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IN MEMORIAM.

[There has been few more beautiful poems than this written. It was on reading it, that George D. Prentice said one might almost wish to die, if he knew that so beautiful a tribute as this would be written to his memory.]

On the bosom of a river,
Where the sun unloosed its quiver,
And the starlight gleamed forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free.
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
And the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming
In the flush of youth, stood dreaming,
And he was glorious, seeming
Like an angel from above,
Through his hair the breezes sported,
And as on the wave he floated,
Oft that pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so blithely flow-
ing,

Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold.
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple wave divided,
And a rainbow arch divided
On his casvass' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Prayed that never wild commotion
Midst the elements might rise.
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water flags carol
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell that damped
Every comer to the shore.
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues numbered
Where the lotus eaters slumbered,
And woke to live no more.

Then there rushed with lightning quick-
ness
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dew in fearful thickness
Gathered o'er his temple fair.
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lovely Southern summer,
As the beauteous pilot comer
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
And the starlight streams forever,
On its bosom as before.
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Gleets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna
On the purple wave no more.

GOVERNESSES.

The following extract is from an excellent little volume, "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," by Miss Muloch. It is a book that should be read by every woman who desires to see herself as others see her; the queens of society, as well as the cook and housemaid, will find themselves pictured there, not only as they are, but as they should be:

"Female professions, as distinct from what may be termed female handicrafts, which merit separate classification and discussion, may, I think, be thus divided; the instruction of youth; painting or art; literature; and the vocation of public entertainment—including actresses, singers, musicians, and the like.

The first of these, being a calling universally wanted, and the easiest in which to win, at all events, daily bread, is the great chasm into which the helpless and penniless of our sex generally plunge; and this indiscriminate Quintus Curtiusism, so far from filling up the gulf, widens it every hour. It must be so, while young women of all classes and degrees of capability rush into governing, as many young men enter the church,—because they think it a "respectable"

profession to get on in, and are fit for nothing else. Thus the most important of ours, and the highest of all men's vocations, are both degraded—in so far as they can be degraded—by the unworthiness and incompetency of their professors.

If, in the most solemn sense, not one woman in five thousand is fit to be a mother, we may safely say that not two out of that number are fit to be governesses. Consider all that the office implies: very many of a mother's duties, with the addition of considerable mental attainments, firmness of character, good sense, good temper, good breeding; patience, gentleness, loving-kindness. In short, every quality that goes to make a perfect woman, is required of her who presumes to undertake the education of one single little child.

Does any one pause to reflect what a "little child" is? Not sentimentally, as a creature to be philosophised upon, painted and poetised; nor selfishly, as a kissable, scoldable, sugar-plum-feedable plaything; but as a human soul and body, to be moulded, instructed, and influenced, in order that it in its turn may mould, instruct, and influence unborn generations. And yet, in face of this awful responsibility, wherein each deed and word of hers may bear fruit, good or ill, to indefinite ages, does nearly every educated gentlewoman thrown upon her own resources, nearly every half-educated "young person" who wishes by that means to step out of her own sphere into the one above it, enter upon the vocation of a governess.

Whether it really is her vocation, she never stops to think; and yet, perhaps, in no calling is a personal bias more indispensable. For knowledge, and the power of imparting it intelligibly, are two distinct and often opposite qualities; the best student by no means necessarily makes the best teacher; nay, when both faculties are combined, they are sometimes neutralised by some fault of disposition, such as want of temper or of will. And allowing all these, granting every possible intellectual and practical competency, there remains still doubtful the moral influence, which, according to the source from which it springs, may ennoble or corrupt a child for life.

All these are facts so trite and so patent, that one would almost feel it superfluous to state them, did we not see how utterly they are ignored day by day by even sensible people; how parents go on lavishing expense on their house, dress, and entertainments—every thing but the education of their children; sending their boys to cheap boarding-schools, and engaging for their daughters governesses at 20*l.* a year, or daily tuition at sixpence an hour; and how, as a natural result, thousands of incapable girls, and ill-informed, unscrupulous women, go on professing to teach every thing under the sun, adding lie upon lie, and meanness upon meanness—often through no voluntary wickedness, but sheer helplessness, because they must either do that or starve!

Yet, all the while we expect our rising generation to turn out perfect; instead of which we find it—what?

Unless a woman has a decided pleasure and facility in teaching, an honest knowledge of every thing she professes to impart, a liking for children, and above all, a strong moral sense of her responsibility towards them, for her to attempt to enrol herself in the scholastic order is absolute profanation. Better turn shopwoman, needlewoman, lady's-maid—even become a decent housemaid, and learn how to sweep a floor, than belie her own soul, and peril many other souls, by entering upon what is, or ought to be, a female "ministry," unconsecrated for, and incapable of the work.

"But," say they, "work we must have. Competition is so great, that if we did not profess to do everything, it would be supposed we could do nothing: and so we should starve."

Yet, what is competition? A number of people attempting to do what most of them can only half do, and some cannot do at all—thereby "cutting one another's throats," as the saying is, so long as their incapacity is concealed; when it is found out, starving. There may be exceptions, from exceeding misfortune and the like—but in the long run, I believe it will be found that few women, really competent to do what they undertake, be it small or great, starve for want of work to do. So, in this case, no influence is so deeply felt in a house, or so anxiously retained, if only from self-interest, as the influence of a good governess over the children. Among the innumerable throng of teachers, there is nothing more difficult to find—or more valuable when found, to judge by the high terms asked and obtained by many professors—than a lady who can teach only a single thing, solidly, conscientiously, and well.

