

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## THE ARTIST TEACHER.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

I saw a builder near a pile  
Of massive blocks and polished stone,  
Wherein a monarch ruled awhile,  
And sat upon a regal throne;  
The monarch laid his sceptre by,  
The kingdom passed and lost its name,  
The throne was vacant, and a sigh  
Was all that spoke of cherished fame;  
The kingdom vanished, and the palace fell,  
And the king and builder lost their name as well.

I saw the sculptor rift the rock,  
And hew therefrom a mighty mass,  
And slowly chisel out a block  
That might all other work surpass;  
He toiled with long and patient skill,  
Until I saw a vision fair,  
Before his genius and his will,  
Spotless and perfect standing there.  
The polished marble crumbled into dust  
Nor left the artist's name it kept in trust.

I saw a painter turn his eye  
To heaven's blue dome and radiant spheres,  
To fleeting clouds and mountains high,  
With promise of immortal years;  
He touched the canvas, and it glowed  
With visions of enchanting dreams,  
While glories o'er the picture flowed  
His soul's desire in rapturous streams:  
The color faded, and the pencil lay  
Still as the painter, who had passed away.

I saw the weaver at his loom,  
With warp and woof of strange design;  
He made the threads in flowers bloom,  
And painted with a hand divine;  
The web was crossed with golden threads,  
The gems were radiant with the sun,  
And beauty such as genius sheds,  
Bathed in the picture as he spun;  
The shuttle trembled, and at last stood still,  
While other hands the waiting pictures fill.

I saw a teacher building slow,  
Day after day as passed the years,  
And saw a spirit temple grow  
With fear, and hope, and often tears;  
A mystic palace of the soul,  
Where reigned a monarch half-divine!  
And love and light illumed the whole,  
And made its hall, with radiance shine.

I saw a teacher take a child,  
Friendless, and weak, and all alone,  
With tender years, but passions wild,  
And work as on a priceless stone;  
Out of the rude and shapeless thing,  
With love, and toil, and patient care,  
I saw her best ideal spring—  
An image pure and passing fair.

Upon a canvas ne'er to fade  
I saw her paint with matchless art,  
Pictures that angels might have made  
Upon a young and tender heart;  
And growing deeper for the years,  
And flowing brighter for the day,  
They ripened for the radiant spheres,  
Where beauty ne'er shall pass away.

Teacher! Farewell! For all thy care,  
We long shall love thy cherished name.

For all thy toil we give a prayer,  
For all thy love we give the same,  
Farewell! Be thine the happy years,  
And thine the Hope, and Faith, and Trust.

That when the dawn of Heaven appears,  
Thy crown may shine with all the just.  
—Family Journal.

## SAVE THE YOUNG.

Tax-payers are the pack-horses of modern civilization, amid its manifold peculiarities. You, dear reader, are a tax-payer. Will you please look steadily at a single point for five minutes or less, and then go out to act upon it as a voter should?

Will you pay a fair price for a good article and pay it only once? Or, do you prefer to pay a larger price for a poor article and pay it ten times over, or twenty times over? In other words, had you rather pay taxes to train up good

citizens, or to regulate, punish, confine, board, and clothe a pauper, a loafer, a drunkard, a thief, a forger, or other felon, at a perpetual expense?

When you have once paid a child's education-bills in the way of taxes, you have paid once for all. You will never have it to do again. He is prepared to stand alone—to hold up others, to repay your advances, not to yourself, but to your interests and friends. He will improve for many years, appreciating in value as a producer, an organizer, an economist, a manager, a parent, a neighbor. You pay for all this only once. You get a good merchantable article, clear stuff—fit for the edifice or fabric of society. You fortify yourself by such allies.

Neglect that child. Let him run in the street, a truant, loaf along the docks, steal sugar and molasses at every open bung-hole, apples and peaches at every stall and store. Let him grow up ignorant of duty and truth, of goodness and character. Let him imbibe superstitions and inhale falsehoods with ceaseless curses and vile ribaldry—merely in order to reduce your taxes. Cut down appropriations, cut down salaries, drive out energy, talent, virtue, culture, by starvation wages or salaries, what do you gain, tax-payer?

