

# The Orphans' Friend.

VOLUME II.

OXFORD, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1876.

NUMBER 47.

## ONE ON EARTH AND ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY IBEN E. REXFORD.

Up from the street below me,  
Through the twilight's dusty gloom;  
Is borne the laugh of the children  
To me, in my lonely room.  
And I listen to them, thinking,  
Of a little voice I knew,  
And I see, in a swift, still vision,  
A grave in the evening dew,  
Where the pansies are all a-blossom,  
And the west wind whispers low,  
That it may not wake the sleeper  
Whom I missed so long ago.

I have missed my blue-eyed baby  
So many years from my breast!  
Summers have come and vanished  
With times of tears and rest.  
But sitting here in the twilight,  
My heart cries out each day,  
For the wee little thing I loved so  
That the daisies hide away,  
Cries out with a wild, vain yearning  
To hold to my breast once more.  
In the arms that are always empty,  
The beautiful babe I bore.

I say to myself, in moments  
When the children's laugh I hear,  
"If my little one only were living—  
The child that I hold so dear—  
He would be a child no longer,  
But grown to man's estate."  
Then I feel the hot tears coming,  
And my heart cries out in fate,  
And I stroke my hands out blindly,  
And it sometimes seems to me  
That another's bitter anguish  
Is the bitterest that can be.

The children are going homeward,  
And the streets are growing still,  
But my thoughts are still on my baby  
In the grave upon the hill.  
Out in the night's white silence,  
Out in the summer dew,  
And yet he is safe in heaven!  
Oh, mystery old, yet new!  
And it seems that I have two children;  
The grave hides one away,  
And one, in the dear God's kingdom,  
Is waiting for me to-day.

## TIGHT BOOTS UNHEALTHY.

It might seem almost incredible that so many of the young persist in wearing boots at least one size too short, and still more faulty in reference to the width. It is strange that an idea should prevail that a small foot is any more creditable to a young lady than a small brain, a small heart, or a small amount of common sense, and yet it is true that very few are willing to wear an easy and comfortable boot, one resembling the form and width of the foot. When the Chinese, as a punishment for the treachery of women, condemned them to wear from infancy a small, unyielding shoe, that they might be so crippled as never to be able again to betray them, it certainly had a look of malice, and savage revenge, such as we might expect from the "heathen Chinese" of centuries in the dim past. But why young ladies in the nineteenth century, or young fops, should subject themselves to this self-imposed punishment, the tortures of corns, bunions, enlarged and gouty joints, and general deformity, is difficult to see, save on the supposition that Dame Fashion is not only very unreasonable and senseless in her demands, but very exacting in her requirements.

If small and beautiful feet are really ornamental, let such remember that the wearing of too small boots will certainly deform them, destroy their symmetry, as all may learn by examination of feet thus compressed, crowded in too small a space, cramped and changed in their form by narrow boots. These errors, and with the small and high heel added, have much to do with the many deformities of the feet, while it must be admitted that a natural foot, though large and differing somewhat from the usual form, is more comely than one pinched

and abused till it assumes an unnatural shape. In the natural foot a straight line from the center of the heel will extend to the end of the large toe, parallel to the line of that toe, but in far too many instances, when a tight boot is worn, especially with a high heel pressing the foot forward, that toe turns inward of necessity, since it strikes the end of the boot, and, from its length, must turn to one side or the other, usually inward. When too narrow, also, with insufficient room for all, one or more of the toes must be pressed up, overlapping another. It is possible, therefore, to buy a small and genteel boot, but one cannot in consequence of such a purchase have a small and genteel foot, if to be small is genteel. The foot will increase in size and deformity by such a course of cruel treatment.

## THE BLESSINGS OF WOMAN'S SOCIETY.

All men who avoid female society, says Thackeray, have dull perceptions, and are stupid, and have gross tastes, and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggers who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is as uninspiring to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast, who does not know one tune from another; but, as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water, sauce, and brown bread and butter, I protest I can sit for a whole night talking to a well regulated, kindly woman about her daughter Fannie or her boy Frank, and like the evening's entertainment. One of the greatest benefits a man can derive from a woman's society is that he is bound to be respectful to her. The habit is of great good to your morals, men, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world, and the greatest benefit that we have is to think of somebody to whom we are bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

## WHAT WIVES DO.

"A man," says Rousseau, "is only what a woman makes him." This remark may be exaggerated, but that it contains enough of truth to give it vitality, is attested by the biographies of great men. The wife of the late Dr. Buckland, the geologist, used to write from his dictation for hours at a time. She furnished many of the drawings with which his works are illustrated, and skillfully and dexterously mended many of the fossils. "For forty years," wrote Carlyle on the tombstone of his wife, "she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he ever did or attempted." The author of the "Song of the Shirt," Thomas Hood, thus wrote of his wife, "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier and more prosperous man ever since. Whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth and excellence from my pen." A

writer in *Cassell's Magazine* thus describes the aid given to her husband by the wife of the great Scotch philosopher:

"The wife of Sir William Hamilton Professor of Logic in the University of Edinburgh, was a true helpmate to her husband; indeed, it is more than probable that without her, many of his best works would never have been written. When he was elected to the professorship, some of his opponents declared publicly that he would never be able to fulfil the duties of his position, as he was nothing but a dreamer. He and his wife heard of this and determined to prove it was not true. They, therefore arranged to work together. Sir William wrote out roughly, each day, the lecture that was to be given the next morning; and as he wrote his wife copied it out; and again and again they sat up writing till far into the night. When Sir William was struck down with paralysis, the result of overwork Lady Hamilton devoted herself entirely to him—wrote for him, and saved him in every way."

