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## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 22, No. 42): April 16, 1869

Maxham & Wing

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## THE PROBLEM.

Her life is all one neutral tint:  
A cold and cold gray;  
No thunder-cloud nor sunbeam glint  
Darkens or cheers her way;  
No great events their shadows cast  
Across her Present or her Past.

From year to year she patient sips  
The tasteless cup of life;  
No annals e'en escape her lips  
Of blighting care or strife;  
And rarely from them falls one word  
That would be worthy to record.

She is not old—she is not young—  
She works from day to day,  
Nor cares for those she dwells among;  
And hers—the neighbors say—  
A nature neither warm nor cold,  
Too soft to carve—too hard to mold.

And yet her face has saddening power,  
I seek the cause in vain—  
As sometimes, at the twilight hour,  
A misty, tremulous, and fainting  
With drearier feelings fills the heart,  
Than scenes of strife or storm impart.

Kingdoms might fall, and empires quake;  
Nations rejoice and groan,  
And in her breast no interest wake,  
Yet surely I have known  
A second, a secret, a thrilling thing,  
Search out some memory's hidden spring;

When, slowly rising to her eye,  
I see a faint light glow,  
And then—I know not how or why—  
It must be long ago—  
By that gleam I find the cost  
Of a life's warfare staked and lost!

[From Tinsley's Magazine For March.]

## COMING DOWN.

[Concluded.]

Laura would have protested against this view, but the rector would not hear her; and feeling unable to speak without crying, she left the room hastily. The rector was soon in a condition to return to his parsonage, and his convalescence was, for the nature of his injuries, a speedy one. This affair could not, as the previous one had been, be concealed from the public of Karslake, and great indeed was the talk of the gossips over it. All sorts of rumors were current, and Laura Hershaw was made exceedingly uncomfortable thereby. The rector now seldom saw her; this rumors which he as well as herself knew were current annoyed him even more than they did her. Much as he now acknowledged to himself that he cared for her, he would not purchase the pleasure of meeting her at the price of giving gossiping tongues occasion to wag over his visit there. And so he kept away. He knew that he loved Laura Hershaw; but he did not deceive himself now, at least as to the fact. He knew that before this accident she had looked upon him with perfect indifference. He was well aware of the sort of ideal she would have pictured to herself, and how little that ideal resembled himself. As long as he had not really loved Laura Hershaw, he had thought only of his feelings toward her, not of hers toward him; now that he did love her, he saw that she cared nothing for him, had liked him, perhaps, had been very chaste and kind, and had even flirted with him a little, but had never seriously thought of him. The fact of this accident, although it had no doubt changed her feelings toward him, had yet in no way altered or improved his chances of being loved. He was not blind to the fact that Laura's manner was changed to him; that she no longer talked gaily and lightly with him; that her color went and came if she chanced to meet him suddenly; but he told himself, and thoroughly believed, that this was gratitude, not love; and although the thought would occur to him that she might perhaps marry him from gratitude he would dismiss the idea with anger. She could not love him, he would not accept from gratitude what he could not gain from love, not even the hand of Laura Hershaw. Under these circumstances, therefore, Rev. Richard Hallows began to revolve in his mind whether it was really necessary for a rector to be married at all. He could not have the woman he loved, and, after loving Laura Hershaw, it was out of the question that he could think of marrying either of the Miss Sturges, or Miss Herlet, or Miss Penrose. No; he really got on very well, and he was not at all sure that a clergyman was not more useful as a single man than he would be married—at least, he had more time to himself. Now the rector, clearly as he reasoned, and natural as were his conclusions, was yet at fault. Laura Hershaw had long seen that the rector admired her, but although she liked him, she had never allowed to herself the possibility of her loving him. Like most other high-spirited girls, she felt the want of a master spirit, some one she could look up to. She thought the rector a good man, and no doubt a clever one, and likely in many ways, in most respects, to make a husband any woman might love and honor. But he wanted manliness. A man that did not ride, or pull, or swim, who had to be picked out of the water by a woman, must necessarily be a poor creature whom it would be impossible ever to respect. The action by which the rector had risked his life to save her own had altered all this. It had supplied the one thing which had been previously wanting—the part which was with Laura an absolute necessity. Now she felt that small and wanting in personal strength as this man was, he was capable of an action at which even the strongest and most courageous men might have hesitated. He had put himself between her and the bull with no thought of driving off or frightening the animal, but simply to die in her place. Now Laura reproached herself bitterly as she thought of the half-disguised contempt with which she had received his attempts at thanks after the adventure upon the water, and of the way in which at first, she now acknowledged, she had flirted with him and then openly shown her indifference. When a girl like Laura Hershaw feels that she has committed an injustice, she is unhappy until she repairs it, and it was very soon real love and not gratitude, which she felt toward her preserver.

