

ORPHANS' FRIEND.

Wednesday, October 17, 1877.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

(CONTINUED.)

At night the church at Elevation was full, and the people gave serious attention. Brother Peters followed with a good speech and a fervent prayer. He mentioned Girard College for orphans, and said there were forty-two Asylums for orphans in Philadelphia alone. How far behind the age we must have been when we had none at all! The Lodge at Elevation has a good house, and the country is prosperous. But there was no collection and we seldom hear from them in any way. At Aversboro, brother Stewart met us and took us to his home. The Methodist Bishop of the diocese of Aversboro prayed for the young, and at the close of our exercises he was about to make a good speech, but his wife shook her head at him, and he stopped and asked for a collection. Then we enjoyed a good dinner up stairs, and Mr. Hodges, of Cumberland, kindly took us across Cape Fear to his hospitable home. We went in the darkness and rain to our appointment; but deferred the entertainment till Thursday, at 11 a. m. At that hour it was still raining; but the audience was large. Rev. D. D. McBride prayed for the young. The D. D. is at the wrong end of his name. He is a noble preacher, and feeds a fat flock. He says that in a pastorate of twenty years his two congregations have had only one member "on the parish." How difficult to keep the pure metal in a lively glow, when so much of worldly dross surrounds it! David Williams, of Cumberland, proved himself a friend and brother. He took us over the roaring and swelling rivers, through the wilderness of pine-woods roads, and in the pelting rain, to Lillington. He put back a temporary bridge for one washed away, and navigated our wagons like boats. We have traveled by land and by water; but we never did both at the same time before.

At Lillington the church was full. Brother Brunt prayed for the children. He is a live preacher and teacher and we are always glad to meet him. But at all these places the collections were small. The people depend on cotton and had not begun to sell. On Friday we passed up the Cape Fear, because it was too high to cross. So many miles of sand and pines. At last we come to Lick Creek and the backwater from Cape Fear is floating the bridge and crossing is impossible. We go up the creek and spend the night with Mr. Andrew Brown and Son. How fortunate to find such clever people and so many comforts.

On Saturday we jog along to Lockville. Mr. Parham kindly guides us around the high water, and we reach Haywood. Our appointment was well attended, and we regret our failure. Neither rain nor long roads have interfered with our punctuality. But Lick Creek, with its flooded lowlands and floating bridge, was too dangerous for prudent people. Well, Haywood is on the railroad, and we can easily go there in November. The drive to Holly Spring occupies the afternoon. Brother Alford makes us welcome, and we are divided out. The attendance is small, because many supposed we could not come across the high waters, and

others had sundry excuses. Bro. Norris prays for the children, and takes a small collection.

Sunday is a day of rest. Two churches, but no preaching. Well, rest is needed. Holly Springs is a very pleasant village. But the Masonic Lodge reports very feeble health. Farewell, kind people. Rev. J. W. F. Rogers is building a handsome house. Apex is lively. We dine at Salem, and drive to Morrisville. After some delay we are distributed, and our teams are shod for future use. At night an angry storm sweeps over the village, and the windows and doors are closed. Alas, the babies can get no air. Of course they cry. Who could blame them? Brother Maynard prays for the young and requests a collection. One of our orphans is also sick. We send for Dr. Herndon and he comes through the storm, and supplies the needed remedy. Tuesday morning is clear, and we are off for Rolesville.

In passing through Raleigh we meet a man in distress. He has brought an orphan from Robeson and can go no further. Now what shall he do with the orphan? He was certainly glad to see us and the orphan is put in the wagon. Brother Briggs informs us of sad deaths in Oxford. At Rolesville in good time. Soon distributed. The large church is full. Brother Holden, the preacher on the circuit, is there and prays for the young. He is good on a collection, and contributions are always liberal when he is present. Wish the Bishop would give him to the Grand Lodge. We need always and every where just such men. Dr. Fleming attends our sick girl and her recovery is complete. The Lord bless the doctors! On Wednesday we pass Wake Forest find every body in health, but busy. W. O. Allen, an excellent citizen, has moved to Asheville to merchandise with the very pleasant brother Pleasant. At Neuse Mr. McReath shows us the wonders of making paper out of old rags. Vast piles of rags, pulp and paper.

We are soon comfortably quartered with Messrs. Allen and Nutt. Attendance large. Mrs. Hunter's beautiful twins are present, and are justly admired. Her venerable father, Mr. David Justice, is too feeble and too much afflicted to be out. A noble old soldier of the cross, and very near his crown. We are late in reaching Brassfields, but the people are patient and attentive. What a dinner! Chickens, pickles, pies and cakes, and not a preacher present! Bro. Cannady calls for a collection.

