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Galaxy

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THE NORTHERN GALAXY, IN PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING IN STEWART'S BUILDINGS, BY J. COBB JR.

SPRING.

Hill, lovely appearance of spring! The sternness of winter is past; And zephyrs on soft silken wing, Succeeded to the rude northern blast.

AGRICULTURAL.

SHOREHAM, Feb. 13th 1844. S. W. JEWETT Esq.

Sir, we saw an article in last week's Galaxy over the signature of one of our townsmen in which it appears that he had estimated that the full blood yearlings burks, ewes, &c. of Fortune's stock did not come up to the mark at which you had set them in point of weight of fleece.

M. W. C. WRIGHT, LOYAL C. REMELEEE.

I am personally acquainted with M. W. C. Wright Esq. and Mr. L. C. Remelee and certify that they are persons whose statements may be relied on.

S. H. JENISON, Shoreham, March 20 1844.

EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

Sir, it is no more than justice due me that you should publish the above letter confirming statements which others induced me to make in a former number of your paper.

SOLOMON W. JEWETT, Weybridge, March 28, 1844.

COLLECTING A BILL.

A gentleman from New York who had been trying in Boston for the purpose of collecting some money duo him in that city, was about returning home, when he found that one bill of \$100 had been overlooked.

"Well, sir, I'll give you half, if you collect it."

"Agreed," replied the Collector: "there's no harm in trying, any how."

Some time after, the creditor happened to be in Boston, and in walking up Tremont street, encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here!" said he: "I had considered the bill with that of your'n. I see I stuck to him like pitch to a pine plank, but for the first week or two it was n't no use, not a bit. He was always short, or else he was n't at home; and I could n't get no sort of information. By and by, says I, after going sixteen times I'll fix you; so I set down on his door step, and set all day, and part of the evening, and began again early next morning, and about 10 o'clock he gin in. He paid me 'my half, and I gin him up the note!'"

[Sat. Cour.]

ANECDOTE OF ROGER SHERMAN.

The following is related of Roger Minot Sherman:

The Rev Mr. B, an exceedingly dull and prosy clergyman, was engaged by a neighboring congregation to preach for them; but they disliked him so much, that after the first Sunday, they locked the church doors, and had no services at all. The reverend gentleman, however, was not to be "done" in this manner. He remained in town, and every Sunday, twice a day presented himself to the church door in full canonicals, and demanded admission.

parish, when the case was brought on for trial, turned to Mr. Sherman and said: "Brother Sherman, is not this rather singular a principle a man wishing to be paid for 'not' preaching?" "Brother Betts," was the laconic reply, "if you had ever heard my client," you would not think so!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

Examples of Female Heroism.

BY SEBA SMITH.

Talk as you will of the heroic days of Greece and Rome, you may look in vain for brighter examples of human sympathy and sublime self-devotion, than are to be found in the annals of the rude aborigines of our country.

The complaint simplicity with which he relates his own experience on this point is delightful.

"My comfort is," said he, "that heretofore honorable and virtuous Ladies, are comparable but amongst themselves, have offered me reasons and protection in my greatest dangers. Even in foreign parts I have felt relief from that sex. The beautiful lady Tragnabizina, when I was a slave to the Turks, did fill me could to secure me. When I overcame the Bashaw of Nabitris in Tartaria, the charitable lady Callamata supplied my necessities.

In all his wanderings, however, and in all the scenes of his remarkable life, "blessed Pocahontas," the young Indian girl of Virginia, was undoubtedly the "bright particular star," that attracted his highest admiration and deserved his warmest gratitude. She perished her life more than once in the most devoted and heroic manner to shield Capt. Smith from danger; but the story is too familiar to most readers to be dwelt upon.

Another instance somewhat similar to that of Pocahontas and Capt. Smith, though not rising to so powerful an interest, on account perhaps of the more humble condition of the parties, is recorded of a young Seminole girl, at a much more recent date. It may not be inappropriate to give some of the particulars of this affair, inasmuch as it has not been so widely published and is not so familiar as the case alluded to above.

In the year 1817, the Indians of the Seminole tribe, inhabiting some parts of the territory of Florida, commenced a border warfare upon the inhabitants of Georgia. Duncan McKrimmon, a militia soldier, who had been stationed at one of the forts, while out one day upon a fishing excursion lost his way in the woods. After wandering about for several days, he was fallen in with and captured by a party of Indians under the prophet Francis. Having taken him to what is called the "cave," he was bound to a stake, and the Indians, who were his captives, were ordered to guard him.

