

The Orphans' Friend.

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EVENSONG.

From each day's care we gladly flee
To find, O Lord, our rest in thee;
Our burden to Thy feet we bring,
Our sins to Mercy's healing spring,
We know that at Thy gracious voice
The evening's outgoings rejoice;
To us assembled in Thy sight,
At eventime may there be light.

In Christ accepted, Lord, may we
The light of Thy salvation see;
Transformed by Thy free Spirit's grace,
Walk in the brightness of Thy face.
Thy favor crown each peaceful day,
Thy presence cheer each pleasant way;

And when we walk through sorrow's night,
At evening-time may there be light.

By every joy or grief we find
Our hearts to Thee more closely bind;

Trial and blessing, peace and pain,
All link out in Mercy's golden chain.
And when life's closing shadows come,
O may they find us nearer home!
Then in our souls, with heaven in sight,
At evening-time may there be light.

—Presbyterian.

TEMPERANCE.

At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

"Yes!" she said, "look upon me, and then, hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town; you all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you, pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon, and doctor, as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my hus-

band and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

"The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband, and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape: and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you all; to warn you, deacon! to warn you, false teacher of God's word!" And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician, hung their heads: and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any license be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was, "No!" —Church Union.

A FEW WORDS ON BORROWING.

What can be more annoying to the careful housewife than a borrowing neighbor? and who can blame such an one if she grows churlish at last, and refuses the oft-repeated favor.

The borrowers, as a rule, are the 'shiftless' ones of the world—imprudence, rather than poverty, is the secret of their destitution. This is probably the reason why borrowers excite more contempt than passion, and why they are so universally accepted as fair marks for ridicule.

The woman who is always 'just out of' tea, flour, or sugar; the man who has 'just broken' hoe, spade, or plough, and therefore claims his neighbor's, have been used in all times to 'point a moral' as well as 'adorn a tale.' True, the borrower is found oftener, one may say always, in small towns or villages; in large cities the many changes of residence and the close vicinity of their inhabitants tend to extinguish that sense of neighborly obligation and mutual dependence upon which the habitual borrower counts so largely.

—Tasso, being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy, replied: "I wish not to plunder him; but there is something I wish to take away from him—not his honor, his wealth, nor his life—but his ill-will."

—The current coin of life is plain, sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than aught else.

LEE IN VIRGINIA.

HOW HE CAME TO SUPERSEDE GENERAL LORING—HIS BOLDNESS IN RECONNOITERING.

When General Lee arrived at Huntersville he found General Loring busily engaged forming his depot of supplies and organizing his transportation train. Several days had already elapsed, and several days more would be necessary before he could complete his preparations for an advance. The arrival of General Lee at Huntersville, as commander of the department, took General Loring by surprise. Having been his superior in rank in the old army, he could not suppress a feeling of jealousy. General Lee was accompanied by his aides-de-camp, Colonel John A. Washington and Captain Walter H. Taylor. After remaining several days at Huntersville without gaining any positive information from General Loring in regard to the time of his probable advance, he proceeded to join Colonel Gilliam at Valley Mountain. He took with him Major Lee's cavalry, not as an escort, but for the purpose of scouting and reconnoitering. It had now been eight or ten days since Colonel Gilliam first arrived at Valley Mountain Pass. At that time he learned from the inhabitants and his scouts that the road to Beverly was unoccupied. But within the last day or two, a force of Federals had advanced within less than a mile of his front and then retired. Gen. Lee at once busied himself about gaining information respecting the position of the enemy. He soon learned the Federals had taken possession of a strong pass, ten miles in front of Valley Mountain, and were actively engaged in fortifying it. When Gen. Loring arrived, about the 12th of August, the Federals had been reinforced, and this position had been so greatly strengthened that Gen. Lee deemed it inadvisable to attempt a direct attack, so the only course now to be pursued was to gain the Federal flank or rear, and strike them when they least expected an attack.

