

2-6-1863

Academy Journal, Vol. 2, No. 8, February 6, 1863

Fannie Roberts

Sarah M. Chase

Herbert Caine

Bert Treworgy

Ella A. Stover

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalmaine.com/blue_hill_documents

Recommended Citation

Roberts, Fannie; Chase, Sarah M.; Caine, Herbert; Treworgy, Bert; and Stover, Ella A., "Academy Journal, Vol. 2, No. 8, February 6, 1863" (1863). *Blue Hill Documents*. 7.
http://digitalmaine.com/blue_hill_documents/7

This Text is brought to you for free and open access by the Blue Hill, Maine at Maine State Documents. It has been accepted for inclusion in Blue Hill Documents by an authorized administrator of Maine State Documents. For more information, please contact statedocs@maine.gov.

The

Academy Journal



No VIII

1863

Vol II

Bluehill Academy Feb. 6. 1863.

Vol. 2. Academy Journal. No. 8.

A semi monthly paper-
Devoted to intellectual and moral improvement of the
Students of Bluehill Academy.

Editors.

Fannie Roberts

Herbert Caine.

Sarah M. Chase

Bert Treworgy.

Elta A. Glover.

"Let every minute, as it flies,

Record the good as well as wise:

While such pursuits your thoughts engage,

In a few years you'll live an age.

Who measures life by rolling years?

Tools measure by revolving spheres!

Go thou, and fetch the unerring rule
From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.

Who well improves life's shortest day.

Will scarce regret its setting ray."

Editorial.

Most Editors in writing an editorial commence by saying - "it is with great reluctance that we take the editorial chair" - Now the old adage is - "to be odd is gentle" therefore let us say that it is with pleasure we assume the duties of Editors - Some of our readers who have hitherto had the honor of being Editors may think this almost incredible - But we may as well say we are pleased as displeased, as there is no way of getting rid of it; we must remember that to get through this world in the easiest and pleasantest manner is to look on the bright side of everything, and always be ready to do our duty with pleasure instead of reluctance.

We have tried to do our best in preparing our paper for presentation to ~~the~~ readers, we desire for you to overlook all errors, and remember that - "practice makes perfect" -

It is hardly necessary for us to speak at length of the merits of the Academy Journal, as it is now held in good reputation by all union loving people, and especially by the students of Bluehill Academy. - It has long been among us and is still a welcome visitor - each and every one seem to take great pleasure in sustaining it, and making it a profitable paper, one from which we may gain knowledge, that will serve us in time to come. - In the pursuit of knowledge we must follow it wherever it may be found, like fern it is the produce of all climates and like coin its circulation is not restricted to any particular class. Cultivate your powers. Be not discouraged by small hindrances, neither forgo instruction lest others should discover your ignorance.

We go to school not for the present - but for the future, not to make a display of our natural powers, but to cultivate them to ~~their~~ fullest extent - To ascertain to our own satisfaction and that of our friends of how much we are capable.

To render to God the highest sacrifice of interest - for the gift of our being. To be to the world in which we live and move

towards the fulfillment of the design of its Creator, but a living spring of perpetual action vibrating and rebounding through every nerve and muscle, acting upon every atom of the whole system. One of the chief pleasures of knowledge is that it enables us to learn more. The mind is an active and progressive principle, ever pointing forward and upward. We must be active, earnest, diligent and persevering - never think that we can do nothing - Adopt this motto - "What has been done - may be done," and what others have done, we can do. We shall never regret the time spent in cultivating the mind, though we may regret the opportunities suffered to pass by unimproved. We know not how soon or how far we may be called to an extraordinary use of our powers, now is the time to cultivate them. The hours of youth once flown can never be recalled, and they will have their effect upon our future life for good or evil..

By and by-

There is music enough in these words for the burden of a song, There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an articulate beat of a human heart.

By and by: We heard it as long ago as we can remember,

Everybody says it - some time or other - The boy whispers it to himself, when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed shoes for boots like a man. The man murmurs it - when in life's middle watch he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes, yet in bud waving in a cold late spring - The old man says it, when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal - today for tomorrow.

