

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## VAN ECKKELEN'S CONTRACT.

On the eighth day of October, 1682, John Van Eckkelen and the Consistory of Flatbush, Long Island, entered into the following remarkable contract :

ART. 1. The school shall begin again at 8 o'clock, and go out at 11; shall begin again at 1 o'clock and end at 4. The bell shall be rung before the school commences.

ART. 2. When school begins, one of the children shall read the morning prayer as it stands in the catechism, and close with the prayer before dinner; and in the afternoon, the same. The evening school shall begin with the Lord's Prayer, and close by singing a psalm.

ART. 3. He shall instruct the children in the common prayers; and the questions and answers of the catechism, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, to enable them to say them better on Sunday in the church.

ART. 4. He shall be required to keep his school nine months in succession, from September to June, one year with another; and shall always be present himself.

ART. 5. He shall be chorister of the church, keep the church clean, ring the bell three times before the people assemble, and read a chapter of the Bible in the church between the second and third ringing of the bell; after the third ringing, he shall read the ten commandments, and the twelve articles of our faith, and then set the psalm. In the afternoon, after the third ringing of the bell, he shall read a short chapter, or one of the psalms of David, as the congregation are assembling; afterwards he shall again sing a psalm or hymn.

ART. 6. When the minister shall preach at Brooklyn or Utrecht, he shall be bound to read twice before the congregation, from the book used for the purpose. He shall hear the children recite the questions and answers out of the catechism on Sunday, and instruct them therein.

ART. 7. He shall provide a basin of water for the administration of Holy Baptism, and furnish the minister with the name of the child to be baptized, for which he shall receive twelve stivers in wampum for every baptism, from the parents or sponsors. He shall furnish bread and wine for the communion, at the charge of the church. He shall also serve as messenger for the consistory.

ART. 8. He shall give the funeral invitations, dig the grave, and toll the bell; and for which he shall receive, for persons of fifteen years of age and upwards, twelve guilders; and for persons under fifteen, eight guilders; and if he shall cross the river to New York, he shall have four guilders more.

THE SCHOOL MONEY.—1st. He shall receive, for a speller or reader, three guilders a quarter; and for a writer, four guilders, for the day school. In the evening, four guilders for a speller or reader, and five guilders for a writer, per quarter.

2d. The residue of his salary shall be four hundred guilders in wheat, (of wampum value,) deliverable at Brooklyn Ferry, with the dwelling, pasturage, and meadow appertaining to the school.

Done and agreed upon in consistory, under the inspection of the honorable constable and overseers, this 8th day of October, 1682. Signed by Casper Van Zuren and the consistory.

I agree to the above articles, and promise to observe them.

JOHANNES VAN ECKKELEN.

## A DANISH LANDSCAPE.

We were at Nybork, on the shores of the Great Belt. Instead of going on board the vessel which crossed the strait, we took our places in one of the large cars of the country, drawn by three horses abreast, which started with us at full trot along the coast road.

This was the first time we had seen a real northern landscape. The green-tinted sea was gently rippling on the sandy shore; extensive and unvarying plains were stretched before us, surrounded by woods of beech and birch. Here and there, cultivated fields relieved the pale verdure of the meadows or the dark trenches of the bogs. From time to time were to be seen a park, with its lawns and well-kept flower-beds, and an elegant house half hidden behind a grove of trees; then farms and agricultural buildings surrounded by fields of thin and short-stalked corn; an orchard of fruit-trees; and heads of cattle returning from the pasture. We passed, on the sea-shore, a lively fishing village full of small houses, with roofs nearly flat; the bricks as well as the wood work were painted with gaudy colors, the windows glittered in the sun, and on the ridge of each roof was a carving rudely representing the prow of a vessel. Through the open hall doors you could see neat and clean rooms. The fishing-nets were spread on the shore to dry; the boats were drawn up; the women and children looked at us with curious eyes; and the men raised their woolen caps to salute us. They are robust and vigorous and look quiet and good natured. These excellent people, who enjoy such a calm and orderly existence, who live honestly on the produce of their fishing, and practice all the virtues of domestic life, are nevertheless descended from the bold pirates whose terrible exploits were the terror of the seas; who in the ninth century, sailed up the Seine as far as Paris, and in the twelfth, seized upon the Crown of England. These men, whose honesty and royalty reminded us of the Golden Age, seem to have no idea that their ancestors were such audacious corsairs.

We have now left the coast, the road turns inland; we traverse a forest, with solitude all around us. An old woman passes bending under an enormous bundle of grass mixed with flowers, on which a small lean cow feeds as she walks behind her.

On the doorstep of the cottage are three children eating with a good appetite some coarse black bread. Nothing is heard among the large trees but the foot-steps of the horses, and the harsh and hoarse shouts of the driver; we ourselves are silent. All is quiet, tranquil; a sweet melancholy and an indefinable feeling of sadness pervade both man and nature. The light is softened as if it passed through a screen of gauze; the effects of light and shade are toned down; there is nothing to arrest the eye, nothing to attract or detain it. The silence is deep and profound; no cries are to be heard, no song, only a slight twittering of birds hidden in the

foliage, the lowing of an ox, or the noise of a cart, whose wheels grate on their axel. Then, all at once, the prospect widens, our team starts off more rapidly, the conductor cracks his whip loudly, and, just as the sun is about to disappear beneath the horizon, we see a group of habitations regularly arranged. The roofs are red, the last rays of the setting sun glitter on walls of varnished pinewoods, a bell rings to announce our arrival, the carriage passes through the large gateway, turns into the courtyard, and stops before a house, under the verandah of which our hosts are waiting to welcome us.—*An Architect's Notes and Sketches.*

## SHALLOWNESS SUCCESSFUL.

Sheridan, when urged to speak on a certain occasion, replied: "You know I am an ignoramus, but I'll do my best." He once studied arithmetic three weeks, hoping to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, confirming the remark of Oxenstiern, "How little knowledge is required to govern the world."