As the time wore on, and Mr. Hallows still kept away from the house, or at any rate, called as seldom as he could, Laura began to feel that she had lost Mr. Hallows. Women are far keener judges in these matters than men are; she saw that he loved her still, but then she felt that before the accident he had seen that she had only been playing with him, and that he believed now that, at best, she felt only gratitude towards him. Poor Laura was now really unhappy. She wanted to make the rector happy, and she wanted—yes, she acknowledged she wanted—to be happy herself; but this former trifling of her own stood as a barrier between them, a barrier which she felt certain the clergyman would never break down. How long this would have lasted, or whether it would have remained for all time, it is impossible to say, had not an event occurred which changed the whole current of their lives.

The rector was walking in his garden one Saturday morning, and for once not thinking of Laura Hershaw—for he was arranging the heads of his next morning's sermon—when he was startled by a dull, heavy, muffled explosion in the valley, and saw a cloud of smoke ascend from the hollow in which was Mr. Hershaw's colliery. He waited not for his hat, but ran straight down to the pit.

Five minutes had not elapsed since the explosion, but already the wives and families of the miners had gathered round the shaft. Women were there wringing their hands and screaming wildly; some sat in stony despair gazing at the fatal shaft; others had fainted, and happily oblivious for a time to their misery, lay unheeded by the excited and frantic crowd. Men, too, were hurrying up from the works and asking excited questions. It was some time before Mr. Hallows could gain any information, or learn what number of men were in the pit, or what was their chance of life. At last seeing an overseer turn from speaking to some of the men, he approached him.

"There are nigh sixty men and boys down, Sir," the man answered. "I have just come from the other shaft; about twenty have come up there, but I fear there is no hope for the rest. The rope is down now, but no one has pulled it. The force of the fire was at this end. I fear there is no hope."

At this moment a boy ran up and spoke to the overseer. The man staggered back.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "the master is down."

"Yes," the boy said. "I came up with the last gang, and I saw the master in his little room at the bottom of the shaft; he was talking to Jack Wilkins, the trier."

"Can nothing be done?" Mr. Hallows asked. "This is dreadful!" and a shudder ran through him as he thought of Laura's distress.

"Nothing, Sir," the man said. "Look there!" and he pointed to a light smoke wreathing up from the shaft; "she's a-fire now, and may blow up at any moment. It would be madness."

The men standing round murmured an assent. Anything that men did do, miners will dare to rescue comrades; but this was too much.

At this moment there was a stir, and the crowd drew back to let a woman pass. It was Laura Hershaw. Her face was as pale as death, and her hair had broken from its bonds in the speed with which she ran.

"I hear my father is in the pit," she gasped out. "is it true?"

A dead silence answered her. She sank down upon the bank of timber in despair, and then rising again, she exclaimed wildly:

"He may be alive still; a thousand pounds to any one who will go down and bring him up!"

"It is impossible, Miss Laura," the overseer said. "The pit is on fire; she will blow again in a minute or two."

"Five thousand pounds to whoever will go down!" she said frantically. "O men, if you be men, go down and see if any live!"

