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Blue Hill Academy

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Editorial

The reader must indeed be difficult to please, who cannot find something to his liking in the pages of the A. J. as it is issued week after week.

He may always find many beautiful gems of thought both prose and verse suited to gratify his taste and improve his heart. The lover of Poetry, as well as those who prefer the more solid and substantial beauties of Prose, and those who like a laugh, all can find something to interest and instruct.

Our readers are not treated to stale second hand articles which may be found in any common place book but the contents of the Academy Journal are entirely original.

Those who peruse its pages know they are reading what they cannot obtain elsewhere because elsewhere it does not exist. They need also but take a glance at any of its previous numbers to be assured that in each they will find something worth reading, and although this number falls far below the usual standard, we trust each will find some little thought that will interest him.

During the past week, we have been again visited by a snowstorm (Astonishing Announcement!) and everything around has been covered with a mantle of radiant whiteness.

Again the sleighs are gliding through the streets, and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells is heard. And it is very pleasant to enjoy this last good sleighride of the season, as in all probability it will be the last. As the warm rays of the bright sun this morning reminds us that spring is surely coming, and if we would enjoy another sleighride we must be up and doing while the snow lasts.

## The Errors of a Lifetime

Written by Fannie Roberts

Can anyone look back over the years of a past life and not realize that they have made many mistakes? In the history of every person, high or low, rich or poor, there have errors committed which have seriously affected the remainder of their lives. How carefully then we should guard our acts, lest some one of them perhaps done with no intention of harming anyone yet done thoughtlessly may cause sorrow to parents, brothers or sisters. Hearts have been crushed and lives rendered a burden, because of some rash folly committed in youth for which no after life could atone. Listen, while I will tell you of a boy who was once the hope and pride of fond parents. Gentle and obedient, he was worthy of their love and tender solicitude, but in their desire for his happiness he had been shielded so carefully from trials and temptations, that life seemed to him one vast garden, filled with rare fruits and flowers, which he might pluck and enjoy. So he grew to manhood: but then came a time when he must leave home and to battle with the world, but how poorly fitted to breast the waves which ever rise and unless he be strong to resist this fury, he must sink. This youth so buoyant at the thought of entering upon new scenes little dreamed that among them he would find those which once entered into would work his ruin. But so it proved, for shortly after he was kindly invited by one whom he thought a friend to join him in a social party, where wine was among the refreshments. At first he was on the point of refusing when he thought of the instructions he had received to beware of the winecup, but alas! it had not been deeply enough fixed in his mind to guard against the earnest entreaties with whom he was mingling, and he yielded. The first step taken, how easy to take another, and when he had once indulged in those dangerous but intoxicating pleasures so common in the great city, he went on, stopping now and then, when conscience roused him to a momentary realization of his condition, but rushing madly downward the voice was drowned until health was destroyed and life rendered a dreary desert. Then he thought of home and his eyes longed once more to behold the family scenes which clustered around that spot. But dare he go back to the gentle mother, and crush that heart, whose every throb was for him? No: degraded as he was, he could not do that, but he resolved to write and tell her all though the task was hard. But who can fathom a mother's love, so ready to forgive, and reclaim the erring, and he was welcomed back to go no more away for Death had marked his victim. What long weary days were those that followed. What bitter anguish filled his soul to feel that he had ruined his life and caused his gentle mother to bow low under this heavy grief. But could he welcome Death? Ah, no. At first there came a struggle, but as the end drew nigh, and he realized that he must soon go, he became resigned, and waited calmly to be released, rejoicing that at last his eyes were opened, and warning others to profit by his mistake lest they, too, should enter into temptation.

## Composition Writing

Written by T. K. [?] Lord

Well, of all the work I've ever attempted to do, composition beats everything, out and out. Looking over the list of writers, my eye rested upon a name that reminded me that I must assume a new position and try my hand at writing for the public.

I had some nice ideas in my mind today and I thought it would be comparatively easy to pen a piece for our paper. But no sooner was I seated than away went my beautiful ideas, to the four winds of heaven, or rather, I should say, a dozen winds got hold of them so suddenly were they destroyed.

I tried to get them back or failing in this, if I could originate others. But I soon concluded that my thoughts were like the fools eyes to the end of the world, only a great deal more so. I am also fully satisfied that it is no easy matter to write a composition.