The weary watcher for the morning, whiles away the dark hours with "by and by" - "by and by" -

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it - What wouldn't the world give to find it in the Almanac - set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December - to know that it would surely come.

But, fairy like as it is, gliding like a star beam over the dewy shadows of the years, nobody can spare it - and when we look back upon the many times those words have beguiled us, the memory of that silver by and by, is like the sunrise of Ossian - "pleasant but mournful to the soul."

"What visions crowd the youthful breast-

What holy aspirations high -

Nerve the young heart to do its best;

And wait the promise - "by and by" -

Selected.

Memory.

Written by Delia A. Thomas.

There is a magic in the recollections of past happy hours, which nothing in life can equal. In the dimness of the twilight-hour, in the silence of midnight, visions of past joys come before us and we are sad because they are no more. In old age we shall look back to the days of happiness, our childhood, when life was one sunny day of happiness. When no care for the present or anxiety for the future disturbed the peaceful serenity of our souls, and we shall sigh for dear friends that we shall never see again on earth.

"They were and they are not—
Suns rise and set, and earth puts on her bloom,
While man, submitting to the common lot—
Goes down into the tomb."

Passing away has ever been inscribed on our dearest earthly joys. But it is a pleasant thought that we shall all meet in Heaven, never to be separated. (That is if we are only prepared to inhabit that blest abode) Oh! what a happy meeting it will be, when we shall meet loved ones, and have the blest assurance that we shall never be parted. If there were no hereafter no future beyond this earth, there would be nothing worth living for. But there is a glorious future we are all hastening to, or a future of eternal misery. To one of these homes we are going. God grant we may all have Heaven for our future home. Memory will be pleasant to dwell upon, if we do all we can for travellers on the road with us, and are willing to leave the consequence with God.

"When friends, that were most near and dear,
Are from our bosoms, swiftly riven,
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope in Heaven."

Selected.

The improvement of the mind.

Written by Clara A. Hopkins.

The human mind is susceptible of very great improvement. It is the home of the passions, the retreat of sorrow and the place whence fancy takes her flight to unknown worlds and pierces the veil of mystery. Some minds have great superiority over others. They are capable of penetrating into those sciences which are the most difficult to understand. Through succeeding ages we have been blessed with men who have possessed great and noble minds and whose bursts of impassioned eloquence we have listened to or read with delight. The mind can be improved in various ways - principally by a course of good and profitable reading - and in our selection of books we should select those which are calculated to leave a good and lasting impression. The man of learning acquainted with the language of other nations can converse with Cicero or Virgil and catch the flame which burned in their breasts.

"Knowledge is an ever flowing spring whose waters while we drink cause us but to thirst for more".

Home -

Written by Sarah M. Chase.

How many pleasing thoughts cluster around the word home. How sweetly it sounds if far away in foreign lands, where we can find but few that can speak our own native tongue. Then how truly do we feel the absence of home and friends. How many sweet memories of by gone days, are recalled by which the heart is cheered. Or when tossed on the ocean billow and danger is threatening us, how quickly does home and the friends we have left months before, rush to the mind and how impatient we feel to see them once more. How highly we ought to value our homes for we know not how long we may retain them or how soon some one of the loved circle may be

Tomorrow.

Written by Fannie Roberts.

A young maiden was looking forward to the morrow and picturing in her youthful imagination its anticipated pleasures. Her young companions were to have a May party and she had been invited to join them. They were to walk to a grove about a mile distant and have a pic-nic dinner under the green old trees, after their search for the flowers which they expected to find in abundance as the previous week had been unusually warm and mild. It had been the theme of conversation among the young people for some days and they were bent on having everything in readiness as though they were confident that nothing would happen to disappoint them. Our young farmer before retiring threw open her window and scanned the sky closely but as she knew but little of the signs of the weather she could not believe that a storm was near at hand. But so it was. She was awakened in the morning by hearing the rain-drops, as gently descending they pattered against her window. Springing up she beheld to her surprise that while she had been dreaming away the hours of the night the storm had truly come. Her first thoughts were angry, rebellious ones and she was tempted to murmur against Him who sends storm and sun shine to suit his own pleasure. But after reflecting she knew it was wrong to indulge such thoughts and ~~some thing~~ soothing her ruffled temper descended to the breakfast room with a sunny face. If during the day her thoughts wandered to what might have been she put them all away and then tried to content herself with her books and work. And so the day passed and she retired at night feeling that on her part the day had been passed profitably and usefully. How much better than to submit to that which we cannot help than to spend the precious moments in useless repinings.

