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THE FREE PRESS.

BY *Free Men are not afraid to*

C. H. SENEBURY, *Editors and Proprietors.*

[Written for the Free Press.]

GRAND ISLE.

BY HELEN M. CADY.

Poets rave of old Niagara,
And to Etna's crumbl ng cloud;
Wandering over earthdom seek they,
All that's wondrous and sublime:
Heedless theme our pen, rebuketh,
Gentler strains our muse beguile—
To thee we dedicate our verses,
Dear Grand Isle.

Little spot of leaf and flower,
Craft and foaland, skiff and grove—
Youthful hearts thy charms endower,
Earnest hopes are round thee wove;
Beautified by sturdy manhood,
Radiant made by woman's smile
Blushing with thy gifts of earthgood,
Fair Grand Isle.

So dark chasms, with jaws defiant,
Seem thy flowering bosom o'er,
So huge cliffs like mighty giants
Stretch along thy polished shore
Where so lily we have wandered
Through the meadow, over stile
Walks of many things we pondered,
Sweet Grand Isle.

Pondered of the olden faces,
Kindly greeting us "Lang Syne;"
Pondered of the olden places,
Where affection's cords did twine;
Pondered of the olden voices,
Of the bright familiar smile;
Of our many hopes and crosses,
Dear Grand Isle.

Tiny isle—the soaring eagle,
Scans thy narrow limits o'er;
And the baying of the beagle
Can be heard from shore to shore;
But the spirit is not bounded,
By the space of leagues or mile,
Nor thy praises need be sounded,
Fair Grand Isle.

Time's off wheel may crush the flowers
Blooming in the track of youth
Leaves may wither in the bowers,
Love may fail, and faith, and truth,
Eyes may lose their early lustre,
Lips may cease to kindly smile:
Still around our heart shall cluster,
Old Grand Isle.

Memories of our early girlhood,
Memories tinged with rosy hue;
When we first in the great world stood—
(For it seemed great to us—we knew)
But we looked at objects clearly,
Ere we dashed the cup of life's wine,
When we loved the whole world dearly,
Bright Grand Isle.

And these memories wreath around us,
Flowers of love that cannot fade;
And the present hour hath found us
In the olden garb arrayed,
In the garb of trust we cherish,
While fresh hopes our heart beguile:
Never shall thy memory perish
Dear Grand Isle.

North Hero, May 6, 1856.

AGRICULTURAL.

Wm. H. Clark of St. Albans, Vt., bought last year a bushel of China wheat, for which [redacted] dollars, and raised from the same twenty-six bushels, which he is selling readily at $2 a bushel. This kind of wheat is said to suffer but little from the weevil.

J. A. Nash, who was the committee man appointed to visit the last Exhibition of the Essex (Mass.) Agricultural Society, says, in his report:

"Everything passed off in a way adapted to impress a stranger favorably with regard to the social feelings and moral character of the people of Essex. No immorality was noticed, *unless it be one to compel an ordinary team of cattle to take up a steep hill, and hold down the same, four rods on a cart.* Your delegate is of opinion that oxen will make their working qualities quite as discernible under reasonable as under severe demands."

The editor of the Ohio Cultivator is down on foreign importations. He thinks America can raise her own seeds and cattle if farmers were a little less slovenly and careless. Hear him:

"We have had some experience in the introduction of "New and Rare Seeds;" but the conclusion we came to after a trial of some years, is that it does not pay, for where we have succeeded with one kind, we have made a dead failure with twenty others. The truth is, if we only thought so, we do not need to go abroad for scarcely anything. If we will propagate carefully the varieties we have, we can make them better for our own use than anything we can get in foreign parts. There is a deal of gas and flummery about these importations, from live stock to pussy seeds. Let us bestow the same pains and half the expense upon our present stock of animals and seeds, and we can beat the world on the quality and profit of our produce, as we do now in many things, even with our confessed slovenliness and ill-matching."

Charles Senger of St. Louis, recommends the following easily tried method of improving potatoes, so as to restore them to the original soundness, richness, and mealiness of this valuable root:

"The plan is this: Keep back some seed potatoes for six or seven weeks after the usual time of planting, say till the last week in June or the first week in July, and then plant and cultivate them the same as stock potatoes. They will grow until the frost withers the vines, when they should be dug. As they have not had time to mature they will be quite small—not more than an inch or an inch and a half through; but they should all be carefully gathered, and kept safe from frost through the winter, and planted at the usual time of planting in the spring—one of the small potatoes being sufficient for seed in each hill. The result will be large sized, sound, mealy potatoes, as I have proven by actual trial. I hope that it will be tried by some of our farmers this year."

A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator gives the following upon the subject of sowing grass seed:

Yesterday I met with a friend who has had as much experience in the growth of timothy hay as any man in the United States. I asked him how much timothy seed to sow upon an acre. He replied that he always sowed one half bushel to each acre, that there would be at least a half ton per acre more hay, and that the hay would be worth $2 per ton more in Cincinnati market, as it would be fine and soft for the stock. When one-eighth to one-fourth of a bushel is sown, the hay is coarse and hard and not so good for stock. He cuts from 200 to 300 tons of hay per year, which is sold in the market.

