



Transcription of *The Echo*, a manuscript newspaper, 1853.

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The Echo

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Canterbury Feb. 4th 1853

The Echo will be devoted to the general diffusion of knowledge to the advocacy of liberal principles and at all times the champion of the downtrodden and oppressed. The Echo will be a strictly neutral paper in regard to politics and religion. Its columns will even be open for communications in relation to the arts, sciences and general improvement. Contributions most respectfully solicited.

Home

There is no place in this wide world, so dear to us as the home of our childhood. There is nothing that will touch a fibre [i.e. fiber] of the soul so quick as the name of home, that place where we have spent so many hours in childish glee, and where we have listened to instruction from our beloved and pious parents, who perhaps are now laid away in the silent mansions of the dead, and whose voices we never more shall hear in this world. But we shall meet them in another world, if we live as they instructed us when we had the privilege of hearing their voices and conversing with them upon things that relate to our eternal welfare. And perhaps they may be still living and we may be absent from them but how often do we think of them, and wish that they were with us, or that we were with them and that we could hear their pleasant voices as we did in days that were past and gone when we used to come around the family circle day after day and hear them offering their prayers for us in tears. But still we know that it was in vain that we wished and so contented ourselves as well as possible. Miss Judkins

The Progress of Time

How swift time is passing away. While some are busy with the vanities of this world heeding not its flight and others are preparing themselves for another. How soon we may be called away we know not God may take us away, if not one of our number, one that is very near and dear. Every one ought then to think how short our stay is here on earth and improve our time to the best advantage; but there are many who are

wasting their time thinking not how short may be their earthly existence. We shall soon leave this world of sorrow and trouble and enter our last resting place where there is no disappointment or sorrow. While some are rejoicing at the flight of time others are hoarding up earthly treasures as if they thought they were to live always and enjoy them. But soon they will be called away to leave all their earthly riches and then how much better off will they be than those who were not so well supplied with this world's goods but had improved their time so that when they come to die they might be saved at last in the Kingdom. Annette.

Passing away

All things are passing away. We may look around on the many objects that surround us but still we cannot look upon any thing that is lasting or permanent. All things are fast verging toward the future as swiftly as the wheels of time can carry them. The flowers that are blossoming, the green foliage of the trees, the birds that warble in the air, will all soon be gone, and we are moving on wards with them. Soon this short life will be spend and then we must leave this world with its cares and sorrows and go to our long resting place. Pass from time to a never ending Eternity. Lie down in the silent grave and bid adieu to all earthly friends that are left behind. Perhaps we go to meet some kind friend that has gone before and has long been singing those blisfull [i.e. blissful] songs of praise with the blood washed millions around the throne. But this will be happiness if we have sought Jesus for our friends for he will not forsake us in the dying hour. Ella.

The Bereaved Family

It was during the year 1840 that I made a short unexpected visit to one of the western states and during my brief stay formed an acquaintance with a very respectable family. It was a family whose circle had had never been broken up by death. But while I was there the father was taken very sick, but yet they had hopes of his recovery: still he grew worse and worse and the physicians said he must die. He lingered along for about a week when the grim monster death came to feel for his heart strings and he left the world in peace and I trust he is now at rest. This was a great affliction to his family, it was something that they had never experienced before. The wife and mother was left

with two children to mourn for the beloved husband and father. This was the first one that was taken. But God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to call one of the beloved daughters hence to be here no more. She was laid upon a bed of languishing, the mother with great anxiety watched over her daughter both night and day for about three weeks when she was called to take the last lingering look of her beloved one although deep as her affliction was she trusted in one who was able to sustain her through her affliction. She was now left with three children, one girl of twelve years, a boy of nine, and a still younger one of about five years. I staid with the family a week after the daughter's death and then left them with reluctant feelings and returned home after an absence of two months. Miss Judkins.

Thoughts on a Leaf

The leaf may be considered as an apt representation of the human family. When first shooting forth with its delicate form and tender fiber it reminds us of the prattling infant which is nourished and reared by a mother's tender hand and protected by her unerring counsels. As the leaf which has drawn sap and nourishment from its parent stock and has assumed a regular and perfect form again reminds us of the prattling infant which has now verged into manhood and is taking an active part in the various and multiplied scenes of buisy [i.e. busy] life. In process of time as the leaf becomes old and assumes a dark and withered form it reminds us that old age with all its infirmities is fast closing upon us. The gray head, palsied limbs, and trembling form reminds us that he will soon go the way of all the Earth. From this we may learn a useful lesson that though we are now young and vigorous old age with all its infirmities [i.e. infirmities] will soon be upon us and we shall be hurried off the stage of action and another generation will rise to fill our places. Let us then now that we are young and vigorous improve our time to the best advantage. Be determined that we will rise by our own exertion. Prehaps [i.e. perhaps] the way may look dark and gloomy at present yet if we push boldly on we may rise to eminence. Never let it be said that we despaired in the contest. Let excelsior be our motto and we shall not fail to acquit ourselves honorably in the great contest of human life. Pheba.

