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Selected for the Orphans' Friend.
IN MEMORIAM.

From the New York Observer.
DOING THINGS THOROUGHLY.

HON. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, OF
GEORGIA, DIED MARCH 6TH 1883.

BY J. P. M.

Reflecting youth oh! pause and hear
The sequence of my humble pray'r:
A nation mourns its honor'd dead,
A living voice, a silent head,
Now lies forever 'neath the sod,
Earth's purest ectype of he: God.

A statesman who ador'd his State,
Besought her grandeur soon or late,
Devoted, pure, devoid of self,
He spurn'd position for its self,
He tower'd upward on honor's name,
The noblest pinnacle of fame,

To youth he was the youth's best
friend.

By counsel, mien, he sought their
pad.

His age lost not its wonted fire,
To see youth prosper his desire,
He nurtur'd power, directed fate,
Grand gnomon on his dial State.

But the sad fate of mortals his,
He sow'd the seed, he reaps the bliss
A life that virtue pays to death
Is never ended with its breath,
But on the heart, he car'd his
name.

Twill live beyond, it lives the same,
And nations yet unborn will rise,
To laud his peers to the skies.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

How sweet it were, if without fee-
ble fight,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous
sight.
An angel came to us and we could
bear
To see him issue from the silent
air
At evening in our room, and bend
on ours.

His divine eyes, and brings us
from his bowers
News of dear friends, and child-
ren, who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall
know forever.

Alas! we think not that we daily
see
About our hearths,—angels, that
are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we pre-
pare

Their souls and ours to meet in
happy air;
A child, a friend, a wife whose
soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its
future wings.

—Leigh Hunt.

DRINK IN DUBLIN.

The Recorder of Dublin said recently: 'I have been for a whole week trying cases such as no Christian judge ought to have to try—cases of outrage and violence. I marked the evidence in every single case, and every one of them began in the public house. It is the drink system and drink alone, that leads to all this crime, and misery, and sorrow. Yesterday I went through a mile and three quarters of miserable, wretched streets, manifesting on every side the penury and wretchedness of the unfortunate people who lived in them. The only bright spots were the public-houses, which, brilliant lighted up, reflected and contrasted with the surrounding misery. I hate this magnificence. I look upon it with horror. I know it but too well. As each case of crime and violence comes before me, the same wretched story is told—the drink demon is as necessary a part of every case as the police or myself.'

'I do think it's the most

Laura came into the disordered sitting-room, put a sweeping-cap on her head and began listlessly drawing a broom over the dirty carpet. In a few moments a goodly pile of dirt was swept out the door, when she took a duster and looked around, quite puzzled where to begin.

'I wish I'd never been to Aunt Sarah's,' she said, dropping down on the lounge with a more discontented look than before.

'It's all very well for her to talk about keeping things in order, but her children seem different from ours. Just look here.'

It was rather discouraging. On one chair lay some crusts of bread and molasses; on another a torn picture book and some paints over which the glass of water used with them had been spilt. On the table mother's over-filled work-basket was running over, some spools of thread tangled among broken toys. The ashes from the grate were widely scattered, and every corner seemed to have its separate litter.

'Who sweeps a room well, does God's service.' Something like this Laura had heard said while at aunt's house.

'I don't believe God has much to do with such a room as this,' she said fretfully to herself. 'And it don't make much difference how it's swept, I'm sure. But her eye noted rather uneasily the untouched corners, and the dusty patch under the table which her lazy broom had not reached. Aunt Sarah's cheery watchword: 'Thorough, my dears, thorough,' seemed to sound in her ears as she remembered how she had come home with a firm determination to institute a better order of things.

'I'll try it, anyway.' She dusted and carried out every movable article of furniture, spung to her broom again, and this time wielded it with an energy which left little chance of peace to the seldom disturbed dust. And into the fire went many a fragment of broken playthings that would surely never be missed. Aunt Sarah believed in a judicious keeping down of worthless trash.

The dirt being gathered this time in a dust pan and sent after the trash, Laura straightened and dusted the pictures, then the curtains. Books not needed were carried away, the others piled neatly in order. Newspapers were sorted, and those not to be saved taken to the kitchen for kindling. A basket was found for the toys, and the rubber shoes and a slate which had laid under the lounge were put away in the closet. There was not time for a thorough cleaning of finger-marked windows, but a quick rub with some soft paper brightened them amazingly. Then she washed up the oil-cloth before the grate, and when the furniture was back in place sat down with the work-basket, glad of a rest.

