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BAD COMPANY.

It is an old saying that 'a man is known by the company he keeps,' and a saying more true was never uttered. This means that the person is judged by such company, and such judgment must have a powerful weight against the character and interests of any person. A simple life-picture—drawn from actual observation—will illustrate my meaning.

In a small country village lived a wealthy mechanic named Clark. By industry and perseverance he had collected a handsome property, but he still carried on his business the same as before, save that he did not work at the bench, having as much other business as he could attend to. Among the workmen was a youth named Nathan Wilder. Nathan was now almost twenty-one years of age, and had been in Mr. Clark's employ nearly seven years; having been bound to him as an apprentice. He was a young man with more than ordinary intelligence, and was beloved by all who knew him. His direct qualities were all good, and his personal appearance was not only manly, but eminently handsome.

Yet Nathan had one fault. He had contracted a habit of associating with some of the reckless, unprincipled youths of the town. He loved to go away in the evening and meet them at some store or hall, and join with them in laugh, story and jest; and his social nature was of that ardent, impulsive kind which leads one to join such sport as may chance to be started. Such a youth would never project a bad plan, but should his companions do so, he would be almost sure to join them. Some of these youths were low and degraded in character; but managed to hold to a certain degree of respectability, through the influence of respectable connections. Young Wilder knew that they were 'jolly good fellows,' because he had heard others say so, and he looked at nothing beyond this. He felt sure that nothing could induce him to do an evil deed, and with this self-assurance he was satisfied.

'Where now?' asked Mr. Clark, as Nathan was preparing to go out one evening. The young man lived with his master, and had been a member of his family during the whole term, thus far, of his apprenticeship.

'O, just going out to spend the evening with a few friends,' replied Nathan, with a slight smile.

'Anything particular going on?' pursued Mr. Clark.

'Why, I believe some of the boys think of going over to the back village,' answered the youth with some hesitation.

'For what?'

'Well—there is a sort of a party there to-night.'

'Where?'

'At Billy MacWayne's.'

'And did you think of going with them?'

'Why,' answered Nathan, looking down upon the floor, 'I thought if the rest went I should go. I didn't suppose you would forbid it.'

'No, Nathan, I should not forbid it; but I should not give you my consent, for I should hope that you would not go.'

'But why? A lot of my friends are going, and they are only going for a little sport.'

'But do you know what kind of sport they will have before they get back? Now mark me, Nathan; I do not wish to deprive you of any real pleasure, but I do wish to keep you from danger. You know the character of those who are going, and you know that they will be sure to commit some evil deed before they get back. I heard some of the boys in the blacksmith's department talking about it this afternoon. The Peterkin boys will be there, and so will the Hamptons and Lambys. You know that they will get rum at MacWayne's and that they will disturb the peace.'

'But I should not engage in any such thing as that,' said Nathan with much earnestness.

'I never take part in their doings.'

'You only go to see the sport, eh?' queried Clark, with a significant smile.

'Why—yes—I suppose so.'

'So I thought, and now I want you to understand this thing: 'A man is known by the company he keeps.' There is no mistake about this. Now you know that most of the people over in the back village are poor, tho' they may be industrious and frugal. And you know, too, that the boys in our village go over there to have their scrapes because of the poverty and ignorance of the people there. Hence the very starting point is not only wrong, but low and cruel. Only last week, poor Johnny Eastman's fence was torn down, and his barn doors carried off, besides several other tricks of the same kind. Perhaps you knew this.'

Nathan Wilder hung down his head and blushed, and a faint 'yes sir,' escaped from his lips.

'You were there, weren't you?' pursued Mr. Clark.

'Yes, sir, I was; but I had nothing to do with that—not a thing.'

'But you stood by and laughed to see it done?'

'I couldn't help laughing, sir.'

'I am sorry, Nathan, that you should have thus helped the evil disposed ones in their work. You needn't look so wonderingly at me, for I mean just what I say. These wicked rakes ask for no other pleasure but to cause poor people pain, and make their companions laugh. Anything at which you would laugh, they would do. Now, I cannot conceive of a man or more niggardly act than that. Had they come and torn down my fence it would not have been half so criminal, morally speaking, for Eastman is poor, and must feel the loss very much.'

'I know it was a mean trick, and I would not join them in it.'

'But you stood by and saw them do it?'

'Yes sir; because I did not want to come home alone.'

'I understand it, Nathan; and let me assure you the best way to avoid coming home alone is never to go in the company of any one who would do that which you would be ashamed of. Just so sure as you continue to be seen in that company just so sure will you be judged with them. Now I am going to give you a bit of information. Only yesterday, a gentleman asked me what kind of a young man 'that Nathan Wilder' was. Of course I told him you was a good youth, and asked him what he meant. He then informed me that you were with the party who tore down Eastman's fence, and did other things of equal shame and sin. He did not know that you lived in my family, and he only asked for information, as he had seen you often and supposed you to be a fine young man. I hope you will not go out this evening.'

'Of course I shall not, if you do not wish it.'

'But do you wish to go?'

'The youth hesitated. The fact was, he had been anticipating the sport for two days, and he could not immediately give it up.'

'Cooper is going,' he said, after some moments of thought.

'Joseph, do you mean?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I am sorry for it, then, for Joseph Cooper is a kind, generous, honest youth, and he ought not to be so ruined by his reputation. You look surprised; but I speak the truth. No man, he is over so pure, can associate long with evil com-

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passions without losing his standing among respectable people. Why, even you are looked upon by some as having had a hand in the mischief of which I have spoken.'

'But people who know me would know better,' uttered Nathan quite confidently.

'How should they know better? You seek those evil companions, and are present at their evil work. You know who pulled down Eastman's fence of course. I don't mean to ask you who did it, but I say you know.'

'Yes, sir—I do.'

'And yet, were you asked who did it, you would not tell.'

'Of course not. I would not expose a companion.'

'So I supposed. And now look at it: You were in the company—one of the party; the party did certain deeds, and you must share the blame. But let this pass. You know that these young men with whom you would associate are evil disposed, and you know too, that if they go over to MacWayne's to-night, they will be up to some sort of mischief. I think I have said enough to enable you to understand the rest. Now you may spend the evening with Mabel, or you may go over to the back village, just as you please.'

