

Home

By Ida Farr Nelson

As we see these words what a crowd of memories throng in upon us; once again we are children around the family hearth; once again we hear the sound of that mother's voice, and join with brothers and sisters in youthful sport.

We see once more the dear old house where our childhood was spent; the barn where so merrily we played, the trees, the woods, our favorite nooks, all come back to us, and stand portrayed in vivid colors. The influence of Home, who can estimate it, it reaches from time, e'er to Eternity; lessons taught in childhood are retained in after years. How important then that our homes should be such as exert a pure, refining influence upon its inmates.

You who have had Christian Homes, do you not feel their influence now, and even tho' you yourselves may not be Christians, do you not sometimes feel almost like thanking for that Christian Father and Mother!

Many a man and woman too when tempted to sin, have been withheld by thoughts of home, home made near and dear by the love and exertions of a mother. Let us glance now at that home, perchance it is an old house, unpainted, and at first glance seems unattractive, but let us glance into the inside.

It is neat and tasteful, and as you enter a home feeling steals over you, you look round to discover if possible the reason. You see a room, small but clean, a table covered with work and books, a few pictures on the walls, and in front of the window a stand of plants, bright and cheery looking, and you forget almost for the instant that all is snow and frost outside.

But the eye rests at last upon a lady seated by the table, involuntarily you stop gazing elsewhere.

Her sweet cheerful countenance attracts you first, and then you notice her dress, it is calico, clean and neat, with snowy ruffles at wrist and throat, this with shining hair neatly combed is the lady you see who as the children come from school, enters into all the joys and sorrows of the day, gently chiding one perhaps for some fault, setting before him a Saviour's example, then as night comes on, kneeling by their little beds, committing them to tender Father's care. Think you those children will not remember with pleasure that home, and strive to be worthy of such a mother?

'Tis not the mother alone who makes the home. Fathers, you have something to do, you have the cares of a wife to lighten, the affections of children to gain and keep, the aiding that mother in training those children and by your cheerfulness and watchful love, making it really a Home, where all can feel they are understood.

Brothers, sisters, haven't you some part to do, by kindness, and gentleness, and forbearance by interesting yourselves in each others pursuits, can you not be more of companions for one another, and by lightening the mother's labors, make it pleasanter, and easier for her?

But when that home is the abode of vice, can we with pleasure recall it, when dirt, quarrelling and strife was our lot do we love to dwell upon them. No, they tend to drag us down, down even to themselves; how many driven from home by a parents example, have found a home in prison, a resting place the drunkards grave.

Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, let us each and every one strive to make our homes the dearest spot on earth, that tender memories may “around it twine like the ivy green around the pine, over land and sea we may roam still will we cherish thee our own dear home.”

The Good Wife

“Blest is the home which hath a wife so sweet;
So kind, so gentle, cheerful and refined,
That happy is the man in whose retreat
Dwells such a helpmate with such traits combined.
The mythic Vesta, goddess of the hearth,
Whom ancients pictured as divinely pure,
Was not more lovely than the wife of worth,
Who home invests with pleasures that endure.
She makes a Heaven of her little realm,
Where husband, children, friends in bliss abide,
And tho’ the waves of outward care o’erwhelm,
At home o’erflows contentments tranquill tide.
Praise, endless praise, to Him who giveth all
Good gifts, that in this trying, changeful life,
He granted such a boon from Heaven to fall,
As home, made charming by a faithful wife.”

We are glad to inform the public that business is again reviving, and that I. Crooker will commence operations at the “Currier shop”, the twenty-second of this month, Mar 22nd 1875.

Conundrums

What is the difference between a girl and a night cap? Ins. One is born to wed and the other is worn to bed.

Why is a caterpillar like hot cakes? Ans. It’s the grub that makes the butter-fly.

When shall time hang up his scythe? Ans. When he shall be no mower.

What things increase the more they are contracted? Ans. Debts.

Why is grass like a penknife? Ans. Because the spring brings forth the blade.

When is a man thinner than a shingle? Ans. When he is a shaving.

Book keeping may be taught in a lesson of three words – never lend them.

Next to a diary the most difficult thing to keep is a lead pencil.