'I do think it's the most

hopeless snarl I ever saw, but I'll try what "thorough" will do here.' A number of pieces for chance mending were rolled into a bundle, the thread untangled as far as it could be, wound and fastened. Needles were placed in the needle-book, and buttons in a box by themselves. A jumping-jack and a tin horse on wheels were rescued from a woful entanglement in a skein of darning yarn, which was wound up and laid with the stockings, mated ready for mending. Almost everything went back into the basket which had been there before, but it was not half full.

Lastly Laura went to the parlor and brought out gay colored tidy for the large chair and worsted mat for a vase, which she hastily filled with flowers. I'm not going to keep all the pretty things out of sight,' she said, 'and I'm going to have a cretonne cover for the old lounge. It won't cost much and will light up the room.'

Even baby gave a crow of delight as he came into the room on mother's arm. Then scrambled down and laughed aloud as he crept toward his tin horse, which had been lost for a week. And mother looked around the room with a brighter smile than Laura had seen on her face for many a day.

'Oh, my daughter—have your little hands done all this? Why, I didn't know the old carpet could look so fresh—and what a cheery-looking, pleasant room it is after all. What a precious comfort you are, my darling.'

Laura looked around the tidy room with great satisfaction.

'I've been over every inch of it, mother. How pleasant it is to feel that you've done a thing thoroughly.'

Try it girls. Try what satisfaction there is in bringing order and sweetness out of confusion.

Try what a joy there is in lightening mother's cares and in making dear faces brighter because the dear home is brighter. And be sure that the Master who has said, 'Whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might,' will tenderly bless even a smaller service, conscientiously and heartily performed, than that of a 'room well swept.'

S. D.

TEAM OF CAMOGASC.

Where the glacier current of the river Inn pours down from the Alps into the green valleys of the Tyrol lies the town of Camogasc. In olden times a castle stood on the mountain side, and its owner, Count Cardoval, was the terror of the entire district. The homes of the valley, now so peaceful, were then filled with fear because of his frequent invasions.

One day, as he passed through the village, he saw the daughter of Adam of Camogasc, whose beauty was noted throughout the valley. Count Cardoval knew no respect for youth or beauty. Others she could refuse; his power she could not. So he called his men-at-arms and ordered them to bring her to

the castle that very night.

The villagers had learned long ago that to show any desire to avoid the troopers was to excite their suspicion and invite an attack. So, when the band came down the mountain and entered the village, Adam hammered away at his forge and his daughter tried to act indifferently as she trimmed the rose-vines over the cottage door. In blunt words the leader made known their errand, and the poor girl dashed through the house and fell at her father's feet. No words were needed to tell the story. The hammer slipped silently to the ground as he leaned, trembling, against the forge. Then, springing to her feet—no longer weak—she stood erect, firm, and laying bare her pure bosom, in the violence of her despair, cried:

"Slay me, my father, that

I may die in innocence at

your feet."

Inspired by her noble spirit, Adam grew calm, and quietly kissing her with the reassuring manner of an every-day transaction, said:

"Be still, my child—God will deliver us. Let us use prudence, and seek delay."

So saying, he led her into the house and greeted the trooper pleasantly.

This message troubles my daughter, good captain. It will be far fitter to dress her in a suitable manner for such a visit. Leave the matter till the morrow and I will myself lead her to the count as the best tribute I can offer him to secure his good will.'

'Well,' replied the trooper, willing to avoid the worry of a forcible abduction, 'we will tell Count Cardoval that you have promised to bring your daughter to the castle in the morning on pain of the burning of your house and shop if you fail.' And as he turned away he added, 'Look that you do it or I will perform my part.'

When they had gone, Adam ran to his neighbors and friends, and telling them what had happened, cried with indignation:

"Are we, my townsmen, nothing but the cattle of this lord?"

Beauty has always exercised a sway which few other influences can equal. It was not the wrong alone, nor Adam's earnest appeal, which roused the men of Camogasc to enthusiasm. Many of them would have dared death a dozen times for Adam's daughter, and every one of them felt that her beauty was one of the proudest possessions of the valley. To a man they swore to end their wrongs or perish in the attempt.

