



Transcription of *The Weekly Offering*, a manuscript newspaper, 1850.

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## **The Weekly Offering**

{We ask from all, their aid & favors lent  
To cheer us onwards, in our "First Attempt."}  
Vol. III No. V  
Atkinson Academy, Wednesday, Oct. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1850.

Perhaps a few words upon the subject of reading, will not be uninteresting to our hearers. There has been much written, and said, upon this subject, and we venture to say it will allow many more reflections. In what manner can our time be spent more profitably than in reading? There are many leisure moments, which might be employed in perusing some useful books, that would improve our minds both morally and intellectually. But in many cases, these moments are wasted in idleness, or in a manner worse than that. If a person once forms the habit of reading those books that are instructive, we, are well assured, that such a person will not remain in ignorance, but will gradually rise higher and higher, until he shall reach a great degree of eminence. — It is also as important how we read, what we read. Let no instructive book be passed over hastily, but let it be read, and reread, until it is perfectly understood. There are many books that are well worth such an investigation. Of this class are histories; the more we study them, the more we find to be learned. One of the most important of these is the book of books that was given us by the supreme ruler of all things. — Let this be read and studied!

S.A. Clarke & A. Greenough would inform the citizens of Atkinson and vicinity, that they keep constantly on hand at their old stand, 2<sup>nd</sup> handed steel pens, which will be sold cheap for cash. Purchasers are requested to call and examine, before purchasing elsewhere.

Atkinson Oct. 9. 1850.

To the ladies of Atkinson & vicinity!

We take this opportunity to inform them, that we are about closing our business and that we render our most sincere thanks to those who have bestowed upon us their liberal patronage during the past year.

Oct. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1850.

P.B. Little & Co.  
No. 2 & 3 Little's Corporation  
Newbury St.

How the girls do reduct [reduce?] themselves nowadays, exclaimed Mrs. Partington, as she looked out of the window and saw a pert miss of 17, bowing to a gentleman the other side of the street. When I was a girl, folks didn't do as they do now. Then instead of setting up with 'em every other night, and going to discort [escort?] them to every "lecter" and sich [i.e., such], they only went once a week, and that was Sarheday [i.e., Saturday] night; and when they loved four or five miles off, they only went once a fortnight, instead of twice every week; and the old folks expected 'em, and had a fire in the other room, and a great back log on. when my husband poor dear man (I never shall forget how I cried when he died,) I say when he come to see me, he put on his Sarbaclay [i.e., Saturday] clothes (they don't have any now-adays they wear 'em all the time), and never staid after tew o'clock; and here the old lady sunk into a profound reverie.

Passing away.

We daily see and hear something to confirm the assertion, passing away, it is written upon everything we behold, upon the flowers of the field, upon the leaves of the forest, and upon everything we see, is in indelibly stamped the solemn words, passing away. We gaze upon the lovely flowers which have just expanded their leaves to the bright and glorious orb of day, and as we stand enwrap in wonder, and astonishment fancying they will always remain to beautify this world of ours, under those pleasing circumstances, we are obliged to see them wither and pass away. And thus it is with all earthly objects. When we gaze upon the youth who has just entered upon the stage of action with high hopes and bright anticipations, we feel that however fair his prospects in life may be, that soon, he too, must be snatched away, and laced beneath the cold and silent clod; and a feeling of sadness passes over us, when we behold all earthly objects vanish from our view passing away.

Love not the world.

Ten long years had I been absent from the friend of my youth, and on a bright afternoon late in autumn, I sailed up the Hudson, once more to visit the town of C, and again meet the sharer of my childhood's sports and sorrows. The sun had just sunk to rest beneath the horizon, leaving huge trols of gold heaped in maires behind him, as we landed near the centre of the beautiful village. The streets were filled with inhabitants all wending their steps homeward. And enquiring of a gentleman who stood near, I found that my friend was still living at her former residence, on an elevated piece of ground about a mile from the village, but commanding a fine view of the same. Thither I speedily directed my steps, and reached the door, just as bright luna was peeping from her bed in the east, to aid onward in their march, any who might need her cheering light. Raising the latch I familiarly walked in as I had been accustomed to do in former days, but was struck with the death like silence, which seemed to pervade all parts of the house. I opened the door and entered a spacious apartment; but no form did I behold, no voice greeted my ear. Retracing my steps, I again entered the hall, and was met by my friend who gladly, though sorrowfully, embraced me and in answer to my anxious look of enquiry, took me by the hand, and led me into a small anteroom, were lay the form of a little daughter, an only child, cold in death! Her raven curls lay parted in rich profusion over her forehead, her features indicated intelligence, and I saw at a glance, that the destroyer had chose a promising bud for his victim. The groans of the father, and heart rending shrieks of the mother betrayed the deep sorrow of this stricken heart; and as I stood and gazed on them and felt that their hearts were well night bursting with grief, suddenly a silent voice whispered in my ear "love not the world." Leaving them with the promise soon to return, I proceeded to a small cottage at the distance of a mile. Walking up the yard well filled with trees and shrubbery, I was met by my friend, accompanied by two children of six and eight years. And at the first glance I beheld to my sorrow, that the ravages of that fatal disease consumption were making fast inroads upon her naturally vigorous constitution; and by her wasted form reduced almost to a shadow, and the hollow sound of her cough as it was borne on the breeze, I found that her days on earth were already numbered. Tis not for myself that I would live she cries, but for my children.