At Bullock's, and late again. People deeply interested. Bro. Thompson arrives in time to take a collection and to help us on that tremendous dinner. We ate all we could, filled our bag and bucket, and were soon in Oxford. A long and tiresome trip is ended. The children arrive in good health, without even a sore, and we find all well except one boy with rheumatism. We have great reason to be grateful for so many oases in the desert of travel, so many kind friends by the way, so many escapes from impending dangers, and a safe return to our field of labor.

PROSPEROUS GRANVILLE.

All over the county, carpenters, masons and painters are busy building new houses and renovating old ones. Abundant crops and good prices enable the farmers to enlarge their operations, and to supply additional comforts for their families.

TEACHER WANTED.

Yes, another teacher is needed at the Orphan Asylum, and is needed now. If a lady, twenty years of age, was educated by at least one live and competent instructor; if she has had not less than two years of successful experience in teaching the usual English branches and vocal music; if she is able and willing to do such work as is necessary in the proper training and guidance of orphans; if she knows how to feel an individual interest in each of the children of her charge, she is invited to forward her name and recommendations. If she is giddy, frivolous, or fond of beaux and yellow-back novels, we advise her not to apply. The salary is \$25 a month and board, and will be paid on the last day of each month, at 7 o'clock, p. m.

The Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Moravians being already represented, preference will be given to a member of some other denomination. We never write to "References," and so they need not be mentioned. As we are making an honest search for the most efficient teacher, no attention will be paid to the wishes of influential friends, and it will be useless to write to any of the relatives or family connections of the Superintendent.

We would therefore urge upon our State authorities, county trustees, township committees, trustees of academies and colleges, and parents who have children to educate, to turn their attention to this subject and insist upon such an arrangement of the school system of the State as to make thoroughness in study a prominent feature of education. To limit the number of studies pursued at any one time and thus enable pupils to concentrate thought, and especially to insist upon such an arrangement in the schools as will give teachers more time to teach, to explain, to lead the minds of their pupils in the paths of knowledge and study, until, by the adoption of system and habit of application, they will be able to travel these paths without a guide. Until there be reform in this respect, our schools will fall far short of accomplishing the good they ought to do.

The foregoing is the summary and closing paragraph of an article on education published in a late number of the *Daily News*. We have read it over several times, and are not now sure that we comprehend its scope. The writer wishes "to make thoroughness in study a prominent feature of education." We thought thoroughness of study was already the prominent feature of education. What a pity to bring it down to a feature! "To limit the number of studies." Well, the proper number depends on the kind of studies and the capacities of the students, and must be regulated by the teacher. If he has not sense enough to attend to his own business, better trade him. A genius can always prosecute to advantage more studies than a pewter-head, and the dray-horse needs more hay than the racer.

The same writer wishes to "give teachers more time to teach." We never knew how a teacher could have much time for any thing else; but a teacher should never be addicted to "much speaking." His work is not to explain, but to hear explanations. He inspires a love for learning, selects studies and text-books, and conducts examinations. It would be difficult to discover a more unmitigated nuisance than a talking teacher. The following paragraph, from the *National Teachers' Monthly*, expresses our sentiments:

"In visiting a school, recently, we were reminded of the story told of the grocer who had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating, 'Too much sand for table use and not enough for building purposes.' There was too much talk for good teaching, and not enough for a decent stump speech. It will take some folks until the millennium to find out that communication is not teaching. The gift of gab is almost as bad as entire dumbness. It is strange how exceedingly well some people love to hear themselves talk."

LILESVILLE, N. C. Sept. 11th. 1877.

Mr. J. H. Mills—Oxford N. C.—

MY DEAR SIR—I see in the Wilmington papers that you have recently made a tour of the country west of the Blue Ridge through the counties of Henderson, Transylvania and Haywood, and as I am seeking information concerning that portion of the State, especially of the counties mentioned, I would be glad if you would write and give me a brief account, in general terms, of your impressions and ideas of that section.

Is it a good farming country? Are lands cheap or not? What of the intelligence of the people? Are they manifesting any interest in education now? What of the condition and prospects of Judson Female Institute at Hendersonville, and of the school at Waynesville? Is there a school at Brevard? What of the religious interests? How about the material condition of that section? Are the people generally prosperous, and is there any evidence of enterprise and improvement among them? Do you know whether or not there is a paper edited at either of the places named? How are the professions represented?

Any information you may give me of that section will place me under obligations to you. I write to you, because I know you never visit any section without finding out all about its people, and that you are always as ready to impart information as you are to receive it. I am here on a visit and hope you will find it convenient to reply early.

