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The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)

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8-10-1866

## The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 06): August 10, 1866

Maxham & Wing

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### Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 20, No. 06): August 10, 1866" (1866). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 154.

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THE TIDE OF LIFE.

O, THESE are moments when I long to go. When this life's burdens seem too great to bear; My feet are weary of this hard, rough way; And disappointment meets me everywhere.

HEN STORY.

"Timothy, that air yaller hen's settin' agin," said Mrs. Hayes to her son, one morning at breakfast. "Well, let her set," remarked Timothy, helping himself to a large piece of cheese.

With such a startling proof of the truth and the omen before him, Timothy finished his breakfast in haste and departed for the barn, from which he soon returned bearing the squalling biddy by the legs.

"What shall I do with her, mother? She'll get n again, and she's cross as bedlam—she skinned my hands, and would be the death of me if she could get loose."

"I've been it said that it was a good plan to throw 'em up in the air," said Mrs. Hayes. "Aunt Peggy broke one of setting only three times trying. Spoken 'er try it."

"Up she goes, head or tail!" cried Tim, as he tossed the volcano skyward. "Lud-a-massy," exclaimed Mrs. H., "she's coming down into the pan of bread that I set out on the great rock to rise! Tim, it's strange that you can't do n thing without overdoing it."

"Down with the traitors, up with the stars," sang on Tim, elevating Biddy, again with something less than a pint of batter hanging to her feet.

"Good gracious me! wuss and wuss," cried Mrs. Hayes, and Tim agreed with her; for the hen had come down on the well-polished tile of Esquire Bennet, who happened to be passing, and the dignified old gentleman was the father of Cynthia Bennet, the young lady with whom Tim was riously enamored.

The Squire looked dazed, brushed off the dough with his handkerchief, and strode on in silence. "Yes, but it's going up again," said Tim, spitefully, seizing the clucking biddy and tossing her to random into the air.

"But when she came to look closer she perceived that the man she had nearly annihilated was not Timothy, but James Henshaw. Poor Helen burst into tears and fled into her chamber, the usual refuge for heroines; and James, after washing his face at the kitchen sink, went home, sternly resolved never to marry a woman with such a temper as Helen Hayes had.

The hen, meanwhile, who is the heroine, returned to the barn to establish herself on the ruins of her nest, determined to set if the heavens fell. Mrs. Hayes soon discovered her, and she having heard that dipping in water would cure "broodiness," she set forth for the brook with the fowl in her apron.

"There!" she exclaimed, "now I've found out what puzzled me to death night about a week. I've found out where that yellow pullet has gone to. Mrs. Hayes, I allers knowed you was a wicked, desatful woman, but I didn't think you'd steal."

"I'm talking to you, madam, that's who I'm talking to! You've stole my hen, what I got over to Uncle Gillies, and paid for in sassafras. She's a real Dorking. Give her to me right here or I'll sue for force."

Waterville Mail.

BUMMERS.

Some say that bidders are born, not made. I contend that, generally speaking, they are made. Hope disappointed, with regard to political elevation or wealth, turns out a great many.

Ambitious schoolmarms, reminding their pupils that some day they may become the President of the United States, also lay many a bumperial foundation.

So do fond parents when they advise their only son to emulate the example of a Girard or an Astor.

Contentment with a moderate share of the good things of this world is a principle but little recognized in American education. Emulation, elevation, and a universal scramble over each other's heads for the highest point, is the main thing installed in the youthful American mind.

"Sam Brown, how came you to be a bumper?" I asked of that individual one day, as he stood at his eleven o'clock post on the corner. He had upon him a bumperial regular uniform, a shiny, greasy, black coat, bosom modestly covered with a black cravat, a brown collar, well worn pants, badly frayed at the heels, and easy shoes with heels that had once been heels.

"I acknowledge myself," said Sam Brown, "to be a Bummer. I shall probably always be a bumper, or less something turns up, and the chances of something turning up seem to lessen as year after year of my life is turned down."

The biggest mumbull in the school was daily told that he might be a Governor, a member of Congress, or even the President of the United States, providing he learned his spelling lesson in words of two syllables.

Of course, with my greater degree of advancement I felt quite sure of obtaining one of those high positions.

My teachers and parents were to me the highest authority in the world. It is any wonder, then, that I received implicitly their prophecies of my future elevation to the Presidency? Of course not. At nineteen I had graduated at college. My valedictory on 'Greatness the Privilege of American Youth,' was pronounced a masterpiece.

