



Transcription of *The School Bell*, a manuscript newspaper, 1867.

This handwritten newspaper is in the collection of the American Antiquarian Society (Catalog Record #614519).

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: School District No. 2 (Nelson, N.H.) Manuscript Newspaper, 1867, Mss Octavo Volumes Amateur 001, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester MA.

The School Bell

Published by the school district no. 2. Nelson N.H. Motto "Persevere" December 1867

Editorial

In prescribing to you the present number of the School Bell, we will not weary you with many apologies, but will ask you to be charitable and accept what may be acceptable and not be disposed to criticize our faults too much. We have not reached our aim but still we feel that our efforts have not been wholly in vain and trusting that you will see some thing [i.e., something] in us to recommend, we will now ask your attention for a little while in the reading of our Bell.

School Days

Our teacher wishes us to write a composition for examination and as our school days are rapidly passing, what subject more appropriate than this. Here we are in Nelson attending school, and trying to prepare our minds for something useful. Soon we shall be past attending school, and as we advance in years, shall need to be prepared to fill our various stations in life, and can we do without a good education. Here we are at the close of the term, and have we made that progress in our studies which we might and ought to have done. Upon reflection I think we all shall answer no. But this term is gone never to be recalled, and the only way for us to do is in the fortune to improve our time to the best possible advantage, and as we shall wish we had done when we come to look back, as we all must and compare ourselves with those who have made great attainments in knowledge, and are filling important positions in society.

The Story of a Maple Tree

The first I can remember, I was on the end of a limb of a large tree. How I looked then I cannot tell, but I think I must have been handsome, for one day as some children were walking by, one of them pulled me down and said, oh! look here! What is this? That said the other is a maple seed. Can't you see them on the other limbs? Yes, but they are not nearly as pretty as this. Mayn't I pick it off? I wouldn't, it is too pretty to spoil,

was the reply. So, they left me [wavering?] in the air thinking of what they had said and feeling a little proud I fear. Well! I staid [i.e. stayed] there until the wind one day blew me and a lot of leaves off on to the ground. I fell among the leaves, so it did not hurt me any. I think I must have gone to sleep, for when I pushed my head up through the leaves, all of my brothers and sisters were gone, and there was not a leaf left on the tree where my home had been. I thought "how far above me it is." I wonder if I shall ever be as high up again. I mean to be. So, I grew as fast as I could, sending little roots down into the ground for food, and putting out branches and leaves. It grew cold, and the wind visited me again. It stripped up my leaves and frightened me so I pulled my branches up to me as close as I could and went to sleep again. When I woke up, I felt so much refreshed, and the air was so soft and balmy, that I put out new leaves and branches, and soon I was larger than before. Well, the wind tore off my leaves again and again. Each time I felt so bad. I went to sleep, and when I woke tried again, and each time I grew a little until I was almost as tall as the tree on which I grew. About this time, I lost that kind friend. When I went to sleep she was by me, but when I woke she was gone. I mourned much for her, but I have not seen her since. It is sad even for a tree to have no mother, and I shall never forget mine, or the counsel she gave me, and how when I was small, she watched over me and shaded me when the sun was hot. Not far from me grew a large beech. The spring of which I have been speaking, a little boy came along with some buckets, one of which he put down by it. A while after, a man came round with some tools. When he saw the bucket there, he said, Do you expect to make sugar out of a beech tree? Then coming up to me, he said, this is a nice large tree. You may bring the bucket here. I felt quite pleased with this. He had called me nice, and I had been preferred to my neighbor who was older and larger than I. I am afraid I felt my old pride rising up again. But I was punished for it. For what should the man do but make an ugly wound in my flesh and put the bucket where it would catch my blood as it flowed from it. I suffered a great deal for a long time, and this cruel deed has been repeated every year since. But all must expect some trials, and as I look back over my life, I think it has been a happy one. I have a large family of children grown up around me who are very kind and seem to take pleasure in caring for me. I am old now and have not long to live. But I wish not to be entirely forgotten, so I have written this simple story record of my life and at its close I will add that, although I have had many sorrows, they have all turned out for the best.

Auction!

