

2-20-1861

# Blue Hill Times, Vol. 2, February 20, 1861

Blue Hill Academy

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## Recommended Citation

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# BLUE HILL Times

VOL II.

Bluehill February 20<sup>th</sup> 1861.

NOV.



"Strive to progress."

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## Time.

Time is short. Mortals are urged to seize time as it flies, to use it while it continues, to improve it while it lasts. A lost fortune, a lost character, a lost friend, may be regained; but an inch of time once lost, can never be regained. On every moment of time is written, eternity, and as it rushes on to immerse itself in the ocean of the past, no royal edict can bring it back; no mighty hand roll it up again on the shores of time. In early life much time is wasted, before definite ideas, and ~~formed~~<sup>plans</sup> of usefulness are formed, and the mind arrived at fixed and settled principles, of action. The young man does not dream thus, he can begin active life the moment he emerges from boyhood. But his eye is fixed on a period, far distant which he will reach after years of study, and preparation. There time is lost in discussing plans of usefulness. And when the great plan of life is formed, irresolution & inactivity often defeats it. We can prize and remember the names of, Father, Mother, Brothers, and Sisters, who were with us yesterday, but who to day are covered up in the cold ground. Our time is short, and to many of us the time is not far distant, when we shall receive our summons. Warren G. Stevens.



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Bluehill Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> 1861.

The Bluehill Times is a semi monthly paper published every <sup>other</sup> Wednesday at the Bluehill Academy. It is devoted to the intellectual improvement of the pupils of said Academy.

Office, at the Academy, corner of Union and Pleasant Streets, at which place all business will be promptly ~~attended~~ and efficiently attended to.



## New Year.

Another year has passed away and memory sends us back the sounds that we will never more hear. The moments how quick they pass away. We can look back upon the years that have passed by, and recall many happy and many unhappy hours yet we would not call them back, but to the new year we give a joyous greeting, many look forward with pleasure upon the coming year and dream of many bright hopes for the future, but to many we fear moments will pass slowly by. We should strive to spend the coming year more usefully than the former that we may look back with joy on the time which has been given us.

E. H. Kimball.

## Intemperance.

What a sound this is to the hearer's ear! Is there any one more degraded or inhuman in the known world than a drunkard? no. I judge that there is not at least I think not. Where is there a family that you may call happy whose Husband and Father a drunkard instead of making his home pleasant and happy as it is his duty to do makes it unhappy, miserable and lonely. He is so addicted to the vile filthy habit of drinking cannot pass the Rum sellers shop without calling in and taking a Glass or two of the Intoxicating Liquors



and perhaps at the same time enticing others to follow as you may say in his footsteps and urging them to drink sit down and have a social chat and a game of cards and they get so engaged that they are not aware how the time is passing away and it waits not for them and as the hours roll on one after the other the clock strikes ten, eleven, and perhaps twelve ere they think of home, but before he starts he must have another Glass as the one he had taken previous has done him no hurt as he thinks. His wife at the same time sits impatiently for the return of her husband and still dreads the hour to draw nigh as she can see away in her imagination his tottering footsteps and his red Glassy eye, but she waits in vain as she had never done before for the glass which he had taken at his departure overwhelmed his mind, and overpowered his limbs, and therefore from the effects fell into the ditch and perished and died the ignominious death of a drunkard and this is the effects of Intemperance destroying the comforts and pleasures of a once happy circle.

C. M. Peters.

### Commerce.

Commerce is carrying and exchanging the Products of one country for those of another. It is carried on in every kind of a vessel from the first class clipper ship taking out goods of all kinds to other countries & bringing back all kinds of good from



4 other countries to this, also - smaller vessels trade from port to port. Still smaller vessels buying up old iron, and still old rags, and selling at the next port any kind of a thing that will pay a profit to the carrier. C. A. Greene

## Death.

Death is sudden if we have long been expecting it. How strange it seems to have those we love, torn away from us never to return again. But we know it is all for the best, although at the time it seems very hard. We do not think that their troubles and sufferings are over, and they are at rest. How must the orphan feel to be separated from all that are near and dear, to her never to behold them again on earth. If I was to answer I should say very lonely. But I will not say any more about it for to think of it is very sad. We must share the common lot and go to join those who have gone before us and are now happy in that world above. Friend

## Gentle Words.

Speak gently to all. A kind word costs us nothing and perhaps may bring happiness to the one to whom it is addressed. Speak gently to the old, those who are advanced in years. It will bring smiles of joy to their furrowed cheeks and relieve the monotony of their



cheerless life. It may bring before them their youth-full days when they had spoken nothing but kind words and received such in return. Speak kindly to the child do not mar his bright path-way with cross words and looks but rather strive to gain their affections by taking part in his child-ish games and cheering his little heart with gentle looks and words. Speak gently to the erring. It may bring them back to their former state and encourage them to do better in the future. It will recall to them scenes of their early child-hood when nothing but happiness was around them and no thought of evil had crossed their mind. Then speak gently to all for it brings happiness to all and fills a void in many an aching heart.

