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Bridgewater State Normal School

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

Editors of the Present Volume.
Welden Wilson.
M. B. Howell.

While we live, let us live.
Sume.

Good attention and frequent contributi

Office:
No. 27, Main, corner of Oak Street,
Bridgewater,
Oct. 14, 1858.

Motto.

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

Dear Friends,

Upon the literary sea, absent teeming with ten thousand lights, we float our simple offering, hoping it may accomplish some humble good.

To make 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 service to stimulate to noble action, or bind the chain of sympathy and affection closer around any hearts, we shall be satisfied — & I 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 to loved, kindred and friends. We have strayed where is
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 now 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 thou, while the day lasts.
We looked forward, and varied emotions seemed organs for utterance. Fancy soared 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 at 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 dear to the heart of all true Normal, it to say the least, not below its former level.

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

They have left this spot, endeared to them by fond associations, and many have engaged in the battles of life. Their places are filled by those who have 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 cooperation, and strengthened by the godly
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 favored—and most exeedingly
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 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 eddies, 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 flickering throw a sickly shade over the hearse of memory, at page after page in that heavy volume was turned and reviewed, each seemed...
like filled with mingles of despair and discontent. But now, like a ray of heaven's own light, came that dazzling vision, that beautiful dagstor, hope, lighting the darkest needs of that way 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—a harbinger of eternal bliss.

Hope, like the compass to the mariner, is a guide to the anticipated goal of peace, a beacon light to Heaven's dwelling a luster al from those eternal mansions, where glory undimed some forth a sacred light through one unfading day.
Treading on the way of life,
Pilgrims all, we go—
Some upon the mountain heights,
Some in vale below.

Some among the peaceful glade,
Picking flowers the while;
Some ever 'neath the deepest shade,
Wearing n'er a smile.

Some beside the circuit,
Dancing joyously;
Some on the desert burning sand,
Hopeful and wearily.

Some with never failing tread,
And outgushing song;
Some with ever faltering steps
Peacefully move along.
Some with but a line of care,
With ne’er a trace of sorrow—
Some with deeply furrowed brow,
Wishing no tomorrow.

Varied are 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 abides,
And safely through Earth’s devising paths
To Heaven her own he guideth.
The Atlantic Cable.

Some time since, by men of great minds
The project ed 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 sands
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 feared;
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.

He then in haste to England repaired
To gain the sanction of her highest board.
This object completed, with confidence he came
Dear Mr. Smith,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am writing to express my gratitude for your kind assistance in procuring the necessary materials for our project. Your patience and expertise have been invaluable, and I am confident that our collaboration will lead to a successful outcome.

Thank you once again for your dedication and support. I look forward to working with you further.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
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 Yalculon, as all would say,
To a place on our coast, the Trinity Bay.
Some time elapsed, when trysts were made,
If possible, to succeed with the cable's being laid.
Swept, and rain 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
In ancient Chronicles, the Nations were there,
To behold the event, and wonder there.
Should come from Atlantic's mighty waters
The blessed word, for these Nation's motto.
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 Hoist did sing
At the birth of our Priest and King -
Were once again used in ascribing praise
To Him, who had granted all length of days
To witness the result of long hours spent
In bringing out that, which to man is but small

May the bonds which so happily unite
May the bonds which unite so happily together
The nation, in peace with every another,
In constancy keep till time's latest end,
When the nations of earth to the tomb shall descend
To wait a redemption in glorious bright sphere,
And a crown, for reward of labor to wear.
A Trip to Seneca Lake.

The 18th of August last was the day fixed upon at the time when our family party should visit Watkins, formerly called Jefferson, a town situated about twenty-five miles north of the village of Elmira, at the southern extremity of foot of Seneca Lake.

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

Nine o'clock found me comfortably seated in a passenger car, which brought up to 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. 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 wilderness and beauty. Passing on we came to Havana. 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 Finnish thirst, had drank 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 dashing, beauty.

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.

