The Normal Offering, October 1, 1858

Bridgewater State Normal School

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The Normal Offering
Published Semi-Monthly
By
The Bridgewater Normal Lyceum.

Editors of the Present Volume,
Gelden Wolston,
N. B. Howell.

While we live, let us live.
Sirs,

Good attention and frequent contributions.

Office:
No. 29, Main, Corner of Oak Street,
Bridgewater,
Oct. 14th 1858.

Motto:
"While we live, let us live."
Editorial.

Dear Friend,

Upon the literary sea, abounding with ten thousand lights, we float our simple offering, hoping it may accomplish some humble good. It makes no pretense to literary merit, or scientific research. If it smooth a wrinkle from any brow, or add a moment of joy to any, if it give strength to good resolved, or learned to stimulate to noble action, or bind the chain of sympathy and affection closer around any heart, we shall be satisfied — or will have accomplished all we desire.

Many weeks have elapsed since the last offering was published, during which time we have been separated from each other, but joined in loved, kindred, and friends. We have strayed where in
childish innocence we were wont to go. As we took a retrospect, many faces did we recall, once familiar, but long since lost to us. We asked for those who shared our childhood's sports, and learned that most of them had entered upon "the world's broad field of action." Some were in their native home, others in the Western wilds, implanting there those principles and sentiments which New Englanders so fondly cherish, and which New Englanders alone can fully appreciate.

Of others still, the cold marble speaks "Not lost, but gone before." A still voice whispered to us, "Then work while, while the day last.

We looked forward, and varied emotions seemed staring for utterance. Fancy rose aloft on her airy pinions, and the future seemed painted before us in bright and glowing tints.

But vacation, with all its pleasures and fancies, are among the things that were, and we have repaired again to
Normal Hall, refreshed and invigorated
and home already engaged again in our
school duties. And day by day new
truths are unfolded to us, and new
beauties are discovered, we feel more
and more thankful for our inestimable
advantages.

The Lyceum, ever clear to the heart
of all true Norwalk, is to say the least,
not below its former level.

Many whom have been with us
in times past, we now miss.

They have left this spot, thence
and to them by fond associations, and many
have engaged in the duties deemed
of life. Their places are filled by
those who have so recently come among
us. And we would give to them a
cordial welcome, and express the
gratification we feel in seeing them
manifesting an interest in this society.

We feel encouraged by their cooperatoration, and strengthened by the goodly
increase to our number.

Let each bear nobly his part
in the Lyceum, remembering this
institution is our own, and upon
us does its position wholly depend.

Then let us individually guard its
interests and make its motto, "Excelsior",
a proudly beaming truth.

The present Editorial Board
would express their thanks for the
contributions with which they have
been forced — and most exceedingly
do they regret that the limits of this
volume will not admit the publication
of all the articles so generously furnished.

They feel to congratulate their
successors that so many and able
writers are so warmly interested in
this periodical, trusting that its
pages will ever sparkle with the
dewy freshness of original thought.
The Ministry of Hope.

A vision of hallowed light immured
from its native bowers in a far off land,
and with pearly wings floated down amid
the softer light of other realms, until it
reached humble earth, creating a halo
of light around a saddened, weary heart.
That heart had known its full share
of deep, harrowing sorrow and discontent,
even life's bitterest, wildest grief.

It had felt the blighting, withering
blast of adversity. It had seen life's dark
side, gloomiest side, and anticipated no
light, no peace on earth, no dawn of
heaven. Long since had joy fled
with its form of more than ordinary
beauty, giving place to cold, shadowless
despair.
The lamp of life grew dim,
and the slow faint flickerings threw a
dickly shade over the leaves of memory.

Page after page in that heavy volume
was turned and reviewed; each seemed...
alike filled with mists of despair and discontent. But now, like a ray of Heaven's own light, came that dazzling vision, that beautiful dagstar, hope, lighting the darkest recess of that weary worn heart—lifting the bowed spirit, causing it to thrill with renewed life—darkness and gloom vanish before the soft light that falls so soothingly like a heaven sent messenger of future glory—harkenings of eternal bliss.

Hope, like the compass to the mariners, is a guide to the anticipated goal of peace, a beacon light to heaven emitting a luster at from those stony mansions where glory undimmed pours forth a sacred light through one unfading day.
Soiling on the way of life,
Pilgrim all, we go—
Some upon the mountain's height,
Some in vale below.

Some among the peaceful glade,
Picking flowers the while;
Some everneath the deepest shade,
Wearing never a smile.

Some beside the streamlet,
Dancing joyously;
Some on the desert's burning sand
Crepuscular and wearily.

Some with never failing tread,
And outgushing song;
Some with ever faltering steps
Peacefully more along.
Some with not a line of care,
With ne'er a trace of sorrow—
Some with deeply furrowed brow,
Wishing me tomorrow.

Vary as the tints of flowers,
On the grains of sand,
Are the different purposes,
Of this pilgrim band.

But for all these journeying on,
The Father's love abide—
And safely through Earth's devising paths
To Heaven his own he guided.
The Atlantic Cable.

Some time since, by men of great minds
The projected a scheme, all noble, sublime.
It was this, however strange it may seem,
To drop a line, did these men mean,
Across old ocean’s unknown lands!
From midway here, to a foreign strand.