He was bound to a stake, and dry faggots were heaped around him. These savages then formed in circle about his funeral pyre, and danced, and sung, and screamed for several hours together. With one solitary exception, all were rejoicing over their victim and eager to witness the consummation of their tortures. Milly Francis, a young daughter of the prophet, said to be fifteen years of age, was in the company. She alone partook not of the general joy, she alone joined not in the revelry, but watched the cruel preparations with a saddened countenance and evident pain.

When the faggots were about to be fired, and the tomahawk was raised to mutilate the victim, she suddenly rushed before the fatal instrument, and bade the executioner let the blow fall on her, declaring that she would not live if the captive's life were taken.

The executioner, paralyzed with astonishment, delayed to strike; and Milly kneeling to her father, besought him to save the captive's life, in such moving terms, that he at last yielded to her request, and ordered the prisoner to be unbound. While McKrimmon remained with them, Milly continued to show him all the acts of kindness in her power. It was but a few days, however, before the prophet sold him to the Spaniards of St. Marks for seven gallons of rum.

The sequel to this affair is, if possible, still more beautiful. In the fortune of war, some time afterwards, a party of the Seminoles, being placed in a situation where they must either starve or surrender themselves prisoners to the whites, at last, preferring the latter alternative, came in and gave themselves up. Milly Francis was one of the number. Upon McKrimmon learned that she was a prisoner, he hastened immediately to find her out, and to do what he could to discharge the obligation he was under to a woman who had placed her own life in imminent jeopardy to preserve his. By making her case known, he had every thing done that could be, to add to her comfort and happiness. And that he might show her the strongest possible evidence of his high sense of the obligation he was under, he offered her his hand in marriage. As if conscious of the feeling which induced the offer, with true dignity of soul, she declined it, considering a simple act of duty, and said that she did not care for him that she should have done for any other one in like circumstances.

Another striking incident, in some respects parallel to the foregoing, and yet differing in others, occurred in Western New York some fifty or sixty years ago. James Dean was one of the earliest settlers of Westmorland, Oneida county. He was a native of New England, the son of religious parents, who designed him for a missionary among the Indians. For this purpose he was sent a while, when but eleven years old, to reside among the Indians on the Susquehanna, to learn something of their language, manners, and customs. During

his sojourn among these sons of the forest, the wife of one of the head chiefs of the Oneidas, agreeably to the usages of the tribes, adopted him as her son. He afterwards returned to New England and pursued his studies to carry out the intention of his parents.

The breaking out of the revolutionary war, however, changed the whole plan of his future life. Instead of going as a missionary among the Indians, he received the appointment of Indian agent with the rank of Major in the army. He performed the duties of this office during the war, residing most of the time in the neighborhood of the Oneidas. After the war was over, the tribe presented him a tract of land in what was afterwards called Westmorland, upon which he commenced a settlement in 1786. It was a few years after this, that the incident occurred of which we are to speak.

An Indian had been murdered by some white man who escaped detection. Indian usages require, when a murder has been committed and the murderer cannot be detected and punished, that some other individual of the tribe or nation, to whom the murderer belongs, should be selected and taken wherever he could be found, and sacrificed as an atonement for the offence. This is regarded as an imperative duty,—that must under no circumstances be omitted. Accordingly in this case, when all attempts to discover the murderer proved unsuccessful, the chiefs and head men of the nation met in solemn council to discuss the matter and see what must be done.

That some white man must be made a sacrifice, was readily agreed upon; but who it should be, was a more difficult question to settle. The minds of most of the chiefs seemed to be turned towards Major Dean, as a man of the highest standing and importance near where in that vicinity, and therefore the most suitable to be offered as an atonement for their murdered brother. Some of the chiefs, however, argued that Mr. Dean was an adopted son of their own tribe, and therefore not accountable to the tribe for the acts of the whites. The debate was long and earnest, and the first day's council broke up without coming to a decision, leaving the subject to be resumed the next day. In the mean time of the number, who was particularly friendly to Mr. Dean, acquainted him with the nature of the debate in the council.