What will become of them, cast upon this cold world motherless. A tear glistened on her cheek, and as I beheld her sorrow, my heart was touched, and that same voice whispered again in my ear, "love not the world!"

Floretta.

## A Spirit Companion

By Marline

A few evenings since, while rambling o'er the fields in west of relief for my mind, which was depressed by study, I came to a small, fantastic grotto, which had been formed by large rocks; which, sliding from a bank above, had enclosed a small space between them and their original resting; and, being covered with moss and overhung with trees, the view was very romantic. Entering by a narrow passage between two of the rocks, I seated myself on a jutting ledge, and earnestly contemplated the grandeur of the scene. A cleft in the huge rock, permitted me to survey the majestic loveliness of the scenery in the immediate vicinity, while, gazing above, the gorgeous beauty in which the setting sun had arrayed the arching sky, was sufficient to inspire in my yearning mind, thoughts responsive to the impressions of the hour.

I suffered imagination to clothe itself in the calm aspiration in which such resplendent beauty invests it, and spurning the contemplation of grovelling [i.e. groveling], mortal cares, yielded to the soul-absorbing flights of fancy.

I thought how happy, how blissful would be the lot of man; how sublime would be the task of life, were the scene always thus enchanting; were the heart made sensible of the power which unblemished nature can exercise over its most earnest promptings of the quenchless, hallowed emotions which more frequent communion with aerial splendor would instil [i.e. instill].

While indulging in these thoughts, a view with to unveil the mystery in which the 'spirit land' is involved, urged me to a still more daring desire; to behold, in aerial array, an inmate of those sacred realms. Scarcely had the thought sprang in my mind, when, as if to comply with my wish, a form which exactly realized my fanciful anticipations, glided through the entrance of the grotto, and without deigning to bestow a nod of recognition, doubtless deeming me beneath its notice, hastened, as if wearied by its long flight, to seat itself on a fragment of rock directly in front of me.

Unmoved, for its appearance was extremely mild, and prepossessing, I gazed upon the welcome object in grateful silence, for my fondest and most loft hopes, were now ample realized. I was at last in the presence of the spiritual inhabitant of another world—the assurance was delightful; and the joyful throbbing of my heart audibly welcomed the ideal vision.

For some time, the expressive silence was undisturbed, my mind being incapable of uttering its hallowed emotions, but at last, my visitor, as if anxious to dispel the quiet, began to question my purpose, wishes and reason for desiring him to descend from his aerial abode.

Faltering a reply, I expressed in a few, brief words, my regret for a vain indulgence of desires which had been considered as too lofty for mortal minds, and besought it to forgive the feeling which prompted me to request a dissolution of the mist which conceals, from unworthy vision, the wonders which time would unveil.

It regarded my remarks with attentive interest, and when I had ceased, began to describe, in glowing terms, the bliss which it was then enjoying; but as if it deemed the subject too sublime for mortal ears, it gave only a glimpse of the grandeur on which it was enthroned, and soon commenced contrasting it with the agony which had enthralled it, while experiencing the woes of mortality, ere it entered upon its reward.

It narrated the incidents in a life of sorrow, crime and remorse, and earnestly depicted scenes of thrilling interest—events of galling bitterness.

Its tale was pathetic, and unusually interesting; such an one as is calculated to excite the sympathy of the most callous heart; and when related at such a time, and by such a visitor, could but cause sentiments of the most profound nature to enwrap the mind.

