

Spirit of the Age.

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POETRY.

TIME TO ME.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it.
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Many a beautiful flower decay,
Though we tend it o'er so much,
Something secret on it plays,
Which no human aid can touch.

So, in many a loving breast,
Lies some canker grief concealed,
That, if touched, is more oppressed,
Left unto itself—is healed!

Oh, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word, or accent wrong,
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed, or turned aside,
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Time to me this truth hath taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend from want of thought,
Than from any want of feeling.

—Charles Seaton.

My Mortification.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

"I met the bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Evans, on Main street, girls! She looks nice, but isn't at all pretty. What could he have seen in her to attract him? I can't understand it. Everybody thought he would marry Gertrude Graves, he was so attentive to her. I'm sure she loved him, and Gertrude is very pretty and sweet." Quite out of breath, Bella tossed her hat and gloves upon the piano, and throwing herself into a careless position on the lounge, awaited a reply.

Aunt Sue, who was sewing at the window, smiled at Bella's remark, and then concluded to answer her query by a story. She therefore said, quietly, as she went on with her long seam:

"I don't know, Bella, but you may have explained the reason of Dave Evans' choice in confessing your surprise at it. You say his bride is nice looking. Now, although Gertrude Graves may be a very pretty and sweet girl, as you say, I am sure that adjective would never accurately describe her. 'Nice' means neat, orderly and cleanly, and Gertrude is neither cleanly nor neat."

"Why, Aunt Sue, what do you mean?" and Bella's brown eyes snuggled, while the "girls," her two sisters, looked at one another over their needles and smiled. They understood Aunt Sue, and thought she had taken a very good text and illustration, for the sermon they were sure she was going to preach to careless Bella.

"I will tell you a matter-of-fact story, Bella, that is literally true, and then perhaps you may judge better what I mean."

"When I was a young girl about your age," she began, "I was one of the most careless and untidy persons you can imagine. It never mattered very much to me whether my bed was made, or whether my room was fit to be seen through the day or not. As for putting away or hanging up my dresses and clothing at night, that I never thought of doing. My things were tossed upon chairs, or lay in little white heaps on the floor, in any spot where I last happened to step out of them. You may imagine, therefore, that they never looked very smooth or fresh when I put them on in the morning."

As she spoke, aunt glanced at the elaborately trimmed overskirt, and knife-plaited ruffles of the ruffled silk suit Bella had curled herself up in on the lounge.

"Of course I liked to be well dressed when I went out, and I generally did look so, I believe, for I had nice clothes, and was not an altogether plain looking girl, although you may not think so now. But I never thought of 'taking care' of my wardrobe, and I never cared to look neatly dressed at home."

"Anything would do for breakfast, I used to say; and so in the morning, my curls were usually crumpled together and tucked under a net, my

collar soiled, my slippers burst at the sides or down at the heel, and my wrapper torn. Altogether I presented anything but a nice appearance in my breakfast toilet.

"My careless habits worried mother very much, for she was one of the neatest and most orderly of women; but I was an only child, and was allowed to do very much as I preferred. Mother picked up, and mended, and fixed, and righted things for me with untiring patience.

"Well, the year that I was eighteen I went to the seaside to spend the summer months with a friend of mother's. She had daughters about my age, and offered to *chaperone* me that season, because mother could not accompany us.

"I was eager to visit a watering place, of course, and that nothing might be wanting, a complete new wardrobe was made for me. Every article was pretty and fashionable. Besides this, I had a beautiful dressing-case, furnished with everything suitable for the toilet, a large new Saratoga trunk, and many little things that had been bought to make my room pretty and attractive.

"The house at which we boarded was a large, old-fashioned building, with piazzas running all round it on every floor. Our rooms opened upon the first piazza, and were all connected by doors. There were a great many visitors that season, and as servants were scarce, Mrs. Hamilton, the lady in whose care I had been placed, told our hostess that the young ladies of her party would attend to their own rooms.

"I was not pleased with this arrangement, for I hated the care of the room; but I did not trouble myself much about it. I had too many engagements outside, to allow this responsibility to worry me.

"There was a very pleasant and merry company at the old seaside house that summer, and such boat rides, and baths, and drives, and parties as we had, would have satisfied the most exacting pleasure seeker. Every day seemed only more joyous and happy than the last. To us, then—to me, at least—the whole wide world was *couleur de rose*, and the future as well as the present had all the glory of a golden age.

