



Pages 2-8

*[blank]*

Editorial.

Another fortnight has rolled away, and another paper is now presented to you, with sanguine hopes that it may afford you much entertainment, and contribute in some degree to your edification.

For our devotion from the common walks of life to the position of “Editorial Board,” we would return to you our hearty thank, and in acknowledgment of the confidence you thereby reposed in us, we have endeavored to meet your wishes for “a real good paper,” and have striven to do our best. From the contributions which have been received, some of which are from the pens of writers well known for the excellence and interest of their productions, and others from those who at this time commence writing for the public press, we have made such selections as we thought would best commend themselves to the judgment and taste of

our audience, finding that if all were read our paper would not escape the usual verdict, "too long." We have endeavored, also, to make such an arrangement of our articles, as should produce the finest effect, and now present to you an Offering which we hope will prove acceptable, and not fall a whit in its general character, behind its numerous and illustrious predecessors. To our friends who have lent us their aid to make this number what it is, we would express our sincere gratitude, although want of time may prevent our reading all their favors, and we congratulate our worthy successors on the prospect of a continuance of the kindness which we have enjoyed. Our Offerings are not wanting in subscribers, for such we may call those who listen to their reading, and therefore they should not be wanting in contributors. The Offering stands like our other exercises, and exponent of the Lyceum, and demands a share of the time

and talent of the members. Regarded, as it now is, as one of the most interesting of the exercises, when a “real good paper” is well read, all should add their influence not only to maintain it in its present position, but to elevate it and make its advent hailed with pleasure, to render it more worthy of a Normal Lyceum. Each should feel that some responsibility rests upon him, and should bring to its aid a helping pen. But some say that they cannot write as good an article as their neighbor.

What then! if the pieces were all of the same character there would be little variety, and as Juno replied to the peacock who complained that though far more beautiful than the nightingale, he was denied her melody of song, “it is not meet that all gifts should be conferred on one;” and if you cannot write such a witty and frothy piece as your neighbor, write a solid one. Plain bread and butter are

full as nourishing as the foaming ale or the sparkling champagne [*sic*]. We have noticed with pleasure the new feature of a descriptive correspondence in our papers of this term, concerning places visited by one of our friends, and we think this style has a good effect in giving variety. Have not others visited or lived near places of interest familiar to but few of us, of which they can give us a pithy and pleasing description? The public call is for variety. We need not all write essays. Let us then strike out into new and varied styles of compositions, and one and all do what we can for the improvement of the Offering. And in reference to our Lyceum allow us to suggest one improvement. We have noticed of late, during our meetings, more notes passing to and fro, and more whispering than formerly, and the general opinion is that the effect on the Lyceum is injurious, and the evil should be removed. The occasional writing of a note is often very convenient

and sometimes necessary, but we confess that we have been unable to conceive how the debates and other exercises require so extensive a correspondence as we have at times noticed, unless parties on one side of the Rubicon not privileged to speak in debate, become so warmed by the eloquence of the disputants, that they furnish ideas on the question to their friends on the other bank of the stream. But to speak seriously, it is beneath the dignity of the Lyceum, as well as very impolite and improper, that this should longer continue among us, therefore let us avoid it in the future, and if there are little interchanges of thought and feeling which must be made during the evening, just reserve them till the homeward walk after Lyceum and then a soft, low voice will heighten their charms, and give them a richness which pencil marks cannot express. This evening perhaps, offers great temptation to indulgence in the

evil we have mentioned, for on the morrow many will leave for their happy firesides, which will be gladdened by their return and there are always a few last words to say, a few arrangements to make before we part, but let us not disturb the Lyceum with them. Let us begin now, this evening, to rectify this matter, each one for himself, and it will quickly disappear. Many we say are going home, for Thanksgiving is almost here, only a few more days and it will open upon us with all its glories and pleasures, and in our family reunions, we shall find comfort, rest and quiet happiness. Visions of decapitated turkeys and geese never more to cackle, with a body guard of headless ducks and chickens come up before the mental eye obscured only by the steam rising from the hot plum-pudding, time honored burden of a Thanksgiving table, and the mind dwells with horror on thoughts of the carnage which will precede that day. Oh, horrors of the Inquisition revived!

These victims of malice prepense and aforethought, and intent to kill long harbored in the heart, condemned to die by the ax of the executioner must suffice the scourge of fire as well. "Beheaded and roasted" has been their sentence and the murderous hand of many delights in its execution, and after this has been accomplished the victims is again dispatched. Tyrannical man! Nor will our palates alone be gratified, our hearts will rejoice as we meet those who like us have been away from home, some perhaps even for years, and have returned to enjoy in the bosom of the families from which they have been parted that Festival which, though perhaps at present not regarded as it was by those who instituted it, nor observed as they originally designed, has become dear to the New England heart, and is long looked for as a joyous season, a time when the family circle shall gather around the home fireside, and talk of the bright memories of the past,

the pleasures and blessings of the present, and the prospects of the future. And may we find in the coming holidays, a time of rest and social enjoyment. May we all have many happy returns of the day, and may one of its sunniest memories in after years be that of our Normal Course.