Fun among names.
"More poetry than truth"

By A. W. Harmon.

A stands for Anna - a rhyme we must make
And bring in her name without a mistake
So A stands for Anna - and D stands for Dodge
Her father belongs to the Free Mason Lodge.

B stands for Billy and C stands for Clough,
What can we say for his good just now,
As our ideas at this ^{time} are vague,
We will simply say - he's a great plague.

C stands for Charlie, the minister's son,
He is fond of a joke, a play or a run -
But this is not all, he keeps a good fire,
In the cold winter weather, this keeps down our ice.

D stands for Delia, a nice young lady
Always at school, and seldom found tardy,
We prize her much, as a friend and scholar,
And Delia Augusta we sometimes call her.

E stands for Ellen - a new inmate is she
To our school in the winter term of '63.
She has a long walk, but still perseveres,
And faces the storms, without any fears.

F stands for Fred - life goes easy with him,
As we see by his form, and fat double chin,
When any thing funny in the paper is read,
See him shake his fat cheeks and throw back ^{his head}.

G. stands for Gilpatrick - a fine manly lad,
But if he wasn't so roguish, we should be glad.
He is always quite ready to go in for fun,
And when he gets through he says, "he is done."

J. stands for Johnny - a great father is he
Ever as good and kind as we wish him to be
Always ready and willing to do what he can,
Whether it be in good earnest or only in fun.

Ases - J. stands for Johnny - O, what shall we write
That will sound sort of queer when it comes to the
But remember this, our friend Johnny D.
That a drunken man you never must be.

H. stands for Hene - not the Arctic explorer
But a distant relation, to the first murderer,
He is wholly absorbed in his books when in school,
And in the dim future will prove he's no fool.

M. stands for Minnie - she's a fine scholar
We would not give her for a new silver dollar,
She is little but good, and it's well understood,
That good things always in small bunches are stowed.

G. stands for Fremagg, a sailor is he
For while he's at school, he still thinks of A.C. (a sea)
May he ever find pleasure, and friends by the dozens
Is the sincere wish of one of his cousins.

Then there are two Sarah's, and one Nellie Lord,
Of whom we would like to say a good word,
But being in rather a hard place just now
We will simply say - they are good girls we know.

There are Clara and Abbie - great trainers we see,
But no matter, they act out just what they be.
Now if this was made in the right person and tense
You see it would make considerable good sense.

We would not forget - Carrie, Lizzie and Alice
For fear they might think we were rather careless,
We give them much praise, for we do think they need it:
And trust to their Teacher they will do much credit.

Then here are three girls, all wild and uncouth
But chosen as Editors - and must tell the truth,
This being Editor, and reading the paper
Is not what it seems, but will pass off like vapor.

Anonymous.

"Life has an ultimate purpose. We are not appointed to pass through this life, barely that we may live. We are not impelled, both by disposition and necessity to buy and sell, barely that we may do it; not to get gain, barely that we may get it. There is an end in business beyond supply. There is an object in the acquisition of wealth beyond success. There is a final cause of human traffic; and that is virtue."

"Life is real - life is earnest -
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art - to dust - returnest -"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving - still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

Selected.

Death.

Written by Sarah C. Stevens.