Nathan Wilder started as he heard these words, but before he could make any reply, his master was gone. But he was not left alone long, for in a moment more a bright-eyed, lovely girl of some nineteen summers, came lightly tripping into the room. She was Mr. Clark's only child. Long had the youth loved that fair girl, and he knew that she loved him in return, but he had not as yet had the courage to mention the subject to his master, for he was only an apprentice now, though a few short months would set him free. But a strange hope started to life in his bosom now. Those last words of the parent, and the peculiar tone in which they were uttered and the look which accompanied them, meant something.

'Are you going out this evening?' the girl asked.

'No, he promptly answered.

'Good. I shall have company, for father and mother are both going out to spend the evening.'

Half an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper called for Nathan to accompany him, but his mission was fruitless. He urged and urged, but Nathan said 'no.'

'When will you go?' asked Cooper.

'Never again on any more such scrapes, and I advise you to follow my plan,' answered Nathan.

Cooper at length found that the youth was really in earnest, and with a derisive laugh, he went his way.

We need not tell how Nathan Wilder spent the evening, nor how happy he was. But one thing we will state. Very late after, many meaningless things had been talked about, Nathan arrived at the point where he found courage to ask Mabel if she thought her father would ever consent to receive him for a son-in-law.

'He has spoken with me on the subject,' answered the maiden, frankly and firmly, 'and he told me that if you made as good a man morally and socially, as you had thus far been as a boy and youth, he should be happy to see you as his wife.'

For some minutes after that the youth tho't more than he spoke, and the glistening tears that stood in his eyes told how deep were his feelings.

On the following morning Nathan went to the shop happy and buoyant. About an hour afterwards, Joseph Cooper made his appearance looking sleepy, and with a pale face.

'Well, Joe,' said Nathan, 'what sort of a time did you have last night?'

'Glorious—glorious!' cried Cooper. 'Rum enough though, and I was fool enough to drink some.'

This last clause was spoken in a changed tone.

'Why, I did not know that you ever drank,' said Nathan with much surprise.

'I don't like to; but I had to do it last night. They hung on so, that I could not get rid of it.'

'Ah, Joe, you'd better have taken my advice last night.'

'And how long is it since you have become so nice?' asked Cooper with some irony.

'Only since last evening,' kindly replied Nathan, 'and even I became so only from the plain advice and counsel of another.'

'But we had some rare sport.'

'And what kind of sport was it?'

'Oh, some—I tell you.' And as Cooper thus spoke, he gave a significant wink, and then went to his bench.

Joseph Cooper was only two and twenty, and had been an apprentice to Mr. Clark until his majority, since which time he had been at work as a journeyman.

Nothing more was said on the subject of the last night's scrape until near the middle of the afternoon. It was three o'clock, when the deputy sheriff entered the shop and inquired for Joseph Cooper.

'Where is Cooper?' the officer asked of Nathan Wilder.

'That's him, at the other end of the shop, sir.'

'Let's see,' resumed the visitor, glancing over a paper he had in his hand, 'where were you last night?'

'At home, sir.'

'You didn't go over to the back village?'

'No, sir. I've concluded to let that company go without me hereafter.'

'Good. I'm glad of that,' uttered the sheriff, emphatically; and then he went along to where Cooper was at work.

He spoke with the young man, and the latter turned pale as death. There was much evident begging and praying, but in vain.—The officer had come for Joseph Cooper, and he could not go without him. So Joe washed his hands and put on his coat and hat, and then, with a trembling step, accompanied the officer from the shop.

When Nathan went out, after his day's work was done, he learned the whole story. On the night before, a party of young men had gone over to the back village and had a carousal at Billy MacWayne's; and on their return they tore down fences, carried away barn doors, opened barn yards and let the cattle out, stole water melons, and other things of a like character. News had been received there that the party were coming, and they were watched. They were seen to do these things, and though it was too dark to distinguish faces at the time, yet all who were at MacWayne's were known and they had been traced to their mischief.

That very evening the whole party, fourteen in number, were arraigned before a justice, and

the complaint was entered against them. Poor Cooper, plead that he had nothing to do with the work, and while the tears rolled down his cheek he asserted his innocence.

'You have been in the same company before,' said the justice.

'Yes, sir,' hesitatingly answered Cooper.

'And you have known their character for mischief and disturbance?'

'Yes, sir; but I—'

'Never mind, now, interrupted the Judge, 'You should have thought of all this before. No one man of this party would have ever gone alone and done that work. It takes a gang to make such doings worth while, and you have been a member of that gang for some time. If you would be pure and above suspicion, you must beware what company you keep!'

After this the Justice went on to speak of the many wicked deeds, which had been done in the times past, and which, for the sake of the friends of the perpetrators, he had passed over; but the thing could not be overlooked now. The crime may have been sport to the doers; but poor honest people had suffered heavily. A stop should be put to it.

'I,' said the judge, 'can only impose a fine of twenty dollars, and as I think the enormity of the offence demands a heavier penalty, I must commit you to be tried at the next term of the Superior Court.'

Each of them was required to give bail in the sum of one hundred dollars. Nathan Wilder became bail for Cooper, and the others found bail among their friends.

That night Nathan went home a wiser man, and in his heart he thanked Mr. Clark for the counsel he had given. Joseph Cooper went home wiser, too, but he was miserable and unhappy. He now saw what evil company had done for him and he wished that he had been wiser before.

Within a week, eleven of the guilty party went and saw the people whose property had been abused, and not only confessed their error and offered to make pecuniary restitution, but they also implored forgiveness and promised to do so no more. The consequence was, that at the next term of the court no complaint appeared against the contrite youths. Only three ring-leaders—three low, reckless, hardened youths—were tried, and were sentenced to one year imprisonment in the county jail.

It was a good lesson for many a youth in that town, and from that time forth there was no more such disturbances of peace and injury of property; for the more virtuous of the youths had learned how dangerous it was to be found in bad company, and had consequently withdrawn from all connection with such, while the few who were evil in mind and wish, dared not go alone upon any such work, having lost the respectable cloak which the presence of decent people had formerly thrown over their heads.

In time, Nathan Wilder became the husband of Mabel, and a partner in business with Mr. Clark. He is now a middle aged man and has a family of noble children, and no loss of social life does he urge more strongly upon his children than the simple truth: 'A man is known by the company he keeps.'

