

(CONCLUDED.)

Leaving Mcbaneville and going to Haw River, we found a ford instead of a bridge. The mule attempted to go out at the wrong place and stuck fast in the mud; but some kind friends lent their aid, and a firm road made easy the journey by Graham, the Shops, McLeansville, Gibsonville, Greensboro, Jamestown, High Point, Thomasville and Lexington. On Sunday the party rested. On Monday Yadkin was crossed at Oaks Ferry. But let us mention two improvements by the way. J. H. Owen, a few years ago was a dry old bachelor; now he has a lively wife and children and his whole house looks cheerful. It was a real pleasure to dine with him.

At Reed's Cross Roads there was a rusty and rotten old hull of a house used as a church. Now there stands in its place a neat and tasty edifice, looking so cosy and comfortable that every one who sees it would like to hear a sermon there. But leaving the rich valley of the Yadkin we came to Fork Church and secured dinner for man and beast. At Mocksville, because "roughness" was scarce and our friend, Mr. Clement so advised, we pushed ahead and spent the night with Mr. Ed. Pass, a prosperous farmer and zealous friend of the orphan work. Travelers are always reluctant to leave such kind people as Mr. and Mrs. Pass; but we pushed ahead and dined at Cool Spring, one of the most pleasant spots on the face of the earth. Now let us pause and tell a hard story: A Caswell man went to Iredell to buy land and made a contract for a farm. In ten days he was to bring the money; but in the meantime the seller was to sow wheat and plow it in, and receive pay for labor and seed. He plowed very nicely; but was careful not to sow, though intending to have pay for wheat not sown. The buyer failed to raise the money and the trade was void. Now the wheat (not being sown) refuses to come up and the neighbors enjoy the joke.

At 4 p. m. we reached Statesville. At the hotel the subject of consideration was whisky. In the Court House Judge Dick and the lawyers were discussing whisky. So we passed on across Third Creek and spent the night with Sheriff Watts. Having crossed all the dangerous rivers and creeks, the boys were met by Mr. Sams, the Steward of the Mars Hill Asylum, and they reached their mountain home on the fifteenth day after their departure from Oxford. The journey was unusually pleasant. Many kind friends were greeted by the way, and no sickness nor accident retarded the progress of the party. As the venerable Dr. Wait was accustomed to say: We have great reason to be grateful for journeying mercies.

Mrs. Judith J. Sampson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, before her marriage, was a teacher in the Orphan Asylum at Oxford. She is still a friend of the orphan work, and we hereby request her to use her influence for it in her adopted home.

We gladly welcome the *Milton Chronicle* to our exchange table. Some oversight has heretofore deprived us of its visits.

ALL So.—The foreman of the Hillsborough Recorder office went down to Durham last week, and was very much pleased with the town and the people. Among other business enterprises of Durham, he has the following to say of Reams & Co.'s Blacking manufactory:

"Of Reams and Walker, our foreman is full of enthusiasm. He wishes particular attention drawn to their blacking. Having tried it, we fully endorse it. Let everybody try their blacking and we are sure they will be delighted."

Durham is certainly a remarkable town, and its citizens, we are sure, are alive to every commendable enterprise. We send a larger number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND to Durham than to any other post office in the State; seven more than to the Oxford office, and twelve more than to Raleigh. At Durham we have the patronage of whole families—five Cheeks; four Lyons; three Reamses, and three others of the Reams family at other offices. The largest club we have ever received at one time was gotten up by a friend at Durham, the number being sixty-two, the cash accompanying it.

All this and much besides, incline us to endorse whatever may be said favorably of Durham and its enterprising, wide-awake inhabitants.

Two weeks ago we published an extract under the caption of "Friday," and another under that of "Saturday Night," which were credited to the "Patriot and Flag." We intended to explain, but forgot it, that these extracts were furnished by a friend, and taken from the old *Patriot and Flag*, published at Lexington, N. C. over twenty years ago, and were written by one who stood among the leading newspaper writers of that day, the then editor of the paper from which the extracts were made.