The New York state agricultural society offers the premium of a silver cup to the girl under 21 years of age, who will make the best ten pounds of butter, at any one time. The agricultural joker of the New York Tribune says this is all right, except the atrocious insinuation that some girls are over 21 years.—The Columbia, Tenn., Mirror, is anticipating great a number of grasshoppers in that region. It says many of them are already spreading their legs, and kicking up their heels, and that a deluge are in reserve.—The Zanesville Courier says that very great losses of sheep have occurred in Ohio this winter, and predicts that it will affect the wool crop.

During the last year the American Tract Society has received, through the contribution box, $943 in broken and counterfeit bills.

TALES AND INCIDENTS.

(From the Indiana Gazette.)

SINNERS; OR PARSON THACHER'S DAY.

BY C. H. KIRKLAND

[The following clever sketch of Parson Thacher, of Milton, of whose eccentricities many anecdotes are extant, we have no doubt will be entertaining to our readers.]

'When my brother E. was a little boy,' said Miss ——, 'his health was delicate, and he was sent to the country to school, and there boarded at a great old farm-house, one of the real old New England style, of which few specimens now remain. Here, in the first cold weather of autumn, the family congregated about the kitchen fire, so as not to disturb the flower-pots, which still ornamented the hearth of the keeping room. The young student from Boston was accommodated on one side of the fire, and a little stand, on which was placed a tall iron candlestick, bearing a dipt-candle with a wick an inch long, for the furtherance of his studies. Not being much inspired by the broken under those circumstances, E. was wont to listen to the talk of an ancient dame who sat with a perennial fountain of knitting-work in a high-back chair on the opposite side of the fire, bestowing various hints and cautions upon a young clergyman lately ordained, and hoping he would be 'kerried through' all the work that was before him in the ministry of that parish.

The young clergyman, city bred, and only a guest at the farm-house, listened with deference and replied very satisfactorily to most of the old lady's remarks; but he could not be made to understand very clearly in what particulars he was likely to find his position more than usually difficult. He did not seem to doubt that he should be 'kerried through,' though he said so very modestly.

'Humph!' said the old lady, taking a spare knitting-needle from her work and passing it gently under her cap with a reflective air.—'Did you ever hear about Parson Thacher's day, Mr. Z.? My mother could remember Parson Thacher, though he died in 1727. He was a man that had been to school and then to college in this country, (it was the custom in *them* days,) then to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learned medicine and surgery, and not content with that, studied law besides.'

Mr. Z—— began to open his eyes at this enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments.

'Yes,' continued the good lady, 'and besides, was a good mechanic, so that he could use almost any tool. Well, he come back, settled in this town, and married Theodosia F. and she made a good wife, and and they lived very comfortably in their plain way.'

'But,' said the young clergyman, who being fresh from college, was the least in the world priggish, 'I am scarcely see how Mr. Thacher's European acquirements were necessary to him for such a position.'

'Humph,' said the old lady again, stay still I tell you my story. One Monday morning parson Thacher said to his wife, 'I've engaged to go to D—— to preach an ordination sermon on Wednesday and I must set out to-morrow; so this day I must have entirely for my study, and you must not allow me to be interrupted for *anything* short of a case of life or death. So Mrs. Thacher promised, and the good parson went thoughtfully up stairs to prepare his sermon.

He was scarcely seated when a woman in the neighborhood came in, almost breathless, anxiously inquiring for Mr. Thacher.

'He is in his study, and cannot be disturbed on any account.

'Oh, dear!' says the poor woman, 'I don't know what I shall do, for our best cow's very sick, and nobody can't do nothing to help her. We've had Loren, the cow doctor, and he can't tell what's the matter with her. What *will* become of us if we lose her?'

Now Mrs. Thacher felt so bad to think the woman must lose her cow, that she e'en ventured up stairs and knocked at her husband's door.

'Wife, you know I told you I *couldn't*—'

'Yes, but poor Mrs. Trimbley——' and then she told all about the cow and tried to persuade the parson to go at once. This he said was out of the question; but he would certainly call after dinner, as he was obliged to pass by Mrs. Trimbley's to go to a raising, where he had promised to make a prayer. So the poor woman went home much comforted to think that parson Thacher would come at all, so great was her opinion of his skill. She had hardly shut the gate, when another neighbor came in as flurried and out of breath as Mrs. Trimbley, and hardly remembering to say 'how d'ye do!' before she cried out.

'Where is Mr. Thacher?'

'My husband is in his study, and *can not* be—'

'Oh, run up, do, Mrs. Thacher, and tell him that Mr. Vose and Mr. Hunt have had another awful quarrel again, and Mr. Vose says he'll go right off to Boston and employ Lawyer Gridley,—a pretty awful threat in those days—for he wont put up with ill usage any longer.'