They pondered well the noble scheme,
And finally thought, if they could gain
The aid of those whose pockets bend,
They could with ease, before long send
To Europe’s bright and happy shores,
In much less space than thought before.

Many at this subject greatly jeered;
But one was determined—John C. H. Field.
To carry it out and show to the world
That science will yet with ease unfold
The gates which lead to perfect success.
The men in haste to England repaired
To gain the sanction of her highest chair.
This object completed, in confidence he came
And found Uncle Sam all ready for the same
To help on a work that would bring to his Crown
In all future ages, immortal renown.

Thus far succeeding, he soon became able
To charter a company to make a strong cable
That reached from Yalcutin, as all would say,
To a place on our coast, the Trinity Bay.

Some time elapsed, when trials were made,
If possible, to succeed with the cable’s being laid.

Knitted, and vain were many attempts,
And after long days, all wearisome spent,
The ships of the squadron went by the plan
To a harbor on the coast of Old Ireland.

Not long to rest here, again were they started
To the place in the Ocean, where the cable last
To ancient England, the Nations were there,
To behold the event, and wonder then.

Should come from Atlantic’s mighty waves
The blessed words for these Nation’s mottoes
With a thrill of joy soon did we greet
The coming in sight of the Cable Fleet.

But greater yet was the thrill that pierced
The deepest feeling of every breast.
When the words the Heavenly host did sing
At the birth of our Priest and King,
Were once again used in ascribing praise
To Hevin, who had granted us length of days
To witness the results of long hours spent
In bringing out that, which to man is but a

May the bonds which so happily unite
May the bonds which unite so happily together,
This nation, in peace with a mighty another,
In constancy keep till time's latest end,
When the nations of earth to the tomb shall descend
To await a restoration in glories bright sphere,
And a Crown, for reward of labor to wear.
A Trip to Seneca Lake.

The 15th of August last was the day fixed upon at the time when our family party should visit Patkines, formerly called Jefferson, a town situated about twenty-five miles north of the village of Elmira, at the southern extremity or foot of Seneca Lake.

The sun did not rise in all his splendor as it generally the case in compositions, but veiled with clouds, preserved his fire, until he had obtained a more favorable position, and then poured down his beams with a warmth which fully compensated for his sultriness, in the morning.

Nine o'clock found me comfortably seated on a passenger car, which brought up the rear of a freight train; this, of course, did not carry me with the speed of an express train; but these, we could have a better opportunity of seeing the country through which we passed. One of the several places which
Attracted our attention was Millport. From the railroad station, we looked down, at our right upon a pretty little village, situated at the base of a mountain, in a valley of picturesque wildness and beauty. Passing on we came to Cananda. Upon our left rose a mountain, upon whose precipitous front we were told to look for a waterfall. We did so, but the greedy sun with sanguine thirst had drunk the stream. We could however see the place where it was, and probably will be, and judging from the steepness of the hill, and the height of the precipice, the fall must be one of most romantic, and certainly dashingly beautiful.

But to the friend of education this place possessed an additional interest, as being the seat of the “People’s College,” now in process of erection.

Soon the deep blue waters of Seneca Lake broke upon our view, and in a few minutes we felt the cool, brisk breeze, which came from over its pure water.
so there is a landing place here for steamboats which ply daily between this place and Geneva at its northern extremity.

The scenery is delightful, the lake here is about three miles in length by width, although it appeared only about half that distance, and is bordered on the Eastern and Western sides by high hills, approaching close to the water's edge. They are mostly forced with woods, but here and there a farm with its house attached give an air of quietness and comfort to the scene.

We must have some fish from the lake for dinner. Oh, how our mouths watered for the succulent feast! So after obtaining rode, lines, etc. and finding a favorable position, we cast in our bait. I think we were the very definitions of patience, as we sat with our line in water, occasionally jisking them up, with great alarum, the wind puffing at us with a degree of earnestness which did justice to its strength, and occasionally dipping up a handful of
water from the tip of a wave, and splashing it in our faces. He wondered whether the Red Man had ever fished in the same spot—very likely, we thought, but probably with much better success. For like the fishermen of old, we “tried long, and caught nothing.”

Becoming tired of the monotony of an unprofitable fishing life, we contemplated a sail, but the lake was too boisterous. We had heard of a place somewhere in town called “The Glen,” and we resolved we would find it.

Proceeding directly south from the lake about half a mile, through the principal street of this very pretty, but exceedingly dull village, we came to the glen.

Upon our right hand, on the west side of the street, there was an opening of a few rods in width, in one of the hills. The upper boundary is formed by the outline of these hills, and the sides are formed of nothing but rock, and rise gradually, and perpendicularly...
from the general level of the ground, to
the height of one hundred and thirty or fort
feet. Along the base ripples a little stream
which falls from its source, about two hundred
feet above, in a succession of beautiful little
cascades. It is probably much larger at
some seasons than when we saw it, and
may have once been a mighty river, for
the whole place seems like an immense
gully, formed by the rushing of many waters.
The opening gradually narrowed to a
width of only a few feet, and in this place
the greater part of the stream was turned
from its natural channel, just above
a precipice about thirty feet in height, and
conveyed by means of a wooden aqueduct
to a mill, near the entrance. But a sufficient
quantity of the water follows its own inclina-
tion to fall over and form a perfect shower,
sprinkling the grey walls with spray,
and adorning them with mists of velvet
greenness. Placing one foot on a rock
in the middle of the stream, and leaning
forward, we could see, on our left, a place
an idea of which I can no better convey
to your minds, than by telling you, we
seemed to be looking into a large well,
very dark and deep, a portion of the wall
being removed, while we stood on a level
with the water. If the wall had been entire,
it would have been in circumference about
fifty or seventy feet: it made more than one
half a circle, and rose in this form for about
fifty feet. For one hundred and forty feet
above the place where we stood, the
massive walls stretched their mighty form
as though utterly to prevent the sun's rays from
penetrating those dark recesses.

