



Transcription of *The Rustic Wreath*, a manuscript newspaper, ca. 1856.

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Transcription created in 2023 as part of the Historic Children's Voices project, supported by funding from the National Endowment for the Humanities. Users of this transcription should note its use in the credit line in any citations of the transcribed source.

Cite the original newspaper as: *The Rustic Wreath Manuscript Newspaper*, ca. 1856, Mss Boxes Amateur 043, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester MA.

## **The Rustic Wreath**

Vol. 1<sup>st</sup> no. 9

Issued occasionally at the Hall of Learning.

Devoted to those whose object is improvement.

Terms—Forbearance; though this sheet prove uninteresting.

For the last time we are banded together; for the last time, have we gathered our buds and leaves to twine this wreath. Many times have we this met, and has it been in vain, we think not, — though our buds have not blossomed and fully expanded, we will not be discouraged, for they have enlarged and though there are leaves yet, yes green leave. Yet without them the beauty of our wreath would be marred: let us endeavor to guard well the buds; for though they may not again be gathered to twine the Rustic Wreath, they may exert an influence somewhere, and may no thorns enter, no blight, no cankering worm, but may they go on widening and expanding until they bloom, beyond the portals of the tomb, in a never ending eternity.

True Friendship.

Who can fathom [i.e. fathom] the length and breadth of this one word, —it had its birth in Heaven, and was implanted by God in the very center of the human soul, its nature is progression, and it will continue to shine forth in undicing beams, through the never ending cycles of eternity.

Immortal thou art, thy birth place is Heaven  
To man thou went given his acts to contrive  
Thy footprints are love gently chiding the erring  
Thy nature is godlike, thy home is the soul.  
But oh! there's a spirit, and a courteous one  
Which enters our circles, with thy smile on its face  
Though prosperity's sunshine like a friend it will come  
But when adversity frowns, then thy name twill disgrace

Such friendship as this no one can desire  
It freezes the heart's blood with its death-stinging dart  
While true friendship's pure smile doth swell the tide higher  
It bids the dark clouds of our sorrows depart.  
Oh grant me kind heaven some generous friend  
To close my dim eyes when this life is o'er  
To watch beside my death slumbering bed  
And rob the stern monster of his sharp sting & power.  
P.H.W.

All things subject to change.

The changes to which all things both animate and inanimate are subject, will never cease to engage the attention of all enquiring minds. That all things are subject to change, no one that is observing will presume to doubt. Look for a moment at the changes that have taken place on this continent since its settlement by Europeans. It was once inhabited only by Indians and various wild animals that are now nearly exterminated. Civilization with rapid footsteps has advanced over the land and its whole aspect has been changed. Where once no sound met the ear, save the roar of the waterfall, the howl of the wild beast, or the whistle of an Indian's arrow, may now be heard the clangor of machinery, and all the bustle of active life. The Indian has perished; his hunting grounds are destroyed.

"His highest pine lies low.  
And cities swell where forests frowned  
Two hundred years ago."

Late discoveries show that at a period still more remote, geological revolutions have taken place on the globe transcending even the wildest vagaries of the imagination.

Matter cannot remain at rest, and this far world with all its extraordinary accompaniments [i.e., accompaniments] must ultimately fall into ruin and then again burst forth into new forms of beauty & wonderful adaptation to the then condition of things. Such have been the changes through which the earth has passed, and they may be repeated at intervals too vast for finite comprehensions through the never terminating cycles of eternity. Perhaps there are no changes better calculated to impress us with a

sense of our own mortality than the different seasons of the year, each one of which haven compared to the different periods of human life. Spring is quickly succeeded by summer. Autumn by winter, presenting a contrast pleasing yet sad. Wherever we turn our eyes we behold changes—time hurries on—and, as he passes writes change upon every earthly object. One day may bring happiness and enjoyment and another may come freighted with sorrow and disappointment.

But eleven short weeks since we assembled for the commencement of our term of school, and now we are assembled for its close, and should we visit this schoolroom on the morrow, we should not meet our schoolmates, nor our kind teacher ever ready to assist us in climbing the hill of science.

Truly in our hearts we should say sad indeed has been the change. The time has quickly fled. Soon our days for attending school will all be numbered with those of the term just past.

Let us improve the reason of youth, that we may be prepared for the changes of the future.