Sale of Real Estate and Personal property. The homestead and farm of Jeremiah Sniffles will be sold at auction on the premises, Feb 28th, 1872, at 11 o'clock A.M. Said farm is situated about three miles from Sklintonborg. It contains 140 acres of land [amosity?] pasture land. It has good sugar and fruit orchards. The latter produces about two barrels of cider apples yearly. At the same time will be sold two cows, who are warranted to give enough milk to put in your tea if you don't have too large a family. One cart from which unfortunately a wheel has been lost. One ox yoke missing a bow. One half-peck of potatoes somewhat affected with rot. Five [lons??] of extra nice white [top??] hay cut late in the season. Lot of fowls – two hens, a chicken, turkey and an old goose. Lot of [inipane??] with holes in them, but they are good to put dry things in or to cover up things with a crack in it.

One mahogany table missing a leg. Six poodle dogs. Eight hogs. And beds and bedding. A handsome broken set of China. Four black cats. Two old geographies. One good mop with the handle slightly broken. Two swill-pails. Six false curls. Two waterfall cushions. Two [penter??] spoons slightly bent. One plough that is frozen up in the ground but can be got out when warm weather comes. One green umbrella split on top. One guinea pig warranted to squeal to give satisfaction together with many other articles too numerous to mention.

Jeremiah Sniffles. Tremont Hardy [fact?]. Sklintonborg Feb 2nd, 1872. Helen

What study does Charlie Trench like best? Ans. Botany, as he is seen very often studying an olive plant.

Scolding

I think it is a very bad thing to be always scolding. Any one [i.e. anyone] that scolds all the time at home sometimes forgets themselves when away, and will cut with a few hasty words in the time of passion that afterwards they will be sorry for. And they are always getting into trouble with their neighbor, and are not at peace with any body [i.e. anybody]. They are always telling how others have done such and such things just to provoke them. And a fretting person not only gets into disputes with his

neighbors, but at home they are so cross that their friends are afraid they shall do something wrong and displease him, or that they do not do as well as they would if they did not stand in fear of them. I abhor nothing so bad as a scolding person be it man, woman, or child. One that is always scolding about things that if they would but bear with a little more patience it would be better for them. Then let us have patience with each other. Rosie

"What is our school afflicted with? Ans. Watts (warts)"

The Close of the Term

The last day of this term of school is rapidly drawing to its close, and we are saddened at the thought. We look back over the past term, and see how many, many minutes, which have counted up into hours, we have lost, that we should have spent in improving our minds.

We did not think how wrong it was at the time, nor how much we should wish we had improved them as we grow older. But we look back to them, and in vain, regret their departure. Our kind teacher has tried to help us in everything that we needed her assistance. We have annoyed her thoughtlessly many times, but we do indeed thank her for all the patience she has had with us for our many faults, and with our ignorance. So those of our friends who have kindly had the patience to listen to our many failures and mistakes today we would extend our thanks for the kind interest you have taken, and wish we could have done better for we fear you may have been disappointed, but still our motto is "Persever [i.e. Persevere] Forward" and we are yet young and hope to mount higher "the hill of science." We thank you dear teacher for having so kindly assisted us and our wish for you is that you may enjoy every earthly blessing, and that at last you may secure "the crown of glory that fadeth [i.e. fades] not away."

Perhaps some of us have spent our last term in the old school house, where we have spent many, many happy hours, and we may perhaps not meet together on earth again. But good bye dear schoolmates, may we all strive to live so that we may meet an unbroken bond "beyond the River."

Why is it that our scholars are so diffident about answering questions today? Ans.
Because the parents have visited the school so much this winter.

Nelson Feb 28th, 1872

Dear Friend,

I will now take the silent pen in hand and try to gather my thoughts together, to let you know that we having some pretty dull times in old Nelson but there is one thing going on now, and that is the school. But it is going to close soon, and, when that is done, what shall I do? I am sure I don't know.

We are having a good school this term but there are some rogues in it. I can tell you. And the reason why the school is so noisy is because the three mills are [proud??] to it. But no more on this subject now. The worst thing I have to do in school is to write compositions. Just as sure as I get one subject thought of and get a composition part composed, I think of another one and then of course I can't think of any more to write on that subject. Then I try another one, and so you see it takes me a long time to get one composed. Well! I guess I will draw this to a close.

From your friend,

Jonah.