The men drew back, but one or two spoke together, and were coming forward when the women rushed upon them.

"No, Janie—no, Willie, you don't go. Our two boys are down here. You shan't go; I will not let you; what is money now?" and clinging to the men they dragged them away.

Laura Hershaw sank back upon the bank, despairing now, for she felt she could not press the point. During their colloquy Mr. Hallows had been earnestly questioning the boy, and he now spoke to the foreman. The latter gave a start of surprise and made a gesture of refusal. Then Mr. Hallows spoke aloud:

"I shall have my way. I am God's minister. I have no one in the world to lament me. It is my duty to try, at least. Get the rope ready at once and lend me a thick cap to protect my head, and a flannel jacket."

Laura Hershaw had started up and exclaimed, "No, no!"—then she had been silent. Without a word she stood motionless while the clergyman put the miner's clothes over his own and a dead silence from all around.

Mr. Hallows was very pale, but perfectly calm. When he was ready, and while the men were busy hoisting up the rope which they had lowered after the explosion, for the proper gear was blown away, Laura went up to him and said:

"I must speak to you before you go, Mr. Hallows;" and she led the way into a small wooden pay office close to the shaft's mouth. The clergyman followed her, and closed the door. She took both his hands, and stood for a moment still and silent. Then she said, "May God in heaven bless you and protect you! You need no earthly strength; but if it can cheer you in this fearful danger, think that I, who wait here to pray for you, have two lives I love at stake; that if you come not back, I shall be for life widow as well as orphan. God bless you, my own dear love! Now kiss me, and go."

He drew her to him, kissed her once, and then opening the door of the shed said to the women outside:

"Look to Miss Hershaw, she has fainted. Now, men, let me down as quickly as you can; I know what I have to do."

Mr. Hallows was outwardly as quiet and calm as when he entered the hut; but the men noticed that he had a bright, steady light in his eye; that while before he might have looked like a martyr walking firmly to the stake, now he might have been a soldier leading a forlorn hope. As he was lowered down into outer darkness, the clergyman might be truly said to have felt no fear. He knew his fearful danger; he knew that at any instant the blast of fire might come which should send his body a mangled cinder far up above the mouth of the shaft. But he knew now that Laura Hershaw loved him, and very fervent were his silent prayers that he might be spared to enjoy the great happiness. Then, as he knew by the slackening of the speed of his descent he was near the bottom, he gave a last appeal to God for protection, and prepared for his work. Already the smoke was almost stifling, and would have been quite so had he not kept a wet cloth, with which he had provided himself before starting, pressed across his mouth and nostrils. In his other hand he held a safety-lamp; but the sharp flaring explosions within the mine-work, as well as his own difficulty of breathing, told him of the inflammable nature of the atmosphere around him. Now he was at the bottom, and his great fear was that he might find the entrance to the workings closed by the falling debris. To his great joy he found it comparatively clear, and he then extinguished the lamp—the danger from which was enormous—his instructions being so clear that he needed it no longer. So stifling did he feel the air that he lay down, and crawled along upon his breast—

it was but a few paces; then he felt a door. He gave a low muffled cry, which was answered by a dull knocking within.

Thank God! Mr. Hershaw was alive, sheltered in the small room from the violence of the first blast. The thoughts of Laura's delight gave a new strength to him, and revived the consciousness which had a moment before seemed fast deserting him. Feeling upon the ground, he found that some pieces of the roof had fallen and blocked the door. With a short prayer for strength, he began to remove them; several times he desisted, and lay almost insensible, but each time the thought of Laura seemed to call him back to life. As he removed the last piece, and felt the door pushed open from within he seemed to leave him, and he became unconscious.