Hellen J. Moore

### The Cultivation of the Mind.

Youth is the time for the cultivation of the mind. It is not then embarrassed with the varieties, and cases, of worldly employments. It is then capable of receiving great and sublime ideas, if properly cultivated, if not it will be like the man that never had a dozen thoughts in all his life, yet he lived happy and died happy, not so with the mind, it is discontented with the present, reaching forward to obtain something it does not possess, and thirsting for knowledge and a higher sphere of action. How often it is, that it vainly thirsts for what it might so easily obtain. Reading books written by the wise and virtuous will conduce greatly to its improvement, but nothing will so elevate and enlighten the mind as the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. We not only benefit ourselves, but also others in a degree. Its influence is not only felt in the domestic circle, but in the society in which we move. How important then that our youth be spent in the cultivation of our noblest talents they being capable of giving us joy and support as we

advance in life. How unlike this is the uncultivated mind; knowing nothing, doing nothing; fearing nothing.

A cultivated mind may be compared to the widows cruise of oil, ever lasting and capable at all times of drawing resources from itself.

The uncultivated is life the great desert in Africa, destitute of everything, but here and there a well of water, with which to quench the thirst of its few wandering ideas.

Ellen Townsend

The Close of School.

Our school is about to close, schoolmates must part, some to go one way and some another, and many perhaps part forever. We shall have no more pleasant walks together, no more social times, all must now close, and we must part with a kind and affectionate teacher whom we all very much love. And let us ask ourselves, have we improved as we ought. If not I think it is our own fault.

{Martha Rogers} Ellen

"A man would drink a glass of wine, and not let it go down his throat—how could he do it? By standing on his head and letting it go up his throat."

"Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud? —Because it keeps continually lighting!

Why is our school like a blacksmith's shop? Because we have the Bellows.

What I hate to see.

I hate to see people when they are walking in the street gaze about and look behind them. I hate to see a room with things when they were last used, it looks as though the one who had the care of the room was afraid of wasting her time. I hate to see people careful about rising before the sun lest it should injure their health or mar

their beauty. I hate to see people when they are away from home look into every box and basket, and ask questions at the expense of others. I hate to see a young lady easily flattered it shows a want of female delicacy and refinement. I hate to see young ladies go to evening meetings & lectures for the sake of having fellows home it shows they care more about the fellows than the improvement. And above all, I hate to see the teacher oblige his scholars to write compositions.

R.J.E. Blanche

#### Description of a Church.

I once knew a church well situated in the center of this town on an eminence very airy and beautiful, and on the Sabbath you would find it well filled with attentive listeners, but after a time it was moved to this village, and after being repaired it was occupied by the Baptist & Universalist for a number of years. At length it was constructed into a school house, and repaired by one of our citizens, in elegant style and several shade trees have been planted in front of it and which will in time spread its branches over the yard, and render it shady and beautiful. It is the same house in which we are now receiving knowledge under the instruction of Mr. Burge & Miss Richardson who are very kind and pleasant teachers.

Antoinette. {Emily Prouty}

#### Nature Superior to Art.

We behold every where the works of nature superior to Art. The study of nature calls forth our deepest feelings. For who can contemplate nature perfect in every sphere and moving in perfect order, and, not feel his own inferiority, —how callous to every noble sentiment that heart must be that can behold unmoved the works of the great Creator, — it is through nature, and nature's works that we can look up to nature's God. As we walk forth in the morning—we behold nature in all her loveliness—the birds are warbling forth their sweetest music, on every side are the bright drops of dew pierced by the rays of the morning sun, refreshing herb and flower. The air is sweet and nature seems to be tuned in one harmonious whole. If we wander at noon in the shady grove, the cooling breeze fans our cheek, as we loiter by the side of the murmuring rivulet as it

winds its way through grassy banks, and pluck the wild flower that sheds its fragrance there, or perchance if at eve, we seat ourselves upon some towering cliff to watch the setting sun as he slowly sinks behind the western hill, and gaze upon that glorious orb retreating from our sight, what emotions are awakened in our souls. We behold all the mind has ever pictured as sublime and beautiful, all the sense are gratified, care and sorrows are banished from the mind. If we gaze upon the vast arch of the heavens interspersed [i.e. interspersed] with myriads of shining worlds and inhabited like our earth, upheld by nature's laws, and kept in place by the laws of attraction and gravitation, our thoughts involuntarily turn to Him, who placed them there, whose hand created, and who still directs their motions. Art may [illegible] and indeed it does imitate almost every thing, yet there is something wanting, something lacking, it cannot bring to perfection. It imitates the rose, but where is its fragrance! It may imitate the human form, but where is its life? Where the intellectual powers? We may behold the rounded limb the regular posture, yet where is that moving power, that infinite mechanism, that we find in God's own likeness, that we find as we follow the anatomy and physiology of the human system through its complicated windings, and finally [i.e. finally] from the green myriads in the peopled grass to man's imperial race we find the same wide disparity, and are led to exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, thy ways are past finding out."