Spying a staircase, which led to a rude
bridge that crossed the chasm, we ascended;
and soon found ourselves threading our
way, one by one along a narrow path,
not exceeding three feet in width, and in
many places much less. Formed of loose
stones, which had probably fallen from
the overhanging cliffs, which seemed
to be formed entirely of limestone, and so loose and crumbling that the pieces, most of them only a few inches in length could be easily removed with the fingers.

For once in my life, if never before, I was going "onward and upward". The walls on either side, when not perpendicular, approached each other at the top, so that a great part of the way they hung above me, looking dizzyingly down, seemingly threatening to hurl at me the stones, which they held so loosely in their grasp. The path was rendered slippery by the dampness, so that our foothold was not perfectly secure, and our courage was by no means increased by a piece of information, given me very kindly, by a workman near the entrance, viz: that a gentleman visiting the place, a short time before, slipped and fell, and was instantly killed.

When we ventured to turn our eyes for a moment to look into the abyss below, we saw the leaping, rapid stream, foaming
and hurrying far beneath us. The gentlemen lifted us in a place apparently secure, and went on, as they wished to ascend a staircase which we could see still farther on, and about one hundred feet above us, and which could only be reached by a slippery and dangerous path. We seated ourselves on a flat rock, just on a level with the stream, which in that place only a few inches in depth, ran swiftly over its rocky bed. Just below us, on our right, was a little fall, of only a few feet, and below the stairway on our left, roared a beautiful cascade, of 30 or 40 ft. in height. The verge of the precipice above was crowned with trees, some of which were half fallen across the chasm.

We were now about one fourth of a mile from the entrance, and never before had we beheld anything so perfectly wild and enchanting as the whole scene.

I have often wondered, when I have heard of people who were visiting such places, why they would place themselves in such danger.
situations, but it seems to me now that the spirit partakes of the wildness of the place, and that there is a sort of fascination in the idea of standing in the highest and most dangerous spot, merely for the sake of doing it, which seizes the mind and lure it on. I confess it seems foolish, and it reckless, but then how can one help it? I'd really like to know.)

The rest of the party soon returned, finding it literally true that getting down is not always quite as easy as getting up. After ascending the staircase they saw several other cascades, and further on another flight of stairs, and beyond these, a reservoir, covering about an acre of ground.

We all proceeded to descend, and on reaching the bottom, felt truly grateful that our needs were entire.

Going back to the Lake, we found the wind had subsided sufficiently to admit of a sail, we were soon seated
in a small sail boat, and gliding swiftly over the rolling waves.

"Can I guide the boat, I asked, then seating myself at the helm, I felt quite like a sailor, as I directed our course toward the eastern side of the lake."

The boatman seemed quite intelligent and interested me by relating several historical facts. Nearly in front of us, on the eastern shore, he pointed out a precipice which it called "the painted arch."

The legend is, that they were so named by the Indians, who painted on them the picture of a squaw who there leaped into the water below. He also informed me that Gen. Sullivan, with a number of his men, at one time encamped on the hill just above, and some of the Indians came upon them, took their cannon and wheeled it from the precipice.

Soon after Gen. Sullivan gained the advantage of a party of Indians, and returned the favor by driving them off.
the same place. We gazed upon the
spot with a new and lively interest.

A pair of Bald Eagles have dwelt for
years in the crevice of the rock 200 ft.
below the lip, and 400 ft. above the water.

It seemed to guard the place from the
hand of civilization, and keep it in
its primitive wildness.

We would have visited the spot, but
a train stood in readiness to start at
soon as the boat should arrive from
Geneva, and we hastened to return.

I felt an inward pleasure at so
easily turned about the bow of the boat
and guided the little bark "Mother
world". Still I could not help compar-
ing myself to a little child, driving
with a more experienced person by the
beside him to take the reins when
ever the road is crooked.

As we turned toward the west, the
scene was indeed beautiful.
The shades of evening were just deepening.
The hills were silently darkening, while above them the sun already set threw a clear and mellow light, forming a striking and pleasing contrast with the dark forests. The beautiful picture was reflected in the deep, clear water.

The effect of the whole was enchanting. I felt like a skillful pilot at the boat rode safely into its little port.

The steamboat soon arrived, and after a few minutes of hurly and bustle we were whisking swiftly homeward.
"Charles," remarked a member of the Middle Class, "do you know that some of the famous home are on the theme of the poets?"

"Ah," said the Senator, "Do tell! Why, several of them have been. Let me see, there's Longfellow says: 'With a slow and moral footstep comes that 'Messenger' divine' from the vacant chair beside me. Say her gentle hand on mine.'

And another says, "Remote from city lived a Swain"—that refers to the Nantucket delegate, of course. Again we hear: 'Of all the fairest things on earth or fairest spots to roam, whatever can match New England girls or bright New England "Heavens."
As again—

"Keep thy Heart well" and see that it abound

With seeds of Knowledge, & the fruit of Love.

