

Academy Journal, Vol. 8, No. 1, February 22, 1865

Venie S. Tucker

Blue Hill Academy

The
Academy
Journal

Vol. 8

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No. 1

Wednesday, Feb. 22, 1865

Who are the Wise?

Those who have governed with a self control
Each wild and baleful passion of the soul,
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,
But kept alive affections purest fires.
They who have passed the labyrinth of life
Without one hour of weakness or of strife,
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,
Humble, though rich, dignified though poor,
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart,
Learned in the love which nature can impart.
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud
Which sees the "silver lining" of the cloud
Looking for good in all beneath the skies,
These are the truly wise.

Selected.

Editorial

The Academy Journal is again before the public, and ready to unfold its treasures of mind and thought, to its numerous friends. For many years it has made its semimonthly appearance in our school, each time with something new and often (thanks to its kind contributions) very interesting.

When it first made its appearance, among us, it was with faith hearts, and trembling hands, that we took up our pens to write something for its pages. But we all remembered that if we never began, we should never accomplish anything.

The first seed sowed in the ground, the first dime deposited in the savings bank: the first mile traveled on a journey are all very important things, in as much as they make a beginning.

That first composition was, in fact, a sort of hope, a promise, a pledge, that we were in sober earnest in what we had undertaken. And now we are by no means sorry that we made that first attempt. Already that little paper has gained some renown, and the end is not yet. We cannot look into the future with the eye of a prophetess, but we can judge from the beginning, what the end may be. We predict brilliant success to the Academy Journal, and all who may preside over its pages in the future. But we must be content to have this change come gradually, not expecting a miracle to be performed in our favor.

Remembering,

That Heaven was not reached by a single bound.

But we build the ladder by which we rise,

From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.

And we mount to its summit, round by round.

Friendship

Written by Clara A. Hopkins

In any case, and at any time, a feeling of sadness will come over us at the thought that a friend that we have loved will be with us no more. Some of our friends may leave us and return with changed countenances, and perhaps changed hearts: return to meet our smile of affection with a cold smile of recognition, and the indifferent manner of a stranger. It is hard to part thus with our childhood friends. To think in the long and dim hereafter there will be no thought in unison, no kindred feelings, but that our meeting will be that of strangers. But such is friendship in the world. Those who were our fondest friends, in the hour of prosperity—in the dark hour of adversity, may pass us coldly by. But were those true friends? Alas, no! those who are our true friends will never forsake us. They will be the same to us in our days of sorrow and bitter trials, as in our days of joy and gladness. They will weep with us when we weep, and rejoice when we rejoice. There is but little of what may be termed "true friendship" in this world. The mask of deception is too easily assumed, and those whom we may think our best friends, may often prove to be our most bitter enemies. But I will not judge too harshly, but we

rather hope there is more true friendship in the world than we think for, and that those who are our friends may be in reality be our friends at heart.

Blue Hill

By G. P. Tucker

Bluehill lies on a pleasant bay
Where white sailed boats are seen,
Resting upon the rolling waves,
Like huge sea-birds they seem.

It is a small and quiet town
On the Atlantic shore.
Where peace and plenty's ever found
And smiles at every door.

The town contains two churches neat
A town-house and a tavern,
And here is placed a school renowned
Where all, their books, may learn.

Some of its men the oceans rove,
And plough the raging sea,
While others rather plough the earth
And drink their cups of tea.

Some forge the iron, make the shoes,
And broken carts repair.
While some are bully carpenters

And some sell earthenware.

And one I must not now forget

A noted person, he.

'Tis Bennie Clough the clam-digger,

A king, as they tell me.

Great Jove, forbid that I forget

The wood-chopper John Clay.

A fine old bachelor is he,

Who lives alone they say.

And Grindle-ville's a pleasant place

Shall never be forgot

For many sons have gone to war

And the rest have gone to pot.

And now my poetry is done,

Grant me a poet's crown.

But if you wont 'tis all the same,

Since I'm an awkward clown.

"Ignoramus"

Ode on War

War has flung its bloodstained banner

On our happy peaceful land:

Brother fights against a Brother,

Brother's slain by Brother's hand.

Brave and youthful ones are falling
Far away on Southern plains.
Light of many homes extinguished
Crushed by war's relentless chains.

Will it always, always be so
In this land of glorious fame,
Will the "Union of our Fathers"
Soon exist but in a name?

No! we'll hope for better prospects
In the future of our land.
We will hope our friends, and brothers
Soon will join the household [?] band.

Yes! the dark clouds that have hovered
O'er America's bright plains,
See! they break and scatter wildly.
Lo! the sun appears again.

Light is beaming on our future
After night so dark and drear.
Yes, the star of peace has risen
Telling us of better cheer.

Yes the day is surely breaking,
And the night is nearly o'er.
Soon the star of Peace will radiant
Shed its beams from shore to shore.