B.R.C.

"Matrimonial." — "My dear," said an affectionate spouse to her husband, "am I not your only treasure?" "O, yes" was the cool reply, "and I would willingly lay it up in heaven."

Respected friends and schoolmates dear  
Who now before me do appear  
Who here have come with us to day  
To bring an offering — the students say.

We've climbed the high [i.e. height] of yonder steep  
With beating hearts and anxious feet  
And here have come, at last, for all

To crown the labors of this fall.

We here have met for many days  
To think of th' fount of wisdoms ways  
To store the mind with gems of worth  
Bright as the shining dust of earth.

But now those days have fled away  
With us no more again, to stay  
They're gone beyond the things that are  
And passed swift as the morning's car.

It seems a brief & fleeting spell  
Since the tones of yonder hill  
Called us from our various homes  
Here to meet in learning's dome.

Its warming voice has oft been heard  
As clear and free as the morning birds  
And we have turned at its call  
Our nimble pace for this Hall.

And here we've come from day to day  
For three short months—our only stay  
With eager eye and thirsty lip  
To quaff the bowl that angels sip.

Oh long and pure has been the draught  
Without the sting of a demon's laugh  
Without the pang of misspent hours  
Moring the life with dying flowers.

We've been a band of brothers kind  
We've labored to improve the mind



We've worked in sunlight's passing day  
We've studied by the nights lamps ray.

But all these pleasures bright and fair  
Have passed away like straw in air  
Have gone to blend their holy might  
With deeds that tell of heavenly light.

And now for us th' yonder bell  
Has ceaced [i.e. ceased] to echo through the dell  
No more for us will it at morn  
Be the mild but school-calling horn.

But be our lot whate'er it may  
As we sail o'er the ruffled bay  
We never shall forget the time  
It summoned us by its merry chime.

And if a darkness should arise  
To cloud our bright and youthful skies  
Here, I'll be a balm for the wounded heart  
Which time and death alone can part.

And now my friends we must leave  
The scenes we've loved with a student's zeal  
And as we go from this place  
Let hope and hoy illum the face.

If petty wrongs have been our part  
And made us now and then a smart  
Let them like faint orb of night  
Grow dim at morn's advancing light.

And now to you I'll bid adieu

Not with the tear drops burning dew  
But with a high and holy prayer  
For your success—here—everywhere.

R.L. Burge.

Wanted.

I hereby give notice that I have given to my sons Gephaniah and Hesakiah and all my children living, the remainder of their minority after they are 21, they shall pay no more debts of my contractions or claim my wages. Isaac Stincanfhedle, Ashdod, September 49, 1856.

The New England Fathers.

Let us turn from the comforts and blessings by which we are surrounded, and for a while, live amid those scenes that tried men's souls. Let bring to the mind's eye that band of exiles that a little more than tow centuries ago, first set foot on the wild shore of New England. Naught was there to welcome them but the gloomy forest, the wild savage, want, privation, and suffering. Behind them [illegible] the broad waves of the Atlantic, like an impassable barrier between them and their own loved native land; yet from the lops of those congregated there arose a hymn of praise to that God they worshipped, and, who had guided them safely through the perils of the mighty deep. Behold, among that little band, the heavy heads, and form bent with age, but a calm determination of quiet resignation rests upon those features.

There is the broad and noble brow of manhood, upon which is stamped a firm resolve, a high a holy purpose. There too, is the slender form, yet, strong and trusting heart of woman, calm and fearless she stands amid the gloom around her. Would they seek wealth amid these wilds, that perishable treasure? Would they twine around those noble brows the laurel wreath of fame? Ah, no, but a more lasting and richer blessing. And is it to this few that we are to look for our ancestors, yes; truly, and proudly, too, do we go back to that rock-bound coast for our fathers.

We may not dwell upon that, which may seem to us narrow-mindedness [i.e. mindedness] in them, in committing the same error that drove them from their home. Let us consider that they lived in an age of superstition, and it had not as yet entered the mind of man, that all had the privilege of worshipping God as his own heart dictated. Let us look at their humble trust, their resignation to the will of God, their strength, their endurance in adversity.

