

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

"The liberty to know, to utter, and to argue, freely, is above all other liberties."—MILTON.

Vol. 11.—No. 47.

GETTYSBURG, PA., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1840.

WHOLE NO. 513.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the estate of **Jacob Funk, Sen.**, deceased are hereby notified to come forward and make settlement, and all persons who have claims against the estate of said deceased are also notified to present the same for settlement on or before the 10th of March next, to the subscribers Executors of said deceased, or either of them.

Both of the Executors reside in Huntingdon township, Adams County.
**W. R. SADLER, { Ex'rs.
JOEL BOWER, }**
Feb. 4.

FOR RENT.

ON account of the delicate health of part of my family, I offer for rent,

THE TAVERN STAND now occupied by Mr. John Davis. With privileges every other way suited to render it advantageous, it is a good situation for business as can be found.

Also—FOR RENT—the **BLACKSMITH & WAGON-MAKERS SHOPS**, with a House attached to each, together with other suitable privileges.

The above Property is and has been of the best for business; every satisfaction can be had from the present occupants.

The Property will be rented at reasonable terms, on application being made in the course of three weeks to the subscriber, residing thereon.
THOMAS M. KNIGHT,
Jan. 28.

TURNING

OF every kind in **Iron and Brass**, done in the best manner at the Gettysburg Steam Foundry.
Feb. 4.—**GEO. ARNOLD.**

NOTICE.

THE subscribers being anxious to close the business of the old concern under the name of **W. M. ICKES**, at as early a period as possible, would take this method of requesting ALL INDEBTED by note or otherwise, to aid us in effecting a SETTLEMENT.
ICKES & BRIDGES,
York Springs, Jan. 28.

MALLEABLE IRON.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared for manufacturing

MALLEABLE CAST IRON CASTINGS, having recently obtained a thorough knowledge of the whole process as practised in England and in this Country; and having made the experiment, can make casting surpassed in quality by none in point of malleability and elasticity.
GEO. ARNOLD,
Feb. 4.

TO MILLERS.

MADE and for sale at the Gettysburg Steam Foundry

PATENT CORN MILLS for preparing the cob sufficiently fine for chopping with the Corn.—ALSO—

PATENT PLASTER MILLS.

The above Mills have been tried and pronounced the best articles now in use, for the above purpose. Millers and others would do well to supply themselves with the above machines.
GEO. ARNOLD,
Feb. 3.

Hanover and Carlisle Turnpike Road Company.

STATEMENT of Toll received, work and repairs done on the above road from the 10th of December 1838, to 10th December 1839.

DR.
To amount of toll received from gates, from 10th Dec. 1838, until 10th Dec. 1839, \$2801 13 1/2
To rent received for old gate house, near mountain, 25 00
\$2826 13 1/2

CR.

By cash paid for work done on road, \$1727 32 1/2
By cash paid T. Stephon, Esq. balance due him as former treasurer, 119 15
By cash paid salaries to gate keepers, 503 18
By cash paid R. M'Elwaine, Esq. rent for gate house, 25 00
By cash paid for Judges of election and for printing, 14 50
By cash paid Superintendants of road, 271 00
By cash paid salaries of managers, 57 00
By cash paid salary of Secretary, Do. salary of Treasurer, 80 00
Balance paid over to present treasurer, 88 98 1/2
\$2886 13 1/2

Published by order of the Board,
THOMAS CRAIGHEAD, Treasurer.
Feb. 4, 1840.

Office of the Star & Banner Chambersburg Street, a few doors West of the Court-House.

I. The **Star & Republican Banner** is published at **TWO DOLLARS** per annum (or Advance of 52 numbers,) payable half-yearly in Advance; or **TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS**, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

II. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months; nor will the paper be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Editor. A failure to notify a discontinuance will be considered a new engagement and the paper forwarded accordingly.

III. Advertisements not exceeding a square will be inserted **THREE** times for \$1, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion—the number of insertion to be marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly; longer ones in the same proportion. A reasonable deduction will be made to those who advertise by the year.

IV. All Letters and Communications addressed to the Editor by mail must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

THE GARLAND.