Be in Earnest

“What an excellent scholar Mr. F. is! He is always prepared when called upon in the recitation – his answers are always so clear and accurate, -- he is the pride of the class – if I could only recite as he does I should be satisfied.” This remark made, in our presence not long since, by a scholar, concerning a classmate, suggested one of two thoughts which may serve to fill out a column of the Offering. What gave this young man the position he occupies? -- and could not the individual who coveted his attainments secure the same by following the same course which he had taken? We think so, the natural abilities of the two scholars and their opportunities for improvement differ but little. But to speak more generally, how is it that some men accomplish so much in so short a time? how do they become burning and shining lights among their fellows? There is a point and

power in all they think, and say, and do. They may not live many years. They may pass away quickly from the earth, but they finish their work, and leave their “footprints on the sands of time.” Though “their bodies sleep in peace their names live evermore.” What is the secret of their success? The most prominent trait of character in this class of individuals, and which has been one, at least, of the essential elements of their success, is expressed by a single word; but it is a living, burning word; that word is Earnestness. This, if we mistake not, is the true secret of all the wonderful successes which have astonished the world.

Have you ever thought how much is implied in being an earnest man or woman? To such an one the word Life is full of meaning. It means something more than “to eat, and drink, and sleep,” and to be tossed about upon the waves of shifting circumstances. “It means action, earnest, well-directed action.”

It means work done, influence exerted, good accomplished.” “Life is not measured by the time we live.” But he who really lives must be in earnest. Scan the pages of History and how many do you find who have gained an enduring reputation and have become truly great who were not earnest men? What led John Howard the philanthropist while visiting Rome to relieve the prisoner, to refuse himself time, as he did, to survey the magnificence of its ruins? He felt that he had one thing to do and he was in earnest to do it. How did Luther, under God, effect the reformation? It was by being “terribly in earnest.” “Bonaparte, it is said, endeavored to make his soldiers believe that “impossible” was not good French; and the practical effect of such a belief was exemplified at the bridge of Lodi, on the plains of Marengo and Austerlitz, and a hundred other battle-fields.”

A host of other earnest spirits might be mentioned did space permit. We admire the earnestness of these men, and yet forget that the same spirit is the indispensable condition of our success. Would you be an earnest man or woman, compare and estimate yourself by an ideal which is higher than yourself. Be a whole man to one thing at a time; always have one thing to do. And let your purpose be as unconquerable and the determination of your feelings toward the main object of pursuit as invariable as the law which makes the water run down the hill side. To a really earnest spirit scarcely anything is impossible. Be in earnest – this is the secret of your scholarship.

A.G.B.  
*[Albert G. Boyden]*

### Female Influence

The subject of our theme, though often discussed, is one that never loses its interest on the lips of the sage, nor refuses instruction to the power of his pen; and its nature is such that the moderate thinker in an enlightened age may venture to offer his ideas without fear of ruffling its charms, or hope of snatching laurels from the reach of succeeding geniuses. As the sun diffuses light and heat continually and fervidly, so Female Influence pours out its charms from an exhaustless fount, and invites our pen to join in its praise. The character of woman needs no eulogy, for she writes it herself on the tablets of our hearts. Her gentleness, love of virtue, and refined tastes are indicative of a germ of intrinsic worth, a diadem beyond the monarch's power to appropriate to his crown. And the kindly look of her lovely eyes, the sunny smile of her rosy lips, and the soft caress

of her gentle hand are nature's aids to her power in softening the sterner traits in man. Such is the true woman. Of others we have naught to say. The relation of woman to society is so important, that were it destroyed, society would cease and man would struggle through the world like the unpitied victim through the vale [*sic*] of Martyrs; earth now attired in rich and varied robes, to him would be a desert. She is both the pillar and ornament of society, and as such reflects brilliant honors upon the name. The cruel sentiment entertained by some, that woman is the inferior sex in every respect, is ungenerous and unjust; and he who proclaims such groundless ideas discloses a polluted avenue to his uncultivated mind, and brands himself a deserving outcast from her society. It is this class that more frequently than any other pollutes the pure, confiding heart and overthrows its pedestal of virtue, its former glory. We of right may indulge in retrospective contemplations, and observe the

errors which formerly prevailed among the most intelligent people. The time has been when it was considered exceedingly improper for the sexes though members of the same school to associate freely; or for a youthful swain to promenade with wavy curls and laughing eyes; a time when haughty power became indignant at the associations of young men and women, and forbade one the refining influence of the other. The one was snatched from her proper sphere, fettered and consequently deprived of her natural power, the other left to toss on the heaving billows of life's tempestuous sea without ballast, or the genial influence of a warm ray of light from the most perfect of earthly beings. The most perfect because woman was the last of creation. As Burns says, Nature tried her apprentice hand on everything else and when her utmost skill had been acquired, she made the woman.

Want of time forbids my indulging in speculations with regard to the improved conditions of society; therefore, hoping it may be the happy lot of all of us to revel in the smiles of beauty and virtue I pray to be forgiven.

T.D.S [?]

### Our Lyceum

There are many excellencies in our Lyceum which will appear to all who carefully or even hastily consider the subject; but there is also one thing which ought to be corrected; there is one point, in which great improvement is demanded and should be made; it is in the order at our meetings.

