H. BELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF EIGHTH VOLUME.

Village subscribers. $2 00
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If not paid at be end of the year 2 25
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All communications must be addressed to the editor Post Paid

The Northern Galaxy.

VOL. VIII. MIDDLEBURY, VT.---WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1844. NUMBER 40.

THE NORTHERN GALAXY,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING
IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS,
BY J. COBB JR.
BY WHOM ALL ORDERS FOR PRINTING
BOOKS,
PAMPHLETS,
BILLS,
WAY-BILLS,
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SONG OF THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY A LADY.

I BUILD my nest on the mountain's crest,
Where the wild winds rock my eaglets to rest;
Where the lightnings flash and the thunders crash,
And the roaring torrents foam and dash:
For my spirit free heaceforth shall be
A type for the sons of Liberty.

And I fly, from my eyrie high,
Through the vaulted dome of the azure sky;
Or, sunbeam bright take my airy flight,
And bat in a flood of liquid light:
For I love to play in the noontide ray,
And bask in a blaze from the throne of Day.

Away I spring, with a tireless wing,
On the feathery cloud I poise and swing;
I dart down the steep where the lightnings leap,
And the clear blue canopy slowly sweep:
For dear to me is the revelry
Of a free and fearless Liberty.

I love the land where the mountains stand
Like the watch-towers high of a patriot band—
For I may not hide, in my glory and pride,
Though the land be never so fair and wide,
Where Luxury reigns o'er voluptuous plains,
And fetters the free-born soul in chains.

Then give to me in my flight to see
The Land of the Pilgrims ever free;
And I ne'er will rove from the haunts I love,
Be watch, from my sentinel track above,
Your banner true over land and sea,
And exult in your glorious destiny.

Oh, guard me well the land where I dwell,
Lest in fortune times the tale I tell,
When slow expires in smouldering fires
The goodly heritage of your sires,
How Freedom's light rose clear and bright
From fair Columbia's beacon hight,
'Till ye quenched the flame in a starless night.

Then will I tear from your pennon fair
The stars ye set in triumph there!
My olive-branch on the blast I'll launch,
The flittering stripes from the flag-staff wrench!
And away I'll flee, for I scorn to see
A craven race in the Land of the Free. D.

Boston, Vt. January, 1844.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Northern Galaxy.

FAIR PLAY IS A JEWELL.

H. BELL Esq.—DEAR SIR:—I saw an extract in your paper of Dec. last from the Central New York Farmer of a communication from H. S. Randall Cortland Village N. Y. which gave a very glowing description of S. W. Jewett's Sheep of Weybridge. Also another communication appeared in the Cultivator of Jan. 7th last from the same gentleman, giving an answer to some inquiries which the Editor of the Cultivator had made relative to Paular sheep in general, and Mr. Jewett's Buck Fortune's character, pretensions, and progeny, in particular. At the head of the latter communication, he gave a portrait of S. W. Jewett's *Paular* Buck Fortune. He then gave some little history of Paulars generally; but it was very obvious that the main thing aimed at in the communication, was to exalt Mr. Jewett's *Paular* buck, and in the description given he brings into view the celebrated *Don Pedro* another *Paular* buck which Mr. Jewett formerly owned, and as the readers of the agricultural papers know, has been pictured out and extoled as surpassing any thing in the shape of a sheep in the country.

In this communication I shall show that in the articles above alluded to, the writer has made erroneous statements, misled the reader, and drawn wrong conclusions, whether purposely or not, is not for me to say. It is difficult to believe that it is all mistake or misunderstanding. If it is, I hope the public will have the explanation.

There are three points which I shall particularly notice in the communications alluded to.

First, Mr. Randall states that Jewett's Buck Fortune "was bred by that gentleman, sold by him a lamb, and subsequently repurchased at $200."

This is all *false* except that Mr. Jewett gave for the sheep when he purchased him at three years old $200.

The sheep I raised myself, sold him when a lamb to Mr. Loyal C. Remelee of this town for 15 dollars, and Mr. Remelee kept him two years and sold him to Jonathan Wilson of this town for 30 dollars, of whom Mr. Jewett purchased him, after Mr. Wilson had kept him about a year.

Second, He is represented to be a *Paular* buck. How he came to be worthy of that name, I am unable to account; except in these degenerate times, when a man wishes to make a little more of his sheep than they will really bear, he has a portrait drawn, and forthwith it is sent to the Editor of an agricultural paper, with the caption a *Paular Buck* "*bred and owned*" &c.