It is said that Sheridan kept in a commonplace book repartees and jests, to supply his lack of solid information. An English lord having closed an argument with a Greek quotation, Sheridan impudently followed with the assertion that if Lord Belgrave had given the whole passage, it would have applied the other way. He then spouted out, with great elocutionary display, a sentence that had the sound of Greek in it, upon which the other admitted that he was wrong, and complimented Sheridan on his more accurate recollection. Fox, also, who knew Greek, as he thought, said at the close of the session, "Sheridan, how came you to be so ready? It is as you say, though I was not aware of it before you quoted it."

On the other hand, Burke, with all his massive learning, was such a bore that he was nick-named "dinner bell." His frigid delivery and harsh voice scattered those whom Sheridan drew. In Richard II. the Dutchess of York upbraids the insincerity of her husband thus:

"Look upon his face,  
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are  
jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from  
our breast,  
He prays but faintly and would be denied;  
We pray heart and soul."

So Betterton told the Bishop, "You deliver truth as it were a fiction; we deliver fiction like truth." Sheridan's sham Greek and Gen. Jackson's "hog-latin," in one of his Western stump speeches, won greater success than all the dignified dulness and critical coldness of the greatest scholar of the age.

Let every speaker avoid mere shallowness and pretence, but also avoid, at the same time, the extreme of learned length and pompous pedantry. Beauty and strength need not be dissevered, and brilliancy need not be the badge of shallowness alone.—*Prof. E. P. Thwing.*

## EDUCATION IN FRANCE

A French correspondent writes:—"Every thinker in our country is amazed at the prodigious efforts made by the bishops to train up a new generation in the hatred of our modern society. There are not fewer than 60,000 nuns busy in the training of girls. The schools and colleges of the Jésums are full. Now that they take hold of the whole hierarchy, they oblige the mothers by the confessional to send their sons to their institutions. The fathers who execrate their own religion do it reluctantly, but fashion exerts its mischievous power. No effort is here-upon spared to win the affection of the children, who get every possible pleasure as soon as the lessons are at an end. That training associates in their mind the majesty of the Church with very pleasant remembrances. A gentleman trained at these schools has his mind perverted. He hates thought and investigation he will not even listen to an argument against his mother Church. The Jesuits will never let him alone when he has left their college. They will give him a wife selected from among the devotees. They will secure offices and promotion as they have peopled our administration with their kinsmen. Every one who does not shut his eyes must see that the danger from that side is growing and fearful. Therefore we cannot bless God enough for the boon of having at the head of public education a man like M. Waddington. He understands fully the solemn trust laid upon him, and the whole nation feels alike. He sees that a general diffusion of light is the only way to dispel and to repel darkness. Only, his scheme for the foundation of schools in every hamlet of France wants many years, and the universal wish outside of the clerical factions is that he may remain in office until his work is achieved. I think that nothing is more hopeful for France than this moral alliance of our nation with a Christian-minded Protestant."

## THE FRAILTY OF MAN.

What can be more frail and perishable than man! If we survey the history of mankind, its generations have come and gone; its great empires have arisen, and flourished, and decayed; its strength has prevailed for a season, and has been broken, and its loveliness has charmed the earth, and has then vanished away. The stars that have overhung the world from the beginning have beheld a changeful and melancholy scene; and the angels who have ministered to human wants, have attended none but dying and departed multitudes. From their unchanged and elevated seats, the nations must have seemed only like grass-plots, nipped by frosty winters, renewing again and again the ephemeral growth, and again and again made desolate.

But the life of an aged man has also been peculiarly full of such experiences. How many

companions have fallen at his side: how many familiar faces have been veiled from his eyes. Every time that a wellknown port was revisited, some change in the relations of business, some void in the circle of acquaintances has reminded him of human mutability. He has passed along the streets, marking the houses whose erection he had witnessed, and he has sighed to think that the builder has left his home and will return to it no more forever.

He has deposited in the tomb the body of a friend, and years after, returning to the sad spot, has beheld only dry bones and dust remaining in the sepulchre. He has parted in the port with hardy seamen and gallant captains, and has learned, too soon, that then, all unconsciously, they had parted forever. He has beheld the ocean engulf the wrecks of human pride and hope and affection. And could he address us, such are the facts which he would relate for our admonition.—*E. T. Winkler, D. D.—S. C.*

## GROWING OLD.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—*F. W. Robertson.*

—There is a story told of two Scotch lads who knew little of gunnery and natural history, but were familiar with King James's Bible and with the winged heads that pass for cherubs in painting and sculpture. Going out a-gunning together, one of them shot a bird and the other ran to secure the trophy. Coming near where it had fallen, he found a white owl so sprawled in the grass as to present to his view only a head with staring eyes and a pair of wings attached. Instantly he shouted in dismay, "We're in for it, Jock; we've shot a cherubim!"

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels, the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.