"Mrs. Hamilton's son, and two of his college friends, Dr. Grayson and Prof. Blaine, came down to the shore towards the last of the season. It was not long before one of those two became to me the 'one only' for whose attentions I cared.

"He was a young man from New England, and possessed all the best Puritan characteristics of his race. Thoroughly gentlemanly in his appearance, manners, and dress, talented well educated, exquisite in his tastes almost to fastidiousness, he was, without a person of most excellent character, and being fine looking, besides, it is no wonder that I was attracted to him. He was several years my senior, but that only gave additional *celat* to my conquest; for it was very soon noticed that among all the young ladies at the house, I was apparently the favorite of the elegant professor.

"My wardrobe, as I have said, was new and fresh, and I was not so plain looking as you may suppose. My wrinkles were dimples in those days, and my eyes were as bright as Bella's, and I did not wear glasses then. In short, I suppose I was quite a belle.

"But dresses, however pretty and fashionably made, will not stay pretty, and whole, and fresh, if not taken care of. More than this a beautiful face is of little account when set in a frame of tumbled and dowdily-done-up hair. It was not many weeks before my careless habits told upon my appearance. Mrs. Hamilton and the girls, or some friendly lady who took an interest in me, would now and then in company pin up my gathers, smooth out my ribbons, or pull off some loose braid from my dress skirt.

"Finally it became the habit of the Hamilton girls, and therefore a matter of course, to look me all over before we went to ride, or down to the parlors, lest I should lose some article of attire, and call a blush to their cheeks.

"I remember that once I was very much mortified, when the professor handed me a fearfully soiled collar that had come off my sack, and which I was obliged to acknowledge was

mine. Even I, thoughtless as I was, had hesitated about putting it on in the morning—and, girls, always remember that when a collar is in doubt it is—dirty.

"If I had only settled that point properly when I stood before my glass in the morning, I should not have been stung with shame when Miss Grayson exclaimed, as the professor asked for its owner, and held it towards her:

"Please don't imagine I would wear a collar like that!"

"Our rooms, as I said, opened on a long piazza, which commanded a fine view of the sea. This piazza was consequently a favorite promenade.

"You may imagine that my room was not in a fit condition to be seen by the promenaders as they passed the long windows, when I tell you that sometimes for two or three days I did not make my bed. I would just throw the counterpane over the sheets, and 'make it do.'

"The contents of my dressing-case and trunk usually littered the mantel and chairs and floor. Of course I could have dropped my curtains, but generally my carelessness was too inveterate to remember even that cheap expedient.

"Mrs. Hamilton once kindly spoke to me about my habits, but I received her counsel so ungraciously that she concluded to let me do as I pleased. So my room continued in its condition of chaos—ribbons, slippers, faded bouquets, shells, mosses, seaweed, and garments of all descriptions hopelessly jumbled together.

"The rooms of the Hamilton girls joined mine, and their habits were very neat and orderly. Naturally I found their apartments much pleasanter than my own room, and used to sit with them most of the time when we were not with the other guests. The girls occasionally came in to my den and picked up my dreary scatterings, and put me in order for Sunday. But Monday morning would find me at 'fodds and ends' again. Somehow my things wouldn't 'stay fixed,' I used to say.

"The weeks flew on golden wings after Prof. Blaine became my daily companion; and when the season drew near its close, my heart was mine no longer. He was the one in whom I found all that was noble, and good, and great, and my thoughts and dreams were all of him.

"As yet there had been only the inter-change of pleasant thoughts, and those delightful attentions that seem to mean so much. Like all modest maidens, I dreamed, and hoped, and waited for the words that would be the fulfillment of what my heart desired.

"Words came, but they were not the words for which I waited, nor were they spoken to me. I overheard them, and they changed my whole life and character.

"I was sitting in the summer house in the hotel grounds, alone, at dusk, one evening, where I had gone, hoping soon to be followed, when, coming slowly down the walk, I heard the steps and voices of men. I did not care for the companionship of two, so I gathered the folds of my dress back into the corner, hoping the gentlemen would pass on and not notice me. They paused, however, among the shrubbery at the entrance, and I, instead of making my presence known, sat quite still and listened.

"I suppose I may congratulate you, too, then?"

