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THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As a tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boasts of human might,
And the pride of human power.
When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting a wayward breeze;
When I saw the peasant reel
With the toil that he faintly bore,
As he turned at the tardy wheel,
Or toiled at the weary oar;
When I measured the panting courser's speed
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore a law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel
Or chained to the flying car!
Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last,
And they invited me forth at length,
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder
blast,
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.
Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er,
The mountain steep decline,
Time—space—have yielded to my power—
The world! the world is mine!
The rivers, the sun, hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline;
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the orient floods divine.
In the darksome depths of the fathomless
mine
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.
I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

ALL ABOUT COCHINEAL.

The lovely carmine that artists use, and the lake carmine, as well as a splendid scarlet dye, are all different preparations of the insect known as the "coccus cacti" or cochineal.
This little insect delights in hot climates, and in its native state is found in the woods, where it feeds upon the cactus or prickly pear. To compare a very small object to a large one, its ribbed body resembles the fossil trilobite.
When wild, six crops may be gathered during the year, while three only are yielded when under cultivation. This is due partly to the rainy season, because they have not the protection nature prepares for them in their forest home. The difference in quantity is counterbalanced by the size and quality of the insect.
To accomplish this, acres of land are planted with the "cactus opuntia." The larvæ are collected in little baskets and hung upon the projecting branches. As soon as they are able, they find their way to the plant and quickly develop into the perfect insect. Great care is taken to protect them from the wind and rain.
The female, from which the color is made, fastens itself, when very young, to the plant upon

which it feeds. After this it scarcely stirs its sluggish body, but remains in one spot, until it has increased to such a size that its legs are completely hidden, and it appears only a seed or berry of the plant itself.

The male insect would not be recognized as a relative of this seeming excrescence, for he is not half its size and is furnished with wings. He is lively enough to make up for all deficiencies in his lazy mate.

When the cochineal dies, the eggs which are fastened to the lower part of its body, make this their cradle until they are hatched by the sun and creep away to find home and nourishment for themselves.

It is just before the eggs are laid that the cochineal is the most full of coloring matter. Then the plant is purple with its rich harvest, and pieces of linen are spread on the ground to catch the insects as they are carefully brushed off. They are then dipped in hot water or dropped on heated plates, after which they seem of no more consequence than a number of shrivelled, brown berries, but they are packed in boxes and sent to different countries, where they are reduced to the powder which yields the brilliant colors to which we have referred. This operation is repeated three times in the year. Seventy thousand of these insects are required to make one pound, and if insect and plant were not liable to disease or devastation, richer harvests might be gathered. Thus do the apparently insignificant objects in God's world become sources of beauty and service to man.

Long before the discovery of America the cochineal insect was known in Europe, Africa and the East, but the Spaniards were not acquainted with it until the conquest of Mexico by Cortez in 1519. They were so much impressed with its value that they forbade the insect, or the plant on which it feeds, to be taken from the country, under the penalty of death. An enterprising Frenchman, however, braved these dangers and carried away several cases of the insect and plant together. Unfortunately, when he reached St. Domingo, a war had broken out and the fruit of his labor was entirely lost.

It was more than a hundred years after that efforts were made to extend its cultivation. Now it is raised in many warm countries. Its culture is especially successful in the Canary Islands, where the insect seems to be of superior quality, and therefore brings higher prices than the Mexican cochineal.

The year ending June 30, 1874, there were imported into the United States 1,770,277 pounds of cochineal, valued at \$932,283. The greater part of this was brought into the port of New York.

England pays annually one million of dollars for the dried bodies of this insect, and France represents a yearly interest of three millions of francs.

Our trouble is that we write our mercies on the sand, and engrave our afflictions upon a rock.

A CAPITAL MAXIM.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague relates the following story:—"One day, as an ancient king of Tartary was riding with his officers of State, they met a dervise crying aloud, "To him that will give me a hundred dinars, (small pieces of money,) I will give a piece of good advice." The king, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, "What advice is this that you offer for a hundred dinars?" "Sire," replied the dervise, "I shall be most thankful to tell you as soon as you order the money to be paid me." The king expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the dinars to be given to the dervise at once: on receiving which, he said, "Sire, my advice is, Begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

"The officers of State, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, whom they expected would be so enraged at this insult as to order the dervise to be severely punished. The king, seeing their amusement and surprise, said, "I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise; but, on the contrary, I am persuaded that if it were more frequently practiced, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, I am convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim, that I shall have it engraved on my plate and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me." The king, having thanked the dervise, proceeded towards his palace; and on his arrival he ordered the chief Bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate and on the walls of his palace.

"Some time after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his bad purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying, "If you will bleed the king with this lancet, I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold, and when I ascend the throne you shall be my vizier." This base surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal.