Surprised and pained at the information, he was at a loss what course to pursue. He had built him a house which he occupied, and he had a wife and two children. To attempt to abandon his house and flee from that part of the country would be almost equal to death; and besides, should he undertake it, the probability that he could escape with his family would be small. He resolved to remain and trust to Providence for a favorable issue in the council. The debate was resumed again the next day, and again he learned from his friends that the question was still undecided. This delay strengthened his hopes that the council would terminate in his favor. The debate was continued for several days longer without coming to a decision, and he felt more and more assured of his safety.

At last in the dead of night, he was suddenly started by a death-woop near his dwelling, which he at once knew to be a warning of his approaching fate. He had no time to execute the matter entirely from his wife, unwilling to give cause of alarm while he had hopes of escape. But he now informed her that he believed a party of Indians were approaching the house to take his life, and desired her to remain quiet with the children in their apartment, while he would meet the Indians at the door, and see if he could by any possibility turn them from their purpose.

The party soon came up to the door and entered the outer room. There were eighteen in number, all chiefs and head men of the tribe. After a brief pause, the principle chief gravely informed Mr. Dean of the nature of their errand. He alluded to the recent murder that had been committed on one of their nation, and told him plainly that their council after a long and deliberate discussion had selected him as the most suitable person to be sacrificed as an atonement for the dead and to appease the soul of their departed brother in the land of spirits. They had now come to execute the decree of the council, and he must prepare for immediate death.

Mr. Dean calmly commenced reasoning with them on the subject; urged the wrong it was doing to an honest person to punish him for the acts of the guilty; and that especially, even to their own laws, it was wrong for them to sacrifice him in this case as he was an adopted son of their own tribe. The chief replied that the whole matter had been discussed a long time and viewed in all its bearings, and that the decree of the council could not be changed. Mr. Dean addressed them again, and enforced his arguments with all the skill he was master of; but still he could see no prospect of making any impression upon them or averting the object of their visit.

In the midst of these arguments, the door suddenly opened, and a squaw with a blanket around her entered the room. She was the wife of the head chief, and she it was who had adopted Mr. Dean as her son. The chief looked on with astonishment as she took her station calmly by the door, for no woman was allowed to enter their solemn councils. After a moment's pause the door again opened, and the wife of another of the chiefs came in, similarly attired, and took her station by the side of the former. In a moment more a third came in and took her silent station by the others.

After the surprise occasioned by this strange occurrence had a little subsided, the head chief rebuked the women for coming to the solemn council, and bade them retire and leave the chiefs to pursue their business. The first squaw replied firmly, that the council must change its decision. The blood of the white man must not be shed; he was her adopted son, and they must let him alone and not harm him. The chiefs with a more imperious tone bade them begone, for the council knew its own business. At once she threw from her shoulders, and threw their blankets, and held a long sharp knife held in her clenched hand a long sharp knife, and each solemnly declared to the council, that if the least harm was offered to the white man, they would plunge the knives into their own hearts.

The effect was electric. The council regarded the strange scene as an indication of the will of the Great Spirit. They immediately came to the decision to reverse their former decree, and the white man's life was spared. Mr. Dean continued to occupy his dwelling in peace and safety, and lived to the advanced age of an inhabitant of Westmorland, where he died in eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

John A. Collins.—At a great Fourier meeting in Boston, held in January, Collins declared with his usual vehemence against

the power of holding property, and the wickedness of making use of the protection of the laws in buying and selling; it was the great sin of the age, against which all the moral power of the reformed should be directed, if they would abolish slavery and elevate mankind. A gentleman in the meeting, acquainted with Collins' way of reasoning, arose, inquiring of him whether he had not taken a deal of the Skeenatics tract of some 2,000 acres, near the mouth of the Connecticut river? This was a power—and for a long time poor Collins haggled, and evaded, and refused to answer. At length the meeting decided that it was a fair question, and should be answered, and our reformer was obliged to confess to the crowded audience he had been lecturing against the right of property, that he had both received and recorded the deed! The meeting was amazed at the impudent hypocrisy, which after all is only a specimen of the moral weaknessness of most of our vagabondizing reformers.—Cong. Jour.

TEXAS.

EXTRACT FROM THE NAT. INTELLIGENCER.

Our first objection to the annexation of Texas is, that it cannot be accomplished without involving the country in war; to treat a price to pay for any territorial acquisition whatever, which the National honor does not demand.

