



Transcription of *The Flower*, a manuscript newspaper, 1836.

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Transcription created in 2024 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 Flower* Manuscript Newspaper, 1836, Mss Boxes Amateur 022, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester MA.

The Flower

Vol. I No. I

Published semi-monthly by Thomas A. Buffum. Office no. 2 upstairs

William O. Bartlett, editor.

Terms

One approved communication, or 3cts. Per no. for reading.

The following article is from the pen of our new correspondent. We shall be pleased to hear from the same source again.

There are few of the myriad sources of enjoyment which nature unfolds to man equal to those afforded by twilight. There is something in this hour so tender, so holy, so fraught with simple, yet sublime associations that it belongs heaven, rather than to the earth.

The selfish interests and commonplace distractions of the day are gone by; the heart of man yields up its obstinacy, and gives way to its softening influences.

In this calm pleasant hour the heart sways the past; the dead, the absent, and estranged, come thronging back on our memory with force that we cannot control, if we would.

The blessings of twilight are every where felt and experienced. Upon the hills, in the valley, and by the brook-side it pours its richest treasures; but in the narrow crowded lanes of the city it is no less refreshing and acceptable.

After the bustle of the day is past and all feelings of ill-will are shut out of the heart, how delightful it is to hold sweet communion with the spirits of the air. We look back on past years, think of those of our friends who have left this sinful world, and hone to the country where there is neither sin nor corruption to disturb its peace and harmony.

What heart has not acknowledged this influence of this sweet and soothing twilight, the hour of love, the hour of adoration, the hour of rest "when we think of those we love, only to regret we had not loved them more—when we remember our enemies only to forgive them." H.

Jona. Asher &c. &c. [from?] is ed sometime since, we have though [i.e., thought] best not to insert.

Debating Society

The scholars are respectfully requested to meet at the office of Bartlett & Buffum this evening, to form a society of the above description.

W.O. Bartlett, late sec.

For The Flower

Reminiscences of a bachelor

The Kiss

No longer he sung of auburn hair,
In ringlets laid o'er a brow so fair,
Like ocean wave in a gentler curl,
Ben gracefully o'er a sleeping pearl;
Nor of her eye with its long, dark lash,
Soft in slumber, sparkling in its flask;
Nor of her hand, that beautiful thing,
As if the snowflake had lent its wing;
Nor of her white brow, searching high,
Like the snow cloud pile in heaven's sky;
I tell, on her his thoughts were often turned
The passion pure in his bosom burned
Of youth's true, and unaffected love,
Like the tie that bind the turtle dove

To his own fair mate: and he'd even
Hoped that it might live until heaven
Should purify its nature.

But, O! the sad hour had come to part,
Ah! sad indeed to a broken heart;
The thoughts that ran in his giddy brain
From speech no longer could he restrain
"Forgive! Forgive me once! I must seek
One sweet kiss to press upon thy cheek"
A cold look of hypocritic scorn,
Then she cast upon that youth forlorn
That one look 'spoke volumes' dark and dire,
As the bursting forth of Mr. Etna's fire
E'en his affection withered at the sight
Drew o'er its brightness the vale of night.

Man over the river.

Communications

On any subject for this paper are thankfully [illegible] Address Thomas Arnold Buffum.

The Flower.

Smithfield June 17 1836

After having changed the name of our paper, no small number of times, we have at length fixed upon an original, and we hope, permanent one.

We now hope that as The Flower unfolds its leaves, even the delicate hand of woman, shall not withhold "That which lieth in its power." And we hope that the spirit of poetry, after having

soared on the wings of imagination, and "wild reality" brought the boundless extend of creation and touched on some of the immense number of words hung in the sky may come down and paint the image of itself upon a leaf of The Flower.

And that these blended with morality and the true "religion of the heart" may form the character of this periodical.

Political

We witness with pleasure the growing popularity of Gen. Harrison. It is with delight that we read the almost daily announcements of his nomination for the presidency.

Richard M. Johnson.

How happens this man to be a candidate for the vice presidency? On what ground does he present himself for that honorable office? Certainly, we should guess America had a better son for that place.

Columbia: where is thy virtue and thy pride, that thou art filling the highest offices withing thy gift with such men? Does Col. Johnson ask for the vice presidency on the ground that he once said Mr. Adams' administration should go down if it was pure as the [angels?] of heaven? Or what has he ever done to merit the vote of New England? Will some of our tory, anti-Whig, self styled Democrat, neighbors answer these questions?

Pranking Privilege

It is said that Col. Johnson once sent a petticoat by mail, free of postage to his wife. Instead of having it a letter, he meant to lett-her have it.

A Good Writer

Is wanted at the office of Bartlett & Buffum.

Wm. O. Bartlett has removed to no. 4 upstairs.

Morals of the West and South.

Vice seems to have taken deep roots in the fertile soil of our western states, and though like the grain of mustard seed small in the beginning, has made alarming progress. Where the soul is teeming with fruitful abundance, and every breeze wafts the perfumes with which it is loaded, why need man still be dissatisfied without that drink which spoileth life, that cup which is the death of prosperity and comfort. It is strange that when a second "Garden of Eden" is created, its inhabitants can not 'let alone' the tree in its midst.

And what is the reason of the bad state of morals at the South? Slavery for one!

It is a shame for those men who have the honor of being members of the American congress to so debase themselves as they do at Washington which is but a specimen of southern morality.

Thomas A. Buffum, no. 2. Receives all subscriptions and payments for The Flower.

Communications addressed to the editor, office no. 4.

Though we have frequently placed the nomination of Hon. Mr. Webster in our columns, as there is no probability of his being elected at the next presidential contest, we think the name of Wm. Henry Harrison stands next on the list of candidates. If we cannot have the Orang, it is no reason why we should reject the Apple and take up with a Potato.

It is very plain that a revolution in the office holders is naturally beneficial to the country. Those petty men "[in want?]" who have changed their politicks for the sake of a little change, are in such as case left in a pretty predicament.

Those men who will "sell their country for golf" and sacrifice its good to personal interest, must these "take their walking papers."

While we are thus talking about the presidency we have not forgotten that portion of the article written by "our much esteemed friend" "full blooded Rhode Islander" relating to state affairs; and we believe it is the duty even of boys to exert their influence though it be no more than the widow's might in purifying their state from the "Jackson itch."

Good luck to Gen. Harrison.

We learn that a neighboring paper has "gone down"

"How far had it to fall."

A certain Miss takes the liberty to style us "the meanest of mankind"

May be so, darling child, and yet not half as mean as some of woman kind.

It is sometime since we have received a number of the Mercury.

No wonder one dose, wrapped up in the name of Johnson & Van Buren [should?] be a

"sufficient supply."

The wind has been northeast about three weeks this season. Lucky Col. Johnson's family don't live in that direction.

Mr. Benton made a long speech in congress on the expunging resolutions. He seems to have been 'Bent-on' his purpose.

Van Buren, has voted for the "gag-law." It may pass down his own throat.

\$10,000 reward has been offered for Rev. A.A. Phelps. They prize abolitionists high at the South.