Even glorious Byron has not failed to notice me, for you know he said:

"Once more upon the water, yet one more

And the wave bound beneath me,

As a house that knows no Rider."

And a ladder strain would say:

When "Robers" stood among the flames

That from the jagots blazed on high

The gaping crowd looked calmly on,

Or smiled to see the Hero die!

"Indeed several pages have been devoted to this character in the R. E.

Prime — "Why that was John Rogers

The Martyr," suggested Senior.

"What odds!" asked not every mortal

Feel the flames, and are not many of them

Martyres?"

At this juncture senior was obliged to leave for Home, in order to memorize

the preamble to the Constitution.
Nature.

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds Communion with her visible form, she speaks A various language; for his gayer hours, She has a voice of gladness, and a smile's And eloquence, of beauty, and the glided Into his darker musings, with a mild And gentle sympathy, that steal away Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Let his taste be what they may, in Nature he shall find gratification for them all. The grand, the sublime, the beautiful within him, may find, in the outer world their counterpart, and take delight in the scene which are spread in rich profusion on every hand. And though he may view them every day, they have still the same charm; their grandeur never de- fers, their beauties never fade. They seem as fresh as if his eye had never before feasted on them, as if new
from the hand of their Creator, they, for
the first time, were lending their aid to
purify, enoble, and refine man's character,
and direct his thoughts from themselves up
to the great Maker of heaven and earth
and all that is therein.

The mighty ocean, ever active, never
resting, tells of His ceaseless activity
and omnipotence; the fair landscape,
the gentle river, the placid lake speak
to the inmost soul, and touch the
finer feelings, and He exclaimed, "The
Hand that made them is divine."

Wherever we turn, whatever we examine, all
speak of the wisdom, the power, the goodness
of God the Father above.

Are you walking in the streets, the very
pebble, which you strike with your foot, contains
within it an exhibition of the greatness of that
Intellect which has made the pebble, and has
directed all the changes which they have
undergone. And even our feeble minds have
seen in this God Power and Wisdom.
Geology reveals to us the order in which the various formations were placed, and we find a constant change going on. As the state of the earth is improved, higher types of life, vegetable and animal, are brought into existence, till in its most advanced stage, the present, the greatest, noblest works of creation are made manifest, and man, the noblest of earthly beings, yet created, stands forth in the image of his Maker, endowed with powers, possessed by no other—powers whose range is infinite, whose existence is eternal.

To him the present miniature, and his future anticipations reach far through a misty range of years, even beyond his existence here, to the life he feels is eternal. So is the past of no value to him, the present seems to depend upon that. From the hidden coals, come the metals indispensable to his comfort, the coal by which he warms his home, and drives his factories. The coals themselves lie ready to take the form of stove and hearth, and bridge; and
the line to bind each stone to its neighbor.

The mineral and vegetable, so long advancing to their high position, seem designed to supply the wants of man. He seems to be the center toward which all things tend; then what is man? Consider the vastness of the universe — the millions of fixed stars, which are but centers, for as many systems of planets — then what is our system? And if in this, our earth is but a speck, what is it compared with the universe?
Yet man is but as the dust upon
this particle of matter, and there are
myriads of animals still so small that
his unassisted eye cannot discover them.
Shall not that be lost sight of in the
case of AD systems and worlds? No.
Not a sparrow falleth, not a fly of
the valley opens its fair petals, but
God is there. In this is his greatness
most apparent, that from the suns
and planets down to the smallest
animals, all are cared for, all
provided with what is necessary
for their existence and enjoyment;
not one is forgotten.

O, the beauties
the sublimities of nature baffle
description. They are all around
us. Seek and you shall find, thicker
than the leaves in Autumn, and were
described, I believe that it would be
almost literally true, that the world could not contain the books which would be written concerning them.
Little Mary.

With what quiet, noiseless step Death entered the household, and selected as his victim the fairest of all its treasures, passing by the aged one, who, perhaps, his long looked for his coming at a happy release from the trials and sorrows of Earth.

A little sister once gladdened our home. She was its light and joy, and won the hearts of all by her guileless ways, and innocent prattle.

Well do I remember the last day our little pet spent with us in health. How fairy-like she danced about in childish glee, her eyes beaming with mirth and goodness, while her little heart seemed brimful of happiness.

She appeared the very picture of health, yet the seeds of an insidious disease were even then fast rooted in that lovely form,
and soon it was chilled by the touch of Death's cold hand, and she passed from Earth.

The sound of mourning was heard in those rooms which had echoed the sound of her glad voice.

But in the midst of our sorrow and distraction we remembered the words of Christ, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven and we were comforted.

Many years have now passed, and death that many times visited our household, yet we look back to that death-bed scene, and hope and may be at calm and peaceful.
A Visit to Jupiter.

It was evening. The moon had just risen and her placid light beamed brightly over this dark and troubled world. Myriads of starshone with unicornered lustre.

I wandered forth for an evening walk, and I was quietly wending my way along, suddenly I felt a strange sensation, and all around became dark. I saw nothing—I heard nothing till after some moments of suspense, I found myself in a vast assembly, but where, I could not determine. After a little time I found I was on the planet Jupiter.

The people, knowing no such beings existed in their world, had taken measures to find out who I was. They were no more surprised at my appearance than I at theirs, for stranger beings I never beheld.