This frightened Mrs. Thatcher dreadfully, to think a quarrel should get to such a length in that neighborhood. So, knowing her husband's power as peacemaker, she went up to his study door once more.

'What is the matter now, wife?' said Parson Thacher.

'Oh, a dreadful quarrel,' and so forth, repeating all the threats and hard speeches, and begging her husband to interfere without delay.

'Well, I can't possibly go now, but send word to Mr. Vose not to go to Boston till he has seen me. I will call after dinner, as I go to raising.'

This pacified the messenger, and the parson went on with about the fourth of his ordination sermon.

Presently a violent rapping with the heavy end of a whip was heard at the door, and a farmer, from some distance off, inquired for Mr. Thacher. Mrs. Thacher repeated the old excuse, but the farmer was not to be put off so easily. He insisted on the minister's wife going up and telling her husband that a man was below who *must* see him, being in great trouble, and wanting immediate help. Upon this, with many groans, the parson at length came down, and learned that the man's apple-trees had been broken under a load of potash kettles, and he could do nothing without help.

'The only thing to be done,' said parson Thacher, 'is to make another axletree just like that. Go into my shed; there you will find a box of tools. Cut down a young hickory, make your axletree, and when it is ready I'll come and help you put it in.'

And then the parson turned to go up stairs again; but Mrs. Thacher told him the dinner was ready to take up, and would be on the table in a minute. So he sat down to dinner, and when that was finished it was quite time to go to the raising. On the way he remembered the sick cow. He found the poor cow in great pain, and several of the neighbors standing round, looking at her.

'Have you tried this, and this, and such another thing?'

'Yes, but nothing does any good.'

And then parson Thacher, with all his Leyden learning, went close up to the cow, and examined her all over.

'Make fuel of her while you can, Mrs. Trimbley,' said he, 'for her leg is broken, and there is nothing else to be done.'

And so he jogged on to the scene of the quarrel. There he found Mr. Vose in a towering passion, declaring he would go yet to Boston for squire Gridley, although he had waited out of respect to the pastor.

'What is the difficulty this time?' said parson Thacher.

'Oh, the old thing over again. His cows have been in my corn, and I know they were turned in on purpose, and I'm determined, if it cost me every—'

'Send for Mr. Hunt,' said parson Thacher; and Mr. Hunt came. After some parley, and some hard things said on both sides, the parson asked—

'What may be the damage in money?'

'About *two pistareens*,' said Mr. Vose.

'Well, you won't object to pay that, neighbor Hunt?' said the pastor.

'Why—no,' said Mr. Hunt, and after a friendly exhortation the parson went on his way at a brisk trot, fearing to be too late at the raising.

Here he found all in commotion, and as soon as he appeared his name was called out by a dozen at once. A man had fallen off the timbers, and was taken up for dead. 'But here is parson Thacher,' said they. And the parson felt of the man's pulse, said he was not dead, called for bandages, drew out a lancet, bled him, and in a short time signs of life appeared. All was soon over, and the man recovered. The raising went on; the minister made his prayer, and then set off for home, knowing he had the ordination sermon yet to finish. As he came past Hunt's, he found that man waiting at the gate for him.

'Mr. Thacher,' said he, 'you've saved me from an ugly quarrel, and I thank you for it. My wife wants you to accept of a leg of bacon of her own curing; and if you'll wait a minute, I'll step in and get it, and put it in your saddle-bag.'

So the bacon was brought, and it took some little time to get it into the saddle-bag; but, sermon or no sermon, such a present must not be refused. And parson Thacher trotted on, hoping supper would be ready when he got home. He had to pass Vose's door, too, and Vose, who was busy with something in the yard, looked up and saw the minister, and stopped him, that he might thank him for his friendly office in the quarrel. While they were talking, Mr. Thacher said;

'Mr. Vose, may I trouble you to hand me up a good big stone, to put in the other side of my saddle-bags—for Mrs. Hunt has given me a leg of bacon that weighs them down unequally, and causes them to slip.'

'Not I, indeed, parson Thacher,' said Vose: 'I'll give you no stone; but my wife has some good nice cheeses, and if you'll wait just one minute, I'll step in and get one to balance your saddle-bags.'

The cheese was forthcoming in a moment, and stowed away, and parson Thacher chirruped on his horse and soon saw home. But at the gate he was met by his wife with a troubled countenance.

'Here are Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Wales come to stay all night, to go with you to-morrow to the ordination, and I've nothing in the world for supper but some eggs.'

'Don't be troubled, my dear,' said the parson, and with that he pulled the ham and the cheese out of the saddle-bags, and was about to step in and welcome his friends, when the man of the axletree boarded him, seemingly a great deal out of patience.

'Why, parson Thacher, you've staid so long, that it's too late for me to go on to-night. There was nobody else here to help me, and so here I am.'

'Well, never mind, neighbor, you can sleep here, and go on in the morning.'

