



Transcription of *The Union Harmonist*, a manuscript newspaper, 1862.

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The Union Harmonist

No. 4

Devoted to the cultivation of the good, the beautiful & true

Terms. Good attention and liberal contributions

Mason February 21st, 1862

Dis. No. 9

Hattie F. Lakin, editress.

Cheerfulness

Let us for a moment pass over the trials and vexations of a school girls life, and imagine our self on the bright and sunny side which we will call cheerfulness. What a deep sensation does the word cheerfulness cause, it bids the heart forget its sorrows and wander back to the time when it knew nothing of the trials and vexations it must pass through during this brief existence, and bids us drink in its smiles that was once our privilege to express. Who does not love to see a cheerful disposition, a cheerful countenance, a happy friend and schoolmate who is always ready and willing to meet all the trials of life with a firm resolute heart, one who will brush away the bitter cup of sorrow and implant upon our brow the happy look of cheerfulness. One who will always wear a beaming countenance. How happy then to look around us and see every one cheerful and happy it soon removes the despondency and gloom that has been pressing with the deepest tendency towards the heart. It awakens our enthusiasm and animates is by holding before us the prospect of better days. It takes us gently by the hand and leads us back into childhood where sorrow ad never stamped its deep furrow of care upon the fair brow, but our lives were all sunshine and gladness. When the soul is brooding over some sad and melancholy tale of sorrow, what will make it vanish more rapid than the happy look of cheerfulness, that binds up the broken heart and makes our burdens lighter and soothes the mourners pain, and wipes away life's bitter tears. Let us all then strive to wear the pleasure look of cheerfulness. M. D. Pierce.

A Visit to a Deserted Mansion

It was a fine afternoon in the early part of summer, the weather being warm I thought I would take a walk so I put on my bonnet and sallied forth. After wandering about for

some time I found myself at the junction of several roads, each leading in different directions. I selected the one I thought most pleasant which led me directly to a deserted mansion which formerly to an English nobleman. In days gone by it must have been a splendid structure but it was fast falling to decay, but still beautiful. It was situated on a gentle eminence which overlooked the valley below through which a broad river ran murmuring by with a plaintive sigh on to Oblivion. The mansion was on all sides surrounded by beautiful trees of every description which presented to the weary traveler a most noble aspect, the garden showed that the hand of taste had once arranged it. Numerous exotics still waved their heads through the tall grass, showing that no pains had been spared to make it beautiful. The lovely Jassamine [i.e. jasmine] still clings to its decaying trellis which had supported it for so long but cannot support it much longer it still mingled its white blossoms with the green foliage. The dainty Woodbine still clings to the high windows often creeping through the broken panes, which once reared its noble head above the roof, as I had made sufficient survey of the out side I thought I would enter. The first things than attracted any attention was the doors which groaned and creaked upon its hinges. My entrance started the birds from their nests and if I might guess from the noise they made they thought I was intruding. The hall which once echoed to the sound of music and all were alive with gay forms joining with merry dances is silent to all save the song of birds and the strangers tread. It was time for me to return for the twilight shade began to gather. I finished my examination and returned home. But I never shall forget my visit to the deserted mansion. M. D. P.

1

Conundrum's

Why is a muff like a fool.

Ans. Because it holds a ladies hand without squeezing it.

2

Why is a side saddle like a four quart measure.

Ans. Because it holds a gall-on.

The changes of Childhood

We have commenced another term of school, how many pleasant and sad recollections were called to my memory as we once more come together in this Old Brick schoolhouse. My mind reverted back to the time when we who are now occupying these seats were but children, and of those older and much loved schoolmates to whom we looked up to for sympathy and love, — where are they now —. Their school days are over, and some of them have gone out into this great and busy world. Some pursuing [i.e. pursuing] one vocation and some another. Others where are they, they have left us not to go out into this changing and inconstant world, but to a happier and less unchanging clime where friends shall be friends forever and death shall never come. Dear schoolmates as we meet here together from day to day may we keep in mind that our school days will soon be over. That the pleasant hours we are now spending together will soon be past never to return, and as we think of this may we all strive so to improve this term of school that we can look back upon it with pleasure unmoved with regrets. And when our school days are over and we meet here together no more but are performing our allotted parts in this great dream of life, may the same firm friendship exist between us as that which now exists here in the little Brick Schoolhouse. E.F.P.

