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BROWN AND JONES.

Brown and Jones are teachers. So they are. But they might have been almost anything else, in the way of professional men, without materially changing their tempers, habits, or characters. They would have remained much the same, notwithstanding the marked changes wrought in some men by their employments. As a merchant, Brown would have grown rich, at the expense of his customers; though it is probable they never would have known the latter. Jones would have gained a competency and the good will of the wise and good. As lawyers, Jones would have been trusted; Brown would have been suspected, feared by some, courted by the shoddy, and detested by the wise and good. As a clergyman, Jones would have won the hearts of his hearers by an honest presentation of the truth; Brown, by stratagem and guile—by extraneous efforts. The one would have been the beloved pastor of the few—the other the sensation preacher of the many. The one would have attracted the brains, the other the crowd. As artists, Brown would have sculptured, and painted, and sung for the present; Jones, for the future. As artisans, one would have builded, and spun, and woven the shoddy, the other the genuine.

But they became teachers.—these two young men,—and they spun, and wove, and builded with different material, with the more enduring substance of thought, emotion, will, and character. Their fabrics, in time, became a part of the light force of society. Here is where they touched material interests. One of Brown's pupils became an architect, and planned a public building that tumbled down before it was completed, and killed and maimed several workmen. But this was light in comparison with the injury done the more enduring substance with which these men builded; for they were teachers; more important than any other consideration. They were builders of minds and morals, of governments and religions. They were architects whose structures entered into the fabrics of eternity.

At first they taught in country districts, where, unfortunately, most green artists begin. Brown taught to please everybody; but everybody having slightly different notions from everybody else, he found it difficult trimming at first; but by dint of management he soon contrived clap-traps and show enough to make everybody—except a few who thought for themselves—believe that he was a great teacher. Jones had studied his work a little, and tried to conform it to the rules of right, but failed to please more than a few. Brown by and by became popular; for he soon learned how to cater to the whims of the people. Jones stood only fair; for truth works slower than error. One thing was in his favor, however. He remained longer in the same district than Brown did. He seemed to grow better on close acquaintance. Brown carried everything before him for a time, but in so doing, earned

public sentiment too high. It reacted, and he was frequently compelled to seek new fields. Once or twice he was on the point of leaving the profession permanently, for more congenial work. But he remained and devised new plans. Jones also remained and soon began to see the depth of meaning in teaching. He studied it as an art—studied education as a science which included all the other sciences; and he tried to conform his teachings to its great principles and laws. In this he succeeded, but it was too slow. The age wanted something faster than ever had been before. The modes of travel were faster; and a building that required years to complete in former times was now built in a few weeks. *Why should education be so tardy?* Why not hurry up the slow, poky growth of boys and girls? Why not hurry up the educational machine, and grind them out quick? Other things were moved by lightning and steam, why not apply them to children?

True, corn and wheat did not grow any faster now than they did a thousand years ago, and it required as much time and patience to raise an oak tree or an ox in these days as it did in the days of Solomon. But what of that? Children were not oxen, nor oaks, nor corn, nor wheat. Brown's quick perception saw the advantage, and he soon joined issue with old fogysim, as he called it. There was certainly no need in spending five or six years in college when all the work, and culture, and acquisition, could be accomplished in two years, at most. Colleges were a humbug; too much behind the age—(a remark not without its significance). They were contrived to extort money from young men and women. Six years in college! Why, the thing was absurd. The whole field of knowledge, and science, and literature could be cultivated by the new plans *much more thoroughly*, in one third the time. Thus reasoned our would-be reformer. That was just the thing. The world had long been waiting for a revelation, and Brown was just the man to lead in the great reform(?) (so he thought). He soon found a place and means for starting his new educational machine, and here is one of his manifestoes to the people:

"NOTICE,"

"To all young persons, of both sexes, who desire to educate *yourselves* for any of the professions, or for business, I wish to say this Normal reduces the time and expense of a thorough education more than one half, as compared with colleges. The course of study which in colleges requires from five to six years, here requires from one and a half to two and a half years, while the normal course is more thorough, systematic, and energetic than the collegiate course."

This settled the question; and the innocent and the ignorant flocked like sheep to this new pasture. True, some old fogies "couldn't see it; but they were summarily disposed of and the thing was a success (?)

But where is poor Jones! Alas,

alas! He is almost forgotten. But still a few remember him, and he also is called to preside at a normal school. Brown continues to advertise his patent nostrums; and, as they cost but little time, labor, and money, he finds ready purchasers. Jones is obliged to take what is left; but, fortunately, as the scum or light materials rise to the surface, the "leavings" are all the more valuable.

Brown advertises to qualify teachers in a few months, or to enable them to get a certificate, which seems to be his idea of fitness. But even in this, many unfortunately (?) fail. Jones, old fogy as he is, says teachers should not be permitted to teach until they have completed a thorough course of training, both academic and normal; that the only way to elevate the teacher is to elevate the teaching. Brown advertises to make quick teachers; Jones, to make good ones. The one covers up the deficiencies by a smattering of learning; the other uncovers them, and reveals their real incompetency as a means of true culture. The one glazes over the weak spots; the other probes them that they may be healed. Brown supplies teachers with what *they think* they need; Jones, with what *he knows* they need. Brown makes superficial and conceited teachers, and a great many; Jones makes thorough and modest ones, and but a few. Brown breeds quacks and knaves; Jones, common, honest people. Brown has an attendance of 1,500, and *he makes money*; Jones, 150, and barely makes a living. *Question*—Who is the successful teacher?—*Educational Weekly.*

EVE'S TOMB.