'Ay, but I must be ready to start before day,' said the farmer, 'and the axletree has got to be mended to-night.'

Mr. Thacher saw there was nothing for it but to help the poor man after his own fashion; so he called for the lantern, put up his horse, helped the man in with the axletree, ate his supper, performed the family devotions, saw all his guests safely stowed away for the night, and then sat down and finished his ordination sermon. And so ended parson Thacher's Day.

The old lady looked at the young clergyman; but he did not speak. He wore a very sad countenance, and very soon taking up his tall iron candlestick, went musingly to bed.

(From the Springfield Republican.)

LETTER FROM A YOUNG MAN IN TOWN SOCIETY TO HIS SISTER IN THE COUNTRY.

SPRINGFIELD, March 7, 1856.

My Dear Jane;—My letter of last week was so sad and solemn that it touched the hearts of some very respectable spiritualists who live here; and I received through the Republican office, the following note:

Mr. Mannering, Esq.;—Dear sir—I have been impressed to write you a brief letter, informing you that the spirit of Kate ——has made its appearance in our circle, and wishes for an interview with you. The spirit is described by a seeing medium as one of much beauty and great gentleness,—well worthy of the high tribute you paid to her, from your impressions of her in the form. The circle will meet at my house on Saturday evening (March 1.) when we hope to see you.

Yours in the love of the new dispensation,

I—— l——.

Now nothing could more fully have fallen in with my wishes than this invitation. I had heard so much and seen so little of spiritualism, that I determined, at once, to attend the circle; and, accordingly I dispatched a note announcing the fact to my new, unknown and very polite friend.

I confess that, as the hour approached for the proposed interview, a feeling of most unworthy superstition crept over me. I was about to hold converse with a being of another world, and while the thing seemed pleasantly at a distance, as a mere poetic fancy, the reality quite excited me. I was not to be terrified however, and was at the appointed place punctually. I was greeted with great cordiality by the company assembled, especially the female portion of it. One young lady held my hand a long time, and remarked that my vigorous electrical force quite restored her weak nerves. She rather thought she should know now where to look for tone, when she wanted it, if I would be so kind. Her confident and confiding manner quite don me, for she was very pretty, and—well, after all, that wasn't exactly what I was going to say.

We sat down at a table, the pretty young lady by my side, and we took hold of one another's hands, and remained still for a few minutes. Then my pretty neighbor began to twitch all over. Sometimes she grasped my hand convulsively, and I really began to feel sorry for her. She looked as if she was getting unconscious at last, and I spoke to the gentleman who had invited me. 'Isn't Miss going into a fit?' inquired I. 'Is she often troubled in that way?' 'The spirits are magnetizing her,' replied the gentleman solemnly, and added: 'see the heavenly smile a' flitting over her countenance.' I looked, and she really appeared quite pleased with the operation, or with something that had been said. I could not tell which. Pretty soon, becoming calm and still, she said: 'I am urna, now be you too, Max!'" And then she shook my hand, and, leaning over, kissed me! You may imagine that I blushed, and felt not a little indignant; but I was immediately calmed and placed at my ease by the remark of the gentleman that the spirit of my old friend Kate had possessed itself of my neighbor's form, and that it was Kate who kissed me, and not my neighbor. But I had come determined not to be duped, and said, "How shall I know that it is Kate and not my neighbor?'" The lady answered, "name your tests; and first remember that Kate never kissed you on your lips, but always on your cheek. She kissed your cheek just now.' I can appreciate, as I think calmly of it, the delicacy and beauty of this test, for the statement of the lady was correct in regard to dear Kate's mode of kissing. The test was all the more perfect from the fact that probably not one female spirit in a thousand, if their earthly tastes and habits had been perpetuated, would have preferred the cheeks to the lips.

Then I began to think about tests, but I could not fix upon any that would be satisfactory. She evidently became aware of my puzzled condition, for with a heavenly smile she leaned over and whispered in my ear: 'Max, do you remember ever having put on your trowsers 'hind side 'afore?' I was thunderstruck. She had gone back to an innocent and artless scene of my childhood, and called up an event which shook my skepticism to the very bottom. I remember the scene well. I was a little boy, and had just got off my petticoats. Being ambitious to dress myself without maternal assistance, I had risen in the morning, and having insufficiently studied the mechanism of my new clothes, had plunged my foot into the wrong hole, buttoned myself up as well as I could, and gone down stairs, with, I think, my trowsers slightly open down the back, and my shirt forming an insignificant projection thro' the gap. On my arrival in the drawing-room, I found little Kate and her mother there. Father, who, you know is an old joker, insisted that I had got up the wrong side first, and that I must turn my head and feet around and then I should be all right. Little Kate laughed and giggled as if she would burst; and it seems that this little incident had so impressed itself upon her mind that she had resorted to it as a test. I was satisfied. I told the circle that I was more than satisfied. How could I be otherwise? I knew that there was not a person present who had ever seen my pantaloons on in any but the correct manner. You may smile, but I tell you I was satisfied. You need not tell me it was clairvoyance, for I was not thinking of it; and had it not been for this incident, I do not believe I should ever have thought of it again in my life.

