

The Orphans' Friend.

VOL. III.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1877.

NO. 12.

DRESSES—THOSE WHO MAKE AND THOSE WHO WEAR THEM.

Rare as a rose which has caught the bloom
Of summer suns in its heart of gold,
Fair as a lily which lights the gloom
Of a shadowy spot with its splendor cold,
Is the beauty bright of the belle who stands
With the hearts of men in her queenly hands.

Rich are the robes which around her fall,
Soft is the foam of her cobweb lace;
Like a star in midst of the stately hall
Is the smile on her lovely lifted face:
She, and her sisters—oh, sweet and low
The winds that over their life-path blow.

Ah! beautiful girls, when you fold away
Your garments fair, do you ever think
Of women haggard and wan and gray,
Who toil for the barest of meat and drink—

Of women slender and young like you,
Who wearily labor the long days through?

Climbing up the tenement stair,
To the room where her ailing sister lies,
Is a little maiden, who thought you fair

When she measured your silk and tulle with eyes
Aching and burning from last night's work
By the smoky light of a candle mirk.

Your costly lace, if it once could speak,
Might tell of a foiler, hollow-eyed,
With hunger's mark on her pallid cheek,
Whose patient fingers wrought the pride

Of those marvelous roses one by one,
With tears oft stained ere the task was done.

There are mothers whose needles keep
The door
Of their houses safe from utter want;
There are those who once were gay,
Who bore

Life's prizes bravely; weak and gaunt,
And glad of a pittance, to-day they sue
For the chance of making a gown for you.

Oh, never a life stands all alone,
Never a home but somewhere feels
The beat of another. Not our own
Are we; and a thoughtful look reveals
How bound together, and touching hands,
Are the rich and the poor of many lands.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It is a delightful sail from the Piræus, over the smooth sea, to Constantinople. The Archipelago is usually very quiet in the spring and summer. Different islands are always in view, generally rising up to rocky heights, with a village at the base, which sometimes extends high up the steep sides of the mountain. These villages, built of white stone, are seen at a great distance, and stand out from among the green groves with picturesque effect.

A few miles before we arrive at the entrance of the Hellespont the blue top of Mount Ida appears, and soon the plains of Troy are before us on our right, and the Island of Tenedos, the great rendezvous of the Greeks in the Trojan war, on our left. These plains are a magnificent theatre for the maneuvering of large armies, and here it was that the great prodigies of valor between the Trojan and Grecian heroes were enacted, of which the blind old man of Scio sings, and which we read in our college days. Standing on the deck of our ship, we can almost see the famous story of the old poet enacted before our eyes—the landing of the Grecian hosts; the shock of the contending armies; the hand-to-hand combats of the great heroes, Hector, Paris, Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax; their prodigies of strength, while gods and goddesses hovered near in the dim air; their struggles, fall and death; the shouts of the victors, the

wailing of the conquered; the chariot of Achilles dragging his conquered enemy, Hector, in savage fury around the walls of the city in the sight of his agonized old father, wife and children; the stealthy Ulysses mounting the wooden horse; the fiery serpents rushing from the foaming sea, Laocoon and his sons struggling in their scaly folds—all these pictures rise up before you like a moving panorama, and you would fain believe them all. Near the shore there rise large, conical mounds, evidently artificial. For ages one has been regarded as the tomb of Achilles and Patroclus, where Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar have done honors to the dead heroes. Farther inland, near the ancient city, is another large mound called the tomb of Hector. Troy was situated about seven miles from the shore of the sea, on an eminence overlooking a beautiful plain watered by the Scamander. Its site is very well authenticated.

A sail of five miles you to the Hellespont, which is about five miles wide. On either side stand immense forts—one in Europe and one in Asia to guard the entrance, and of the most approved models. The narrowest part of this classic stream is very near the southern entrance. The shores on either hand slope back to lofty, rounded hills covered with the greenest verdure and trees. The Asiatic shore is the most beautiful, having the greatest variety of bold mountain scenery.