I heard on all sides the remarks, "fine young man! charming young man! self-rising young man!" We shall hear of him yet in the halls of Congress!

I left college and went out in the world with the impression that my elevation to the Presidency would be as sure, regular and certain as the upward course of a balloon on a calm day.

I went forth into the world filled with a mental gas composed of equal parts of ignorance, self-conceit and high hopes, installed by pedagogues and fond parents.

After several years sumbing and experience I discovered that there was some several hundred thousand other people in the United States, many of them more talented, learned, and far beyond me in worldly knowledge.

Then, sir, the sharp point of truth pricked the balloon inflated for so many years, the gas escaping, it collapsed, and here I am a bumper.

HEAT AND COLD.

There is a topic suggested by light and heat which is of interest as an illustration of the nice balance and regulation of natural forces, or which the safety of all living things depend.

The world we live in is, in fact, a molten mass, and not a solid rocky ball. It is generally known that the temperature increases as we descend beneath the surface at such rate that, at the depth of fifty miles, it must be hot enough to melt all common minerals.

The premium list of the fair of the New England and Vermont State Agricultural Societies make a pamphlet of nearly fifty pages. The fair is to be held at Brattleborough on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of September, and the programme announced is sufficiently attractive to induce a large attendance of visitors during the four days.

A CHILD'S PUZZLE.—We find the following pretty puzzle in a Democratic paper, inviting solution: If Tennessee was not out of the Union how could she be readmitted? If out of the Union, how could she ratify a constitutional amendment?

This is very simple, though ingeniously put. Tennessee was not out of the Union, and has not been readmitted. By the accident of rebellion she had deprived herself of representation in Congress, and was not allowed to resume that privilege until she had ratified an amendment to the constitution regarded as a necessary security against future troubles.

PROVERBS OF JOHN BILLINGS.—Human nature is the same all over the world, 'cept in New England, and that it is according to circumstances.

"Ram is good in its place, and a bell is the place for it." "If I had a boy who didn't lie well enuff to suit me, I would set him to lending a retail dry goods store."

"There is a multitude of folks who mean well enuff, but how like the devil they act." "Give the devil his due reads well enuff in a proverb, but mi friend what will become of me and you if this arrangement is carried out."

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING.—An able writer gives utterance to the following valuable secret: "This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights."

Behind the Times.—It does not appear that in any one of the Austro-Prussian battles which have taken place thus far, the American system of throwing up temporary breastworks has been adopted; and yet many of the soldiers and a few officers in each of the armies were in the American war, and not only understood the system but its advantages.

THE PROSECUTION OF EX-GOVERNOR EYRE.—The English papers publish two letters from the widow of the late Hon. Wm. Gordon of Jamaica, addressed to the parliamentary committee on the insurrection in that island, in which she declines to become the prosecutor against ex-Governor Eyre, but declares that it is not her intention to interfere in case the committee consider it advisable, on the grounds of the public interests and public justice, and especially with reference to the future security of the black race, to take proceedings for the vindication of these great principles, so outraged by Mr. Eyre and his coadjutors." Mrs. Gordon gives the following reasons for her course:—

"I shrink from the step suggested. My martyred husband, shaping his course in public and in private life by his Christian profession, died forgiving his enemies. My earnest desire is to follow his example, and I feel that in doing this I am only acting in harmony with the sentiments he expressed in his last letter to me, and with the precepts of the Divine Master whose faithful servant he was.

While yielding up my heart in gratitude for the grace which has been vouchsafed to me, and which alone has sustained me in this grievous affliction, I leave Mr. Eyre and those who have aided him in his cruel proceedings in the hands of Him who judgeth righteously."

PUNISHING TRAITORS.—The New York World denounces what it calls the "infernal radical schemes," and says that "if the radicals have their minds made up for treason, they must be prepared to meet all its consequences, hanging included." The advice appears to us quite unnecessary and to come with a particularly bad grace from that quarter; but all this might pass, if it could only be shown to our

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

The pressing need of our faith is not simply faithful evangelists to proclaim its doctrines, but legions of men consecrating their worldly vocations, witnessing to that truth on which much skepticism prevails, that Christianity, so received as to become an integral part of a man, is omnipotent to keep him from the evil, not by taking him out of the world, but by making him victorious over it.