For sometime past, note-writing and loud whispering in certain parts of the room have annoyed those who wished to hear the regular exercises, and the Lyceum has been considerably interfered with by such proceedings. And worse than all, this conduct has been that of members, and while we have been somewhat disturbed by boys who have attended our meetings we cannot much complain when members set them such a deplorable example. The occasional passing of a note or a low whisper to a next neighbor may be, and at times doubtless is, necessary,

but the regular practice of employing the greater part of the evening in writing and reading notes, and sometimes whispering so as to be heard by all in one's vicinity, is something which every member should not only frown upon in others, but be above doing himself. Were the inconvenience confined to those who take part in it, it would be bad enough but the evil does not stop there, it is felt throughout the Lyceum. Members and others sitting quietly attending to the exercises, are suddenly interrupted by a note which they are requested to forward; they hate to refuse, and on it goes disturbing perhaps half a dozen more before it reaches its destination, and if one happen to sit in the back part of the room near the Rubicon, these notes are constantly passed to him. Thus individuals are disturbed, and the disorder in that part of the room, causes serious annoyance to speakers and the

Lyceum generally, and give to the whole, an appearance from which visitors must form a very unfavorable opinion. Ought not such doings to be banished from our meetings? Have a few any right to violate the rules of propriety and common politeness, and interfere with the time and attention of others? Should speakers be troubled and perplexed by the inattention of those who should be listening? Certainly not.

If our exercises are not worthy the attention of our members, then let such as are not interested, stay away, if by coming they must trespass on the rights and enjoyments of others.

A.B.

*[Alfred Bunker ?]*

*[blank]*

From our Regular Correspondent

Niagara City, Oct. 1858

Dear Offering,

I propose to write you a few lines, not concerning the falls themselves, but concerning the immediate surroundings. The Falls have been too often described for me to say much about them.

The Suspension Bridge I'll first speak of, as I first noticed that on my arrival from the city of Montreal. This bridge consists of a single span across the river, two miles below the Falls. The length is eight hundred feet, and it is two hundred fifty feet above the water. The four cables that support the bridge are each ten inches in diameter, containing four thousand miles of iron wire. The cars cross on top and twenty-eight feet below is suspended the carriage road. This bridge combines, in an eminent degree, strength and elegance

of structure. The G. T. R.R. Co. pay forty thousand dollars a year for the privilege of crossing. Passing on towards the Falls, we saw the little "Maid of the Mist" returning from one of her regular trips to the Falls. We determined to take passage in her; waiting a few minutes, we donned the water-proof garments which are provided for passengers and took our stations in the front part of the little steamer. This two mile trip is of most thrilling character. Passing between the steep cliffs on either side of the river we obtained a magnificent view of the Falls, in all positions, until we dashed into the cloud of mist at the foot of the Falls and seemingly into the very jaws of the roaring cataract. But the little steamer wheeled round in time, and emerged from this white curtain, glittering with drops of water. Instead of returning to our starting place we left the steamer at the Ferry, at the foot of the Falls. There is a curiously inclined plane, up which

we are carried by means of cars, which are worked by means of a water wheel and ropes. There is also a flight of stairs connected with this for the benefit of foot passengers. Being on the American side, we first went to view the Falls from Point Prospect. This is indeed a sight worth coming many hundred miles to see. We behold Niagara stretching from the American to the Canadian side, in one magnificent perspective. Just at our feet, flow the smooth deep masses of the American Falls, just beyond, and a little to the left is Goat Island richly clothed in trees, and seeming as if it too, were plunging like the mighty river into the abyss below. Right in front is the Great Horse-Shoe Falls, while just off the point is seen Terrapin Tower, of which more hereafter. But let us pass to Goat Island. We cross by means of a suspension bridge build by the Messrs. Porter who are extensive proprietors in this neighborhood.

From this bridge is obtained the finest view of the Rapids above the Falls. By many this is considered a much finer prospect, than the Falls themselves. It seems strange where this immense amount of water comes from and after passing the Fall, where it goes; because just below, the river is very narrow. Passing over Goat Island, we cross the bridge, and ascend Terrapin Tower. This tower is built on the very edge of the Great Fall, on a few scattered masses of rock. From the summit of the tower we obtain the grandest view that can be conceived. The rapids, the falls, the islands, in fact the whole range of the Falls themselves and the world of raging water around the, are seen from this commanding point of view. Far down below, are seen the little ferry boats dancing on the waters, and the "Maid of the Mist" just entering the cloud at the foot of the Falls. We see several islets which are more or less connected with thrilling incidents of danger escape or death. We have thus noticed a few of the many objects of interest, but the limits of my letter forbid describing more. And I shall be unable to write again from this place, as in the morning I start for a trek up the great lakes etc.

‘Twas “midnight’s holy hour.” Most good Normals had long since retired, but in a small and rather dimly lighted room were sitting two maidens. The silence was quite awful, interrupted only by an occasional sigh from the pectoral regions of the elder. Finally she spoke as her locks – colored as the hues of the morning, gleamed redder in the fiery *[sic]* belt that encircled the air-tight. “Sally it is time that we were at our labors.” Sally breathed hard once and said “What if we are not able to manage the machine?” “What man has done woman may do!” was the almost angry reply of the luminous Polly. Sally said no more but with the assistance of her friend dragged forth into the room a machine of wonderful mechanism. The elder contemplated it with pleasurable emotions and read aloud the words upon it traced by her own fair hand. “The incomparable, double cranked, rhyme

Rhythm and meter evolves, designed for the use of persons not quite gifted in poetic powers.” Along the sides could be noticed a great variety of screws the uses of which were known only to the operator, being distinguished by certain names as Trochee, Spoondee [*sic*], Iambic; Monometer, Dimeter, Trimetric etc. “No time to be lost” said Polly “if the machine works we can make a fortune by letting it to Normals on Composition nights!” “Turn the Trochaic and Tetrameter screws and put Hiawatha into the meter box. Now we will turn.”