Their skin one of a dark brilliancy, and their clothes were made of leaves. A placid smile ever beaming on their
features, presented the expression of two countenances from being terrific. Their size was most enormous. They addressed me with "Child, who art thou?" Terrified beyond description, I had no power to answer. They then were about to hurl me into a frightful abyss. I opened my mouth to implore mercy, when I awoke - and beheld it was a dream.
Figures and Hyperbole.

It is said, that some time since, a young lady "burst into tears." Little was said of it at the time, so it did not get into the paper; but it was whispered around pretty generally among the ladies and men, it is said, the most of them are secure against the recurrence of such a calamity.

Figures are dangerous, but hyperbole it worse. We know a young lady who had cried her eyes out an indefinite number of times; and if she had preserved them all, it is presumed she had something like a bushel of spare eyeballs, for which she had no further use. This is a clever expedient for those troubled with near sightedness, for the chance are that some of the new growth may have a longer range of vision.
Another lady had been "half killed a large number of times; but she still lived," showing a most wonderful tenacity of life.

"A third had been "half crazy" so many times, that her friends suspect she is a little "cracked," to use a homely simile; but we trust it is not a "lone crack."

Exaggeration is another dangerous form of speech—but we will give only a single example. A young minister had got into this ridiculous habit to such an extent that he was called before a council of ministers to answer for it, when he stood up with tears in his eye, begging them to be lenient with him, saying that he had tried hard to overcome the difficulty, and had wept barrels of tears over it.
A Word to the Public

We often hear it asked, why boys so often prefer going out evenings, among vicious companions, to remaining at home with their mothers and sisters?

And why do they manifest such a dislike to their father's company?

We think these questions can be answered very conclusively. Parents do not make their homes pleasant and agreeable. They are not thoughtful enough of their children's happiness, consulting only their own individual comfort.

When they are engaged in conversation, if the child asks a question, he is reprimanded for his impertinence. He can no more join in the conversation than as if he were a mere automaton; and if he groans, frets, and makes a noise, he is sent off to bed.

In the streets they can find enough...
who are ready to talk with them, and listen to their remarks, and those too who have attained the size of manhood, (though that may be all the manliness they can boast of) The boy begins to feel himself quite consequent in such company, and soon learns to imitate the language and habits of these companions, however vicious they may be.

To remedy this, parents have only to make home attractive—provide suitable employments, and amusements for their children and let them invite in such companions as they would choose to have them associate with. And the parents need not think it beneath their dignity to join occasionally in their innocent sports.

Boys do not like the company of their mothers & sisters, because their conversation is, chiefly, upon matters that do not interest them. What do they care about “a love of a bonnet,” “hundred dollars
shall", "polka jacket", "back queen" "fascinating pair of undersleeves" and "superb collar" that cost six months' labor or any of the thousand and one things which the fashionable lady deem necessary for a complete toilet.

If mothers and sisters would make such men of the boys, as they will be proud to own, and such as the world will honor and esteem, let them become true women, fit companions for noble, and cultivated intellects, those such will surely clasp around their charmed circle.

Teach them how a work to do in this matter. The extent of their influence cannot be computed. Let them see what they do, that they can toward elevating the standard of social intercourse.
Anecdote

During the late vacation a mother called her little daughter to her one evening preparatory to putting her to bed, saying, "Come, Minnie, say your prayer." The little girl looked up, and said, in a tone as if her mother was sadly forgetful, "Why, mother, it's vacation!"
A Psalm of Life.
What the heart of a young boy said to his teacher.

Tell one o'clock, in monotonous numbers,

Play it but a waste of time.

For the boy's a fool that studies,

And books are not worth a dime.

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And a schoolroom, not its goal,

Study hard, now while your skull's thin,

It's one spoken to a boy.

Spelling's hard, and Grammar tiresome.

And the boys, though stout and brave,

Still, on pleasant days are beating,

Tennis matches in the woods.

'Twas naught on teacher, how're pleasant!

Let the poor girls study the books—

Play, play in the pleasant meadows—

Grass beneath, and sky overhead.
Years of schoolboys all remind us,
We can make our deeds sublime;
And on going, leave behind us
Knife marks, on these desks of pine.

Scratches, that perhaps another,
Coming here to learn to read,
A falconer and homesick brother,
See, shall forget his grief.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a hand for any game,
Playing marbles, ball, or leapingfrog,
Try to hurry off the time.

Books are dull, and lessons hateful,
Teachers too impatient grow,
And every boy who proves not faithful
Meets a quick, and heavy blow.

Then let us each with spirit bold,
Assert our youthful rights.
For surely now, our holy soul,
In freedom shall delight.
A word on Sympathy.

How much power, and what beauty exists in the exercise of sympathy. The sufferer pours into the willing ear of a friend the burden of his sorrow, and while that friend bears a portion of his suffering, he finds relief.

Imagine one depressed by some sense of fiction in the world, a friend whose heart is open to his anguish, to whom he can draw near, in confidence, and tell the story of his grief—sure that every word of complaint will be received with charity, not examined with the unfailing coldness of the Etruscan. This is a sad lot.

True, all have the privilege of asking not in vain—the assistance and sympathy of the Almighty; but the human mind is constituted with a necessity for sympathy in kind. Had it been the intention of the Creator that we should find in his Divine love and favor all we
need, our state of existence would have been isolated—solitary; not, as now, in social communities.