I sometimes hear persons speak of the pleasure they derive from writing compositions. But I can bear no such testimony. My experience thus far teaches me that the pleasure is in anticipation. I feel pleasure in thinking over what I am going to do, but when I sit down to the work, I dont do it. 'Tis my experience.

I wish success to our paper, and must do what little I can to help sustain it. It is an excellent institution and forms a prominent part in all our best schools, and most certainly every good scholar wishes our school to belong to that class. But no more at present.

Truly yours,

Amicus

### Nothing is Lost

Written by Abbie M. Pillsbury

The bright rain drop and the fleecy snowflake are not lost, but both conspire to render the grass green and the trees rich with verdure. So with ourselves. Our words and actions will not be lost, but will exert an influence either good or bad on all around us.

Have you ever thought of the effect which might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make them happy. Perhaps, by repetition, it may have the same result on many others. A bad word may rouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood. How much grief might be spared in the world, if everyone was careful of his words. As no words are lost, be careful how you speak. Speak right. Speak kindly, and make yourself, and others, happy.

The sand on the seashore,

The small grain of dust,

All say to us ever

That, "nothing is lost."

## Resolution

Written by Sara Thomas

“Resolution is almost omnipotent;” it has been said truly it has mighty power, for what can be done without it? A great object is to be gained, it may be, something that cannot be performed without perseverance, and a resolve that it shall be done, as then the most formidable obstacle becomes as cobweb barriers on the path.

One may think of something that should be done, and say, I will do it tomorrow not today, tomorrow will do as well, it is put off: tomorrow comes, and brings with it other cares & duties, and it is put off once more. But let them resolve to do it and it is done; and difficulties the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back with dismay, provoke for the man of lofty determination, only a smile.

“The whole history of our race, all nature, indeed, teems with examples to show what wonders may be accomplished by resolute perseverance and patient toil.” Etc., etc.

## Language

Written by S. C. [?] Lord

What is worthy to form a part of liberal study if not language! and what is worthy of being studied more thoroughly. It puts us in intercourse with other men of different nations, and forms a society among the intelligence of the earth. But without language we should know little or nothing of other minds.

Also, in the written forms, it gives us intercourse with the great men of all ages, who have left their thoughts on record.

We gather their books in our libraries and when we please we may enjoy their society. Time and distance are no obstacles, for through language they have joined ascendancy. Their books are better to us than their living intercourse, for these have patience with our dullness.

A library might be considered the greatest achievement of the human mind.

There we can have access in our leisure hours, to the thoughts of the wisest of all times and all countries.

## Hidden Thoughts

Written by Clara A. Hopkins

How little do we think of the thoughts and feeling of others. How many griefs weigh down the hearts of many a person, who to all outward appearances is among the gayest of the gay, but who are bearing with them, burdened, and aching hearts.

Should we look beneath the exterior, we should find that there are but few who are truly happy, and that "every heart knowest its own bitterness." We look upon those who have [illegible] and those who have won for themselves a "name to [illegible]" when they shall have passed away, and call them happy. Within the inward recesses of those hearts are, perhaps, many cares and sorrows deeply buried from human eyes. We should not judge from appearances. We can call no one happy, for the smiling countenance may often conceal an aching heart.

And feeling: and knowing this to be true, we should take care, lest we wound the feelings of another, lest by a thoughtless or unkind word, we add another drop to the cup of sorrow which is perhaps overflowing.

Could we see the inner weeping  
Of the dark despairing soul,  
Think you we'd forget the keeping  
Or indeed our brother's call?  
But, alas! the world is telling  
Startling things of human woe  
While ten thousand hearts are dwelling  
On the griefs, but One can know.

## Morning

The sun is up,  
And the thin vapor that obscures his rays  
Is melting into dewdrops. See how they hang  
Like richest, rarest diamonds of the mine,  
On every leaf, and bud, and flower, and tree,  
And every blade of grass. The filmy veil