Matrimony

Matrimony is one of those foolish whims of all young persons and not only young persons but old ones in the bargain. I would ask my hearers what there is that looks so disgusting as matrimony. There is nothing that looks so simple to me as to see a couple just entered into the bonds of matrimony trying to be something when in reality they know not how to take the first step. How often do we see those that are not worth a dollar in the world marry and perhaps [i.e. perhaps] hire a large [i.e. a large] fine house and run in debt to furnish it or else they must board out and pay four or five dollars a week for their board and still live at their ease as though they thought that they were made of gold and were not obliged to work for a living [i.e. a living] but take other folks earnings to support them. And that is not all they must have waiters without number and have them almost put their victuals into their mouths. But how often do we see them in the course of a few [i.e. a few] years thrown upon town and become town paupers. And then again we see a person fifty or sixty years of age who has lost their companion we see them in the course of a few [i.e. a few] months with another one perhaps [i.e. perhaps] it may be one not more than twenty or thirty years of age. An it looks to me as though that they were in view [i.e. view] before they were bereft of their former companions. And then the next Sunday you will see them come out in flying colors and they will feel as nice as any one. And I suppose they think that they have renewed their age about fifteen or twenty years so as to bring them on a level [i.e. a level] with their companion. And all will go well for a season [i.e. a season] and then contention and strife makes its appearance first by hard thoughts and then hard words and even come to blows and then separate for the sake of making a rap with another. O how foolish is that class of mankind. And now dear hearers a few [i.e. a few] words upon the single life and then I close my remarks for the present [i.e. present]. We all know something of the pleasures enjoyed in the single life although some are not content with them but frown at the thought of being called an old batchelor [i.e. bachelor] or an old maid but they think the married state much more respectable. But permit me kind hearers to ask, what is it that causes so much sorrow, is not a large [i.e. a large] portion of it caused by the marriage state. I must say I think it is and I cannot but think that there is some here that will agree with me. But I will close though much might be said upon the subject. Miss Judkins.

Matrimony

In reply to Mrs. Judkins I will endeavor to make a few remarks. I see not why it is that you should take such a side glance of the whole affair. I would not have thought that you with a mind so cultivated would have drawn so dark a picture upon matrimony and one which is so much against your present feelings. You say there is nothing that looks so simple as to see a couple trying to be something when they know not how to take the first step. Will you please to inform us of the right way of commencing a married life, as it seems that you never saw a right commencement. Again why should it trouble you whether we have a dollar or not. If you would seek a happy couple look where gold, and silver was not the object of uniting, but it was for true love, and sincere friendship. If you wish for gold and ease, rather than a true and confiding heart your lot may be like that which you have marked out, which ends in separation. As for hiring large and fine houses and furnishing them on credit you know nothing about haveing [i.e. having] been born and brought up in the little District of Hackleborough, and have no experience of city life. Take your own town for an example, and see how many married people there is that are town paupers, unless some misfortune has happen to them. But how many, that have played the coquette all of the best of their days, and have now no home except the one in question and I am sorry to say that there are others, which I fear are treading in the same path, who are always ready with that bewitching smile and graceful curl of the lip, to allure the unguarded youth. O though coquet, the poor house is good enough for you after haveing [i.e. having] dragged your parents there by their furnishing you with finery sufficient to enable you to cary [i.e. carry] out all your bewitching manners. Again you do not see why after being bereft of one companion a second should be chosen. You know not the loneliness of a companion, who hase [i.e. has] once known what it was to have a confiding friend, who shared in every joy and sorrow who was ready to weep when you and rejoice when you rejoiced. Let a second one be chosen if they wish, for we read in god's holy word that marriage is honorable but we do not read that old maids are. What is there (I would ask) in a cross old maid, that is either good, honorable, or lovely, for such they always are. There is no peace to be taken with them, neither do they take my, with themselves. For it is fret and frown snap, and snarl.

It's a wind without its gale

As a ship without its sail

As a rat without its tail

Aos is an old Maid

Kate Mysply.