Accident 4

A barrel of popcorn exploded in Troy on Wednesday last, tearing away the handle of a basket, and slightly killing two boys who were sitting near it.

Flight of Time

How forcibly we are reminded of the celerity of time. Days, months, and years in rapid succession are passing away. I can scarcely realize my schoolmates that we are brought to the close of another term of school, and that fourteen weeks have elapsed since we came together, but such truly is the case, and it gives me pleasure to think that the term has passed so pleasantly and I trust profitably to all of us and let us feel grateful that we have been favored with so faithful and kind a teacher with one that has manifested a deep interest in our improvement. We now part wishing each other peace and prosperity. A.E.H.

Spring

How beautiful to walk out on a pleasant spring morning and hear the birds sing so sweetly and see the beauties of nature. The trees which have stood leafless and bare exposed to the rough winds of winter are being clad anew until their foliage of rich green. The flowers spring forth with all their beauty and fragrance and add much to the pleasant scene. The tiny blades of grass shoot forth and form one magnificent carpet of velvet green for the wide spread fields, and while thus admiring the beauties of nature can they fail to remind us of the wisdom and goodness of God, the giver of every blessing. A.E. Hosmer.

War

Of all the evils of mankind war is the most destructive. Let us for a moment imagine two nations sending forth their armies to meet in deadly conflict. Their lines are drawn up in martial array, the arms glistening in the sunbeams while each one silently awaits the charge. How many there in health and strength are soon to be cut down and slain and their bodies left to smoulder [i.e. smolder] on the battle field. But hark! The cannon roar is heard and while the smoke rolls upward in thick volumes to the sky the shrieks of the wounded and dying sound dismally upon the air.

How many have left their homes, their wives and children, parents and friends to die upon the bloody field. Wives have been made widows, children have been made orphans and parents have made childless by means of war. Nations should not engage in war unless in defense of their liberties. J.B. Thompson.

Lost Forever

Lost yesterday! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever.

Money

Money goes No one knows
Where it goeth No one showeth
Here and there Every where
Run sun Dun dun
Spend spend Lend lend
Lend send Flush to day
Short tomorrow Notes to pay
Borrow borrow So it goes
No one knows Where it goeth
No one showeth
Five great objects

Childhoods Happy Days

Did I think that by perseverance [i.e. perseverance] I might be able to gain an entrance to the editress sanctum and thereby gain a hearing it might be an inducement to say the least for me to spend an idle hour with you to roam with you along the shores of memory over the trackless past. Yes I may say trackless now; for the turf has grown green above the! Old, Old! Path where these feet wandered in childhood in the days when we decked our sunbonnets with apple blossoms as we lingered on our way to the old schoolhouse that stood on the crossroad. Oh home of my childhood hid in the wildwood. Ah well do I remember those sunsets at the old farmhouse when scarce a zephyr moved among the willows while the rosy sun looked out between the green leaves to bid the world good night.

Old memories how they come flitting glimmering back cricket songs down among the waving grass dreamy as the hazy woods when Indian summer comes and all the solemn band of katydids that marshalled nightly on the trees sung to the summer moon. How every note is woven in the chain that binds the memories of childhood. That old farmhouse that stood on the green hill and the old barn still live in the pictured past, with the white horns tossing above the bars and the little gate that swung open every night when the drowsy lambs of the little flock come back to rest wearied with play among the willows on the hillside.

Yes green were the hills where I
Wandered in childhood

Down where the shadows dance under
The wildwood
Anon

Five great objects of life

The greatest pleasure of life is love
The greatest treasure is contentment;
The greatest possession is health
The greatest case is sleep and
The greatest medicine is a true friend.

Money

Money goes	No one knows
Where it goeth	No one showeth
Here and there	Every where
Run sun	Dun dun
Spend spend	Lend lend
Lend send	Flush to day
Short tomorrow	Notes to pay
Borrow borrow	So it goes
No one knows	Where it goeth
No one showeth	