That the small spider weaves from stem to stem  
Is sparkling with these gems and each small thread  
Glow like a necklace on a princess' throat!  
But see, the mist begins to rise from Earth;  
And now, behold that dreamy little picture  
Set in a cloudy framework, on the far hillside  
See the dark line of forest—now descry  
That sunny field, and then those stately trees—  
Now catch a glimpse of bright silvery light  
Which marks the distant river, and then a sail  
Of snowy whiteness passing quickly by—  
Mark how the smoke, which sweetly doth denote  
The preparation for the morning meal,  
Sweeps o'er the tops of those few orchard trees  
Which spring from out the village in the vale!  
And now the extended landscape meets the eye  
Vales, hills, and fields and dark embowering woods,  
All clad in light and beauty!—In freshest green  
The smiling landscape lays beneath the sun,  
And nature seems to revel in her charms.  
Should not our hearts, then, feel a thrill of joy  
In such a morning hour? Have we not eyes  
To see the lovely picture, and to mark  
The various beauties of the verdant scene?  
And ears to hear the melody around?  
Yes, deeply we should feel the grateful thrill  
Within our hearts, for each return  
Of such an hour as this—when all is still,  
And fair, and perfect, as when God made

### Autobiography of a Pen

Written by J. P. Stevens

A confused sense of being rolled, and heated into existence, a disagreeable conviction of prisonlike surroundings, accompanied by dull aches through the system. These were the painful sensations that greeted my earliest moments. I lost no time in cultivating the acquaintance of my fellow prisoners. They, I soon discovered, were fast tiring of the monotony and seclusion our pasteboard walls enclosed, and lamenting with bitter despair over the prospect of eternal imprisonment. Following the example of these, I daily chewed the cud of discontent. Providence, in the shape of a pen seeking customer, relieved our fears. From the shelf in my master's shop where we had laid so long, the hand of his ever to be blessed clerk transferred us to the counter. Here, for the first time we beheld the light of day. After having undergone an amount of examination, sufficient to distract [?] a job, we were placed in a consumer's pocket to accompany him homeward. There had been many whispered remarks while the gentleman had been handling us so critically, but it was not till now, that the impressions he had created were expressed. Fearing to intrude my own feelings upon so many cheerful hopes, I remained silent. We soon reached our new home, the interior of which I was not long in observing. Nothing very promising here I groaned, as fitted within a pen holder. I and several companions were placed on the table for immediate use. At this moment a whisper sounded near me, uttered by one of my companions, in a tone of indescribable disgust. Have you seen this vulgar quill on the same with ourselves, said he. I reviled, shooting indignant glances at the offended just indicated. My anger soon cooled and after meditating a form of speech for some ten minutes, I delivered myself of the following words, Be kind enough to inform me whether the gentleman who bought us occupies this entire dwelling. Oh: La' no gobbled the quill with a vulgar twang, and an illbred rapidity of utterance. "It aint only two rooms and kitchen, he's got." Sufficient, I interposed, this information gained, no more will be required. I had effectively extinguished this blaze of quill eloquence. And I gloried in the feat. A few hisses were heard however. This was my first verbal annihilation and thought of victory charged me. But more disappointment and chagrin as I considered the lowness of our situation was sufficient to stifle every feeling of satisfaction.

Two rooms and a kitchen! My worst fears had been realized. A life of drudgery awaited us.

To be continued next week.

### Health and Happiness

Health should be regarded as the chief of earthly blessings. For upon it in a great degree, depend all other blessings. It has more to do with the mind than is generally supposed. Strength, intellect, and good temper are derived more or less, from the health of the physical system. Most certainly it is the

material foundation of happiness. What do the wealthy enjoy if they have not health? Although they may be all day on silken couches and have some-one to attend to their every want. Health is very sensitive. We must be careful not to offend it or it will leave us, and when it is once gone it is hard to recall. It should never be mis-used [?] in toiling for wealth for who will care for wealth when health is gone. Without it, we do not enjoy the pleasures of this life, and have many doubts concerning the future, for when the nervous system is exhausted the mind becomes almost insensible to all the finer feelings.

We should, therefore, take good care of the health of the body so that our minds may be strong and vigorous.

### My Younger Days

By L. S. Osgood

As I sit, and think, my thoughts wander back to boyhood and I think of the pleasant times which I have enjoyed in Old Bluehill, my happy home.

Some ten years ago this summer, three companions and myself, might have been seen one morning wending our way down the road that leads down to the Granite, one with a small iron kettle in his hand, another with a basket which contained some pork, fish, potatoes, bread, salt, and pepper, which were to make a chowder. We went a little beyond the big pine tree and stopped after getting over the fence, and setting our things down on the large rock, which many of you remember is between the tree and the small smelt brook as it is called. Here we built a fire and after considerable trouble cooked our chowder. We then got our plates and spoons and went to eating, and had a nice, merry time. One of my companions had a sick father and we were sure to see that he had a good bowl full saved for him, before we helped ourselves.