Soliloquy of W. C. Gibson in the school room, on Thursday, March 11th 1875. Time 3 o’clock P.M.

Heighho! How sleepy I am! How shall I manage to keep awake until 4 o’clock. I’ve tried every method – repeated the multiplication table backwards, I don’t know how many times, and then I’ve pinched myself, and all the other boys I could reach, by way of amusement, and yet I am dozing this very minute.

Now the Teacher is coming this way, and that reminds me that I have not yet studied my Grammar lesson. By the way, I think I’ll study conjugation, and see if that will not dispel this drowsy feeling.

Here is just what suits my case, Conjugation of the regular verb love. I think I can conjugate that without the book, and will commence with the Potential Mood, as best calculated to arouse my thinking powers.

If I were to have my way, I’d have no other mood in the Grammar. Present tense I may love, I love May, May loves I.

Plural. We may have love, you may love, (if you want love May.) I believe that is all correct. Next comes the Perfect tense (or if it does not, ought to). I May have loved, I may still love, -- and always shall. I do not know what comes next, but I do know that conjugation is better than multiplication; why I feel now as if I could keep awake forever.

True Greatness

An Author has beautifully said that “one Niagra is enough for a continent, but it needs its thousand little streams, to water and refresh every town and hamlet, hillside and valley.” What a lesson might we learn from Nature, infinite in variety, yet all in perfect harmony. The violet is not less beautiful than the oak. Each little leaf and flower fulfills as perfectly its mission, as the ever-flowing river, and the Mighty Ocean. Thus it should be with us, very one was not formed for the same sphere of action.

The one may be as useful as the other, but each has a mission which the other cannot fulfill.

True greatness consists not in the wealth of power, nor yet in what the world calls honor. The slave who goes at his master's bidding may be as truly great, in the eyes of the Teacher of all hearts, as the Legislator who enacts the law, which keeps him in ignorance and bondage.

Would you seek for true greatness, you may find it in the truly humble soul, wherever that may be, whether in cottage or palace, workshop or senate chamber. And the angels are its kindred and Heaven smiles upon it.

Five Little Onlys

Only a stray sunbeam! Yet perchance it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of wood, kissed the moss covered banks where the violets grow, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form.

Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows hat it fanned, how many hearts had been cheered by its gentle touch!

Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart; the quivering lips and tearful eyes, told how keenly he felt it.

Only a smile! But, ah, it cheered the broken heart, engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the unhappy patient.

Only a word of encouragement, a single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps press on to victory.

What the Gossips Say

Says Gossip one, to Gossip two
While shopping in the town,
Old Mrs. Piz to me remarked,
Smith bought his goods of Brown

Says Gossip two to Gossip three,
Who cast her eyelids down,
I've heard it said to day, my friend,
Smith got his goods of Brown.

Says Gossip three to Gossip fourk
With something of a frown,
I've heard strange news, What do you think.
Smith took his goods from Brown.

Says Gossip Four to gossip Five,
Who blazed it round the town,
I've heard such shocking news to day,
Smith stole his goods from Brown.

Recipe for Making Tattlers

Take a handful of the vine, runabout the same quantity of the root nimble tongue, a sprig of the herb backbite, get any time a table spoonful of don't you tell, six drachms of malice, and a few drops of envy, which can be purchased in any quantity at Miss Tabitha Tattle's Teatable, and stir and simmer them for half an hour over the fire of discontent, kindled with jealousy; then strain through the cloth of misconstruction, and cork it up in the bottle of malevolence, hang it up by a skein of street [gain], shake it occasionally for two or three days, when it will be ready for use.

Let a few drops be taken first before walking out and the patient will be enabled to speak all manner of evil, and that continually, without the slightest compunctions of conscience. N.L.N.B. Should a neighborhood at anytime be troubled with too much tattling, let a small quantity of do as you would be done by be administered, and the evil will be immediately cured.

The highest degree of purity and bliss attainable by man in the present life is but a rosebud, which will require an eternity to bring it into its full blown state.

Auction

A Beautiful Village Farm, known as the
Gen. Samuel Andrew's Farm at
Hillsboro Lower Village
Will be sold by auction
Wednesday, March 17th at 12 o'clock. M.

