

# The Orphans' Friend.

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## MEMORIES.

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They come as the breezes come over the foam,  
Walking the waves that are sinking to sleep,  
The fairest of memories from far away home,  
The dim dream of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,  
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;  
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,  
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the past,  
As loved mother murmured in days that are dead—  
Whose tones, spirit-thrilling, live on to the last,  
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its gray  
Over the head.

They come like ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,  
And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way;  
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves  
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come—sad as tears to the eyes that are bright;  
They come—sweet as smiles to the lips that are pale;  
They come—fair as flowers in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so;  
Though far we may stray from the scene of the past,  
Its memories follow wherever we go,  
And the days that were first sway the days that were last.

## SLANG PHRASES.

The following are some of the odd expressions that one hears in California, more especially from the country people, who retain for a longer time the characteristics of the land they live in.

When a Californian is astonished and entirely nonplused, he does not say, "Do tell!" or "I snum!" or "Sho!" as his ancestors and brothers do in the East. He makes a gesture of complete surrender, and remarks,—

"Well, that jest everlastingly gets me!" or simply, "That gets me!"

He means that he is now entirely without light in the matter; bewildered and at his wits' end, without words to express himself further. It may be the energetic bucking of a mustang, or the price of a pair of boots, or the beauty of a young woman, or any one of the hundred events of a day, that produces this impression; but he always words it the same. It 'everlastingly gets him.'

He has another phrase, used mainly in speaking of other people who have met with disaster or death in their undertaking. "That let him out," means that the person referred to was defeated, or out-witted, or snubbed, or shot, or was in some way or other sent about his business. It would be applied to a friend whose claim had been jumped, or who had been jilted by his charmer, or who had been killed by a grizzly. Whatever the mishap was that crossed him or finished him, in the 'Golden State' dialect, it 'let him out.'

When a Californian wishes to convey the idea that some one else obtained an advantage over him, he says, "He got the drop on me."

The expression arose from the unpleasant tendency to 'shoot' which up to every recent times

characterized almost every man on the Pacific slope. If a dispute arose, or was about to arise, between two persons, the one who drew his pistol first and lowered the muzzle so as to cover his opponent, and thus prevent his movement on pain of death, was said to have 'got the drop.'

It is not the habit of a native of the 'Bear State' to return anything like a civil reply to your salutation, if you happen to be a stranger to him. Nine men in every ten that you meet face to face in a country road will eye you as if you had horns and a tail, if you speak to them, or if you remain silent, will pass on with averted gaze, seemingly unconscious of your presence.

Sometimes a habitually courteous stranger venturing 'Good-morning,' or, 'A pleasant day,' will get the response of a surly grunt, accompanied by a look askance, as though in expectation of a cocked pistol. This suspicion is of course a relic of the old pioneer mining days, when might was law, and every man's hand was against his fellow.

But should you happen to meet a man whom you know, he will grasp your hand warmly enough, and shout 'Howdy!' his abominable contraction of 'How do you do?' This is heard also in the Western States.

After your California friend has chatted with you, and is about to continue his journey, he does not bid you 'Good-day,' or 'Good-bye,' but 'So 'long!' How that phrase ever came to be used in that absurd way is more than he could tell you, and probably more than anybody else could tell. Some have insisted that it is merely a corruption of, 'Well, so I'll go along;' but the chief merit of this explanation is that nobody knows any better one. The phrase, as used, faintly recalls in sound the 'Allons' sometimes spoken by Frenchmen upon parting with each other, but to suppose that the expressions are the same is out of the question.

Perhaps the most pithy Californism of the class I am describing is one which first became common during the wild and reckless days of 'old '49,' a time when every man carried his life in his hand—or (so to speak) at the muzzle of his pistol. 'Bet your life!' is grotesque, and even profane. But for terseness and significant emphasis, 'the force of language could no further go.'

When a Californian asserts a thing to be true, he says to his hearers, at the end, 'Bet yer life!' or, 'Betherlife!' which means you can risk the last thing which you really value that what he has said is a fact. We could give many more of these phrases, but have not room. What we have given are in the main the products of mining life, and are sufficiently inelegant and vulgar to satisfy the crudest taste.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Scotch minister, who was famed for his dryness in the pulpit, called on one of his aged hearers, and as usual partook of a cup of tea. He remarked to the guid wife, that her tea-pot ran very slowly. "Deed, ay," quoth the guid wife, "it's like yersel,"—it has an unco' bad delivery."

## THE FITTEST FOR THE STRUGGLE.

An article under this head in the *Sunday School Times* gives the following advice about the training of the children:

What do you wish to make of your children? Decide this question first, and then you will know better what to do for them. A child's heart is a little field in which to sow precious seed. Faithfully and prayerfully the ground must be prepared, the seed sown, and its growth watched and protected. If you indolently, or neglectfully, allow nature's true sowing-time to go by unimproved, you will find that there have been seeds dropped without your knowledge, and that the little field is full; then the holy plants which you would raise will be forced into a hard struggle for existence, and they may be wholly crowded out. Surely, the qualities which are to meet successfully trials to virtue, and solicitations to evil, must be rooted and trained very early in the soul, so that they must have strength to overcome the resistance which a holy effort always meets. The success of the parent's work must depend upon the prompting and guidance of the Holy Ghost, for the mistakes into which the wisest and most loving parent may fall are many and disastrous.