Terrible was the suspense upon the surface after the clergyman had disappeared. Very rapidly the men let the rope slip through their fingers. Every moment was worth a life, for at any instant they might hear the low rumbling sound, followed instantly by a rush of flame, of stone, and of all that remained of the brave man who had ventured down. No one spoke. In spite of the danger, one of the men leaned over the shaft, and his raised hand, and attentive eye showed that the light still burned. More slowly now the rope was run out, for they knew he was near the bottom, which might be so filled with rubbish that even a foothold might be impossible. The light had disappeared, now lost in the thick vapor; but still the rope ran out. Presently it stopped. Now was the question, was he insensible already? The men stood by the rope, ready to run it over the sheaf as quickly as possible, and all stood breathless. In a moment there was a faint but decided jerk at the rope.

"Thank God!" broke from all standing round, and the rope was slackened to allow the adventurer to proceed into the workings. At this moment a fresh spectator was added to those around the shaft. Laura Hershaw had recovered from her fainting, and had refused to listen to the prayers of the women to stop where she was until the result was known. She had listened as if she had not heard, and then had risen and walked in among the group, who separated at her approach. She neared the shaft, and then without a word stepped upon her knee, and with her face pale as marble, her lips moving fitfully, but no sound issuing from them, she watched the mouth of the shaft.

All was hushed around; the women had ceased their wailing cries, and for the moment forgot their own grief in the terrible interest of the scene. Their sympathy for her overpowered for a time the thought of their own woe. One minute, two, three passed; and then the men began to murmur among themselves that the clergyman must long ere this be insensible, and that they ought to bring him up before the dreaded explosion came. Another minute passed, and then the foreman spoke:

"It's no use, Miss; he must be insensible now; the choke damp will have done it."

A sharp spasm of anguish passed over her face, then her lips moved. "One minute more!" It seemed an age. It passed; and then the overseer reluctantly, for the intense anguish of the silent face averted him, gave signs to the men to prepare to hoist. Just at this moment one of the men exclaimed, "She shakes!" There was a pause, and then a stronger pull. A deep, suppressed cheer, or rather ejaculation, broke from the group.

"Quick, lads! quick, but steadily," the overseer cried, and the rope ran rapidly over the sheaf.

There were too many willing hands attached to it for any one to be able to say whether one or two bodies were attached. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Laura had risen now, and stood with both hands pressing her hair back from her temples. Her breath came in short gasps, and her figure swayed to and fro. Each moment the men who had quietly stationed themselves upon each side of her thought she would fall. The rope runs over the sheaf, and now the overseer, who is peering over the pit exclaims:

"I see him! I see him! Thank God, there are two! Steady, men, steady! they are both insensible. It is the master, sure enough."

Now ready lifts lift the bodies from the shaft; and the doctor, who has been standing in readiness, puts his ear to their hearts. "Thank God, they are both alive!" Despite their own dead in the pit a cheer broke from all; and Laura Hershaw fell insensible by the side of the rescued men.

It is a year since the great pit explosion at Karslake. The rector is now a married man. The lady driving him in his pretty pony carriage is his wife, and a prettier and happier little woman is not to be found in the midland counties, nor one more proud of her husband; and as for the rector, he has come to look upon his early theories as ridiculous delusions; and is now ready to affirm that a woman makes not one bit the worse clergyman's wife for being able to ride and to swim, or even to pull an oar upon the river.

In illustration of the malevolent but impotent crushing out process of which independent newspapers are frequently the object, the following anecdote from the Philadelphia Press is especially to the point, and is not without its moral in other latitudes than Pennsylvania:

Many years ago Mr. Swain, then editor of the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets by a very excited individual, who informed him, in the most emphatic terms, "I have stopped your paper, Sir, and proceeded to explain the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. 'My gracious Sir,' (this was not exactly Mr. Swain's expression, but it will do.) you don't say so. Come with me to the office, and let us see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper.' Down Chestnut street to Third, the two proceeded. Arriving at the office Mr. Swain said, 'Why my dear Sir, everything seems to be going on here as usual; I thought you had stopped my paper.' Then and there the excited gentleman, whom the long walk, by the way, had partly cooled, said that he had stopped taking his one copy of the Ledger. Mr. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third Down Chestnut. The gentleman went on his way home a wiser if not a better man, marveling over the stupidity of editors in general, and of Mr. Swain in particular. Before he left however he ordered that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, in the course of a visit to the gallery of the House of Commons, gives this glimpse of a man once distinguished:

"While I am standing in this group, eagerly watching the police sergeant, who will presently call the names of the privileged few, I hear:—

"Isn't this Mr. Davis?"