Each day brings us nearer death - and every minute it takes more or less in its round as it goes through the world. Death is at all times a most solemn and impressive scene to everyone, even the hardest hearts are melted to tears at the hour of death, as they take the last look or hear the last words spoken by them on earth. Death in some cases is not so sad as others - when we see our friends peacefully sink away as if soothed to sleep and if prepared to think that they have gone to their rest. Have any witnessed a death at sea when far from land with nothing but the broad ocean below and the sky above, when the body is committed to the deep ocean and there it quickly disappears with nothing but the untiring waves to chant its requiem. At the present time death is rapidly doing its work among the persons who have gone to the defense of our country.

"When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
From every fragile form ^{from} which he lets

The parting spirit free,
A hundred virtues rise,

In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To watch the world and bless it:

Of every tear,

That sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes."

Selected.

Written by Carrie B. Mescott.

Must I write a composition? No other task is half so difficult for me as writing a composition. I can get my lessons, can study the minds of other authors and talk of their ideas at my recitations, but to make ideas myself and have them read in school, it seems so like making a show of oneself and for me so unused to authorship to address a subject to which I have nothing to say and to continue talking to that subject whether I like it or not merely for the sake of having it read before the school, and what is still worse to have it read before visitors. 'Tis true that when separated from my most intimate friends, I can sit down and address friend Abby or Clara and write, and write, and deem it no hard task either, for before I am aware that I have commenced, my sheet is full, and in answer I am assured that they have received a good long letter.

But then there is a great difference between writing a letter and a composition. In writing a letter there are many things to write about; the news of the day and all passing events (which have a tendency to inspire the writer) will I know be of interest to the friend I am addressing; neither is there any troubling shaping my words or forming my sentences. But a composition. Something that originates in my brain, just think of that, I sometimes think I can never do it, the task rises like mountains on mountains. Today finishes the last day of our term, now we must all part, perhaps never to meet all together again on earth. We have had a very pleasant school, and the last ten weeks have passed very pleasantly. We are becoming older day by day, very soon others will take our places and go through the same duties which we have performed. Perhaps one in some future day may come in and listen to their examination, and pity them thinking of ourselves in days gone by -

Grailais in the camp.

Written by Abbie G. Eveleth.

There are three or four Generals among us who are doing great mischief and perhaps hindering the progress of this war. One of these is Gen. Impatience. He is a very sour faced, cross looking man, who is found in the stores and other places where men gather to talk over the news of the day. He stamps his feet and "would like to know why in the name of common sense the President and Officers do not do something" And wonders when this wicked rebellion will lose. But we have all seen him and it is needless to describe him further.

Another of them is Gen. Fault-Finder. This one we have seen so many times and are so well acquainted with, that it is not necessary to more than mention his name. He finds fault with the President, and all in authority and even the poor soldiers. Every battle he finds fault with. If we are successful he scolds because we are not more so, or because we did not move before. - If we are defeated he then blames the Officers for some mismanagement on their part. If the army seems to be quiet waiting to get rested, and perhaps for an engagement with the rebels, he then raises a great storm about our dilatory movements.

Yet another of them is Gen. Faint-Heart. He is a feeble sickly looking man, hardly dare say his soul is his own, for fear some one would dispute it. He looks on and with many sighs and groans, says, "He does not know what we are coming to." He knows the South will surely conquer, and "we may as well give up now as any time." He even writes discouragingly to the soldiers, which of course discourages them. But let us see that no such Officers as these, get command of our feelings. We know we are fighting in a good cause. And instead of wasting our breath in complaining and fault-finding, let us seek to encourage each other, and hope and pray for the best. - And let this be our prayer

(over)

"Father our leaders guide
In the church or state or War.
Make each one quick to know they will
Firmly his mission to fulfill.
And more than conquer!
Guide them the people too!
Oh, give us patient-trust-
In Thee and in our country chief,
The wise the brave the just,
Guide Father - Guide."

Common sense.

Common sense has made more great men than book learning.
Washington never saw the inside of a college, and yet he has left a
higher mark in the temple of fame than any other man of his age, because
he excelled in good common sense. Napoleon Bonaparte was scarcely
better educated, except in what concerns the art of war, and was a man
of erratic genius, and yet his great practical shrewdness or common
sense did more for him than any thing else. He was rarely ever borne
away by passion or genius in a manner to hide from his view the
true relation of things around him. Caesar excelled as much in
common sense as in genius, indeed no man was ever truly great
who lacked this quality. In the ordinary callings of life, how
manifestly has common sense more to do with our success than
any of the rarer qualities of our character.