Clara A. Hopkins.

A visit to the Aquarial Garden, in Boston.

One morning while in Boston, I made a visit to the Aquarial Garden, where I saw a great variety of fishes and animals. In one department, were the fishes, which were arranged in glass tanks, where water was admitted through a pipe, and drawn off by another, so as to keep it renewed. At the bottom of the tanks were pebbles and sea weeds, to make them seem like the bottom of the Ocean. There were so many fishes, that I could not easily enumerate them. among the prettiest, were the golden, black and gold, and silver side, there were all sizes from the



tiny minnow, swimming about in its tank  
 with its numerous companions, up to the Great  
 Shark in ~~the~~ central tank, of large dimensions,  
 with different species of fishes. In another department  
 there were animals, & among them were Kangaroos, with  
 their pretty steel fur, sitting on their hind feet, with  
 their fore paws (which were very short) drooping and  
 crossed. A moose, from moosehead Lake, with her tall  
 slender body and long ears; Turtles, which were spotted  
 and rather clumsy looking creatures; A Leopard, which  
 was of a brownish yellow color, with black spots and  
 short ears, looking very savage, and as if he would like  
 to give us all a good shaking. Two Black Bears, in  
 cage, one of which was very uneasy, walking to and  
 fro, trying to get his freedom, while his  
 companion was well contented in his prison.  
 Two very pretty little deers were there, which seemed  
 as gentle and harmless, as one could imagine. Also,  
 a cage in which was a variety of small animals, known  
 as the "happy family" including a number of monkeys,  
 an owl, a hawk, a racoon, and some others, all  
 seeming very happy with each other, well deserving  
 of their name "happy family". But the most  
 interesting of all were the learned seals, Ned & Sam  
 by name, captured at Saco Pool, Maine, July 20th, 18  
 which at their masters bidding would, shake  
 hands with any of the company, make a low bow  
 to the Ladies, turn a hand organ, and perform  
 many other feats for which they received their



usual supply of fish as a reward. I was also amused with the appearance of some natives of Cape Colony, dressed in their native costume, in which beads, gay colors, and feathers made a great display; my next visit was at the Boston Athenaeum which I may describe at another time. S. B. Holt.

### Spring.

Spring is pleasant to see. When spring comes it comes with birds and flowers and it is very pleasant. There are no snow storms in the spring very often. But there is rain in the spring. In the spring the grass begins to grow and looks green, and the trees begin to put forth their leaves, & it is warm & pleasant, & the birds sing very sweetly, & every thing pleasant & beautiful. I think that spring is abt the pleasantest season of the year, we shall soon see the spring now, & I shall be quite happy to see it come for the winter is lonesome to me but if we did not have the winter, we should not enjoy the spring, & if we did not enjoy the summer, but we ought to think one season is just as pleasant as another, but why the spring seems so pleasant to me is because it is after a quite a long while of cold weather, and every thing looks cold and frost bitten that when it comes spring every thing looks green & beautiful.

H. L. Closson.



## Truth.

Truth is the basis of all good. Without it all virtues are mere representations wanting the reality and having no foundation they quickly prove their nature and disappear as the morning dew, if Truth be our guiding spirit all will be well, if not, we shall trample upon the dark mountains and clouds will surround us, false hood is ever fearful and sinks beneath the piercing eye of truth. Truth is the spirit of light & beauty, its robe is white and spotless, and conscious of its purity, seeks no disguise. A. P. Merrill.

## The evils of Tobacco.

Sir Editor. I thought I could spend a few moments in no better way, than to lay down a few hints on the evils of using tobacco. Many a house or store has been burnt from time to time, by the smoking of this vile weed, chewing tobacco causes a thirst to form in the throat, which calls for something stronger than water to quench, so a glass of spirit is called for, and the second glass always follows the first, & so on, from bad to worse, until they have become drunkards, & when they have brought themselves thus low they are of all men, most miserable.