The same display was made when Mr. Jewett owned the celebrated Don Pedro. He too was Paular. So of course, the two sheep must be very near of kin. But what are the facts in the case? The sheep are about as much alike as a negro and a white man, for they are both of Adam's race, and these two bucks are both sheep.

The fact in the case is that neither of the bucks have any peculiar claim to this title, as can with the greatest ease be shown; but it will be sufficient for my present purpose to show, that Jewett's Buck Fortune has not.—He was raised from an ewe purchased on Long Island by Mr. Beedle, for Judge Rich of this town. She might or might not have had some Paular blood in her, and sired by a buck which I purchased of the Hon. Wm. Jarvis of Weathersfield this State; he was purchased when a lamb eight years ago.

It is well known that Mr. Jarvis imported 5 kinds of merino sheep some 25 or 30 years since, and that one of these kinds was Paular. Mr. Jarvis has not kept the different varieties separate and distinct, but mixed them together, and bred his full blood merinos in this style. After breeding many years in this mixed manner, I purchased the sire of Jewett's Fortune. Luckily, it seems my buck turned out to be pure *Paular*, or else his progeny is better than he. Query? Mr. Randall asserts that "a Paular without his ruffle would be like a *white* Berkshire—nobody would give credit to his pedigree." By the ruffle is meant a huge dewlap, extending from the jaw to the brisket. The sire of Fortune was *without* his ruffle. So much for the title *Paular* in Mr. Jewett's Fortune.

Relative to the *celebrated* Don Pedro. I doubt whether as much could be said favorable to his claim.

Before taking up the third point that I have particularly in view, I wish to notice some other statements, made by Mr. Randall in his communication in the Cultivator, and one is relative to the weight of fleece taken from year to year from the buck Fortune. As stated by Mr. Randall it is as follows:

	Don Pedro.	Fortune.
1st year,	6lbs. 7oz.	7lbs. 9oz.
2d year,	9lbs. 4oz.	12lbs.
3d year,	12lbs.	13lbs. 4oz.
4th year,	14lbs.	
5th year,	13lbs.	

I would ask why the fourth year of Fortune is a blank. Mr. Jewett sheared him the 4th year, from whom *probably* Mr. Randall gets his information. Has there not been time enough for Mr. Jewett to inform Mr. Randall? Or did he forget it when he gave the weight of Pedro's fleece? Or is there another reason more probable still? and that is the increase runs the wrong way to be published—say minus some 3 pounds and over. If there had been an increase as there ought to have been at this age we should not have found a blank for the fourth clip. It may be said that he was sheared 2 or 3 weeks sooner than last year. Very well, how much must be allowed for that? A half pound or even a pound and then how does it stand when added to ten pounds? Again it may be said he was sheared soon after washing. Very well, just let us know how he was washed, whether in the river or in a washtub, a modern style of washing.

Mr. Randall writes "that Mr. Jewett states that the full blood yearlings of Fortunes get taking buck weathers and ewes together will average between five and six pounds of washed wool." I ask how Mr. Jewett knew this, for he has not sheared any of his own raising, sired by Fortune. To find the true criterion by which to judge, we must refer to the gentlemen who have sheared a flock sired by Fortune. I would like to hear their testimony. But I pass to the third point. Mr. Randall states in writing to the Editor of the "Central New-York Farmer" "I had on the ground (at the County Fair) a yearling buck and ewe *from the flock* of our friend S. W. Jewett, of Weybridge, Vermont which I sheared of well washed wool after all the loss of their journey, the buck 8lbs. the ewe 5lbs. 12oz." Again he writes "Let————say what he will Jewett's sheep *cannot be beaten*." Now this statement is in keeping with other statements made. These sheep were not from Mr. Jewett's flock. They were not probably on Jewett's premises a week, and this whatever time it might have been was what time elapsed from his purchase of them to the time of shipping them for Mr. Randall. They were purchased of L. C. Remelee and were raised by him. They were sired by Jewett's buck Fortune while he was owned by Mr. Remelee. So much for *Jewetts sheep* that cannot be beaten. In the Cultivator we find the following from Mr. Randall "I never have seen finer formed *finer* bred Merinos than either of them (the two yearlings alluded to) nor *finer wooled ones*." I would invite Mr. Randall to visit Addison County and take a look at the flocks here, and it is *possible* he might see "*fine wooled*" Merino's. If he thinks that they are remarkably large, he ought to inquire how much *bread and butter* they have eaten.