What can a man of genius do, in comparison with one who
takes a practical view of what his business requires,
and prosecutes it accordingly?

Our experience is, that the wit-mast of all secure of success,
is that of common sense.

Selected.

Time

By Sarah E. Stinson

Time is rapidly winging us away, almost imperceptible of its flight. How hard it is to realize how much time has passed and we have perhaps more or less of us wasted and trifled with it when we should have improved and been storing our minds with knowledge. How many there are that waste their time while at school and think that learning will come to them without striving to obtain it; but such is not the case: for a good education is obtained by labor of the mind. While on the other hand others try and improve the time given them for school days.

Much time is spent by a greater number of persons in idleness which might have been improved by them in reading the events of the day or some other instructive reading but it goes by unimproved. We are told that there is a time for everything, a time to learn, to be merry and a time to do our duties to others. Time brings changes to us all, as it swiftly goes taking from us friends that are most dear. But the time will come, when the least even unto the greatest, shall be required to give an account, how, and in what manner they have improved their time.

"Time is more swift, far while the finger
Of hope would point some hour of joy,
Like evening tints, that may not linger
Dark shades of night that hour destroys"

Difficulty of writing a composition

By Nellie McLeod

The day for writing a composition is at hand and my teacher will expect one from me.

But what shall I write? so many subjects presents themselves that it is hard to decide which to write upon. It is a difficult task and requires no small amount of courage to write a piece to be read in public. There are some persons that can in a very short time compose a number of pages, but I do not happen to be one of that ~~number~~ class. I think if my teacher knew with what a dread I looked forward to composition day, he would excuse me from writing one. If I try my hand upon a subject, there will be some one ready to say that piece is not original; it was taken from some book or paper. I think therefore it requires the talent of a very learned person, to write a piece, and dress it up in such a way that it shall appear entirely original.

Night

By Fannie Roberts

How sweet to lie down ^{at} night and enjoy refreshing sleep feeling that the cares and anxieties of the day are past. What a deep quiet prevades the whole earth. All sounds are hushed and the busy throng have left the noisy scenes of the day for the repose of night. Labor is over, and the wearied man seeks his home to forget for a season the toils of life. The little birds whose carolling filled the woods with music all day, have sought their downy nest, to slumber until dewy morning returns. The patient ox has been relieved of his yoke, and like man needs refreshment. The moon comes forth in grandeur, and with her mild beams dispells the gloom of night. Silently the stars peep through the blue arch of heaven, lending there beauty to the scene.

Hope

By Clara Hopkins

Hope is the bright and never fading star that encircles our path-way. It is a star that is never dimmed but shining afar off in the distance, we can see its light and are cheered by its celestial rays. Fancy loves to picture Hope to the imagination as a bright-eyed queen, reigning supreme in some fairy land. And had our Royalty more faithful subjects? we grasp fondly the last thread of anticipation's bright web, and eagerly pursue the phantom - Hope. In adversity, a hour when friends desert and all around looks dark and drear we are wont to give way to despondency and despair. But we should not let the icy breath of despondency chill our senses or the sea of dark despair engulf us in its stormy waters. But ever bear in mind that motto which is "Hope on Hope ever."

Home...

By Nellie J. Stover.

Many are the recollections awakened by the word home.

However humble that home may be it is still a place of refuge when the trials of life press heavily upon us; still a place to fly to with our troubles, for there we can find sympathy.

Although we may have found a beautiful place, kind, devoted friends and everything it seems we could wish, still meditating at twilight and listening perchance to the harmonious sounds of "home, sweet home," wafted to us by the gentle breeze, tears will start unbidden to the eyes.

We review in mind the loved ones of the family circle and wish to be at home again, and roam once more those haunts endeared to us and associated with so many pleasant remembrances. They may be sweet thoughts but they bring sadness to the soul.