J. Eksson.



## Profaneness.

I must say what I think of profanity. It is a low and groveling vice. He who indulges in profanity is no gentleman. Profanity is an unmanly & silly vice, & so it is with him that indulges in it. I care not what his stamp may be in society, or what culture he boasts. Profanity a coarse nature & a brutal will. I have heard men talk & profane the name of God when they thought it was certainly adding strength & grace to their conversation. Who is it, if it is not the profane man, that abuses his friends, and benefactor, but does not he abuse himself, he certainly does. And whose name is it he handles so lightly, it is that of his best Benefactor. Isabell  
L. P. Johnson.

## Home.

The dearest spot in the world is home. Time and distance never efface the impression of early days. Look in upon the familiar scenes of youth, there is the old schoolhouse with its thousand associations, there is the humble Church, its bell still ringing the solemn call for worship. Dearer than all else in this wide world is that sacred retreat, from the temptations of life, that nursery of truth, home. Shady trees, climbing vines, inviting arbors, blooming flowers, give home, be it ever so humble, an air refinement which captivate the eye of the <sup>traveler</sup> ~~traveller~~, & assures him



there are the outward signs of intelligence and happiness, & how much does ~~such~~ beauty contribute to the contentment of those who call it home.

Sittara A Thomas.

Music.

It is not for me to picture in words the thrilling delight of harmony. It elevates the mind, ennobles the heart, and add a new charm to our existence. What would be this life of ours without it. It gives new zest to the hour of gaiety, & its low notes of ~~sadness~~ equally accord in the hour of loneliness. It seems to expell from the heart unwelcome gues which may perchance be lodging there, as we read in the Holy Writ of David who played upon the harp when the evil spirit departed from Saul.

Music has never held a high rank among the nations of the earth. We read of those far back in antiquity who could play well upon an instrument; How at the still hour of twilight, do I love to hear sweet strains borne to my ear, as I look around, above, & below the firmament, the hand works of Him who caused the morning stars to sing together for joy, fit melody to fill the lofty dome of heaven.

Ursula.

L. M. Hinckley.



### Early Rising.

How essential it is to be up by times in the morning at our work, our labour, & our study. The morning pleasantest part of the day, & it has been said that the morning hours are the best for study. I prefer the evening, it may be because I never have practised it much, however I know it is very pleasant to get up on a lovely summer morning when nothing but the birds are stirring, & hear them warble forth their morning song; and to look upon the trees, & fields, clothed in their garments of spotless green, that Nature has made so beautiful, it is indeed pleasant. And it is also pleasant to lie a bed on a cold winter morning when every thing looks cold & dismal, when the trees & fields have thrown off their garments of green & are now crystalized with ice & snow; & you hear no tuneful songsters warbling forth their untiring song! in that time it is pleasant to doze away the hours in sleep. But it is not always best to do that which is most agreeable to us.

Augusta Thomas.



## Hunting.

One afternoon about the middle of September, as it was a pleasant one, I thought that I would go a hunting, and I took my gun on my shoulder, and I went into the forest to see if I could see any thing for game, as the boys were going to have a partridge hunt. As I was going along, the first thing I saw was a squirrel, & still further on I saw a partridge. As I was getting ready to fire, she flew away, & as I came near she flew again & lit in some spruce bushes, I pursued & shot her, after wandering around for some time I espied another, which I also shot, after doing this feeling somewhat fatigued from my ramble through the under growth, & as the sun was just sinking in the west, I again shouldered my gun, & retraced my steps homeward, feeling very much satisfied with my afternoon ramble.

R. F. Osgood.



My first and last voyage at sea.

When I was about 18 years of age, I came to the conclusion that I must go to sea. My Parents were greatly opposed to the course I was to pursue, but I gained their consent at last & upon the 10<sup>th</sup> day of May 1860, my trunk being packed the night before, I started quite early for Long Wharf, Eastime, where laid the vessel that I was going on board of. She was bound to Bangor after a load of lumber, for her cargo, every thing seemed odd & looked odd, but the thoughts of where I was going drowned every thing else, that day was a beautiful one, one of which I shall never forget, the beautiful soft south west breeze that was blowing, & the vessels that were sailing two & fro, over the clear blue waters took up my attention, so I felt quite cheerful, & the view of the different Villages, as we passed up the beautiful river Penobscot. We arrived at Bangor that night, we anchored our vessel & retired for the night: the first night I ever passed upon the water: the next morning we arose quite early and took some breakfast, & the Captain, myself, & Shipmate, (whose name was John) went on shore, while the Captain was looking around after a freight, we were strolling abt the City. There I saw many things that I never saw before, in the course of an hour we saw the Captain, & he