I do not covet the writing such a communication as this, but I feel that when communications appear in the public print which give a reputation for breeding to those who are not entitled to it, and robbing those who are, exposure is called for.

TYLER STICKNEY.

Shoreham Feb. 1, 1844.

THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

The recent civil commotions in Hayti have, it seems, resulted in various important political and civil reforms, and a reorganization of the constitution of the Haytian Republic, which promises a decided improvement in the government and in the practical administration of it, in all its great branches. At all events, the following outline of the new constitution recognizes many just and enlightened principles, and speaks well for the intelligence of its framers. It is taken from the U. S. (Phil.) Gazette.

We are indebted to friend for a copy of the new Constitution of the Republic of Hayti.

The first section provides for the political division of the Republic, and declares that Africans and Indians, or the descendants of either, by one or the other parent, may become citizens; but no white person can become a citizen, or hold real estate.

The second section provides for the civil and political rights.

The third section provides for equality in the eyes of the world. *All modes of worship shall be equally free.* The freedom of the press is guarantied. Schools to be established for both sexes, the teaching free and gratuitous. Trial by jury is granted. The people have a right to assemble peacably, and without arms. The powers of the Legislature Executive, and Judiciary, are defined. The Executive is a President. The Legislature is composed of a Senate and House of Commons. One third of the Senate is renewable every two years. The whole of these, however resembled those of ths same bodies in the United States. The heads of the four Departments are called Secretaries of State. The qualifications of voters are fixed.

SHORT—BUT FULL OF POINT AND FORCE. The *Yazoo City Whig*, published at the city of Yazoo Mississippi, has the following pithy paragraph. It sets forth in a few words in a very happy manner, a portion of the advantages which have resulted from the Whig Tariff of 1842, and we are the more pleased to copy it, as it comes from a part of the country where erroneous views with respect to the effect of the protective principle, have unhappily too long prevailed:—

WHAT HAS IT DONE.—The Whig principle of Protection has made us *exporters* instead of *importers* of manufactured cottons; *exporters* instead of *importers* of calicoes; exporters instead of importers of mixed cloths; and importers instedd of exporters of Specie. Why then should hard money men oppose a Protective Tariff.

Agricultural Societies have been formed in a majority of the counties in the State.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Polish Wife.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1831.

'It was for this I loved him so,
And lavished hopes that brightly shone;
My heart—my soul—my weal below—
My trust in heaven—on Him alone:
All—all was given to retain
One so beloved—not loved in vain!

The struggle between the brave Poles and their despotic masters, has been productive not merely of scenes of interest and import, but the main incidents of individual life been produced with a coloring and effect, that only similar circumstances could give birth to. Men that had hitherto plodded on through the even tenor of their way, unbroken by an occurrence of import, have suddenly burst, as it were, into a new existence, and opened a career of greatness and of glory: others that have, in the 'sullenness of despair,' borne the heavy weight of the oppressors, chains with a mere sigh, now throw down the galling burthen, and clenching the avenging sword, uprear their heads, and shout for liberty! For liberty, the one daring idol that alone occupied their thoughts when groaning beneath the the yoke of tyrranny, and which alone possessed their souls, when they were forced to bend and kiss the dust at their masters feet, and, with bursting hearts, to implore heaven's blessings on them! But the bondage is now burst, the lion is freed from his toils, and goaded to madness by the cruel torments which he has been forced to endure, rushes with deadly vengeance upon his oppressors, and liberty or extermination are his fixed resolve. In such a contest, widely must the stream of blood flow, and many must the patriots hearts be that sink in the conflict, and yield their existence in the sacred cause for which their heart-springs have been so nobly drained. Many must be the incidents and anecdotes connected therewith, that deserve to be eurolled upon the sacred records of posterity, and many the names that should be carried down to latest ages, covered with glory and with honor. Among these, Nicholas Rolofski, and his little family, with the story connected with the period of their life at this important period, is deserving of particular notice.

Rolofski had been an officer in the service of Constantine, but had quitted it in consequence of a disagreement with a brother officer respecting a female whose affections the former had succeeded in gaining, to the destruction of the hopes of Wrelschoff; a continuance in the same regiment with his rival, after his marriage with Christine, Rolofski considered would not only be imprudent, but hurtful to the feelings of Wrelschoff, whom, nothwithstanding the quarrel between them, he still respected, and sought to avoid occasion of again coming in collision with. He retired from public life to the cultivation of a little farm, and the enjoyment of domestic life, irradiated by the charm of happiness and contentment; and in which the smiles and endearments of an affectionate wife spoke a language of peace and contentment; to his heart, and amply recompensed for the more noisy gratifications of society, and the business of the world. Where is the home that is not prized, which is hallowed by the spell of woman's love—where is the abode that is not happy, sanctified by the purity of the affection of woman's heart, infusing its divine spirit into all our thoughts and feelings, and breathing a language of perfect enjoyment and unalloyed felicity!