And again, the fact that we desire human sympathy proves that such a feeling is implanted with our organization.

Sympathy costs the giver nothing, but it priceless to the recipient. One word spoken in the spirit of Christian Charity, while it benefits him whose feelings are moved to the utterance, come to the sufferer like refreshing dew.

When burdened, and despondent with gloom and sorrow, there comes an involuntary impulse to seek a friend who is true; and with perfect freedom throw open the thoughts and the grief to the sympathy which we know will meet no prompting.

At the side of a friend in whose truth we can confide, we seem enveloped in the very atmosphere of Christian love; such as the great master taught should be cherished by each, for all.
When driven by repeated afflictions to the verge of despair, a word of encouragement from a friend will change the whole current of thought, and often point the way to hope and cheerfulness.

This desire for the sympathy of our fellow beings, and the faculties by which it may be indulged, are among the most valuable of our endowments.

But the presence of these faculties demands their free exercise. This is what holds men together in societies and communities — it is what draws mind to mind with silent mysterious power.

Friendship should be free from the cold conventionalities which characterize the intercourse of many who consider themselves friends.

Even with our nearest and dearest ones, we sometimes hold in check many thoughts which are warmed by mutual confidence to a struggle for utterance, but are repressed by our never...
failing worldly circumst\textemdashpection.
Lost friendship flows more freely,
and its current will be even more
pure; for freedom, wherever existing,
vote at its own restraint.
The following lines were written on reading of a custom among the Greeks, which is to kiss the friends of the deceased person to reproach him for dying.
Oh! why did ye die, when thy rich, clear voice had the joy of the evening throng?
Oh! why did ye make so sad a choice
When so young, so healthy and strong?
There's none in our number can fill thy place
And none can dispel the gloom
That gather'd around, as we cover thy face
And lay thee away in the tomb.
Oh! why did ye die, and leave your bride,
Who is graced with beauty to care?
Oh! what could persuade me to quit her side,
And leave her to mourn in despair?
Thy lands were wide; and full was thy purse,
Many thy friends, and true.
Oh! why so hastily to bear the curse,
And bid all thy friends adieu?
Oh! Why did ye die? we ask ye again
Hast thou not given heed to our call?
And return, if thou wostest to the dwelling place
That a blessing may rest on us all?
Oh! come, and once more with our number unite;
And our love shall be doubled towards thee,
Our circle of hearts shall sound with delight,
And thou the bright center shall be.
Well, I should really like to comply with
the Editor's very polite invitation to write
a piece for the Offering—but only because
they invited me; but to make it seem more
as if I were still a member of the Normal
school, though separated from them by a
sense of miles. But the question is: What
shall I write? I can think of nothing in
interesting. My own everyday life is monotonous
in the extreme—there are no remarkable
adventures, accidents, or incidents to
enliven, and render an account of in
interesting to any one.

If I do not succeed in writing anything
I shall, at least, have the merit of trying my
hand indeed, for I have packed my brain
for an hour in vain.—There, that is a rhyme,
I do believe! I've packed my brain, for
an hour in vain—Yes, that is a rhyme,
and I can write poetry!!
just at this time, and in this manner too!

Henceforth I shall believe, with the ancient
that the appearance of a comet foretells some
great national event. It must be that
the Comet of 1858 was the herald of this
astonishing discovery that I am a poetess!

From this time forth, with alarm to prose, and
prose writing! Oh, Poesy! gentle mistress,
to you do I devote my future life, and nature
yet unborn, shall revel in the wild creation
of my genius!

But what of a subject for the present
occasion? Of course, it must be a poem,
but on what? "Letters to an Absent Friend"
or "Comets to the Moon"? The latter, I
think, the first is too sentimental.

By the way, I intend to improve the
present style of poetry; it is altogether
too frivolous and sentimental—"Gently
family", sickening stuff—and the
influence of much of it is decidedly
detrimental. But to my subject—I
think my shall be an "Ode to the Moon"
Magnificent orb! Queen of the Heaven! 
Wilt may Mortals gaze on thee.
When thou risest with- with- with- the dear! What shall I do? Nothing under the sun to rhyme with heaven, but heaven and who ever heard of putting heaven into the moon to make it rise? It's plain I can't write poetry this evening, but sometime. Stay, and you, dear Norman, shall have my very first essay.
Perhaps my talent has lain dormant until it had become rusted - be that as it may, for the present I must content myself with writing prose.
Dear Offring:—

Of the situation of this fine old city, it is unnecessary to speak, it being well known to your numerous readers. The Upper Town is completely fortified, it being the only walled city in America. There are five gates, named Prescott, Hope, St. Lewis, St. Roch's and St. Peter's.

Each is guarded by a British sentinel—and the red coats are very plentiful there being over a thousand soldiers stationed here.

The buildings are mostly of stone, very few being of brick, and the walls of the houses are from four to eight feet thick.

The lower town is only a business mart, and it is best viewed from Durham Terrace, an unrivalled promenade, on the brink of the promontory, and commanding a fine view over the river, and the surrounding country. The guide called it "The finest promenade in Europe or America," which
is not wholly to be credited. To the West of
Dufferin Terrace are the Governor's Gardens,
which are open to the public. The lower one
contains covered avenues of shade trees,
and the Military Band, in white uniform, per-
form their choicest music here three times
a week, during the summer months.