I yeilded [i.e. yielded] myself to delightful sensations, as it uttered words which it were sacrilege to inscribe with mortal pen; and, as it swayed my mind in harmony with its soul absorbing tale of rendered homage to the voiceless pleadings of my heart by offering the gushing tear of sympathy, as a token of the charm which enthralled me. The spirit, seeing my agitation, arose to depart.

I would fain have requested it to remain, but a spell seemed to prevent utterance, and I sat, gazing fixedly at the object, expecting it to retire by the narrow passage through which it had entered; but my wonder was unbounded, as the strange visitor gradually

appeared to dissolve itself into vapor, till, a gentle breeze gliding through the grotto, it was lightly borne away leaving me almost doubtful of the reality of the vision.

My mind soon regaining its former vigor, I was convinced that having been overcome by the influence of the surrounding scenery, I had been insensibly withdrawn from nature's charms, to communion with a vague creation of fancy; which had swayed my senses with entrancing power, and depicted, as a reproof of my vanity, the presence of a spirit, which, when restored to reason, and a sense of my real situation, I found to be a mere illusion—a fanciful, deceptive cheat.

What can be, of greater value, in all our intercourse in life, than the respect and confidence of those with whom we associate. It will not only aid us in obtaining the good opinions, of the world, but we shall carry with us wherever we go, an unblemished reputation, which is, one of the most desirable objects that can await us. Hence the question arises in what manner can we gain the respect and esteem of those around us? Is it by indulging in the idle fancies of the vicious? Answer no. but it is by keeping the company of the virtuous; those that set us examples worthy of imitation. And those from which we can gain knowledge. And in this way shall we cultivate the higher qualities, those that were given us for improvement, and become useful in the world, in which we live. Fannie.

Attempt at Suicide.

Our usually quiet village was thrown into great excitement this morning by the report that, one of our most amiable young men; a Mr. Lightshead attempted to commit suicide during the last night. The facts of the case are these. This Mr. L. became desperately half-witted with a pretty black eyed Miss, some year since, and had, as he fondly hoped, made an impression on her young heart, by means of rides, sundry rolls of [illegible], and many delightful moon-light walks, at "nights deep noon." To him, till the parting hour "the hours flew away on angels wings." But we will not attempt a description of their many "billings and cooings." Suffice to say that, they did part and as lovers always do—vowing eternal constancy—which vows by the way, are too often like Moore's, who would promise to "love as long as he was able and swear for no longer than this" but alas for the bright hopes and glad anticipations of L.!

His "angel" found herself unable to have him very long; for, ere one short year had passed away, she had not only forgotten him, but, had as the phrase goes, "got another feller." Talks my tell how wastes the form when suffering by consumption, [illegible], or the measles; but none of them can compare with disappointment in love. At least it was so in this case, for so poor and haggared [i.e. haggard] did he become, that he looked more like one from the spirit land than a being of this "periculous [perilous] old world." Many, very many times, had he thought of putting a speedy end to his unhappy existence, but never decided to do this till he heard that his "dear" had gone so far with his rival as to go and see the old father. Then hope fled and despair came rushing, streaming like a tempest through his soul.

Alone he stands beside the smoothly gliding Merrimac. The once happy past is gliding panorama-like before his mental vision; with one long, long look to heaven, once last farewell to earth, he consigns his body to the cold dark waters!! But alas! Poor short sighted moral; so light and ghostly had he become by disappointment that he could not sink. Having floated about for some hours he was at last rescued by a gallant fisherman and conveyed, more dead than alive, to his anxious friends. L. Bryant.

Henry J. How. Attorney & counsellor at law, would respectfully inform that if they wish him to continue the practice of law, they will please call immediately and pay up old arrearages and hereafter and for the time to come when they wish for his services they will please make payment in advance.

Why is one of the editresses of the "Offering" like part of the beginning in the town hall.  
Ans. Because she is a Green O.

Why do we so much dread to leave this world with its allurements, and be placed in the cold grave? Why does the thought of death, affect so many, so many, of us in the manner it does? Why is it that we would give up every earthly object—honor, wealth, or friends, for life, to be permitted to spend a few weeks or months, perhaps years, of sorrow in this world. If this were to be the end of our existence—if we were to be sepereted [i.e., separated] from our friends, never more to see them, and think that



those who love us will soon cease to think of us, and if our forms now active should lie dormant in death, never more to be aroused, then indeed it would not be strange, that death should appear clothed in terrors. But is it so? A silent monitor within answers no! our bodies are to be raised, this mortal is to put on immortality, and should we live here a life worthy, long years have we to spend with our redeemed friends of earth, singing praises to our creator. Floretta.