Of all the gratifications of life, there is none superior, or holier than the purity of a wife's affection; the other relative situations are mean in comparison; we may feel for the affection of a brother, and support and guide the steps of a beloved sister, we may perform the offices of charity and benevolence, and become honored and respected from our kind interference in the cause of sorrow and distress; the voice of gratitude may reach our ear, and the tear upon the eye-lid of the relieved may speak eloquently to our feelings; but where is the sympathy—where is the tone that is so irresistible as that breathed by the woman whom we love? It falls like the rich dew from heaven upon the barren plain of the human heart, and brings to light and life the hidden treasures that no lesser power could reveal. In the affection of a wife, we can repose all our sorrows, all our cares; *her* sympathy will lighten their weight, *her* voice will dissipate their power, and enable us to effect their dissolution. Are we happy?——then, too, is the beloved object at our side, sharing with us the depths of woe. Rolofski enjoyed this happiness; loving and beloved by his faithful Christine, the years of his life rolled on in an unbroken stream of brightness and nothing interspersed to break the beautiful charm that so tenderly endeared to him existence and all other things. The birth of a son, who, as he grew in years, seemed to inherit the combined charm of his mother's beauty, with the noble spirit of his sire, more firmly knitted the bonds of affection, that had united Rolofski and Christine, and their happiness became the exemplar to which the aspirations of the youths of all the surrounding neighborhood were addressed.

The bolt, however, at length burst; and the sacred banner of liberty was raised by the oppressed Poles, and patriots from all directions enlisted beneath it, and vowed to destroy the power that had bound them down in slavery, or yield their lives in the attempt. Rolofski beheld with joy the resolute steps of his countrymen, and his heart burned to enjoy with them the glory of redeeming the national character from the obloquy which had been attached thereto;—dissuaded, however, from his desire, by the entreaties of Christine, who implored him for her sake—for the sake of his boy—whom the chance of war might render fatherless and unprotected; he yielded to the facinations of home, and displayed his patriotic fervor merely by assisting, to the utmost of his power, the noble spirits that had devoted their lives to the redemption of their native land. He received the wounded, and instructed the young recruit, revealed to him the science of warfare, and all the manœuvres of attack, which were so necessary for the contest—and with prayers and blessings dismissed the young hero to the encounter. Exultingly, he beheld the banner of freedom floating upon the air, and the sons of liberty spreading death amidst the forces that had so long held their souls in subjection; exultingly, he saw the spirit of popular determination crushing the power of tyranny; and exultingly did he welcome the return of the young warriors who had succeeded in driving their oppressors from their seat of power. The first assault of the patriots had been crowned with success.

Too speedily, however, they resigned themselves to enjoyment and rejoicing;—heated with success, they beheld nothing but glory in the perspective, and in the confidence of future triumphs, gave themselves up to the gratification of the moment. In vain, were the remonstrances of Rolofski addressed to them, in vain did he picture the, even then, perilous nature of their situation, opposed to such force and discipline;—their own power was considered ample, and the fears of Rolofski deemed chimerical and vain. He had conceived, however, too truly, for a band of the government forces burst suddenly upon this spot, and an action commenced, that terminated in the complete dispersion of the patriots and the triumph af their oppressors.—Rolofski's farm, where many of the retreating had taken refuge, was assailed, and fired; the flames spread with rapidity—the shrieks of the affrighted and agonized wife and mother, were drowned in the absorbing tumult of the fight; Rolofski, beholding himself reduced to the last extremity, rushed upon the ruthless destroyers of his little property, and fought with that desperation which his sense of public wrong and personal injury inspired—but his effort was vain, for exhausted and powerless, he sunk beneath the whelming weight of superior numbers, and was, with his infant boy, made prisoner.

