



Transcription of *The Olethian*, a manuscript newspaper, ca. 1861.

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[Illustration]

May peace with olives crowned
 Soon bless our land
And hope's bright rainbow visions
 Cheer our youthful band.

The Olethian

Editorial

Darkness shrouded the face of the great waters. The whole earth, once so beautiful lay buried beneath the overwhelming flood of a maker's wrath and all that breathed the breath of life had perished and passed away forever. Only those within the ark remained of all the inhabitants of earth. Shut up within its narrow sides, in obedience to the commands of God, they had seen the windows of heaven opened, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. Day after day they sailed on, seeing no land, till, weary and almost despairing, a dove was sent forth; and lo! it returned bearing an olive branch—a token that God's anger was appeased, and that the light of his reconciled countenance should beam upon them again. We would come before you tonight, kind friends, bringing the "Olethian"—our olive branch; let it be a sign of peace and love between us—of true and kindly interest. It is to us an emblem of rest—of cessation for a while from the cares and duties of school life. Our term has passed pleasantly away and each day have the golden bands of friendship been wound closer and closer around our hearts. Through our paper, as the voice of the school, we would give you all a cordial, sincere welcome. We would welcome those who, like ourselves, are laboring to overcome the obstacles in the path up the rugged hill. The approbation of others who have travelled it before, and found out its difficulties, is pleasing and encouraging to us and we thank you for it. We now desire to direct your attention to the contents of our "Olethian," which are chiefly original and written expressly for this paper. We hope you will not judge of it by its size, as our object has not been to show how great the quantity but how good the quality.

How to meet Trouble.

We should brave trouble as the New England boy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the snowy hills, yet he lingers not by the fire, but, with his books slung over his shoulder and his fur cap tied closely under his chin, he sets out to face the storm. And when he reaches the topmost ridge, where the powdered snow lies in drifts and the north wind courses keen and biting, does he shrink and cower beneath the blast, or run into the nearest house to warm himself. No indeed! He buttons up his coat, and rejoices to defy the blast, and tosses the snow into clouds with his feet; and so, erect and fearless, with strong heart and ruddy cheek, he goes into his place at school. So when the fierce winds of adversity blow over you, and your life's summer lies buried beneath the frost & snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from the right course for momentary warmth and shelter but with a strong heart and firm step go forward in God's strength, to vanquish trouble, and bid defiance to disaster. If there is ever a time to be ambitious it is not when progress is easy but when it is hard.

Advertisement. Grand Concert!

A grand concert will be given by Miss Ann Bean in connection with her friends the Misses Georgianna and Celia Healy at Imagination Hall—No. 3, Science St. on Sat. eve—Oct. 19th. All lovers of good music should be there without fail. They have been received with immense applause throughout the union and will vouch safe that it will be the best concert ever delivered in the city of Candia. Instrumental music by Miss Hidden upon the Jews harp. For programme see small bills. Tickets 50cts, to be had at the door.

What shall I write?

What shall I eat? What shall I drink? And wherewithal shall I be clothed? Is the burden of the general and universal song of humanity; but anxiety at the present moment rather bids me say "What shall I write?" This is the one thing foremost and uppermost in my mind. If I had the genius of a Shakespeare, were I with poesy inspired as Milton, had I the brain of a Thompson, then indeed might I portray and let forth to the hearers of the "Olethian," in vivid colors and stirring language, nature in her glory, humanity in its infirmities, and even treat of the heroes of old, of gods and goddesses, the nymphs

and their abodes. But, not being thus endowed, what shall I write? I know not. Well, as gods and goddesses are too lofty for my treatise, so are the commonalities of life too far beneath me; so I shall be obliged to resort to nothing, which, by the way, is far better adapted to my present emptiness of brain. Then let nothing be my theme. One from one leaves nothing; same case with two from two. Ask an idle school boy what he is doing; he will answer, "nothing." Count the lashes and stripes showered so lavishly on that fool's back; what do they avail? Nothing. Imagine the same amount of learning crowded into his dull pate; to what does it amount? Surely, nothing. Inquire of yonder personification of laziness, what is his occupation? For once, in good faith, he replies, "nothing," or the shorter and more expressive "nothin." For what end do some people seem to be laboring? Indeed, nothing. We all know that the world was created of nothing.

Well, to conclude this harangue, what has all I have said amounted to: what have I drawn from this subject; in a word, what have I written? Echo seems to respond louder than its wont, "nothing."

Special Notice.

An excellent society is being formed in this town, called the Anti-poke-your-nose-into-other-peoples-business Society. All desirous of joining this useful and humane institution are requested to apply to the President.

Mrs. Think-no-evil.

Lessons from the Trees.

In the woods where October is spreading
 Its brilliant array o'er the trees;
I follow my fancy's sweet leading,
 And some with the wandering breeze.

Low voices, now plaintive, now merry,
 Float soft through the shadowy glen,
As if the wild wood—nymphs and fairies

Were haunting the forest again.