Do you ever stop to think

How many there are around us whose course leads us daily to ask this question. Whose lives are so filled with the cares and turmoil of this life that they will not allow themselves one moment for meditations. Let us look at the busy bustling merchant he sits in his velvet cushioned chair surveying the splendor of his apartment hung around with pictures of exquisite paintings and gorgeously decked chairs and sofas. Does he stop to think how he came possessor of so beautiful a dwelling? Does he think how much good a few pieces of his silver or gold might do, which he is daily hardening his

heart more & more against the voice of wisdom. It perchance he meets a little wanderer in the street who looks sorrowfully in his face and asks for a crust of bread to allay its hunger, he pushes her rudely aside and passes on in anger. Does he stop to think the same god who created her created him also? There is the miser straining every nerve and grasping every opportunity to add to his already well filled coffers. As he sits in his dimly lighted garret counting his glowing piles of gold, he watches with a misers eager eye each shining piece until it is safely deposited in the secret hiding place and the tinkling sound of the rich coin falls on his delighted ear. It is far sweeter than words of consolation. Does he stop to think that old age is fast approaching and he must soon leave behind this world and its riches? Look at the gambler or inebriate. Do they stop to think when and where they commenced their guilty career? They will tell you it was when they associated with their gay companions in the brilliant gaming saloon that they made the first step down to this low state of degradation which they now occupy. So they think of the many prayers that have been offered up in their behalf or do they think how may [i.e. many] times their parents have taken them gently the hand and led them away from those scenes of revelry, and entreated them to turn from their sinful way? Ah, no such meditation find a place in their sinful hearts. Let us take this [i.e. these] questions home to ourselves. Do we stop to think how we are improving our time and talents? Shall we have no sad reflections of the past, many of us I fear will reflect with deep regret. Let us stop to think before it is to [i.e. too] late, with the solemn assurance of doing better in future. M.D.P.

The Bachelor has to look out for No. 1.

The Married man for No. 2.

The young lady who was driven to distraction is now afraid she will have to walk back.

And the lady who took the eye of every body has been arrested for stealing

Put your mony [i.e. money] into a box if you like but not into a dice box

No Teetotler [i.e. Teetotaler] can be consistent
unto the end he may refuse wine all
his life but he must come to his
Bier (Beer) at last

Close of School

The veil of the past is soon to be drawn over all the records of the present term. Its joys, its sorrows, its moments well spent, and its moments wasted, all that it has granted to us of intellectual [i.e. intellectual] wealth or of moral growth [i.e. growth] are soon to become subjects of positive history. We are about to bid adieu to our teacher to each other and some of us doubtless a final farewell to this school. Farewell, how does the sound of that, alas, too oft repeated word thrill every soul with sad regret. To unbind the tendrils entwined around our heart by intimate companionship, and to take the hand of cherished schoolmates for the last time, sad and melancholy, indeed would be our thoughts if true friend were not eternal. Soon this pleasant schoolroom will be left desolate. It will no longer echo to the tread of busy feet and the hum of merry voices. But will be left in silence until [i.e. until] the commencement of another term. The hour of separation [i.e. separation] has come, what thoughts crowd in succession [i.e. succession] through our minds. We think of the term that has passed away of the enjoyments it has brought us and the many hours we have passed together. But alas, the pang of separation [i.e. separation] dissolves the enchanting spell and we look forward into the dark and uncertain future.

Dear schoolmates. We now part never again to meet under the same circumstances, some of you leave this place of learning to day perhaps for the last time. While others will return at the beginning of another term to resume the onward march in the flowery path of literature. Dear schoolmates, time will work wondrous changes in yourselves and carry you on until [i.e. until] the veil of the past shall interpose obscurity between memory and the scenes of your youth. Age may silver my now youthful locks. Time may waft its changes by. Yet I hope never to forget this affectionate group, and the endeavoring scenes connected with this school. And may the memory of them retain a verdant spot in my heart amidst the decay waste of time. We now go forth each one to our respective homes perhaps [i.e. perhaps] never all to meet in this lovely spot again.

But may we all be permitted to meet again in heaven where we shall enjoy union, peace and love forever. Farewell teacher and scholars may God bless you all. Farewell. May D. Pierce.

The close of school

1st Happy have we met in this hall,
Sadly now we part one and all,
Soon we leave this schoolroom dear
Then we say good bye and drop the parting tear.

2nd Oh! how quickly have our school days part,
And from our sight the hours have flittid [i.e. flitted] past,
And now today our term is o'er;
And we have met to meet no more.

Dear teacher our grateful thanks to you we give
May heavens blessing cheer you while you live
Go on! assist the human soul to rise
For brighter joys await you in the skies

Gay happy band our feelings who can tell
As now we part and parting say farewell
In future years when lifes gay scenes have fled
And we perhaps to distant lands have sped
How will remembrance there bright days recall
And wisdoms lessons treasured in the hall.