For a few moments a sound was heard like low muttering thunder, then came distinctly these words.

Should you ask me whence these Normal  
Whence these young men and these maidens  
With the graces of the city  
And the verdure of the country;  
With their thundering oratory  
And their voices full of music,  
With their various dispositions

And their often sad conditions,  
Saying that of which they know not;  
I should answer I should tell you,  
From the towns and from the cities,  
From the states of Good New England,  
From the islands of the ocean,  
From the capes and promontories,  
From the goodly place of Bethel  
Where doth run the Androscoggin  
And in distance rise the mountains;  
From the lovely town of Ashby  
Where the maids and flowers are fairest,  
From the crowded streets of Boston,  
And from many other places;  
Marblehead the place so noted  
For its wondrous "House of Customs,"  
Salem with its stately structures,  
Superannuated parsons,  
Worn out captains, fogy merchants;  
Newton with its halls of learning,  
Destined to be famed in future  
As the home of I. F. Kingsbury.

Should you ask me who is ruler  
Of these young men and these maidens  
Of this noble tribe of Normals,  
I should answer I should tell you  
That King Marshall is the ruler,  
Ruler, he, of all the Normals;  
Rules by love and not by birch-rod  
Or cutaneous application.  
Very pleasant is the Normal  
Where the sun is brightly shining  
Where all hearts are filled with gladness,  
And the young men in the alcove  
Stop to whisper to the maidens,  
And the maidens stop to listen.  
So I sing you of the Normals,  
Sing you of their wondrous doings,  
How they went to Middleboro,  
Went in numbers quite imposing,  
That their brothers there, might know them  
Know them better, love them better,  
And good feeling be engendered.  
Ye who love the Halls of Normal  
Love to linger neath its portals

Drinking from the fount of Knowledge,  
Listen to this simple story,  
To this song about the Normals.  
'Twas on Friday in November  
That a party of these Normals,  
Left the temple grand of learning  
Left the beauties Lippincottic,  
Over which they had been poring.  
To their several homes repaired they  
And with haste prepared to swallow  
Stores of aliment nutritious.  
Then according to commandment  
Given out by Felt, the captain,  
Each gallant went for his lady  
Went with steed like Alexander's  
Or Don Quixote's Rozinante.  
Straightway on the road were marshaled  
Many noble "beasts of burden,"  
Heads erect, dilated nostrils  
Quite impatient of delaying.  
So they started, all these Normals  
Started through the woods of Plymouth

For the town of Middleboro,  
All these merry, laughing Normals.  
Very cold at times the wind blew  
Through the dreary depths of forest  
Making music through the branches.  
But these Normals did not heed it  
Did not heed the cold wind blowing.  
They were well prepared for going;  
Wrapped in furs and armed for riding  
With their mittens and their mufflers  
On their journey went they forward.  
Very steady were these Normals  
Yet their Good-ale took they with them;  
For their comfort did they take it.  
Then their homes were represented,  
Their fair Holmes so well defended  
Round which such sweet memories cluster.  
Toll was never there demanded  
Yet their Towle they carried with them  
Thinking 'twould perhaps be useful.  
This was not a berry party,  
Yet some berries had they with them,  
Very large ones, very fair ones,

One from Newton one from Lawrence.  
So they rode to Middleboro,  
Over hill and valley rose they  
Laughing, merry, joyful Normals  
Thinking not of rules Rhetoric.  
Crack of joke and crack of whip lash  
Sounded through the depths of forest  
Depth of forest through whose shadows  
Rode these merry, laughing Normals.  
As they rode conversed they freely,  
All about the moon converse they,  
And about the stars above them;  
Of Orion and Arcturus,  
Of the Pleiades the sisters  
Bringing thoughts of Normal sisters  
Thoughts that they, like the fair Pleiad,  
Might be doomed to wed a mortal.  
And at other times they pondered,  
Sat with eyes cast down in silence.  
Of their fellow Normals thought they  
Sitting by the heated airtight,  
Poring o'er the page of Hackley

And the wondrous truths of Logic.  
Thought that in their homes their mothers  
At that moment then were saying  
“Poor child! how he has to study,  
Has to study in the night time;  
Even now his head is aching  
With the weariness of labor.”  
Dear good mother! little know you  
When your children are not by you  
When your hearts are aching for them  
What good times they may be having  
Making useless your repinings  
Your solicitous repining.  
And as onward rode these Normals  
Over hill and over valley  
In the moonlight and the starlight  
Through the shadows of the thickets  
O'er the frozen sands of Plymouth  
Where the rills run by the roadside;  
Thus bespoke one of these Normals  
In the style of the great poet  
He the author of “Miles Standish”  
Author of “Miles Standish’ Courtship.”