In this, as in most social questions, where to theorise is easy and to practise very difficult, it will often be found that the silent undermining of an evil is safer than the loud outcry against it. If every governess, so far as her power extends, would strive to elevate the character of her profession by elevating its members, many of the unquestionable wrongs and miseries of governessship would gradually right themselves. A higher standard of capability would weed out much cumbersome mediocrity; and, competition lessened, the value of labor would rise. I say "the value of labor," because, when we women do work, we must learn to rate ourselves at no ideal and picturesque value, but simply as laborers—fair and honest competitors in the field of the world; and our wares as mere merchandise, where money's worth alone brings money, or has any right to expect it.

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

"One of the greatest difficulties in the proper education of children is the external influence brought to bear upon them. Parents have too much help in the training of their children. They

have help from atheists and infidels; they have help from dissolute men and bad boys; they have help from the rum-seller and the dancing master. The training of their children is not entirely in their own hands. Their influence is contradicted, thwarted. They sow the seeds of virtue; but an enemy sows the seed of vice; and the crop of vice often outgrows the crop of virtue, overtops it, chokes it, and causes it to become unfruitful.

There is no influence more potent for evil in thwarting the efforts of pious parents in the rearing of their children than that of a corrupt literature.

This is a reading age, and although many do not read enough, though all who can read, read something.

If good books, good periodicals and good newspapers are not placed in the hands of our children, they will inevitably get hold of bad books, bad periodicals and bad newspapers. Such literature chimes with their fallen nature—it is exciting and entertaining. It corrupts, poisons, and blasts all that is virtuous and of good report. The day was when children could be successfully reared without a religious paper in the family; but it was when the devil was destitute of the appliances of a corrupt literature. The day when a man dare attempt to raise a family without religious literature has passed. An army armed with bows and arrows, javelins and spears might as well attempt to fight with another army, armed and equipped with all the appliances of modern warfare, as for a father to attempt to raise his children in primitive style, without the Sunday school, without good books, without the religious newspaper, when the land is flooded with infidel and immoral literature.

The man who makes the attempt will fail. His sons will possibly go astray from his good advice, from the precepts of the Bible, and from the paths of religious rectitude. His daughter will possibly be fond of dress and show, of dancing and worldly amusements; will likely discard the religion of her parents if not the ways of virtue and morality.

The only way now to cope with the world in the training of our children is to give them a Christian education, and one means of doing this is to keep an excellent religious journal constantly before them.

If Christian men should fail to use all the means within their reach to give their children the proper religious bias, and the children should afterward go astray, the parents may blame themselves for it.

A religious paper furnishes the cheapest education in the world, and for the cost of it, the best.

No well informed, right thinking man will attempt to raise a family without a newspaper, or which is nearly as bad, cram them with political news and political rancor, while religious intelligence is withheld from their susceptible and expanding minds. A course of this kind will end in shame and sorrow.—*Holston Methodist.*

A WORD IN DEFENCE OF WOMEN.

Men too often malign women in accusing them of extravagance in dress. Generalizing is always dangerous, and particularly so where women are concerned.

The masses of women are not spendthrifts; any sane man will admit that as a rule women are not even extravagant. They have certain pet theories regarding dress which if not admirable are nevertheless not of sufficient importance to warrant a libel to be written against them.

The truth is that women are not, nor ever have been, as a sex, extravagant; on the contrary, they are economical many times to penuriousness. They have no income of their own, and the money given them by their husbands is always for family expenses, and goes to the purchase of wearing apparel and household goods, and the little that is left is often less than many men imagine.

The trouble is that women buy for show when they do buy, and they do their shopping in such an elaborate and deliberate way that lookers-on are deceived.—*Weekly Literary Journal.*

A GENTLE TEMPER.

The *New York Tribune* tells this incident of a clergyman graced with a gentle temper:

It is related by elderly citizens of Rochester that on a certain occasion the Rev. Dr. Backus, of blessed memory, had been laying out and decorating the grounds about his house at a considerable outlay of labor and expense. On the very first night after the completion of the work, when the grounds had been tastefully graded and terraced and sodded and planted, a herd of vagrant swine broke into the inclosure, and industriously rooted the fair territory into a wilderness of unsightly gullies. The next morning, as the good doctor stepped out upon his porch, one sweeping glance sufficed to furnish a full and appreciative conception of the desolation. Restraining any expression of unregenerate wrath, he stood for a space in silence, and then remarked with mournful philosophy, "Well, you never can lay dirt to suit a hog!"

UBIQUITY AND PROSPERITY OF THE JEWS.

A London letter says: "The Jews are indeed ubiquitous. They are everywhere. The Russians cannot feed their troops without them. The Turks borrow of them to clothe their armies. Antwerp, as all the world knows, has just held a splendid *fete* in honor of Rubens. The decorations and illuminations cost \$300,000. Most of the money came to London; for the same enterprising Jew who is not above erecting a single gas star over the door of a Regent street tradesman, has, by dint of skill and money, constituted himself the decorative artist of all Europe. Defries, who became known to all the municipalities at the peace rejoicings after the fall of Lucknow, wreathed Antwerp the other day with flags, and at night made it a blaze of lamps, gas-jets, transparencies and crystal glories. Three hundred thousand dollars transformed the dull city into fairy land."