ELOQUENCE.—The following passage is from the speech of Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio. It is said to have produced a thrilling effect upon the House. We can well conceive that it would do this. The records of Parliamentary eloquence in this country furnish few finer passages. Mr. Bingham, in speaking of the 'bloody code' of Kansas, said:

'Ay, sir, Congress is to abide by this statute, which makes it felony for a citizen to utter or publish in that Territory "anything calculated to induce slaves to escape from the service of their masters." Hence it would be felony there to utter the strong words of Algonon Sydney: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," a felony to say with Jefferson, "I have sworn upon the altar of my God eternal hostility to tyranny in every form over the mind and body of man," a felony to utter there in the hearing of a slave upon American soil, beneath the American flag, the words of flame which shook the stormy soul of Henry, "Give me liberty, or give me death;" a felony to read in the hearing of one of those fettered bondsmen the words of the Declaration, "All men are born free and equal, and endowed by the Creator with the inalienable rights of life and liberty;" a felony to utter those other words, blazing in letters of living light on the great written charter of our National Government, "We the people of the United States, in order to establish justice," the attribute of God, and "to secure liberty," the imperishable right of man, do "ordain this Constitution;" a felony to harbor or aid a slave escaping from his thralldom; a felony to aid freedom in its flight; a felony to shelter the houseless, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and to help him who is ready to perish; a felony to give to the famishing a cup of water in the name of our Master. Oh, sir, before you hold this enactment binding on an American Congress, tear down the banner of freedom which floats above us, for stirring reminiscences linger in its folds, and the stars upon its field of azure have gleamed upon the field of "poised battle," where the earthquake and the fire led the charge, and where American virtue and American valor maintained the unequal conflict against the mighty power of British tyranny and oppression. Before you hold this enactment to be law, burn our immortal Declaration and our free written Constitution, fetter our free press and finally, penetrate the human soul, and put out the light of understanding which the breath of the almighty hath kindled.'

THE McDONOUGH ESTATE.—A communication has been laid before the Baltimore City Council from the agents of the McDough estate, which shows that the litigations and deteriorations have decreased the value of the property fully one-half of what was its value at the death of the testator. At that time the estate was valued at \$5,000,000, and now only at \$2,270,000. One of the agents, on the part of New Orleans, at a meeting of the Board, stated that over \$250,000 had been spent in litigation; over \$100,000 had been reported in charges and commissions; over \$500,000 had been lost in interests and delays; and over \$500,000 had been lost in pillage and decay. Notwithstanding all this, not one dollar of charity had ever been received from the estate; not one negro had been sent to Liberia, nor the tears and sorrows of one poor orphan boy ever been assuaged. At every point and in every way the last will and testament of John McDough has been frustrated and thwarted.

MAY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

May! thou month of rosy beauty! Month when pleasure is a duty: Month of maids that milk the kine—Bosom rich and breath divine: Mouth of bees, and mouth of flowers: Month of blossom-laden bowers: Month of little hands with daisies, Lover's love, and poet's praises: Oh, thou merry month complete—May!—that very name is sweet!

May was maid in olden times, And is still in Scottish rhymes: May's the blooming Hawthorn bough; May's the month that laughs and now, I no sooner write the word, Than it seems as though it heard, And looks up and laughs at me, Like a sweet face, rosy and true, Like an actual color bright, Flushing from the paper's white; Like a bride that knows her power, Started in a summer shower.

If the rains that do us wrong, Come to keep the winter long, And deny us that sweet look, May's in Milton: May's in Prior: Love thee in the poet's pages; Where they keep thee green for ages; Love and read thee, as a lover Reads his lady's letter over, Breathing blessings on the art Which commingles those that part.

There is May in books for ever; May will part from Spencer never: May's in Milton: May's in Prior: May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dryer, May's in all the Italian books; She has old and modern nooks, Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves In happy places they call shelves, And will rise and dress your rooms With a drapery thick with blooms. Come, ye rains, then, if ye will, May's at home, and with me still; But come, rather, thou, good weather! And find us in the fields together.

Husbands and Wives.

SHERWOOD OBSERVATIONS BY A MAIDEN LADY.

Enjoying as I am all the sweets of single-

bleness, and seeing and hearing so much of

selfishness, discord, suffering, and sorrow as

is occasionally exhibited among those who have

seen fit to taste the bliss of matrimony, my curi-

osity naturally became excited, (a fault which

many evil-minded persons attribute entirely to

maiden ladies, but which they are no more ad-

dicted to than their circumstances and the good

of the community require; for the truth of

which, I witness what I am about to dis-

close,) and I, from motives purely benevolent,

of course, felt to peeping through the hedge

wherever I discovered the least opening; and

I sometimes managed to effect openings where

none previously existed, by watching my op-

portunity when the "insiders" were not on the

alert. The latter, however, I took great care

to close again, that no impertinent eye might

ever profit by them. And never, till the present

time, have I lisped one word of all I saw

there; and now, as I shall not name persons

or places, no one will ever be the worse for it.

My first grand discovery was, that no wives

think their husbands perfect. This I am aware

is a bold assertion; but I will prove the truth

of it. It will be necessary to form them into

three distinct classes.

The first which we shall notice, seem to think

almost every one more perfect than their hus-

bands. These are the worst fault-finders.—

This is sufficient to say of them. The second

class require a little more study, and embrace

a much larger portion of the community. These

are principally from the artificial class referred

to in the commencement of this article. These

deceiving, they have been deceived, and

instead of the polished gentlemen they thought

to marry, they find they have—a brute. When

the prize is fairly secured, and they are safe

from the awful fate of living single all their

days they take time to look at the article; and

behold! that beautiful hair they have married,

covers an empty cranium; those splendid whis-

kers, a face more accustomed to frowns than

smiles; the few he has of these last, like his

good temper and politeness, being reserved for

"extra occasions and company." But it is a

mutual disappointment, so what can be done?

Why, make the best of it, of course.

These are the very wives that are continual-

ly trying to convince us that their husbands

are the most perfect beings in the universe; and

all to hide the faults that glare upon them at every

step. Like the chick of the partridge, that

trusts its head under a leaf, and fancies itself

hid, they seem to think an effort to blind them-

selves will be as efficacious in producing the

same effect upon others. And it will; for in

either case it will succeed. Reason will as-

sume her prerogative, and we must assent to

her conclusions, be it ever so unwillingly.

A case of this kind occurs to me just now.