In the early morning Adam the Camogascer led his daughter up to the castle, dressed as a bride, and attended by a number of those who had sworn themselves together. Some went as groomsmen, and others in female attire personated bridesmaids. The rest hid themselves in ambush among the rocks below the castle and waited under arms for the result. Count Cardoval, blinded by his desires, sprang gleefully down the castle steps, and would have

embraced the innocent girl under her father's eyes.

Adam bowed low, and feeling for the hilt of his sword, said:

'I bring her to you myself. I have nothing better on earth to offer to you—except this,' he cried, suddenly springing forward and thrusting his sword through his heart.

Calling loudly upon his comrades to follow him, he burst into the castle, surprised the men-at-arms, and displayed signals of freedom from the towers. The reserve force which lay concealed came up, and the castle was soon in flames.

Then, over their newly-found freedom, out of their hearts so strongly stirred up by their sudden success, over the valley now rid of its greatest terror, rang out the great shout of deliverance.—Illustrated World.

SOUND SENSE.

The Philadelphia Times gives expression to some eminently wise sentiments in regard to popular education: 'There is very much talk about the higher education,' it says, 'but it is the lower education that is really important to most of us, and there is no more gratifying evidence of progress than the gradually developed recognition, among those who have charge of our public educational system, of the essential importance of the primary schools. The work of the primary schools is the foundation and the main structure of all public education. Many children never go beyond this and in every case it is the first bending of the twig that determines the inclination of the tree. We have been giving attention in Philadelphia to high schools, which are for the few; the primary and secondary schools, which are for the many, have been left too much to chance and to the ignorant blundering of imperfectly educated teachers. It is at the bottom, therefore, not at the top, that our public school system needs reforming.'

There is as much truth packed in these sentences as in any essay on the same subject we have ever read, and if the Legislature of North Carolina will only act on the theory embraced in the last sentence quoted, viz. that it is at the bottom, not at the top, that our public school system needs reformation, there will be no just grounds for adverse criticism so far as they are concerned. And the part of the bottom where the reformation should begin is the teachers. If they are incompetent, education is necessarily out of the question, and competent teachers cannot be procured for incompetent salaries.

A cheap schoolmaster is a very dear luxury. 'Poor pay poor teach,' and poor teach is educational paralysis and death. *Jour. Obs.*

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

The recent death of two artists, each eminent in his sphere, fully as eminent and universally known as our

Longfellow, for example, yet neither of them by their decease arousing anything like the hearty world wide sorrow and grief, reminds us again

very forcibly how even the world unconsciously recognizes a pure character as an absolutely essential element of true greatness in any department of life. Neither Dore nor Wagner have drawn a tear from the world; the death of neither has touched the heart of mankind. Yet each of them was as eminent in his art as was Longfellow in that of poetry. Why is it?

Simply because neither of the two had an unstained, pure, noble character. Real greatness cannot be divorced from goodness. It is God's verdict, and the world has learned to say Amen to it—Exchange.

GOSSIP.

There is absolutely no redeeming feature in gossip. Even if true, we do not desire to know disagreeable facts about any of our neighbors. Nothing is more demoralizing to a man than to lose faith in his fellows. The man of faith and honor is not apt to be suspicious of others, and does not willingly believe evil. The lover of scandal and the believer in it are alike deficient in honor and morality, and are the bane of well organized society. If all gossip could be quietly killed some morning, the next generation of men and women would be happier. A case of hydrophobia now and then starts the cry of 'Muzzle the dogs,' 'Death on the highways,' etc. There is death and misery in the highways and by-ways and in the homes from the poisoned tongues of the gossip. Let the voice go up: 'Muzzle the gossips.' Teach the children that gossiping is dishonorable, and that faith in the honor and virtue of mankind will build up society and add to the sum of human happiness.

ANECDOTE OF GRATTAN.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his Personal Sketches of his own Times, relates the following:

"Mr. Egan, one of the roughest looking persons possible, being at one time a supporter of the government made virulent philippies, in the Irish house of commons, against the French revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of parliament. One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's, and among other absurdities said in his paroxysm, that the right honorable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the house; indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him. Grattan good-humoredly replied, that the honorable gentleman must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing; 'but though,' added Grattan, looking with his glass toward Egan, 'I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the executioner.'