Tell me not that broken slumbers  
Are not better than they seem.  
Good are they for flowing numbers  
Compositions by the ream.

Sleep is sweet, and sleep is healthful  
But the nights the times for fun,  
And its moments are more joyful  
Than the reigning of the sun.

Rich enjoyment and not sorrow  
Leads us now upon our way  
To the town of Middleboro,  
Donkeys twelve in grand array.

Roads are long and time is fleeting  
And our beast is very slow,  
Patiently we do the beating  
Strive in vain to make him go.

Trust no hostler howe'er pleasant  
Animals are poorly fed

Keep a lookout for the present  
Fun within and stars o'erhead.

Let the wheels and axle rattle  
We have entered on the strife  
We're resolved to win the battle  
Brother Normal "such is life."

Lives of horses are remind us  
That our horse can lead the band,  
And in traveling leave behind him  
Foot-prints on the Plymouth sand.

Foot-prints that perhaps friend Torrey  
Coming on with little check,  
If his nag should chance to step in  
Stands a chance to break his neck.

Let us then our best be doing  
Using force and making rhyme,  
Bright will be the ends accruing  
From this happy Normal time.

When the Normals words were ended  
As if borrowing his sprit  
With a sudden jerk and movement  
Did his animal shoot forward.

Over hill and over hollow,  
O'er the frozen sands of Plymouth,  
In the moonlight and the starlight  
Through the shadows of the thickets  
Rode these merry laughing Normals.  
Soon the lights throughout the village  
Shed their merry luster on them,  
Seeming, as they did, to mingle  
With the beauteous stars of Heaven.  
Nearer and still nearer came they  
Past the suburbs, gained "the corners,"  
Till the frozen streets beneath them  
Echoed back the merry rattle  
Which betrayed how vast their numbers,  
While the hills sent back their laughter.  
When they reached the halls of learning  
"Pierce's" walls loomed up before them

With their portals academic.  
Then into those portals went they  
Looked about with eyes dilated  
At the wondrous lights they saw there.  
Bright and joyous were the numbers  
Of the young men and the maidens  
That had gathered there together  
Gathered in those halls of learning.  
So they all sat down and listened  
To the words of youthful sages  
Young in years but old in wisdom;  
To their sayings did they listen  
Sayings rich with queer allusions,  
To the Greek and Roman scholars:  
To the mighty men and noble  
In the ages gone before them  
Filing [?] with them in the splendor  
Of their specious oratory;  
Till they thought themselves translated  
To the ancient Roman forum  
Thought that they might then be listening  
To the glorious words of Tully  
Or to Ciceronean thunders.

And "old Greece" was brought before them  
Robed in her historic glories,  
Reared again they saw here temples,  
Saw her fields again bestudded  
With the architectural beauties  
That had made them cherished places;  
Waked again were all the echoes  
Of Demosthenean voices.  
Till entranced with varied splendors  
Rested they beneath the shadows  
Of the Pyramids of Cleops;  
And Returning to their senses  
Found that they were calmly sitting  
Neath the portals Academic,  
Listening to the classic blunders From the lips of beardless striplings.  
Yet right glad were they to listen  
To those words of doubtful import  
Fraught with youthful aspirations.  
Yet at some times did these Normals  
Turn a moments from the speakers  
To survey the rare devices

Hung about the walls and ceiling.

When the speeches all were ended  
When in rapturous applauses  
Had been lost the farewell echoes  
Then uprose the whole assembly,  
Youths and maids of Middleboro,  
And they lifted up their voices  
In a song that breather of parting.  
Thus did end the grand performance  
Of the young men and the maidens.  
And the Normals went forth from the,  
Wished them all a joyful future.  
Looked not eastward looked not westward.  
Turned their hearts and faces homeward.

Still much longer could I sing you  
Of the deeds of these good Normals  
As in lonely hours of midnight  
On their homeward way they journeyed.  
But too long I've tarried with you  
Too long have I taxed your patience;  
And I will no longer tire you.

With my cheerless cold recital.  
So I leave you – leave you sadly  
Thanking you for your attention  
Wishing you a life most joyful  
In the pleasant land of Normal  
In the realms of good king Marshall  
Ruler he of all the Normals.

J. W. C. [?]

*[blank]*

### Childhood's Home

How plainly I see it now in that great mirror, memory! Yes, there it stands on the side of the hill with the pleasant garden in front extending to the rocks that gird the moving waters of the broad blue ocean. Its vines still fondly cling around the trellised walls; the bright flowers are in full bloom beneath the open windows, and the air in the dear old sitting-room is laden with sweet perfume. Come in with me, for you must taste its hospitality. Take a seat in their old fashioned arm-chair. It is grandmother's, here she sat at here knitting when her eyes had grown dim, and the spinning wheel was removed to the old garret room. How many times I've sat upon this cricket at her feet and listened to the trembling voice so musical with stories that enraptured my childish imagination. Here on this little stand is her great Bible, which stimulated my ambition to read, that I might read to her

from its sacred pages. “She has gone with the breeze that caught the flow song she sung,” and to that land where there is no more death. But we must go to my mother’s room. Beside this easy chair, at my mother’s knee I learned to say “Our Father.” In that little bed have I felt the warm pressure of a mother’s kiss. On this carpet have I played the games of infancy; and with my head on the wool worked kitten of the rug, I have shut my eyes to see the blue stars dance, and dream of bright worlds inhabited by brighter spirits; sometimes visions of the future would fill up the background with colors and happy scenes, then all would float away with the music of the waves. Standing by this open window I have watched the waves roll up to the rocks and dash their white spray on every cliff, anon the scream of the seabird came upon the air to my ear, as he soared above the rolling billows. Ay, well might the poet say with emotion “Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean roll.”