Teachers and friends and pleasant schoolmates to
We bid you one and all adieu
We hope to meet you all in heaven above
Where all is purity holiness and love
And may this joyous happy little band
Around the throne in heaven forever stand.

M.D. Pierce

[Calligraphy drawing spelling "Harriet"]

The Union Harmonist

No. 1. Devoted to the cultivation of the good and beautiful and true.

Terms. Good attention without criticism & liberal contributions.

Mason, Dec 17th 1862.

Hattie F. Lakin, Editress.

Wait A Minute

How often in life do we hear this expression from the lips of both old and young; and how often it prove [i.e. prove] dangerous; Ah how little do we think what are the results of such careless words. It is said "time flees swiftly" on moment lost can never be recalled. There is a time for every thing and might we not to exert ourselves to do every thing in its proper time! The cars have a stated time to tart and a time to stop. With them delays are dangerous and often prove [i.e. prove] fatal. All business with them so conducted on a systematic principle. Would the engineer or conductor say wait a minute. No it is on right on with them. It was in the month of Jan. my friend and myself were going to Boston to a fair. It was a beautiful morning. Everything was fresh and green the little birds were filling the air with their melodies strains. I prepared myself for the journey and tripped along with a cheerful heart to call for my friend. As I stepped into the house said she "Wait a minute" and I did wait and ere I was aware, ten minutes passed away. In the course of five more she made her appearance ready for the city. Said I "are you not afraid we shall be late." "Oh No," was the reply "time enough." As we hurried along, I thought to myself it was better to be half an hour to [i.e. too] early than one moment to [i.e. too] late. Suddenly a well known sound struck upon my ear. It was the car whistle. As we neared the station we saw the cars pass along leaving

us behind. We turned towards home with sad and disappointed hearts. I thought to myself if we were as exact as the cars we scarcely ever should be late. In the town of M. in a large and stately mansion lay a dying girl one that seemed too beautiful to be laid away in the cold and silent grave and too [i.e. too] lovely to stay in this world or sorrow. Those large and expressive eyes seemed too [i.e. too] beautiful to be closed in death. She lay patiently waiting to enter that land of bliss called heaven, and weeping friends stood around her closely watching that deathly smile which played around those lips. She turned to her dear mother and said "Oh! that I could see Annie once more before I die" she was sent for the answer came "I will be there in a minute." The dying girl waited but no Annie came. Said she "I must die my savior calls me." As the words passed from her lips so passed the life of the Christian girl. The door opens with a soft careful tread. Annie approaches the bed-side the weeping mother turns to her and says "just one moment too [i.e. too] late." Annie kneels by the lifeless girl and the anguish which rends her heart language cannot express. My young friends do we not daily see the evils of waiting a minute. Are not delays dangerous? And is it not for our benefit to be always up to the appointed time in all our daily walks of life? In the schoolroom, at home and every where. Ah! Yes, let us be faithful improving every minute and performing every duty in its proper time. Let us all try in the future to be punctual even to a minute and always bear this in mind if we take care of the minutes the hours will take care of themselves. M.D. Pierce.

Wanted: A chair the sun sets in
A boat the moon sails in
And a ring for the hand of providence
Also some money to put in our
(Price) purse.

Soldiers

Oh that name how it thrills the hearts of them that are left behind there is one missing from this place (who is it). He has gone to the fight for his county may God spare his life to return in safty [i.e. safety]. Another dear one has left us to endure the perils of war, yes our little family circle has been sadly severed. We miss them at morn, at noon and at night. We miss them as we gather round the table their places are vacant.

And as we lie in our soft warm beds we think of them afar off in a southern land with no kind friend near to speak an encouraging [i.e. encouraging] word. Many others have gone (fathers & brothers) to leave their bereaved friends and some have died on the battle field none around them to comfort them or shed a tear over their cold remains. God bless the gallant soldier [illegible] and may the time soon come when we all shall welcome fathers & brothers back once more to our homes. M.A.D.

Wanted in Mason

A few men and boys to stand on the meeting house steps and watch people as they go in and out the Church.

Why is a certain young man in this school like the cars. Ans) because he stops at the depot.

What large city in Massachusetts is in district No. 9? Ans. Lowell.