The "gent" supposed he was marrying a for-

une, an accomplished lady, and an excellent

housekeeper; but she, proved to be especially

deficient in these very particulars; while she,

enslaved by his fine teeth, glossy black hair,

and killing whiskers, forgot to notice whether

the creature had a soul or not. The upshot of

it, is that he is a selfish, discontented, snarling,

whimsical husband; and she a slave to his every

caprice. But does she complain? Not by

any means! So far from it, she is constantly

telling what a pattern husband she has, and in-

timating in every gly manner possible, how Mr.

A. and Mr. B. (persons of known talent and

ability) defer to his superior judgment. His

fine jetty locks are now two-thirds gray, though

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE,.... MAY 22, 1856.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

V. P. PARSONS, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this Paper and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required by us. His office is at No. 44 Building, Court street, Boston. Tribune Building, New York. N. W. corner Third and Chestnut sts., Philadelphia. S. W. corner North and Fayette streets, Baltimore. S. M. Perreault & Co., Newspaper Agents, No. 10 State street, Boston, are Agents for the Eastern Mail, and are authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office. Their receipts are regarded as payments.

A. T. BOWMAN—Traveling Agent.

Waifs from the West. No. 4.

Fort Snelling, Minnesota, May, 1856.

DEAR MAIL:—I am sitting in the pleasant parlor of the St. Louis Hotel, which from here commands a fine view of the Fort and the Mississippi below for a mile or two.

The prospect is even now enchanting, and in summer must be very attractive. To-day the weather is delightful. I say this, for it seems really so to see the sun once more after eight or ten cloudy, drizzly days. They say the weather is unusual, and I hope it is, for it is an unfavorable time to get a good idea of Minnesota.

To-day is not a ripe Spring day, but a dreamy, hazy, Autumn day—the sun almost powerless; but away in the mist, beyond the drooping cloud, the clear sky is growing blue and broad as I look, and I hope it is the opening gate of sunny weather. As I sit I can see the Fort and the many buildings attached—below it the swollen, rapid river, and beyond a troop of cavalry horses are playing under the oaks, or careering across the prairie, while nearer, a squad of soldiers are striding along the bank toward the Hotel; and between outdoor attractions and the small parlor talk within, I am coaxing out these inklings of what shall beguile you of an idle moment.

I reached here via St. Anthony, as the river is too high to admit of ferrying at the Fort. This has been, for eighteen years or more, an important military station on the frontier, situated on a high bluff at the junction of the Minnesota with the Mississippi.

The Falls of St. Anthony are little more than a tumbling mass of water piled high with logs and drift-wood, devoid of beauty except to a mechanical eye looking for a "mill privilege." They are sadly over-rated, and I was much disappointed in them. The village of St. Anthony is irregularly laid out. The ground rises rapidly from the river, terminating in bluffs at a little distance from the town. It is a genuine western town, but differs from St. Paul in that it has some internal resources in its vast water power, and has no such display of exchange offices and brokerage. In St. Paul, every man owning a porte monie is an Exchange and Real Estate Broker, loaning money at from 3 to 6 per cent. per month, and singular as it may seem, men get rich by paying these extravagant rates of interest, of course not in any legitimate mercantile business, but by entering the arena of land speculation.

St. Anthony, St. Paul, &c., were named by Father Hennepin, many years since, and their pretty Indian names are now lost, or at least forgotten. In the year 1673, if I remember rightly, Padre Margueta, followed by some traders and adventurers, penetrated the deep forests from the great chain of lakes toward the setting sun, and discovered the Mississippi at or near the mouth of the Wisconsin river. Some years afterwards, Padre Hennepin and some followers went down the Illinois river to its mouth, and down the Mississippi till they were taken prisoner by the Indians and carried to the Sioux country, 200 miles above St. Anthony's Falls. It was he who hid the Chippewa name of Kakabikah (severed rock) and the Sioux Irara (haugh), beneath the dark mantle of St. Anthony of Padua.

Just above the Falls is the suspension bridge, which connects it with Minneapolis on the left bank. This is a new but very interesting place having many advantages which will soon make it one of the first villages in size on the upper Mississippi. It has a beautiful site upon a broad prairie, bordered with oak openings and dotted with trees, and, if I mistake not, must soon prove a formidable rival to St. Anthony across the river. Here, in the embryo city, I find our mutual friend, and your townsman, W. S. Heath, Esq., located, and I can but admire his judgment, for I think in present appearance and in future prospects it vies with any town north of Dubuque. It is the shire town of Hennepin county, one of the most fertile in the Territory—well watered, and in some parts in a good state of cultivation. The road from Minneapolis to Fort Snelling crosses the Minnesota a short distance above the Falls of the same name, and at this point I spent some time admiring the different views of this beautiful cascade. My companion, Col. Hayward, of St. Paul, broke forth into a rapturous eulogy, setting forth the charms and gentleness of the Indian maid, Minnehaha, the heroine of Longfellow's beautiful "Song of Hiawatha," and welcoming me in the same strain of oratory to the hospitality of the Minnesotans, and to the broad blooming prairies of the embryo "Lake State." Not content with thus quietly enjoying the view of the waterfall, I clambered down to the bed of the stream, walked along upon a deep drift of snow which still lingers in the gorge, to the very foot of the fall, and in attempting to pass behind the sheet, by a mistake received a very unromantic shower, both much to the amusement of my friends.

One cannot be insensible to the wild beauty of this magnificent creation. The "laughing water" is beautiful. It runs through a grand land slided by trees, and plunges from among the purple prime flowers, shimmering down in the bright sunshine to its bed below, whence you hear in continuous roar, as you turn to leave the enchanting spot, half suppressed, like the tones of an organ echoing in the vaulted roof of some grand cathedral.

Yours, by the way, IKE JR.

OUR TABLE.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—The June number closes another volume of this excellent monthly, which we have often commended to the attention and patronage of the public. It is filled with choice reading, which is handsomely illustrated. Another number of those interesting "Scandinavian Sketches" is given; an additional chapter on "Birds"; A Trip to the Pyramids, the conclusion of the affecting sketch of the Little Dauphin; Salem Herepath, a Puritan story; An Earnest Ministry; The Snow Storm; The Life of a Snail; Austin Henry Layard, with a portrait, &c., &c. The "Scenes from Cowper's Task" are gems, and will be universally admired. Published by Carlton & Phillips, New York, at \$2 a year; 10 copies for \$15. J. P. Magee, Boston, agent for New England. It will also be found at all periodical depots.