Our chowder was soon finished, and we went home, and took the bowl of chowder to the sick father and received his thanks. We then separated and went to our respective homes. That was the last time we ever met on such an occasion, but we were always good friends before, and after, and are now. What is left of us, for we have separated. That father now lies in yonder church yard. One of my companions has died in his country's service. Another is far away in the most Western part of the U.S. Two of us are still here, but we are soon to leave and go away from each other, when our school closes.

For those who have left this world, we have every reason to believe, have made a good exchange, and I think they are happy. Now let us remember that we too are passing way, and in a short time there will be but a few left to tell the story of old school days, and boyish times. Therefore let us remember that this world is not our home, but that we have ages of eternity to live, and that it remains with ourselves to say whether they shall be passed in happiness or sorrow.

Let these be our utmost thoughts, and it will be well with us here, and hereafter.

## Blue hill

Blue Hill! around that simple name,  
The fondest thoughts shall cling.  
And memory's music breathing harp  
Shall of its praises sing.

Yes! when upon some foreign shore  
Her children far shall roam  
Their thoughts shall be of "auld lang syne"  
And of their Bluehill home.

Then in that distant land of gold  
Or on old ocean's breast,  
They'll think of their own native town,  
And languish for its rests.

Bluehill! No never shall old Time  
Thy blessed name efface,  
But ever in our memories  
For this will save a place.

'Twas here we first were gently lead  
Along these pleasant ways,  
Which lead to Fames proud temple gate  
And happy, peaceful days.

And though our feet have just begun  
To climb that giddy height  
We hope in time to reach the goal  
And gain that summit bright.

'Twas here we learned in peaceful ways  
And pleasant paths we trod,  
To seek that boon that Earth ne'er gave  
Belief and faith in God.

'Twas here we passed the happy hours  
Of childhood's fleeting day  
And heedless of their priceless worth  
We spent them all in play.

'Twas here when just about to launch  
On life's eventful sea,  
We lived to weave those pictures bright  
Of what our life should be.

'Twas here when in life's autumn time  
We cast a look behind  
We found those castles all destroyed  
Those wild dreams of the mind.

Blue hill! When age has bowed this frame  
And silvered is this head  
When earthly joys and hopes have flown  
And youthful friends are dead,

Then shall our eyes our lovely hills  
And vallies long to see.

And long when time with us is o'er  
To find a grave with thee.

And with our last expiring breath  
Will breath a prayer for thee,  
That all thy children may be kept  
From every sorrow free.

#### Conundrums

What conundrums are always at home?      Ans. Those that are never found out.

Why had the Roman soldiers such filial virtue?      Ans. Because they never went to war with out first seeking the blessings of their Mars.

When is a flower like a rock?    Ans. When it is blasted.

Why should a man always carry a watch when he travels through a desert?    Ans. Because every watch has a spring in it.

Why is the punishment of the birch practiced by some pedagogues?    Ans. Because they are of an opinion that it makes dull boys smart.

#### Puns

Of course a race course isn't coarse.

    A fine is never fine.

It is a saddening sight to see

    A noble pine tree pine.

A kitchen maid is often made

    To burn her face [?] and broil it.

A lady will do little else

    Than toil it at her toilet.

A sea horse is a sea horse when

    You see him in the sea.

But when you see him in the bay

    A bay-horse is he.

#### Odds and Ends.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at one house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls where the pills had been destined. The people who received the fowls were astonished at the following prescription, "Swallow one, every two hours."

He who lives in vain, lives worse than in vain. He who lives to no purpose, lives to a bad purpose.

To it, fellow, said two idle scapegraces, to an honest laborer at work, "Work while we play, sow and we'll reap." Very likely, coolly replied the old man. "I'm sowing hemp."

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty:

I woke, and found that life was duty:

Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?

Toil on, sad soul, courageously,

And thou shalt find thy dream to be

A noon day life, and light to thee.

An Irish girl, at play, on Sunday, was thrice [?] accosted by the priest, "Good morning daughter of the evil one," said he. "Good morning, Father," she meekly replied.