



**Transcription of the *Eastern Star*, a manuscript newspaper, 1855.**

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## Eastern Star

A weekly periodical and general receptacle of the opinions of all men. [illegible]

Vol. 2<sup>nd</sup>— Deering N.H. Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> /55— No. 1

Published by J. Whittle, Office N. 3. Hill Street. [illegible] and write for the paper.

Here once again in fancy's world I roam mid the scenes of my blest childhood's hours and they revisit this remembered spark which time from memory page can never blot.

For the Eastern Star

Once more in our old schoolhouse. Once more upon those old seats which have bid defiance [i.e. defiance] to many of pantaloons that have had their origin progression and completion in some of our grandmother's treadled propelled looms—yes! Once more are we in the same old school house, unaltered, and, judging from appearances—unalterable—But where are our schoolmates. Where are they? Who can tell! In taking a retrospective view, we find them settled not in the limits of a school district, or, town, or, state, but they are found in almost every state of the Union from Maine to California, from the valley of the lovely Merrimack to the source of the father of waters and others—alas! Where are they? Death's cold, unrelenting hand has summoned them from this world of troubles, and borne them to a world from whence no trouble returns. May we so live that when the grim messenger Death's severs the brittle thread of our existence that we may join those loud schoolmates, in a world of endless days. Hirsain

Childhood

We strive to recall the past, the happy hours of childhood, but in vain! They have flown forever, and amid the anxieties and the cares of this world, we linger fondly over the past; and in dreams we are carried back to these scenes we love to dwell upon and again, with loved companions we are roaming through green paths and shady groves. And when in the cold winter eve we are gathered around the cheerful fireside with brothers and sisters dear, where are many of our loved associates? We visit the household, where they once appeared as bright and shinny lights; we visit the favored haunts of youth, and the school-house where we have spent so many happy hours of

uninterrupted happiness, but places vacated or occupied by strangers. We call upon them but all is still and silent as the mansion of death, and we hear but the hallow sound of our own voices, as they echo through the deserted places; still they are with us in memory's holy keeping in the various [i.e. various] walks of life, by the silent fireside and in the secluded chamber when we mingle with the gay throng or in whatever [i.e. whatever] position we may be placed they still live and converse with us. But alas! Every tree, shrub, and plant warns us of the never failing truth that we are "passing away." Luella.

Connundrums [i.e. conundrums]

Why is a certain Brown Girl like a gamester at a shooting match? Ans. Because she pays particular attention to the (Mark)

What is the favorit [i.e. favorite] color of a certain young gentleman of this [illegible]?  
Ans. (Brown)

The Aged

Behold! The aged man bowed down with infirmities, with white locks and trembling limbs, supporting himself with a staff. His eyes are dim with age and he is fast approaching the grave. Once he was young, gay, and active, but time has wafted him on old age has overtaken him. His wrinkled brow shows that he has passed through trouble and afflictions but now he has got nearly through and is about to reap his reward. In youth when we look forward to old age we are told to think that but little comfort can be taken therefore we that are young should endeavor to please them, and smooth their rough and dark journey for if we live to be old we shall need assistance from those who are younger. We should always honor and respect the aged, for the hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness. Catherine.

How have I spent today.

This is indeed a question which every one should ask at the close of each day's labor. Yes; let each ask themselves the question, and be mindful of the answer. If you

can answer that you have spent today in doing something useful, you never will regret that the day has passed away. If we ask ourselves this question, and if the answer shall be, I have spent this day in idleness, and in play, doing that which has not been beneficial to myself nor anyone else, how shall we feel? Shall we feel as though we had performed the part which our Creator designed for us to perform? No; we shall feel as though the light of one day had passed away unregarded [e.i. ignored]. We shall feel as though there was still more for us to do tomorrow. Certainly we do not wish to acknowledge to our-selves and to our friends that we are not useful in this world.