HARRIS'S STORY BOOKS.—No. 10 is entitled "The Engineer," and is intended to teach its young readers how hunters, emigrants, and travelers manage in the long journey they have to take in the wild regions of the Western country of America, where there are no roads, no towns, and no civilized people. Like its predecessors of the series it is prettily embellished and makes a very attractive and interesting book. It will be found at R. B. Dana's, (late J. G. Moody,) who is supplied by F. R. Feltz & Co. of Boston.

GOODY'S LADY'S BOOK for June completes the fifty-second volume of this popular magazine. A fine picture, "The Gipsy," graces the number, which is full of attractive, artistic and literary. Goody knows well how to cater for the ladies. Published by L. A. Goody, Philadelphia, at \$3 a year, with a liberal discount to clubs.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May has been received at R. B. Dana's bookstore from Feltz & Co. of Boston. It has the continuation of "Little Dorrit," and the usual amount and variety of interesting reading, with numerous illustrations.

Lookings-round at Kendall's Mills.

No. 4.

On the east side of Main street, next above the Elden house, is the neat dwelling house, two stories high, owned by widow Nancy Wright, now occupied by two families. Indeed all the houses here are jammed full of occupants, and the calls are frequent for more houses. A great many people have been prevented from taking up a residence in this village because no place can be found to live in. An excellent tailor from Gardiner, whom we very much need here, was deterred from coming for this cause. The next building is owned by Wm. Connor, who has just been elected a delegate to the Republican Philadelphia Convention—an excellent selection, but if he has much sympathy with the movement which sends him there, it would seem that something of a change must have taken place either in him, or in the party sending him, since last fall, when they repudiated him as a candidate for representative to the Legislature from this district. Be this as it may, he is a man of understanding, and in performing the duties of his mission will undoubtedly have an eye to the best interests of the whole country—North, South, East and West. In this building, on the ground floor, is the Book and Confectionary store of H. B. Lewis, and the Millinery and Fancy Goods store of Miss H. S. Owen. In the second story is the office of Mr. Connor and the tailoring establishment of F. M. Ames. This is a very pleasant locality. The small building situated next, is the office of Messrs. E. & W. Totman—lumber dealers. This we understand is soon to be removed, to make place for a larger building. Now we come to the new, two-story glass front building, erected last fall by Messrs. Murray & Hall, occupied on the ground floor by Mrs. John Philbrook as a millinery and fancy goods store, and on the second floor by Messrs. Murray & Hall as a saddlery and harness-maker's shop. Murray & Hall make good harnesses, I can assure you, and, judging by the amount they sell, I think there can be no doubt they do their work at reasonable rates. The next is a pretty building owned by Dr. L. F. Atwood, the maker of the celebrated "Atwood's Jaundice Bitters," with which almost everybody in this part of the country is acquainted. We might here speak of the variety of the Doctor's manufactures, of his beautiful garden and dwelling-house, which he offers for sale, and of the energy and perseverance of the Doctor himself, but we are admonished that this is a great place, and if we do not hurry our walk, we may die before the journey is completed. The Doctor has leased this building to Mr. S. M. R. Whitten, a watch maker and jeweller, who has just started the business here, and who, from appearances so far, is a good workman. The two open lots next are owned by Messrs. E. & N. Totman. We have been informed that they contemplate building, at no very distant time, a block of brick stores here. If this is true, it will make a great addition to the appearance of this street. They can do it. The next is a new building, occupied by Messrs. Gilbreth & Richardson as a hard ware and stove store, the tin and sheet iron work being done in the second story. They have a good stock of goods in their line, and with good workmen are bound to succeed. The next is the small shoe manufactory of our quiet friend, Joseph H. Blunt, who you will notice has already got his posts set for a new building of much larger dimensions.

Having proceeded so far up Main street, and noticed the buildings on each side, suppose we stop a moment to take breath and cast our eyes about us. The street crossing this, here, is Bridge street. As we look eastward we see the Fairfield Bridge, which was completed and opened for travel in May 1848, and which cost a little over eleven thousand dollars. Two islands lie in the river nearly opposite, and serve for rests to the bridge, which consequently is made in three parts; the first, from the west shore to Mill Island, is uncovered, and is used by everybody who desires to cross without toll. The second, from Mill to Bunker's Island, and the third from Bunker's Island to the eastern shore, are covered, and the whole, exclusive of the islands, is about ten hundred and thirty-five feet. The opening of this bridge and a road across "The Neck," as it is called, changed the travel from Bangor and other out-of-the-way places, from following down the "Scheldt" and brought it to pass this village. This greatly increased our facilities for business, and very much are we indebted to the projectors of this enterprise for the success which has attended the efforts of our citizens. You may notice, just at this end of the first covered bridge, on

Mill Island, one of the best flour mills this part of the country can boast. One half of this is owned by Mr. Joseph Mitchell, of Waterville, one fourth by Messrs. E. & N. Totman, and the other fourth by two gentlemen, whose names I do not now recollect. It is attended by Capt. Charles Wyman, a miller worthy the mill. Near that is a saw mill, owned by H. C. Newhall, Esq., which, as it is not connected with the other saw mills, may be mentioned here. At our left, away up the rising ground, beyond the blacksmith shop of Mills & Ellis, the paint shop of Luce & Hinds, and the depots of the two railroads, on the south side of the street, and the dwellings of Messrs. W. W. Pierce, G. Cotton and Dr. L. F. Atwood, on the right, you can see "The Newhall House," now kept by J. P. Moses, Esq., who has been there but a short time, but long enough to give our people the impression that he keeps an excellent house. Let us put up there awhile.

M.

THE NORTH EAST CHAMBER.

A SUMMER RECORD.

And so this is to be my Summer home; here I am to live and work for six months; and this is to be my room. Let me describe it more minutely:

It is in this large, awkward, ill-shaped house and is, as the title indicates, a North-East chamber. I would give anything if it were only a garret or an attic; it would be so poetical to write from *My Attic*; however I think the "North East Chamber" does very well and so I will be content. The room is very large and it is unfinished; I can look above me to the roof, and hear the rain pelt on the shingles; and wherever I look, the laths and finishing plainly tell of the smoothness of the other side; the floor is loose, there are in it large rat-holes and the boards creak and rattle at every step I take.

The table on which I am now writing, is formed very curiously and romantically, from several different articles: the first being an old four barrel; but now partly filled with dried apple, which is in fact the only thing that supports it; the second is a short piece of unplanned board, and the third is an old bed quilt which serves as a covering; the whole forming a complete and convenient table for the barrel is at any time ready for use, and if I should be cold at night, my table spread will make an excellent addition to my bed-clothes.

