

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, January 21, 1877.

THE GIANT.

There came a giant to my door,
A giant, fierce and strong,
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned: he shook the ground:
I trembled through and through;
At length I looked him in the face,
And cried who cares for you?
The mighty giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin, and small;
And through his body as 'twas smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low,
"Is this," I cried with glowing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"
He sunk before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow in his place
Between me and the day.
Such giants come to strike us dumb;
But, weak is every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

DRILLERY IN MEDICAL PRACTICE.

Ever since the detection of "Scratching Fanny," who ingeniously imposed upon all and sundry as the 'Cock Lane Ghost,' the skill of young females in playing off tricks, and simulating maladies, out of a spirit of mere mischief, often to their own detriment, has been a well recognized fact in the medical profession. In such performances, boys fall far behind. Miraculous wounds, or miraculous cures, do not suit the boyish nature. Girls possess the true inventive faculty and power of endurance for some secret purposes. Yet, with a full knowledge of these qualities in the young female patient, physicians are constantly imposed on; and that matter, magistrates too, as, for example, when, as has occurred, some young lady sustains a fauciful complaint of being improperly treated in a railway carriage.

Long ago, when almost everything unusual was ascribed to supernatural interference, clever young females, with a relish for deception, resorted to a very pretty knack of astonishing simple-minded people, by making mysterious noises, scratching, tumbling about articles of household furniture, throwing stones at windows, deranging flower-pots, and performing other outrageous antics. In that delightfully amusing old book, *Satan's Invisible World Discovered*, we have a variety of incidents, all assumedly supernatural, and very perplexing to the ecclesiastical authorities of the period, but which a sharp London detective would now have at once traced to some clever but very innocent-looking girl, who enjoyed the exclusive pleasure of throwing a whole neighborhood into that state of utter consternation which resulted in an appeal to prayers and exorcisms. A love of deception by such freaks sometimes exceeds all imaginable bounds. Self-accusation and even self-torture, are well-known phases of this curious disorder of the female mind, for such it really is.

A story is told of a lady patient who was in the habit of thrusting needles into her foot, and then submitting to a surgical operation for their removal. But this instance of self-inflicted torture was far outdone in a curious case which occurred at the Carlisle Infirmary, and is mentioned by Dr. Priestly in a lecture delivered at the Middlesex Hospital. We popularize it as follows:

plied at the infirmary to be treated for an ulcer having a very ugly appearance, and which was spreading at a great rate. Suspecting that the patient was secretly causing the irritation, the doctor in attendance caused the part to be covered in such a way that she could not get at it. The result was that, by a course of simple treatment, the sore was speedily healed. The girl did not like getting well. In a short time she tried a new trick. This was the contrivance of a gathering at the end of her finger, leading to the bone—a seemingly bad case, necessitating a surgical operation. To this she would on no account consent, and left the infirmary. She afterwards however went to Liverpool, and there submitted to an amputation of part of the finger. Taking care that the wound should not heal, the case became so bad that the hand had to be amputated. This did not satisfy the morbid desire for suffering. Still she kept the wound in a state of irritation, and amputation above the elbow was resorted to. With the stump nearly healed, she quitted Liverpool and returned to Carlisle, where by-and-by the wound ulcerated, and she was again admitted to the infirmary. Again an amputation this time, the arm off by the shoulderblade. The poor wretch was still unsatisfied. After being a little time at home, she presented herself with the wound in a bad way; at the same time producing two pieces of bone as having come away, but which the doctor saw were only two pieces of bone that had been taken from a leg of mutton.

To prevent any fresh manoeuvre, she was placed in bed with her remaining arm tied to her side, and in three weeks the shoulder was perfectly healed. Now about to be discharged, she fell on a new device. Her left eye appeared to be badly swollen, and on inspection it was found that she had picked a piece of lime plaster from the wall, and placed it under the eyelid! Dismissed from the infirmary, she afterwards affected a new malady, but was looked on with suspicion and died without admitting her deceptions to any one. The girl who perpetrated these oddities is not spoken of as having been insane, and the medical man who relates the case says that her motives for self-torture are not to be divined. The only rational conjecture is, that she derived a pleasure in successfully deceiving her medical attendants.—*N. Y. Observer.*

NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—*Quisque suae fortunae faber*—both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—may, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admit-

ted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness: while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexercised, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that ethereal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.—*William Wirt.*

ONE OF GOUGH'S STORIES.

A minister of the gospel told me, in 1874, that a member of his congregation came home, for the first time, intoxicated, and his boy met him on the door-step, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "Papa has come home!" He seized that boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell into the hall. That minister said to me (I could give you his name if necessary): "I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might cool it. I walked out, and down the hill. There was his child dead; there was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep. A man but thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with his head as he swung him around, and a wife on the brink of the grave.

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me that I must remain till he awoke, and I did. When he awoke he passed his hand over his face and exclaimed;

"What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?"

"You cannot see him!"

"Where is my boy?" he inquired.

"You cannot see him!"

"Stand out of the way. I will see my boy." To avoid confusion I took him to the child's bedside, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a shriek—"Oh! my child!" That minister said further to me, "One year after that he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended his funeral." The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston!—*N. Y. Observer.*

Priest—"Now, tell me, Doolan, truthfully, how often do you go to the chapel?" Pat—"Will, now, shure, O'll till your riv'ince the truth. Fair I go as often as I can avoid."

The *Country Gentlemen* say the pig is one of the most tidy of all animals, naturally, and will take more pains to keep its bed clean than any other farm animal. Nothing is more false than its proverbial dirtiness; this imputation properly belongs to its negligent owner, in not making suitable provision and furnishing clean and pure apartments.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE ORPHANS.

Correspondents so often ask what the Legislature has done for the orphans, that we find it necessary to keep a standing answer to the inquiry. The Constitution of North Carolina says:

"There shall also, as soon as practicable, be measures devised by the State for the establishment of one or more Orphan Houses, where destitute orphans may be cared for, educated and taught some business or trade."

Every member of the Legislature, before taking his seat, solemnly swears, "that he will support the Constitution and laws of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of North Carolina, and will faithfully discharge his duty as a member of the Senate, or House of Representatives."

Both political parties have been in power since the present Constitution was adopted, and the only appropriation made to the orphan work was the gift of the crape used at the funeral of Governor Caldwell. 10-ff.

HOW CHILDREN ARE ADMITTED.

Very often the Superintendent hunts up poor and promising orphans and informs them of the advantages offered at the Orphan Houses, and induces them to return with him. Generally it is best that he should see them before they start. When this is impracticable, a formal application should be made by some friend. Here is one in proper form:

Edenton, N. C.,
June 2d, 1876.

This is to certify that Susan N. Bradshaw is an orphan, without estate, sound in body and mind, and ten years of age. Her father died in 1873; her mother in 1867. I being her Aunt, hereby make application for her admission into the Asylum at Oxford. I also relinquish and convey to the officers of the Asylum the management and control of the said orphan for four years, in order that she may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. Martha Scott.

Approved by
John Thompson, W. M.
of Unanimity Lodge, No. 7.

The application should be sent to the Superintendent and he will either go for the children, or provide for their transportation. In no case should a community take up a collection to send a man with the children, nor send the children before the Superintendent has been consulted.

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March 3rd, 1875.