A generation of loafers, vagabonds, rowdies, who will ripen into alms-house tenants at the best, but more likely into hoodlums of every grade, and full-blown felons. Then you must and shall pay all the bills; bills of policemen, constables and sheriffs; bills of judges, lawyers, and courts; bills of poor-houses, jails, and prisons, to build, and to fill, and to run them; bills that will last all through the weary and wicked years of the neglected outcasts, the wrecks whom you have to support, to shelter, to clothe, to relieve, to shudder at if they are loose as wild beasts, or if they are safely encaged as in a menagerie at your expense.

Dash on the colors! The picture can never at all approach the terrible and unmeasurable reality, alarmed tax-payer.

Add to all this the world to come and its retributions of mercy or justice, which do you choose? To educate the young? or to support the ignorant and vicious? Now go, and act accordingly.—L. W. Hart, in *Educational Weekly*.

## THE TALMUD.

Jews, Protestants, and Romanists all agree in receiving as canonical the books of our Old Testament. But as the Romanists would add to these the apocryphal books, so the Jews insist on adding their oral law. They say that when the written law was given to Moses, inscribed on two tables of stone, God also gave another and verbal law explanatory of the first, which he was commanded not to commit to writing, but to deliver down by oral tradition. When Moses came down from the mount, they tell us that he first repeated this oral law to Aaron and his sons, and then to the seventy, and then fi-

nally to all the people, each of whom was obliged to repeat it in his hearing to insure its correct remembrance. Just before his death, they say, he spent a month and six days in repeating it to them again; and then, they assert, he committed it in a special manner to Joshua, through whom it was imparted to Phineas, and so on through the long line of prophets, and afterward of teachers, down to the time of Judah the Holy, who lived in the second century, by whom it was committed to writing lest it should get lost. This work, consisting of six books, is the famous Mishna of the Jews, which, with the Gemara, or commentaries, constitutes their celebrated Talmud, in which is comprehended all their learning, and much of their religion as a people. The whole work is held by them in far higher esteem than the Bible, so much so, that they say the Bible is water, but the Talmud is wine; and they even declare that he who studies the Bible when he might read the Talmud does but waste his time; and that to sin against the latter is far worse than to sin against the former. So implicit is their confidence in this oral law, that it is almost useless to reason with a Jew out of the Old Testament; for he is ever ready with an answer from the Talmud, with the authority of which he is fully satisfied.—*London Weekly Review*.

## SEA-DUST.

People laughed at the man who said that the fish he had hooked "kicked up such a dust in the water." Perhaps they will laugh at the heading to this article; but there will still be sea-dust nevertheless. We have heard of water-spouts, of showers of fish, of salt rain, and many other curiosities which present themselves in the atmosphere, but to assert that there is such a thing as sea-dust is to transcend all reasonable bounds. The evidence, however, in favor of its existence is exceedingly powerful—indisputable, in fact—and this is the story told by eye-witnesses. They say that in certain parts of the world—notably about the Cape de Verde Islands, there are constantly met at sea, several hundred miles away from land, thick, yellowish red fogs, not unlike London fogs in November. These fogs obscure the atmosphere, and are very injurious to navigation, but they have not the baleful odor of their London prototype, nor do they affect the breathing in the same way. Whilst sailing through them it is found that the ship, sails, and rigging are covered with a fine, impalpable powder, which falls as dry rain, and covers the surface on which it falls sometimes to the depth of two inches. In color, it is of a brick-dust hue, sometimes of a light yellow, and it feels between the teeth like fine grit, such as might be blown into the mouth on a windy day in March. No place is free from its presence, its fineness giving it power to penetrate everywhere. The sea, while the dust is falling, looks as though it had been peppered, and is discolored for some distance down.

