeal and interest in teaching, but a strong affection for the children. It was especially touching to see the way in which a little waif, crippled by the neglect of its parents, clung around the skirts of Mrs. Jane Nave, the matron and housekeeper, and seemed visibly to warm himself in an affection which he had never known before, and which this kindly lady, herself, acquainted with grief through a very afflictive experience during the war, radiated upon all around her.

The Cherokee Orphan Asylum does not compare with

the institutions at Hampton and Carlisle, in the completeness and extent of the education of Indian children. It was the intention to have the boys taught mechanical trades as well as the work on the farm; but the shops have not been put in operation, and, with the exception of a small press on which the school paper is printed, there is no means of instruction in handicraft. This it is to be hoped will be remedied, but in any event, the advantages of being educated at home and as a family, instead of in exile and among strangers, are very great, and altogether, the orphan children of the Cherokee Nation are more fortunate than those of communities that boast a more scientific philanthropy.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

SAVE ME NEXT.

A beautiful little incident is told of a child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could. Every one was crowding forward, intent on his salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands and cried, "Save me next."

It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-palsied debauchee who "must have; will have rum." He curses his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chains that bind him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next." Strong arms must be held out to such. We can but pity though we blame, and knowing that none but God may save the rum-crazed wretch, we may do much by bringing him to that Father who turns no one away.

The cry comes again from that gaudily-dressed woman whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved, she may not want to be saved, but she needs to be—none but herself knows how much.

The calls are to some Christian woman to lead her to him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

The cry, "Save me next," comes from a down-trodden nation of freedmen, which darkens our own fair land. The superior white man is responsible for their being here; can we shriek altogether the responsibility of their salvation? "The dusky red man beckons us toward the setting sun with the same cry to be saved next.

The whispering breezes waft the cry over from the Orient, from nations sitting in darkness, bowing down to gods of wood and stone.

It comes to Christian men and women, "Come, and save us next." It must be dull

ears that cannot hear any of these cries. Some will harden their hearts, and go on as if they heard them not.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The great condemnation of our present system of education must attract the attention of all interested in this subject.

The March number of the *North American Review* in one of a series of articles called "Educational Needs," gives some strong and sensible views and suggestions from a number of distinguished educators—the concluding pages furnished by the most eminent female member of the medical profession in this country—Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, of New York city.

The objections urged by all against the existing methods of instruction are practically the same; all agree that they must result in mental and physical deterioration.

Our English word educate is derived from the Latin verb "educere"—to lead out, and is defined as "a leading out of the mind." This is the original, and the only true purpose or result of education—to lead the mind out—not to overburden it with unimportant facts and unintelligible theories.

There is nothing more absurd than the fashionable and intricate process of graduation.—Young girls are pushed through a superficial course of study—the brain overtaxed—the memory burdened with facts which can have no practical relation to their duties—the constitution often wrecked by lack of proper muscular exercise, loss of sleep, and general disregard of hygienic laws.

At the beginning of summer, when scientists tell us that animal vitality is at its lowest ebb, these young martyrs to a false educational system, are brought forth to exhibit to the world their intellectual accomplishments.

It is well that beneath their bright eyes and smiles, the flowers and ribbons and laces, we cannot see the aching brains, the constitution weakened if not incurably diseased. So much for the physical being; how is it with the mind?

A prominent teacher says: "The fruit of education is the desire to learn." But we see girls rejoicing in their freedom from the thralldom of the school-room, emerging radiantly from the book-worm to the society butterfly. So far from having been made capable of pursuing their studies unaided, with pleasure and advantage, the very sight of old textbooks is distasteful.

Teachers are not alone responsible for these errors—we might say crimes. Many parents, especially the uneducated encourage this intellectual oppression of youth; at least they fail to rebel against it as strongly as they should. The remedy is in the hands of the public, if they choose to administer it.

In the free schools, the Board of education often establishes a course of study to which wise teachers seriously object, but from which they dare not deviate.

That this question has been

so generally agitated is an encouraging indication, and we trust that the many able and earnest discussions which it is provoking may result in permanent educational reform.—*Baltimorean.*

"WHAT OUR PEOPLE READ."

"What do our people read?" The subject is one of vital importance both to the home and society. Southern men and women who resent indignantly the slanders against their section when uttered in their hearing, will often subscribe for Northern publications whose pages are filled with misrepresentations of Southern life. They will supply their families with secular papers often filled with slings at Christianity and sneers at the professors of religion, and yet refuse to place in the hands of their children the religious paper published by their own Church. They would be outraged at the druggist who blunders in a prescription on which depends the health or life of son or daughter, but carelessly supply them with a literature which is full of deadly poison.

LEARNING A TRADE.

