

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, March 21, 1877.

A CUNNING ARTISAN.

No bird, or other animal, not even man himself, can excel the beautiful workmanship of the tiny little creature known as the "brickmaker," which is scarcely visible to the naked eye. By the use of the microscope it has been discovered that she not only builds her house, but manufactures her own brick, and lays them up, one by one, with no workman to assist. The house is usually attached to some water-plant; but they sometimes anchor their dwellings to the parent-house. When the animal is resting or is in any way disturbed, she settles down in the lower part of the tube; but when all is quiet and she is in good working condition, with no nursery of young ones around her, she is pretty sure to reward us with the sight of her four beautiful wheels which she sets in rapid motion, thus forming a swift current which brings the food and the material for the brick close to her head; and she has the power of selection, for she often rejects particles brought to her mouth. The apparatus for moulding the brick is within the body. The material is brought through the action of the wheels to a small opening, where it passes down to the apparatus, which is in rapid, whirling motion, soldering the particles together until they become, seemingly, a solid ball; now she ejects the brick from its mould, bends her head over, and securely places it on top of the structure. It takes her about three minutes to manufacture each brick.—*New York Observer.*

THE PALACE OF SENNACHERIB

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has given an account of his exploration of the Palace of Sennacherib, where he spent some time in making branch tunnels from the old excavations, and carefully trenching through the heaps of rubbish in the former works, his object being to complete, as far as time would allow, the collection of the tablets. The first discovered here was a small text of Esarhaddon.

"This," he says, "was followed day after day by various fragments; but for some time nothing of any size was found. At length, however, we came to some new fragments of a text, a considerable portion of which had been recovered at the time of the former excavations. This is inscribed on a cylinder of Assur-bani-pal. Subsequently we found a fine fragment of a cylinder of Sargon, relating to his wars in Palestine, and a little later came upon a part of a cylinder of Sennacherib. Along with these and other inscriptions several seals in baked clay were found, bronze and iron instruments, nails, fragments of crystal ornaments, and the half of a small stone cylinder, engraved with the name and titles of Sennacherib. Day after day in this place the work went on with little change, and with no interest, except from the valuable inscriptions discovered. The trenches and tunnels were ugly, uninteresting things, and the condition of the interior of the palace scarcely different from a dust heap, though enclosing here and there precious relics of antiquity. In another part of the palace I made some slight excavations, finding new chambers, but I had no time to clear them out. During the former excavations the top of a valuable obelisk had been found in front of the palace. Having ascertained the spot where it was discovered, I uncovered the ground again in hopes of finding the other portion, but my short time did not enable me to finish the trench."

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Among the many "moss-grown errors" which it is the delight of philosophers, moralists, and poets, to forever keep repeating, there is none which more needs exposure than that about Pleasure always eluding the grasp of her pursuers. So often has it been repeated that the mere attempt to enjoy one's self is enough to

render enjoyment impossible, that it is a wonder that people have not, by the mere force of authority, given up altogether all essays at pleasure-seeking. Proverbs and parables, fables and metaphors, are all arrayed, not merely against the Epicurean who is supposed to live for pleasure only, but against all mortals. We are tired of that array of cold-blooded apothegms. We are sorry that it was ever a necessary point of the mechanism of light, air, and sand, that such a phenomenon as the *mirage* should occur. Those apples of Sodom, too, which, through seeming fruit, turn to dust and ashes—with what painful dexterity have they been perpetually used by the people of woful countenance! Rainbows snow-flakes in the river, leaf-shedding poppies, we are tired of you all! More destructive of pleasure than all else, you do your best to bring about the state of things of which you pretend to be typical!

"There can be no pleasure without thought, or without exertion that does not aim at pleasure, or the exercise of the moral powers," says a religious contemporary. Is it possible that the writer of those sentiments never went to sleep at night with an easy conscience, never took an afternoon nap, or enjoyed any slumber "on purpose?" Is it possible that he never went fishing and had a good time, and caught quite a respectable "string," without any exercise of the moral powers? What have oysters at their season, or watermelons or roses, so curious in their constitution, that you must pretend to be going to church when you are really going to market, in order to prevent their losing their attractions for the senses? Exertion must aim at something else in order to hit pleasure, forsooth!