Our second objection is, that far from demanding this acquisition, the National honor forbids it. So long as war continues between Mexico and Texas, and a solemn Treaty of Peace and Amity exists between us and Mexico, we cannot, without violating the sacred faith of treaties, Mexico still maintains her right. We have, it is true, acknowledged the independence of Texas, as we had a right to do for certain international purposes; but that recognition did not extinguish or in any manner affect the rights of Mexico upon Texas. The obligations of our Treaty with Mexico remain untouched; and Mexico would have the same right to possess herself (if she could) of any State of this Union, as the Government of the United States has to possess herself of Texas.

Our third great objection (which would be conclusive without the preceding) is, that the territory of the United States is already large enough. It is infinitely more important that we should people and improve what we have, than grasp for more, especially when its acquisition would be inevitably attended with discord and dissatisfaction. It is far more important to the happiness of the people of the United States that they should enjoy peace, contentment, and harmony, what they already have, than that they should place all those blessings at hazard by this new experiment.

Our fourth objection is, that if the "annexation" of Texas were in other respects desirable, one entire third of this Union at least, forbids the annexation. The constitutional right to establish the connexion and declares its determination to resist it. The proposition to annex or incorporate a Foreign Nation in this Union, moreover, is entirely new, and the authority to do it is solemnly questioned. This objection would have much less force had we, in this case, instead of recognizing the independence of Texas, negotiated with Mexico, with or without the consent of the People of Texas, for the acquisition of that territory. We would not, merely to acquire more land, of which we have already more than we want) jeopard the existence of the Union, which ought to be dearer to the heart of every American citizen than any consideration extraneous to it.

Our fifth reason is, that we dread the beginning by the United States of a system of acquisition of foreign territory by conquest, (which, as things stand, the annexation of Texas would effectively be,) or even by purchase. Once begun it, and where will it end? Shall we ever have territory enough for our ambition, though we have enough for our wants?

It is evident, at least, that there must be some boundary, or even some limits to a Republic which is to have a common centre. Free and ardent speculations may lead to the indulgence of an idea, that such a Republic may be extended over the whole hemisphere. On the other hand, minds less sanguine, or more chastened by the examples of history, may fear, that extension often produces weakness, rather than strength; and that political attraction, like other attractions, is less and less powerful, as the parts become more and more distant. In this difference between ardent calculations, and cautious fears, it seems to me to be the truest wisdom to abide by the present state of things, since that state of things is acknowledged on all hands, to be singularly happy, prosperous and honorable. "In all points of view, therefore, in which I can regard the subject, my judgement is decidedly unfavorable to the report of annexing Texas to the United States." "You have a Spartan"—such was the admonition of the ancient prudence—"embellish it!" We have a Republic, gentlemen, of vast extent and unequalled natural advantages; a Republic, full of interest in its origin, its history, its present condition, and its prospects for the future. Instead of aiming to enlarge its boundaries, let us seek, rather to strengthen its union, to draw out its resources, to maintain and improve its institutions of Religion and Liberty, and thus to push it forward in its career of prosperity and glory.

ANOTHER LOCOFOCO FALSEHOOD NAILED!

The following stupid slander has been published time and time again, by the desperado of the Times. The fact of its appearing in that paper, is proof conclusive however, that it is false. The remarks of the Democratic are deserved.

"Go home G—d—m you, where you belong."—This is the language addressed to Mr. Speaker Polk, by Henry Clay in the House of Representatives. This is the petty of the whig candidate for the Presidency. This is the respect he pays to the presiding officer of the people's representatives. Is such a man worthy of the highest office in

the gift of a free people?—Loco Foco papers.

The above disgusting piece of profanity which is an old falsehood, exploded several years ago, has lately been revived by the Troy Budget, and is going the rounds of the Locofoco papers. Mr. Clay is charged with uttering the sentence to Speaker Polk in the House of Representatives when every person but the ignorant asses who sometimes enter for Locofoco appetites, knows that Mr. Clay was a member of the Senate when Polk was Speaker of the House; and had no more to do with the business of the House than Daniel O'Connell.

THE OREGON COUNTRY.

