

Spirit of the Age.

THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS—REPRESENTATIVE DEMOCRACY—THE UNION AND THE CONSTITUTION WITHOUT ANY INFRACTIONS.

VOL. 34 : NO 35

WOODSTOCK, VT., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 1666

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ODE.
TO AN ODDIOUS OLD DRESS.
BY MISS E. CONROY.

Poor thrice turned garment with Thy threadbare air,
Can I thy faded form Again repair?
Turn yet once more thy well-worn narrow skirt,
Now fringed with specimens Of dirt city?
Can I thy ruffles change To pleatings wide,
And cover up the stains On either side;
Give thy close alcove a Graceful, easy flow,
And piece it so that Nobody will know?
Thy shabby bodice can I Then restore,
And shape the trimming A la Pompadour?
Thy overskirt loop high With careless grace,
Goddess of Fashion, at whose Shrine we bow,
Lend me thine aid, sadly I Need it now;
Inspire my hand with skill To turn the scanty stuff,
And make the scanty pattern Seem enough.
And when I wear it, Howsoever I feel,
Grant I may look Exceedingly genteel.
May all beholders think it A new gown,
And me the best dressed lady In the town.

FLORENCE'S PROMISE.

On a Saturday morning, about the middle of last December, might have been seen getting into a second class carriage at Oxford a man with a rug, a gun case and a bull terrier. That was myself.

At school I, Claude Henniker, was a thorough failure—that is in the eyes of my head masters and those whose business it was to assume the functions of my dead parents. One of my guardians was my uncle, Guy Henniker, my father's younger and only brother, who had inherited all the family property, to the exclusion of my father. My uncle Guy always used to say to me when I came to pay him my yearly visit at Christmas, "Claude, you're a lazy dog; the only things you take any trouble about are shooting and rowing. Why don't you work, and do something to make a man of yourself?"

It was quite true. I rowed stroke of my boat at school and wasted my time.
My uncle Guy was childless; and during the four and half years I had been at Oxford he had continually written to me, asking about my progress, and adding each time that if I did well, I should never regret it. A fortnight before I went for my last examination, I had the following laconic epistle from the old man:
My dear boy—Write and tell me when you can come to me. House nearly full. I have kept some presents for you. Mrs. Betterton and her daughters are here. Don't forget to do well in your examination to please your old
UNCLE.

Delighted at getting away from examination rooms and examiners, sorrow at leaving Oxford, were mingled with anxious thoughts of Flo Betterton and surmises as to the terms on which we should meet.
During my first long vacation I had met Florence Betterton down in Devonshire, at a lovely seaside place near the Chase, where Uncle Guy lived, the Betterton family had since that time struck up an acquaintance with my uncle, and now they were living with him. Florence and I had gone through all the stages of a vigorous flirtation in that happy month at the seaside, when I came down avowedly to study Thucydides, but really to read Tenneyson aloud to my golden haired beauty. When we parted there was a clear understanding between us that we were all in all to each other, backed by a distinct promise of mutual constancy. Six months afterwards I received verbal message through a mutual friend that she had ceased to care for me. So much for the cause of my troubled looks when I stepped into the train at Oxford.

At Exeter I got out. I strolled to the refreshment saloon. Hardly had I entered the room when my attention was attracted by two strangers, one of whom was telling the other that he knew the way from Broadbeach to the Chase quite well. Hearing the man speaking of going to my uncle's place, I ventured to ask him if he knew my relative. He said that he did, and

immediately introduced himself to me as Clarence Vinning. His companion was a brother officer, Charles Dawkins.

During the journey I had established myself on a tolerably intimate footing with my new acquaintances. Vinning told me that there were to be dances and dinners, shooting parties and other gaieties at the Chase, and that he intended to enjoy himself immensely, "especially as those divine girls, the Bettertons, are going to be in the house." No sooner had the train stopped at the station at Broadbeach than we saw my uncle on the platform with Mrs. Betterton and all the girls—Florence, Mary and Milly. Mary was the eldest—a fine, handsome woman of 25. She always had been my great friend in the old days when I had been infatuated about Flo. Next came Milly, she was a sweet tempered, pretty little thing, and as unlike her handsome elder sister as possible. Last, but not least, was my Florence. I used to think her perfect in those days, and young men's impressions often last till old age. Golden hair, dark eye-lashes, and a divine figure.

Sunday was an uneventful day. Florence kept her room all day, and Mary stayed with her. Monday was the day for commencing the serious work of the day doings. We—that is, the men—were going to shoot. After dinner we were all to go to a dance given by a Mrs. Hughes, in honor of our party. I shot badly all the morning. We compared, and each confessed being a little down in the mouth. We brightened up about lunch time, when the girls were expected to come. Then it flashed across me for the first time—Florence threw me over for Vinning. He certainly looked pleased when the girls arrived.

We walked home with the ladies. Again I failed to get an opportunity of speaking to Mary or Florence by themselves. Vinning took off the latter, and I had to walk with Mary and Milly.

