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THE EYE.

Should hatred or love
Our sympathies move,
'Tis in vain for our lips to deny;
We may slip out a fib,
Though ever so glib,—
The truth is revealed by the eye.

When sweetly with smile
We seek to beguile,
All in vain the effort we try;
Though the blush on the cheek
The truth may not speak,—
'Tis read in the truth-telling eye.

If your secret you keep
In your bosom so deep,
'Twill manage its prison to fly;
Beyond your control,
In spite of your soul,—
The truth will escape through the eye.

Then Never believe
That you can deceive,
And safely all searchings defy;
Your tongue you may chain,
Your lips bite in vain,—
The truth will speak out from the eye.
UNCLE AL.

THE CULTIVATION OF LITERARY TASTE IN CHILDREN.

The literary taste of children can be cultivated at a very early age. Children can learn to like the good things in our literature, and need not be confined to a mental diet of "Mother Goose." Nothing ever can take the place of "Boy-Blue" and "Bo-peep." But because children like molasses candy, are they never to have beefsteak and bread?

I know two little girls, aged seven and four, who, quite unconsciously, have made the acquaintance of some of the writings of our best poets, and find great delight in them, and are learning to appreciate good things in a perfectly natural, child-like way. The oldest was a very nervous, excitable child; it was almost impossible to quiet her to sleep, and she was very wakeful at night. When she was about three years old, her mother began reading to her at bed-time some of those pretty little pieces of poetry for children—such as are found in so many collections like "Hymns and Rhymes for Home and School," "Our Baby" and the like, and found the rhythm so soothing to the child's restless nerves, that she committed several to memory, to use when the book was not at hand. She kept the little book or newspaper-*scrap* in her work-basket, and when she was holding the baby or could do nothing else, she learned a stanza or two. She soon had quite a collection at her tongue's end, and now it is part of the bed-time routine for mamma to repeat one or two. The little rollicking four-year old, a perfect embodiment of animal life and spirits, generally calls for Tennyson's "Sweet and low, wind of the Western sea," while the older one is charmed by Mary Howitt's pretty ballad of "Mabel on Midsummer Eve,"—sweet, pure, good English, all of it. I watched the older child, as she stood at the window beside her mother one wild November morning, looking at the dead leaves whirling in the wind, while the mother recited to her Bryant's lines, "The melancholy days are come." It was almost as good as the poem to see the child's gray eyes kindle with appreciation as she eagerly drank in the words. One can see the influence of this culture

in the little songs they make up for their dollies,—a jingle and jargon, of course, but interspersed with remembered lines from their "little verses," and having withal a good deal of rhythm and movement about them. Their ear has been educated to a certain standard of appreciation,—just as German children who grow up in an atmosphere of good music find delight in harmonies which are hardly understood by our less cultivated American ears. Of course, you must carefully select beforehand to suit the children's minds, and must explain similes and allusions.

On the other hand, if children's minds are so susceptible to good impressions, they are equally affected by bad ones. A child's world is made up of the things he has already learned; and these things are conveyed to his mind by what he has actually seen himself, or by pictures and stories of what he has not seen. His imagination is as quick to supply "missing links" as the most enthusiastic Darwinian. What isn't there ought to be, so it's all right. Whether he lives in a world peopled by distorted, horrible, unnatural objects, or in one full of all lovely and pleasant ones, depends very largely on the pictures he sees and the stories he hears. If his picture books are of the hideous order, in which a blue-bearded monster holds a sword over an equally horrible pink-and-scarlet woman, you must expect him to wake at night from dreadful dreams, shrieking with terror, and imagining grotesque figures leering at him from every dark corner; and much more so if he is allowed to hear ghost and hobgoblin stories told by superstitious servant girls.

I feel almost like groaning, when a young mother shows me some marvel of embroidery or machine-stitching, saying triumphantly, "There, I did every stitch of that myself!" When will women learn that their time is worth too much for better things, to be spent upon such trifles? It is really pitiful to see a good conscientious little mother resolutely shutting herself away from so much that is best and sweetest in her children's lives, for the sake of tucking their dresses and ruffling their petticoats. How surprised and grieved she will be to find that her boys and girls, at sixteen, regard "mother" chiefly as a most excellent person to keep shirts in order and to make new dresses, and not as one to whom they care to go for social companionship!

We should find ourselves snatching little bits of time to look into encyclopedias and histories to see if our facts are correct; brightening up rusty school-knowledge; perhaps even turning into account our school-girl accomplishments of drawing, and music, and composition; and certainly reading with some thought for the children, which of itself would supply the lack of purpose so usual in women's reading. The little we do is apt to be desultory and unsatisfactory, a hodge-podge of popular novels and the newspaper. We have so

little time to read, we say, but we let slip five and ten minute chances, or waste them over some frivolous story, because we haven't or think we haven't any object to stimulate us.

Hear what Gladstone says about man's work, and make the application to woman's: "To comprehend a man's life, it is necessary to know, not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser, who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best."—*Mary Blake, in Scribner, for March.*

GOOD FRUITS.

While Dorcas lay a corpse in an upper chamber, and the apostle Peter and the widow-friends of the deceased stood round about, the great preacher present was not called upon to deliver a eulogy over the clay of the dead widow. There was something more appropriate than that—they showed the coats and garments which Dorcas had made.