O writer of the corrugated brow, are you not aware that this is effort on your part, rather than truth? Or, are you blind and deaf, and have you lost your three other senses? For, if not, we marvel much that you can say, "We get pleasure when we follow other things, and lose it when we seek it for itself."

If there be any man with a life dreary enough to write this specious sentiment of the schools sincerely—a man who has never sought and gained pleasure through sight or hearing, and gained it conciously—then let all men pity him; it is full time that he began to eat his bread with joy, and to drink his wine (metaphorically) with a merry heart.—*Selected.*

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

It is very common for persons to insist upon using words in a sense either foreign to their meaning, or only expressive of a part of the thing which the term is primarily descriptive of. We have met with elaborate attempts to define eloquence, and with forced applications of the word which emptied it of all its significance. An old writer declares that it is only the "right word in the right place," which, no doubt, is true of all genuine eloquence, but then it is true of many other things that have not the slightest pretention to eloquence. What is an order for Jane "to bring in the tea" but the right word in the right place? It is continually insisted upon that the title of gentlemen shall be bestowed upon every body who may exhibit a

little civility, or display ever so rough a politeness. These are virtues, but of themselves do not make the gentleman, who must be a man of culture and breeding, as well as civility, in order to be so ranked. Poetry is another word that is used with great laxity. Beauty of thought is an indispensable element in all true poetry, but a speaker is far gone from the fact if he maintains that this quality is the distinguishing element of poetry. Mr. Stedman, in his admirable essay on Robert Browning, in the last number of *Scribner's*, sets this matter right. "The distinction," he says, "between poetry and prose must be sharply observed. Poetry is an art—a specific fact, which, owing to the vagueness fostered by minor writers, we do not sufficiently insist upon. We hear it said that an elegant prose passage is poetry, that a sunset is a poem, and so on. This is well enough for rhetorical effect, yet wholly untrue, and no poet should permit himself to talk in that way. Poetry is poetry because it differs from prose: it is artificial, and gives us pleasure because we know it to be so. It is beautiful thought expressed in rhythmical form, not half expressed or uttered in the form of prose. It is a metrical structure; a spirit not disembodied, but in the flesh—so as to affect the senses of living men." This is quite accurate, and, in view of all the different forms of expression the word is continually strained to cover, we are glad to see this distinct definition thus set down.—*Selected.*

A little girl was once forbidden by her mother to pick the currants from a currant bush in the garden. The temptation, however, was too great for her and she disobeyed. When reproved for it, she told her mother that it was the devil who made her do it. Her mother said that she should tell the devil to get behind her. "That's just what I did tell him, mother, and he got behind me and pushed me right into the bushes."

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.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF HALF ORPHANS.

.....N. C., }
.....1877. }

This is to certify that.....
..... is a half orphan,
sound in body and mind, and without any estate. II.... father died in 18.... I being.... mother, hereby make application for h.... admission to the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and I also relinquish and convey to the officers thereof the entire management and control of said orphan till the.... day of.....
.....(that being the day on which.... will be fourteen years of age,) in order that.... may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina. I also promise not to annoy the Orphan Asylum, and not to encourage the said orphan to leave without the approval of the Superintendent.

Approved by.....
W. M. of.....

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR THE ADMISSION OF ORPHANS.

.....N. C.,1877.

This is to certify that.....
..... is an orphan, sound in body and mind, and without estate. H... father died in 18...., h... mother died in 18.... I, being h....., hereby make application for h.... admission into the Orphan Asylum at Oxford, and I also relinquish and convey to the officers thereof, the entire management and control of said orphan till the.... day of....., 18....(that being the day on which.... will be fourteen years of age,) in order that.... may be trained and educated according to the regulations prescribed by the Grand Lodge of North Carolina.
Approved by.....
W. M. of..... Lodge,

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March 3d, 1876. 9-4