Referring to the recent inauguration of a class in the science of plumbing, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*, says:

"If this will diminish the number of young men whose highest ambition seems to be to stand behind the counter and wear good clothes, it will be a public benefaction. There is a great deal of money in trades and very little in counter-jumping, and yet only one young man in a hundred is willing to black his hands with tools. It is not always the boy's fault, however. A gentleman of my acquaintance, who is a broker in Exchange Place, said to me recently: 'I ought to have been a machinist; I would have been rich by this time. When I was a boy I wanted to go into the Allaire Works, but my father was afraid it would soil my hands. He wanted me to be a gentleman. The result is that I have never liked my business and never made more than a living at it. Had he let me go in as an apprentice in the machinist trade, I would have been building engines and coining money by this time, and my whole heart would have been, in it.' The fathers of to-day in New York are the same. They would almost as soon bury their sons as make them apprentices. The result is a race of mediocre clerk and book-keepers, who part their hair in the middle, smoke cigarettes of paper, and find their intellectual level in the flashy newspapers of the day."

An aesthetic pig desired not to grow into a hog. "The most a pig can come to is a good hog," was the reply.

A dog after a rabbit, being asked whether he caught it answered: "I succeeded in driving that rabbit clean away."

CANCERS, STAMMERING,

—AND—

NASAL CATARRH,

CURED BY

DR. N. A. MOSES,

OF VIRGINIA.

OFFICE—Private rooms, on the first floor, at COOK'S HOTEL, near Yarbrough House, Raleigh, N. C.

Read the following new certificates:

Raleigh, N. C., March 7th, 1883.

Dr. N. A. MOSES:
Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in stating that you have successfully removed a cancer from my wife's cheek, near the eye, of fifteen years duration, by the application of your vegetable plaster, and I cheerfully recommend you to all those afflicted.
D. H. OLIVE, Cary, N. C.

Raleigh, N. C., March 3rd, 1883.

I hereby certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has extracted two large tumors from my head without performing any surgical operation, and I cheerfully recommend his treatment. The tumors are now in my possession.
S. W. COATS.

Newsoms, Va., Feb. 2, 1883.

Dr. N. A. MOSES:
The cancer on my neck cured by you in October last is entirely well. Hoping you may be able to use this to advantage and with much success in relieving suffering humanity, I am yours most respectfully,
Wm. E. MYRICK.

Raleigh, N. C., March 10, 1883.

Dear Sir—This is to certify that you, the great master of cancers, have removed from my wife's temple a flesh mole without surgical operation or pain and I cheerfully recommend you to all similarly afflicted.
W. D. UPCHURCH,
Morgan street.

Norfolk, Va., April 10, 1881.

I take pleasure in stating that you have cured me of a nose cancer under my eye, and I have witnessed your treatment of several others similarly afflicted, and I take great pleasure in recommending others to your care. I am very truly your obliged servant,
MARSHALL PARKS.

Norfolk, Va., May 21, 1881.

This is to certify that Dr. N. A. Moses has cured each of us of Nasal Catarrh, and we cheerfully recommend him to those likewise afflicted.
Wm. T. BRADLEY,
P. J. McLEAN,
A. SHAGLE.

Raleigh, N. C., March 2, 1883.

I hereby certify that Dr. Moses has removed a large flesh mole from my forehead. His treatment of my case has been eminently successful, and I cordially recommend him.
T. B. YANCY, Morgan street.

Murfreesboro, N. C., Jan. 15, 1883.

Dr. N. A. MOSES:
The cancer under my left eye, treated by you, is well, and I have no hesitation in recommending your treatment to those who may be afflicted.
Yours truly,
J. W. BARNES.

Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 10, 1883.

After hearing of Dr. Moses' treatment of Nasal Catarrh, I concluded to put myself under his treatment, and think I find relief in the short time I have been under his care, and cheerfully recommend him to those afflicted.
Wm. H. HUGHES,
Fayetteville street.

Oxford, N. C., April 2, 1883.

Hearing of Dr. Moses' success in teaching the stammerer to speak clearly, I determined to acquaint myself with his method, which I find satisfactory, being based upon physiological principles. His art is worthy of the consideration of all stammerers.
L. THOMAS.

Raleigh, N. C., Feb. 12, 1883.

This is to certify that in 1873 Dr. N. A. Moses cured my sister and myself of stammering. He is now in this city and I advise all who are affected in a like manner to call on him. His art will certainly cure them, as it is very simple and easy to learn, and I cheerfully recommend him.
E. F. PESCUK,
At A. Williams & Co.'s Book Store.

Remarkable Cure of a Tumor.

Raleigh, N. C., Mar. 26, 1883.
I hereby certify that Dr. Moses has extracted from my forehead a tumor of many years standing, by the application of a vegetable plaster, and that the cavity is healing rapidly. I cheerfully recommend his treatment to all similarly afflicted.

R. H. JONES,
Hillsboro street.