Let us admire that noble nature that prompted them to form that system of education that has gone on progressing, and improving, until it reaches us in the state of perfection, which we now enjoy. Thanks are to you, venerable fathers, for the priceless gem we now enjoy, a home in freedom's land. Though we owe much to the bold and enquiring mind that led a Columbus across the unknown waters, and that self-sacrificing spirit, that prompted a Washington to peril like for country, yet, to you ye Plymouth band we owe our deepest gratitude.

C.R. Balch.

True Politeness.

True education require the full development and exercise of the better feelings of the heart and the proper culture of these will exhibit themselves in outward actions and expressions, we are much inclined to form an estimate of those with whom we meet or associate, from their mode address, and, from external appearances. If they are coarse and rude in their manners, rough and undignified in their salutations and remarks, or abrupt in their answers, we are inclined to avoid them, and regard them as unkind and uncompanionable, we do not expect to find much that is attractive in them and they possess some worthy qualities, their first appearance is so repulsive, that we are hardly prepared to witness any evidence of real humanity and goodness.

Again we meet with those whose dignified demeanor, social and free manners, combined with true politness [i.e. politeness], at once attract our notice. By their pleasant and obliging manner, they command the respect and esteem of all with whom they associate, and gain an influence which will be really irresistible.

{Abby M. Gleason}

What I like to see.

I like to see people when they walk out, gaze about and look behind them, it shows that they are observing. I like to see a room with things where they were last used, it shows that time is not waisted [i.e. wasted] in laying them away, and they will be ready for use next time the ayre wanted. I like to see people careful about rising before the sun lest it should injure their health or mar their beauty. I like to see a lady when company approaches, commence sweeping, it will evince a due regard for neatness and prosperity. I like to see a young lady easily flattered, it shows that she is possessed of female delicacy and refinement. I like to see people, when they are away from home, look into every box and basket and ask questions even at the expense of others. There are many other things that I like to see but are too numerous mention, and I will therefore leave them to the imagination of the reader.

Mabel (E.E. Rust)

Getting Married. By Ameret Peters.

Why can't I get married  
Some girls will say,  
Or have a fellow to carry  
Me o'er the way,

Some can have a fellow,  
To carry them about  
And give them red and yellow,  
To help fix them out,

And some can have a beau  
To come Sunday nights,  
But I can't get one to say,  
Now do you write,

I often give them hints,  
When they are going off,

But it don't do any good  
For they will turn and laugh,

But I shan't give up so,  
I will try again,  
And see who'll do better,  
A catching the men.

School.

This school commenced [i.e. commenced] its fall term with all the bright and glowing prospects that could be presented, it had an unusual large number of students, and they began their march up the steep and rugged hill of science, seeming determined if possible to reach its summit, and this we have passed along all things going off pleasantly, and in order. But now the closing scene, the time is fast approaching when these pleasant and delightful scenes will close. Those who have assembled themselves together for spending a few short weeks in the delightful task of study must now part. These rooms in which we have assembled from day to day are soon to be vacated, and their walls which have echoed back the gladsome sounds, are now to be left to echo naught but the sounds of loneliness. We met as friends, and it is hoped we shall part as such; so that if we ever meet again in this world we may greet each other with that welcome which none but true friends can do.

{Ellen L. Wentworth.}

Forgiveness.

It is the duty of everyone to forgive the frailties and offences of others. We are all liable to err in some manner, and are daily committing faults. We should always let reconciliation take the place of resentment, and, when we think we have received an injury, this is the only way to secure peace. But we should never employ the spirit of retaliation, for if revenge once takes possession of the heart it will destroy the pleasures of life, and debase the mind. What can render a person more disagreeable, than an appearance of anger upon every trifling occurrence! I think it necessary for us to watch the bent of our temper, every moment of our lives, and see that it does not take an

improper direction. We should endeavor to cultivate a sweetness and uniformity of temper, for that above all things will make a person appear lovely [i.e. lovely] and amiable. There are some who appear to have no control over their temper, every one should endeavour [i.e. endeavor] to over-come it, when anything occurs to disturb [i.e. disturb] them—for an indulgence of passion, not only injures their character, but is often the source of every great unhappiness to themselves and others.

Forgiveness is one of the most amiable virtues, and we should exercise it upon every necessary occasion. We are commended to forgive, that we may be forgiven, and if this spirit was not practiced to some degree, the world would be one continual scene of misery and discord.

{F.M. Mellish.}

Why are certain girls in this place like an arrow?  
Because they cannot go off without a bow (bean).

Why is a certain scholar like wet iron?  
Because he is inclined to Rust.

Why is our school like a garden?  
Because we have a gardener.

The beauties of the Forest.