"I turn round, and right behind me stands Jefferson Davis. But zounds! what a change in mortal man! I would scarcely have known him if my attention had not been called to him. And can it be possible, I mused, that this shriveled face, thin voice, shrunken limbs, slothfully little old man is the eloquent and commanding senator from Mississippi, the prompt, resolute, and courtly Secretary of war that was really President when Franklin Pierce was ostensibly? I tell you the truth. A feeling of pity stole all over me. I was touched, and there is no knowing what my impulses of tender magnanimity to our fallen foe would have driven me to do and say if it had not met in the impulse of the man who put the question. I have quoted that obsequious sycophancy toward the slaveholders' rebellion which for these ten years past has been the pre-eminent characteristic of all-still-slavery England. Mr. Davis quietly replied, 'That is my name, Sir.'

"What, Jefferson Davis?"

"Yes, Sir. May I ask your name, Sir?"

"Harris; but I am nobody; I am simply an Englishman who deeply sympathizes with you; I have often wanted to see you; I have your picture hanging up in my house, and prize it very highly."

This was said in an agitated, fervent way, while hands were shaken, and then Mr. Harris, who was a gray-haired, well-to-do-looking gentleman, put his mouth close to Mr. Davis's ear and whispered what I did not hear, but what I could not but imagine was England was with you; and if you could have held out another year we would have joined France in recognizing your government. Mr. Davis smiled feebly, and I thought, sadly. His name was called, and in he went. I followed immediately, and saw him met by one of the House attaches, the gentleman in black wood breeches, and shabby coat with a silk sash over on its back, who absolutely bent double (I am not exaggerating) at the approach of Mr. D., and went dancing and flashing and smiling before him, whispering to everybody, "This is Mr. Jefferson Davis," and gallanted him to a sort of pew there for specially favored strangers on the floor of the House, deep in a recess, and where Mr. Davis sat down with Archbishop Manning and Dean Stanley."

SWIMMING WITHOUT BLADDERS.—It is old truth which Dr. Arnold here states, but it is a daily proclamation in this dollar-loving world:

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with the money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who can not swim; ten chances to one he will go to the bottom. Teach him to swim and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a solid education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. To be thrown upon one's resources, is to be cast into the very lap of fortune, for our faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously unsusceptible.

A ROTUND STYLE.—Mrs. Stowe is quoted as favoring a simple style. It may do for simple readers, but for the profound commend me to such models as the following extract from a Yale College declamation:

"When we take a circumspective cogitation of Man and trace him through all the pandemic eccentricities and incongruities of his lustiferous pilgrimage, we shall find his nature so impelled by preterterities and so exasperated by continual adversities that he knows not how to abnegate nor predicate even a legendary proposition. Yet his bickerers croakations make him a linguistic and libristian adept in philippic animalversities that nothing can affect his motley stultiloquettic and nugacity."

These words are all, with one exception, found in Webster; and as a fine specimen of rotund writing I think the "simple Saxon" may well be challenged to compare with it—in sound.

Those who have been accustomed to hear the unparalleled fertility of the West expatiated upon, will be somewhat surprised at the following statement condensed from official reports by "Agricola" of the Portland Press. It will be seen that that Vermont is the most fertile State in the Union: "The tables show that the average yield of wheat in Maine last year, was ten bushels per acre, while in other States it was little more than half as much. In Ohio it was but 11 bushels per acre. In Vermont it was sixteen bushels, the largest yield of any State in the Union, except, perhaps, in California, from which there is no report. The average yield of corn in 1868 in Maine, was a little over 29 bushels per acre, Massachusetts about 37 bushels, Vermont 38, New Hampshire 30, and the smallest yield was in South Carolina a little over 10 bushels, and Florida about 10 bushels. In Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, the yield was about 34 bushels. The average yield of rye in Maine was 15 bushels per acre, which is rather more we believe, than the average of the other States.