This farm contains 15 acres under a high state of cultivation, level and free from stones, well suited for garden purposes, plenty of fruit & beautifully located. Two story house, with L. well built, convenient for two families, 2 Piazzas, shed and barn all connected and in good repair, excellent water.

Within ten minutes walk of Post Office, store, church and school. Is very desirable for one wishing to take city boarders, or for summer residence.

The furniture will be sold at the same time (as he is to move to California,) consisting of Chamber sets, Carpets, Parlor, Dining Table and kitchen furniture, also some

property the accumulation of years, consisting of iron wash tubs, glass boilers, stone wash boards, paper sinks, muslin wash dishes, pewter, teakettles, & & c.

Wm Mannahan, Auctioneer,
Samuel Andrews,
Hillsboro Lower Vil.
Hillsboro
N.H.

Advertisements

Any person wishing to purchase any bullets or bullet mould will please call a H. D. Millete, Bullet Manf., Hillsboro Lower Village, N.H.

All orders promptly attended to.

You may live without poetry, music or art
Without offense to your conscience, or harm to your heart,

You may live without friends you cannot without ills
Unless you keep by you Dr. John's brown bread pills.

Order of Exercises for March 20th 1875.

1st Dialogue by Captain Carr, Hannah Bacheldor, Mrs. Wilson and others.

2nd Recitation. Albert Gay.

3rd Declamation. Mrs. Charles Woods.

4th Recitation by Mrs. Harry Boyden.

5th Declamation. Mrs. O. Gilmore.

6th Recitation by Mrs. John Brown.

7th Stump speech. Samuel O. Gibson.

8th A Song by Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Whitney entitled "Over the Ocean Wave, Far, Far Away."

Common Sense

Common sense is an element in which many persons are sadly wanting

Some are so unfortunate as to be born without it, others grow to maturity with such a total disregard of it that they are virtually in the same condition.

Common sense implies sound perception, correct reason, mental capacity, and good understanding. It is not to be acquitted entirely by education, for we have seen a horse that we actually believe had more of it than some educated blockheads that we had had the misfortune to meet.

It takes a man more than a lifetime to acquire it if he depends entirely upon book learning. There is great deal of sound philosop[h]y in a little common sense sometimes and the exercise of it upon certain occasions would save many men from much subsequent humiliations and mortification.

The First Snow

O that our souls were but half as white
As the beautiful snow that fell last night,
A downy wreath from our roof tree swings
As fair and as white as an angels wings.

Without the aid of sunshine or dew
The orchard trees have blossomed anew,
Crowded thickly with blossom and spray
As ever whitened their branches in beautiful May.

The pearly light in the eastern skies
A token gives of a clear sunrise
It deepens and reddens – a radiant glow,
And flashes and tinges the colorless snow.

Now lies it as pure as the soul of a saint
At night 'twill be sullied with trample and taint,
It will vanish from hillside and valleys below
When the sun is up oh! The beautiful snow.

Married

In this city by Rev. Evereett Crooker, George H. Travis to Miss Clara M. Spaulding both of Hillsboro.

In this city by the Rev. Walter M. Young Jesse W. Brown to Miss Lizzie G. Crooker both of H.

In this city by the Rev. C. Woods, Charles T. Travis to Miss Cora I. Collins, both of Henniker.

In this city by the Rev. H. D. Millet, Walter C. Gibson to Miss May C. Goodell both of Concord.

In Boston by the Rev. Thomas Smith, Willie Clapp to Miss Clara Collins, both of Manchester.

“If you wish to be good and useful in the future you must begin to be good and useful now, every day that you live. Day by day we are to do our appointed work, be it great or small, pleasant or disagreeable; never once thinking we can omit it and make up for the deficiency by doing some great thing or things by and by.”

How to Choose a Husband

Don't marry any man over forty; he bristles with habits. Don't marry a man who stops your mouth, compliments, makes desperate love to you the first time he sees you; that man thinks women are fools but he is mistaken. Don't marry a man who says every woman ought to know how to cook.

Don't marry a man who wears tight boots with high heels, who curls his hair or his moustache, who scents his whiskers or bleaches his eyelids, who lisps, who if he be dark wears a red cravat, if he be fair a sky blue one (there is no surer indication of a man's character than his neck tie), who has enameled visiting cards, and a brilliant monogram, and who always wears a rosebud in his buttonhole.