My first days at school

Well do I remember my first days at school [i.e. school]. They were not all pleasant and I have thought of them too much to forget. How long I wept when I was told that I must leave my sports and childish amusements [i.e. amusements] for tasks and the restraints a school room imposes. Visions of ferules, stern faces and dry lessons haunted my slumbers and when one fine morning they told me the dreaded time had arrived I laid aside my toys and with fearful forebodings and not without some resistance followed my conductor to the school room.

It was a small low building and I can now almost see it with its mossy board shattered here and there and door, at the outside of which were two tardy urchins who were collecting their courage to meet the storm of words which awaited them from within. We entered, I trembled as I met the inquisitive gaze which was fastened on me from all sides, and when we stopped [i.e. stopped] before the presiding goddess of this little realm, I dared not raise my eyes. But encouraged by the blared and insinuating voice of my conductor I looked up and instead of the mild feminine face I expected to see I saw two piercing inquisitive looking grey eyes bent on me from beneath the shade of an enormous yellow [illegible]. My fears were roused anew. The rest of the faces corresponded with the eyes and long sallow face of the geminine shrewish order. Children are quick observers and perceiving the gracious smile disappear from the countenance of my attendant I clung to her and besought her not to leave me. But it could not be, and I was left in the care of Miss Rachel. As I expected, her brow soon lost its serenity and for the first time I heard her natural voice which was shrill and discordant and as she moved around among her shrinking pupils bestowing reprimands [i.e. reprimands], and detecting in a moment all the whispering or other unlawful doings I wondered as I often did afterwards if she had no more than one pair of eyes. I was placed on a bench with a stern conjunction to dry up my tears and show a little common sence [i.e. sense]. At last she sat down and I gazed at her fearing every moment she would look up from her writing. She was tall and erect and sat in an arin chair; at the side of which stood a small table. Here my dreams were realized for on this

table was a ferule also a small box of thimbles, and some remnants of luncheon of which some unlucky wight had been derived by Miss R. The morning passed slowly and once I was called to read but Miss R's attention being taken by the necessity of some administrations of Justice in another part of the room. I crept to my seat unnoticed. The good lady deposited one daring rebel in the depths of a dark corner of the room, doomed another to remain in a standing position for an hour or two and then returned to her throne. Once she cast a glance of scrutiny around as if to recollect of something left undone, but thanks to the friendly shelter of the desk I was enabled to remain silent till I was sent for to return home. And thus passed my first days at school. Melvina.

The Robe

T'was [i.e. It was] not the robe of state.

Which the high and haughty wore.

That my buisy [i.e. busy] hand, as the lamp [illegible] pale.

Was hastening to prepare.

It had no clasp of gold

Nor the costly diamonds blaze

For the festive hall – nor the graceful fold

To float in the dances maze.

T'was [i.e. It was] not to wrap the breast,

With gladness – light and warm.

For the brides attire, for the joyous guests.

Nor to clothe the suppers form.

T'was [i.e. It was] not the sign of woe,
That we bind on our aching heart,
When our eyes with the bitterest tears o'erflow [i.e. overflow]
And our dearest ones depart.

But what we all must bear,
To the cold and dreamless bed:
T'was [i.e. It was] the spotless uniform they wear
In the chambers of the dead.

I saw a fair young maid,
In the snowy vesture chest,
So pure, she looked as one arrayed
For the mansions of the blest.

A smile had left its trace
On her lip, at the parting breath,
And the beauty on that lovely face
Was fixed with the seal of death.

I asked the glittering crown
Where dwelt its envied worth,
Since the highest head must come down
To its pillow in the earth.

I saw the robe of white,
The palms the blest ones bear
Above the grave, to a world of light
For I trust that an aid is there.
Zeta.

A Scene of rural life

It was in the month of August 1852, while residing from home, that I now allude to. My friend with whom I associate, and myself, had for some time, been anticipating a visit to a neighboring district for the purpose of visiting some friends, and viewing some of the beauties of nature. But no suitable opportunity seemed to present itself for some time, but at last one day, as we sat, busily [i.e. busily] plying the needle, and not a word was passing between us. (But probably our thoughts were as busy [i.e. busy] as our hands for one's thoughts are not very likely to be idle, especially when silence prevails [i.e. prevails]) At length my friend spoke to me saying, why need we sit here so busy [i.e. busy], let us go out and enjoy this refreshing breeze. I quickly consented [i.e. consented] to her proposal and we commenced folding our work, and laid it aside [i.e. aside] for the remainder of the day, for we had conducted to make [i.e. make] our above named visit. We were soon on our way, but we had not gone far before we came to a lowly dwelling, where resided a poor, but honest family. We called there a few moments for my thoughtful friend had not forgotten to take some of the comforts of life to administer to their wants. This humble dwelling was not adorned with rich and costly ornaments but everything was arranged with neatness and taste.