Old oak-trees, with centuries hoary,
And rich in proud memories of yore,
Are repeating the marvelous story
Of years that are past, evermore.

The pines make perpetual sighing
O'er beautiful days that have fled,
And whisper "the year is dying,
The flowers of the spring time are dead."

But chestnut trees temptingly laden,
In musical murmurs reply
"The bountiful autumn is with us,
And merry old winter is nigh."

While—clad in their gayest apparel—
The maples exultingly say
"no dream of past glories can equal
The beauty and bliss of today;"

"Then mourn not, my brothers, in sorrow
For summers whose splendor is o'er;
The present is bright, and tomorrow
Has numberless treasures in store."

The world's cold precepts that taught me
To suffer with resolute heart,
But lessons of holier wisdom
These woodland instructors impart.

They teach that no sad dispensation—
No sorrow eclipsing the day—

Lacks sunbeams of sweet consolation,
To steal half his darkness away.

So—deep in the wildwoods lonely—
Beneath the o'ershadowing trees—
My fears take wings, and hope only
Is roaming with me and the breeze.

Conundrums.

1. Why is the great Russian Czar like a half-starved [illegible]?
Ans. Because he has got Hung(a)ry and wants Turkey.
2. What relation is the doormat to the scraper?
Ans. A step-pa(r)ther.
3. Why are a young lady's affections always doubtful?
Ans. They are mis(s)-giving.
4. What colors are the wind and sea in a storm?
Ans. The winds blew and the sea rose.
5. How many young ladies will it take to reach from Candia to Manchester?
Ans. 10—because "a miss is as good as a mile."
6. Which travels faster—heat, or cold?
Ans. Heat—any body can catch cold.
7. Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?
Ans. Because they run when exposed to fire.
8. Why is our school like the gold mines of California?
Ans. Because it contains a Hidden treasure.

Memory.

Memory is that power of the mind which enables us to recall the events of our past lives, whether pleasant or painful. A trifling occurrence frequently brings to mind many of those events which have passed in childhood. Even the least resemblance to the scene revives those joyous and buoyant feelings we were wont to possess when surrounded by our youthful and happy playmates. Were it not for memory, all things would be

buried in forgetfulness and we should lose many pleasures we now enjoy. How often has the recollection of some unkind word which we have spoken to our dearest friends given us great pain, and filled our hearts with sorrow, while we rejoice in the memory of their affection and approbation.

Signification of Noses.

The roman nose betokens manly sense;
The humble snub bespeaks the modest man;
But then, 'twill never rise to eminence,
The least aspiring of the nasal clan,
with but a moderate love of fame or pelf.
(I've got, they say, a snubbish nose myself).
The aquiline proclaims the keenest wit,
But full of guilt as many Hawk or Hawker;
The turn-up nose (as ancient Horace writ)
Is every where a scorner and a mocker;
Some crooked end it secretly proposes—
Don't hang your hat or hopes on turn-up noses.
The gimlet-nose betrays an intermeddler;
When e'er you see a gimlet nose before you
It argues that some Nero Opinion peddler,
Or "Special Agent" now intends to bore you;
The very chap who, when he pricks your joint,
With hideous smiles, cries "Don't you see the point?"

Poetry.

Poetry is the language of passion or imagination. It does not, like prose, call much into action the reasoning powers. It does not consist in fiction or imitation. Neither does it consist in the symphonious arrangement of words in verses, merely; but it is the simple language of the heart, which may be expressed in prose. It is the simplicity of language that gives to poetry its energetic charms. Poetry is more ancient than prose. If we accord with the historian, we must acknowledge that man is naturally a poet, for he tells us

that poetry as the first intellectual effort. Though its beginnings were small, and for a time it was enveloped in darkness, yet by degrees it soon from obscurity and as we trace its progress, we see its path strown with softer graces and wilder virtues; until Howes who even now stands at the head of the poets, arose, and by his rich fancy and delicate taste produced those grand poems which no genius has yet rivalled. And since his time many have written their names in the temple of fame by poetical effort alone. There are some who think poetry as compared with prose, dry and useless. But such are blinded by perverted or uncultivated taste. Good poetry is ennobling in the dark and savage ages of society, what effected more towards enlightening the minds of ignorant men, subduing their natures and refining their manners, than the magic influence of verse?

"The world will laugh & weep & sing
As gaily as before,
But cold and silent I shall be
As I have been, no more."

Thus sang Margaret H. Davidson, while reflecting on her mortality. It seems almost sacrilege to read one verse alone of this beautiful piece of poetry, so close is the connection between the verses; yet there is enough in this one verse to move the feelings and touch the heart. If the sentiment of this poem was expressed in prose, it would be far less affecting. We cannot learn to write in measured cadence by hard study or strict adherence to the rules of rhetoric. If our thoughts naturally are not those that "voluntary move harmonious numbers," we may attempt to compose true poetry but certainly our time and labor will be lost.

Proportions.