In the upper portion of the Gardens is the
monument, erected to Wolfe & Montcalm.
The Gov. Gen. Sir Edmund Bond Head,
is in Duncbee at present, having lately arrived
from Montreal. Some day, he is here for
the benefit of his health. Others, because
of some difficulty he got into at Montreal.
Yesterday afternoon, we visited his
residence, Spencer Wood, it is called. "It's
only a short ride from the City, and a very
pretty place it is, hid away among
the trees." Speaking of riding, I
would mention that carriage wheels
are tarred according to their height.
I noticed some clay wheels, not over
a foot high that were so made to evade the
The taxi on two horses and a caleche, an old-fashioned chaise, the driver sitting in the chaise, 10 6.07 a year.

Dog carts are very numerous in the city. I saw one medium-sized dog carrying a load of over 300 lbs. weight.

Of course, we visited the fall of Montmorenci. It is distant some nine miles from the city, making a very pretty drive through a thickly settled French city.

The horses do not face the street, but stand "cornerwise." The farms, looking very neat, consist of long strips of land. When a farm is divided, the division extends the whole length, so that some of the fields are very narrow, but long. The price of admittance to see the fall is an English shilling. The charge is made to defray the cost of certain steps, and other improvements that have lately been made.

The falls have a perpendicular height of 250 ft. higher than those of Niagara, and the water descends in one single mass.
We viewed the falls from above, and from below, and a beautiful sight it was. Just below the falls, we were pointed to the remains of the Suspension Bridge, which broke some 3 or 4 years ago, precipitating some Canadians to instant death in the boiling torrent below. We had a fine view of the city on our return, built as it is on a hill, with its bright tin roofs, and numerous church spires covered with tin, its massive stone buildings and fortifications, together with the scenery of the surrounding country, make a picture which I think can scarcely be surpassed even in England, Europe.

There is no other city on this continent in which so many and varied attractions to the sightseer are accumulated, as in Quebec. The buildings, people, and everything here tends to make one think himself in some city of the old world.

I cannot do justice to Quebec, in a letter which must necessarily be short, but you may hope to hear from your correspondent while in Montreal, for which city I shall start tomorrow morning.
Our Normal Letters.

Yet, this great bundle of letters were all received during the last vacation, from our brother and sister Normall— and such real jovous, hope inspiring letters at these Uncle Sam's agents seldom bore the honor of distributing.

Why, this first one is just one of the happiest letters that was ever written! Nobody could find it in his natural disposition to feel cross for a week after reading it, even though the luscious of the dinner table were greedily indulged.

It commenced with the interjection "Oh," three times repeated, and then, at the interpretation thereof, says, "I am so happy. I've just drawn the first good long breath of unmodified freedom. Actually breathe the forest air—sitting on a hill—not Hancheinjoungu—with a dense forest in front. Behind, the village in front
at my feet— and the dear old Ocean on my left— The subdued sunlight coming through Nature's finely wrought muslin curtains, which she has draped in graceful folds over the windows of heaven— The invigorating sea breeze, loaded with the perfumed odors of the forest land— one word and why should I not feel it? I had every sort of words that mean something good, which can be found in Webster's Unabridged— united in one long word, terminated with a sep
double superlative, I could express a fractional part of my feelings— in lieu of which I can only repeat Oh!

After this outpouring of joy, he tells out of things which were done by the Member of the dear Normal Fraternity who lingered near their "Alma Mater" after the close of the term. And the description takes us right then as we read, and we can scarcely convince ourselves now that we did not tarry a
...tarry a few days, enjoy softly a review to
be forgotten jubilee, and attend the
Examination of the Salem Normal School
and hear Miss Brooks' dissertation on the
"School of Life". Miss Dudley's poem, and
other interesting exercises. Why, the last
sentence of Mr. Greenleaf's odd and spicy
remarks are still ringing in our ear.
"Take care of your health—take care of
your influence—take care of your souls.
The sweet little is a little
sobered— the familiar home deemed
recall childhood's sportive days,
and the friends who shared their gleams
now scattered— some filling places of
honor and trust, others in a very quiet
sphere are moving happily on life's way
and others still are lying in the cold
and silent grave. All this very naturally
gave rise to somewhat serious reflections
from which the writer wound by saying.
"This sounds rather barrenish— it only
lacks the conclusion, or application".
and then he chatted merrily of other things.

Kept coming one from our dear Chum, telling us of every little particular which had happened since we parted and how lonely our room appeared after it being emptied of ourselves and all our baggage, and all the little things which were intensely interesting to ourselves but with which a stranger intermediate

not.

Here is one in which there is no joie and allusion to a cassini at Normal Hall but a trembling anticipation of awful responsibilities. He declares he can think of nothing but that school and there is to be a teacher's place, and how can he make that interesting in a burdensome thought.

Now comes a dreamy, poetic letter DF touched a deep chord in our heart as we read, and the tears would come, even if our pious brother were looking
right at me, and did say, "It must be very pathetic."

The next is a rich, pacy, letter, full of fine incident and adventure, telling us of the formal convention of seeing Gov. Bennett and wife, among other notables, of a conversation with his Excellency, lightly hinting about future Legislative favor.