Morning dawned, and the sun blazed with its full splendor over the spot where, on the previous day, the beautious cottage of Rolofski shone in its beams;—now they fell only upon a mass of smoking ruins, lonely and desolate, the fearful evidence of the destruction of the force of tyranny. One individual alone stood gazing upon the mournful scene—one young and beautiful being, in the silent agony of sorrow, stood gazing upon the smoking ruins of her hitherto happy home! It was Christine—the wife and the mother—yesterday in the enjoyment of the richest blessings of heaven, now reduced to the depths of anguish and despair; like a fairy dream her happiness had floated away, and she stood gazing upon the wreck, abstracted, pale, and motionless! Husband and child were torn from her—that husband so tenderly endeared to her—that child so fondly loved—both prisoners, taken in the very heat of rebellion, whose punishment was instant death! She shuddered as her imagination contemplated the fearful result, and turning from the scene of her burning home, she formed the resolution of following the band that were carrying away all that the world held dear to her, of throwing herself at their feet, of imploring mercy in the name of heaven, and trusting to her agony and despair for the relief of her husband and her child.

This was the natural resolution of an affectionate woman, of a woman whose soul was bound to that of her husband, not by the ordinary ties of law, but by that divine chain which should ever link the hearts of wedded beings—of a woman esteeming existence but for the enjoyment of her husband and her son, in whose happiness she lived, and in whose death she could die, nor wish to live when those should be torn from her. It was the natural impulse of a wife's affection, that induced Christine to follow the hasty march of the despoilers of her home—that impulse which we see so often exerted, but too frequently without avail: too often is the heroism of woman despised, too often the dignity of her character contemned, and her intrepidity laughed to scorn. Christine arrived at the camp, she made her way through the revelling soldiery, and fell directly at the feet of the commanding officer, and stretching out her arms in supplication, exclaimed—'Mercy, mercy!—forgive my husband—restore my unoffending child!' The officer gazed in astonishment at the agony of the woman, and immediately raising her from the ground, enquired the meaning of her supplication; but ere he could finish his inquiry, Christine had turned her languid eyes upon his countenance, and shrieking at the sight, shrunk hastily away. It was her husband's rival—Wrelschoff!

'Christine!' exclaimed the officer, as he recognized her—'Christine!'

'Mercy, mercey!' cried the agonized wife, and again sunk in supplication at his feet.

'Nay, rise Christine,' rejoined the officer, 'so fair, so dear a friend, must not bend thus; repeat your griefs, tell me the cause of all this agony, and trust in my sincere deeire to serve you.'

'My husband and my child are prisoners!'

'Your *husband*, Christine! Rolofski a prisoner! The darling wish of my soul—my first, best hope was, that I might one day repay the insult and the injury Rolofski inflicted, in depriving me of my love; and now he falls a victim to the outraged laws, and is my prisoner!'

'Wrelschoff,' exclaimed the wife, 'you surely do not contemplate *revenge*;—you do not mean to punish my husband for the mere act of loving me, of being beloved! Oh no, you will not, cannot be so cruel!'

'Christine,' rejoined the officer, 'that I loved you, fondly, passionately, you well know; you know the restless days and sleepless nights of my boyhood, when this romantic feeling possessed my soul, burned in my heart, and maddened even my brain; you know that well. I might have won you, had not this Rolofski come between us, and snatched away the prize, at the very moment I believed it truly mine! Years have passed since that time—Rolofski has been a happy joyful bridegroom—Wrelschoff a lonely soldier. In the intervals of military duty, the form of Christine has ever presented itself, and the enjoyment of Rolofski, my hated rival, perpetually recurred. Then, then, in these bitter moments have I sworn, in the sacred face of heaven, to revenge the injury, if ever the chance of fate or fortune threw my rival in my power——'

'O God!—you do not mean——' interrupted the agonized wife of the patriot.

'Christine! exclaimed the soldier, in a deep low, and determined tone, 'my feelings now are as they were in my boyhood;—Rolofski's head is beneath the axe, and my vengeance is satisfied! *You* can save him—I need not add the means.'

She hastily turned from the officer in indignation, and in a proud and contemptuous tone exclaimed, 'Christine is a Polish wife and knows her duty!'

'Ay,' rejoined Wrelschoff, 'but Christine is a Polish *mother*.'

Christine hesitated a moment as she contemplated the power of the ruthless soldier and its probable effects, but as instantly assumed her former attitude of resignation, and rejoined, 'My trust is in heaven to whose power I commend my husband and my child!'

A soldier at this moment announced that the prisoners had escaped; the sentinels had fallen asleep upon the watch, and Rolofski and his son had climbed to the grated window, from which they leaped into the open field, and had succeeded in effecting their escape.

'My prayer is heard—I have not implored the protection of heaven in vain!' shouted the Polish wife, as the happy intelligence reached her ears of her husband's safety, and her child's 'Now Wrelschoff, where's your *vengeance?*'

'Even here,' exclaimed he, seizing her hand,—'the pretty Christine must be a hostage for her husband's return;' and he ordered her to be instautly detained.

