

Our journey to Minnesota

We started for Minnesota about eight o'clock in the evening and arrived at Oswego in safety so then took the boat for Toronto in the afternoon and arrived there in the morning about ten o'clock. That night we took the cars for Collingwood a small town on lake we had just taken our seats when a man came in and said that we had better not go in that train for three or four days for the train had not come in yet but Father thought that we had better go on for perhaps the boat would be in the next day. We got in the same night. Father inquired for a hotel but there were only two or three in the place there was a new one which was not all done off we went to that hotel. When we got there there were only a few there we got a room but it was very small besides ourselves there was another family that came from Toronto with us we ^{all} had to sleep in the same room so there was very little room to move around. The next morning when we got up the wind was blowing hard and the boat had not come in yet. The cars came in every morning and evening so that if the boat did not come in very soon the town would be pretty well filled up. That night the house was crowded so that we could not stay there and ^{had} to hunt up another place to stay so we finally found a place at a private house in the upper part of town but they said they could not take any men there so Father had to find a place for himself. The next morning for breakfast we had eggs sour bread and coffee. Father slept in a barn that night we made up our minds that we could not stay there another night. When we went down town the cars had just come in and had filled up nearly every house in town and there

were fires built all around for there was no place they could stay
 The wind was blowing yet and the boat had not come in
 But I have not time to write any more now so I will finish it next
 time.

The Stranger Child

One warm and sunny summer day
 Within a school-house yard
 Some little girls were out at play
 And merry shouts were heard

But see! apart from all the rest
 Beneath you poplar tree
 There sits a child within whose breast
 There's no response to glee.

A stranger, far away from home
 With aching head and brow
 And no kind friend to stand beside
 To soothe and cheer her now.

She looks upon the happy group
 And longs a friend to find
 Oh! who to me would deign to stoop
 Oh! who would be so kind

Now see! there comes a lovely girl
 A smiling face she wears

A nice large peach - an apple too
 Within her hands she bears.

There little stranger girl she said
 I bring you this ripe fruit
 The peach is large the apple's red
 I hope they both will suit

Oh you are kind! you're very kind.
 The stranger did reply
 The fruit is good but to my mind
 What's better still, a friend is nigh.

That night the weary child lay down
 To rest her aching head
 To dream of friends that she had found
 And loving words they'd said

See now her eyes are closed in sleep
^{Her}
~~And~~ fancy takes its flight
 And loving friends so kind and sweet
 Are now within her sight

A soft hand rests upon her head
 And soothes her burning brow
 A voice like music sweet she hears
 With that, we'll leave her now. . . - - -



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To Contributors and Schoolmates

The day for reading Our Paper has come and you see the first number of "The Schoolmate" before you. This paper is intended not for a few but for all and I hope we will all take an interest in it and feel that it is ours. I have done what I could what with my feeble abilities to make "The Schoolmate" interesting and profitable to us all and in return I would say I am very happy to see you all take such an interest in it and I am glad that so many of you have written for it some of the smallest ones have brought a contribution that is right you cannot begin too soon the longer we put off writing compositions the harder it will be begin early and persevere if you wish to become writers. Every age has its great men and women Editors Poets Painters Philosophers and so &c. well the great men for the next age are now little children perhaps some of them are here now they will think there is no danger that they ever becoming great but no one can tell what they can do untill they try

I the wisest man once began at a b c
and went slowly up from that just as you
are doing now and most likely his first
composition was not much better than yours
There is no end to the improvement of the
mind if you have sense enough to learn
your letters you can then learn to read
then geography and History every thing you learn
will be enlarging your mind untill you can
learn more and then still more

Our paper is to be published once in two
weeks that will give you time to write
you can all write something if you
try if it is only a line send it in
it will do for a beginning

There will be one or two questions
in History and Geography in each number
they will not be very hard any of you
can find them by hunting in your books
I hope you will all try when you find
the answers send them in to be
published in the next number the one
that comes first will be published
~~the rest~~ will and also the names of all
others who send answers

Boy will all I hope be carefull not to
make any unkind remarks about any
of the pieces as you do not know

who wrote them you might hurt some
ones feelings when you did not mean to
none of ~~you~~ would like to have our
compositions made fun of the design of
this paper is to please and profit all
and it ~~would~~ be a pity if it proves
a source of sorrow to any
Mary A. Huggins

Here children are a few very easy questions which
I want you to be sure and answer in the next
number of the "Schoolmate".

