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Maxham & Wing

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## SABBATH EVENING TWILIGHT.

Delightful hour of sweet repose,  
Of hallowed thoughts, of love, of prayer!  
I love thy deep and tranquil close,  
For all the Sabbath day is there.  
Each pure desire, each high request,  
That burned before the temple shrine,  
The hopes, the fears, that moved the breast,  
All live again in light like thine.

I love thee for the fervid glow  
Thou shed'st around the closing day—  
Those golden lines, those wreaths of snow,  
That light and pave his glorious way!  
Through them, I've sometimes thought the eye  
May pierce the unmeasured depths of space,  
And track the course where spirits fly,  
On viewless wings, to realms of bliss.

I love thee for the unbroken calm  
That slumbers on this falling scene,  
And throws its kind and soothing charm  
O'er "all the little world within."  
It traces every rising thought,  
Yet sets the soaring fancy free;  
Shuts from the soul the present out,  
Till all is missing memory.

I love those joyous memories  
That rush, with thee, upon the soul;  
That deep, unmeasured symphonies,  
That o'er the spell-bound soul roll.  
All the bright scenes of love and youth  
Revive, as if they had not fled;  
And fancy clings with seeming truth,  
The forms she rescues from the dead.

Yet holier is thy peaceful close;  
For now thou hast recalled the day;  
This is the noiseless hour we chose  
To consecrate to mutual prayer.  
'Twas when misfortune's fearful cloud  
Was gathering o'er the brow of heaven,  
Ere yet despair's eternal shroud  
Wrapped every vision hope had given;

When these deep purpling shades came down,  
In softened tints, upon the hills,  
We pledged that, whether fate should crown  
Our future course with joys or ills—  
Whether a sunny morning should reveal  
Or o'er our heads the storm should roll,  
This hour, in spirit, we would meet,  
And urge to heaven our mutual plea.

O, tell me if this hallowed hour  
Still finds thee constant at our shrine,  
Still witnesses thy fervent prayer,  
Ascending warm and true with mine!  
Faithful through every change of we,  
My heart still flies to meet thee there;  
'Twould soothe this weary heart to know  
That thou responded every prayer.

## MR. PHILLIPS'S HIRED MAN.

HORACE GLEASON was a most useless fellow, albeit, a fine looking one, had it not been for a certain efficiency of countenance, induced by his habit of living rather than by a natural efficiency of character. There was evidence of the popinjay in his dress, a supreme air of indolence in his whole person. The only son of wealthy and indulgent parents, he had thus far found only smooth walking, since they carefully removed every obstacle from his path. Mrs. Gleason was a tender, persistent, unwise mother. She would not allow him to be inducted into the routine and drudgery of the counting-house as his father had been. The result of his training was stultification. His time was spent in lounging on the sofa and waiting on the ladies. He was a good partner for a dance, could sing well, and "whisper a tale in a fair lady's ear such as would please." His winters were passed in drawing-rooms, his summers at fashionable watering places, he danced attendance on the belles of the season. As a natural sequence, he found existence a bore at the early age of twenty-one. You are not to suppose from what has been said that there was a dearth of the nobler faculties. Far from it. He was surrounded by a mental atmosphere resembling those dreary, smoky August days that act on us as a kind of narcotic. Friction would make a man of him.

"I am going into the country, mother," starting up under the impulse of a new thought.

"So early, my son? Why what will the Ellingwoods think? It is only the beginning of May, you know."

"I don't care for the Ellingwoods. I am bored to death with the monotonous round in which I have hitherto revolved. I want the privilege of being me instead of somebody who moves and speaks to please the *crème de la crème*."

"Where do you propose to go?"

"Where the fashionable will not throng. I am going to hire out to some farmer."

"What do you mean? You are surely not in earnest?"

"Seriously, I am."

"You'll get as brown as a Malay."

"I don't care—it's a good color; and I want a change."

"Horace, what madness! what will people say?"

"They'll call me 'eccentric,' a general term in high life, embracing all manner of evil and oddities. There is Tom Hyatt, who drinks his quart of brandy a day; he's 'eccentric,' for he's worth half a million in his own right. Hyacinth Golding is a gambler and a villain; but he has an old miser of an uncle who has made a will in his favor; and he, too, is 'eccentric.' I have a rich father, and I can do what I list, and I shall only be mildly spoken of as that 'eccentric Horace Gleason.'"

There was a cutting sarcasm in his tone. He was in a new guise, and Mrs. Gleason was astonished.

"What does all you my son? I never heard you talk so before."

"I never was so uneasy before. I have reached a point where I must do something, or else I shall become a mere imbecile."

"But to be a servant Horace, you have had one at your father's ever since you were born—why, it is preposterous!"

"Nevertheless, my lady mother, I shall try it."

"Your father is amply able to pay your bills; why don't you board instead?"

Opposition was so unusual that Horace enjoyed it, and adhered to his scheme with greater pertinacity.

"I am tired of all that, I tell you."

"But you are not very strong, and I am afraid hard labor will injure your health."

"I shall take it moderately at first."

"What if your task-master be severe?"

"I will promptly leave him."

"You forgot Lorraine Elmer—what will she say?"

"I don't care a fig."

"I thought you were engaged."

"Engaged? It is nothing more than a flirtation on either side."

"Oh! But you are old enough to begin to think of settling down."

"Well, with a twinkle of mirthfulness, 'I do think of it. I'll find you a daughter-in-law while I am absent.'"

Mrs. Gleason was horrified.

"Some robust country girl, with a peony face, and general uncouth appearance?"

"Perhaps! A live woman at any rate, who will rap the laziness out of me, and not an automaton, nor the original of a fashion-plate."

Mrs. Gleason began to cry. She knew of but one type of rustic maids, and it certainly was not prepossessing.

"Oh, dear, I suppose you will; you've got so contrary all at once."

Horace commenced a retreat.

"Don't worry, mother. Kiss me good by, for I am off by the six o'clock train."

Two days afterwards he was in the town of

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WATERVILLE, MAINE.... FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1867.

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W—, away up among the mountains of New Hampshire. Leaving his baggage at the depot, he started forth in search of employment. He met with ill-success; for, his appearance was against him amongst these shrewd, stout yeomen, who, even in that sterile region, had the faculty of making "two ends meet," a significant expression, meaning that they are cool calculators in reference to ways and means. He grew weary at length, and seated himself by one of those clear springs that gush out everywhere among the White Hills. It was grassy and shaded by maples. The spot, as well as his limping physical state, invited the approach of Morpheus, and he was soon wrapped in slumber. Near by was a garden, and beyond that a Gothic cottage. Out from its entrance-way came dear little Bell Phillips, humming a wildwood song, as she tripped down the foot path leading to the spring. Our hero slept like a second Rip Van Winkle, unconscious of the presence of the hoyden who cautiously approached him. Mischief dimpled her cheeks as she carefully dipped a long branch in the sparkling water, and shook it over the sleeper. Horace sprang to his feet, but the fairy fled through the gate as if winged. He caught a gleam of curls flashing in the sunshine, saw a pair of charming feet encased in tiny Polish boots, and floating pink drapery—that was all; but it was sufficient to set his pulses wildly beating.

"An angel!" he exclaimed. "Only I don't know that heavenly visitants busy themselves in giving shower-baths to wayfarers. It may be, though, for I verily stand in need of one." eying askance his wristbands, which were stained with perspiration. "Perhaps it is a happy omen. At all events, I'll follow. Confound those farmers! I thought they would jump at the chance of employing a gentleman; but they all have the idea that I am a good-for-nothing or a rascal. I don't know that they are wrong. I'll try again; and if I am refused, I will act upon my mother's suggestion, namely, board."

A few moments after, he stood in the large, airy, clean kitchen of the cottage.

"Would you like to engage a man for the season, sir?" addressing Mr. Phillips.

That gentleman gave him a rapid scrutiny with a pair of intelligent eyes, as if he were taking the gauge of his mental and physical stamina.

"Well, I don't know. You are not much used to work, are you—have never swung a scythe nor guided a plow, I guess?"

"No, sir, I have not; but I believe I can learn."

"It will blister those white hands, and in no wise tend to improve their delicacy."

There was an ineffable contempt in the accentuation of the words that struck to the soul of Horace. He had prided himself upon the beauty and symmetry of these members of his body. Now he regarded them with self-abasement. They were selfish hands. What had they ever accomplished for others?

"I have a disposition to alter their line."

"What wages do you expect?"

"You may pay me what I earn; it is immaterial to me."

"Immortal! you are strange. That is an indefinite and unsafe way of doing business, young man."

"Well, I don't know anything about a farm. I am just from New York."

This last item of information gave dissatisfaction, and Mr. Phillips took no pains to conceal it.

"You have been a dry-goods clerk, then?"

"No, sir."

"Studied law, and got disgusted with the profession?"

"No, sir."

"An actor and hanger-on at the theatres?"

"No, sir."

"What did you do for a living, then?"

"I was a gentleman."

"A gentleman! That means a black-leg; for you remember the old adage, 'Satan always finds something for idle hands to do.' I don't want you, sir."

Horace turned to leave. Just then a head covered with a rich profusion and confusion of golden brown curls was framed in the doorway.

"Please hire him, father. It is too far for me to walk to school, and I dare not ride Zollicoffer."

The father was very fond of his daughter, and acquiesced at once.

"Can you manage a spirited horse?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may stay, sir."

Horace was duly installed as hostler and chore-boy. He found the change he sighed for; but it is doubtful if he would have remained long in the humble position had no other attraction held him. Where his Rachel was he was contented to be. Her deportment towards him was a whimsical mixture of authority and deference.

"Horace, you may get a pail of water, or you may churn to-day." Then looking up at the open, cultivated physique, her mode of speaking to him seemed inappropriate, and she would endeavor to amend it, "I mean will you please to do it?"

After many trials and ludicrous episodes of experience, Horace became skilled in the different branches of industry. What though he got laughed at for sundry redundancies toward mother earth, such as planting half a pint of corn in a hill, he gradually learned to proportion these matters, and his agricultural efforts were crowned with success—the grand ultimatum by which every man is judged, whether he be king or tinker. Before the summer was over he was expert at swinging the scythe, and so won "golden opinions from all kinds of people." He was a favorite of rural papas, but was too fascinating to their marriageable daughters to be a favorite of their sons. The agreeable, handsome servant was on terms of equality with them all, and was invited to all their gatherings. He and Bell, on one occasion, made two of a party bent on a fishing excursion to a neighboring stream prolific in trout. As was best and most convenient, they separated from the rest of the company and angled by themselves. Bell grew excited with the sport. In her eagerness and hurry she tangled her line, and in attempting to unsmother it, drew the hook into her hand.

"Horace, come here, please! I have caught a fish I did not intend to catch—how shall it be freed?"

"Poor little thing!" taking the tiny rose-tipped fingers in his. "The ugly metal will have to be cut out will you trust me to do it?"

"It will hurt so."

"Not as much as it will if you wait until it is swollen and inflamed."

"Cut it out, then."

"You will be still, wont you?"

"I'll try."

Pain caused the terrors to fall, and made her feel faint; but she kept her promise. At length the hook was out, and he flung it away.

"My darling!" he said almost unconsciously, as he held her close.

The color mounted to her brow.

"I have kept it long enough to myself—I may—I must speak now. I have loved you, Bell, more and more ever since you gave me a shower-bath. Can you love me? Will you be my wife?"

A grave shadow fell over her countenance.

"I believe you are good, but I don't know it, Horace. Please don't be angry, and think me over cautiously. I am afraid to say that I love and will marry you."

"Why?"

"Wont you be offended if I tell?"

"No."

"When you came here, I thought you were a prodigal who had spent a fortune in riotous living, and who refused to go back to a father's house, as did the wiser one we read of in the Bible—was it so?"

"It was not. I don't wonder, however, that you formed this opinion of me. My youth was shiftless and monotonously miserable. Understand me. I have not been dissipated in the lower sense of the word; for I have not been addicted to the gross vices common among young men. I was a block of drifting wood, floating about on the fashionable tide of society. I will show you that I am capable of something better."

"You have shown me, Horace."

"My home is a luxurious one. My father is a man of influence, one of the merchant princes of New York. I can prove my statements if it is necessary. I know in your estimation these last considerations weigh lightly in comparison to the man himself—will he do?"

"He will do," she said.

"Mother, I have married my country girl," was his abrupt remark to his maternal parent, when his first greeting was over. "This is she," and he drew Bell toward him with a proud, fond smile.

Bell bore the examination of the lady's critical eyes admirably.

"What do you think of my choice, mother?"

"She will do. You always had excellent taste, my son."

"Thank you!"

"She will create a sensation, I assure you. In our circle—such a fresh, peartly little creature. I am in a hurry to have her introduced," and Mrs. Gleason actually embraced her daughter-in-law in token of her approval and admiration.

"I am not so anxious about the sensation she creates elsewhere, as I am about that which she inspires me."

"Selfish fellow!"

"But haven't I grown good looking, mother?"

"You are dark, and your hands are horrible. The tan and coarseness will wear away after awhile."

"Now, mother mine, you are not complimentary. I admire them. They got brown and tough when I mowed last summer."

"I wish you wouldn't refer to your low occupations."

"Low occupations! Why, they and this darling have made a man of me. I was nothing but a walking sign-board for the tailor when I left home."

"How wilful and independent you are?"

"It is because I have some one in here besides an idler," he said, striking his well-developed chest. "Some one who isn't too lazy to assert himself."

"But now that you have returned you must conform to the customs of the society in which we move."

"But this is only a visit. I want Bell to see and be seen, and then we are going back."

"To go on folly! We will not listen to it."

"I have learned to like the vacation I have chosen, and I am happy in it, therefore it is not folly. You shall come out and help Bell and me pick strawberries this summer."

"This is a disappointment to me."

"I am sorry, but the country is the best place for me. I am not a Nimrod, but a Jacob; and I enjoy keeping sheep and reading 'The Rural.' My ambition is to be a good man, a first class agriculturist, and I am heartily sorry if it clashes with your schemes for my ease and aggrandizement. But there is one thing settled. Mr. Phillips can't spare his hired man."

Hon. Simon Cameron, who has just been elected U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, said in a recent speech at Harrisburg:

"Putting all party feuds, animosities and prejudices under my feet, I go forward to honorable duties, to which my native State has called me for the third time. Six years ago I thought slavery was the strength of the rebellion, and ought to be destroyed. I wished to see the blacks armed who would volunteer. Still I am always sorry to see the black soldier and reflect that even Pennsylvania denies him the ballot, the only weapon whereby he can protect himself. I hope to live to see the word 'white' stricken from our constitution, and the spirit of caste, based upon color, utterly destroyed."

Alluding to the President, he said—

"I long ago said that Andrew Johnson was a traitor to his party, an enemy to his country, and a bad man. He has done many things, but nothing worse than offering the offices of the country to those few unprincipled men who proposed to desert the republican organization for his patronage. For my own part, I will try to act as a representative of the radical republicans of Pennsylvania, without regard to differences or dissensions."

## "WHITTLING AWAY."

THAT OLD YANKEE JACK-KNIFE, AND WHAT IT WHITTLED OUT.

BY REV. H. HARRIS.

Jonathan sat on a log by the way,  
Whittling away, whittling away;  
Driving a trade for a horse, that day;  
Whittling away, whittling away.

As he talked about the trade,  
He watched the cut of the glittering blade  
And carefully marked the forms it made,  
As he whittled and talked and traded that day.

With a hearty good cheer, by the side of the way,  
He made the swap—had the best of the trade;  
Whittling away, whittling away!

But what he's wrought with his Yankee blade!  
Whittling away, whittling away!  
He's carved the paddle-wheel of a mill—  
The model form he'll take to the mill.

And the whirling gear shall attest the skill  
Of his whittling out by the side of the way  
As he whittled and talked and traded that day.

Whether a leisure hour he had,  
He whittled away, whittling away—  
How thought took form from his sprightly blade,  
Whittling away, whittling away.

And patting, and shafting and sydling, and loom,  
Their living forms were made to assume—  
And barren rocks to smile with bloom,  
As he whittled and talked and worked away.

Though many a long and patient day,  
When Jonathan stood at evening his goal,  
He whittled away, whittling away!

She piled the knitting the live-long while;  
Whittling away, knitting away;  
Sally, I say, then hands of yours—  
Are mighty nimble to handle the yarn;

And he trembled and blushed, with his head on her arm;  
Then with faltering voice he—"question asked,"  
She said, "Jonathan, yes!" and the jack-knife dropped.

They courted and whittled for many a day;  
Whittling away, knitting away;  
Then joined their hands in Hyacinth's sway;  
Still whittling away and knitting away.

They built a house with economy's rule;  
Made work and experience their teacher and school;  
Of the children they raised there was never a fool;  
For they whittled and knitted and whittled away.

From childhood's morn to knave's noon-day;  
As Jonathan's son in log schoolhouse sat,  
He whittled away, whittling away!

The mark of his knife was left on the seat,  
As he whittled away, whittling away;  
But the rule forms in the shabby seat  
In corniced walls he would soon repeat.

When shop, church and college would rise at his feet,  
And he whittled away, whittling away;  
And the world shall delight in the forms he wrought.

When Jonathan went to the church to pray,  
With burdened thought from humanity's fray  
He whittled away, whittling away!

His son in prayer built homes for the poor;  
And secured comfort for his father's door;  
And sought for the Gospel channels of power—  
And religion and science and art shed light.

As he whittled and prayed with the blades so bright,  
Here's a hearty cheer to the old jack-knife,  
That's whittled away, whittled away!

'Tis bright with the polish from many a strife;  
As it whittled away, whittled away;  
Then whittled away, let the shavings fly;  
They will kindle fires which will never die.

And gleam with the light of eternity—  
The whittled away, Jonathan, whittled away;  
Whittled away, Jonathan, whittled away.

—Watchman and Reflector.

## FARMER BLACK AND FARMER WHITE.

In one of the Western towns which thrift and industry have made something little less than an earthly paradise, lived farmer Black and farmer White. They were cousins, and considered "well to do" in the world—both deacons of churches, their christian character was above reproach, and both were childless.

One clear, bright day, when the sun was setting in splendor of dun and gold, with here and there a cloud-land of crimson floating with emerald banks in the fit expense—Deacon White came over to see Deacon Black.

Together they compared notes upon the farming interest, and Cousin Black took Cousin White over his noble acres, both men coming from their ride with keener interest in business and sharper appetites for supper.

There, indoors, was the bustling Martha, a handsome and notable dame, who took as much pride in her house as her husband did in his farm. How spotlessly clean was every object on which the eye rested! The lingering beams of the sun set a blush along the snow-white cloth, and touched every tea-cup with a fleck of ruby red, while the old-fashioned silver creamer wore a tinge of gem-like bubbles round its burnished rim, and even the cream reflected the warm glow.

"Jacob, has he heard any thing from Mr. Brainerd?" asked Martha, who was reared a Friend, and still used plain language.

"O, yes, I forgot," said Jacob, laying down his bread and butter, wiping his hands very carefully, and prodding a letter—"he says we can have the boy he spoke of—the pick of the flock he called him—though he has been reared very badly of course. But he has no parents, and is a bright, handsome lad. I shall have to carry a strict hand, I expect, and keep him from all his old associations."

Farmer White sighed softly. He had set his heart on having the same boy, and finding that his cousin had taken steps toward securing him, he let the matter rest.

In due time the lad came; and Martha's heart yearned towards his bright, sunny face, but she had received instructions from the deacon not to show any fondness, lest the boy should take advantage of it, so that it soon became irksome for poor Harry to call this formal woman mother, and he chafed under her many restrictions. The house was not too clean, but it was too precise for a boy, for one especially of Harry's temperament. He had firmly resolved to be good, to forget the debasing examples of his childhood, and to be a man of promise and culture; but the rules of the house were very wearisome. Then the deacon was no less circumspect regarding his conduct out of doors. He would scarcely allow him to speak to other boys; and as for his going off for an hour or two to indulge in some promiscuous sports, it was entirely out of the question, and forbidden. But the play was in the boy and would out; if he could not get it fairly he would conceal his true intentions, steal away at forbidden hours, take time from his errands, and too often prevaricate or lie outright, in order to indulge in the stolen pleasure. He dreaded and hated his evenings, when the good deacon sat on one side the fire-place, and his wife on the other, while placed before him were books he did not care to read, or tasks that he performed almost with hatred in heart. What was the boy to do? The great farmhouse was like a prison to him; the deacon an inflexible judge, whose "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" were laws as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians. If tenderness was felt for him occasionally, it was not shown, and every de-

parture from the right was punished with more than due severity.

"I'll never have any thing more to do with a boy of that character," cried Deacon Black, coming in one day in great wrath. "What do you think? I've heard that Harry was at the show last night, with a lot of the worst roughs in town."

"But, Jacob, the boy took some herb tea for his cold, and went to bed early," said Martha.

"I know he did, and that's what discourages me. He managed some way to get out of the house and off, and he was at the circus for I've proof of it." Harry was called. He came in, red and defiant, and of course by language and demeanor shocked both the deacon and his wife.

At dinner-time bread and water were placed before him; he refused to eat, and forthwith the rod was resorted to. In the midst of the hubbub Cousin White came in, and the farmer and his wife told him their grievances.

"You've been too strict with that boy," said farmer White, aside.

"But what are you going to do with a thief and a liar?" cried his cousin. "I'll send him back; I wash my hands of him; I'll have no liars round me."

"May I take him?" asked farmer White.

"Yes, if you want your house turned into Pandemonium. There's no use trying; he was born bad; his associations were all of the lowest kind; you'll get nothing for your pains but misery and unhappiness."

"That may be, but