Love of Country

What is more deep and abiding in the human heart than the love of country. Civilized or savage man feels [i.e. feels] the same strong attachment to his native land. The same unalterable devotion to the soil and clime which gave him birth. Though it be in the [very?] north or amid the sands of the trophies, he clings to it as the kindest and brightest spot of Earth. Should he be an exile or wanderer in some distant land his heart will yearn for his native country.

We love our country. Other lands may lure us for a time with brighter skies and more varied and beautiful scenery but as soon as the novelty of the scene is changed, we look back with longing eyes for our own loved country. We may eat fine fruits and drink choice water or wines of other lands and enjoy ourselves for a season but when the excitement is past the memory of our own country will break in upon the heart in sweet yet mournful cadences.

And why should we not love our country. Daniel Webster has called it a lovely land. A land of glorious liberty "bought by the blood of our fathers." It is ours to enjoy

and our to preserve. We should cherish a strong and lasting affection for it and resolve to maintain and perpetuate it. And it seems we love our country more at the present time than ever before. We have sufficient proofs of it every day as young and old bid adieu to the dearest of all earthly friends and take a solemn pledge to be true to the last and fight with their latest breath for their country. With firm unshaken heart they will endure the perils and hardships of a soldiers life. What is life in such a moment as this their only watchwords are "God, our Country & Liberty." Listen to their agonizing groans as one after another falls upon the bloody field of battle. As they faint and bleed and die, they look sweetly up and their dying words are "Tis sweet for our country to die." They are gone; but in forms, their memories can never die, their names are crowned with immortal glory. Their mourning friends are comforted with the thoughts that they died in a noble cause. Yes next to God we love our country. He has placed us here to love it, he has made it beautiful that we might do so. Without this love we might rove over this earth without a place to rest our weary limbs or call home.

Where ever a man may be his eyes will turn to his own country. It makes him a patriot a martyr or a friend. God bless and preserve our native country.

There are four seasons, vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard.

Keep out of debt, out of quarrels, out of lare, out of politics, out of idleness, out of mischief, out of thin soled shoes, out of damp clothes, out of ill ventilated rooms, out of the reach of brandy and porter, out of matrimony unless you're in love. Keep out of all these and you probably keep out of Satan's clutches.

Matrimonial

I have lived single long enough I want somebody to talk at, quarrel with then kiss and make up again. Therefore I am open to proposals of young ladies and fresh widows of more than average respectability. Tolerably tame in disposition and hair of any other color than red. As nearly as I can judge of myself not over eighty nor under forty years of age, in height am either five feet eight or eight feet five forgot which. Weight 135, 351, or 531, one of the three recolet [i.e. recollect] each figure perfectly well

but as to their true arrangement am somewhat puzzled. Have a whole suit of hair dyed by nature and free from dandruff. Eyes butternut brindle tinged with pea green, nose blunt according to the tonic order of architecture with a touch of composite and mouth between a catfish and an alligator made expressly for oratory and the reception of large oysters. Ears palmated long and elegantly shaped. I am sound in limb and on the nigger question. Wear boots No. 8 when carns are troublesome, and write poetry by the mile with double rhyme of both edges to read backward forward crosswise diagonally. Can play the Jews harp and bass drum and whistle Yankee doodle in Spanish. Am very correct in my morals and first rate at tenpins. Have a good regard for the Sabbath, never drink only when invited, am a domestic animal and perfectly docile when towels are clean and shirt buttons all right. If I possess a predominating virtue it is to forgive every enemy whom I deem it hazardous to handle, I say my prayers every night, mosquitoes permitting, and as to whether I snore in my sleep I want some one to tell me. Money is no object, never was trouble with any and never expect to be. For further particulars please call on W. Edgerton, Esq. Mason, N.H.

Should Satan lose his tail

Where would he go to procure another?

Ans. Where they retail

Spirits.

Winter

Stern winter has come with its storms and cold weather what fine times the boys have coasting and skating on the snow and ice, and the girls to what goof times we have spending the long evenings to gather cracking walnuts and eating apples, reading and writing and telling stories what nice times we have going to school how we do enjoy ourselves every thing is so pleasant. There are 23 scholars, I studdy [i.e. study] Coulburn's and Adam's arithmetic history and grammar and passing, reading & spelling. I hope this winter may be a profitable one to us all. Let each one of us try to improve it in wisdom and goodness as well as in studdies [i.e. studdies] so we may not look back with sorrow upon the past.

I love stern winters ice and snow

I love his blazing fire
I love his winds that freshly blow
Yes winter I desire. E.A.H.