"It was Dr. Grayson's voice that spoke.

"No, not in that way. I shall never marry a woman who offends all my ideas of neatness and order."

"The professor's voice uttered these words, and my heart fairly stood still.

"But if you love her as you say," urged the doctor.

"It would not continue. When love has reason to blush for its idol, the homage cannot last. The woman I marry must be as neat as her heart is true. So should every one be, I take it, who calls herself a lady."

"But, Blaine, are you not carrying this too far, and making it of more importance than it deserves? There is reason in all things. I don't see much in this," and the doctor's voice was a trifle impatient.

"No," returned the professor, calmly. "The point is this: natures

like hers and mine are antagonistic—after a fashion. I am, by habit and nature, orderly and particular. She is decidedly the reverse. Should we marry, after the first few weeks of blinded love, my eyes would be opened to the truth, and I should hate a slattern."

"You are harsh and cruel in the way you argue. Don't you expect to sacrifice something. Don't you know men always grow more particular the longer they remain unmarried? All young girls, I take it, are careless; and if she suits you in all other ways, and you love her, you are foolish to give up your thought of asking her to be your wife."

"I am not harsh, and if there be any cruelty in the matter, it is I who suffer it. I love her. She may not care for me. But, Grayson, I couldn't marry an untidy woman. I have too much reason to know what sort of order Miss Seldon keeps in her room, and even what her habits of personal neatness are. The Hamilton girls' rooms join hers. The character of the inmates is stamped therein. When you marry, you will have a neat, orderly, well-kept household. Miss Seldon's husband will not. But as I shall probably never see her again after to-morrow, it matters nothing to me."

"And with these words, the two gentlemen passed on."

"What did I do?"

"Burning with mortification and chagrin, I hastened into the house and up to my hateful room. How forcibly the truth of the words I had just listened to came to me when I beheld the dire confusion that reigned there. Then I wept the bitterest tears my eyes had ever shed. I saw it all now—how my untidy, careless habits had utterly lost me the man I loved, and who confessed he loved me.

"He was going to town the next day. I should never see him again; and he would forget me, no doubt, and marry some pretty girl who would never offend his fastidious taste."

"But in truth I did not feel the least indignation towards him. I did not see any harshness in his judgment of me. If I had had that feeling, I should never, perhaps, have changed, as I did.

"But it was true, what he said. I saw it. Two natures so thoroughly at odds in their habits—one fastidious to a fault, the other careless in the same degree, could never live happily as man and wife. There would be disturbances every day, breeding discord and final dislike. The wedding music would, after a few years—perhaps months—be only 'sweet bells jangled out of tune.'"

"What became of him?" asked Bella, in an anxious voice.

"He left the seashore the next day, without bidding any one good-bye."

"And did you never see him?"

"Oh, yes," replied Aunt Sue, with a bright smile. "I married him five years afterwards."

"Uncle Ned! Why, Aunt Sue! Was that man he?"

"Yes, that man was he. I will tell you how I came to please him, after all. I made up my mind that night that I would never allow myself to be called a 'slattern' again. I would strive diligently to correct my untidy habits, and no one's love thereafter lavished on me should have cause to 'blush for its idol again.'"

"I accomplished my purpose. It was hard at first—as it will be for every one naturally careless—to learn to fold and arrange, and dust, and smooth, and pack away. But I was determined I would cure myself of my besetting fault, and I did.

"Four years afterward, when your uncle and I met again, at the same seaside house, in the same old arbor, we came to a perfect understanding, and agreed we would try life together."

"I suppose he took sly glances at your boot laces, examined the rims of your collars and cuffs, and peeped into your closets before he proposed, however," interrupted Bella, in sarcastic tones.

"They all stood the scrutiny if he did; for there wasn't a neater or more orderly young lady on the shore than she who was once the untidy Sue Seldon."

"And do you believe that is the reason Dave Evans did not marry Gertrude Graves?"

"I don't say so, but it may be. A young man of fastidious tastes and neat habits ought always to consider this question: 'Is the woman to whom I have given my heart one who will make my home comfortable and happy?'"

"It is an important question of character to be considered. Home comfort and happiness depend very much upon neatness, order, and system, and a lack of them is sadly to be regretted in a wife."

"Then a husband may be as careless and untidy as he pleases?" Pshaw!" said Bella.