said he had got a freight, & was bound to Boston, that pleased with the thoughts of going to Boston, fairly bewildered me. We then went on board, & soon got ready & went to loading, in the course of 2 or 3 days we got loaded, & sailed down the river with a fair wind, & beautiful breeze from the North West. We left 13<sup>th</sup> in the morning, & that day we got down as far as White Head, & anchored & stopped there over night, & started quite early the next morning on our Voyage with a fair wind. We had got out upon the sea, clear from all land, & night came on thick and squally, Snow & Hail, & very cold, we were obliged to reef, we first took in the Gaff topsail, then the flying jib, then hauled down the mainsail to reef that while out upon the main boom, so called, passing the earing, the rope gave way that held the boom & away went me, after swinging two & fro the heaven I went into the water. I went down some way under water at first, but soon came up again, & there I was out upon the sea, with nothing but my hands & feet to save myself. soon I saw something white, it happened to be a large shark, so I hailed him and took steam and came home, &c. un



## Composition day.

Composition day is drawing nigh, & it is sure to come & I think a little more sure than any other day, but when it comes, I suppose a composition must come with it, from some source or other & I think it will be the other, I don't know as composition day is any different from any other day, why it comes about the middle of the week, & then the scholars have to write their thoughts on paper, & give them to their Teacher, & he gives them to the editor of the Bluehill Times, to be read before the school. The first the scholars do - or at least I do, is to sit down & think, & then think & sit down, & so on until it is almost composition day, & then they ransack all the Book cases in the house to see if they can't find an old one that will do just as well, but they do not, & at the eleventh hour, they sit down & do the best they can, & they could have done that in the first place. Wide Awake.

J. S. Stover.

Bluehill, Feb. 18<sup>th</sup>, 1861.

One day; I went a skating,  
The sun, shone very fine,  
I sat down, put on my skates,  
And for school I took a line.



I skated on, and in a hole,  
 No bigger than your hat,  
 I caught my foot, and down I went,  
 Upon my face her slap.

I cleared my foot and then got up,  
 What I tell you is a fact,  
 The blood, a streaming down my face,  
 But none upon my back.

I went on shore took of my skates,  
 And went up to the house,  
 And to this day a fall I hate  
 And, - but I will tell you the rest some  
 other time. S. B. Wescott.

### My narrow Escape.

On one of my last voyages, as we were going from  
 New York to Cadiz in the beautiful barge George  
 Burk, in the month of July 1860, on the morning  
 of the 26<sup>th</sup>, as we were abt one hundred miles  
 from the western Islands, it being very pleasant  
 hardly wind enough to fill the sails, a vessel  
 hove in sight a great distance off, bound the  
 same way we were going, having a fine little  
 she gained on us rapidly, & by noon she was at  
 speaking distance, the Capt. hailed her, & found  
 to his great surprise that it was one of his o



acquaintances, having his Wife & niece on board, & as our Capt. had his Wife and Daughters on board, there was great rejoicing. The Capt. very politely invited our Capt. & Daughters on board. Then the order was given to lower the Boat, & I, being unusually smart, having at that moment spied one of the <sup>young</sup> Ladies, I was the first man in the Boat, & in lowering the Boat, it upset & turned me out, now the cry was, Jack is over board, Jack is over board. The Capt. hearing the cry, ran on deck, seeing that nothing had been done to rescue me as yet, & I being already half a mile astern, you can imagine my feelings, better than I can describe them, the Capt. in the mean time gave the wheel hard down, & sung out to me, don't be frightened Jack; & I answered him with as much composure as I could assume, I am not frightened Capt; the Boat righted, & they bailed her out, & came after me, & I was taken on board the barge, after being in the water half an hour, & in ten days arrived in Cadiz, after my perilous voyage. Jack.

B. Drewry.

### Memory.

There is something in the word memory, that we can trace the footsteps of the past. It soothes the heart to breathe the air scented with other years, to wander through the grove, where the rose with its fresh buds, where every hill, & vale, & wood,



and fountain, speaks of time gone by. How many words and acts, would we like to forget if we could, but alas it is stamped on our memory, as long as life shall last.