An exile though time may have bleached his auburn locks and made deep furrows on his care worn brow and his heart may be sad with the deeds of his past life, how soon were he free would he return to his childhood's home.

When the prisoner awaiting his fearful doom thinks of his parents and the time when a thoughtless innocent child he wandered around their cottage, free as the bird that soars on nimble wing through the blue sky above us, then does his soul melt in repentance and in his last moments he longs to clasp those dear ones in his arms, who heard the first lisp of his childish voice and guided his infant steps. Thus among the high and the lowly the thought of home ever sends a thrill of joy to the innocent heart.

'Remembered Kindness..

By A friend..

There is a thought, whose sweet remembrance brings
A music pure as from Eolian strings,
So soothing to my spirit that I fain
Would close my ear to every other strain,
That I might list to those when sorrows cast
Their shadow o'er the present and the past,
And e'en the future which we ever view
In brilliant dyes that shame the rainbow's hue,
Disrobed of all that ever made it bright
Looks dark and dreary as a winter's night;
'Tis then this memory o'er my spirit steals,
And with its presence hidden light reveals;
Discordant thoughts are gone, I only hear
The strain harmonious sounding in my ear;
'Tis the remembrance of some gentle word,
Whose accents long ago my bosom stung;
Some kindly deed whose memory from this heart,
Long as my life remains shall never depart,
Not great perhaps but of a kind intent,
For love counts not by common measurement;
Some word of small import yet spoken when
Oppressed and wearied with a load of pain,
The world seemed strangely dark and sad to me,
And I in sadness yearned for sympathy,

Copied by permission

Life

By Henry M. Pierce

How changeable is life; it is as a rose that bloometh in the morning and fadeth at night. An infant is plucked from its mother's embrace and borne away to the dark confines of the tomb never to be seen again upon this earth; then we ask what is life? In this life we pass through scenes of sorrow and of gladness, of joy and of grief for we must drink the cup of sorrow as well as gladness. In passing through life some have poverty to contend with, while others abound in wealth and prosperity. Some have sickness while on the other hand many have perfect health. Some times when we are passing through deep sorrow and affliction and have no arm on which to lean for support, we should fall beneath the heavy burden but we know the one that overrideth all events does not bring sorrow and affliction, but for our best good; therefore we should strive to be submissive to His will,

To Clara

Written by Ella A. Stover

Dear cousin I promised when I could find time
To write you a lengthy epistle in rhyme
And thinking to gain your indulgence by dint
Of transmitting the long delayed mission in print
I have seated myself to write you the letter
(Excuse the delay I could not do better)

And will send it quickly to our Editors kind
Who publish such when they are inclined.
Oh! what is more puzzling - do tell me pray
When to write a long letter one has nothing to say,
Or a brief billet-doux, in which must be told
Whole volumes of love more precious than gold;
Excuses aside - the thing must be done
Though the letter be minus sense, wisdom and fun
And as it is private please think it essential
That its contents in full remain confidential.

There are letters of business and letters of pleasure
And those of formality satire and art
Some write for the sake of cheating dull time
And others for making an exquisite rhyme;
Some write, and for reasons not given at all;
While others - no doubt for no reason whatever
Except to give vent to a talkative fever.
But Clara, the reason is good and broad
Why I came to fulfil this promise out-lauded
It is not, merely, an act of fruition
But simply to get a short composition.

For the Academy Journal.

Education -

By Lissie H. Greene

Who would not like to have a good education one that will be useful to them as well as ornamental, for as a writer has said "learning is wealth to the poor and an ornament to the rich."

And now while youth & health are ours let us try to improve our opportunities so that when we are older we shall not have to regret that we did not.

What makes the civilized man superior to the savage but education?

What makes the nations of Europe superior to those of Asia & Africa if not learning? Are we not raised above the Indians that roam our Eastern forests?

And is it because we have more natural talents or anything they have not? No. - Instead of nations take individuals; if we think of Franklin's taking lightning from the clouds; of Fulton's making the vessel to sail against the wind & tide and make it walk the water like a thing of life; of Archimedes and Columbus and of many others that I cannot now mention.