The Arabs claim that Eve's tomb is at Jiddah, the seaport of Mecca. The temple with a palm growing out of its centre is supposed to mark the place where Eve's head rests, and a domed mosque is believed to be exactly over her tomb. According to the Arabs, the lady measured about 200 feet in height, but, judging by the dimensions of her tomb, it would seem that the Ishmaelites much underrate her real length. Arabs, however, are very bad judges of distance, and nearly always have a horror of telling the truth. The sacred ground, which is pretty thickly studded with tombstones of departed Sheikhs and other worthies, is inclosed by a high white wall; a few small shrubs and aloe plants struggle for existence among the gravestones, and close to the domed mosque is a tree growing over some great man's grave, which is surrounded by railings. There are many legends and superstitions concerning this celebrated place, but I had no time to collect any that would be worth relating. It is visited by numerous pilgrims. "Backsheesh," of course, is in great request by the well-dressed Arabs as well as the ragged. Jiddah is a clean, fine-looking town—at a distance; but on a nearer approach the illusion will be dispelled, and many aromas (not of ambergris or burned

sandal wood), powerful as a soap factory, assail the nose. This gets worse as one lards, but there is no time to waste thinking of such a trifle, for a sharp watch has to be kept on the mangy, ophthalmic dogs, who amuse themselves by barking and snapping at the legs of any one who makes use of soap and water. At night it is necessary for Europeans to carry a light and a good stick, a well-planted blow from the latter doing wonders in warning off the dogs. —*Central Protestant.*

CONCERT RECITATION.

A concert recitation, when it is done well, is a very pretty exercise, which is its highest due; for a wise teacher will be careful how she trusts much to such for veritable and truthful teaching.

I have seen somewhere how a person went into a school and listened to the repeating of the twenty-third Psalm. The recitation was admirable as a whole, but when he requested the pupils to write the different verses for him to inspect, not one in the whole school had them all correct! and in many instances, it was impossible to tell the word the child had in mind.

The charts, elementary sounds, card definitions, etc., are all expected to be taught in class or in concert, but I was a little chagrined, the other day, in testing each scholar's individual capacity on the punctuation marks, and arriving at the *colon*, to hear him assert with an unblushing face, that it was a "*colburn*!" In his estimation I was reduced down to two dots!

Another little fellow who was determined to remember everything, and who really is a little hero, assured me that I should find his reading lesson on "page twenty-five—*telegraph* four!"

It doesn't do to trust to the whole body implicitly until each member, in some degree, knows its individual duty.

If each teacher would be careful to note down all the funny little things that are transpiring daily in this direction, even in her own school, the aggregate would be the best lesson she could herself take towards doing away with this most popular, but really injurious, "pretty" exercise.—*M. P. C., in The Educational Weekly.*

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

Few of the persons who handle Bank of England notes ever think of the amount of labor and ingenuity that is expended on their production. These notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly 200 years at the same spot—Laverstoke, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curi-

ous process in Mr. Coe's department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence. Consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note, except by forgery. According to the *City Press*, the stock of paid notes for seven years is about 94,000,000 in number, and they fill 18,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach three miles. The notes, placed in a pile, would be eight miles high; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long; their superficial extent is more than that of Hyde Park; their original value was over \$15,000,000,000, and their weight over 112 tons.

ETHAN ALLEN AND PARSON DEWEY.

Parson Jedediah Dewey, who preached a war sermon the Sunday before the battle of Bennington, was the first pastor of the first church in Vermont. His strict theological views sometimes brought him in contact with Col. Ethan Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga, who lived in Bennington some years. Preaching on the character of God one Sunday, Col. Allen rose in his prominent pew and disputed one of the parson's statements. Pointing at the disturber, Mr. Dewey retorted: "Sit down, thou bold blasphemer, and listen to the Word of God." During the Thanksgiving service for the surrender of Ticonderoga, Mr. Dewey had been ascribing the glory of the victory to the Lord rather more sweepingly than was agreeable to Allen, who called out in the midst of a prayer: "Please mention to the Lord about my being there." —*Rbanoke News.*

Those who would make an educational office a temporary shift, a stepping-stone to something else, should be forever barred from holding it. Merit experience, a perfect familiarity with all grades of the work, a nice perception of its true motives and methods, and of its bearings upon life, character, and the interests of society at large, should be the sole passport to its positions of trust and responsibility. When school boards are thus constituted, when superintendents are made of the stern stuff of sterling manhood, when the rights of true teachers are properly respected, and their services are adequately compensated, when educational tramps are quietly laid upon their appropriate shelves, and *permanence is assured to the men and women of brains* who are willing to consecrate themselves to the service of education, we shall hear less complaint of its cost, and witness results more nearly commensurate with the public needs, and not before. The sooner this lesson shall be learned and acted upon the better for the schools, for the people, and for the interests of the country as a whole.—*Educational Weekly.*

"There is a generation, whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw-teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men."