"An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him. He put the poisoned lancet into a side pocket, and hastened into the king's presence. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read the maxim at the bottom of the basin, "Begin nothing without considering what the end may be." He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, "If I bleed the king with this lancet he will die, and I shall be seized and be put to a cruel death. Then of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?" Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so suddenly. He stated that the point was broken; but the king,

doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him, that the king felt assured all was not right. He said, "There is treachery in this! Tell me instantly what it means, or your head shall be severed from your body!" The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king, if he would only pardon his guilt. The king consented, and the surgeon related the whole matter, acknowledging that had it not been for the words in the basin, he should have used the fatal lancet.

"The king summoned his court and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then turning to his officers of State, he said, "You now see that the advice of the dervise, at which you laughed, is most valuable: it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim."

1800 YEARS AFTER DEATH.

A correspondent, writing of excavations of Pompeii, says:

"Among the most interesting of the objects found recently are two skeletons, one of a somewhat elderly man, the other of a woman. They were found in the Via Stabia, among the ashes of the last eruption, evidently overtaken in their flight, and buried among the cinders. According to the usual method employed to preserve the external appearance of objects, liquid plaster was poured into the cavity, which, serving as a mould, a fac simile of the forms was obtained, and thus, perfectly preserved, the statue-like bodies were placed in glass cases in the Pompeii Museum.

While appreciating all the horrors of such a death, and the suffering endured, as shown by the position of the limbs, one cannot, but imagine what would have been the astonishment of that man and woman had some prophet informed them that, eighteen hundred years after their death, their forms, and even as much of their garments as were not consumed in the eruption, would be placed in a museum for inspection by a multitude of sight-seers, some from lands the existence of which they never dreamed of! The poor woman lying on her face; and even the form of her hair, put up behind, is seen. One arm shields her forehead, and she is supported by the other. Her stony limbs are well-formed, and traces of a garment are seen passing in folds around her. The man—although placed on his back in the exhibition—when found was turned on his side. One arm rests on his hip; the other is uplifted. The face is somewhat distorted, but massive and smoothly shaven. Even the form of the fastening of the sandals is around the ankle, and of the large button higher up on the leg to hold them, is clearly seen. The limbs are partly drawn up. The skeleton of a tolerably large dog, also recently found, is in the museum of Pompeii, his whole form preserved in plaster, in the same manner as those just mentioned. He is lying on his back, writhing in suffering, biting his hind leg. The rings in his collar are plainly seen."

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.

The Newark Daily Advertiser recently gave some striking facts showing the value of little things. It states that one of our jewelry manufacturers of that city (Alling Bros. & Co.) recently put down new flooring in their workshops, and that the gold they obtained in burning the old flooring not only paid for the new one, but for putting two coats of paint on the entire factory. In another (Carter, Hawkins & Dodd), the hands all work on a sort of bracket standing out from the bench in front of them, so that the filings of gold may fall on a tin plate below, and be returned to the melting room. The greatest care is exercised to prevent waste. The floors, benches and seats are carefully swept every evening, and the sweepings put away to have the gold removed by chemical process. Every now and then aprons, benches, stools, and even the flooring, are burnt to get the gold out of them. Even brushes, clothes, cotton, wool and rags are burned. The average quantity of gold saved annually in this way in the factory is about \$50,000 worth. All the water in which the five hundred employees wash their hands is carefully filtered four times, and the amount of gold recovered from it averages about \$15,000 a year. A barrel of sweepings will fetch four dollars and a half a pound; and even after they have, as they think, extracted all the gold from them, they sell the refuse to the smelters at nine cents and even as high as eleven cents a pound.

Love is always unconventional. It knows nothing about poverty, or class distinctions, or birth, or character. Love sweeps away all of these. It is the loving, earnest souls that have an influence for good. What would you give for the poet apart from the love which is in all poetry, or for the orator who was not all in a blaze, or for the sculptor who was not all aglow with love? What will a non church-goer give for your endeavors in his behalf unless he knows that you love him? If you find a non church-goer, be he skeptical, or a poor man, or an ignorant man, or a sick man—bring to him your sympathy, just as the Lord Jesus did to all with whom he spoke. It is said that the natives of India, when they want to quarry out a stone, first take a chisel and run a groove, then they kindle a fire in the groove, and last of all they pour in a little water, which, becoming heated, causes the stone to expand, and eventually to burst. This is just what the Lord Jesus did. First he grooved right down into the hardness of human heart, then poured in the water of his love, and thus gained an entrance and broke it asunder.—Armitage.

Edgar Poe said: "To villify a great man is the readiest way in which a little man can himself attain greatness. The crab might never have become a constellation but for the courage it evinced in nibbling Hercules on the heel."