Education does more to raise one man above another than anything else.

Mud..

By Alice J. Cain..

By mud is meant the entire surface of this vast conglomerated mass on which we live and move and have our being. Mud contains all the elements necessary to man's existence ^{and sustains} his comfort and convenience. The food that nourishes him the clothing that warms and protects him the hovel or the palace that shelters him from the weather and the night are all obtained from mud.

It is the source of all man's wealth, the foundation of all his happiness. It is in fact only another form of himself.

The change from mud to man though gradual is sure. By a simple process difficult to explain otherwise than by calling it a process of nature. Mud is changed first into vegetable and from ^{thence} that into animated existence, whereof man is an honorary member.

And this is the manner of the change. Forth in the

pleasing Spring thy, O mud! when it rains in torrents and everything is drenched, from thy ^{prolific} bosom springs the green grass, the tender herb and many other things. For as if

ashamed of her nakedness virgin ^{mud} ~~spring~~ every where seeks to hide herself from the gaze of man by a thick luxuriant covering, sometimes of grass and flowering plants and sometimes of herbs shrubs and gigantic trees. This constitutes the first great change of mud.

The tender flocks of sheep and goats, nibble the green grass and thrive, begot their kind, and die, as God ordains. The lowing

herds rampant with life wind slowly o'er the lee, and feed on the tender herb previously mentioned, the grass luxuriant and the tasseled corn. This forms the

last or animated form of mud. We read that in the beginning all animals were born of mud and we have shown that they are sustained by the same prolific mother. Of mud thou too must needs proud men, thou art sustained during thy term of existence

here on earth and into mud thou shalt be changed again.

This is a great question and were we so disposed to be sentimental and prolix we could branch off here and air ourselves on the subject of humility in general.

But we are not so disposed. We are content to leave all such artificial subjects to the consideration of others other than ourselves. For our own part we prefer a more substantial basis on which to erect a school girls composition

Thanksgiving.

By Clara A Hopkins

A day has been appointed by the governors of the different states for a day of Thanksgiving. This is a time honored custom, and has been handed down to us by our ancestors. To many this day will be blended with sad and painful associations; it will bring to their minds thoughts of loved ones, who on the last anniversary of that day met with them around the festal board, but who are now far away engaged in a contest which has arisen — a contest which is calculated to work great and important changes for better or worse. Wicked and designing men have risen up and to further their own ambitious ends have sought by every means in their power to destroy our nation — a nation which has been for so many years the light of the world. Many brave and noble men have responded to their country's call and are now actively engaged in suppressing the rebellion. And as we gather in our respective homes to celebrate that day may a prayer ascend from every heart for these noble men who are so far away engaged in this mighty conflict, and let us find strength in its beautiful rites, its hallowed associations, and its gracious influences. " — "

Oh nation Christian nation,
Lift high the hymn of praise;
The God of our salvation,
Is love in all his ways.

Selected.

Conundrums "" """

Why is a lady who has bought a sable cape at half price
like an officer absent on leave? Because she's got her
Tur low.

Why is a good clock like a woman's tongue?— Because
it never is still.—

Why is a Christmas
pudding like the Atlantic Ocean?

Because it is full of currants.—

F.act and Humor.

The croakers are not all in the ponds; but they should ^{be}—

Good diet makes healthy children; and the South Sea
Islanders think that healthy children make good diet.

That's what I call capital punishment" as the boy said
when his mother shut him up in the closet among the
preserves—
"

Valedictory.

With this No. of the Academy Journal, we appear before you for the last time this term. We feel grateful to our patrons for the kindness they have done us by handing in their contributions, without which our paper would be a mere cipher. We wish those who may succeed us all the success and prosperity that has attended us as Editors and even more. May they still sustain this paper, and help to maintain it in its good position. Do not let it fall. Let "onward and upward" be the motto by which we are guided. As our paper is now quite lengthy, and perhaps has become wearisome to some of our readers - we will close by bidding you all "good bye"

Ed.