## THE TIMIDITY OF ORATORS.

A writer in the *Fortnightly Review* asks whether artists, and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain or fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel was believed to have owed his death to being unable to bare an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as a "bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known. Orators, as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety. The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and in many cases he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

## THE LAND OF THE ROD.

Russia, despotic and semi-barbaric, is the land of the whip and the rod, the Russians, from time immemorial, having been governed by the lash. Corporal punishment, in various forms, by rod or stick or whip, is freely and indiscriminately applied to offenders of every description. A rod is still the chief instrument in the hands of the municipal and police authorities, and even the officials themselves are not safe from such discipline. Many of the Russian monarchs were adepts in using the whip, and were particularly ingenious in tormenting those around them. It is well known that during the reign of Peter I.

it was the custom of that monarch to punish those nobles that offended him by the imperial order that they should become fools. From that moment the unfortunate victim, however endowed with intellect, became the laughing stock of the whole court. He had the privilege of saying anything he pleased; but it was a questionable advantage, since it could only be exercised at the peril of being kicked or horse-whipped, the fool being forbidden to offer any kind of resistance.

The married women of Russia, according to various writers, look upon a sound whipping on the part of their husbands as an expression of affection. The story is told of a handsome Russian lady, married to a Frenchman, who, after fourteen days of supreme happiness, became very sad and melancholy, showing signs of a most profound grief. The young husband being very anxious to know the cause of her sorrow, she explained the matter, after much questioning on his part, by saying: "How can I believe that you love me? We have already been united nearly four weeks, and you have not beaten me once!" The husband was delighted to learn that her grief could so easily be assuaged, and lost no time in procuring a tender and elegant rod, with which, on suitable occasions, he bestowed upon her the necessary tokens of his love.

—Respect for the body ecclesiastical, does not prevent the traveling of this story through the English papers. The Bishop of Lichfield has a taste for walking, and on one occasion, some time ago, he walked from a church in the back country to the railway station, where he was to take the train for home. On the way he happened to observe a group of men sitting together on the ground, and immediately resolved to "say a word in season" to them, after the fashion of the fashion of the Caliph Haroun, or the average tract distributor.

"Well, my good men," said his lordship, *incognito*, "what are you doing?"

The response of one of the men was not calculated to please and encourage the amiable prelate. "We bin a loyin," he said.

"Lying!" said the horrified Bishop. "What do you mean?"

"Why, yer see," was the explanation, "one of us fun a kettle, and we bin a tryin' who could tell the biggest lie to have it."

"Shocking!" said the Bishop, and straightway, improving the occasion, he proceeded to impress upon the sinners the enormity of lying. He informed them that he had been taught that one of the greatest sins was to tell a lie, and in fact, so strongly had this been urged upon him, that never, in the whole course of his life, had he told a lie. Would that we might relate how those wicked men were moved and charmed by the recital of so much saintliness.

Alas! no sooner had the excellent Bishop made this announcement, than there was a gleeful shout: "Gie th' governor th' kettle! Gie th' governor th' kettle!"

## WOMEN AS NURSES.

A friend writes as follows: "It seems to me a very improper thing for a woman to be a doctor, but I am quite satisfied to have her a nurse, and I wish the *Herald of Health* would take this view of the case and advocate the profession of nurse for woman; but advise against their becoming doctors."

To this we reply we have no objection to woman being nurses, if they prefer, nor men either. It is a kind of work which requires many of both sexes. But there are reasons why a woman well qualified by nature should desire to be a physician rather than a nurse, and these reasons are as follows:

1. It is more lucrative—medical fees are much higher than nurses' fees.

2. The work is easier. There is no labor harder than to be a professional nurse, subject to the call of the sick at all hours of the day or night.

3. The labor of a professional nurse, contrary to what is generally known, exposes one to much more indelicacy than the work of a physician. Many think a physician must do all sorts of indelicate work, if it is indelicate, it is done by the nurse at the order of the physician. We have no words against nurses, but desire to correct the impression that it is any more improper to be the one than the other. It is only custom that makes some people think so.—*Herald of Health*.

—"There can be no true bond among the wicked." This is illustrated by the story of the three German robbers. Having acquired by various atrocities a valuable booty, they agreed to divide their spoil and retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day arrived which they appointed for this purpose, one of them was despatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their carousal; the other two in his absence agreed to murder him on his return, that they might come in for a half of the plunder instead of a third. They did so, but it did not benefit them, for after partaking of the feast which he had procured they found that their comrade had previously poisoned the provisions in order that he might take all of the spoil and the three were afterwards all found dead together.—*Lacon*.

—Perhaps the most melancholy life is that of the professed merry-maker. You remember the answer of the woebegone stranger, when the physician advised him to go and hear the great comedian of the day: "You should go and hear Matthews." "Alas, sir, I am Matthews!" Akin to which is the account of one who for many years manufactured mirth for the great metropolis, the writer of every festive party which was able to secure his presence. But even when keeping all the company in a blaze of hilarity, his own heart was broken; and at one of these boisterous scenes, glimpsing his own pale visage in the glass, he exclaimed, "Ah, I see how it is, I look just as I am—done up in mind, in body, and in purse," and went home to sick-en and die.