Questions

- 1 Which is in the coldest climate, the city of
New York, or the colony of Botany Bay?
- 2 Where is the country of the Cherokee?
- 3 Where is the country of the Winnebagoes?

Winter

When Winter comes the ground will be
covered with snow and the flowers will
all die then we will not have any
but when spring comes you will see the
plum trees blossom and all other kinds
of fruit trees I love to see the grass
grow and I love to see the squirrels
running on the prairie

Fall

When fall comes the farmer reaps his grain and puts it up in stacks then he mows his hay and puts it up in stacks and cuts his corn and puts it up then the thrashers come and thrash the grain and the corn is husked and taken to the crib and then it is taken to the mill and the miller grinds it into meal and the wheat is taken to the mill and the miller grinds it into flour of which our bread is made and the squirrels gather their winter store and the leaves all drop off from the trees and leave them bare then comes winter with with frost and snow and if the little boys do not look out it will bite their toes

Composition writing

Winter evenings is the time for writing compositions but for a young beginner it is very hard to write any time because they don't like to write at all for they think or say that they can not write well enough for any body to see but that is not the right way for any one to do for if all the folks

in the world would do that way what would they know they would not know how to compose a letter for who can compose a letter with out learning

About Winter

I think that winter is the pleasantest part of the year we can take sleigh rides in the winter time and it is cool enough to be pleasant and the evenings are long and nice and we can have writing schools and singing schools and spelling schools which are all very good and pleasant. the summer is not so the sun shines down so hot that you can not take as much comfort as you can in winter and if you lie down in the day time to rest a little while the flies are so bad that you can not rest a bit and then at night the musketoes are so trouble some that you can not rest in peace

A Piece for our Paper

I have concluded to write a piece for our paper for I think we ought to take an interest in and help to support it for I think it will pay us for all our trouble it will help to instruct and strengthen our minds and it will help to make our fridays happy and interesting and in after life we can look back on our young days and consider our Paper as one of our highest enjoyments and wish we could recall those days

and if we do not try now we will wish we had improved our time better and I think and hope as we become better more acquainted with writing for our Paper that they will become more interesting and instructive

none of us ought to feel our selves too big to try

We may sometime want to write a piece for some paper or book and then we will say if I had improved myself in writing for our paper now I might have written a respectable piece while those that tried and done the best they could even if it was not very fluent can sit down now and write a piece entertaining to all that read it

Kindness

Be kind to your Father and Mother Brothers and Sisters be kind to your playmates your relations and your friends every where be kind to your teacher and every one else we should be glad to meet our playmates and all that come to see us Kindness is pleasant in the sight of God and he is the one that above all others we ought to try to please

A Summer Morning

All nature looks beautiful on a summer morning the sun rises and spreads its beauty over the hills and tree tops while the Sky Lark rises sings and soars away to the clear blue sky beyond the clouds

and see a little bird come to the door and sing a sweet song and also hear them singing and chirping in the little green groves over their nests and hear the sheep bells ringing and see the little lamb skip for joy first to their Mother and then to a little companion and hear the lone noise of the rippling water as it passes over the pebbles, walk in your garden and see the buds burst forth and bloom and show their gay colors and perfume the morning air with their sweet snow

The Beauty of Nature

There is beauty in almost every thing. there is beauty in the trees as they are just turning green. there is beauty in the farms when the farmer tends his crop there is beauty in the cascades there is beauty in the far off hills and the rising and setting of the sun there is beauty in the distant groves there is beauty in the winter when the wind is blowing the snow through the air there is beauty in the brown trees that are striped of their green leaves