"No, no," replied Aunt Sue. "It is certainly a most excellent thing to have a cleanly, orderly man at the head of one's house; but the man don't make the home you see. He only procures it. The woman makes the home, and neatness is the best of servants to her there, besides being a strong magnetic force to attract her husband to his own fireside."

Bella got up from the lounge, flitted her crushed ruffles, and made some biting little speech, about "nice" men in general. But as Aunt Sue and the girls knew that she had one in particular in her mind, they hoped she would be benefited by the bit of life history that had been given her.—*Youth's Companion.*

Breathing through the Nose.

There are various reasons for considering the nose the natural outlet of the lungs, and hence various advantages to be derived from breathing through the nose.

1st. If we breathe through the nose we will be enabled often to detect the presence of noxious odors in the air we breathe, and so be warned of danger in time to prevent it.

2d. The internal nose is studded with hairs, which in some degree at least prevent the ingress of noxious matters with the air we breathe. Dust is strained out; and it is confidently asserted by persons who have tested the matter, that miasms are prevented from entering the blood if one breathes only through the nose.—Some persons have lived in malarious districts, slept on the banks of malarious rivers, etc., and yet have escaped all the forms of fevers which usually followed a residence in the country, who have ascribed their exemption solely to a settled habit of breathing only through the nose.

3d. By breathing through the nose, little if any air passes into the lungs until it has come in contact with the membranes of the nose, which are supposed to possess some power of neutralizing malarious and even contagious poisons.

4th. By drawing our breath only through the nose, the air is warmed by contact with the membranes before it reaches the lungs, and so inflammations and congestions of those organs are avoided.

Per contra, the habit, so common, of breathing through the mouth has many disadvantages. In this way a great volume of air is quickly taken in, loaded with dust, malarious or contagious impurities, etc., of which we are utterly unconscious, until the blood has been poisoned and serious, and perhaps fatal, disease been inaugurated. The cold air being taken in, in great volumes and with great rapidity, chills the lungs, whereas if breathed through the nose, it would be warmed before reaching the lungs.

The habit of breathing through the mouth is caused largely by weakness of the respiratory muscles and one excellent method of strengthening those muscles is to breathe through the nose. It is certainly as wise a plan as sucking the air through a silver tube, so often recommended. Then breathe through the nose, as nature indicates, if you would have good health.—[ROBT WALTER, in Science of Health for February.]

The best recipe for glossed shirt-bosoms is: Take two ounces of fine gum arabic powder, pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork and keep it for use. Add a teaspoonful of this gum water to a pint of starch made in the usual way.

—Seeing is not believing. There are many men you can see, and yet cannot believe.

Correspondence.

Mr. McMaster—Sir—I notice a communication of Dr. Nathaniel Randall's, in your paper of January 12th, in relation to my request to him, while he was addressing the union prayer meeting at the Methodist Church the previous Saturday evening; to cease his interference with the interest, and objects of the meeting, by the continuance of his address.—Dr. Randall tells us, "I had not pre- faced my remarks, before I was confronted by the aged Rev. Jasper Hazen, seconded by the Rev. L. W. Hicks, and persisted in by the much respected, Rev. Moses Kidder, that I had better sit down—I was not wanted there."

It may be proper for me to make some explanation, and apology if I was wrong in my judgment of the matter. At the reception of the public arrangements for the week of prayer; the three churches, mutually, by their Pastors, as I suppose, made arrangements to meet together at the three houses of worship alternately, at the White House, the Brick House and the Methodist House. The meetings were perfectly harmonious and pleasant without a jar, as far as I know, by them. Another fact may be stated: A member of the Universalist society, had frequently attended at the social meetings at the Brick House, and had several times intruded his views upon the meeting though solicited not to do it; and when invited to lead in prayer declined to do that.

I noticed that this friend, and Dr. Randall, were seated near together and near to where the Pastors of the Churches were seated. I think, at, or near the commencement of the meeting, Brother Gurnsey requested me to lead in prayer. In answer for the occasion I used a passage of scripture, and prayed that they might not "with lies make the heart of the righteous sad whom He had not made sad, and strengthen the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life."

I thought it was a proper prayer.—I have offered it many times; and expect to breathe it often, with what little strength I have, till that feeble strength expires; which must be soon. "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be," is the Master's voice.