The railroad station is close by the 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 and width, although it appeared only about half that distance, and it bordered on the Eastern and Western sides by high hills, approaching close to the water’s edge. They are mostly covered 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 savoury feast! So after obtaining rods, lines, etc. and finding a favorable position, we cast in our bait. I think we wore the very definitions of patience, as we sat with our line in water, occasionally jisking them up, with great alertness, the wind puffing at us with a degree of earnestness which did perfect justice to its strength, and occasionally dipping up a handful of
water from the tip of a wave, and splashing it in our face. 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 "toiled 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-five
feet. Along the base ripples a little stream
which fell 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 streams.
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 gray walls with spray,
and adorning them with moss 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 minde, 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 footpath, 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 finger.

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 gawingly down, seemingly threatening to hurl at all the stones, which they held 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 us 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 bising for beneath me. The gentle
men left us in a place apparently secure,
and went on, as they wished to ascend a
stairs which we could see still further 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, soared 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
I beheld anything so perfectly wild and en-
chanting 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 seemed to me now that the
spirit partakes of the wildness of the place,
and that there be a sort of fascination in the
idea of standing on the highest, and most
dangerous spot, merely for the sake of
doing it, which dyes 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 nails 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 and by relating several historical facts. Nearly in front of us, on the eastern shore, he pointed out a precipice which is called the "Painted Winkle."

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 40 ft. above the water, as though to guard the place from the hand of civilization, and keep it in its primitive wilderness.

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

I felt an inward pleasure at so easily turning about the bow of the boat and guiding the little bark "Adirondack". Still I could not help comparing myself to a little child, driving with a more experienced person by the side of 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 forest. The beautiful picture was reflected in the deep, clear water.

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

The steamboat soon arrived, and after a few minutes of hurry and bustle we were whirling swiftly homeward.
"Charles," remarked a member of the Middle Class, "do you know that some of the poems have been the theme of the poets?"

"Ah," said the Senator, "Do tell!"
"Why yes! Several of them have been. Let me see, there's Longfellow says:"

"With a slow and morose footstep\nComes that "Messenger" divine\nTaking the vacant chair beside me.\nSays her gentle hand on mine."

And another says, "Remote from city\nLived a swain"—that refers to the\nNantucket delegate, of course.

Again we hear:

"Of all the fairest things on earth\nOr fairest spots to roam,\nWhat'er can match New England girls\nOr bright New England "I Comer.\n"
Keep thy heart well, and see that it abound
With seeds of knowledge, as 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 waves bound beneath me,
As a horse that knows no rider.

And a ladder strain would say:
When "Rogers" 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 N.E.
Prize," said "why that was John Rogers
The Martyr," suggested Senior.

"What odds!" "ack and every moral
gel the flames, and are not many of them
Martyrs?"

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 universal language; for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile's
And eloquence, of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

Let his tastes 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-
parts, their beauty never fades.
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, elevate, 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, ever restless, 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 world, and has directed all the changes which they have undergone. And even our fickle 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 the 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 eternal.

So is the past of no value to him, the present decreed 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 store and shelter, and bridge, and
the line to bind each stone to its neighbor
wants to be used.

The animalcule and vegetable, so long devan-
cing 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 at 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 the particle of matter, and there are myriads of animals still so small that his unassisted eye cannot discern them. Shall not that be lost sight of in the case of N systems and worlds? No. Not a sparrow falleth, not a filly of the valley opens its fair petals, but God is there. In this is his greatness and most apparent, that from the suns and planets down to the smallest animaculae 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 fully 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 treasure, passing by the aged one, she, perhaps, 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 fair the 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 but a short time before to her glad voice. But in the midst of our sorrow and desolation we remembered the words of Christ, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven and we were comforted.

Many years have now passed, and death had many times visited our household, yet we look back to that death-bed scene, and hope one may be at peace 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 stars shone with untirred luster.