PRENTICE, of the Louisville Journal, does not seem fully to have determined to pull up stakes and print his paper at the Falls of the Columbia, instead of the Falls of the Ohio. See how he paints Oregon, that earthly paradise of Senator Benton's waking dream.—He has not dipped his pencil in couleur de rose, but his lining, we apprehend, is quite as faithful as the honorable Senator's:

"Of all the countries on the face of this earth, it is one of the least favored of heaven. It is the mere riddlings of creation. It is almost as barren as the Desert of Africa, and quite as unceremoniously as the Campania of Italy. To leave the fertile and salubrious lands on this side of the Rocky Mountains, and to go beyond their snowy summits a thousand miles, to be exiled from law and society, and to endeavor to extort food from the unwilling sand-heaps which are there called earth, is the maddest enterprise that ever deluded foolish man. We would not be subjected to the innumerable and indescribable tortures of a journey to Oregon for all the soil that its savage hunters ever wandered over. The journey thither, from all accounts, is horrible enough, but it is paradise when compared with the wearying interminable journey, the wretched emigration when he has reached the point where he fancied his unutterable woes were to cease, but where he finds they are to be increased beyond all endurance. Of the last party of emigrants that left Missouri for Oregon, only eight died of starvation before reaching Fort Hall, which is but half way to the country that is reckoned inhabitable by those who are afflicted with the Oregon mania.

We have already intimated that the journey to the Columbia river from this country is attended with starvation and a thousand other felicities. If the emigrant is so lucky as to escape the pangs of famine and the bullets of the Comanches on this side of the Rocky Mountains, he may perhaps survive the long and tedious ascent of the mountains. When he surmounts the summit and begins his downward journey, the land of promise, the desirable Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey, spreads out liminally before him.—And a most ravishing prospect it is! There is not a tree to limit the reach of imprudenced vision. His enchanted eye wanders in ecstasy over piles of volcanic rocks and sand-stones, interspersed with oases of wild wood and prickly pears, ad libitum. Nothing else can be seen to the right or left, or in front. Behind him, the snow-cold peaks of the mountains loom, and the clouds, from whose dizzy heights avalanches of rocks come tumbling down, giving the traveller rare opportunities of exhibiting his dexterity in getting out of the line they take amusement in pursuing. This is the first glimpse the happy emigrants get of the blissful Oregon. As he descends the everlasting Western slopes of the mountains, the rocks seem to diminish, while the only green things, wormwood and prickly pear, seem to increase. Even here nothing seems to be created in vain; for the wormwood, if a man have courage to swallow it, affords some relief to the infirm and shrivelled stomachs which invariably prevail in that part of the journey, while the prickly pear not only scratches his shins, which itch most intolerably in consequence of the bite of innumerable sand-ticks, but affords him agreeable diversion before the camp fire at night in pulling out the egregious thorns which are ever ready to exchange their hold on the parent stem for a softer location on the legs of man. The traveller on this part of his journey has nothing to fear from Indians or painters, or red-mouthed catamounts, as these animals are so gluttonous in their natures that they will not stray where the hope of a full stomach is a gross delusion to the fancy.

These sections of Oregon, that are most advantageously situated for culture and profit, are unhealthy, and abound in reptiles and insects, which render life almost insupportable. There are also the snakes, the rattlesnakes, scorpions, lizzards, tarantulas, fleas, ticks, mosquitoes, gallinippers, & other pests, of which neither entomology nor zoology nor herpetology gives any account. Of all these infamous pests the Oregon mosquitoes are said to be the most unendurable from their numbers and insatiable voracity. Whenever enterprise, fate, or horse-flesh carries an unfortunate wretch to the romantic shores of the Columbia river, the mosquitoes pay their respects to him in countless multitudes, and attach themselves with unremitting and unrelenting closeness to him as long as he, or any eatable and drinkable portion of his body remains. Wherever the mud is sufficiently oleaginous to produce mosquitoes, they swarm from it in flocks which obscure the sun at noonday. After these rapacious insects have eaten all the flesh from the bones, the autumnal agues commence their interesting exertions. Persons who reside in the swamps of Illinois on the Wabash bottom in Indiana, or on the lowlands of Red river, flatter themselves that their knowledge of the ague is consummate; but it is reserved to those fortunate individuals, who reside in the smiling valley of the Wallammet, to be carried to the seventh heaven of delight on the wings of immortal agues.

There are parts of Arabia Felix of which the heart of love of nature never warms—the happy valley, according to the unquestionable authority of Doctor Johnson, is an exquisite garden spot—on some of the high table lands in South America the blush of spring is perennial, and the scenery is lovely beyond description—the vale of Temple, the vale of Nysus, the grove of Daphne by Orontes, and the field of Eona, live in the luxurious verse of old heathen poets, but were the splendors of all these places congregated and concentrated on one, that one would not, in the imagi-

tion of a free people?—Loco Foco papers.