The windows of my room are remarkably pleasant. Sitting here by this north one, and by turning my eyes a little to the west, I can see the roof of our own dear cottage, that loved place we yet call home; and by turning a little farther round I can see where Agnes—my Agnes—lives, and every time I look towards it, I think of the many happy hours we have spent together there, with the hopes of spending many more hereafter. In the Summer time, when the leaves are full grown it will be very difficult to see the dear houses, but I can see the smoke from their chimneys, and that will be a great deal of company. My east window is not so pleasant, although it will be more so after the grass is greener, and when the flowers are in full bloom and the trees lively with their summer foliage. From this window the scenery is quite pretty, but not so pleasant for it looks from home, instead of towards home. It commands a fine view of the eastern slope of Bear Hill, or more properly Poplar Hill; and from it I can see the stream through the branches of the stately elms and the smaller trees and shrubs; it also overlooks the garden and I look down upon it with a stately pride. Hereafter as the evenings grow warmer, and the air more soft and balmy, I shall have many things to tell, and many sights to record, but at the North window stands my table, and from that these will be written.

The articles of furniture in my room are numerous and miscellaneous; there is first, a nice, soft clean bed, all fitted up with Sada's own clothes; and she makes it up so nicely that it is a real luxury to sleep upon it; and as soon as I lay myself down, by some unseen power I am charmed to sleep, although far from it when I retire; then there is a large, ugly-looking, square frame, all full of pins, which would make a good harrow if it were only smaller. I cannot imagine what under the sun it is used for, but I believe the old lady does something with it when she is weaving. This, like everything else, is awkward and ill constructed.

I suspect that I am kinder superstitious, but at any rate I have a great dread of a big house, with an open, unfinished garret, and a large, dark cellar. I was here last winter, the night the earthquake was, and it frightened me considerably; so much that I did not get over it until I had slept; and after I went to bed the wind blew, and the windows rattled, and the doors were alarming; no wonder that I was frightened. The other articles of household property I will mention in one sentence; one churn, one spinning wheel, one brush broom, three large, old fashioned chests, and one hog's bladder. This I believe constitutes the whole of my room furniture.

I had however, almost forgotten to mention my shelf, but I must not, for it is one of the most important items in the list, and is like all the others, homely and rough, but very convenient, for my table being so small, will not contain my books; consequently this old shelf—once used to keep cheese on—is just the thing. My books are well displayed and numbered some six or eight, besides Putnam's Monthly, including Blair's lectures, Cowper's Poems, and other standard works. And then, too, there is my chair, which consists of an inverted nail cask. Don't laugh, kind reader, for that was a Yankee and a true patriot who said, "I had rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion."

Having given a description of my room and its contents, I will now take a review and present a summary of my intentions. This summer my

home will be here, and here my mind must be, although at times it will wander away, and dwell on past times and past scenes, and among them the many happy hours spent with dear friends now no more; and I intend to make the "North East Chamber" a record of my thoughts and reflections, miscellaneous, literary, agricultural; and as I am far, far away from you, my dear Henri, I shall write expressly for you, and as I shall connect them along in the form of a narrative, I shall omit dates, with exception of the letters; and whatever occurs to me of any importance or interest, will be written for you. These are my intentions.

LANIUS.

Somerset Mills.

The editor of the Gospel Banner, who has recently visited this enterprising little village, has the following notice of its present condition and business prospects:—

"Somerset Mills" is located in Fairfield on the right bank of the Kennebec, four miles below Pishon's Ferry, and six miles above Waterville. It is the present terminus of the Somerset Railroad. The river at this place is nine hundred feet wide. In the year 1837, a dam was built across the Kennebec at this place, and a grist mill was erected. It soon ceased its operations, and the place was abandoned by business. But in 1853 Messrs. Wing & Bates of Gardiner purchased the privilege, and soon after a piece of the dam was swept away. The breach was healed in 1854, and a fine dam is now standing. It is built on a solid ledge, and seems to be a very permanent structure. There is in operation here an excellent grist mill, a gang of saws, (which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, we may say consists of 23 saws which pass through a log together) three single up and down saws, four single, one clapboard, one lath, and one box machine, which manufacture daily 20,000 boards, 20,000 shingles, and any quantity of other stuff, and which employ forty men. There are now about thirty houses, most of which have sprung up within a short time, and there is every prospect that the place will become a large settlement, what it is for a small one, one of the spariest in Maine. The business capacity of the place seems almost unbounded, and will, we cannot doubt, fulfill all the expectations of the enterprising capitalists who projected it. The owners and operators, Messrs. W. M. Clarke & Co., are developing the resources of the place with a degree of business talent which must be exhibited yet in large success. We never saw a finer saw mill than is in operation here.

We predict, albeit "neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet," that at no distant day Somerset Mills will occupy no mean position among the business marts of the State. May its business prosperity be great, and may its progress in all spiritual things more than keep pace.

FIRE.—The barn of Mr. John Strong, on the farm known as the "Col. Williams farm," on the Ridge Road, in Fairfield, was consumed by fire on Thursday night last, together with nearly the entire stock, hay, grain, and tools of the farm. Among these were a horse, a yoke of oxen, six cows, and one or more young cattle. There was a small insurance—\$150 or \$200—on the barn. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss falls heavily upon an industrious and worthy man, and is peculiarly a case that admonishes his prosperous neighbors to "bear one another's burdens."

TRY AND SEE!—We are shockingly infidel towards patent medicines. We doubt whether one out of one hundred is worth half as much as a simple brown bread pill. Now and then one has real merit, and secures a permanent sale to those who have proved its value. Such a medicine, we honestly believe, is "Atwood's Jaundice Bitters," a simple vegetable compound, put up by an honest man, and sold annually to hundreds of thousands, in all parts of the country, who have convinced themselves by actual test, that it is one of the best remedies in use for bilious and other difficulties connected with digestion. It is for this reason that we commend it—we have found it useful beyond all question.

The Boston Post says it would be the depth of ingratitude for the South to go for any one but Pierce, since he has sacrificed his northern popularity by devotion to southern interests. It is such long continued devotion to southern interests, rather sectional than national?

Well, sweet innocent, it would seem to be open to that trifling objection; but it is seemingly for the ingenuous Buchanan pot thus wickedly to expose the coquiness of the Pierce kettle? You may yet be compelled to show that "black's not so very black," if the nominating convention should so decide.