Rolofski and his boy hastened with all their speed to the neighborhood of their home, in order to ascertain the safety of the beloved wife and mother. All that met their view, however, when arrived, was the mass of black ruins, here and their venting thin streams of smoke, and all around and about, still, lone and desolate. The distracted husband called upon the name of Christine, but no voice responded to his cry; he shouted with all his might, and the boy assisted, but all their hopes expired beneath the desparing conviction, that the one object of their search and solicitude had fled the mournful scene. Afraid to remain upon the spot, they immediately hastened to the nearest rendezvous of the patriots, and the name of Nicholas Rolofski was enrolled in the list of those intreped heroes, whose lives were devoted to the redemption of Poland from its state of slavery and oppression.

Concluded next week.

OHIO.

A Whig State Convention was held last week at Columbus. DANIEL SPANGLER of Coshocton was nominated for the office of Governor. Ex-Governor Corwin declining the nomination. Mr. Spangler was formerly an influential Member of Congress. He is a warm friend of Mr. Clay and enjoys the unlimited confidence of the Whigs of Ohio.

The Locofocos also held a State Convention at Columbus the same week, and nominated Daniel Tod as their candidate for Governor. He is represented as being a man of limited capacity, and an advocate of Hard Money and Free Trade.

According to the Ohio State Journal, any thing but harmony characterized the proceedings of the Locofoco Convention. A resolution was offered respecting the delegates from the various districts to meet during the recess for the purpose of choosing a committee of 21 (one from each district) whose duty it should be to select delegates to represent the State in the Baltimore Convention. This resolution was instantly opposed with much warmth and acrimony by Messrs Manhypenny, Shannon, Sawyer and Lum, and supported by Messrs Thurman, Medary, Wolcott, and Stanton. The first named gentlemen insisted on each district appointing its own delegate to the National Convention during the recess. The resolution was finally adopted in its original shape, but the vote was so close that it had to be taken three times before a decision was made. The discussion was exceedingly bitter and every thing indicated discord and division among the faithful.

The advices from Ohio are in the highest degree cheering. The spirit of 1840 bids fair to be aroused in the approaching contest. The fact of Mr. Van Buren being now the acknowledged candidate of the Locofocos, adds new life to the Whig party in that State, while it proportionally dispirits of the Locos. Van Buren has never received the vote of Ohio, and it is said by Gov. Shannon and other prominent Locos, never will. His friends in that State are evidently in a minority; and are found chiefly among the Old Hunkers. Dick'y Johnson being there the man of the Locofoco "people."

CLAY CLUBS.

The Livingston Republican of the 9th contains a call signed by five hundred Whigs of that county for a meeting at Genesee on the 17th to form a County Clay Club, and to take measures to call out the full Whig vote of that patriotic county for HENRY CLAY.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser contains a call for a meeting to form a Clay Club, signed by 400 Whigs.

The Whigs of Auburn have also issued a call for the same purpose, signed by several hundred friends of the Man of the People.

These and similar indications all over the country, show that the Whigs are beginning to prepare for the Presidential election in the proper manner. By early and strict organization we shall obtain an important advantage over our opponents.

"THE PARTY."

The correspondents of neutral journals state that the recent Locofoco Caucus in Washington broke up in great confusion. No common point of contact existing between the Northern and Southern members, no approximation of opinion could be effected.

After the caucus was over, the Van Burenites undertook to whip the impracticable back into the ranks. But the latter, indignant at such treatment, held a caucus at the rooms of Dixon H. Lewis, according to the correspondent of the True Sun, and adopted a difinitive plan of action.

The "chivalry" have now taken the field in earnest against the Old Hunkers, and the breach between the two is widening every day. The impression at Washington is universal that Mr. Van. Buren will not be able to carry a single Southern State. In a few days, it is predicted that Mr. Calhoun's organ, the Spectator, will take a decided stand against Van Burenism and the principles by which his nomination is sought to be effected. Mr Rhett, who, it is said, is the author of all the leading political articles which appear in that paper, will open the war with his whole vigor upon Van Buren and his supporters, individually and collectively. Mr. Colhoun's letter will also probably be published ere long, and add fresh fuel to the flame which already burns so fiercely in the breasts of the "harmonious democracy."