Thy voice has been my cradle, hymn, and I love thee still. Come now into the garden and see a shady nook where they daisies open their bright eyes, and the primroses peep from their rich green leaves. Here is a moss rose bush with half opened buds hiding behind the dark red roses. I must gather one for my friend, it is the emblem of unalloyed friendship. It is my garden, this little spot. I have dug and raked and hoed here, pulled weeds, and gathered bright and fragrant flowers. I love to come and watch the budding beauty of its spring-time, the rich glory of its summer, and the changing hues of its autumn. Yes, and I like its warm bed of winter, covered with the white counterpane of snow, for I know that the bright ones are kept warm and will rise again to beautify the earth and rejoice the heart of the young gardener.

Take this crosspath and we come to the barn; the swing is hanging from the

middle beam where I have so often amused myself with exhilarating exercise. In that corner I have played hide and seek with my brother, received company into an imaginary parlor, prepared tea in the same kind of dining-room, and did the honors of an imaginary household; on that other side of the door clambered on the hay in search of the hidden nest, and returned with pinafore full of the brittle treasure.

“Home, Home, can I forget thee?” is the language of the heart as the curtain of night falls upon the mirror of memory, and I see its reflection no longer.

E.S. [?]

Written for the Normal Offering

Sonnet

Gone are the long, bright, golden summer hours.  
And, through the valleys, o'er the hill-side bleak,  
The chilly winds of Autumn moan and shriek,  
Scattering, with ruthless hand, the leaves and flowers.  
Ah! What a weary, fruitless life is ours!  
What vain delights, what phantoms do we seek,  
Ere Time has plucked the roses from our cheek,  
Or planted thorns in Youth's enchanted bowers!  
Soon disappointment with its killing frost,  
Ushers the Winter of our discontent, --  
The Harvest past, the joyous Summer spent,  
Life's joys all withered, hope and comfort lost.  
Renew thy miracle, life-giving Spring!  
Return, with peace, and joy, and healing on thy wing.

J. A. T.  
[*John A. Torrey ?*]

“God is Love.”

This fact is everywhere evident on the face of Nature. The little streamlet, winding over hill and through vale, seems to say by its bubbling, “God is love.” The lofty trees of the forest swayed to and fro by the Lord of the winds, proclaims “God is love.” The wild bird soaring through the sky and anon alighting upon some tree warbles forth in his loudest tones, “God is love.” The tiny flower, that lifts its head to catch the sunshine, silently proclaims, “God is love.” The passing cloud, which for a moment obscures the sun, seems to come but to repeat the assertion “God is love.” Mighty ocean, with its foam crested billow, more deeply impressed the fact “God is love.” And every leaf and blade of grass joins with every other voice of Nature to shout “God is love.” And echo answers, “God is love.”

E. F. P.

*[Emma F. Parish ?]*

### Influence of Mountain Scenery

Character is formed, not only by the moral and intellectual influences brought to bear directly upon the mind, but by natural scenery, operating through the senses. The sights which meet the eye, and the sounds which strike the ear leave each its different impress.

A single view of one of Nature's grandest scenes often produces feelings which modify the whole character, and causes some delicate chord to vibrate, whose undulations give harmony and completeness to the whole after life. But these sudden yet lasting effects can be ~~found~~ produced only upon minds of the nicest sensibilities, and by those exhibitions of nature, which are the most strikingly peaceful, sublimely beautified, or grandly awful, such as the enchanting vale of Cashmere, with its fragrant forests and profusion of roses, or the deep "placid Leman" seen from the alabaster slopes of the Jura. Our own Niagara, crowned by god himself, and by him wrapped in spray, or the mighty ocean

convulsed by a storm, whose vivid lightnings disclose the fearful havoc it is working. Any man, who from childhood has been familiar with Nature, has received an indelible impression from her hand; the grandeur and great variety of her forms have tended to inspire him with a love for the beautiful, the true and the right. But if he has daily seen the sun rise above the mountains, and the clouds gather about their summits, and marked the constant changing of their deep shadows; if he has climbed the rugged cliff and listened to the reverberation of the thunder; -- followed the swollen torrent to the plain below and seen it become an irrigating and fertilizing agent, we find his feelings all intensified, his courage and activity indomitable, his patriotism and love of liberty a ruling passion. Every spot on our globe, when rightly viewed, furnishes sufficient evidence of the wisdom, love, and power of its Author to inspire a veneration for him and a love for his works. Even the sandy Sahara, -- grand in its desolation,

the monotonous table-lands of La Plata, and the lowlands of Holland, each reveals the beneficence and skill of the Creative hand, but, owing to their sameness, they fail to impart that natural activity and power of body and mind, and that strong sympathy and fellow feeling, which are inspired by the more varied scenery of Circassia, Switzerland and New England; where man still feels his nobility, yielding subjection to no power, but to the God of Nature.