YET.—The President has vetoed the bills for improving the St. Clair river and the mouth of the Mississippi.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.—The district convention held at this place on Thursday of last week, nominated Mr. Blain, editor of the Kennebec Journal, William Conner, of Fairfield, and Alonzo Garcelon, of Lewiston, delegates to the national convention at Philadelphia.

ROBBERY BY BOYS.—The store of Enoch Marshall, on Main st., was entered from the rear on Sunday afternoon, and robbery of some fifteen to eighteen dollars in change, that had been inadvertently left in a drawer. On Tuesday morning constable Brown arrested two French boys, 12 to 14 years of age, who were tried before Justice Heath and sent to the Reform School till 21 years of age. It appeared that the two boys entered the store by a back window in the second story; and that after the robbery they were discovered dividing the spoil, by two other French boys, to whom they gave 50 cts. each to keep the secret. One of these bought a knife with his fee, and being unable to account to his mother for the means of making such a purchase, finally disclosed the whole affair. One of the boys had buried his share among the bushes across the river, while the other had been spending his in a "particular free" way at certain shops; so that only about \$8, was recovered by Mr. Marshall. The court was doubtless convinced that this was by no means their first offence, and that the example of their imprisonment would benefit others besides them.

QUAKER SERMON.—It's a good plan for every man to mind his own business.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

The statement made by Mr. Crampton, the British Minister, in a note to Lord Clarendon under date of the 30th of March last—that Mr. Clayton had, on various occasions since the Treaty of 1850 was signed, stated that he considered the island of Ruatan a British possession, as much as Jamaica or any other British West India island—has been pronounced by Mr. Clayton untrue in every particular. Indeed, it is well known that Mr. Clayton has frequently denied, in his place in the Senate and elsewhere, that Ruatan was one of those "dependencies of British Honduras" which were exempted from the operation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty by terms of the declaration appended thereto.

This declaration excluded from the provisions of the Treaty the British settlement of Belize, in the State of Honduras, otherwise known as British Honduras, and the small islands in the neighborhood of that settlement known as its dependencies. Every other portion of Central America, Great Britain agreed not to occupy, fortify or colonize. Yet, in the year 1851, the British Government issued a proclamation erecting the islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, Uvilla, Helene, Barbarat and Moxat, on the Coast of Central America, into a Colony, under the name of the Bay Islands. A Royal warrant was shortly afterwards issued, placing these islands under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Jamaica.

Now, instead of being a small island in the neighborhood of the Belize, Ruatan is a large island about two hundred miles distant from the Belize, near the coast of Honduras, and it has always been under the jurisdiction of Honduras until taken possession of by Great Britain. Its position makes it an important point as a military or naval station, and it is on this account that the British Government have occupied it. The occupation of this island, as well as of Bonacca, which is also a large island at a greater distance from Belize than Ruatan, are justly considered by our Government to be in open violation of the Convention of 1850, and as greatly endangering our interests in Central America.

Of course Mr. Clayton could not have made such an admission as was attributed to him, unless—as remarked by Mr. Cass—in some fit of insanity. The British Government must be very much at a loss for a defence of its conduct, when it endeavors to sustain itself by attributing views to the negotiator of the Treaty of 1850 which he never entertained. This course may serve to influence the public sentiment in Great Britain, and perhaps affect the action of the British Parliament upon the subject, but it cannot relieve the British Government from the position in which it is placed by its violation of good faith and its disregard of its treaty obligations with this country.

A TRIFLING GRIEVANCE.—The Post arguing that the people of Kansas had no right to frame for themselves a State Constitution, as the people of several other Territories have done, says:—"When the Topeka movement was commenced, not a single case of oppression had occurred in Kansas under the territorial laws, if we except the momentary invasion by Missourians, for the purpose of controlling elections." That's all; just a little invasion, a "momentary" affair, and not for any really bad object; only for the purpose of controlling the elections! And yet these people have made all this fuss about it, and have presumed, under this slight provocation, to say nothing of two or three murders thrown in, for these were only "momentary," instantaneous in fact—to apply to their case the principles that have been repeatedly endorsed by Congress, that have been held up by the Post as the fundamental doctrines of free government. How unreasonable!—[Providence Journal.]

POISONOUS PLANTS.—The Maine Farmer gives the following important caution respecting the cultivation of poisonous plants in the flower garden:

"Many persons who cultivate flowers are not aware that they often get into their collections some plants that are very poisonous. Among the showy flowering plants found in many gardens, is the Monkshood (Aconite). We are informed by Dr. Toward, of this city, that he was last week called to administer to a child of Mr. Barnham, on the east side of the river, that had been poisoned by chewing the leaves of this plant while at play in the garden. The little fellow by means of timely aid, recovered, but it should prove a caution to florists not to have such deleterious plants in the way. The Larkspur and the Foxglove are among the poisonous plants often cultivated for their beauty."

SINGULAR CASE.—WARNING TO LADIES.

Miss H. Davis, of Troy, a young lady of estimable character, while passing hurriedly to an adjoining room swallowed a pin, and a needle which she had carelessly put into her mouth. The needle became fixed in the esophagus, about four inches down the throat, causing considerable pain and swelling in its vicinity. Efforts to remove it were unavailing. After the fourth day the swelling began to grow so great as to close up the passage to the stomach, thus preventing entirely her swallowing even liquids for eight days. Her strength, in the meantime, was sustained by nutritious injections and injections of oil. She had passed two pins up to this time. On the 12th day an abscess broke, greatly relieving her and permitting her to swallow; subsequently two other small abscesses gathered and broke. She has since passed five more pins and two needles. No accurate history of the swallowing of any except the first pin and needle can be obtained. She now has a good prospect for recovery. The case was under the skillful care of Dr. Brooks of this city. [Belfast paper.]

HARRY COLE.—John Neal, in the State of Maine, says that this noted ramseller is now in "Wall a reformed man"; that despite of poverty and a large family on his hands, he has resisted temptation to engage in his old business, when he might do it profitably, and that now he proposes to go on a lecturing trip through the State, intending to tell the whole truth about ramselling, in which business he has been at work twenty-three years. Mr. Cole has certainly been a great stumbling block in the way of the temperance cause, and if he has now become its first friend, we trust he will be able to do as much good as he has done evil. He deserves encouragement, and we hope wherever he goes the people will turn out and listen to him and help him on.