I was now ready for conversation. "Kate," said I, while a calm awe possessed my mind, "Kate, are you happy?"

'Happy!' said she, while a beautiful smile passed over the maiden's face, happy as a humming bird.'

I thought the figure a little singular, but the circle thought it was beautiful, and, on a second thought, perhaps it was.

'What are your employments?'

'I watch over you, and crotchet and knit, and oh! I've just worked the bottom of one one of the prettiest petticoats you ever saw.'

I knew that wasn't Kate's grammar, but I also knew she was very fond of crotchet work, and was very nice with her needle. It rather went against my notions touching the future state, that petticoats were worn by the spirit form, but of course I was a novice, and felt delicate about asking questions.

"You are a child in knowledge," pursued the modest spirit, "and you must open your heart to instruction. Every thing in the world has a spirit—cotton cloth, linen, silk, worsted and everything. The first creature I met in this strange country was a spiritual rooster who had been killed to make broth for me. He stood flapping his wings, and crowing on the ridge-pole of a spiritual barn, and I could not help thinking he was a broth of a rooster, anyway. Every thing, as I said, has a spirit. On my arrival here, I found all my dresses a great deal more beautiful than they were in the material form. The color and lustre of the silk are quite astonishing. Society is dull at present, there are so many people engaged in rapping, and those who are not busy in that way are laid up with sore knuckles and rheumatism, resulting from rapping and tripping tables too much. So I amuse my self with crotchet and needle-work, and the next time you write to Jane you tell her about the petticoat. It is a new pattern, or, rather, an old one revived (for I got it from one of queen Elizabeth's maids of honor."

I must confess that I was charmed with the free and easy conversation—not that it seemed very much like Kate, but then you must allow for a change of circumstances, you know. It seemed pleasant to think we are to pass into another existence which will be only a refined counterpart of this; and that we shall have a good time there. So far, I was converted, for I confess that I could not get over those trowsers. Every time a doubt swept across my mind, a little boy seemed to be presented to me, in a vision, with his juvenile habiliments improperly adjusted, and an unsupposed piece of linen protruding. I could not get around those trowsers on that memorable morning, and I cannot now. I repeat to you that I am satisfied.

I now proposed to inquire into the authenticity of the Christian religion. 'Kate,' said I solemnly, 'is Christianity the true religion?'

'Yes,' replied she, 'in the main. Christ was an excellent man, and contrived a religion that was very good in its day. Some of his precepts were excellent, but, as a whole, I find that the general opinion is that it has outlived its usefulness. If you wish for a reliable guide in religious matters, however, I will take it upon yourself to keep you posted. Love God, respect myself and be harmonious with everything. If you are a man of as much observation as I take you to be, you will perceive the infinite superiority, in every intellectual and moral quality, of those who submit themselves to spiritual influence, to those who profess the orthodox religion.—You will see that the harmonial brotherhood and sisterhood never do any foolish things.—Those among them who seem to be less saints than formerly, are only absorbed in higher affairs. A man who looks at the sun, only for a few minutes, loses his sight for earthly things, for in his upward gaze, he has drunk such floods of light that he cannot see anything around him in the form.'

Thus, in a few minutes, had Kate laid all my religious education and prejudices aside, as if they were old garments. I stood forth, a free man—disenthralled from—from pretty much everything, in fact. Sometimes the thought would come upon me—this is all a delusion: Max, you are weak—you have been imposed upon. But then came up the trowsers. Little did I think, when I first put my short fat legs into those trowsers, that they were destined to clothe the sublimest faith that ever inspired the human mind—that by their suspenders I should be—as it were—hung to the spheres—that that little protrusion of linen should be planted as a standard upon the battlements of a conquered and dethroned superstition! Don't say anything to father and mother about this, at present.

Your living brother,

MAX MANNERING.

(From the Kansas Tribune.)

THE MARK OF CAIN.—On the 18th of March, Daniel Vancil, residing at Bloomington, Kansas, gave a social party at his residence and invited his friends of all political shades to attend; about forty or fifty were present. Between seven and eight o'clock Mrs. Vancil learned that Coleman, the murderer of Dow, was in the hall; she proceeded immediately to ferret him out. After finding where he was, she stepped up to him and said:—'Is your name Coleman?' He replied in the affirmative. She then told him that he had not been invited, and requested him to withdraw immediately; she gave as her reason that he had committed a cold-blooded murder, and no murderer could find protection in her house. Coleman remonstrated, but to no purpose; when he found that the mark of Cain was upon him, he withdrew, taking with him a few of his pro-slavery friends—those who were so destitute of principle as to sympathize with a murderer—and none others.

