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THE PARADISE OF TEARS.

Beside the River of Tears, with branches low,
And bitter leaves, the weeping willows grow;
The branches stream like the dishevelled hair
Of woman in the sadness of despair.

Then comes a child, whose face is like the sun,
And dips the gloomy waters as they run,
And waters all the region, and behold,
The ground is bright with blossoms manifold.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
And where the ground is bright with friend-
ship's tears,

Forget-me-nots and violets, heavenly blue,
Spring, glittering with the cheerful drops like
dew.

The souls of mourners, all whose tears are
dried,
Like swans, come gently floating down the
tide,

Walk up the golden sands, by which it flows,
And in the Paradise of Tears repose.

There every heart rejoins its kindred heart;
There, in a long embrace that none may part,
Fulfillment meets desire; and that fair shore
Beholds it dwellers happy evermore.

—William Cullen Bryant.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

Lady Harriet Ackland has always been numbered among the most celebrated women of the American Revolution. Her name is associated with all that is pure, heroic, lovely and of "good report," and though a foreigner by birth and education, and the wife of one of America's foes, she is no unworthy subject for an American woman's pen. Beautiful, accomplished, brought up amidst all the refinements and luxuries of a noble English home, she gladly left home, kindred and country to follow the fortunes of her husband, Major Ackland, when he was ordered with his regiment to America in the war between England and her colonies. She accompanied him to Canada in 1776, and the next year she was with him, or rather near him, during Burgoyne's disastrous campaign, ending in his defeat at Saratoga. She made the journey from Montreal generally in a little two-wheeled tumbrel, over almost impassable roads, in constant danger of being overturned or left behind by the exhausted condition of her horse. One night, while the army was encamped in its advance on Fort Edward, the tent in which she was sleeping was suddenly wrapped in flames. Their pet Newfoundland dog, who had followed them from home and was the companion of their fortunes, upset the light. The Major and his wife were saved with difficulty, losing many necessary as well as valuable things in the burning tent. In the battle of the 4th of October, Major Ackland commanded the Grenadiers, and was in the most exposed part of the field. His wife, with Madame de Reidesel and the wives of several other officers, was at a farm-house close by the scene of action, and waiting in agony which passes description for news from the battle-field. Before long General Fraser was brought in fatally wounded, and Lady Ackland was informed that her husband was also badly wounded, and a prisoner in the American camp. At this sad news the heroic wife's determination was soon taken, and when at once her mind was made up, she left no stone unturned to carry out her plan.

She resolved at all hazards to join her husband, and to nurse him back to health, if possible, and if he must die, to soothe and comfort his last moments. She sent to General Burgoyne, through his aid-de-camp, Lord Petersham, a message asking his permission to pass through the British lines, and asking him also to give her what help and protection he could in her hazardous journey.

General Burgoyne could scarcely believe that she was in earnest; that a delicate woman worn with suspense and anxiety, with want of food and rest, should be ready to start in the middle of a dark and stormy night, to traverse unknown roads in the drenching rain, to deliver herself up to the enemy without knowing into whose hands she would fall. But in vain he sought to dissuade her from her purpose. One only image filled her heart, that of her wounded, perhaps dying, husband, and to reach him and minister to his sufferings, she was ready to encounter any danger, run any risk.

"The assistance I was able to give her," General Burgoyne writes, "was small indeed: I had not even a cup of wine to offer her. All I could furnish was an open boat with a few lines written on wet, dirty paper to General Gates, saying who she was, and earnestly recommending her to his care and protection."

A soldier's wife gave her a glass of brandy and water, which sent some little warmth through her weak and chilled frame, as amid the storm and darkness she entered an open boat, accompanied by Mr. Brudenell, a British chaplain, her own English maid and her husband's servant, who had been himself wounded while searching for his missing master on the battle-field. They went down the river in a violent tempest of wind and rain, and reached the American outposts just before daybreak, half dead with cold and fatigue. The sentinel, hearing the sound of oars, challenged the invisible boat, and great was his surprise when he heard whom the boat contained, and on what mission she had come. He sent for the officer of the guard, who happened to be Major Dearborn, before he would permit the passengers to land. Touched by such a proof of wifely devotion and heroic courage, Major Dearborn invited the whole party into his guardhouse, where he gave them the food they so much needed, and where they warmed and dried themselves by a blazing fire; and, most comforting of all to the poor anxious wife, was the assurance of her husband's safety. In the morning Major Dearborn escorted her to the quarters of General Gates, who treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration, openly expressing his admiration of her noble conduct. She was conducted under escort to her wounded husband, whom she found most carefully tended by the American surgeons; but his recovery was greatly hastened by the presence and loving care of the devoted wife who had run such risks to join him.