How delightful to retire a while from the busy scenes that surround us, to some sequestered grove, there to hold communion with nature, scenes of beauty there presented, cannot fail to raise the drooping spirits, and cheer the disconsolate heart, and will afford some of the most useful lessons of instruction. The murmuring of the little rivulets as they wind their way beneath the branches of the tall forest trees., which have withstood the hand of time for centuries, like a soothing melody charm the senses [i.e. senses] into pleasing forgetfulness. The melodious lay of the feathered songsters, all conspire to calm the anxious breast, and kindle in the heart feelings of gratitude and love to the Father of nather.

As we wander along through the dense forest one moment we ascend the gigantic cliff, and now mount the almost perpendicular side of the rocky-paved knoll, then descending [i.e. descending] on the other side into a deep and watery ravine, thickly wooded with alders, and dog-wood. The gloomy stillness which prevales [i.e. prevails], unless disturbed by the uncouth song of the lonely [i.e. lonely] frog, or the shrill piping of the speckled turtle, renders it a place peculiarly suited for meditation, and if the lessons of instruction be treasured in the mind, we shall be happier and better for our temporary absence from society.

"Though many sounds delight the ear,  
What can with native's view compare  
The whispers of the gentle breese [i.e. breeze],  
Which lightly play among the trees."

H.G. Moore.

Lines on the Death of Gen. Wolfe.

The great and small, Alas! Must die,  
Such laws to us are given,  
Made by our Maker, king and lord,  
Who rules and reignes [i.e. reigns] in Heaven.

The hero on whose brow was wreathed,  
The gems of truth and fame,  
Tough, in his country's noble cause,  
And gained the patriots name.

He lived to see his victories won,  
For which he toiled so long,  
His works, and deeds, we trust will live  
In true, and humble, song.

His ashes now lie smoldering there,  
As other heroes lay,  
He laboured [i.e. labored] for his country's good,

But he has passed away.

His form was fair, his reason good,  
With this was ever blest,  
But death at last came quickly on,  
And laid him down to rest.

His labours o'er! His victories won!  
He calmly yields his life,  
And bids adieu to things of earth,  
To richer and to strife.  
(A.R.E.)

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that never die; the rough subs of the world cannot obliterate them, they are memories of home, there is a magic in the very sounds, there is the old tree, under which the light hearted by swung many a day; yonder the river in which he learned to swim, there the house in which he knew a parents protection; there are certain feelings of humanity, and there too among the that can find an appropriate place for their exercise, only by ones fireside, there is privacy of that kind which it was a species of discesion [i.e. discretion] to violate, he who seeks wantonly to invade is more worless [i.e. worthless] than a villain, and hence there exists no rarer test od the debasement of morals in a community than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode the man who invades the security of private life, in the turmoil of the world let there be at last one spot where the poor man may find affection and confidence which is not likely to be observed.

{Caroline Watts.}

Recipes

For making the Bitter Pill—Take 8 grains of Jealousy. 1 scruple of scorn & flattery enough to make it of the consistency of dough. Make the pills as small as a large goose egg. Dose from one to five according to the age of the patient, the pill may be taken in a



wine glass full of lukewarm Resentment or any other convenient vehicle the operation is sure and effectual, 3 doses warranted to effect a cure.

For making Homoepathic [i.e. homeopathic] broth—Take the leg of a hum bird, put it in 96 gallons of the Abanayria spring water, boil 24 hours over a stove fire. Dose from 1 to 2 drops, according to the strength of the patient, more than four drops should never be taken at a time as it may sink the patient into a comatose state, or produce a concussion on the brain.

The Eloquence of Silence.

Yes there is a language in silence, at times more thrilling than that of human tones. An old adage says "Silence gives consent." Now shall we imagine a scene:

A youth and maiden [i.e. maiden] are seated upon a soft mossy bank—flowers are gathered in glowing and beautiful clusters around—a gentle streamlet flows safely by—and sweet birds are singing their evening songs filling the air with melody—the moon looks down calmly and gently—with her magic rays piercing melting the youths and maiden's enamored hearts—till like two beautiful rain drops they flow into one—there is enchantment in moonlight. As if entranced they sit—the flowers hang wearily their drooping cups, and close their starry eyes, the birds weary of his carolling [i.e. caroling] forgets his song and is hushed and still. Now the youth is breathing low words in the maiden's ear. Hush, do you not hear them? "Sue let's get married." Silence reigns. Eloquent soul stirring heart thrilling silence—yet does it not say more plainly than Sue could say with words. "We won't do anything else."

Blanche.