At another party given a few evenings previous to the one alluded to, the same murderer made his appearance and had the audacity to attempt to take part in the libarities of the evening. A cotillion was formed upon the floor, and everything in readiness

"To trip the light fantastic toe,"

when it was whispered that Coleman was on the floor. The words had hardly time to die upon the speaker's lips before every lady was in her seat, and refused to go upon the floor again until the murderer of Dow should leave the house.

The Oswego *Journal* says: "The free admission of lumber under the Reciprocity Treaty has produced a remarkable and wholly unexpected change in the direction and shipment of the article on Lake Ontario. Under the operation of the treaty, this change commenced last season, and the diversion from the Eastern to the Western market promises to be much larger this season than last. We see clearances of lumber for the ports of Lake Michigan are constantly going on from the Canadian ports in this Lake. No less than 1,000,000 feet cleared at Oswego on Saturday for Chicago and Milwaukee. The low rates of up Lake freights are such that lumber will go from Oswego to Chicago as cheap or cheaper than on the Hudson by canal. Such are the advantages of lake over Canal navigation, that 200 miles of the latter are equal in expense to 1200 miles of the former. From the Canadian ports this difference is still greater, a transhipment being saved. The rapid settlement of the Western prairies has made Chicago the greatest lumber market in the country, perhaps in the world. The great Western diversion of lumber will be likely to raise the value of this production the markes of the Hudson."

THE CASE STRIKES A BEAUMAN.—There was impressive compactness, and sad truthfulness, in the Menominee Chief Grizzly Bear's critical judgment upon the stone groups in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Turning to the eastern door, way, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, he said, 'There Ingen give white man corn;' to the north, to the representation of Penn's treaty,—'There Ingen give um lands;' and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Capt. Smith, 'there Ingen save um life;' and lastly, to the south where the pioneer, Daniel Boon, plunges his knife into the breast of one red man, while his foot rests on the body of another—'and there white man kill Ingen.'

BURLINGTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY, 23, 1856.

The late Luther Severance.

An interesting memoir of Hon. Luther Severance, which first appeared in the Kennebec Journal, from the pen of the editor, Jas. G. Blaine, Esq., has been put forth in a pamphlet form. Mr. Severance was the first editor of that journal, and for 25 years, (from 1825 to 1850, he gave it a high character. The last four years of active employment in his life were spent at the Sandwich Islands, as the diplomatic representative of the United States. His conduct there was every way to his own honor and to that of the Government who sent him there, and acceptable to the Government of the Islands. He returned in feeble health in 1854, and died in 1855. As an Editor, a Representative in the State Legislature and in Congress, he was noted as an able, steady, and consistent upholder of what were called Whig principles. So long as the Whig party had any national vitality, he adhered to it. But when the Southern Whigs almost unanimously joined the Administration party in repealing the Missouri Compromise, he considered the Whig party, as a national organization, at an end. In December, 1854, a month before his death, he published his solemn opinion that the former issues had gone by. "It is high time," he said, "that *Northern men should unite*, whether Whigs, Democrats, Know-nothings or Know-somethings, Free-soilers or Liberty-men, to trample in the dust every northern dough-face who yielded his vote to this iniquity, [viz: the repeal of the Missouri Compromise,] and then to take care to make no more compromises on the question of Slavery, but to return inflexibly to the policy of Washington, Franklin and Jefferson; i. e. of limiting, restricting and finally abolishing slavery, instead of extending it over the Continent. To do this *we must unite effectually with those who concur with us*, and we must do it without delay. It is a present exigency, more important at the moment than any other political question."

(From the Auburn American.)

There is not a distinctive political party in the country that would not resist the admission of Kansas into the Confederacy as a Slave State. That territory cannot, never will be, so admitted. She will come in as a Free State. Her admission will not long be postponed.

Well, admitting all this—as every reasonable politician does—even extreme parties unhesitatingly do—and where is the ground or basis of the so-called "Republican" Party? It amounts to nothing—which is about what that Party itself amounts to.

These things should be remembered and frequently thought of in this canvass.

By such impudent statements as the above the attempt is made to hood wink those who do not read and think for themselves—to draw their attention off from the greatest issue which has ever been before the American people, the very end in view being, if the voters can be lulled to sleep, to bring Kansas in as a slave State. The southern papers make no such lying statements as the above. They say, boldly, Kansas shall be a slave State, peaceably if it may be, but forcibly if not otherwise. Their doughfaced lackeys of the north are the ones who talk as the Auburn American does.

A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION of a steam boiler in the distillery works of Cyrus Elson & CO., Albany took place on the 15th inst. The machinery was torn to pieces, the buildings mostly demolished, and fragments of materials and of human bodies were scattered in all directions.

The remains of Cyrus Elson, the owner, were found in the second story of the distillery, sixty feet north of the boiler-room, between the braces under a steep tub, with a portion of his face cut off, one foot off his foot, the sole of the other carried off, and his body horribly mangled. Of the head nothing remained but his jaw bone. The body was only identified by a ring upon his finger and this indentification was made by his brother, partner in the business.