Winter in Minnesota

The season of winter is unusually severe in Minnesota chiefly on account of its extensive Prairies and its great distance from seaboard - yet even in Minnesota we young scions manage to enjoy ourselves - and also have advantages for improvement that is not excelled by many

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of our sister states And then who does not enjoy
our fine bracing air and our beautiful snowy days
it is seldom we have a day that the youngest of us
are deprived of our school privilege and I am sure all
of my fellow scholars will unite in saying success
to Minnesota and to our Teacher Jonas Pettigohn

Composition Writing

Composition writing is I think a very useful and important part of education. To write a composition is to choose a subject and then write about it just as we should talk, if we were trying to tell what we knew or what we thought about it.

This looks like a very easy and simple thing and so it is. Yet some children think it is very hard, dry, and uninteresting. Perhaps this is because they try to write about something, or say something that is too great for them. Let them be contented with writing something they know, or something they can think about. This will not be a very hard task it will soon become pleasant and easy.

In this way a great many good books and papers have been written. The authors of those books had to learn to write just as you have to learn. Think-
-ing and writing about one thing and then thinking and writing about another.

Try it children, don't be too particular write what you can and let it go.

Now let me tell you of a little girl that I knew once. Let me tell you what a time she had with her first composition.

Mary was not quite eleven years old when she wrote her first composition.

One Friday evening she came home from school she told her mother that her teacher wanted her to write a composition to read in school on ^{Monday} morning, "but" said she "I don't know how and I don't believe I can".

Her mother told her, she supposed she would have to write one, as her teacher told her to "Yes" said Mary. "I will have to for you know that her word is our law. but Oh! it is a terrible task."

"Jane what shall I write about?" said she addressing her sister. Jane then proposed a subject. but Mary thought she could think of nothing to say about it. Another sister then proposed one which was discarded as equally difficult. One subject after another was proposed, but none of them would do. at last Mary said in despair, "Oh! dear I know I can not write any thing fit to be seen".

Mary put off writing untill Saturday afternoon then thinking that she had procrastinated as long as it was safe to do so, she started bravely towards her composition. She went up stairs where she would be alone, and stayed there a long time first commencing on one subject and then commencing another. at last she went down without completing any.

On being questioned about her composition she said that she had not written any, while her red eyes and grieved countenance showed the distress that her failure had caused her. "Why?" said her mother. "I would not give it up that way".

"I would write something and let it go". "Let me choose a subject for you". After resting a while ^{Mary} she took the subject and went up stairs again. That time she succeeded. she came down in a little while with a composition.

Would you like to hear it? It read as follows.

"Currents"

"Currents are small berries that are red when they are ripe, and are good to eat. they grow on bushes that look very much like goose berry bushes. We have a few current bushes growing in our garden. Eliza and I picked all the currents off of them this morning; and mother made some current pie which I think were very good."

Mary — — —

Her mother said that would do very well, and her teacher said when she heard it, that it was a very good beginning. Yes this was the beginning of Mary's compositions. More than seven years ago, Mary still writes compositions. she does not now think it a terrible task but a pleasant and agreeable one.

The other day as I was reading over one of her choicest pieces I was delighted with the easy flow of thought, and the pleasant and interesting way it was expressed. I then thought of the small beginning, and thought I would tell you about, and now as I see her among the younger children, kindly helping them and persuading them to write I think, Ah! she remembers her first composition.