The Raleigh *Sentinel* says: "W. B. and J. H. Furrow, of Charlotte, have invented or arotating dinner table which supercedes the necessity of a negro behind each chair at the table as was the old custom of the country. There is an outer or stationary rim upon which is placed the plate, knife and fork. Then there is an inner or circular centre, upon which the plates and dishes containing the meal are placed. With a single touch of the finger you can turn this inner or centre board so as to bring before you any dish on the table."

"Invented," indeed! Dr. W. M. Earnhardt, of Lenoir, invented that table more than two years ago. Has made two or three of the tables and been using them at his hotel, where, we suspect, those Furrows saw them and then went off and "turned the tables" on Earnhardt.—*Piedmont Press*.

Old man Leach, who kept a boarding house at Trinity College fifteen years ago, had one of these tables, from which the writer of this once ate as good a dinner as he ever cares to sit down to. How long Mr. Leach had been using them before the time alluded to this deponent knows not.

A shopkeeper in Spain not long ago bought a large Bible from a colporteur. The priest saw it and told him to burn it; but the man did not like to throw away his money, so used the leaves to wrap things in. Like messengers of peace they were thus scattered, and read by many. The villagers inquired of the shopkeeper where he got them; and when the colporteur returned they purchased freely the best of all books.

## CHILDREN IN JAPAN.

The little folks of that strange country do not have as much time for enjoyment in childhood as the children in Europe and America. From the time that they are able to walk they are forced to work in some way.

I have seen them often when about four years old and just able to waddle along the road with their younger brother or sister on their backs, much the same as the India women carry their children. Their parents being poor, and not able to hire nurses, the older children, whether boys or girls, have to perform the duties that are generally performed by the mothers or nurses with us. The children will, with this burden forced on them, through weakness and carelessness, frequently stumble and fall down; in doing so they will awake their sleeping companion, or perhaps bruise him, when both nurse and child will cry—that being the balm that children all the world over use to cure their aches and pains. But there they get little sympathy or attention given them, so that there is very little of it.

I have seen parents who, not being able through poverty to bring their children up in the way they would like them to go, dispose of them to parties having means to do so. Although this seem heartless and cruel, still in many cases it is greatly to the benefit of them, they being taken care of and taught the trade or profession that is best adapted to them.

All persons there are compelled by the laws of the land to attend school until they have attained sufficient knowledge of their written and spoken language, so that all are at least able to read and write. They have their higher courses and accomplishments as we have—the learned man being as much esteemed and respected as with us, they being with the doctors the only classes of men who wear their beads there; for you must remember that the beard is not, and only a small portion of the hair on the head is worn there. The children at a very tender age undergo the shaving process, that is, the shaving of the head when they are four months old—they do so believing it will come out much stronger in growth than if left as with us.

I watched a child who objected to being used in this manner. The mother, to keep the child quiet, placed it in a bath-tub, the water being up to the poor little one's chin. In its struggles to get away, the water got into its mouth. So with a natural instinct that it might get drowned, it was with little difficulty relieved of the few hairs that had grown on its head.

After a boy or girl is five years old the hair is allowed to grow in this wise: the hair on the top of the head of the boy is shaved off; the hair on the back and top and forehead is then made into a cone and laid on the top of the head. When a boy is fourteen years of age, the hair on the forehead is shaved off—from thence he is considered a man. The girls do not shave but little after they are grown, only a spot on the forehead part of the head about an inch square. When the girl is married the hair is allowed to grow. She then shaves off her eyebrows and blacks her teeth, which gives the married women a hideous appearance. The barbers are in great demand, and can be seen at all hours in the public streets

working on the heads of the natives. Their hair is dressed almost every day, but to prevent it being disarranged when sleeping, they have a small box about six inches long by three inches wide at the bottom, which tapers to a height of five inches; on this is fastened a small round bag of rice chaff. This is their pillow, and is placed under the back of the neck. My sensations when trying to use it during my visit in the interior, when I had been lying on it about ten minutes, was that it was quite hard, then quite high; I then turned it over, and found it would not do, so I threw it away in disgust, thinking a log of wood were preferable.

As hats are not generally worn, the little hair they have left is not of much use, and very little ornament in the way which they wear it. The women get their hair up in a much neater style than with us—theirs being quite modest and becoming, when compared with the ridiculous fashion now in vogue with us.