SOWING BROADCAST.—Sometime since, a correspondent of the Cultivator described his mode of sowing grain broadcast that appeared so reasonable that I determined to put it to the test of experiment, and finding it to be just as he has described it, I have continued to practice the same, until I have attained a proficiency in the art, that is indeed a valuable one. I now therefore in sowing, throw every handful of grain so far above my head as to be able to see every seed fall perpendicularly to the ground like the drops of rain in a summer shower, insuring a regularity in the deposit, that could not be obtained but by planting with

the setting-stick by hand. This I call vertical sowing, in contradistinction to the almost universal horizontal cast, that leaves the grain deposited in hollows, by reason of its rebound from the clods, or forming semi-circles on the surface, as must have been noticed by every practical man, and as often depicted. Here has again arrived the pleasant season of plowing and sowing, and if my friends will make it a point to turn the narrowest possible furrows instead of the widest, and sow the grain vertically, instead of horizontally, covering it with a gang of light seed-harrows instead of the A drag, they will find their account in next harvest to stand A 1, and no mistake.

Important from Kansas.

St. Louis, May 19.

Advices from Kansas to the 14th inst., state that about 1000 men have responded to the proclamation of the U. S. Marshal and are encamped in the vicinity of Lawrence and Le-compton, their avowed purpose being to compel the people of Lawrence to acknowledge the territorial laws. It is said that there are about 1500 men in Lawrence, thoroughly armed with Sharpe's rifles, and having two pieces of artillery in their possession. They have erected breastworks and given notice that they will resist all attempts at arrest.

Judge Fane, of Georgia, has been appointed Sheriff until Jones is able to resume the duties of the office. Jones is reported as convalescent and is expected soon to be out.

Fane, it is rumored, has been shot at twice while in the removal of his official duties. The requisition of Gov. Shannon upon the authorities of Missouri for the return of Robinson was placed in the hands of U. S. Marshal Donaldson and deputies Preston and Wallace. They left Kansas for Lexington on Wednesday last. Mr. Brown, editor of the Herald of Freedom, was arrested while endeavoring to escape from the territory.

Ex-Governor Reeder has fled, but his capture is considered certain.

Railroad Accident in Panama.

Aspinwall, May 7th.

Yesterday morning the passengers from New York, who left that city April 21, started from this place for Panama, in three separate trains of cars. The first contained the mails, express matter, and the passengers' baggage; the other two were filled with passengers. After proceeding something more than half way to Panama, the engine of the freight train ran off the track in such a position that it could not be replaced without a good deal of delay, so the conductors of the passenger trains determined to run back to Aspinwall. We were within about two miles of this place when the terrible crash occurred. I was seated in one of the rear cars, and immediately looking out of the window I could see the cars rushing upon each other, until nine in number were demolished. Every car was crowded with passengers, containing at least 60 persons each. At present it is impossible to estimate the number of killed and wounded, or their names, but there were not less than 500 persons in the cars that were shivered to atoms, and it must be a low estimate to say that fifty were killed, and at least a hundred, and perhaps many more, badly wounded; and it seems almost miraculous that so many escaped with their lives.

[Conn. N. Y. Tribune.]

ARREST OF GOV. ROBINSON OF KANSAS.—The particulars of the arrest of Mr. Robinson, Governor elect of the Free State party of Kansas, by a mob at Lexington, Missouri, are given by Mrs. Robinson, in a note to the St. Louis Democrat, published in that paper of the 13th inst. She states that Mr. Robinson and herself were taken off the steamboat at Lexington by eight or ten men, who pretended that the Governor was fleeing from an indictment. He assured them that such was not the case; that he had heard of no indictment; that his whereabouts at Lawrence were known, and that if the marshal had desired to arrest him he could have done so, and he should have offered no resistance; and that he would not think of endeavoring to escape an indictment for a political offence, and had he done so, he certainly would have avoided the Missouri River. It was stated to him by one of the party that the crowd, about the boat, who had been drinking freely, were much excited, and that unless he consented to leave, he would be in danger of personal violence. He finally left the boat in company with his wife, and escorted by the men who had waited upon him, passing out of the door of his state-room opening upon the guard, in order to avoid the excited crowd congregated in the cabin. A carriage was in waiting, and they were driven to town and quartered in the house of a Mr. Sawyer, a guard being stationed about the house. Mrs. Robinson was afterwards allowed to proceed on her journey.

TERMS OF THE TREATY.—By the Treaty of Peace between the Allies and Russia it is agreed that the Allies shall restore to Russia the part of Sebastopol taken in the late siege, and all other places occupied by the Allied forces; that Russia shall also give up Karai and the other places in Asia taken from Turkey; that the navigation of the Black Sea and the Danube shall be free to all nations; and there being, therefore, no need of fortifications or armed ships, none shall be sustained on the coasts of the Black Sea by any of the nations banded thereupon—Russia, Turkey, Austria, &c. It is also agreed that Turkey shall allow religious freedom to all Christian sects, and this to the satisfaction of Russia, France and England. This was the point for which Russia went into the war, and having accomplished it in the Treaty, she is satisfied with the result. [Belfast paper.]

ROW AMONG THE MASONS.—Eighty-one subordinate lodges of Free and Accepted Masons, within the provinces of Canada, having for causes set forth in a circular, addressed to the different grand lodges of the world, separated themselves from the grand lodge of England, Scotland and Ireland, and formed an Independent grand lodge, were, on the 6th inst., recognized by the Grand Lodge of this District, by a unanimous vote, and the right hand of fellowship in the family of grand lodges fraternally extended to them. We understand, also, that the Grand Lodge, at the same meeting, determined to celebrate the anniversary of St. John, on the 24th of June next, by a procession, oration, and Masonic banquet, and a grand ball.

SCHOOL-HOUSE BURNED AND SAVED.—Mr. Calvin Dean of Lincolnville out his third in Freedom during the present week. He bled profusely and is not expected to live. He acknowledged, it is said, to have burnt a school-house a few days ago in Lincolnville. The house was upon his land, and he had not been satisfactorily paid for it. Mr. Dean was formerly a Millerite and in 1853 suspended all farming operations expecting to "go up."

[Belfast paper.]

LICENSING AT HALLOWELL.—The Licensing Board of the City of Hallowell granted but one license to sell intoxicating liquors, and indefinitely postponed the other applications.