Don't marry a man who gets up early, nothing makes a man so insufferably conceited.

We are sorry to state to the public the death of our respected friend, the Chronicler, his funeral was largely attended last Sat, no more will his voice be heard, nor more will his pen be used recording the deeds of the Lyceumites.

Letters Remaining in the Post Office

One for Cora Colins, Mailed Charlestown
Travis Co. State of Bliss
Motto. All's well that ends well.

One for Nellie Perkins, Mailed George Gown Nichols Co. State of matrimony.
Motto, Don't linger by the way.

One for Katie Gibson, Mailed Herbert Gown Millet Co. State of expectancy.

Motto, Look before you leap.
Skip Arival

The schooner Lilia, Commanded by Cap. Crooker arrived in Port March 10th. All safe at Brown's harbor, Peirce's lighthouse.

New Publications

Great Expectations. By Walter Gibson. It is printed in large type, leaded, on handsome paper, and is appropriately bound, making a neat and tasteful book for gifts. Price \$1.00.

Nellies Engagement. A story of great merit, written in a very attractive style, especially bewitching to the young folks.
Published by S. Nichols & Co. Price \$2.50.

My Son's Wife. By the author of Love's Young Dream which has so widely attracted the attention of the people written in the authors best style.
Published by Brow & Co. Price \$1.00.

The Art of Bulletmaking. By H. D. Millet. Written in a racy, lively style, giving some of the authors own experience in this line. A very entertaining book for boys. Price \$2.50.

The Bareheaded Boy. By Charles T. Travis. A book containing much wit & humor, giving the life of a boy who was very fond of being seen bareheaded in the streets. Price \$3.00.

New Music

"When you are seventeen Nellie". Song and Chorus. By George Nichols. Price 50 cents.

"Are you Coming Love tonight?" Words and music by Emily Miller. Price 30 cents.

A chant. By Wanda Perkins. "Its Lonely Dear without you." Price 60 cents.

“I Love a Girl that Don’t love Me.” By Herbert Millet. Price 20 cents.

Spent and Misspent

May yet a little longer in the sky,
O golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die,
While my day’s work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about,
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best
The rosy lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade,
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the summer heat.

Deep in the hills and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up his silver tune.
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late in the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please
And I awoke and not a plan was planned,
Just as a drowning man is what (?) sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing (?) hand.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but say
Seeing my late sown flowers are hardly set,
O darkening color of the evening sky,
Spare me the day a little longer yet.

The Journal
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A weekly paper edited and published by the Hillsboro Lyceum Association. Its columns to be kept free from personalities, and offensive matter, but devoted to the interests of the people.

Motto.

Labor conquers everything.

Terms.

Keep quiet.

The present number edited by

Ida L. Farr

Editorial

It is with much diffidence that your editress comes before you to night, a stranger to yourself, and feeling her unfitness for such a position. Why she should have been chosen when there are so many more competent to fill it than she is, she can not tell, unless it be that being a stranger to most of you, your imaginations have clothed her with qualities she does not possess. This you would have soon discovered. She trusts the public will not be too severe in their criticisms to night.

What, you ask, is the purpose of this "Journal" weekly published by the Lyceum Association.

We answer it is to elevate and purify, instruct and amuse the people (seed scattered by the wayside, which we trust will bring forth fruit) devoted in all things to the interest of the people.

The pen how mighty its influence! More mighty than the sword, reaching the hearts of the people, and striking deep its roots, moulding and cultivating the minds of the youth, strengthening and encouraging the elders, and keeping them informed of events happening in the country; the means by which heart speaks to heart, and finds an answering chord.

But how is the interest of a paper to be sustained? Can the public expect to receive a paper, the brilliancy of whose columns shall dazzle and attract, if no articles are sent? Or do they expect the Editress to take the motto of this Journal "Labor conquers everything," apply it, and out of nothing produce something rich and grand! To such we would say try it.

To the few contributors who have so kindly sent in articles, your editress would render heartfelt thanks, and trusts that in future the contributors of this Journal will realize more fully its wants and necessities.