The Herald of Health tells us that sleeping after dinner is a bad practice, and that ten minutes' sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes, and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in the sitting posture as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthful digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel much better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.

Men talk of conforming their diet to nature! What is nature? Where is her bill of fare? Is the first thing which a child eats any more natural than is the after food of the adult?

Are not the conveniences and refinements of life as really natural as the rude and vulgar habits of barbarians? He is the nearest to nature who pushes the farthest away from the seed form in which he began. Otherwise, education is a crime against nature.

But let us go back to hair dye. If a man is young, and from some peculiarity of constitution, or by reason of sickness, is prematurely gray, whether he shall dye his hair or not is a matter of his own. If he will be the happier for it let him do so. If his wife will love him any better, or if she will be wiser any happier,

in the name of love let him dye. Family happiness is a great blessing to purchase at so small a cost as a bottle of hair dye.

## OUR TABLE.

## THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER.

The April number of this Practical Journal of Industrial Progress abounds in interesting and valuable articles which must be of great value to the practical man who aims to keep posted in all the improved methods of doing things. Like the previous numbers, it contains numerous engravings and plans.

Published by Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at the very low price of \$1.50 year.

## THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January.

January has the following table of contents:

Lord Campbell's Lives of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham; Realities of High Life; Earthquakes; Mr. Gladstone's Axiology; The Ultra-Radicals; Lord Liverpool and his Times; Efficiency of the Navy; Dean Milman and St. Paul's; Animals and Plants; Politics at a Profession.

These publications have been delayed by the printers' strike in New York; but matters have now been so arranged that there will be no further trouble.

The four great British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 37 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$1 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$2; any three of the Reviews, \$3; all four Reviews, \$3; Blackwood's Magazine, \$1; Blackwood and the Review, \$2; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$3; Blackwood and any three of the Reviews, \$3; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$5—with large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works will be delivered free of postage.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works under the new rates will be but 56 cents a year.

## "TO DYE OR NOT TO DYE."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We like to receive letters from readers of this Ledger asking questions on matters of taste, or propriety. Hundreds of questions of right and duty, of policy or principle, arise in daily life; in relation to things so simple or minute that they are not considered seriously enough for a sermon, nor important enough for a newspaper; and yet they have power to vex or to comfort men. The comfortable comfort of daily life depends upon wisdom in small things.

Without disparaging the great truths of society, it may be said that men need full as much instruction and help in the sphere of minor morals, as they do in the matter of fundamental principles. Those who write us letters of inquiry must be patient. One by one, in due time, we hope to reply to all questions that, in our judgment, really need an answer. We print to-day a letter *verbatim*, except the address and signature.

"A friend of mine who read your article in the New York Ledger about beginning to use tobacco, says, 'Oh that Mr. Beecher would write about the use of Hair Dyes and Restorers.' He wishes to know your opinion as to the morality of the thing. Is it right, say, for a man, not yet forty-five years of age, who is beginning to grow gray, yes, white, to use Hair Dye at all? Does not God make the hair black or gray? Ought he not to wear it as it grows? But then certainly it is right to take care of your personal appearance, and look as well as you can, and a man of forty don't want to appear like a man of seventy or eighty."

Mr. Beecher, do answer this inquiry in the N. Y. Ledger: "Shall I begin to use Hair Dye?"