This being the condition of Locofocoracy, it is gratifying to observe with what entire unanimity the whole Whig party, leaders as well as rank and file, are united upon HENRY CLAY. The name of no other candidate is breathed. All consider the great Kentuckian as the only statesman who can lead them on to a victory like that of 1840. No other name inspires the least enthusiasm. No other name strikes the least terror into the hearts of our opponents. Wherever it has been made the rallying cry, as in Georgia and Tennessee Locofocoism has been annihilated. And so long as it continues to be our watch-word, so long will corruption and profligacy shrink from before it.

THIRD PARTYISM.

The following sensible communication is from the Liberator, one of the oldest and strongest anti-slavery journals in the country. William Lloyd Garrison, its editor has had the honor of standing at the head of the host of abolition for many years. His strong hand has ever been against every man who has shown a shadow of favor to the institution of slavery. He has declared over and over again tha he would go as far as by any possibility the bounds of consistency could be made to extend; yet the following are his sentiments in relation to the Third Party movement. Doubtless for this declaration he will meet the fate of the galliant old Adams,—that is be denounced by them as a traitor to his principles, and pronounced a renegade, unworthy of any reverence or respect for his arduous and extensive labors in the great field of human rights. Is it not plain to be seen that this poor political scheme is dividing the sentiments and feeling of the great abolition party of the North.

Vermonter.

HOW IT IS DONE.

It will astonish some of the friends of freedom to learn that the present action of the Liberty party is likely to be more effectual in extending the curse of African slavery in this continent, than the efforts of even slaveholders themselves. Indeed the great movements which will be made for the admission of Texas in the next Congress, can only succeed with their aid. Giving the vote of every slave representative in Congress in favor of this measure it will still require the aid of 40 or 50 members from the free States to carry the vote. Let us inquire where they can be obtained? Does any one doubt how Charles G. Atherton and his colleagues will vote? Does any one doubt how many politicans of the same stamp from Pennsylvania, and especially Ohio, will vote?—How have they voted heretofore? Who placed one of these men, Gov. Shannon, in the gubernatorial chair of Ohio?—Who will place six or eight members of the same class from Ohio in these seats in Congress? The Liberty Party, and they alone. Did they vote for Shannon? No. Will they vote for the pro slavery Congress men? No. But they opposed the election of Joshua R. Gidding, and every other tried friend of the slave who refuses to join their party, by which they give effect to the plurality law of Ohio, which gave Shannon his seat, and will at last give six members in favor of the admission of Texas.

'Oh Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name.'

THE SUFFERERS ON THE SHEPERDESS.—The St. Louis Republican of the 6th, contains a list of the persons lost by the sinking of the steamer Sheperdess, a total of 41 persons. Only a single cabin passenger was lost, Mr. Bickner, of Baltimore, Md. The persons lost were nearly all from the South. Fourteen of the drowned were slaves. Two blind men on board, and the "Ohio fat girl," were saved.

☞ We learn from the Western Episcopalian that Bishop McILVAINE was eminently successful in his eastern agency for the collection of funds for the Episcopal College and Seminary in Ohio, the Rt. Rev. gentleman having collected about 20 thousand dollars, and the bond and mortgage on the college property has been cancelled. This places the Institution entirely above board, not only completely free from debt, but with all the means of going on prosperously.

FINALE OF THE POMEROY EXPRESS ROBBERY.—The different owners of the money which had been recovered, mutually agreed to bear the loss of what remains unaccounted for, *pro rata*, according to the amount in the trunk which belonged to each person, when it was stolen. On this basis the Mayor at once consented to give the money up to them, and when our reporter left his office at 9 o'clock last night, the different claimant's were receiving the sums to which they were entitled. The amount still missing is about $1200; and for one half of this, or perhaps more, there are goods purchased by the robber; so that of the $47,000 which were in the trunk when stolen, the owners will not lose more than five or $600 among them all. There are however the rewards which were offered for its recovery, and which must probably be paid to some of the persons concerned in recovering the money.—*Jour. Com.*

THE GREAT LOG CABIN.—Our Whig brethren in Richmond, Va., are erecting a log cabin of sufficient dimensions to seat 2,000 persons, and leave standing room for five hundred more. We presume it will be "filled to overflowing" more than once during the campaign

☞ The St. Louis New Era of the 6th inst. says: "Captain Howell, of the Shepherdess was saved—he arrived in this city this morning."

VERMONT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Vermont Temperance Society was holden at Rutland on the second Wednesday of January, 1844, in pursuance of the vote of the Society at their last annual meeting.

Erastus Fairbanks, Esq. of St. Johnsbury, President, in the Chair. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Wickham of Manchester. A. L. Brown Esq. Sec. pro tem.