George Henderson, the engineer, was so disfigured and cut to pieces that he was only recognized by his clothing.

James Donnivan, a laborer on the works; his head and legs were severed from his body.

Among the rubbish was found a leg for which no owner could be found, and it is feared that its body was carried into the river.

Daniel Royle, a plummer in the employ of Peter Smith & Sons, was badly scalded, blown into the river, but was rescued from drowning. His arm was broken.

Phelix McCaffrey, in the employ of the same firm, was also badly scalded, and was found with his pants and boots stripped off.

The boiler was a new one of fifty horse power. It was supposed from the evidence given, that the water had been allowed to get too low in the boiler and hence the explosion.

DISTURBANCES IN SYRIA.—A serious disturbance has taken place at Naplous. Rev. Mr. Lyde, English missionary, was leaving Naplous, when a half-witted Arab (looked upon by the natives as a holy man) demanded alms, and seized Mr. Lyde's gun which was hanging before him on the saddle. Unfortunately the piece exploded and killed the man. The Arab population immediately rose, plundered the house of the English Consul, a school and a Greek church, tore down the French and English flags, and ended by killing the father of the Prussian Consul, who was attempting to defend the property of the English. Mr. Lyde took refuge in the Governor's house and was brought to Jerusalem by an escort of cavalry sent for him by the Pasha.

The north of Syria is in a very disturbed state. In and about the mountains there are 50,000 men, all carrying arms, and the Turkish government would be powerless against any rising of the people.

A SMOKING RAILROAD ACCIDENT, occurred at Newton Corner, 7 miles west of Boston, on the 14th inst. Mr. William McFarland, wife and sister were crossing the track in a chaise just as the Albany train was approaching. The wheels of the chaise were struck by the engine, and the three were thrown violently out. Mrs. McFarland was thrown head foremost against the heavy upright wooden post which supported one end of the usual cautionary signboard at railroad crossings, "Look out for the engine while the bell rings," and was instantly killed. Miss Hunstin, the other lady, was also thrown against the post, and instantly killed. Mr. McFarland was thrown to the ground, and his right shoulder was badly broken and bruised.

MR. HERBERT, the member of Congress, who shot the waiter at Willard's has had his examination, and was recognized in the sum of $10,000 for his appearance at the June term of the Criminal Court, to answer to the charge of manslaughter.

THREE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.—The royal mail steamship Asia, Capt. Lott, from Liverpool 3d inst., arrived at New York, May 16th. The news by this arrival is unimportant, but the official report of the proceedings of the Congress of Paris had come to hand. The report adds little to our previous knowledge. The most interesting feature of the business took place after the treaty was signed, in the shape of an interchange of opinions on subjects of European interest. Count Walewski invited the assembled plenipotentiaries to this interchange of sentiment, and himself went over the ground, referring to the disturbed condition of Greece and Italy, and recommending that suggestions to rule more mildly should be conveyed to the Italian governments. In this recommendation the Plenipotentiaries more or less heartily agreed. Count Cavour, on behalf of Sardinia, demanded that a secular government be established in the Roman Legation, and that the Austrian troops be withdrawn, inasmuch as their presence in Italy disturbs the political equilibrium, and constitutes a real danger for Sardinia. This speech led to some sharp words between the Austrian and Sardinian representatives, but it ended in nothing. While on these subjects, Count Walewski threw out a cunning bait to entrap the Congress into a measure of repression against the Belgian Press, but Lord Clarendon refusing in cold terms to lend the influence of England to any measure tending to check freedom of opinion, M. Walewski backed out of the proposal in the best manner he could. The plenipotentiaries then discussed and assented to a new declaration of maritime law, agreeing that a neutral flag shall make free cargo, except contraband of war; shall be free even under an enemy's flag; that blockades, to be respected, must be effective; and that privateering is forever abolished. To these important principles the plenipotentiaries gave the adhesion of their governments, Russia qualifying her assent in the matter of privateering.

In the British Parliament, the adjourned debate on Mr. Whiteside's vote of censure on the government for the fall of Kars, had been pressed to a division, when the motion was lost by a majority against it of 127.

Military courtesies, it seems, are being exchanged between the armies but lately ranged in battle array, one against the other.—According to the latest advices from the Crimea, the Allied troops had been reviewed by the Russian Commander-in-chief.

Among the latest intelligence received at Liverpool, by telegraph from London, is a treaty between Queen Victoria, Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria, in which the contracting Powers guarantee jointly and severally the independence of the Ottoman Empire.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The George Law arrived at New York on the 16th inst., with 800 passengers and $1,700,000 in gold.

A severe accident had happened on the Panama Railroad, to the train carrying the George Law's outward bound passengers. The whole train was run off the track, and made a complete wreck. There were nine cars and 300 passengers, chiefly steerage.

At the latest advices the wreck had not been wholly cleared, but 30 bodies had been taken out. There were very few ladies or children injured. Among the wounded and killed were a number of the brakemen.