The above disgusting piece of profanity which is an old falsehood, exploded several years ago, has lately been revived by the Troy Budget, and is going the rounds of the Locofoco papers. Mr. Clay is charged with uttering the sentence to Speaker Polk in the House of Representatives when every person but the ignorant asses who sometimes enter for Locofoco appetites, knows that Mr. Clay was a member of the Senate when Polk was Speaker of the House; and had no more to do with the business of the House than Daniel O'Connell.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

Twenty-four days later from Europe, CONVICTION OF MR. O'CONNELL!

The Steamer Caledonia, Captain Lott, arrived at Boston on Friday, bringing London and Liverpool papers to the 4th and 5th inst. Mr. O'Connell is in London, where he was to be complimented with a public dinner, at the Covent Garden Theatre on the 12th inst. Several Peers and leading members of Parliament were to be present.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT MANCHESTER.

There was a most destructive fire at Manchester on the 1st of March, a great number of dwellings and manufacturing establishments were consumed. The loss is estimated at more than \$500,000.

IRELAND.

The trial of Mr. O'Connell and others have been concluded, and each of the Traitors has been found guilty, but the sentences have been deferred until next term. In the mean time Mr. O'Connell has made his way up to London and taken his place in the House of Commons.

Some incline to the belief that no punishment will be inflicted, and that the moral effect will, on that account be greater torture than the Government, in instituting the prosecutions, did, so, not so much with the intention of punishment, as to try the legality of the Repeal Meeting, and having succeeded in obtaining a verdict, are content to pass over what has already occurred, being in a position to stop at once any further proceedings. Others contend that the conduct of O'Connell during the next few months will determine the question of punishment,—that if mild and subdued in his tone, no further notice will be taken of the matter. But all these opinions are merely speculative.

In the meantime Mr. O'Connell has, on behalf of himself and his companions, protested against the verdict, and has intimated that as soon as sentence shall have passed, he will have the matter submitted to the whole body of Judges in Ireland, and that if their decision should be unfavorable, he will appeal to the House of Lords, before he will submit. If we might hazard an opinion, we should say, that he will be spared the trouble—for in our opinion, no punishment will be inflicted,—and particularly if matters should progress as quietly as they have done since the commencement of the trial—for the whole country, which was in a state of the utmost excitement before, is now as calm as an untroubled lake. The trial lasted twenty-five days!

Mr. O'Connell. We learn, on what we consider good authority, that the Duke of Wellington is determined that Mr. O'Connell shall not be sent to prison, believing that the moral effect of a conviction will be sufficient, and that punishment would be a useless piece of severity.—Northern Whig.

FRANCE.

Obituary.—Important.—The official statement which appeared in the Monitor of Monday, announcing that the French government disapproved the proceedings of Admiral Dupetit Thouars, has caused much excitement at Paris, and the affair will be seized by the opposition as a means for overthrowing the cabinet. On Monday, in the chamber of Deputies, after some routine business had been transacted, M. Corne mounted the tribune, and said, "You must have seen in this day's Monitor a piece of news which must have astonished you as much as me. In consequence of Queen Pomare having failed to execute the treaty entered into with France, Vice-Admiral Dupetit Thouars has deposed her of the government of Tahiti. This act seems just to me. What yet does the Monitor tell us? Admiral Dupetit Thouars' conduct is disapproved. I beg the Chamber to fix the day on which I may question the Minister on the subject." M. Guizot said he was ready to enter on any explanation the chamber might require. The funds fell considerably on Monday, owing to various rumors on the Bourse. Among other reports it was stated that 39 members of the Chamber of Deputies had resigned their seats in that assembly, disgusted with the acquiescence of ministers in the demand of England.

QUEEN VICTORIA—REPORTED INSANITY.

Letters from highly respectable sources in England, received in this city by the last arrival at New York, intimated distinctly, what has before been darkly hinted at, that the insanity which so long afflicted George III. is likely to prove hereditary in his grand-daughter, Queen Victoria. The symptoms, it is said, are already apparent, producing as yet but little more than what the French term les monies, but giving rise to painful apprehensions of the result. The journeys of the Queen to Scotland, France and Belgium, and her frequent short tours in various counties in England, have been made, it is further said, in the hope that a change of scene, and filling the mind with new thoughts might break the distempered chain, and if possible, avert the threatened danger.—Buffalo Com. Adv.

HOUSE HOLD AND OTHER MANUFACTURES.