On motion of Mr. Wm. Page, Messrs. James Barrett, Jr. and Ira Parsons, were appointed a committee to make a roll of delegates.

On motion of Mr. Pierpont, Resolved that a committee of four be appointed to collect and arrange the statistics of temperance.—Messrs White of Westminster, Merrill of Hartland, Wright of Woodstock, and Leavitt of Vergennes, were appointed the Committee.

On motion of Doct. S. Bowen—

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed by the Chair, as the committe of overtures, through whom all propositions or resolutions for debate shall be brought before the Society; said committee also to be the committee on resolutions.

Committee.

Messrs Twining of	Middlebury.
Howe,	Castleton.
Slade,	Middlebury.
Anderson,	Manchester.
Swain,	Windsor.

On motion of Mr. Page, Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed, to make a nomination of officers of the Society for the year ensuing.

Committee.

Messrs Page of	Rutland.
Wickh m,	Manchester.
Burnet,	Milton.

The proceedings of the last annual meeting were read.

The Chair announced the following committees;

Committee on Legislation.

Messrs Pierpont of	Rutland.
Kittridge,	Fairhaven.
Edgerton,	Rutland.
Adams,	Burlington.
Bates,	Hartland.

Committee on Finance.

Messrs Steen of	Brattleboro.
Loveland,	Weston.
Daniels,	Rutland.
Marsh,	Brandon.
Rich,	Shoreham.

Mr. Slade, on motion was added to the committee on Legislation.

Among the resolutions passed at the meeting were the following;

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Convention the time has arrived when the attention of the State should be called to a full examination of the principles on which the use and traffic in intoxicating liquors are founded; and to the decided expression of the opinion they entertain of its character and tendency; and for that purpose we recommend to the several towns in this State to call town meetings for the purpose of acting on this question.

This resolution was fully debated by Messrs Adams, Wright, Merrill of Hartland, Merrill of Middlebury, Pierpont, Marsh of Brandon, and Fairbanks.

Mr. Adams introduced the following;—Resolved, That the friends of moral improvement have reason to rejoice in the reformation of a class of valuable men who have been reformed from a state of drunkenness to sobriety; to all such we say, God speed! and hail their union with the society as valuable and efficient aids in the good cause.

Mr. Steele, reported the following; Resolved, The Central Committee be instructed to revive the effort to enlist the Press in this State in the cause of temperance; that for this purpose they be authorized to call upon the County Secretaries, or any other friends favorably situated with respect to particular papers in every county, to solicit the appropriation of a column in each paper weekly, to be devoted, under the editor's own control, to articles favoring temperance, and to provide for the weekly supply of matter; and further that the Central Committee aid in furnishing matter, so far as is necessary to carry out the effort. Adopted.

Whereas the law is powerless without the fidelity of those who are intrusted with its execution, and the evils of intemperance are of a most terrible and appalling magnitude, therefore,

Resolved, That there rests upon State's Attornies and Grand Juries, a peculiar and fearful responsibility for the prosecution of violations of the laws restraining the sale of intoxicating liquors and that the friends of temperance have a right to expect from them a prompt and fearless discharge of this duty, and are bound themselves, to exercise the most wakeful vigilance to aid in bringing offenders to justice.

Four resolutions by Mr. Marsh of Brandon, 20 and 21 adopted. 22 and 23 ordered to lie.

20. *Resolved*, That the ultimate triumph of the Temperance enterprize can never be expected so long as its professed friends are involved in the guilt of selling intoxicating liquors.

21. *Resolved*, That magistrates who approbate, judges who license, and legislators who enact, sanction or continue in force, and temperance societies who approve, any law licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, are equally and directly involved in this guilt.

22. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of every man holding any office which requires him, in the discharge of its duties to do an act involving a flagrant violation of the law of God, or the commission of a known sin, to refuse, utterly and forever, to do such yet—and if need be, to sacrifice his office to his principles—but never his principles to his office.

And whereas, in every free State the sovereign power creating magistrates, judges and legislators resides in, and emanates from the people—and whereas, in accordance with this fact, the people are responsible for the acts of their agents or servants who make and execute the laws—and partakers with them in their guilt when those laws sanction the commission of sin—Therefore,—

23. *Resolved*, That the people *can* if they will, and *should* if they can, procure the immediate repeal of all laws licensing the sale of intoxicating liquor as a beverage.

Resolved, That it be recommended to the people to petition the Legislature to prohibit the sale,