It was at this narrowest part of the Hellespont, between Cestus in Asia and Abydos in Europe, that Xerxes built his bridge of boats when he invaded Greece, and which saved his retreating array from destruction after the battle of Salamis. Here Alexander the Great crossed when he carried the war into Asia. It was here, too, that the heroic Leander perished in his attempts to seek his Hero through the angry waters, and where Byron, in after years, succeeded more fortunately in performing the same feat, escaping with only a cold and fever. At this place the Dardanelles, measuring from a long point at Cestus, on the Asiatic side, across to Abydos, is about one mile wide. Scattered along on either side of the Hellespont are towns looking well in the distance.

All the high points are surmounted by immense wind-mills for grinding flour, which give all these villages a very picturesque effect. We approached Constantinople from the Sea of Marmora just before sunrise, and came abreast the city as the sun was gilding her lofty minarets and domes, shining with dazzling brightness on the deck of our ship, as she came up proudly from the sea around the Point Seraglio, nothing could be more grand than the picture before us. At our right rises Stamboul, on a triangle of land flanked by the Marmora and Golden Horn on two sides, and the green Seraglio for its apex, its houses rising by easy ascent from the water on each side, and above rank, to a gentle eminence surmounted by a hundred domes and minarets; while towering above them all, and crowning the picture, rises the magnificent dome of St. Sophia, surrounded by gilded minarets stretching almost into the blue sky.

Before us stands Pera, another city covering the steep sides and the lofty eminence of another hill. On the Asiatic side lies Scutari, embosomed in green trees, and still further to the east, in lofty grandeur rise the purple sides Mount Olympus. To the north, winding up among the wooded hills, is the Bosphorus; while to the west, between Stamboul and Pera,

lies the Golden Horn, stretching up to the charming valley of the "Sweet Water." All the element of natural grandeur and of the handiwork of man are before you in one picture.

Here floats before you the most stately of ships—the flags of all nations. The waters are replete with craft of every kind, from the ocean steamer to the frail kiak. Here we see the mountains, the rivers, the cities, all in one glorious setting, such as the world has never seen before. You stand in mute wonder beholding the scene before you. Manifestly this was intended by Providence as a magnificent capital of a most magnificent empire.

But the charm is dispelled the moment you set foot within the city. The streets are narrow, filled with dogs, badly paved, tortuous, often filthy—buildings generally very common, old, and built of wood—excepting the mosques, which with the lofty domes minarets, are externally very magnificent and imposing. The people seem devoted to trade at small wares of all nations. The bazaars are European; but they sell more of European and American goods than any other. The most common of American articles for sale are plain muslin and petroleum. In deed, America is now giving light to the world. The only illuminator to be found everywhere—in Nubia, Egypt, Jerusalem, Damascus and Constantinople—is petroleum. An American often sees, to his surprise, in the sands of Egypt or the lonely paths of Palestine or Syria, camels and donkeys loaded with boxes marked with the cheering words, "Refined Petroleum, New York." In the bazaars of Cairo, Jerusalem, Damascus and Constantinople, he will hear the hum of the American sewing machine, and find them everywhere for sale.—N. Y. Observer.

VICTOR HUGO.

The name of M. Victor Hugo is one of the very few which attract universal attention in the world of literature. His great genius and his long life, his command, almost unrivaled, of the springs of human emotion, and even the wildness and eccentricity which accompany his powers, unite to excite the curiosity at least of all readers to every work that bears his name. The greatest of these works are of almost colossal pretensions, and dwarf every thing that can be put by their side; we know scarcely any thing in modern literature which would not look pale in presence of "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables." The very extravagance which mingles with the real greatness of these books gives to them a wild magnificence of outline which captivates the imagination, even when it offends that strait-laced and not always infallible quality which we call good taste. His rules of work are not as those of lesser men; he does not introduce us into a circle of animated figures, and allow us to share their life and thoughts for as long a time as suffices to elucidate their story, which is the manner of most successful writers of fiction. On the contrary, the spectator is put outside the scene, and can do nothing but look on breathlessly, while, amid mist and cloud, with illuminations fiery or genial, as the case may be, the great picture rises before him, each actor detached and separate, some in