Now come one telling of journeying through a pleasant, and varied landscape, of a short sojourn where a beloved parent passed the sunny days of childhood, of visiting schools; this normal connection giving him the privilege of superintending committee of public schools generally. He tells also of ascending one of New Hampshire's famed mountains, and waking the echoes with a Normal song, wishing all the school that many of the band could join their voices in full chorus there.
And here is a letter, the appearance of which greatly astonished as for the envelope was wonderfully distended from the usual flat appearance. What could it contain, and if a preserved specimen of some ancient vertebrate, or a live subject for dissection and physiological investigation? He held the suspicious article at a safe distance, while we carefully broke the seal. Then lo! the fact was plainly revealed that promises made in jest are sometimes remembered and redeemed.

Here comes a little dainty looking letter written on a tiny gilt-edged sheet. But no matter if it was little, it brought me the glad intelligence that we should soon meet its author at the base of one of earth's desolating mountains and together ascend its proud summit. What need then of a long letter?

Then! The great clock on the Unitarian Church is striking ten—and must put away our letters until another week, for we are obedient to all Normal rules.
The Red Gate.

Vacation had come, and I was again among the dear old haunts. I once more climbed the desaggy hill-side, and upon its summit looked out upon its waters. I saw them dance in the bright sunlight, and flash back the silver moonlight. I walked again on the beach-sands, and listened to the soothing music of old ocean's murmurs, bathing my hands in its fleecy foam.

I stood on the green slopes of "Winterside", and saw the sun go down behind the spires, that he had brightened with his moontide page, leaving a glowing track upon its waters, like a golden path-way leading to his chamber. Yet was I not satisfied until again I sat near the ways willows, on the mossy seat by the Red Gate.

It was a dear hollowed spot. Nature and association had rendered it so.

The ponderous gate swung on its great hinges, and the iron chain braided above
it, at the sun-burnt man of toil urged his 

battie to the end of their days labor. 

I sat there, and thoughts came crowding 

thick and fast,”—of the home that I had spent 

neath those willows, by the old gate side, then 
in thoughtless boyhood, tired and fevered by 

the long ramble, Stunned there to rest. 

There had the scene of the future loomed 

up the brightest, there had I built my highest 

grandest air castles, while the birds sang 

about me in the leafy canopy. There too 

I saw those fair fabrics shattered—and 
youths first sadness weighed upon my 

spirit, when those leaves dry and bare, castled 
at my feet, and the birds winged their way 
to the south land. 

In this quiet retreat, had nature whispered 
to me her purest, holiest teaching, revealed 
to me her brightest phases;—told me you had 

I had wandered there in childhood by a 
father’s side; in early boyhood, I had sought 
it’s solitude to steal from its silence solace 

for my griefs.
And now again I sat in the shades of the green arches of my temple where had been rendered the fairest offerings of young devotion at the shrine of Nature.

And still was it that now, in youthful flush sorrow strangely mingled with the joy I felt to be there, once again.

My head was on my hand; the branches crowded above me—my thoughts were wandering back. Twas but a few years before that I was wont to come there often, though not alone.

Cousin Bizzie—shall I ever forget her—and my companion then.

The breezes that stole through the leaves seemed to bear her name. I looked up involuntarily, expecting to see an angel’s face. Ah! I saw her but in the bright mirror of memory. She stood before me as of old. Her hat swinging carelessly upon her arm, her little basket was filled with wild flowers, some of the poorest of which had been twined into a chaplet
for her brow. The breeze played with her fair curl, and her eye, blue as the Heaven spoke all happiness and joy.

She was my young ideal of the beautiful, and in later years, I have longed for one of half her spotless purity.

I looked back now through the long vista of my boy-life, and she was associated with them all. What ramble, what sport had I then enjoyed without her?

The sun had gone down behind the hills from which, together, often had we viewed its last beam, when there came a darker recollection. Dear Lizzie! Her cheek had grown pale, her step was less gay, and we heard her songs no more. How the thoughts of those sad weeks and days have haunted me! The rooms were darkened; our tones were low; our steps were very light. They were laid by the bedside, and prayers around the altar. There were hopes and fears—Lizzie was very sick!

The sun was setting; the autumn
Tints were over all the landscape when
her life tide was ebding away—
There were stifled sobs, and low ground at
winds, but she needed them not.
In that solemn hour, it was for one to
raise that pale form, and support it at
in brighter days— and while a brightness
not of earth, shone in her eyes that never
beamed with aught but love and tender
nest, with the waters of baptism on
her brow, her spirit sought its home.
The wish of her life had been fulfilled
in the hour of death— another soul had
found the waters of life.
Now steals on me the thought of the shroud
and the coffin, the grave, and the cold
clod.— It was all even then.
I arose from my seat near the willow
by the old red gate. I passed the brook
that oft had forshed me with its murmur
The twilight was deepening, and the
fleecy clouds seemed to touch the tops of
the tall poplars, as the grave yard gate
swung behind me and sat down, wearily
on a grassy mound. It was Lizzy's grave.
Here a mother's hand had planted the flowers
that once she loved. Here a father had bowed
his head in sorrow—here had I come to
pay the tribute of a tear.

The moon rose, and its light shone
strangely on the white slab and monu-
ments, but still lingered. And joy
mingled with the sorrow. I felt to be
there once again, and recall the days
of my first friendship, and my first
grief.
Gift of Elizabeth Chapman, 43 Despina Rd, Portland ME. Her mother was Martha Newell.