Immediately at the close of the prayer Dr. Randall arose and commenced his address.

I supposed him to be a believer in the salvation of all men. I understood him to be a Spiritualist, acting under the influence of spirits, that sometimes have proved themselves to be lying spirits. I knew him to be a man abounding in words on any subject he might select for an address.—The fact that he immediately began an account of the great veneration he had held me in, in past time, led me to the conclusion, that a continuance of his address, would at best, be a loss of the time of the meeting. I thought it my duty to state to him the objects of the meeting, and request him not to interfere with those objects. The three churches had met to pursue a common object in which they were all interested, the conversion of their friends. It seemed to me reasonable they should not be interfered with.

I think no one but myself spoke, save Messrs. Hicks and Kidder, answered yes, to his inquiries whether their views accorded with mine.—And then he sat down. I think I did not say to him "sit down—you are not wanted here!" It don't sound just like me, or my feelings, for I wanted the house full every evening, with seats in the isles and entries filled with listeners to boot.

I think I then had and now have no other than kind feeling toward Dr. Randall, and every other human being. If at that time or any other I have wronged him or any other human being I ask their pardon.

If there are any righteous people in the world they are the praying, humble followers of Jesus Christ. If any are made sad with lies, that strengthen the hands of the wicked that they should not turn from their wicked

ways by promising them life, these humble, praying followers of Christ are that class. And who are they that with lies strengthen the hands of the wicked that they should not turn from their wicked ways by promising them life? May God mercifully save us from the evil counsel and the evil consequences.

JASPER HAZEN.

Woodstock, Jan. 22, 76.

The Philosophy of Reform.

In an article under the above title Dr. Holland writes in *Scribner* for February:

It is most interesting and instructive, we repeat to observe how all the patent methods that have been adopted outside of, or in opposition to, Christianity, for the reformation of society, have, one after another, gone to the wall or gone to the dogs. A dream, and a few futile or disastrous experiments, are all that ever comes of them. Societies, communities, organizations, melt away and are lost, and all that remains of them is their history. Yet the men who originated them fancied that they were of human nature or human society. The most intelligent of those who abjure Christianity have seen all this, and have been wise enough not to undertake to put anything in its place. They content themselves with their negations, and leave the race to flounder along as it will.

We suppose it is a matter of wonder to such men as these that Mr. Moody and Mr. Sackey can obtain such a following as they do. They undoubtedly attribute it to superstition and ignorance, but these reformers are simply eminent radicals after the Christian pattern, who deal with the motives and means furnished them by the one great radical reformer of the world—Jesus Christ himself. They

them, politics are nothing, denunciations are nothing, organizations are nothing, or entirely subordinate. Individual reform is everything. After this, organizations will take care of themselves. No good society can possibly be made out of bad materials, and when the materials are made good the society takes a good form naturally, as a pure salt makes its perfect crystal without superintendence. They are proving, day by day, what all Christian reformers have been proving for eighteen centuries, viz, that Christian reform, as it relates to individual life and character, possesses the only sound philosophical basis that can be found among reforms. Christian reform, with all its motives and methods is found to be just as vital to-day as it ever was. It is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There are a great many dogmas of the church whose truth, or whose importance, even if true, it would be difficult to prove; but the great truths, that humanity is degraded, and can only be elevated and purified by the elevation and purification of its individual constituents, are evident to the simplest mind. Men know that they are bad, and ought to be better; and a motive,—or a series of motives to reformation, addressed directly to this consciousness,—is not long in achieving results. The radicalism of Christianity holds the secret of revivals, of the stability of the church, of the growth and improvement of Christian communities. All things that are true are divine. There can be no one thing that is more divinely true than any other thing that is true. Christianity is divine, if for no other reason than that it holds and monopolizes the only radical and philosophical basis of reform. The criticisms of all those who ignore these facts are necessarily shallow and unworthy of consideration—just as shallow and just as worthless, as the dogmatism inside the church which attributes the power of Christianity to those things which are not sources of power at all. Christianity must live and triumph as a system of reform, because it goes to the roots of things and, because, by so doing, it proves itself to be divinely and eternally true.

—One hundred years ago every man cut his coat according to his cloth—every man was estimated as his real value—shoddy was not known—nobody had struck "file"—and true merit and honest work were the only grounds for promotion.

—New York city contains about 45 churches. That'll do.