Every child is born with some disadvantage or deficiency, either in himself or his circumstances. He may be indebted to his parents for these unfortunate peculiarities, but, whether he is or not, their knowledge of life enables them to discern by the earliest unfoldings of his character what he is by nature, and what training and furnishing he needs for his future well being. It is his parent's duty to supply, if possible, his natural deficiencies, and to strengthen those dispositions, and to increase those facilities, which tend to his best interest. You must strive to fit your child for the work before him, and for the circumstances in which he must labor. If he is not well furnished, by nature or education, for the struggle and experience of life, he will be a sufferer, and in part, certainly, through your neglect.

Some invalids owe all their years of pain to what seemed the loving indulgence of a fond mother! Was it the best kindness she could show her child to yield to its judgment, instead of acting firmly upon her own? Because it preferred injurious sweets to wholesome food, was it being faithful to its real good to gratify it? If a child has a constitutional infirmity, it is surely its parents' duty to protect it from every influence calculated to increase its misfortune. If with tears your child begs to wear a thin dress, when such insufficient clothing would expose it to cold, then have the trifling degree of maternal courage to deny it. If you are weak and vain as well as the child, what is to prevent the result of ill health, and, what is worse, a fostered spirit of pride? A body in good condition in early years, is, almost certainly, the guaranty of a happy and long life; and it is the parent's duty to secure it, if possible, for her child, for in so

doing she is working also for the higher interests of the soul.

Who questions the advantage which an educated mind has in the affairs of this world? Surely, the best developed powers are the best fitted to achieve success. If you are contented to let your son go out from his home weak and dependent, you can afford to neglect the wise training of his native faculties. His more industrious and intelligent companions will go past him, they will enter places of respectability and honor to which he can gain no admittance. They will, perhaps, make many a kind effort to help him—but he cannot be helped. He has not strength of mind enough to keep the place in which they put him. He is soon lost sight of in the crowd of earnest men, because his mind is ignorant and undeveloped. Can his natural guardians escape the conviction that they are chiefly to blame for his failure in manly efforts?

## POWER OF MUSIC.

Congreve, an old English dramatist says, —  
"Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, or bend the knotted oaks."

But its charms, as we learn from the *Hartford Times*, move other than savage breasts, and not only the 'knotted oaks,' but the genius of the poet, bends to its sway.

Miss Antoinette Sterling, the contralto, tells the following anecdote of Charles Kingsley; She was visited by the Canon to Eversley Vicarage, and while there sang his ballad, "The Three Fishers." "He had never seen me before," she says, "but when I came to that part of the song which expresses the suspense of the weeping women, I heard him say, 'Go on, that's right.' And when the suspense was over, and the bodies were lying on the sand, missing his exclamations, I looked up, and saw him sitting with his face in his hands, crying at his own pathetic story."

That case can be paralleled by another, relating to a more famous poet. In 1858 (we think), Dempster the Scotch ballad-singer, gave one of his popular concerts in Hartford. That night, at his rooms, a *Times* representative called on him, and the conversation turning on the manifest powers of Dempster's more pathetic pieces, especially "The May Queen," in causing the entire audience to shed tears, "Oh," said Dempster, "that song affected Tennyson himself. It was the first time that he had ever heard the beautiful poem sung. Hearing I had set it to ballad music, he desired to hear it, and I went down to the Isle of Wight to gratify him. Mrs. Tennyson was in the parlor also. I sung the well-known piece in my best style, to my own accompaniment,—and turning round to the great poet, I saw him in tears. He was moved by the spiritual power of pathos in his own famous poem, when that essence was interpreted in the irresistible language of music."

Reduced on a railroad signifies danger, and says stop. It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

## LIGHTHOUSE BUILDING.

A celebrated French lighthouse is that of Fieux de Brohat, a recent erection, placed upon a huge and treacherous porphyry rock, for ages a terror for every seaman who approached the Brittany coast. Its architect had to encounter every species of obstacle during his work, but, above all, incessant races and eddies of the sea among the neighboring sand banks. The foundations had to be sought for beneath low water; an artificial port had to be created; the necessary stone work was hewn and shaped on the Island of Brohat seven miles distant. Even when the foundations had appeared above the water, the lower walls of the lower story were submerged twice a day, leaving heavy deposits of marine plants, shell, seaweed. The workmen lived in huts upon a reef, to which they retired when the tide rose; and thus they pushed on their labors, quarrying and squaring at one time, arranging and fixing at another. There was a masonry almost without mortar. The blocks were grooved and literally dovetailed together, the course being connected, as it were by cogs, so that every part relied upon every other, the result being, as nearly as possible, an absolute cohesion. In spite of this happy issue, the reporting architects would not recommend similar experiments in the future.—*Major G. S. Elliott, U. S. A., in Van Nostrand's Eclectic Magazine.*

## SWIFT RETRIBUTION.

Shakspeare, the greatest painter of character and life, teaches many a solemn lesson of the retribution that follows crime. This shrewd plotter of harm to others finds himself caught in his own toils. Laertes, who poisons his sword to kill Hamlet, dies by being pierced with its poisoned point.

A similar tragedy happened in Rome, in those dark days when the Borgia family ruled the papal councils, and shocked Europe by their scandalous crimes. Pope Alexander Sixth and his son Cæsar Borgia, invited four cardinals to a grand dinner. A flagon of wine had been poisoned, with the intention of putting these cardinals out of the way, as they hindered the execution of some ambitious schemes. By one of these acts, which ought to be called providences, the flagon was changed, and the wine intended for the guests went into the cups of the Pope and his son. Within the week the Pope died, of tertian ague, so it was reported, but really of poison. His son, who drank but little of the wine, and that mixed with water, escaped death, but suffered several days from extreme illness and torture.

An Irish judge said, when addressing a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

And Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed—"That is the first time that I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"