



Transcription of *The Parsonville Times*, a manuscript newspaper, 1856.

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The Parsonville Times. April 1856

1856

Poetry

A Child's Life

With jaws that were weary and worn,
With eating his breakfast so soon
A little boy sat the table before
Plying his knife and spoon.
Eat, Eat, Eat
Though he's tired of chewing so long
While with a voice choked with sorrow and food
He sings of his study the song
"Think, think, think
Till I'm tired and sick of the word
While from morning to noon and from noon to night
Only 'eat' and 'study' are heard
After breakfast to school I must go,
And study my tasks the while
And on my face there is never sun
What even approaches a smile"
With jaws that were weary and worn
With eating his supper so soon
A little boy sat the table before
Plying his knife and spoon
Bread, butter, and cheese
Cheese, butter, and bread,
Till crammed with study and food I ween
Nothing else ever entered his head.

MP.

[Illustration]

Prose

Lost, Somewhere between New York and Flushing a set of ideas intended to embellish the Parsonville Times for the June number. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning them to the impoverished owner.

Our Daily Paths.

"Theus's beauty around our daily paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Would trace it in familiar things
And 'neath their lowly guise."

There is beauty everywhere around us and though we may not at first remark it if we carefully study the smallest flower that we see we shall find loveliness and grace in its delicate leaves and petals. Even in the frozen snow of the far North there grows a species of moss and in its beautiful little sprigs we may read the kindness of a Creator who has adapted it to live amongst ice and snow. And in the sunny South who can tell the variety and beauty which everywhere meets the eye from the tall magnolia to the humble violet hiding beneath its own green leaves.

But there are other kinds of beauty beside that of flowers. For instance look at the constant round of seasons clothing on one side the earth in verdure, and covering the trees with leaves while the farmer watches his ripening crops and the shepherd follows his sheep far away over the green meadows. On the other hand we see, falling flake by flake the beautiful pure snow while the trees are encased in ice and here and there, skating and sliding are the merry school boys rejoicing in the approach of winter.

A small acorn falls from the bough of a noble oak and remains for months a neglected thing. But after a while two green leaves appear and it gradually grows higher and higher until after the lapse of many a long year it becomes the pride of the forest and overshadows with its wide spreading boughs the very tree the small nut dropped from

so long before. There are numberless other beauties to be found both in nature and art and we advise our readers always to have an eye for the beautiful.

M. Parsons

A Shipwreck and Storm at Sea.

We set sail from the port of New York in the good ship Hornet bound for Rio Janeiro. When we were four days out about latitude 25° there set in a calm which lasted for two days in succession. At the close of the second a severe gale of wind arose which continued throughout the night and we looked anxiously for the morning but it brought us no relief. We ascertained that the ship was driving towards the Bahamas. The wind moderated a little that day but in the night recommenced with greater fury than before. While sitting in the cabin we heard a loud crack and the captain shouted through the speaking trumpet vainly endeavored to preserve order. We passengers rushed on deck and found that the mainmast had blown down and as the ship had sprung a leak the cry was "To the boats! To the boats!" I was irresistibly borne along by the crowd and jumped with many others into the yawl. She immediately swamped and several of my companions were consigned to a watery grave. But observing a large plank with but one person on it I swam towards it and succeeded in placing myself on it not without difficulty for I was several times seized from below in the clutch of a drowning person. As I seated myself on the board I observed that my companion was the second mate. We contrived to fish out of the sea a keg of fresh water and a chest of biscuits not injured by the salt water. After drifting about for several days we were seen by the ship Cleopatra bound for Mobile. They took us on board and we reached that port in safety.

J. B. Parsons.

Our Home Affairs.

If you did but know our dear dog [illegible]—such intelligence, such playfulness and amiability, so many waggish tricks! I know you could not help loving our dear playfellow. He is a noble Newfoundland, and with a scratch on the windows (which Mother does not particularly fancy) and a gentle bark he meets us in the morning, and

what with bounding on us, and caressing us with his paws he leaves us pretty well daubed up for school. He watches for our return and when we start for a walk he is always ready to accompany us and he is as happy as any one of us when we are skating on the pond where you could not but be amused by his efforts to imitate us. In addition to our dog we have two of the dearest little white mice named Romeo and Juliet and very pretty pets they are too with their little pink eyes. And what do you think happened this week? No less an event than the birthday of our senior editor. Birthdays are great events in our family so many little remembrances of the day, so many pleasant wishes, so much rejoicing—why a birthday here is almost equal to Christmas

March 26th 1856. JBP.

To our Subscribers.

One contributor for the May number has been already received and we hope to have more by the middle of this month. Two more numbers will finish our paper.

The Editors.

[Illustration]

Designed and engraved by JBP.