I saw during my travels a great many schools, every district being provided with three or four. The children there, although deprived of a great part of the recreation as with us, are the same in nature as in any other part of the world—full of play and mischief. The schoolmaster is not the prim and sedate-looking person we have here, who with a rule of iron holds sway over a few dozen of their own species, and who think themselves paragons of perfection, never allowing that youth should have its faults. In Japan, the teacher comes down from that lofty sphere and mingles with his scholars—praising here, correcting there, and giving words of encouragement to all. I have seen them at their plays, the teacher always taking all the punishment that the little ones with their tiny hands could inflict. The teachers are mostly gentlemen, the ladies not having the opportunities for getting sufficient education to teach. They are not employed as teachers.

Their principal studies are reading, writing and arithmetic. The writing is done with a hair-pencil and India ink. There being 4,000 and upward of characters in the ordinary written language, it takes at least three years to get the least knowledge of it, so that there are but few amongst the poorer people who are well educated. Each character represents a sound. The letter L has nothing to represent it. The natives can not correctly pronounce an English word with it in. Mostly all of our common words they can command, and are very apt at learning them. Their reading is as with their writing, very difficult to acquire. They have no spelling that would suit the children here, but from the small knowledge that I got of the language while living with them, I should prefer our own, with all its spelling and definitions. Their arithmetic is much the same as ours, only much more primitive. It consists of a square frame of wood, in which are ten wires, in each of which ten balls are strung. This is their four primary rules. In all the stores I saw in Japan this was used to reckon up their bills. It is a very inconvenient and slow way, but they have been used to it for centuries, and all attempts to get them to use pencil and paper are fruitless.

The language when spoken sounds as well as some of the European languages; and after a

per on has resided in the country some time he will conclude that it is by far more musical and smooth than some of our fashionable languages. Very little of the Simon-pure Japanese language is spoken by the foreigners residing there. Some few have made it a study, and, after years of close application, have become quite fluent in the language. Our countryman, Dr. Hepburn, after eight years of hard study, has succeeded in editing a small dictionary. Although giving but eight thousand words, it is very valuable, and will be improved on in time. It was something that the want of was felt for a long time, the Japanese taking the greater portion of the first edition. Few men would have undertaken such a formidable task as did Dr. Hepburn. He has succeeded in his attempt, and may good fortune attend him in his efforts to enlighten a most free-hearted and willing nation.

Their toys and playthings are much the same as with us, only they go much more into the ridiculous than we do. There we find mankind in all its hideousness, they thinking it beautiful to contort the human body, being also more apt to frighten than amuse the children. There was one toy that I noticed particularly; it was made of some light substance representing miniature dragons, fish drawing horses, and everything that is capable of moving. Under these were placed a large black bug; his back was fastened to the toy; the bug, in endeavoring to get away, would drag the cart, and, being invisible, would for some time puzzle a person as to how the thing was done. They have also their kites and tops. Almost all the children practice in tumbling, walking on their hands, and for a small sum of money will perform for the curious any time.

The respect that the children in Japan show for age is remarkable. Let the attachment be in man, woman or house, all are much more honored than in most civilized countries. A young man there is proud of his gray-haired father. Frequently you will find three or four generations living under one roof. They speak with pride of their old houses. I have heard them say, "That property has been in our possession for 150 or 200 years." An old house or building is rarely pulled down, they believing it unlucky to destroy anything that has age, or has been of use to any person. Here with us it is different. No sooner does a parent get beyond the years when he can labor for the benefit of his children, than they speak of the "old man," or the "old woman," wishing in many cases they were out of the way. I would not like to say that any of the readers of your dear little Magazine commit any of these ungrateful acts. Still, to compare these supposed heathens with a portion of the people in America, the comparison will show who it is that wants civilizing. An old homestead with the thatched roof covered with moss, with creepers running up the sides, the old-fashioned spinning-wheel, as with us in days gone by, are there, and, if there is such a place in the world, it is Japan, where can be found a true representation of Home, Sweet Home.—*Demorest's Young America*.

A little boy in the west walked four miles to Sunday School all last winter. He was in earnest. I suppose his teacher was always there.