Our Paper

Our Paper is a curious thing
Where all some rare idea bring
Together here are gems of thought
That many willing minds have brought

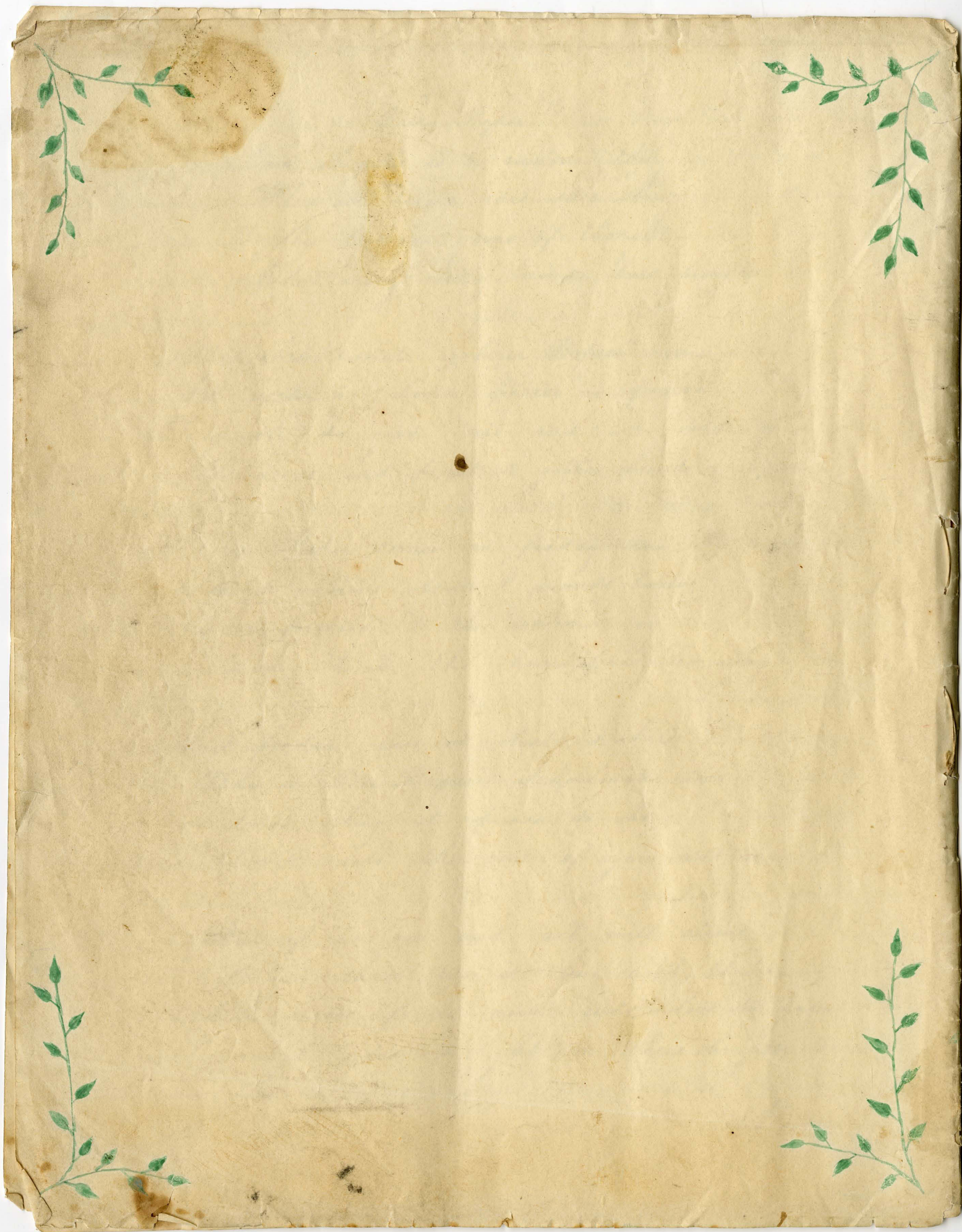
"The Schoolmate" is "Our Papers" name
It seeks not honor praise or fame
To quietly do good its end
Pleasure and profit to gether blend

"Our Paper" comes on Friday eve
And anxious hearts I would believe
Look forward to the welcome day
And think the hours pass slow away

But Friday eve at last is here
This is Our Paper Schoolmates dear
A tender thing it proves to be
That needs the care of you and me

But if we one and all will strive
We yet shall see it live and thrive
And years from now we'll love to gaze
Through memories light on these bright days

Mollie





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