In the evening, however I was determined that I would speak and find out from Mary, or even from Florence herself, the mystery of her sudden change of mind toward me. How lovely the three sisters looked as they came into the room! But Florence, despite an air of sadness which had hardly left her face since I had been at the Chase, was the handsomest picture I ever saw. I asked her for the first waltz, and got it. My first words to her, after we had retired to the lovely conservatory, were:
"Florence, have you forgotten four years ago?"

She never answered me, and I thought I would not press the subject then. The next dance was a quadrille, and I was too sad to do anything; so I went up to Mary, and asked her if she would not sit it out with me. I did not hesitate a moment when we were alone, to ask her if she knew anything of Florence's reasons for throwing me over so coldly and so suddenly. She said no; it so remained a mystery to her as to me—the only possible clue she could give me being that she might have heard that I had been flirting with somebody else.
"No, Mary," I said, "you know me too well for that."
I then asked Mary if Vinning was not engaged to Florence, and if she did not care for him.

"Why," said she, "don't you know that he is engaged to Millicent, and is only waiting for fathers consent to get married at once?—only they had a little miff to-day because he thought you were paying attention to Milly—that's all."
The next dance I had with Florence was the seventh. The very words she said to me were:
"Mr. Henniker, I am sorry for your disappointment."
I answered nothing to this, but in a moment I said to her:
"Florence, why did you send me that cruel message?"
She looked at me with her frank blue eyes and said:
"Claude, I heard you were engaged to Mary."
Then I said:
"Now it is too late; you seem to have ceased to care for me."
The blue eyes filled with tears; the lips said nothing.
As bed luck would have it, the mu-

sic struck up for another dance, and I saw Charles Dawkins coming out of the dancing room to look for Florence, his partner.

"Don't leave me Florence; I am so very wretched."
"What for? Why are you wretched?"
"Because you hate me."
Then the blue eyes looked bright again, and she said:
"Then you'd better be happy."
She was wearing a white camelia in her dress, and she said:
"Give it to me."
"I will give it to the one I love."
Charles Dawkins came up, claimed her hand, and left me in misery, to walk up and down on the lawn till it was time for me to claim the next dance with her. The time came at last. I went into the room. Charles Dawkins was again talking to her with the white camelia in his hand. The whole thing was plain enough now—she loved him. I was in agony, and without a word I turned on my heel, and strode out of the room. To put on my coat and hat was but the work of a moment; and then scarcely knowing what I was about I started to walk home to the Chase three miles off.

I slept for an hour or two, then rose, packed all my things, and at day-break got a fly to take all my things to the station. A note on my dressing-table told my uncle the reason of my going, and adding that I had sustained a fearful disappointment about my class. I meant that my hard-won honors were useless to me without Florence's love to spread a halo of sunlight over them; but my words were ambiguous.

The train was just starting that was going to take me to London en route for anywhere, when the little pony carriage drove up, Florence and my good uncle inside of it.
"Stop him! stop him!" exclaimed the good-natured old gentleman, all rapt with smiles.

I turned around in surprise at seeing Florence holding in her hand the white camelia of the preceding evening, and uncle Guy, with a shy smile said:
"I know all about it, you young rascal, you made a precious mistake."
I said that I had; but I couldn't help it.

"Now, my boy," said uncle Guy, "you two can walk home by the lanes together, and I'll drive the pony carriage by the road."
What a happy walk that was! Florence told me that it was all a mistake about the camelia.

"Mr. Dawkins wanted to exchange his for mine; but you know I wanted mine for a particular purpose."
When we reached home—looking very guilty, but very happy—everything was satisfactorily explained; but luncheon had been waiting some time. Uncle Guy forgave us, and told me I wasn't such a fool after all, and added that he thought far more of my sense in getting Florence to promise to be my wife. One thing he stipulated with Mrs. Betterton was that he should have a wedding breakfast at his own old Chase, and that he should put "that rascal of a nephew of mine" into position to marry the lovely Florence. I have the white camelia still, and before long I shall be going down to Broadbeach again to claim the fulfillment to the promise which I received with it. Milly is going out to India with her husband Vinning; but we—Florence and myself—are to live in the old Chase, and take care of our Uncle Guy.

AN AGRICULTURAL POET.—A Green Bay, Wis., politician, who wants to stand well with his grangers, sings:
"The hickory berry vine entwines The brown nuts of the turpin tree;
The cashmere hatter skips and plays To the tuncful bleat of the feathery bee.
On tall boughs mid the buckwheat buds We hear the low of the funny plover,
While the bay bull hitches to the rambling scythe
Hasks out the golden clover."

—A young man was recently fined ten dollars in Connecticut for shaking his handkerchief at a young lady. The Judge, in passing sentence, remarked that it was a fortunate circumstance that the young lady had shaken hers at him first, or he would have sent him up for three months.

—Those who have tried it, say that kissing is like a sewing machine, because it seems good.

From the New York Observer
Accepting The Situation.