E. G. Friend.

### Profane Swearing.

Few evil habits are of more pernicious consequence or overcome with more difficulty than that very odious one of profane cursing, & swearing. And when once the habit is confirmed, it rarely ever eradicated. The swearer loses the idea which are attached to the words he makes use of; & therefore execrates his friend, when he means to bless him, & calls God to witness his intention of doing things which he knows he has no thoughts of performing in reality. Almost every vice affords its votaries, some pretences of excuse, from its being productive of present pleasure, or effacing a prospect of future advantage, but the profane swearers cannot even say, that he feels any satisfaction, or that he hopes to meet with any benefit, from this foolish habit. F. L. Friend.

### Gambling.

Of all the passions that excite the human heart, perhaps there is none more deadly in its effects, than the destructive vice of Gambling. It is an evil that has been denounced by all christian communities, but alas! its withering



curse has widely extended over our nation.

In nearly all the large cities, hundreds of uper rooms are open night & day, where the young who have just set out on life's tempestuous sea, are made victims by the Gamblers clutch. The playing of all such games, that have a tendency to excite the passions, & to amuse a gambling spirit are the steps which lead to a gamblers life. We play many of these games, it is true, but there is an influence which surrounds us that counteracts the mighty evil influence, that would rise by the too frequent indulgence in these seductive games.

Thousands of young men, whose prospects were as any of ours, but who alas! formed the habit of gaming when young, have been ruined in body, & in soul, by the destructive vice of Gambling.

The passion which they formed when young, for gaming, although smothered for a time by the restraining influences which surrounds them, yet when they come to go forth into the world, when temptations beset their path way, it burst forth into a lurid flame, they are led by the hands of their temptors to the Gambling table; a strange fascination overpowers them; they stake a small sum & win; they now have entered the first circle of a terrific whirl pool, the roaring of its distant vortex breaks upon their ear, but they heed it not, flushed with the hope of success,



They stake a larger sum, & once more they win, & now the war of the distant vortex rushes in all its fury on the ear, but still they rush on in their mad career, without making one effort to save themselves from the yawning abyss; a bright vision of future wealth allures them on, & they once more stake their last dollar together with that they have won from their companion. They lose, their tempters have trumped, the bright vision, that allured them on is swept away; remorse now stings them to their hearts centre; they drink deeply of the intoxicating cup, & plunge into the vortex of despair. Such I say has been the sad, & brief career of thousands. Let us then beware how we excite within us a passion for gaming, lest we fall into temptation.

A. C. Stevens.

### One day in search of Pleasure.

My friend Charlie & myself, were spending a few days, with an old Shim of ours in the little town of P., this is one of those little towns situated near the mouth of the Penobscot river containing between two & three thousand inhabitants, it is a very pretty place in the summer, & there are a good many excursions down the bay during the pleasant season. It was an intention



When we left home, to arrive in P. in the eve of the 18<sup>th</sup>. as there was to be a pleasure party go down the next day, & we were desirous of being numbered among the rest, but we were doomed to disappointment, for the Boat being detained on account of the fog, was one day late, & we arrived at our friends house, abt five hours too late to accompany the excursion, we were very hospitably received by his wife who had stayed at home on our account, & ushered us into the little parlor, where she left us to amuse ourselves the best we could, (While she was overseeing the preparations for dinner in the kitchen) We were both of us passionately fond of smoking so we immediately drew forth our Pipe, & sat down at the window to enjoy a pleasant smoke. (One of the comforts of life to an old smoker) & talk over the prospects before us, & more particularly how we were to spend the remainder of the day. We were but little acquainted with the place, having only passed through it a long time before, but we had a few acquaintances in the remote part of the town, & if they were not on the excursion, we should not fare so bad after all. While we were chatting & smoking, the time had passed rapidly & we were summoned to dinner, by the Lady of the house which consisted of that good old dish, of baked Beans, & Brown Bread, to go with it of course