I wandered forth for an evening walk, and I was quietly winding my way along, suddenly I felt a strange sensation, and all around became dark. I saw nothing—I heard nothing till after some moments suspense, I found myself in a vast assembly, but wherein 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 their countenance 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 and said of it at the time, so it did not get into the papers; 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 chances 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 "love 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 eyes, 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 piccoli 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 rebuked for his impertinence. He can no more join in the conversation than if he were a mere automaton; and if he grows fretful 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 age 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 must 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," or "hundred dollars"
shawl,” a “polka jacket.” a “back queen.”
“fascinating pair of undersleeves” and
a “superb collar” that cost six months
labor as any of the thousand and one things
which the fashionable lady deemed
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, their
such will surely cluster 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. What
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 prayers." 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 not, in mockful merriment,
For the boy's a fool that studies,
And books are not worth a cent.

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 lay.

Spelling's hard, and Grammar tiresome,
And the boys, though stout and brave,
Still, on pleasant days are beating,
Smant marched to the woods.

'Taint no teacher, how're pleasant!
Let the poor girls study the books.
Play, play in the pleasant meadows—
Grass beneath, and sky o'erhead.
Tears of schoolboys all around us
We can make our deed 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 falcon and homesick brother,
Seeing, shall forget his grief.

Let us then, be up and coming,
With a hand for any game,
Playing marbles, ball, or leapfrog,
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.
To study art, one must study

the freedom from 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 beare a portion of his suffering, he finds relief.

Imagine one depressed by some sense of fiction who has not in the wide 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 Etioc. 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, comes 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 to the sympathy which we know will need no prompting.

At the side of a friend in whose truth we can thus 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 society and community — 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 repelled by our never
failing worldly circumdpection.
Loos friendship flows more freely,
and its current will be even more
pure; for freedom, wherever existing,
role at its own restraint.
The following lines were written on reading of a custom among the Greeks which I heard 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 strong?
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 gathers 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 so rare?
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—
Felt thou not grief heed to our call?
And return, if thou mag'estic 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 bound 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—not only because they invited me; but to make it seem as if I were still a member of the Normal band, though separated from them by a scene of novels. But the question is what shall I write? I can think of nothing 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 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!! How astonishing that I should have made the discovery.
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 adieu to verse, and
verse 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? "Lines to an Absent Friend",
or "Ode 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—"Manly
family", sickening stuff—and the
influence of much of it is decidedly
deleterious. But to my subject—I
think my shall be an "Ode to the Moon"
Magnificent orb! queen of the heaven! Hell may mortals gaze on thee.

When they first saw thee, how dear! What shall I do? Nothing under the sun to rhyme with heaven, but leaven and who ever heard of putting leaven into the moon to make it rise? It's plain I can't write poetry this evening but sometime stay, and you, dear Nomalee, shall have my very first essay.

Perhaps my talent has lain dormant until it has become justly — in that all it may, for the present I must content myself with writing prose.
From our Regular Correspondent.

Quebec, Sept. 1838.

Dear Offering:

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 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
Durham 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 uniforms, 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 Quebec at present, having lately arrived
from Montreal. Some day, he’d have for
the benefit of his health. Others, because
of some difficulty he got into at Montreal.

Yesterday afternoon, we visited his
residence, Spencer’s 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’d
would mention that carriage wheels
are tipped according to their height.
I noticed some gray wheels, not over
a foot high that were so made to grade the
the taxi. The taxi on two horses and a sleigh, an old-fashioned chaise, the driver sitting on the dashes, paid $7.00 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. This 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 200 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 roof, and numerous church spires covered with tin, the 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, costumes, 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.

Yrs.
Our Normal Letter.

Yes, this great bundle of letters were all received during the last vacation, from our brother and sister Normal--and such real joyous, hope inspiring letters at these Uncle Sand 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 circus of the dinner table were fully indulged.