I will just say to the citizens of Mason that Mrs. Joslin's slaughter house will be closed and all business suspended on account of cold weather and dull times.

A fine Woodlot for sale

in the edge of Townsend anyone wishing to purchase please call on C.B. Prescott and O.B. Joslin for further information.

Politeness

What some may style politeness is in reality nothing more than mere pretensions to gentility. Mark that young man who whole in company with his associates and lady acquaintances makes such great pretensions to politeness. Let us follow him to his own home and mark his deportment there! If he is disrespectful to his parents and unkind to his brothers & sisters, we may at once conclude that he is destitute of that politeness which constitutes the true gentleman. True politeness is something which should be displayed in our every look. It is something that is found at the fireside as well as the social circles, at home as well as in the world at large. It displays itself in the cultivation of our intellectual [i.e. intellectual] and moral natures and in the refinement of our tastes and feelings. The truly polite are not distinguished for great pretensions to gentility, but for the utterances of kind words and for their deeds of kindness which so alleviate the sorrow of mankind. They are as careful how they treat a brother or a sister as they are a stranger. In short, they are kind to everyone and try to make all happy. Then if we would be elevated with those who are truly polite we must beware how we wound the feelings of others by harsh words or ungentle actions. Let us endeavor [i.e. endeavor] by a general erivity of manners both at home and abroad, to show to the world that we know at least what true politeness is. E.F.P.

Abbreviations

M.A.D. — Myra A Davis — Makepiece after Davis
A.E.H. — Abbie E. Hosmer — Ever After Henry
E.F.P. — Eva F. Prescott — Ever Fancies Peabody
M.D. — Melvina Davis —
M.E.L. — Mary E. Lowell — Melvin Ever Loves
W.A.L. — William A. Lakin — Wants Abbie's Love
O.D.P. — Orrin D. Prescott — O Don't Pout
E.H.B. — Edmund H. Blood — Ever Hates Betsy
A.M.F. — Annie M. Flagg

Long may our little Flag wave brave
To save the ninth district and the scholars greet
And may we with a heart full of patriotism
This dear little flag wherever we meet.

Yes or No

When of a man I ask a question
I wish he'd answer yes or no
Nor stop to make some smooth evasion
And only tell me! May be so
I always doubt the friendly meaning
Of well—perhaps—I do not know
When for a favor I am suing
I rather hear the answer No.
When of a friend I wish to borrow
A little cash to hear him say
I've none today—but on the morrow
Is worse than if he told me nay
Why all this need of plastering over
What we in fact intend to show
Why not at once with much less labor
Say frankly—yes my friend, or no
And when I ask the trembling question
Will you be mine my dearest Miss

Then may there be no hesitation
To say distinctly yes sir yes.

Hattie F. Lakin

The trouble of writing for the Harmonist
I've promised to write for the harmonist
But a subject I really can't find
And to throw down my pen and my paper
And give up in despair I'm inclined

I first tried to write on the weather
Which has been very warm you know
But I thought my brains must be craked [i.e. cracked]
For my ideas wouldn't flow

A bright thought this moment came o'er me
I'll write down a romance in rhyme
The first line I wrote was pathetic
The second was rather sublime

The third was so queer and so funny
I stopped for a moment to laugh
And when I attempted to write it
I found I had forgotten one half

The editress is now expecting
That a fine piece I'll bring in
I wonder I should be so foolish
As to promise her any such thing

I declare now! The hour is aproaching [i.e. approaching]
For the scholars to meet at the hall
I'll throw down my pen and my paper

And wont write for the Harmonist at all

Dear Friends

In presenting you this paper tonight I have tried to do something to make its pages interesting and your marked attention and smiling countenance's tell me that my efforts to please have not been unavailing although it is the first time I have ever had privilege of writing a paper yet when I was invited to take it I could not very well refuse, feeling that each one of us should take a part however small to add to the interest of the school. And if every one will make the firm resolve to do their no doubt our Harmonist will be sustained and I trust that the union and harmony, that now unites this little band, may never be severed, but may each day become stronger and the chord of affection draw close around our hearts and may the time soon come when peace and harmony and union will reign throughout this land when strife and contension [i.e. contention] will have severed forever and this glorious union once more restored when stars and stripes shall be seen floating o'er our land and seas never more to be torn down by the rude hand of man. Union and harmony is our motto now and forever.