But if we ask ourselves this question and the answer shall be, I have not improved my time, not many times shall we ask it before the answer will be different. Not many day's will the bright sun shine upon us ere we shall say, I have spent today in usefulness! I have improved my time well. Then shall we feel that we have done our duty, and that we are useful to the world. Then let every one ask themselves "How have I spent today?"

A.J.B. Always Joking Boys.

C. F.G. Coming, Foolish Goose.

P.J.C. Pays John's Cunning.

B.S.B. Big Sleepy Booby.

T.B.R. Turkey Buzzard Ruined.

For the Star

Smoking at the present day has become so prevalent that scarcely one young man in a whole town can be found that is not enslaved to the pipe or cigar. We encounter the fumes of tobacco [i.e. tobacco] in the street, at the stores and the places of public resort. It is a habit practiced by both old and young.

The darling boy just escaped from "leading strings" walks the streets puffing away at his cigar and thinks himself a man, if called a boy, he will turn and confront you. "What call me a boy? Why I have smoked this three years." This is a fast age and

what can we expect but tobacco [i.e. tobacco] smoke, railroad cars and spiritualism?  
Kate.

Married Nov. 14. By Rev. J. Whitaker of Weare, Mr. Daniel M. Buxton of Henniker, to  
Miss Abby A. Whitaker of Deering.

### Anticipation

How much is anticipated of the future, and how many a heart has been made sad, when the anticipated time has arrived and brought not with it the hopes so much pondered on. There are many who look forward to such a future time, when they shall be enabled to accomplish something which they propose to do, or shall feast the eye upon some delightful prospect or beguile their sense in some way that they had anticipated. But when it comes to us in reality, our bright dreams vanish, and we find the true nature of things to be quite different from what we expected it would be, this are our hopes blighted and sorrow fills our minds for a while. But ere long some new anticipation appears before us, the past is forgotten, and all seems to go on smoothly again.

Anticipation do not produce sadness sometimes our anticipations are more than realized, and at other times we expect some evil will come and while we are fearing it, it is turned into good; we like to be disappointed in this way. L.F.

### "My Friend and her Grave" By Luella

What a lonely feeling comes stealing over me, as I think of that retired village "Grave yard" where rest the remains of a once loved friend, made near to me by the ties of friendship, and her child-like simplicity.

Never shall I forget the sad day when her gentle spirit, soured away from her attenuated [illegible]. It was a beautiful Sabbath eve just as the sun was slowly descending behind the western horizon when we gazed a long and last fare-well on those mild blue eyes which so soon to close in death. How eagerly we listened to her dying accents of praise to her savior, and to her last words which were, "Happy,

Happy, very Happy." She then raised her emaciated hand as if beckoning for some guardian angel closed her dying eyes and breathed out her spirit, without a groan. I remember as distinctly my feelings as if it had been but yesterday. I felt then that this world had not chosen for me and I gladly would I have lain me down by her side.

The time drew near when they were to lay her in the cold, dark and silent grave. But oh! the heart rending grief depicted upon every countenance when the earth closed over her was indescribable. Passing over the space of three years I returned to that village to spend a short visit, and I thought of my friend's grave; and wandered forth alone to commune with my own thoughts and to visit the lonely churchyard. So worldly indeed had I been that I hesitated to cross the threshold of that sacred enclosure. I first thought to postpone my visit until some future time; but some pure genius, seemed to influence me that my wicked heart needed the influence that the remembrance [i.e. remembrance] of a departed friend would leave upon it.

Slowly and sadly I wended my way to that lonely mound where her favorite flower was dropping over her tomb stone as if regretting the loss of one as young and beautiful. I sat down and wept, wept that I was no more like her. But eighteen summers had she spent in this cold and selfish world, yet she was a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus. I often feel that her awaited spirit is hovering over me to cheer me on amid the stern realities of life; and were it not for this pleasing thought, life would seem more lonely when our friends are snatched from our embrace by the ruthless hand of Death, or their more heavy loss by coldness and estrangement [i.e. estrangement] yet within those unmingled cups of earthly are to teach us the bliss of christened love to God.