She had not made them for herself, else there had been no propriety in showing them; she had made them for the poor, and by so doing had become their benefactor. The widows who stood around the bed wept when they thought of Dorcas, and the garments she had made. "She was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

These coats and garments were only a part of what Dorcas had done for the poor, and were the stock which had accumulated and had not been distributed. The scene must have been an affecting one, and the coats and garments were a better eulogy on the deceased Dorcas than anything that ever the apostle himself could have said.—*Central Protestant.*

SEA MONSTERS.

Their Reality Discussed—Have We a Sea-Serpent?

Mr. Richard A. Proctor writes in the *London Echo*:

"The sea-serpent has long been regarded by most persons as simply a gigantic fraud. Either the object which appeared like a sea-serpent was something altogether different—a floating tree entangled in seaweed, the serpentine of distant hills half lost under a scudding haze, a row of leaping porpoises, or, if a single living creature at all, then one of a known species seen under unusual and deceptive conditions—or else the circumstantial accounts which could not thus be explained away were concoctions of falsehood.

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Monstrous cuttlefish were thought to be monstrous lies, the Aleuton, in 1851, came upon one and captured its tail, whose weight of forty pounds led naturalists to estimate the entire weight of the creature at 4,000 pound or nearly a couple of tons. In 1873 again two fishermen encountered a gigan-

tic cuttle in Conception Bay, Newfoundland, whose arms were about thirty-five feet in length (the fishermen cut off from one arm a piece twenty-five feet long), while its body was estimated at sixty feet in length and five feet in diameter—so that the devil-fish of Victor Hugo's famous story was a mere baby cuttle in comparison with the Newfoundland monster. The mermaid, again, has been satisfactorily identified with the manatee, or, 'woman-fish,' as the Portuguese call it, which assumes, says Captain Scoresby, 'such positions that the human appearance is very closely imitated.'

As for stories of sea-serpents, naturalists have been far less disposed to be incredulous than the general public. Dr. Andrew Wilson, for instance, after speaking of the recorded observations in much such terms as I have used above, says: "We may then affirm safely that there are many verified pieces of evidence on record of strange marine forms having been met with; which evidences, judged according to ordinary and common sense rules, go to prove that certain hitherto undescribed marine organisms do certainly exist in the sea depths." As to the support which natural history can give to the above proposition, "zoologists can but admit," he proceeds, "the correctness of the observation. Certain organisms, and especially those of marine (e. g., certain whales,) are known to be of exceedingly rare occurrence. Our knowledge of marine reptiles is confessedly very small; and, best of all, there is no counter objection or feasible argument which the naturalists can offer by way of denying the above proposition. He would be forced to admit the existence of purely marine genera of snakes which possess compressed tails, adapted for swimming, and other points of organization admittedly suited for a purely aquatic existence.

If therefore, we admit the possibility—nay, even the reasonable probability—that gigantic members of the water-snakes may occasionally be developed, we should state a powerful case for the assumed, and probable existence of a natural 'sea-serpent.' We confess we do not well see how such a chain of probabilities can be readily set aside, supported as they are in the possibility of their occurrence by zoological science, and in the actual details of the case, by evidence, as trustworthy in many cases, as that received in our courts of law. When we remember how few fish or other inhabitants of the sea are ever seen compared with the countless millions that exist, that not one specimen of some tribes will be seen for many years in succession, and that some tribes are only known to exist because a single specimen, or even a single skeleton, has been obtained, we may well believe that in the sea, as in heaven and earth, there are more things, 'than are known in our philosophy.'

How does man differ from the brute creation? He stands upright; but he does not always act so.

WHAT A SUNSTROKE DID.—A sunstroke gave this country one of its greatest admirals. David Porter, Jr., was once fishing on Lake Pontchartrain, when he was prostrated by a sunstroke. A man named Farragut kindly cared for him, and the son of Porter, subsequently known as Commodore David Porter, finding that Farragut was in moderate circumstances with several children to support, adopted David Farragut when he was but seven years old, and obtained him an appointment as midshipman, and kept him with him until after the capture of the sloop of war Essex.

The scientific men tell us that death by lightning, or by a bullet that strikes through the brain, is without pain. Prof. Tyndall says that he once received a discharge of a battery of sixteen Leyden jars of electricity, and was senseless for a few seconds, but suffered no pain whatever. If there had been a greater quantity of electricity, so as to make the shock severe enough to kill him, it would have been all the same, and he would have felt no pain whatever. The reason is, that electricity travels so much faster than sensation in the nerves, that that electricity reaches the centre of life and the person is dead before he has time to feel any pain.

The *London World* tells us, editorially, that "the Empress Eugénie continues to enjoy her sojourn in Florence. Victor Emanuel and she have exchanged visits. She receives every day at five o'clock in the Turkish Room of the Villa Oppenheim, and hither flock all the great Italian dames and the most distinguished of the foreign residents. The conversation is always gay and animated about the chair of the Empress, and she speaks of the public matters of the day with fine acumen, and without any trace of bitterness; the old grace and *séduisance* so celebrated at the Tuileries have lost nothing of their infinite fascination. When will the brilliancy of France ever again be represented by two such women as the one whom France doomed to death in the eighteenth century and the one whom she drove into exile in the nineteenth?"

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported. All things are engaged in writing their history. The planet, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, fern and leaf their modest epitaphs incool. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone; not a foot in the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters more or less lasting a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself in the memory of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds—the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signature, and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligence.