



2-11-1870

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 33): February 11, 1870

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 23, No. 33): February 11, 1870" (1870). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 337.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/337

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

THE AVENGER.

BY GEORGE S. DUBLEIGH.

A strong man wronged may win redress,
Though trusting but his own right arm;
A rich man robbed has law and press
To ring the signal of alarm,
And, right or wrong, the barking throng
Hunt down the wretch who did him harm.

But only with a stifled cry,
Perhaps a look of vain despair,
The torn heart speaking in the eye,
Set hopeless on the hollow air;
The plundered poor their wrongs endure,
Devoured by fangs that never spare.

Pale orphans by that living death,
The drunkard reeks in; widowed wives,
Whose lords yet breathe a charnel's breath,
And cling to curse their wasted lives;
With dumb appeal move not the dead,
That grinds them, while the robber thrives.

But somewhere in the silent sky,
Or budding in the silent soil,
Wrath broods her thunders as they fly,
Pale Justice feels her towering roll;
When wealth and power have had their hour,
Come for the weak the hour of God.

Then mightier than the strong man's steel
Or rich man's aid, the widow's wail,
And plundered orphan's mute appeal,
Go dauntless to the Almighty throne;
With fiery whip His thunders slip,
And teach the spoiler groan for groan.

Dim shadows mark the nuptial bower
He decked from desolated homes;
Blood-streaks are on each crimson dower,
And fanning's ghastly pallor comes;
From lily and rose, to blast repose,
Where'er the weary wraith roams.

His son goes reeling to the same
Black grave his victim's corpse pollutes;
His daughter's blood is on the same
And red with congenial bruises;
Then man's hell avenges well
On him his culture's evil fruits.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HER EXECUTION.

In hours at home for February, we find the following vivid picture of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, copied from advance sheets of Froode's recently completed History of England during the Reformation:

At eight in the morning the Provost-marshal knocked at the outer door which communicated with her suite of apartments. It was locked and no one answered, and he went back in some trepidation lest the fears might prove true which had been entertained the preceding evening. On his returning with the Sheriff, however, a few minutes later, the door was open, and they were confronted with the tall majestic figure of Mary Stuart standing before them in splendor. The plain gray dress had been exchanged for a robe of black satin; her jacket was of black satin also, also looped and slashed and trimmed with velvet. Her false hair was arranged studiously with a coil, and over her head and falling down over her back was a white veil of delicate lawn. A crucifix of gold hung from her neck. In her hand she held a crucifix of ivory, and a number of jewelled paternosters were attached to her girdle.

Leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About the hundred knights and gentlemen of the country had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail ran round it covered with black cloth also, and the Sheriff's guard of halberds were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the Earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots as she swept in seemed as if coming in to take part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sat down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed and took their places, the Sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform and read the warrant aloud.

In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death.

"Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her, when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do."

"You will do your duty," she answered and rose as if to kneel and pray.

The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began, with a low obeisance, "the Queen's most excellent Majesty," "Madam, the Queen's most excellent Majesty,"—three he commenced his sentence, waiting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short.

"Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic and must die a Catholic. It is useless to attempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little."

"Change your opinion, Madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved."

"Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood."

"I am sorry, Madam," said Shrewsbury, "to see you so addicted to Popery."

"That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, "will not profit you if he be not engraved in your heart."

She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions.

He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope.

From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavored to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade.

She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "Even as thy arms, O Jesus, she cried, were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins."

With these words she rose; the black mutes

VOL. XXIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE. . . . FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1870.

NO. 33.

stopped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you will end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress. "Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the Earls, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up on the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she lastly covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with her black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot.

Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effects must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Lowbury bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, In te Domine confido, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the Earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white hand and looked enquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and laying down her head murmured: "In manus Domine tuas commendo animam meam." The hard word seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even to the practised headman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a thread of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fable and enchantment. The coil fell off and the false plait. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a gaunt, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."

Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the door, who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the Earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favorite lapdog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beheaded. Paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed; a brief account of this execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melo-drama were so strangely intermingled, was over.

Was not this closing paragraph of Grace Greenwood's speech at the recent New England dinner in Washington happily put?

How many of the greatest women of our time has New England nurtured? Maria Mitchell, who nightly reads the illuminated missal of the heavens, as we read the daily papers, and with far more profit; Harriet Beecher Stowe, whom nobody can write down—not even she herself; Charlotte Cushman, who, while she kept the English stage, was the grandest actress on it; Harriet Hosmer, whose name is written in the water; and yet is imperishable. On the whole, I am glad I am not a born Yankee woman; for if I were one I might not feel free to say what I now say, and propose to stand by; that, among its other admirable manufactures, New England produces the best-educated girls, the truest wives, the noblest mothers, and the most glorious old maids in the world.

The Union League of New York, through a committee appointed to investigate the facts, state that during the past year over \$200,000 of the city funds have been given to Catholic schools, while the free schools afford ample rooms and free books for more than the number attending such sectarian schools; also that \$400,000 were given to Catholic churches and institutions, against \$100,000 donated to other institutions; also that \$3,200,000 of property in land has been given to Catholic churches. A petition has been framed by the League for the signatures of citizens calling upon the Legislature for the immediate repeal of the act allowing appropriations by the city to any sectarian institutions.

The Universalists in the United States have 792 societies, and 588 ministers, connected with

82 associations. Their denominational schools,—consisting of 3 colleges, 2 theological seminaries, and academies,—numbered last year, 1,400 students, and have an aggregate endowment of \$2,000,000.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

A week's doings at the capital—Upper tandom in its glory—Prince Arthur—Receptions—Weather, etc.

Washington, Jan. 31, 1870.

The past week has been a carnival of pleasure to the fashionable world of Washington; a week of gaiety and excitement, on which society in high life has feasted to its supreme content.

We have had a life Prince among us, a scion of the royal family of England, the seventh child, and third son of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who is known by the name of Arthur William Patrick Albert—who will, wonder, then, that the fair ladies of Washington have run mad, become wild, over the presence of "His Royal Highness," or that those of the "sterner sex" who ought to know better have lionized the young gentleman in every possible way? Indeed he has been feted, dined and patronized by the highest in official life, members of the Cabinet, Senators and Congressmen, as well as by all resident foreign ministers, and citizens of the metropolis generally. It would seem that too much could not be done to please the vanity of this young Englishman, and it by the fatality and attention bestowed by American citizens, he has been made to believe himself "the noblest Roman of them all." It is well enough to accord any one in his position a certain amount of honor and respect, and in this case to be civil to the child of a woman whom we all respect for her many good qualities; but it does appear bad taste in an American man or woman to be found bowing, scraping and toadying to a human being because, and for no other reason than the presence of royal blood in his veins. It isn't the doctrine we believe in—we have been taught to believe in "principles, not men," and that all are entitled to honor, who have made themselves honorable by a consistent life.

Prince Arthur arrived in town Saturday evening, the 23d, with his traveling companions, Colonel Elphinstone, Lieut. Packard, and Ensign Fitzroy, and was met at the depot by Sir Edward Thornton, and members of the British Legation. On leaving the depot he entered the carriage of minister Thornton and was driven to his residence. Sunday, the Prince in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, attended service at the church of the Epiphany, where he was the observed of all observers. On Monday he called on President Grant and family at the executive mansion, after which he visited the capitol, and in the evening attended a dinner given in his honor by minister Thornton. Tuesday he visited the treasury building, was present at Mrs. Grant's reception, and introduced by her to many personal friends.

In the evening, another dinner was given by Mr. Thornton, at which Senator Hamlin was present, and sat next below the Prince at the table. Speaker Blaine occupied a seat at the left of Mrs. Thornton, facing the Prince who sat at her right. Wednesday morning he visited the navy yard, and was received in princely style by Admiral Dahlgren, commandant of the yard. In the evening he attended a State dinner given in his honor by President Grant. Thursday he dined with Sec. Fish, and later in the evening attended a ball given in his honor, by the British minister. The Masonic Hall was selected for the occasion, and was magnificently decorated. I suppose Washington has seldom, if ever, seen such an array of beauty and fashion as was congregated on that evening. The Prince was dressed in the uniform of the Royal Rifles, and wore upon his breast the order of the Garter. All the members of his suite were in full uniform. Mr. Thornton and other foreign ministers appeared in full court dress. On Friday the Prince attended the Reception of Speaker Blaine, spending about half an hour in conversation with those to whom he was introduced. About ten o'clock in the evening he called at the White House, and bid Mrs. Grant good bye, the General being at the theatre, did not see him. Saturday morning he left for New York in the 8 o'clock train.

Good bye, Prince I may you live long and prosper, but when you go home to your mother don't tell her what a rumpus we kicked up on your account; for she might laugh at our foolishness. We haven't forgotten that Dickens, on his first visit to America, after receiving a warm reception at our hands, went back and told his countrymen how we toadied to anything foreign. Farewell, old fellow; be a good boy, and if you meet a Yankee Prince in old England, treat him well.

Of course the Waterville girls want to know how "His Royal highness" looked and acted, how he dressed, &c., &c., which I am bound to tell you, although you or any one else would not suspect him of being a Prince by his looks or clothes. He is quite a good looking boy; about, I should say, nineteen years of age, about five feet five inches tall, and will weigh in the neighborhood of one hundred and thirty pounds, complexion light, with brown hair, and light brown (light in quantity as well as color) side whiskers. He dresses in what our fast young men would call nobby style, that is, short frock coat, tight pants, wears the latest New York style plug hat, and carries a small walking stick. Don't fall in love with him, girls; for you can do better among the New England Princes.

The many Receptions of the past week have been magnificent affairs, and largely attended, the presence of Prince Arthur at the most of them being an additional attraction. The weather, too, has been unusually fine, and most favorable to the enjoyment of the many entertainments. We have had no snow this season, and the entire winter thus far has been more like a balmy spring. In fact, the weather continues so warm, that Washington coal dealers are to hold a series of sympathetic meetings, in which the shire holders of Skating Park Stork have been invited to take part.

At the Woman's Suffrage Convention in Washington, Miss Anthony announced that she perceived Senator Sherman in the house, and invited him to come forward and make a speech.

The Senator responded not, but, ponderously arose, and with dignity turned his back to Miss Anthony, and solemnly marched to the door.

Arrived at that "coign of vantage," he wheeled and remarked that he came to hear, and had been extremely gratified. "That's all right," said Susan, "but Senator, are you going to vote for the Sixteenth Amendment?" He vanished.

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

JAN. 19, 1870.

At the meeting of the club this evening, the subject, "What is the most profitable method of feeding stock in winter?" was again taken up.

Mr. Farnham is satisfied that the most profitable feed he can use for cows and young stock is hay and potatoes, in the proportion of 2 lbs. of the former to 1 lb. of the latter.

Mr. Joy followed with an ingenious argument in favor of straw and potatoes. He would never feed straw if he had a plenty of hay, but would prefer to feed straw and make up the deficiency in potatoes rather than to buy hay.

Mr. Parkman proved by a little mathematical calculation, that at present prices, it costs more to feed stock on straw than on good hay, and gave his opinion in favor of Mr. Farnham's proportion of hay and potatoes. Others followed with calculations varying slightly from those given, but at the close of the discussion the opinion of the club was given in favor of hay and potatoes in the proportion of 2 to 1, as the most profitable feed for stock in winter.

During the discussion of this evening's question, viz.: "What is the most profitable stock to keep on the farm?" there seemed to be a great diversity of opinion among the members of the club, arising from the fact that one kind of stock cannot be adapted to every man's circumstances, but the prevailing idea seemed to be that cows paid the best.

After the discussion the club listened to a few remarks by Mr. Small, Agent for the Maine Farmer, on the subject of road fences. Mr. Small thinks that in most localities they are a useless expense.

Mr. Tottman also entertained us with a few remarks on the growth and vitality of plants.

The question for discussion this evening was, "What is the best method of applying manure to land?" The majority of the club would spread manure on green and cultivate in. Some thought that if applied green it should be plowed in so that the soil might absorb those elements which would otherwise pass into the atmosphere during the process of decomposition, but all agreed that when land is seeded down the manure should be left near the top of the ground.

EASTERN DIVISION.

The storm injured our meeting this week, and has done so several times before. The meeting was small, but by no means a failure. The subject of wood and timber lands was discussed.

Wm. E. Drummond thought it paid to raise wood on some lands and timber on many. He said that 50 years would grow a good pine, and 20 or 30 years would grow a wood lot on the right kind of land. He thought that pine trees needed a light sandy loam, and no matter if it was not very rich. Most other kinds grew best on rocky land. In cutting a lot to be grown again, he thought it the better way to cut clean and let the growth all grow up again at once. He did not like to thin out his growth, because it was necessary to make roads through it, and the large trees in falling injure the little ones; besides being more work to get the wood.

Cyrus Howard thought our woods were worth looking after; that many farmers had wasted their wood. The time was coming, when wood would be high. Wood and hay might be our main crop in future. Thought the practice of pasturing a wood lot the first few years after cutting was a very bad one. Had seen a pine nearly 2 ft. through grown from a small tree in 20 years. Trees cut close to the ground would sprout more than if cut higher, but wood too thick did not gain as fast as it otherwise would. Col. D. never knew a man to lose in buying a wood lot; thought it generally a good and safe investment. He had heard one of our most noted lumbermen, who had made measurements and noticed such things, say that pine trees as large as a stove funnel would grow one-fourth each year and were as good as money at 25 per cent. interest. A brother of his owned a couple of townships, from which he had lumbered extensively for many years, without in the least diminishing the growth.

He thought red oak, as well as many other kinds of wood, might be cultivated with profit. It would grow on poor soil and on side hills, and grow very fast. The timber was good for many uses, and it was excellent wood.

B. F. Town asked if the club would advise him to plant acorns on a barren hill. Mr. Drummond said that some side hills, if cultivated right, would grow as much grass as any land, but he would advise him to try it. The following are the opinions of the majority of those present—That Ash, Oilnut, &c., are becoming valuable for firewood. That trees are often injured by too much trimming; one tier of limbs a year was mentioned as enough for a pine. Naturally poor land and steep side hills had better grow wood.

The same subject to be discussed next week at the house of Mr. Wm. S. Garland.

C. R. STUART, Sec.

SOMETHING WORTH THINKING OF.—We commend the following paragraph—which we find not in a "crazy, fanatical, ramrod" sheet, but in the Kennebec Journal—no the attention of sensible and candid men of all parties; adding only the suggestion that the condition of things, in this respect, is probably about the same all through the State that it is represented to be in Augusta:—

At this time when all our people are, or certainly should be, interested in the reduction of government and State expenses, and also those of municipal corporations, we think it would be well for our people to look well at the home expenditures and ascertain if there are not some leaks that may be stopped. For instance, we are informed by the chairman of our overseers of the poor that the number of paupers in the city is 109, including of course

those in and out of the almshouse. Of this whole number all but five have been made paupers directly by the use of intoxicating liquors. While this startling fact furnishes a sad lesson to those young men of Augusta who spend their precious time in dram shops and in the companionship of the vicious, it also calls upon all good citizens to use their influence in creating a public sentiment that shall make the business of selling rum so infamous that even the most debased and vile will have an ambition to rise above it.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—In some remarks under this head, called out by the case of Richardson and McFarland, the editor of Packard's Monthly, after detailing the facts, with Mr. Beecher's share therein, proceeds as follows:—

The whole question turns upon the sanctity of the marriage vow. Here is where the lines of argument and feeling diverge, and from this grows the issue which is now being tried by the brain and heart of the American people. The question is not, as some would fain have it, whether, by the laws of this or any State where women are not allowed to vote, a man has property in his wife; but rather does the marriage vow imply more or less than a convenient partnership contract, made to continue so long as both parties are satisfied? The advocates of liberal construction base their most convincing argument upon the proposition that a mis-matched husband and wife are happier apart; and that the most noble and just thing that either can do, if the other is not content, is to sever the bond and let the prisoner go free. There is the seeping of magnanimity in this theory, and if the act were as simple as the proposition is generous, the whole question might rest here and everybody be happy. But of all questions to be fixed by a formula or axiom social questions are the most unwieldy. There is about them so much that is concrete and intricate that abstract propositions cannot reach the vital issues. If, in any given instance, the happiness of two persons only were concerned, and even if one of these should be made miserable by a separation, without which the other would be as miserable, there could be no impugning the beneficence of the act; but when families of children, and friends on either side; when the welfare of society, which has its only foundation in the virtue of its constituents; when morality and decency, life and religion, are involved in the issue, there lives not the man or woman who has the right, or should have the desire to make his, or her personal happiness the test in so grave a matter.

And here, at last, is the pivot upon which the whole thing turns. The liberals consider only the happiness, the desire, perhaps the passion of the individual man or woman regardless of the greater good which comes from self-denial and the observance of God's laws. The theories which they propound are adopted and carried out in advance by the libertine, the rake, and the fallen woman. "Fallen," indeed, is the man or woman who knows no law but in inclination and base desire. It is true that love should be free; but those who make such merit of this proposition are so apt to confound just with love that they can by no means be called safe reasoners in the matter. True love is based on self-abnegation, while free-love, as commonly accepted, lives only in self-indulgence. Marriage, under any circumstances, is the most important, as it should be the most sacred of human acts. It should never be entered upon without careful and prayerful consideration; and the vow once given, should be kept. Any loosening of this idea, or adding to the causes which look to a final separation of the parties thus bound, is no less subversive of individual happiness than it is a blow against the very existence of society.

If laws and their observance are necessary to the safety and perpetuity of a people—and no law exists that is not founded on personal restraint—then the laws which preserve the sanctity of marriage—in itself the very foundation of society—cannot be too strict, nor too religiously observed.

What was said of Waterville thirty years ago, in Haywood's N. E. Gazetteer, is true to-day, with railroad communication ours added:

"The water power at Waterville and in the vicinity, is singularly great. A circle described from Ticonic falls, as a centre, with a radius of five miles, includes two falls across the whole Kennebec, at Kendall's mills; two falls, five miles distant, on the Sebasticook; and an indefinite series of falls upon the Emerson stream, from the cascade (at West Waterville) to its confluence, besides numerous rapids, which could easily be dammed, on all these streams. It is believed that no similar circle of ten miles diameter in New England, comprehends so large and convenient water power."

FOR GRAMMARIANS.—A conversation took place down East, between a young lady who writes for the magazines, and an old gentleman who could speak English:—

Old Gentleman.—Are there any houses building in your village?

Young Lady.—No, sir. There is a new house being built for Mr. Smith, but it is the carpenter who are building.

Gentleman.—I sit corrected. To be building is certainly a different thing from to be being built; and how long has Mr. Smith's house been being built?

Lady.—(Looks puzzled a moment and then answers rather abruptly) Nearly a year.

Gentleman.—How much longer do you think it will be being built?

Lady.—(Explosively) Don't know.

Gentleman.—I should think Mr. Smith would be annoyed by its being so long being built, for the house he now occupies, being old, he must leave it, and the new one being only being built instead of being built as he expected, he cannot.

The young lady leaves the room very suddenly.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.—Hon. James Brooks of the New York Express, writes the following very truthful comments upon the duties and responsibilities of journalists:—"It is now nearly thirty-four years since the Express was first published in this city, and our newspaper experience dates some half dozen years beyond that in another field of labor, and our observation for near forty years is worth

anything as journalists, and in a profession in which we have been wholly educated, it is with us a solemn conviction that the entire usefulness of a public journal consists in its scrupulous regard for truth. We do not claim to be exempt from the mistakes and infirmities of other men, and often feel how difficult it is, surrounded by a score and more of assistants and reporters, each with little comparative responsibility, to say and present just what we feel and know to be right. This very difficulty, sometimes amounting to an impossibility, only adds to the conviction that a public journal has no right to be untruthful, malevolent, personal and sensational, merely for the advantage of entering to a depraved and degrading public taste and opinion."

GETTING A LIVING HONESTLY.—The Boston Commercial Bulletin has the following:

A young Boston man, who purposed starting in business in New York city, made a preliminary visit there armed with letters of introduction to business men. These presented and the usual compliments passed, the New York merchant inquired of young Boston what he intended to do.

"I have not exactly decided," replied the young Puritan, "but I expect to settle into some good business in which I get a living honestly."

"A living honestly?"

"An honest living," repeated the Bostonian. "Young man," said the New Yorker, "I congratulate you, there is not a city in the United States in which you will meet with so little competition in your method of doing business."

The Lewiston Journal says Mrs. Samuel Harford, who lives at Mooschood Lake, weighs 250 pounds and asserts her belief in women's rights by chopping wood, paddling a canoe, going with her husband and neighbors in their hunting and fishing excursions, roughing it with the best of them, and doing her full share of the rude labor. She takes her bag of yarn with her, with which she employs the time of evening, and such days as are too stormy to fish with profit. She is a most inveterate smoker, consuming the weed with all the gusto of the cloudier sex. Last winter she chopped a hundred cords of wood besides attending to her domestic affairs.

Twenty-eight states have now, through their legislatures, ratified the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that "the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States; or by any state, on account of race or color, or previous condition of servitude, and that the Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

A wonderful spectacle was observed in Germany on the night of the 1st of January. At Merseritz from midnight to one o'clock, the entire northern sky presented the appearance of a sea of fire, from which fell a constant and dense shower of many colored sparks. The immense sheet of surging flame finally took the form of a fiery arch, from which the brilliant rain continued to descend till the whole waxed gradually fainter and disappeared.

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.—The Governor of Michigan, in his recent message thus refers to the one great evil which is now attracting the attention of all good men:—

"Statistics prove conclusively that the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is the most fruitful source of crime and poverty. This evil which fills our prisons, poor-houses and asylums with its victims, calls for the serious attention of those entrusted with the law-making powers."

Good sweet wheaten bran is ninety-nine cases out of a hundred better than physic, if it is given in time. Let any animal eating stinking, mouldy cornstalks or old brittle hay, making it look bad, have some bran to help its poor stomach, and it will soon appear in better plight. When a cow in milk fails to do as well as she should on other feed, add bran; no matter what ails the horse, cow, or sheep or pig, a little bran will do good—but don't feed bran for long.

Some one writes, both gracefully and forcibly:—"I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and beautify the house and garden about it, they are paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible, to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily on fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

ABOUT "PLACES."—A great many boys complain that there are no places. Perhaps it is hard to get just such as they like and adapted to their capacity; but there are helps nearly always at hand in the counsel of friends; earnest, candid thought on the part of the aspirants to office themselves, and the light afforded by mental science—Phrenology. However, when you get a place—and there are places—this big country, we are sure, has need of every good boy and girl, and man and woman, in it—when you get a place make yourself useful in it; make yourself necessary to your employers; make yourself so necessary, by your fidelity and good behavior, that they cannot do without you. Be willing to take a low place at first, no matter what the work, if it be honest work. Do it well; do it the very best you can. Begin at the lowest round of the ladder, and climb up.

The unemployed are a host; but when scrutinized, they are found to be those who are indisposed to be diligent, to take up with that which will require steady, persevering exertion. The great want everywhere is faithful, capable workers. They are never a drug in the market. Make yourself one of these and there will always be a place for you, and a good one, too.

[Phrenological Journal.]

The Readfield District M. E. Conference at Waterville, passed the following resolutions upon the subject of temperance:

Resolved, That it is our duty as ministers of Christ to be faithful and earnest in our efforts to create a public conscience on the subject of temperance, and that by every means we will endeavor to bring men to recognize the claims of temperance upon them in their political relations and actions.

Waterville Mail.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

W. TERVILLE... FEB. 11, 1870.

North Kennebec Farmers' Clubs.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

Friday evening, Jan. 28, club met at the house of Mr. E. A. Davis. Subject—most profitable farm stock; oxen and horses compared.

Mr. E. W. Cook presented the following statement of the cost of raising colts:

At housing time, the weight of an average spring colt may be set at 300 lbs. Allowing for his keeping 3 1-2 per cent. a day on his weight, gives 10 1-2 lbs. per day, and for 180 days 1800 lbs. Reckoning hay at \$13 pr. ton, worth \$23.40. Pasturing yr. old colt 26 weeks, at 15 cts. pr. week 3.90

At the beginning of the second winter he will weigh 500 lbs. 8 pr. ct. on this weight will give 15 lbs. pr. day, and for 180 days 2700 lbs., worth \$17.55

Pasturing 2 yr. old colt 26 weeks, at 20 cts. 5.20

When he comes to the barn the third winter, he will weigh 650 lbs. Allowing 2 1-2 pr. ct. a day on his weight, gives 16 1-4 lbs. a day, and 2925 lbs. for the winter, worth \$19.00

Pasturing 3 yr. old colt 26 weeks, at 25 cts. pr. week 6.50

The fourth winter his weight may be estimated at 800 lbs. Estimating as before, gives 20 lbs. pr. day, and for the winter 8000 lbs., worth \$23.40

Total cost to four years old \$87.84

Value \$125.00

Profit \$37.16

Mr. Berry presented the following, taking the colts and steers in two classes, 1 and 2, or ordinary and extra:

No. 1, ordinary Steers.

Price of steers after weaning in the fall 20 lbs. hay pr. day, 6 1-2 months, at \$15 pr. ton 30.00

Pasturing when year old at 25 cts. per week 6.00

Wintering 2d winter, 30 lbs. hay pr. day, 5550 lbs., at \$15 pr. ton 42.90

Cost at 2 years old 108.90

Pasturing when 2 years old, \$1 33 pr. month 8.00

Wintering 3d winter, 40 lbs. hay pr. day, 7800 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 58.50

Cost at 3 years old 174.40

Pasturing when 3 years old 10.00

Wintering 4th winter, 60 lbs. hay pr. day, 11,700 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 87.75

Average price \$272.15

Use of them after 3 years old 50.00

Manure to pay for feeding. 72.15

No. 2, extra Steers.

Price of steers in the fall when they are calves 20 lbs. hay pr. day, 1 qt. oats apiece pr. day, 1 qt. potatoes a piece pr. day, at 40 cts. pr. bushel 50.00

Cost at 1 year old 85.25

Pasturing when 1 year old 6.00

Wintering 2d winter, 30 lbs. hay pr. day, \$15 pr. ton 39.90

Grain, 12 bush. oats, 12 bush. potatoes 12.00

Cost at 2 years old 143.15

Pasturing when 2 years old 8.00

Wintering 3d winter, hay 6 months, 50 lbs. pr. day, 9000 lbs., at \$15 pr. ton 67.50

Grain, 12 bush. oats, 12 bush. potatoes 12.00

Cost at 3 years old 230.65

Pasturing when 3 years old 10.00

Hay 60 lbs. pr. day, 6 months, 10800 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 81.00

Grain, 15 bush. oats, 15 bush. potatoes at 40 cts 15.00

Average price \$336.65

Use of them after 3 years old 124.15

Manure to pay for feeding. 74.15

No. 1, ordinary Colt.

Colt, when it comes to the barn, 6 months old 30.00

Wintering 1st winter 10 lbs. hay pr. day, 6 months, 1800 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 13.50

Cost at 1 year old 43.50

Pasturing when 1 year old, 5.00

Wintering 2d winter, 15 lbs. hay pr. day, 2700 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 21.60

Cost at 2 years old 70.10

Pasturing when 2 years old 6.00

Wintering 3d winter, 25 lbs. hay pr. day, 4500 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 32.40

Cost at 3 years old 108.50

Pasturing when 3 years old 8.00

Wintering 4th winter, 30 lbs. hay pr. day, 5400, at \$15 pr. ton 39.60

Cost at 4 years old 156.10

Breaking 10.00

Average price \$166.10

Use of them after 3 years old 150.00

No. 2, extra Colt.

Colt, 6 months old 50.00

Wintering 1st winter, hay 10 lbs. pr. day, 1800 lbs. 13.00

1 qt. oats pr. day, 6 bush. at 60 cts. pr. bush. 3.60

2 bush. potatoes, at 40 cts. pr. bush. .80

Cost at 1 year old \$67.90

Pasturing when 1 year old 5.00

Wintering 2d winter, 15 lbs. hay pr. day, 2700 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 21.60

2 qts. oats pr. day, 12 bush. at 60 cts. pr. bush. 7.20

4 bush. potatoes, at 40 cts. pr. bush. 1.60

Cost at 2 years old \$103.30

Pasturing when 2 years old 6.00

Wintering 3d winter, 25 lbs. hay pr. day, 6 months, 4500 lbs. 32.40

2 qts. oats pr. day, 12 bush. 7.20

4 bush. potatoes, 1.60

Cost at 3 years old \$150.50

Use of them after 3 years old \$150.50

Pasturing when 3 years old 8.00

Wintering 4th winter, 30 lbs. hay pr. day, 6 months, 5400 lbs. at \$15 pr. ton 39.60

3 qts. oats pr. day, 15 bush. at 60 cts. pr. bush. 9.00

1 qt. potatoes pr. day, 6 bush. at 40 cts. pr. bush. 2.40

Breaking \$209.50

Average price \$224.50

No. 1, ordinary Steers.

Cost of keeping with hay at \$10 pr. ton \$213.82

Average price of steers 150.00

Use of them after 3 years old 50.00

No. 2, extra Steers.

Cost of keeping with hay at \$10 pr. ton \$291.85

Average price \$212.50

Use of steers after 3 years old \$79.35

No. 1, ordinary Colt.

Cost of keeping with hay at \$10 pr. ton, to 4 years old \$120.40

Breaking colt 10.00

Average price \$130.00

Balance in favor of colt \$19.60

No. 2, extra Colt.

Cost of keeping with hay at \$10 pr. ton \$173.80

Breaking colt 15.00

Average price \$188.80

He thinks we make money out of pocket by either oxen or horses.

Mr. Cousins thinks you can not raise a colt up to the 4th year for less than \$150.

Mr. Parker has better success in raising oxen than horses. Horses are liable to accident. Has raised colts, but sometimes they die, and generally they become blemished. Has a yoke of steers, 2 years old, which cost him the first year, \$100. At these estimates they cost \$160. Can sell them for \$175.

Mr. Ricker estimates the cost of raising steers as follows: Calves, \$25; 1 year old, \$75; 2 years old, \$150; 3 years old, \$275; 4 years old, \$325. We run in debt in raising stock, either oxen or horses.

Mr. Gilman has not raised stock. Lets some one else raise it, and he makes his profit by buying and selling. We are obliged to raise stock to keep our farms in order, even if it does not pay. Makes some profit by doing his work with his oxen. In ten years has made \$1170 buying and selling oxen.

Mr. Perry seldom raises oxen; more profit in buying and selling. Safer to keep oxen than horses. Don't pretend to raise calves of late years. He practices buying late in the winter and selling early in the succeeding winter. Risk greater in keeping horses. Prefers on his farm one horse and a yoke of oxen to a span of horses. When a horse gets old his value is nothing. Oxen are valuable for beef when old.

Mr. Davis don't think there is much profit in raising either horses or oxen. Prefers horses to do his work.

Wm. Balentine and Mr. Ricker appointed to open the discussion at next meeting. Adjourned to meet at the house of J. G. Soule, next Friday evening.

STATE UNIFORMITY OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Board of Education is moving for legislation which shall secure uniformity of text books in all the public schools of the State, and the proposition very naturally brings out a good deal of opposition, especially on the part of those who are interested, directly or indirectly, in the book trade. It is a matter that we hope will be thoroughly discussed and impartially adjusted. At first thought the plan seems to present some decided advantages. With State uniformity, the selection to be made by an honest and competent Board, we ought to have better school books than now, taking the State through, and certainly at lower prices. It would end the nuisance of the "battle of the books," and be a great relief for parents, school committees, and booksellers.

The Masquerade Ball at Skowhegan, on Wednesday evening, resulted in marked success, notwithstanding the storm. The central portion of the floor of Coburn Hall, which was allotted to the masquers, was only sufficient for their comfortable evolutions; while the raised seats around the sides and those in the galleries were nearly all occupied. The management seemed to be in excellent hands, the music good, and the company—with a few desirable exceptions—was dignified and mannerly in all its festivities. With the convenience of sufficient room for both dancers and auditors, the festival seemed to be richly enjoyed by all. Visitors from abroad—Portland, Gardiner, Augusta, Lewiston, Waterville—were profuse in their compliments to the festival—the spacious elegance of the hall, the beauty of the costumes, and, (to them the better half of the occasion,) the genial comforts of the Brewster Hotel, so conveniently accessible from the hall, and which always contributes so much to make Skowhegan a pleasant place to visit. On account of the storm its hospitalities were now but lightly taxed; a corps of hearty witnesses returned home to testify in its favor, and with no faint praise.

GEORGE PEABODY.—We received last week from B. B. Russell, No. 55 Cornhill, Boston, a fine steel engraved portrait of Geo. Peabody, a faithful copy of a photograph taken in London, and pronounced by those who knew him to be the best likeness of him in existence. It is adapted to either square or oval frame, and is sent post paid on receipt of 25 cents.

We are indebted to J. H. Philbrick, Esq., formerly of Skowhegan, for late copies of the New Orleans Picayune.

OUR TABLE.

EVERY SATURDAY, in its new mission as a pictorial publication, is giving the best satisfaction. Last week it had the finest portrait of Louis Napoleon ever published, and among its illustrations this week is a fine picture of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, by John Gilbert. Some other publications, in a doubtful spirit of rivalry, are following closely with the same pictures it publishes; but they are generally presented in inferior style.

Published by Fells, Osgood & Co., Boston, at \$5 a year, and sold by all periodical dealers.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH and Journal of Physical Culture, which advocates a higher type of manhood, physically, intellectually, and morally, is a monthly magazine that should find many buyers and readers, for it contains much valuable reading. In the January number, which is a good one, is begun a story by Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, entitled "The Two Wives," which promises to be very interesting.

Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York, at \$2 per annum.

KENDALL'S MILLS ITEMS.

It is expected that two new stores will be opened at this place soon. The hard times does not operate to retard the enterprise of our people. It is understood that our town will be reported out of debt, with some thousands in the Treasury, at the ensuing "March Meeting." Capitalists are requested to take notice and govern themselves accordingly. Kendall's Mills is a "smart place."

Messrs. Cotton & Brown have put up a nice lot of ice, notwithstanding the warm season for winter.

There was a fine display of fast horses on Main Street on Monday afternoon.

The members of the Universalist Society are rehearsing for a Grand Festival, to come off in about two weeks, under the leadership of Joseph T. Murray. Mr. Murray is well qualified for the task, and doubtless the Festival will richly deserve liberal patronage.

So far, this has been an excellent season for the lumbering interests on the Upper Kennebec. There has been just about snow enough to make "good doing" both for hauling the logs in the forests and for transporting supplies thither.

A serious accident happened to Mr. James Eaton, the faithful baggage master at the Kendall's Mills depot of the Maine Central Railroad, on Wednesday evening. On hearing an approaching train, after dark, and supposing it to be the regular freight train, he ran, as was his usual custom to the lower switch, in order to let the engine on to the side track. Just before reaching the switch he heard the train near him, and on looking round he discovered that instead of the regular freight train, it was a "snow plow train" coming rapidly very near to him. He sprang to extricate himself, but too late. The snow plow caught his foot and it seems that a spike was driven through it. In this situation, he was dragged some eighty rods at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour. At this point, somehow, he became liberated and the train passed on. His foot from the instep to the toes was horribly mangled. In this condition he was obliged to crawl several rods through the snow, till by hallooing he was enabled to raise some help. Then he was taken to his home and Dr. Fuller, of Kendall's Mills, and Drs. Boutelle and Crosby of Waterville, were called. They found it necessary to amputate the foot at the instep. This (Thursday) morning, he is as comfortable as could be expected.

HENRI ROCHEFORT, the French Red Republican and editor of La Marseillaise, was arrested by the authorities a few days ago, and a riotous assemblage of the people followed in Paris. Barricades were erected in several quarters, and the police resisted; but the military have thus far been able to carry the barricades, makes arrests and scatter the crowds without resorting to bloodshed. The latest accounts represent the city excited but quiet.

FARMERS' CLUBS.—The storm prevented the meeting of the Western Division on Tuesday evening of this week. The meeting next week will be at the house of Col. Isaiah Marston, on Maine Street, on Tuesday evening. Subject—Best Paying Crops.

THE SNOW STORM of Tuesday night was the biggest of the season, and the wind piled the snow to drifts in a way to block the roads and impede travel. Our railroads, however, under the present efficient management, are so well prepared for such emergencies, that the cars were but a little behind time in their trips. The storm extended all over New England, and was quite severe in New York.

CATTLE MARKETS.—A short supply of cattle was reported at Brighton and Cambridge, this week, with trade livelier and prices a trifle better for the seller. The number of sheep was larger than last week; but the demand was fully equal to the supply, and the quality being good, prices were even better, says the Boston Advertiser, than last week.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—Dr. Porter, being compelled by ill health to change his residence to a warmer climate, offers his house, on the corner of College and Union Streets, for sale. In some respects it is certainly a desirable location, and we should suppose it would soon find a purchaser. See advertisement in another column.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.—Portland dealers, taking advantage of the present set of the popular tide, advertise "Peabody" and "Shoo-Fly" hats.

The Bath Times says of the Bowdoinham Bank Robbers, that Bartlett was not very badly injured and will be at work in a few days; and that Simms, after being deprived of his whiskers and mustache was set at work with a chain and ball attached to his ankle.

Prof. Agassiz is sick from nervous prostration and overwork, and his physicians enjoin absolute rest.

[For the Mail.]

LETTER FROM AUGUSTA.

AUGUSTA, Feb. 10th, 1870.

Editors of the Mail.—Notwithstanding our great snow storm, business has been lively at the State House this week, with a good attendance in the Third Branch. Railroad "consolidation" before the committees is a question quite important, and will call out considerable talk before it is settled. The long contested seat case, between Mr. Dickey and Mr. Kegan was settled to-day by some twenty-five majority in favor of Kegan; consequently the "Duke" will retire and give place to the young "Emperor" of the Madawaska.