Very truly Yours

C. H. SPENCER.

Our absence prevented earlier attention to the foregoing letter. We lately visited Buncombe, Haywood, Jackson, Swain and Macon. So far as we can, we will comply with the request of our friend. There are many excellent farms on the upper tributaries of the French Broad, in Henderson and Transylvania. Land varies from fifty cents to one hundred dollars an acre; but the soil is more productive than you would suppose from its appearance. The hills and mountains also are steeper than any you would expect to cultivate. Hillside ditches and horizontal rows are necessary. But crops are heavy, and the fruits are plentiful and of delightful flavor. The people are about as intelligent as those around you; but they have not been accustomed to daily papers. They travel freely, and many strangers visit them. They are zealous for elementary education, and attend the free schools in large numbers. Most of the academies are called colleges, and every teacher claims to be "Professor." Hence the people are often humbugged. A man, some years ago, did a large cash business teaching arithmetic in three hours, and the people he swindled seemed to enjoy it. Still there are many reading men and some fine scholars in the West; but tuition is too low to attract first class teachers. Judson Institute is not in operation. Rev. D. B. Nelson is collecting funds to complete the building. The school may succeed; but there is no very great demand for collegiate education, and the main hope of the school is to draw patronage from a distance, till the people realize the value of higher education. There is a good academy at Waynesville. We do not know whether there is a school at Brevard. But most of them admit both sexes. In fact the boys and girls are bent on going to school together. The people are generally religious. Most of them are church members. They sing sweetly, pray fervently, and preach as well as a limited education will allow. The people live well, and are kind and hospitable; but lumber is scarcer and transportation is more difficult than with you, and so the houses are smaller; yet they are generally snug and comfortable. The people are always ready for a good investment and are equal to any emergency in trade. They can take care of their own interests. There are two papers at Asheville, two at Hendersonville, one at Franklin and one at Murphy. The professions are full. Preachers, lawyers and doctors are abundant. The climate in winter would probably be colder than you would desire; but in summer the cool nights, the cold mountain water and the luscious fruits are such as every man would enjoy. The scenery is grand; but you can not feed a family on landscapes. Hay of every kind grows luxuriantly, and corn is cheap. Between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies there are no ticks nor horse-flies, and in our opinion, a well-managed stock-farm would pay better than anything else. A farmer making corn, wheat and hay and selling colts and mules can live easily and well.

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

A lazy glutton ran away from the Orphan Asylum. He complained that we did not give him enough to eat. Of course not; for we did not intend to satisfy his morbid appetite. He would soon have killed himself. But he ran away and took up in Cary with a man in need of hands. The farmer soon found that he had (not a hand, but) a dead-head boarder, and applied to the Superintendent for relief. Better pass him on towards his home. If a boy says he is just from the Orphan Asylum, and can not show an "Honorable Discharge," he is apt to be a dangerous customer. Better give him the road.

UNBREAKABLE GLASS.

The French papers speak of the new Bastie glass as an article of undoubted value, capable of many important applications. It is tough as well as hard, resisting the action of fire, and can be made specially serviceable for water conduits and a variety of culinary utensils, instead of the enamel or the leaded tin now so much employed in certain departments of the hardware trade.

An account is published of some additional experiments made in Paris to test the value of the article, the results appearing to have been remarkably satisfactory. Thus thin plates of the material were thrown on a tiled floor from a height of three metres, that is, a little more than nine feet, without injury; they were then hurled with violence about the room and against the walls, and held over gas jets, a weight of one hundred grams being also dropped on them from a height of three metres, but all without any effect. As is well known, the resisting temper of this new kind of glass is obtained by means of a chemical bath, to which it is subjected when hot from the furnace. In these experiments some of the specimens showed more resisting power than others; those which yielded to the blows which they received, only broke in the spots where they were hit, and there was a remarkable absence of continuous cracks—wherever the hammer took effect the glass lost cohesion and transparency, and was reduced to granulous particles.—*Welcome Guest.*

—The learned Porson was the victim of abstraction to an extent that rendered him forgetful at times to eat. "Will you not stay and dine," asked Rogers the poet. "Thank you, no; I dined yesterday!" he replied. Dr. Parr asked him before a large assembly what he thought about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world. "Why, doctor," said Porson, "I think we should have done very well without them." And it makes us laugh to hear an ignorant person, who was anxious to get into conversation with him, ask, if Captain Cook was killed in his first voyage. "I believe he was," answered Porson; "though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second."

THOROUGH PREPARATION.—Unless a teacher knows a great deal more about a lesson than he expects to teach, he will do a great deal less teaching than he expects to. No teacher can ever teach all that he knows. There is not power enough in the human brain to entirely empty the brain. There must be something left in to push out the last thought that is made available. Surplus knowledge is by no means an unimportant acquisition to a teacher.—*Earnest Worker.*