As soon as he was well enough to travel, he was removed to

Albany, whither his wife accompanied him, and where they shared the gracious hospitalities of Madam Schuyler. Neither Major Ackland nor his wife ever forgot this generous treatment, which the British soldier endeavored in some way to return, while on parole in New York, by doing everything in his power to cheer and alleviate the condition of American officers, prisoners in the hands of his countrymen. Indeed, his gratitude to Americans actually resulted in his death. Soon after his exchange and return to Europe, he was invited to a large military dinner, altogether composed of English officers. In the course of conversation, one of them, a Lieutenant Lloyd, spoke in the most sneering way about the American troops, charging them, among other things, with cowardice. This, of course, reflected, indirectly on the bravery of the English troops who had been defeated and captured by these so-called cowardly rebels, and was keenly felt and resented by Major Ackland, who, as generous as he was brave, had always done justice to his victorious foes. High words passed between Lieutenant Lloyd and himself, and in spite of the efforts of mutual friends to settle the matter, a challenge was the consequence of these indiscreet words. They met at an early hour in the morning, and Major Ackland fell at the first fire, dying almost immediately. The terrible news was conveyed as cautiously and as kindly as possible to the poor wife, but the Major had made all his preparations so secretly that she had no suspicion of the duel, and the shock was so great that it deprived her of reason. At first she was a raving lunatic; gradually she subsided into a deep melancholy. She remained in this state for two years, and then slowly regained her health and reason. She retired from the gay world, and at the expiration of some years married the Rev. Mr. Brudenell, her kind and faithful companion on her perilous expedition that gloomy, stormy night to the camp of General Gates. She survived him many years and died at an advanced age; but the name of Lady Harriet Ackland will ever occupy a conspicuous position in the annals of the American Revolution. —Mrs Halsey in *Potter's American Monthly*.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

But the holiest of all woman's functions is maternity; and as a mother her mightiest influence is exerted. God has put highest honor and weightiest responsibility on woman in making her such. When the infant Moses was found, the daughter of Pharaoh said to his mother, "Take this child away, and nurse it for me." So, when God puts an infant in his mother's arms, he says to her, "Take this child and nurse it for me." Every mother should regard herself as a trainer of immortal souls for God. In this work ceaseless thought, activity, and prayer are expended. In it highest and noblest faculties—all and to their utmost extent—are enlisted and taxed. Love,

gentleness, tireless patience, self-sacrifice, toil, are demanded and cheerfully given. And religion enters the nursery as handmaid and helper. The mother gives her child to God, and over its infant days hovers the incense of her prayers. The opening mind is filled with thoughts of God and of right. Early is he taught to trust and to pray. Parental restraint leads to divine restraint. From obedience to parents the transition to obedience to God is easy. So in all those early years her hand is on the secret springs of character. The clay is plastic, and she fashions it; the twig is tender, and she bends it.

Said the mother of Washington, 'A good boy generally makes a good man. George was always a good boy.' So she aims to make her children good boys and girls, that they may become good men and women. And these impressions are deep and lasting. The mother of John Newton often retired with him to her closet, put her hands on his head, and implored God's blessings on her son. He never could forget it. In after years of revelry and debauchery, he ever felt her hands upon his head.

A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the western frontiers. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region, inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, —a boy and a girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and, with eyes filled with mother love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another; but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away, when she paused, choked back the tears, and, in soft, clear notes began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and a girl sprang from the group, exclaiming "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

After the unsatisfactory engagement at Germantown, the American troops were quartered for the winter at Valley Forge, where their sufferings, it is well known, were extreme. It happened, during their sojourn, that a very pious Quaker by the name of Potts, had occasion to pass through a large grove, which was not a great distance from the headquarters. Proceeding along he thought he heard a voice. He stopped a moment and listened attentively. He did hear a voice, at some distance, and quite distinctly, though not catching the words. As it was in the direct course he was pursuing, he went

on, and with considerable caution. At length he came in sight of a man whose back was turned towards him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. Potts now stopped and soon perceived Gen. Washington, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, returning from bending before the God of hosts above.

Potts was a pious man, and no sooner had he reached his home than he broke forth to his wife: "All's well! All's well! Yes—George Washington is sure to beat the British, *sure!*"

"What's the matter with thee, Isaac?" replied the startled Sarah. "Thee seems to be beside thyself about something, thou art much moved."

"Well, what if I am moved? Who would not be moved at such a sight as I saw to-day?"

"Well, what hast thou seen, Isaac?"

"See! I've seen a man at prayer in the woods—George Washington himself, and now I say what I said before—All's well! George Washington is sure to beat the British, *sure!*"

This is one of the incidents that tend to prove the decided Christian character of Washington.

Washington was never known to intentionally injure the feelings of another, whether he was a friend or an enemy. In illustration of this trait, an incident is related referring to the surrender at Yorktown.—While the Continental army was preparing to receive the British, who were to march forth from the garrison and deliver up their arms, Washington was heard to remark to his troops, "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained, induce you to insult your fellow enemy—let no shouting, no clamoring, huzzaing, increase their mortification. It is sufficient satisfaction to us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."—*Interior*.

In the morning of life we paint with the brush of fancy, our beautiful ideal of the future lying out before us—a picture of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, of flower-strewn paths and where tropic blooms—a picture where joy and love, and friendship and fame stand holding out their beautiful offerings, and we the central figure of the whole. But how different the pictures painted each day of life by the brush of pitiless reality! Not one picture, but many; for the scenes are ever shifting. The skies are clouded, and the sunshine faded. The flowers are withered, and hide the thorns no longer. Sorrow steps in where joy had stood; hatred takes the place of lover; friendship, that we had painted with a beautiful face, takes on the hideous look of treachery. At the eventide of life we gaze at the pictures in the gallery of memory, and comparing the ones that fancy painted with those stamped upon our hearts by the stern realities of life, we wonder where fancy got its beautiful false colorings.