You cannot have everything in this world just as you would like to have it. If you were allowed to pick and choose for yourself among all the varieties and conditions of life, it is quite likely that you would get yourself into a worse predicament than you are now in. And when in answer to your letter of bewailing, (I will not say repining or complaint) I recommend to you the simple advice to accept the situation, you may think that I under-estimate your trouble, or that I am not in sympathy with you. But you mistake me. Your trial may be unlike any other, and more grievous to be borne than any of you friends are called to endure, but I still repeat, there is great comfort to be found in simply "accepting the situation."

There are two kinds of trouble that you should never worry about: things that you can help, and those you cannot. If you can cure the evil, don't worry about it, but cure it and be done with it. If you cannot cure it, what's the use of fretting about it? "Accept the situation" and wait.

There are two sources of help in time of trouble, both of them are available. Sometimes it is hard to say which is the one that supplies us with the help we need: both of them minister to one who "accepts the situation," and is at peace.

Faith lays hold of the unseen and believes that all is well because the Infinite God, with wisdom and love, orders all things for the ultimate and highest good. Resting on the certainty that He is, and that He rewards all those who trust him, the believer commits all the matter into the sovereign hand of Him who numbers every hair, and suffers not a bird to fly without his notice. Faith does not need light. It sees just as far and just as clearly in the dark as at noonday. It does not need promises, though these are exceedingly great and precious. It knows whom it believes, and that it is able to keep that which is committed unto him. So that if no word had ever been spoken, faith is sure that He who is the Good Shepherd careth for the sheep, and will not fail to keep them safe. I have seen this faith in living exercise where I was almost certain that I should fail utterly, if the trouble were mine. And when the promises have been recalled, and in their richness, strength and beauty, have been recited, faith has risen into joy and triumph as when martyrs have gone with songs into flames. But this faith cannot be enjoyed without "accepting the situation." You must just bow right down to the will of Him who orders your little orbit just as he does that of the planets rolling in infinite space. He has marked out your course; he has mixed the cup that you are drinking; he has made the bed on which you lie; and whether you like it as it is, or would have it quite another thing, it is the best for you, and you may as well think so and "accept the situation," as to be kicking against the pricks, or dashing madly against the bars of your cage. If you were to break loose and have your own way, you would be like wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever. It is love that surrounds you, though you see not its arms, nor feel its soft embrace, nor hear its voice saying, "It is I, be not afraid!" The circumstances are so trying, the burden is so great, the sorrow is so severe, you refuse to believe that it has all been sent in love, and you fret and weep, and refuse to be comforted. And I say, "Believe and be saved."

PHILOSOPHY is a poor substitute for faith, but there is great power in the proverb "What can't be cured must be endured." No religion in that adage, I admit. Religion is the tie between the soul and the Infinite Spirit. Philosophy seeks to dispense with that relation and to minister to the mind from its depths. And great is the virtue of a soul that rests on those ultimate truths which are the effluence of the divine nature, though philosophy when it holds that "whatever is, is right" teaches a fact which religion rejoices in when it says "all is well since ruled by Thee!" And in troubles that distress it is surely the duty of a reasoning being to say, "I would have it otherwise if I could; this cup I would put away from my lips; it is

hard for me to lose my fortune; it is sad to see my children dying; it is dreadful to be deserted by those in whom I trusted; it is very hard that I cannot have the help I need; my hopes of success are all blighted, and everything has turned out very differently from my expectations: But I cannot help it; I must take the bitter with the sweet, the evil with the good. And if it is all bitter and all evil, what's the use of my making matters worse: the yoke will chafe my neck more the more I push; I will 'accept the situation!'"

Try that, dear friend of mine. There is no lot in life that has not its crook and cross. I have long since ceased to call the proud happy, or to believe that sorrow flies away from palaces. The secret of enjoyment is to "accept the situation" whatever it is, and make the best of it. The end is at hand. And then comes an "overpayment of delight."
IRENEUS.

Flying Mule Artillery.
John Phenix's story about the mule artillery is old, but it has not lost its fun. This is the way it runs: Out in a certain western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting the Indians, by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon the back of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule with the muzzle pointed toward the tail. When they had secured the gun and loaded it with ball cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semi-circle, while the major went up and inserted a fuse in the touchhole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing tuck there in his rear, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited, and his curiosity grew more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understand, threatening sudden death to every man within a half mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as is they didn't care at all about the high price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time towards the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breastworks with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule—oh! where was he? A solitary jack-ass might have been seen turning successive back-somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river; while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney in the major's quarters, rattled the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into convulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your beds early in the morning; sew buttons on your husband's shirts; do rake up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully root out all angry feelings; and expect a good crop of happiness.

—"Wife, do you know that I have got the pneumonia?" "New monia, indeed! Such extravagance! You're the spendthriftiest man I ever did see! To go and lay out money for such trash, when I need a new bonnet so much."

—Religion will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable, but we must not think it continually will turn water into wine because it once did.—Warburton