as they are ~~in~~comparable, & it reminded me of  
a town, which I had heard of still farther east,  
by the name of Bluehill, & which either for shortness  
or the great quantity of Beans there, I never  
knew which, it goes by the name of Bean town.  
Via, I think it very appropriate, for I took dinner  
there once. & as true as my names Bob, every thing  
they had on the table was Beans, Pork, Brown Bread,  
Pickles, & lots of other stuff including the Coffee.  
Perhaps you may ask what this has to do with my  
story, if you should, I should tell you, I didn't  
know. Well to return to the thread of my  
discourse - after getting through with our  
dinner we retired to ~~the~~ little parlor again, to  
resume our smoking, which we did right lusty  
for upwards of an hour, when we concluded to  
take a stroll around town, so putting away  
our Pipes, & lighting a nice cigar, we sallied out  
after traveling all around, ~~town~~, & taking a good  
survey of the town, we stepped into one of the  
little stores where we were lucky enough, to meet  
one of our friends. just abt starting for home,  
so Charlie & I immediately mounted the old market  
waggon, with our friend, & started for the country  
where we arrived in good season, & after chatting  
and smoking with old folks. we concluded we  
would take a bit of a tramp out in the  
woods with our guns & see what we could kill.



as they said the partridges & Rabbits were  
very thick round there, but as luck would  
have it we saw nothing to fire at & returned  
after a hard tramp of abt two hours with nothing  
but a pain of wet feet to pay us for our trouble.  
When we got ~~back~~<sup>back</sup> they had supper all ready and  
waiting & waiting for our arrival, we soon dispatched  
the supper, as our appetite was very good after  
our gunning expedition. But we were at a loss to  
know how to spend the eve. (that is, my friend  
& myself) but the old folks had looked out for  
this, & had invited all the young folks in the  
neighbourhood, to come in and have a spree, as  
they termed it, as it was some time before they  
would begin to assemble, we sat down for a game  
of Euchre, & played until our guests began to  
arrive, we then went in to make an acquaintance  
with the country Belles, which I assure you  
was not affected without some trouble, but  
we persevered & got along well, after playing a few  
parlor games, to get started for a good time,  
the fidler was announced; & we adjourned to  
the large dining hall, where we danced until  
the small hours of the night. (or rather till  
morning) when our new acquaintances dispersed  
after bidding us good bye, & inviting us to come &  
see them the next day, so ended the day, so ends  
my copy, Bob. G. P. Wescott.



## Christmas.

Again comes "merry Christmas," Another year has flown  
— noiselessly and silently by. How time does fly along to be  
sure I do not wonder that he is always pictured with  
wings. It is surely swinging us away — and it is only by  
casting our eyes back occasionally, that we can be made  
aware of the rapidity of its flight. And as we are  
running through our days with such resistless certainty  
how important it is that we should improve our  
every moment to the best advantage.

Sarah M. Chase.



What is it to be polite?

Politeness is a delicate regard for the feelings of others. It does not consist in bows, graceful warnings of the hand, a courtly bearing of the body, or in flattering words. It lies rather in avoiding disagreeable habits, rude & offensive speeches, & in adopting a general course of conduct calculated to gratify & please those around us. The source of politeness is the heart. If the heart is good, if it is full of gentleness kindness & grace, the face, the hands, the form will all unite to express it. The manners of a person set forth the heart. If one is always saying malicious & illnatured things, we know that the heart is illnatured & malicious. If the countenance has a severe harsh, & unkind expression, we do not doubt it is an index to the heart. Some persons think that politeness implies insincerity, they imagine that it requires a certain degree of pretence & flattering. This is a mistake. True politeness never calls upon us to sacrifice sincerity. It never requires to say, do, or pretend what is not true. It commands us to keep our manners void of offence. The young should be polite, & here let me say that youth is the time to acquire the habit of being so. Wherever we may be, at school or in the street, in the parlor, or at church, let us be polite, by which I mean be grateful of the feelings of feelings.

Hattie H. Hinckley.



Con — ms.

Why is any thing reconsidered accounted profitable?  
Because it is considered a-gain.

What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lovers?  
The one kisses his misses, the other misses his kisses.

Why are the milk men like the whale that swallowed Jonah?  
Because they take in a great prophet out of the water.

What do young ladies look for in Church? The Sims.

Why is this Union like a quince? Because it must be preserved.

Why is Vespasian a jovial scamp? Bec. he was Americus

When is thunder like an onion? When it comes <sup>final.</sup> pealed on

Does the razor take hold well? asked a barber, yes  
groaned the martyr, it takes hold well, but it dont  
let go.

A man ~~arrested~~ in Va. for <sup>In Oregon trees grow 300 ft</sup> high. & Catth live to so  
being engaged at Harpers Ferry <sup>great an age, they have</sup>  
replied, he did not know Harper, <sup>to fasten poles on their</sup>  
nor where he kept his damned old ferry, <sup>horns, for the wrinkles</sup>  
to run out on.