If the question had been as to the nature of hair dyes, we should have replied promptly, that perhaps one-third of them are unsafe, being compounds of poisonous ingredients, which are absorbed by the skin to the detriment of health; another third are useless; stuff doing neither good nor harm; the remaining third have some merit, but are apt to be disagreeable in odor, or inconvenient in application. The most unexpected and ludicrous results have followed their use. We know of some extraordinary results of color from the use of hair dyes.

But the questioner asks our opinion as to the morality of the thing. That is another matter. We do not think that it lies in the sphere of morality at all. It is a mere matter of taste, and every man has a right to his own liberty, whether to dye or not to dye. But it is asked:

"Does not God make the hair black or gray?"

God does it, to be sure; but in no other sense than He gives color after eucumbers, indigestion after excessive eating, constipation after sedentary habits; rheumatism after exposure to cold and moisture, and premature age to men who have overtaxed themselves. Does anybody think it wrong to take medicine, as if it were an interference with Divine Providence? Still more pat is the question, "Ought he not to wear it as it grows?" How about cutting it? Then has he a right to meddle with nature's length of hair, but not with her color? Is it wrong to comb and part the hair? If nature is to be strictly followed, how sinful the race has become by wearing clothes! No man was ever born with trousers on.

There is a vast deal of nonsense springing from incorrect notions of Nature. Men are born into life with power and faculties susceptible of indefinite development. The results to which education brings men are as really a part of Nature, as are the faculties themselves. An acorn is no nearer to Nature, than is the oak-tree which springs from it. A gardener may by skill and patience produce results in a vine which would never have been reached, if it had been left alone. But no gardener has power to do more than to develop what God had stored up in the vine. The susceptibility to development is a part of Nature.

If education has been wisely conducted, men and societies of men are more natural in a highly civilized state than they were in their savage condition.

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But let us go back to hair dye. If a man is young, and from some peculiarity of constitution, or by reason of sickness, is prematurely gray, whether he shall dye his hair or not is a matter of his own. If he will be the happier for it let him do so. If his wife will love him any better, or if she will be wiser any happier,

in the name of love let him dye. Family happiness is a great blessing to purchase at so small a cost as a bottle of hair dye.

But is it really for an old man to put on the appearance of youth, and not to meet his fate bravely? That is a question of good taste. For ourselves, we prefer gray-hairs. A buckish old gentleman of seventy-five, returning every month from his barber with glossy brown locks, is not our style of manhood. But if he likes it, he might do things far worse. We admire the bravery in a woman by which, at thirty-five, she carries her locks full of silver. And yet, if her happiness may be promoted by hiding the early gray, we see no reason for criticism.

We are in favor of bald heads, and also of wigs and toupees. We are in favor of wearing our own hair, and just as much of borrowing your neighbor's to eke out a scanty supply, if one chooses to do it. In short let every one have liberty of hair!

It would, however, be terrible to leave men to full liberty of dress and not to leave their neighbors free to poke fun at them. But as long as we are free to laugh, men may be safely left to the largest liberty of costume. Shame is a more general and active restraint in this world than conscience or reason. A laugh can do what an argument cannot.

We have but entered upon this subject. Dying the hair is not a beginning. Artificial teeth grin at us; painted cheeks and lips smile at us. Long forms are made, to look short. Dumpy people look long. Thin and lean people come forth plump and chubbily. Fat folks shrink to slenderness. In the great world of the Toilette and of the Dress there are, to be sure, some questions of morals, but far more of taste. How long the dress should be at the bottom is a question of taste, but how long it should be at the top is also a question of morals. To discuss the whole matter would require many articles.

[N. Y. Ledger.]