boldest relief, with a force which is often tremendous, and always forcibly dramatic. We see the personages of his story all around, not softening off into any background, or confused by any secondary circumstances, but distinct, complete, as if cast in bronze—which does not prevent them from exhibiting now and then the most delicate shades of tenderness, and which in no way interferes with this author's power of representing children—one of his greatest gifts. The babes are as distinct as the heroes, every pearly curve of them tender and sweet as rose-leaves, yet complete creatures, nowhere blurred or indefinite, even in the most delicate softness of execution. The only work which we can recall which exhibits a mode of treatment similar to that of Hugo, is Carlyle's "French Revolution;" but the philosopher is scornful of his puppets, and throws a certain tragic gleam of ridicule across even that lurid background of despair and suffering, whereas Hugo is always deadly serious, and even by chance may stray as near the limits of the ridiculous as is given to mortal man, with a sublime unconsciousness of that dangerous vicinity. The Frenchman, we may add, is left alone in his greatness without any contemporaries. In his own country there is no one who can be so much as thought of in any possible aspect of rivalry. George Sand, though still now and then at far intervals putting forth some pale flower of old age, can not certainly now enter into any thing like competition with an old man whose works have all the vigor of manhood still; and, of the younger crop of writers whom the empire has trained, there is not one fit to tie the shoes

of either of these writers. Neither is there any one on our own side of the Channel who can with any show of justice be placed by Hugo's side—his workmanship too characteristic, to be contrasted with the calmer inspirations of any Englishman; and, even on other grounds, we know no Englishman, except George Eliot (may the bull be forgiven us!), who could fairly stand a comparison with him. We do not think, indeed, there is any man living in whose productions the reader can see and feel the poetic passion of composition, of which we have all heard, as he can in the works of Hugo—not that weak frenzy which produces washy floods of fine writing, but the nervous thrill of a force restrained and managed with all the skill of a master, but yet carrying on the strain in spontaneous fire and fullness beyond the reach of mere art. His subject, the character he is unfolding, possesses the writer—he throws himself upon it with a glow and fervor of knowledge, with a certainty of delineation, which is not the mere exercise of practised powers, but that with something indescribable, something indefinable, added to it, swelling in every line, and transforming every paragraph. The workmanship is often wonderful; but it is not the workmanship which strikes us most—

it is the abundant, often wild, sometimes unguided and undisciplined, touch of genius which inspires and expands and exaggerates and dilates the words it is constrained to make use of—almost forcing a new meaning upon them by way of fiery compulsion, to blazon its own meaning upon brain and sense whether they will or not. We know no literary work of the age—we had almost said no intellectual work of any kind—so possessed and quivering with this indescribable but extraordinary power.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Oh that I might effectually recommend to you the possession of that precious legacy of our blessed Saviour, peace.

"Anything pite you dere?" inquired one Dutchman of another, while engaged in angling. "No, nothing at all." "Well, returned the other, "netting pite me too."

An Irish gentleman, hearing of a friend having a stone coffin made for himself, exclaimed: "By me sowl, an' that's a good idee! Shure, an' a stone coffin 'ud last a man his lifetime."

It is said that the Parisians regard Mlle. Albani as the first prima donna of the world; but that they consider Madame Patti as a phenomenon, and do not include her in any classification.

A dead man can drift down stream, but it takes a live man to pull up against it. That is the time that tries a man's soul—when the tide is against him.

The *Argus* says that the first thought on a cold morning is "God help the poor." To judge from appearances, the second thought is a determination not to meddle with the intentions of Providence.

A party of young men dined sumptuously at a restaurant in Dublin, and each one insisted on paying the bill. To decide the matter, it was proposed to blindfold the waiter, the first one he caught should pay the bill.—He hasn't caught any of them yet.

"Get out of my way—what are you good for?" said a cross old man to a little bright-eyed urchin who happened to stand in the way. The little fellow, as he stepped aside, replied very gently: "They make men out of such things as we are."

Wear your learning, said Chesterfield, in a private pocket, and do not pull it out and strike merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaimed it hourly, and unasked, like the watchman.

The proverbial quickness of Irish wit is illustrated by an anecdote related by Captain A—. He came across a private belonging to one of the most predatory companies of the Irish Brigade with the lifeless bodies of a goose and hen tied together by the heels, dangling from his musket. "Where did you steal those, you rascal?" he demanded. "Faith, I was marching along wid Col. Sergeant Maguire, and the goose—bad cess to it—came out and hissed the American flag." "But the hen, sir, how about the hen?" "It's the hen, is it? The hen bless ye, was in bad company, and laying eggs for the rebels."