And the inmates of that dwelling were happier with their little, than many are with their thousands, although they obtain their living by the sweat of their brow. We did not stop long but taking our leave of the family proceeded onward and soon arrived at our place of destination, and were kindly received by our friends, and after spending some time with them, we with their company set off to visit the mineral springs which were in that vicinity. We rode along the highway for some distance and then dismounting from our carriage we walked along a winding but well-beaten foot path, which led us

down a very steep hill and from thence to the springs which was situated in a very beautiful place overshadowed by a stately oak whose branches bent over it as if they were made to protect it from the scorching rays of the sun.

We now took leave of our friends and proceeded homeward, somewhat fatigued but very much pleased with our afternoon visits. Allah

The Old Bachelor

He had no wife – he's quite alone,
Unsought, unhappy, and unknown,
His days pass by – no pleasure give,
He breathes – he thinks – but does not live.

Have pity [i.e. pity] then – no more alone,
Let him his solitud [i.e. solitude] bemoan;
His days in constant blis [i.e. bliss] would flee
Could he but live, and laugh with thee.

He has no wife – he does not know,
The joys from wedded life that flow.
His absence, there is none to moan
No eye looks bright at his return.

Have pity then – these blessings teach,
And place these joys within his reach:
And when his feet should chance to roam

Be there to smile his welcome home.

He has no wife – and is it meet,
That man should live to drink and eat?
For this did the Almighty hand
Form man, the ruler of the land?

If not thy truth and kindness prove,
Prepare for him the joys of love –
But no! mid such delights, alas!
His years too rapidly would pass.
He has no wife – well be it so.
His days are numbered here below,
He soon will go where none return,
And there will be no friends to mourn.
Folly

Christianity

Kind friends pursuit we to dwell on more sorrow things for a few moments. It is a subject that should interest all of us, although I am incapable of describing it, yet it is dearer to me than any earthly treasure. It contains that which is not found in nature's garden. It is far more pure and celestial. It will buoy up our sinking spirits when no earthly friend is near. [illegible] when all of our friends have forsaken us, this one is whom our Christian hope is founded will never leave nor forsake us. His promises are sure and steadfast. He is ever hovering around to guard us against dangers both seen and unseen.

Who would not have such a friend, to guide them through this vain world. We are all sojourners here for a little season travelling to one place, and this religion is just adapted for all stations of life. It will bring the rich and poor on a level. It is this that will enable us to withstand the frowns of a cold and heartless world. Mark the Christian in the daily walks of life. He is ever casting around that hallowed influence which the child of God can only do. He lives by the golden rule which is do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. His heart is filled [i.e. filled] with love to God to his fellow creatures. His works show that he is daily holding communion with Christ. He feels soon his race will be run, and he shall be called to give an account for the deeds done here in the body. He is now at rest he has gained the wished for share, he is now permitted to sing the song of the redeemed and mingle with the blood washed through forever at home. O the home of the Christian, let us all strive to reach that blessed abode, it is the desire of one your friend and well wishes. Kate Murphery.

Conundrums.

Why is coffee like a new ap.

Because it has to be ground before using.

Why is a pretty damsel like the top of a chimney.

Because she draws the sparks.

Why is a certain lady like the Boston times.

Because she has the news of the day.

Why is one old maid like a blacksmith leather apron.

Because she keeps off the sparks.

Why are certain individuals like a giraffe.

Because they carry their heads so high.

Why is a certain damsel like an ox yoke.

Because she carries two beaus at once.

Why is an old miser like a grindstone in motion.

Because he grinds all that come in his way.

Why is an old bachelor like a cake of ice.

Because you cannot heat him up to sparks.

Editorial

In assuming the responsibilities of the Editorial chain we feel that it is a great and important responsibility. Indeed we did not accept it without much reluctance and many imaginings as to whether under our supervision it will serve the high and noble purpose for which it is intended. This we leave to a discerning public to judge. It is not to be expected that the Editor of a County Journal will be able to furnish to its readers that amount of literary and scientific information which is found in some of our more popular periodicals. But we do intend that it shall be characterized by that high moral tone and unwavering integrity of purpose so highly essential to the peace and prosperity of man.