As the dish is to the cup board
So is Sarah Beckford to Samuel Hubbard.
As the district is to the town
So is Celia Healy to Frank Brown.
As Emily Hidden is to her bean
So is Sophronia Wallace to Henry Rowe.
As the rod is to the arm that is beaten

So is Ruth Beckford to Willie Eaton.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade;
Where rumor of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more.

Very often amid the strife and warfare of every day life, while mingling with the busy throngs that crowd our streets, ourselves perplexed and troubled by the calamities always attendant upon man, and listening to tidings of those around us, we are led to exclaim, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness" &c. You may enter any place of public resort where people most do congregate and the first salutation usually is, "What's the news?" Then follows a rehearsal of the various news afloat. At the present time the civil war holds an important place. The latest skirmish between the rebels & Federalists. The great battle that is to be—Gen. Fremont's proclamation in Missouri. The regiments about ready to start from this state. And above all, the news in regard to our townsmen to are in the army, if there is any news, or if not, various speculations as to their probable fate. All these are the prevailing subjects of conversation, so that many turn away in disgust and sigh, "Oh for some boundless contiguity of shade!" &c, "Oh for some deep solitude, into which the eye of day can scarcely penetrate, and where the treacherous words of a false world may never again be heard." But just imagine that this were gratified and that in an instant you had been transported to some vast uninhabited wilderness, some boundless shade, whose soil had never been pressed by the foot of man. I think at least after the novelty had worn off, that we should wish ourselves back again, and be ready to exclaim with that celebrated monarchy all he surveyed. "Oh! solitude! Where are the charms that sages have found in thy face." And yet there could not be a perfect solitude. The trumpets howl and rage through the tops of the forest trees, or the wind roars and swells and surges with wild discord, making the branches creak and crash against each other, and every bough to have a separate wail. The notes of rival songsters constantly fill the air, producing wave on wave of sound, and floating away over the forest. The very soul of peaceful joy. The brook its story to the patient pebbles tells of its long wanderings mid the haunts of men. The nimble squirrel chatters to its mate; the bee goes humming by on restless wing; the busy ant toils to her citadel; the flowers nod their bright heads and whisper words of cheer; trees, birds, insects and

flowers are responsive, every one; and in their various languages [pull?] many a tale of happiness and no unfold. And man, supreme and lordly man, the great creation of an almighty hand, was not made to be in solitude, but to be active, and use the powers entrusted to him for his own and others' good. One of our own N.E. poets has beautifully expressed this idea, he says, "There is no solitude, save what man makes when in his selfish heart he locks his joys and griefs, and shuts our other's woes."

Washing Day.

It is Monday morning, all is bustle and confusion, chanticleer in the yard is sounding his shrill voice, the turkeys are gobbling, the cows are lowing, everything seems to have conspired to make as much noise as possible. Indoors may be heard the crackling of the fire, the rattling of the pans and kettles, the snarling of the cat which is continuously under foot, the cries of the infant in the cradle, and above all the sharp shrill voice of the mother as she goes bustling about her work. Mrs. Bird is churning; the eldest daughter is presiding over the wash tub and the younger one is engaged in preparing the breakfast. Breakfast is quite an unceremonious meal, all eat as if they had their day's work before them and longed to begin it. It being finished, the men fill their bottles with molasses and water, and leave for the fields. They proceed to work again with no interruptions, till, at a loud scream from the cradle, all leave their work and run to see what can be the matter with "our pet;" it is discovered that the naughty cat has cruelly scratched the darling, with many threats of vengeance they try to pacify him, but for a long time he refuses to be comforted, at length, however, he suffers another to seat him quietly in the cradle. No farther interruptions are endured, till about the middle of the forenoon the door-bell rings. All leave their work and try to get Mrs. Bird to look decent to receive callers, but a clean cap is nowhere to be found. They commence searching in all the drawers and corners and every place that could be thought of, and after much search one is discovered. The next thing was a clean apron and after a few moments that was found. Meanwhile the door bell had rung again and again and the callers had come round to the other door and knocked. By that time she was ready to see them excepting that her hair, that was not hid under her cap, was in disorder. So, snatching up a brush, she started for the door, smoothing her hair as she went along, then when she was opening the door she slyly dropped the brush behind it, where it never will be found except in case of accident. Putting on as pleasant a countenance as she could

assume, she received her visitors very gracefully, said she was so sorry that she did not hear the door-bell ring, but really she had been out of doors and only came in a moment before they knocked. After some moments conversation they reveal the object of their call, to obtain money and assistance for the suffering people of Kansas. They expatiate at great length on the privations & sufferings of the people in the dreadful famine and drouth. She assures them they have her heart full of sympathy in the cause which they have so magnanimously undertaken, and after much talk, as she sees no other way to get rid of them, she puts her name down for a small sum, and they take their leave, when she wishes them and their subscription paper at the end of the earth and says the money she was obliged to give would almost have bought her a new dress, she don't believe the people of Kansas have any harder time than she does; and this wears the day away, and all are [heartily?] glad to see the end (to express it in older phrase) of Job's birthday.