Sometimes the dust comes in a shower, and passes off again. The fogs are nothing but vast quantities of the dust suspended in the air. It is not only in the vicinity of the Cape de Verde that this wonderful dust is seen. In the Mediterranean, on the northern parts of Africa, in the middle of the Atlantic, it has been reported. It is invariably the same in kind and appearance, and examination under microscopes has proved the identity of say Cape de Verde sea-dust with the Mediterranean sea-dust. All this is very remarkable; dust falling in clouds, no land within some hundreds of miles, nothing visible which could possibly account for the curious phenomenon. Sand-spouts there are in sandy deserts, and showers of sand taken originally from spots whereon the carrier wind has left its mark; but here there is no desert from which the sand can be wrapt, and the wind, so far from being boisterous, or disposed to play whirlwind pranks, is light and steady, blowing ships along at a calm five knots an hour.—*N. C. Presbyterian*.

## MANUFACTURE OF MACARONI.

Finding the manufacture of macaroni going forward, I remained awhile to observe the process, which appeared extremely simple. The dough or paste, is worked and kneaded in an extremely stiff and tough condition by means of a strong lever, and is afterwards forced by a powerful screw through a stout verticle copper cylinder of about six inches diameter, the lower extremity of which is closed with a strong plate of the same metal, pierced full of holes of a diameter and shape corresponding with the size and form of macaroni to be produced, large or small, round or flat. When the hollow description of macaroni is to be made, a plate is used, every hole in which is fitted with a short steel wire, that, springing from the upper surface of the plate, rises about half an inch, and then is bent over and descends straight through the centre of the hole. Under the action of the screw the tough dough is forced through these holes, and makes its appearance beneath the cylinder in the resemblance of a huge skein of yellow cord. When about a yard in length of this skein has descended, it is separated with a sharp knife, hung across a stick suspended in the sun to dry, and in a few hours the macaroni is perfected and ready for packing.—*A visit to Naples*.

PRECOCITY.—A lady who had been teaching her little four-year-old boy the elements of arithmetic, was astonished by his asking her the following problem: "Mamma, if you had three butterflies and each butterfly had a bug in his ear, how many butterflies would you have?" The mother is still at work on the problem.

Professor, looking at his watch: "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed." Student: "What time is it, please?"

## A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything for his trouble. Having gained admission, he opened the study-door and putting the fish on the floor, cried out, rudely: "Master has sent you a turbot!" "Young man," said the Dean, rising from his easy-chair, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down in my chair—we will exchange places, and I will teach you how to behave in the future." The boy sat down, and the Dean going out, came up to the door, and making a low bow, said: "Sir, master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Does he," replied the boy. "Return him my best thanks, and here's half a crown for yourself!" The Dean thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit. The teacher as well as the scholar received a lesson that time. The boy certainly knew enough to make his way through the world. The Dean was very fond of fun, and we have no doubt enjoyed the boy's coolness.—*Family Journal*.

The teacher is, or ought to be the prime moving power in universal education. It is the teacher that makes or unmakes the school. It is not possible for the schools of any people to rise above the moral and intellectual standard of their teachers. It is not possible for poor teachers to make good schools. It is not possible for ignorant, unskillful, and inefficient teachers to create and keep alive that public sentiment which is indispensable to the support of good schools. It is not possible that such teachers should send into the community those well-taught, well-drilled re-inforcements so necessary to build up, strengthen, and perpetuate it. It is not possible that they should create and maintain a supply of the material out of which competent superintendents, boards of education, and other school officers may be drawn. Indeed, the whole question of the possibility of a successful scheme of universal education turns upon the possibility of producing a supply of worthy, able, successful teachers. Upon this vital point public opinion cannot be too well settled, nor can the requisite measure be too wisely and efficiently directed.

Obviously the remedy must begin with the elevation of the teacher. He or she must be thoroughly taught and wisely, carefully trained. Beyond the knowledge of the books, above the routine of the schools, superior to the empirical maxims of the old-time pedagogue, there is a science of education that should be studied, and an art of teaching that should be mastered as a condition precedent to an assumption of the responsibilities of the teacher. There is an apprenticeship of practice in the light of well-defined principles and under the most intelligent supervision and criticism, that should be insisted upon as a necessary preparation for the work of the class room. There is a true and elevated conception of the ends of education that should exist in every soul, intensity every motive, and shape every method of those who assume to form the common mind and develop in our children and youth the gems of a noble manhood and womanhood.—*Educational Weekly*.