E. B. W.  
*[Eliza B. Woodward ?]*

*[blank]*

### Say What You Mean

This is a very simple injunction, yet how few of us observe it! How inaccurate we are in our statements! and sometimes this is even carried into our laws. The City Council of a neighboring city once enacted that certain watchmen should carry lanterns. They did so, but had no lamps in them. It was then enacted that there should be a lamp or candle in the lantern, this was done but it was not lighted, and it took three separate enactments to make the ordinance complete, affording, perhaps, a verification of the maxim that "the third time never fails." But this will not hold true always, for in another instance we find that a gentleman at a hotel table asked his neighbor if he could reach the potatoes; he extended his arm and finding them within reach, replied that he could. The first gentleman then asked him if he would stick his fork into one of them, he took the fork and stuck it into one of the

Potatoes and left it there. The eyes of the whole company were now attracted to the scene, and the first gentleman asked the other if he would return him the fork. The other quietly drew the fork from the potato and handed it back, amid the shouts of the company. But sometimes we are baffled when we say exactly what we mean. Take for example the railroad conductor who told a passenger that he ought not to smoke. The passenger replied "that is what my friends say!" "But," said the conductor, "you mustn't smoke," and the passenger replied, "that is what my doctor says." The conductor added as a climax, "you shan't smoke," but the passenger had the advantage of a ready reply, for he coolly said "that is what my wife says."

C. W. F.  
*[Charles W. Felt ?]*

These old Normal letters – how cheery they always look! and the third of fifth reading is just as interesting as the first! See this one! Well do we remember the evening of its reception! Two post stamps marked the outside, and the large envelope was amply filled. We nibbled off one end, with nervous haste, and drew forth five well covered sheets! Then for the space of half an hour we were in happy unconsciousness of our surroundings living wholly in that letter. It made us alternately sad, grave and merry.

Listen now to this description of a muster it is a living picture – you can see and hear as plainly as if you had been on the grounds yourself, and will decide with me that a muster is a great institution.

“At the Salem depot I accepted one of the many last chances to ride to the camp grounds for the small fee of twelve and a half cents, and was soon being locomoted in that direction by about four horse power in a very

rickety vehicle. For two miles all that could be seen was one long line of conveyances; and the great dust clouds were hurled over them, filling the eyes and garments of all travelers with impurity and gravel-stones, and the hearts of drivers with anger. In the distance the hundreds of white tents looked beautiful in the sunlight, and the bristling bayonets flashed back its bright rays. The scene outside the camp was one of glorious confusion. Everything that a Yankee's ingenuity would dare to speculate on was on exhibition or for sale. Cries filled the air, drums, and bagpipes innumerable made much noise but no music. "Wax figures of the most distinguished murderers of the last century" -- "Wild men of Borneo": "A sheep with only three legs" were declared to be sights worthy any man's attention. Patent soaps, brass jewelry, wonderful panaceas warranted to cure all incurable diseases, were hawked about by live Yankees and clamorous Irishmen. After all, the free sights were

the most interesting, for instance; an organ grinder with one leg, carrying a sour look, a broken organ, and a hideous monkey. An unfortunate, who on account of disregarding some physiological law was troubled with a "pain in his side" endeavoring to ease it by the internal application of ice cream, and oysters which were recommended by the proprietor of such articles. And many other like ridiculous things, to excite laughter or sadness, approval or disgust. The scene at the grand review by the Governor was particularly fine. About two thousand five hundred men, quite an army, performed every variety of military maneuver in the most pleasing manner. The scene was exciting. The pealing cannonade, the rattling musketry, the swelling strains of music blended into a grand oratorio. Then the prancing horses, the gay uniforms and nodding plumes made all look fine and impressive."

There! What more vivid description could

Be given in the same space than that! And now he goes on telling us about meeting some Normal brethren there, and then of other matters. See how prettily he speaks of his Grandmother here. “Her broken tones are to me sweet music; her withered hand has in its touch the magic of an angel. Her grey hair is, in my eyes, a crown of glory. I love to sit by her side, and listen to her kind, yet sometimes, queer advice.”

Well, we will fold this letter now, we shan't read to you all the twenty pages – though I know you are wishing we would.

Here is another that we received the same day – it contains intelligence concerning several of our class, whom the writer had seen while rustivating. He had visited several places of interest, among which was Plymouth, and while there he went into Pilgrim's Hall to see the curiosities there collected. He declared himself in quite a letter-writing mood, this being the third he had written that morning, and by the

Easy, racy style, one can readily perceive it was not tedious effort. This next one was written just after returning from a month's ramble amid scenes of wild and romantic beauty, and the general tone of the letter shows a joyous elasticity of spirits. It is a real free outgushing from a happy heart, and no wonder he says "adjectives quite fail to express what memory recalls."

Here comes one received the day before our return to school – a funny letter it is too! The closing sentence is, "I do not expect a reply to this now, I am willing to wait till November, then you must remember. Yes, indeed, we will remember and next week we will certainly pen a reply to this.

