

2-22-1865

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

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Blue Hill Academy

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Recommended Citation

Tucker, Venie S. and Blue Hill Academy, "Academy Journal, Vol. 8, No. 1, February 22 1865" (1865). *Blue Hill Documents*. 12.

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The

Academy Journal.

Vol. 8,

No 1.

Benjamin S. Tucker. - Editor.

Wednesday.

Jan. Feb. 22. 1865.

Who are the wise?

They who have governed with a self control
Each wild and lawless passion of the soul.
Curbed the strong impulses, of all fierce desires,
But kept alive, affections purest fire.
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, and dignified though poor.
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart.
Learners in the love, which nature can impart.
Teaching that sweet philosophy alone
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 waiting to unfold its treasures of mind and thought, to its numerous friends. For many years it has made its semi-monthly appearance, in our school, each time with something new, and often, (thanks to its kind contributors,) very interesting.

When it first made its appearance, among us, it was with faint 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 our 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 peruse 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 banistered 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 whom 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 manners of a stranger. It is hard to part thus with our childhood friends, to think that 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 this world. Those who were our professed friends, in this ~~hour~~ ^{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. Let me rather hope that there is more true friendship in the world than we think for, and that those who are our friends in name, may be in reality, 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 near,
A town-house and a tavern.
And here is placed a school renowned,
Where all, their books, may learn.

Some of its men the ocean 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 earthen ware.

And one I must not now forget,
A noted person, he,
Is Bennie Blough the clam-digger,
A king, as they tell me.

Great-gave, forbid that I forget.
The wood-chopper, John Day,
A fine old bachelor is he,
Who lives alone they say.

And Grindle-ville's a pleasant place,
I shall never be forget.
For many sons have gone to war,
And the rest have gone to pot.

And now my journey is done,
Grant me a poet's crown.

But if you won't 'tis all the same,
Since I'm an awkward clown.

"Ignoramus"

Ode on War.

By J. P. Tucker.

War has flung, its bloodstained banner,
O'er our happy peaceful land;
Brother, fights against a Brother,
Brother's slain by Brother's hand.

"
Brave and youthful ones are falling
Far away in 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,
Not 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 over,
And her borders freed from war,
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 vow.

~~Wm. W. W. W.~~
" "

To the Man, in the Moon.

Written by May C. Eveleth.

Dear Sir,

Permit me to ask you a few questions. The answers 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 you much?

Another question: Is the old lady, 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 questions, I shall consider you a perfect gentleman. Mean while, I will wait with all the patience of Moses, for your answer.

An Inquisitive Friend,

Minding your own Business.

Written by Annie B. Wilson.

How much better it would be for the community, if every person would adopt this as their motto, "Mind 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 leave a blot 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 rights to do anything, or go any where, without telling them. I think it would be better for all of us, if every one, would mind his own business, and not trouble their neighbors.

Time.

Written by Dr. Forrest B. Dodge.

How swiftly 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. Now another year has fled. The year of 1864, with all its pleasant influences, thoughts, and actions, has gone never to return. 30 years hence, probably, not a man, or woman, now 20 years of age will be alive. 30 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 30 years bring down all the golden banners ~~open~~ 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 30 years, and be forgotten? "30 years," says Death, "Do you think that I shall wait 30 years?" Behold today. Tomorrow and every day is mine. And when 30 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 11. 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}.

My 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.

" 2. 7. and 5. is a domestic animal.

" 7. 7. 3. and 10. is a perfect participle.

" 1. 2. and 6. is a conjunction.

" 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.

" 4. 3. 11. " 12. " what we hate in winter.

" 13. 2. 6. " 7. " not very pleasant.

" 7. 3. 4. " 7. " a musical instrument.

" 7. 8. 2. 10. and 3. is the name of a dance.

My whole is the name of one of our young Lady school mates.

Any one, solving the above enigmas. will please hand the answers to the next Editors.

Counsellors.

Why is one of the one of the young gent. of this academy,
like a fop.

Ans.— Because he is fond of a charming Wescott. (Waist coat)

Why need we never want for fish?

Ans.— Because we have a little Fisher-man.

Why does our school room 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 will 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'll 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 agony, and lodge his fiercest accuser in his own bosom.

"
"How well he plays for one so young," said "Mrs Pastington, 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 specs, and approaching the reader, in a very scrutinizing attitude, says, "Hill it; kill it; it's the very thing that's been eating the book-marks."