General Lee had been distinguished in the Mexican war as a reconnoitering officer, and General Scott had been mainly indebted to his bold reconnoissances for the brilliant success of his Mexican campaigns. Rank and age had not impaired the qualities that had formerly rendered him so distinguished. He brought them with him to the mountains of Virginia. There was not a day when it was possible for him to be out, that the General, with either Colonel Washington or Captain Taylor, might be seen crossing the mountains, climbing over rocks and crags, to get a view of the Federal position. Ever mindful of the safety of his men, he would never spare himself toil or fatigue when seeing the means to prevent unnecessary loss of life. By way of illustrating his boldness as a reconnoitering officer, I will relate an anecdote told me by Captain Preston, adjutant of the Forty-eighth Virginia Regiment (Col. Camp-

bell's). The Regiment being on picket, seeing three men on an elevated point about half a mile in advance of the line of pickets, and believing them to be Yankees, he asked his colonel to let him capture them. Permission being obtained, and selecting two men from a number of volunteers who offered to accompany him, he set forth to capture the Federal scouts. Dashing through the brushwood, and over the rocks, he suddenly burst upon the unsuspecting trio, when lo! to his amazement, General Lee stood before him.—Philadelphia Times.

POSSIBLE RETURN OF THE JEWS TO EGYPT.

Even before the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews, with their cosmopolitan instincts, were at home in Egypt. Alexandria at one time had an immense synagogue, which was regarded as a rival Temple. The Jews of the city seemed to imagine that Alexandria was a new Jerusalem. Its temple has been described as an edifice of stupendous proportions, with a service of majestic solemnity. Afterwards the position of the Jews, like the influence of the patriarch Joseph, declined in Egypt. There are now signs, however, of a revival of their importance. Except the Holy Land, Egypt is undoubtedly "the one land of all the land of the earth" most intimately connected with their history, and it is possible she may yet play a great part in the future. According to the *Jewish Chronicle*, a fine new synagogue has been established in Alexandria, and it is believed that if the industrial enterprise of European countries meets adequate return Egypt may yet be a home for Jewish emigrants, "to develop their talents and exercise their industry for greater work and with greater renown, and with greater freedom and profit, than did their enslaved ancestors in bygone days which have been enshrined in history." —N. Y. Observer.

POISONED BY EATING MATCHES.

As a caution to parents, we would mention the fact that a little colored child in Brunswick county, a few days ago, was playing on the floor with a box of parlor matches, some of which it managed to extract from the box, placing them in its mouth and gnawing off the heads, which it swallowed. The child was soon afterwards seized with convulsions, which ended in its death the next evening.

DRY TIMES.

In the summer of 1662, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1674, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1689, 81 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1694, 62 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1704, 40 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1720, 45 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1730, 92 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1742, 72 days

in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1749, 108 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1755, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1762, 123 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1763, 80 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1791, 82 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1802, 23 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1812, 28 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1856, 24 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1871, 42 days in succession without rain.

In the summer of 1874, 25 days in succession without rain.

It will be seen that the longest drought that ever occurred in America was in the summer of 1762. No rain fell from the first of May to the first of September, making 123 days without rain. Many of the inhabitants sent to England for hay and grain.—Greensboro Patriot.

WHAT THE BIRDS ACCOMPLISH.

The swallow, swift, and night-hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and fly catchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, crows, thrushes and larks protect the surface of the soil. Snipe and woodcock protect the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature, and it is an undoubted fact that if the birds were all swept off the face of the earth, man could not live upon it; vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attack. The wholesale destruction occasioned by grasshoppers, which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener, and florist by the birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the quantities of noxious insects they destroy. The long persecuted crow has been found, by actual experience, to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours, than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.—N. Y. Home Journal.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE was eleven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter—about the size of a dime. The outside was composed of eighteen strands of small wire; next, six strands of yarn; next three coats of gutta percha; and inside of all, seven copper wires for telegraphing. The telegraphic cable weighed eighteen hundred pounds to the mile.