It commenced with the interjection "Oh," three times repeated, and then, at the interpretation thereof, says, "I am so happy! I'm just drawn the first good long bath of unmodified freedom. Actually breathing the forest air--sitting on a hill not Kuncha-enjou, 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 com\n
thought— Nature's kindly wrought muslin
curtains, which she had draped in
graceful folds over the window of he\n
— the invigorating sea breeze, loaded
with the perfumed of the forest land
once wore — and why should I not feel
if I had every sort of words that
mean something good, which can be
found in Webster's Unbridged "united
in one long word, terminated with a six-
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
members 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 sight a review to
be forgotten jubilee, and attend the
Examination of the Salem Normal Schol
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 hanging in our ear.
"Take care of your health—take care of
your influence—take care of your soul.
"The sext little is a little
soberer—the familiar home scenes
recall childhood's sportive days,
and the friends who shared their glee
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 availed by saying,
"This sounds rather denominish— it only
lacks the conclusion, or application."
and then he chated merrily of other things.

He put some one from our dear Alum, 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 intermeddled not.

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

Now come a dreamy, poetic letter. He touched a deep chord in our hearts as we read, and the tears would come, even if ourroughish brother was 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. Banket and wife, among other notables—of a conversation with his Excellency—glibly hinting about future legislative favors.

Now comes 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 formal connection giving him the privilege of superintending committee of public schools generally. He tells also of ascending one of New Hampshire’s famed mounntains, and walking the peaks with a Normal Song, wishing all the ships that many of the band could join their voices in full choral there.
And here is a letter, the appearance of which greatly astonished us for the envelope was wonderfully distended from the usual flat appearance. What could it contain? was it 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 plaintive-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 'looking 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 raggy hill-side, and, from 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 oceanic murmur, bathing my hands in its fleecy foam. I stood on the green slopes of "Wetwoodside," and saw the sun go down behind the spires, that he had brightened with his moonrise page, leaving a glowing track upon the waters, like a golden path way leading to his chamber. Yet was I not satisfied until again I sat beneath the many willows, on the mossy seat by the Red Gate. It was a dear hallowed spot. Nature and association had rendered it so.

The ponderous gate swung on its great hinges, and the iron chain creaked above...
it, as the sunburnt 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, when
in thoughtless boyhood, tired and jereed by
the long ramble, I turned 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 leamy canopy. There to
I saw those fair fabric shattered— and
youth's first sadness weighed upon my
spirit, when those leaves dry and brown, cast
at my feet, and the birds winged their way
to the southland.

In this quiet retreat, had nature whispered
to me her purest, holiest teachings, revealed
to me her brightest phases, told me she said.
I had wandered there in childhood by a
father's side: in early boyhood, I had sought
its solitude to steal from its silence solace
for my grief.
And now again I sat in the shadow of the green arch of my temple where had been rendered the fairest offerings of young devotion at the shrine of Nature.

And they and it that now, in youth the bright flush sorrow strangely mingled with the joy I felt to be there, once again.

My head was on my hand; the branches waved 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 Beegie—shall I ever forget her—was 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 fairest of which had been twined into a chaplet
for her brow. The breeze played with her
fair curls, 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
recollected. Dear Lizzie! Her cheek
had grown pale, her step was less gay, and we
heard her songs no more. How the thought
of those sad weeks and days have haunted
me! The room were darkened; our tones
were low; our steps were very light; there
were tear by the bedside, and prayer on
the altar; there were hope and fear
Lizzie was very sick.

The sun was setting; the autumn
Tints were over all the landscape when her life tide was ebbing away. There were stifled sobs, and low groans at times, but she needed them not. In that solemn hour, it was for one to praise 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 mirth, 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 turned 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 I sat down, weary on a grassy mound. It was Susie’s grave.
There mother’s hand had planted the flowers that once she loved. There a father had bowed his head in sorrow—here had I come to pay the tribute of a tear.

The moon was pale, and its light shone strangely on the white slab and monuments, 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 Defiance Rd, Portland ME.
Her mother was Martha Hewett