M. B. N.  
*[Martha B. Newell]*

*[blank]*

The Concert

Did you hear the ancient singing  
Of the youthful antiquarians  
In our Village Hall assembled,  
When they sung old songs familiar,  
Sung the venerable anthems,  
Once the pride and joy of many  
Who long time ago departed  
From this world of changes, chances  
Joys, and sorrows, disappointments  
Hopes and many colored fortunes;  
Pride and joy of many singers  
In the "singing seats" distinguished;  
At the happy fireside welcome,  
And the life of every party.  
At the husking, at the wedding,  
At the busy "Bee," the singers  
Gave their voices to their neighbors,  
Gave the gift of heart-felt music.  
Pleasant was it on that evening  
Good old customs to remember,  
Good old manners, simple manners,

When the sound of many voices  
Rose at every social meeting  
In the unpretending chorus,  
Rose in songs and hymns familiar.  
Maidens sung and matrons stately,  
Youths and men – all joined in singing.  
In the meeting house the singings  
Rose from all the congregation;  
In the grave or merry meeting  
In the houses singing sounded.

Pleasant was it Wednesday evening  
Pleasant moonlight Wednesday evening  
Those old doings to remember.  
When the voices of the singers  
And the sight of things so ancient  
Touched the hearts and waked the memories  
Of the kindly listening people;  
When the youthful antiquarians  
Sung old tunes to skilful music  
Played by antique looking Smalley.  
While the staff of the director  
In the hands of tuneful Harry

Waved above old fashioned coiffures  
On the heads of blooming maidens  
Dressed to represent the ladies  
Of the times that few remember;  
Dressed in robes that once were sported  
At the wedding, in the ball room,  
At our grandmothers' tea-parties;  
Robes that sometimes went to meeting,  
Robes that on the village wayside  
Swept along with grace bewitching,  
Though they look so odd in these days.  
Waved above the wigs so wondrous  
Covering up the manly beauty  
Of the singing men so youthful.

Saw you there our town-born Hannah  
And our town-born Susies, Lizzies,  
Annies, Jennies, and the others,  
Dressed in quaint and rich apparel?  
Saw you there the blooming strangers  
Gathered in our halls of learning,  
Who that evening paid a visit

To their sisters of our village?  
From the island town these maidens  
From the capes and from the islands  
Gather here to study science.  
And it does us good to see them  
Mingling with their village sisters,  
Mingling in the singing meetings  
And the other social meetings.  
Saw you there the youth quaint looking,  
Saw you Ellis, Bunker, Groves,  
Kingsbury and their Normal brothers  
In the guise of men of fashion  
Of the times that few remember?  
If you saw these youths and maidens  
Gathered at that pleasant meeting,  
Then you saw a sight worth seeing  
Then you got your fifteen cents worth  
Of amusing recreation.

I did hear the ancient singing,  
I did see the exhibition  
Of the ancient dress and manners;  
And though past description is it

I will trace some recollections  
As my memory now presents them.

As she sung the rousing music  
Of the simple strains of Heber,  
Like the noble woman Martha  
Our "Great George's wife" looked Hannah;  
"George's wife" once "Custis' widow"  
Such a coiffure such a corsage,  
Such a dress from crown to shoe-tie  
Wears in portrait as did Hannah  
On the moonlight Wednesday evening,  
When she sung that song familiar  
In the ears of listening hundreds,  
All attention all delighted

And the readers of new poems  
Said that fair Priscilla Mullins,  
When she kept her hand from Standish  
When she gave her heart to Alden,  
Like the blue-robed Californian  
Must have looked in form and feature.

Every maiden there reminded  
Some one of some treasured picture  
In the galleries of memory  
Or in History's halls suspended:  
Each one some peculiar beauty  
Showed to every rapt spectator,  
Rapt in dreams of time long visioned  
Under clouds of years departed.

And the youthful men pictorial,  
In their garments in their bearing,  
Seemed like men of other ages.  
Grover looked like Thomas Wentworth,  
With his ample Vandyke collar  
And his handsome hose and doublet.  
Had his hair been parted even  
Had his hair been left unpowdered,  
He would then have looked like Milton  
Poet of the age Cromwellian,  
So a bright eyed lady told me  
Standing near me on that evening;  
As it was he looked like Strafford,  
Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford,

Hated much by all the Roundheads,  
Much decried by Charles the Martyr,  
As the Cavaliers ~~called~~ proclaimed him –  
Called by Roundheads Charles the Tyrant.

Bunker in his regimentals  
Many a hero's form recalling  
Seemed a much more warlike creature  
Than we could have thought a native  
Of the peaceful "isle of beauty"  
In the ocean, that he came from.  
Kingsbury looked, as half a century  
Back in time a handsome man looked  
Dressed to wait upon the ladies.  
Ellis, snowy wigged and whiskered,  
Slippered, pantaloomed and stooping  
Looked the part that he attempted,  
Looked just like a very old man.

Every youth and every maiden  
Gave most perfect satisfaction.  
To the well approving audience.

All the youths and all the maidens  
Looked the parts that they attempted,  
Gave us perfect satisfaction.

Scores of dollars for Mount Vernon  
Must, I think, have been collected  
From this pleasant exhibition.  
Many more such evenings may we  
See such pleasant exhibitions,  
Hear again the ancient singing,  
See again the ancient dresses,  
Feel again the pleasant feelings;  
And more money for Mount Vernon  
Get from many more spectators.

T.P.R. [?]

Pages 140-144

*[blank]*