There were no signs of further disturbances at Panama. The citizens of Panama had formed a guard for the protection of property, and the authorities had placed a force at the disposal of the Railroad Company, so that no further violence was anticipated.

The correspondence between the Governor of Panama and Commander Bailey, of the U. States ship St. Mary's, which is now at Panama, is published in full. The closing note of the latter is exceedingly sharp. He tells the Governor that his answers are not satisfactory, and afford no assurance of the safety of passengers for the future, and that, until he hears from his own government in the matter, he will take all further means in his power to avert farther danger.

The California news is unimportant.

Heavy rains have prevailed throughout the State during the past fortnight. Mining operations have taken a new start. The grain crops promise an abundant harvest. The Governor has signed a bill consolidating the City and County of San Francisco. The Democrats have carried their municipal ticket at Sacramento. The Republicans attempted to hold a mass meeting at the same place, but were driven from the ground by violence. There was a large fire at Placerville on the 16th ult.: loss 50,000. A powder vessel at sank in the river on election day, loss $70,000. Business was dull at San Francisco.

OREGON.—The Cascades were retaken by the regular troops previous to the 5th, and the Indians dispersed towards the mountains.

THE GRANT of lands recently made by Congress to Iowa in aid of the construction of railroads, provides for four railroads through the state and one branch road. One line is from Washington to the mouth of Platte river; one from Davenport to Council Bluffs; one from Lyons to the Missouri river near the forty-second parallel; and one from Dubuque to Sioux City. Then there is a branch provided for from the mouth of the valley of the Tetes des Monts, on the Mississippi river, opposite Galena, Illinois, to intersect the main line from Dubuque west, the said branch to be completed as soon as the main line is finished to the proposed point of intersection.

☞It is announced from Washington that Padre Vijil, Minister of Fillibuster Walker's Nicaraguan Government to the United States, has presented his credentials and was immediately recognized by the President. In taking this step (unless all rumor is at fault) the President has declined to listen to the advice of Secretary Marcy, as well as forfeited the good opinion the Administration won by its refusal to recognize French, when he presented himself as Minister from the same "Government."

THE largest water-wheel in the world is said to be at the Albany Nail Works. It is computed at 1000 horse power. Here is worked up annually, 10,000 tons of iron into horse shoes, nails, rivets, &c. There are used 15,000 tons of coal, and 3000 tons of ore. The business amounts to $1,000,000 a year, and the amount paid for wages, exclusive of the extensive teaming account, to $170,000 a year, or about $3000 a week to 500 hands.

A Mr. Brown was just driving on to the bridge over the Montmorenci Falls when the structure fell with three people on it. His horse started back as soon as his feet touched the bridge, and immediately after it sank into the chasm 300 feet below.

KANSAS EMIGRANTS.—The Albany Evening Journal says:

"The second Party of emigrants for Kansas, under the auspices of the New York State Kansas Committee, left on the 14th inst. Accounts to the Party, when complete, some 70 persons, Boatmen and Boatgirls, making a company of about 80 persons. A Mr. Hoskins is the party sent as agent by Gov. Geo. Reid, of Ohio, on behalf of the Kansas Cause. A Kansas flag was presented to the party, accompanied by the following inscription:

"Liberty & Equality, Law & Order, Peace & Prosperity."

A third party under the direction of the New York State Committee, will start from Albany on the 10th day of June next.

Buford's Bibliography. Alabama ruffians are thus described, by the Cairo (Ill.) Times of April 24:—a Frank Pierce paper in its politics. Speaking of the arrival of the America from New Orleans, the previous Saturday, it says:

"We also brought up about 200 of the most desperate ruffians and cutthroats we ever saw. They hailed from Alabama and the sand hills of Georgia, and said they were going to Kansas to vote, and return after the election. Each was armed with a bowie-knife and revolver, which he seemed to take great delight in exhibiting to every body. On Sunday morning, some of them were on the deck amidship of the boat, full of whisky, and swore that there several men and boys aboard of them in a most cruel manner. The boat nudging as the boat was going up the Mississippi river, several young men were standing on the wheel house, when the boys and men commenced throwing their pistols and shotguns at them, and continued the sport pretty much all the way up the river. If there is going to be a catching more bruises in Kansas than there did here, we determined men could whip a whole nation of them. We hope when they return they will stop some one two in Cairo, that they may get their just deserts."

(From the Boston Post.)

"Sick of Kansas."

That we are obliged to publish frequent and detailed accounts of events occurring in Kansas—that those necessarily occupy a large space in our paper—that they may become wearisome to those who do not sufficiently estimate their importance, we are very ready to admit. But there are two considerations which we beg leave to urge in extenuation of our offence.

I. It is the duty of every man to interest himself in this government under which he lives in peace, to which he is indebted for his prosperity, from which flow so many of his blessings. The Declaration of Independence may have been a farce, the revolution unnecessary, the fath