Then Columbia's trials are over,
And her borders freed from wars,
She may yet become a nation,
Honored for her noble laws.

Rise! then soldier! Gird thine armor
Closer round thy gallant breast.
Cease not from thy pain and labor
Till our country shall have rest.

Then the wreath of laurel resting
Lightly on thy noble brow,
Thou shalt have a nation's praises
And a nation's thanks, I trow.

To the Man in the Moon

Written by [illegible]

Dear Sir,

Permit me to ask you a few questions, the answering to which I have for a long time been very anxious to find out.

First: -- Is it true that the old cow once jumped over the moon? If so, where did she go to? Where did she land? Where did she strike? Was you there at the time? Did she hit you and did it hurt much?

Another question: Is the old woman who is said to sweep the cobwebs from the skies a relative of yours? If so, where does she live? Where does she stay? Where does she board? How often does she have a new broom? Where does she buy them, and how much do they cost?

Don't you feel very lonely some nights when folks all go to bed and leave you up all alone? Or do the stars keep you company?

If you will stop long enough in your next trip to answer all these question, I shall consider you a proper gentleman. Meanwhile, I will wait with all the patience of Moses for your answer. --An Inquisitive Friend

Minding your own Business

Written by Annie B. Norton

How much better it would be for the community if every person would adopt this motto, "You're your own business." There are some people, who for want of something better, go about from house to house prying into the business and affairs of their neighbors, and reporting stories, which if believed would have a blot on upon their characters. Is it any one's business if one neighbor sees fit to call upon another, or what their business may be there? Some people think that their neighbors have no right to do anything, or go anywhere without telling them. I think it would be better for all of us if everyone would mind his own business, and not trouble their neighbors.

Time

By Dr. [?] Forrest B. Dodge

How quickly it flies. It passes on like a rapid river, never pausing in its flight, to look back.

When we think that our lives are passing so swiftly away, do we ever pause and think whether we improve our time to the best advantage. How another year has fled. The year of 1864 with all its pleasant influences, thoughts and actions, has gone never to return. 90 years hence, probably, not a man, or woman now 20 years of age will be alive. 90 years. Alas! how many of the now lively actors on the stage of life, will have passed away.

The years shorten as we advance in life, like the degrees of longitude the nearer we approach the frozen pole. Is it possible life is so short? Will 90 years bring down all the all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and place others in their stead. And will all that is so fair, so beautiful, and so full of life, and hope, and joy, pass away in 90 years and be forgotten? "90 years," says Death. "Do you think that I shall wait 90 years"? Behold today, tomorrow and every day is mine. And when 90 years are gone, this generation shall have passed away to be remembered no more.

Enigmas

- No. 1 I am composed of 13 letters.
- My 1, 2 and 4 is an article much used by a lady.
- My 7, 8, 9, 5 and 3 is the name of a bird.
- My 12, 11, 10, 6, and 13 is something very ornamental [?] in nature.
- The whole is the name of one of the young ladies of this Academy.

No. 2 I am composed of 10 letters.
My 5, 7, and 6 is an eternal being.
My 8, 7, and 5 is a domestic animal.
My 9, 7, 3, and 10 is a perfect particle.
My 1, 2, and 6 is a conjunction.
My 4, 6, and 1 is a girls name.
My whole is the name of one of our pupils.

No. 3 I am composed of 13 letters.
My 2, 8, 4, and 5 is a girls name.
My 4, 3, 11, and 12 is what we hate in winter.
My 13, 2, 6, and 9 is not very pleasant.
My 7, 3, 4, and 9 is a musical instrument.
My 9, 8, 2, 10 and 3 is the name of a dance.
My whole is one of our young lady schoolmates.

Anyone solving the above enigmas will please hand the answers to the next Editress.

Conundrums

Why is one of the young gents of this academy like a fop. Ans.---Because he is fond of a charming Wescott (waistcoat).

Why need we never want for fish? Ans.---Because we have a little Fisher-man.

Why does our schoolroom always have the appearance of a scene of festivity? Ans.---Because it is always decorated with (Morse) moss and a Garland.

Questions for the Curious

If 3 feet make a yard, how many will it take to make a garden?

If 3 miles make a league, how many miles make a confederacy?

Odds and Ends

He who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain.

He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

Said an angry man to a cool opponent, "I will come to the gallows some time." "Ah!" was the reply. "With pleasure, if you will let me know when you are to be hanged."

Conscience—the guilty man is doomed to carry, and lodge his fiercest accuser in his own bosom.

"How well he plays," said Mrs. Parkington as an organ boy performed with a monkey near her door, "and how much his little brother looks like him, to be sure."

A grammatical error---Affected young lady sitting in a rocking chair reading the Bible exclaims Mother, here is a grammatical error in the Bible." Mother lowered her glasses, and approaching the reader in a very scrutinizing attitude says, "Kill it! Kill it! It's the very thing that's been eating the book marks."