The gift of prayer.—We sometimes hear it said of an individual that "he is gifted in prayer." What is meant by this expression? Is it that he is able to use the language of devotion properly and fluently? Generally, we apprehend, this is what is meant by the remark. But if no more than this is intended, then it is wrong to affirm that such a person has the gift of prayer; for genuine prayer is something more than the easy utterance of the most faultless words.

Religion, or our conscious union with God, is a native not a superinduced relation, but it does not follow that everything which a man does can properly be called religious. A woman sitting in church-time on Boston common; a man mending a steam engine on Sunday, are not necessarily irreligious. I should want to know what thought was in his mind, what disposition in the heart, what motive in the will and hand, before deciding. If there were more idle or superficial thought a purely material aim, mere animal enjoyment or animal activity, there was so far no religion, though there may have been no harm. If there was frivolity, or ill-temper, or any form of selfishness, so far there was irreligion. And precisely the same would be true if they were at church, or reading the Bible, or doing any act commonly called religious.

MEANER FOR GOD THAN THE DEVIL.—A gentleman of wealth, who had been much addicted to frolic and sports, was converted, and became a member of one of our congregations. This congregation had adopted the *al valorum* principle, as a means of defraying its expenses. In a few months this gentleman's conversion, the deacons waited on him in order to make their assessments; and knowing that he was rich, and that his proportion of the expenses would amount to a pretty handsome sum, they feared that he would not be willing to bear it, and their demand might give him serious offence, and prove an injury to him. Hence, they approached their business with some trepidation and great caution. At first he was at a loss to ascertain the reasons of their apparent diffidence. The deacons perceiving this, became, of course, more explicit. The gentleman was surprised. "What on earth," said he, "do you mean? Did you suppose that I would be unwilling to pay my full proportion? When I was a man of the world, and united with others in a scheme of pleasure, I would have deemed myself a mean man had I not paid my full proportion of the expenses. Go to the assessor's book, and put me down for my full proportion of the expenses of the church. Do you think that I intend to be a meaner man now, since I have become a servant of God, than I was when a servant of the Devil?"

THE CROOKED STICK.—In the Divine economy there is a place for every Christian. The chief difficulty is, not in finding our place, but in the willingness to fill it. Paul strove to apprehend that for which Christ apprehended him. The following story illustrates our point: Did you ever hear of old James Therral and his crooked stick? I will tell you about him. James Therral, an old carpenter on Salisbury Plain, said to a young Christian who complained, that she was unworthy to serve the Lord, "I used to think as you do, but the Lord taught me otherwise by a crooked stick. One day my son went to a sale of timber, and in the lot he bought was a piece so twisted and bent that I wait, sharply, 'It will be of no use.' 'Wait a bit,—don't fret; let us keep a lookout, father,' said the lad, 'there is a place somewhere for it!' And so it proved, for soon after I was building a house; and there was a corner to turn in, and not a stick in the yard would fit. I thought of the crooked one, and fetched it. It seemed as if the tree had grown aside for that purpose.—There, said I, 'there's a place for the crooked stick after all; then there's a place for poor James Therral! Dear Lord, show him the place, into which he may fit in the building of Thy heavenly temple.' That very day I learned that, poor and unlettered as I was, there was a work for me. And so there is a work for you to do, and nobody else can do it."

A merchant having sent, in obedience to an order, fifty barrels of flour to a grocer in the Province, recently received another order which he thinks has notice in it.—Send down fifty pigs to eat up that flour."

HAWTHORNE ON OFFICE SEEKING.—A writer in the Round Table has been looking over a collection of autograph letters in "a little seaport town of Massachusetts," and copies a passage from an epistle from Hawthorne, dated in 1853, to a friend who appears to have been seeking an office, which is quaint and characteristic:—

"When applying for office, if you are conscious of any deficiencies, (moral, intellectual or educational, or whatever else) keep them to yourself, and let those find them out whose business it may be. For example, supposing the office of translator to the State Department were to be tendered you; accept it boldly, without hinting that your acquaintance with foreign languages may not be the most familiar. If the unimportant fact be discovered afterward, you can be transferred to some more suitable post. The business is to establish yourself somehow and anyhow. I have had as many office seekers knocking at my door for the three-months past as if I were prime minister, so that I have made a good many scientific observations in respect to them. The words that Bradmonte (I think it was) read in the enchanted hall are, and ought to be their motto: 'Be bold, be bold, and everywhere be bold.' But over one door she read, 'Be not too bold.' A subtle boldness, with a veil of modesty over it, is what is needed."

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