For the best Sample of Maple Sugar at break 25 pounds, 4.00. 2nd best do do 2.00. 3rd best do do 1.00. 10 yards of full cloth 3-4 yards wide, 1.00. piece of Flannel not less than 20 yards, 1.00.

take place in Pennsylvania this week, the surprise excited by the result in our sister State (Maryland) would be forgotten in astonishment at the overwhelming defeat that we would meet here. As to any improvement, it cannot take place, unless Mr. Van Buren is withdrawn and a new name substituted.—The current is against him."

ADDISON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the board of managers of the Addison County Agricultural Society, the following premiums were fixed upon, and are now offered to Competitors at the next annual Fair of said Society, to wit:

For the best cultivated Farm not less than 40 acres of improved Land, \$20.00. 2d best do do 10.00. FIELD CROPS. "most profitable crop of Winter wheat not less than one acre in one piece, 8.00. 2d best do do 4.00. "most profitable crop of Spring Wheat not less than one acre, 10.00. 2d best do do 5.00. 3d best do do 3.00. "most profitable crop of Indian Corn containing not less than one acre, 10.00. 2d best do do 6.00. 3d best do do 4.00. "most profitable crop of Oats containing not less than two acres, 4.00. 2d best do do 2.00. "most profitable crop of Peas containing not less than one acre, 3.00. 2d best do do 1.50. "most profitable crop of White Beans, not less than 1-4 acre, 3.00. 2d best do do 1.00. "most profitable crop of Buck Wheat not less than one acre, 3.00. 2d best do do 1.00. "most profitable crop of Potatoes not less than 1-2 acre, 6.00. 2d best do do 4.00. 3d best do do 2.00. "most profitable crop of Sugar Beets of not less than 1-2 acre, 3.00. 2d best do do 2.00. "most profitable crop of Carrots not less than 1-4 acre, 3.00. 2d best do do 2.00. "most profitable crop of Broom Corn not less than 1-4 acre, 2.00. 2d best do do 1.00. "best 600 plants of Tobacco in one piece, 2.00.

CATTLE.

For the best Bull of two years old and upwards, 6.00. 2d best do do 4.00. Bull one year old past, 4.00. 2d best do do 2.00. Cow 3 years old and upwards, 5.00. 2d best do do 2.00. Heifer two years old and under 3 years, 2.00. yearling Heifer, 2.00. Cow producing the most butter in any two weeks in the month of June, kept on grass only, 2.00. 2d best do do 2.00. pair of working oxen over 4 years old, 5.00. 2d best do do 4.00. 3d best do do 3.00. pair of Steers over two years old & under 4 years, 3.00. 2d best do do 2.00.

HORSES.

For the best Stud Horse four years old or upwards, 6.00. 2d best do do 5.00. 3d best do do 4.00. breeding Mare, 2.00. pair yearlings or Mares, 4.00. 2d best do do 2.00. Colt 3 years old, 4.00. 2d best do do 2.00. Colt 2 years old, 3.00. 2d best do do 2.00. Colt one year old, 3.00. 2d best do do 2.00. sucking Colt, 2.00. 2d best do do 1.00.

SHEEP.

For the best fine Wool Buck, 6.00. 2d best do do 6.00. 3d best do do 4.00. 4th best do do 2.00. 5 best Ewes in one pen, 8.00. 2d best do do 6.00. 3d best do do 4.00. a pen of the five best Lambs, 6.00. 2d best 5 do do 4.00. 3d best 5 do do 2.00.

SWINE.

For the best Boar not less than 8 months old, 5.00. 2d best do do 2.00. best breeding Sow, 5.00. 2d best do do 2.00.

FARMERS IMPLEMENTS.

For the best Plow, 3.00. Harrow, 2.00. Cultivator, 2.00. Cheese Press, 2.00. Churn, 2.00. Bee Hive, 2.00. Straw Cutter, 1.00. Turning Mill, 1.00. Horse Rake, 1.00. Drill Barrow, 1.00. Grain Cradle, 1.00. Farm Wagon, 1.00. Horse Cart, 1.00. Ox Yoke, .50. Chain, .50. Axe, .50.

HOUSE HOLD AND OTHER MANUFACTURES.

For the best Sample of Maple Sugar at break 25 pounds, 4.00. 2d best do do 2.00. 3d best do do 1.00. 10 yards of full cloth 3-4 yards wide, 1.00. piece of Flannel not less than 20 yards, 1.00.