DISORDERS INCIDENT TO SPRING.—In the Spring of the year pill-makers reap rich harvests from the sale of their nostrums. A single dealer has informed us that in a town of 5,000 people, between the first of March and the first of June, he has sold as many as five hundred boxes of pills. Of course they had been pushed well by almanacs devoted to that purpose. The reason why there is always such a demand for physic in the Spring is because when the warm weather of March and April comes, people keep on eating too much food, more than can be changed by the stomach except during the cold winter weather. The result is, the stomach is overtaxed, the liver and bowels obstructed, the blood deteriorated, and the patient, fit to resort to physic. The true method to be observed in such cases is, on the approach of spring, to eat less food, and that of a milder nature. The brown bread should take the place of white, if white is used in this winter. More fruit should be taken. Avoid stale vegetables. If you have not good potatoes at home, for poor potatoes are very unwholesome. If you have good potatoes, bake or boil them, and do not fry or hash; eat with fresh cream instead of gravy or butter. Use freely of canned fruit, or well kept apples; at least one meal each day should consist largely of fruit. Avoid fat meat, pastry, cakes, rich puddings, and live simply and naturally. Every family should put by for spring use sufficient good fruit to have it abundant during March, April and May, and as soon as strawberries ripen they should be used freely. Strawberries for those who have attacks of the disorders incident to spring, are one of the best remedies that can be used. We give this timely word does not live thin in abundance, and early ones too. Nature seems to have made them on purpose to meet a demand of the system in early summer, and we have known many cases of invalids being greatly improved by their free use, Wilson, the ornithologist, was once ordered by an Indian doctor to live on strawberries, in order to cure indigestion, dysentery, and to his surprise, he was cured in less than a week. The tomato, which can be canned in almost unlimited quantities, so as to be fresh and good in the spring as in autumn, should also be used freely, and not as an occasional luxury but as a regular article of diet. They are especially wholesome at this season of the year. These simple rules followed will in most cases prevent much disease and suffering.—[Herald of Health.]

MEDICINAL QUALITIES OF PUMPKINS.—At a recent discussion in the New York Farmer's club, a correspondent writes of the virtue of the Pumpkin: "I will give you a simple cure for inflammatory rheumatism. A woman's arm was swelled to an enormous size and painfully inflamed. A poultice was made of stewed pumpkin, which was renewed every fifteen minutes, and in a short time produced a perfect cure. The fever drawn out by the poultices made them extremely offensive, as they were taken off. I have known a man cured of severe inflammation of the bowels by the same kind of application. I think such subjects as this proper for discussion in a farmer's club."

Dr. Snodgrass—I have no doubt pumpkins make a good poultice. Whatever holds warmth best is the most suitable.

Dr. Smith.—In my travels in Syria I found pumpkin seeds almost universally eaten by the people on account of their medical qualities—not because they are diuretic, but as an antidote against amaleculs which infest the bowels. They are sold in the streets as apples and nuts are here. It is a medical fact that persons have been cured of tape worm by the use of pumpkin seeds. The outer skin being removed, the meats are bruised in a mortar into an oily paste.

It is swallowed by the patient after fasting some hours, and it takes the place of chyle in the stomach, and the tape worm lets go his hold on the membrane and becomes gorged with this substance and in some measure probably torpid. Then a dose of castor oil is administered, and the worms are ejected before they are able to renew their hold.

A writer in the St. Louis Republican has introduced the following style of biography:—"Robert Dexter—King of the New York Ledger and editor of the Turf. He has a circulation of 2,155, and can trot his mile inside of half a million of subscribers, on a ten-cylinder track. All the distinguished writers in the country trot for his paper. He learned the art of printing when he was a colt, and by dint of perseverance, linked with a native business tact, and a thorough knowledge of the value of advertising, under the saddle and to harness, he has in his maturity become a millionaire. He is a perfect gentleman, seventeen and one-half inches high, of a rich glossy color and faultless symmetry. He may be seen almost any day when the weather is fine, trotting around the Ledger office, or writing editorials in the Central Park."

We are informed that a female pedlar has been traveling our streets highly recommending a fluid for the remarkable ease with which it removes iron-rust and other blemishes from cloth. Some of the ladies have tried it to their cost. It cannot be said that she tells more than the truth. The liquid not only removes all blemishes, but is a corrosive compound and removes the cloth also.—[Bangor Whig.]