—“With sweetest flowers enrich'd,
From various gardens cull'd with care.”

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY JONAS B. PHILLIPS.
Why chime the bells so merrily,
Why seem ye all so gay?
Is it because the new year's come,
And the old has pass'd away?
Oh, can ye look upon the past—
And feel no sorrow now?
That thus ye sing so joyously
While smiles light every brow?
Oh, if ye can, be blithe and gay,
The song troll gaily on;
And barthen be—the new year's come,
And the old year's past and gone.

The old man gazes on your mirth,
He smiles not like the rest—
Ho sits in silence by the hearth,
And seems with grief oppress'd.
He sees not in the merrily throng,
The child who was his pride;
He listens for his joyous song—
She is not by his side.
But scarce a twelve-month she was there,
And now he is alone,
Yet still ye sing the new year's come,
And the old year's past and gone.

ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE STAR AND REPUBLICAN BANNER.
A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
BY MRS. LEDIA JANE FRISBON.

“A happy New Year sweetest,” cried Charlotte Barton to his young wife, as he entered from the counting room, to which he went before she was awake, to make some particular arrangements.

“Thank you dear Charles,” she answered clasping his neck with her round white arms; “but then how can one be happy who is tantalized by ungratified wishes?”

“What do you mean dearest?” he replied in a voice of surprise and solicitude; “what wish have you ungratified?”

“Oh! do not be alarmed Charles; but if you really wish me a happy New Year, you must make me happy, by giving me a New Year's present.”

The husband was mute.

“I know,” she continued, “that I have need of nothing, and yet there is something which I very much desire; and I think you will hardly refuse me on the first New Year's day of our union.—You know that Mrs. Ellis and I were rivals in our girlhood, and I do not like to see her outdo me in splendour, and elegance. Well, when I called on her last week, I observed on her sideboard a rich and superb set of plate, and I long for a set which shall outshine it. Now do not look so grave. It will only cost a few hundreds, and we can economize a little in something else, if it be necessary. Come say yes; and let us go and order my magnificent new set of plate.”

“It will hardly be possible for me to attend you to-day Charlotte, for I have some very particular calls to make, in which, although I did not before mention it, I now request that you will accompany me.”

“And we shall bespeak the plate to-morrow.”
“Ye love if you please,” replied Charles; “and now be ready to go with me in an hour.”

his suavity and gentility of manner had won her esteem, but she had never dreamed of his being so immensely rich.

“Well Charlotte,” said Barton, as they drove away, “how do you like my friend, and his residence?”

“Oh! he is a gentleman, and his house is like a palace. But is it not strange that such a wealthy man should be so familiar with us?”

“Not at all Charlotte. He was my most intimate friend in college; we were always competitors for the same prize, and the same honor. I won most frequently, and he was much richer than I, but no jealousy awoke between us. And now I do not envy him, neither does he despise me.—We always meet as friends; but what would you think of me Charlotte if I were to undertake to furnish my parlour and library like his?”

“I understand you Charles; but then there is not so great an inequality between you and Mr. Ellis, as between Mr. Allen and you. But why do you stop here at the hospital?”

Barton did not answer, but assisting her from the sleigh, led her trembling into the receptacle of misery. Stopping at a ward in which lay an emaciated female, he bade her be seated; and after some kind enquiries concerning the state of the invalid, introduced his wife, and besought the sufferer to tell who she was, and how she came there.

“It is a bitter trial,” commenced the woman, “to recall all my errors, sins, and sufferings; but since I owe you so much, I will tell you all, in as few words as possible. Lady, in my youth, I was called beautiful. I was a school mate of your husband's mother, and much beloved by her. I married first, and although she soon after united herself with a wealthier man than my equally respectable Horace, still she treated me with all the warmth of a sister's affection. But from the day of her marriage I felt an envy, the more criminal, from its being unprovoked. We set up in a genteel style, my house being elegantly furnished; but still Mrs. Barton, although an unostentatious lady had many brilliant articles which I had not. I could not rest. My husband was a prudent man, but unfortunately he loved me too well. I urged him with tears and all manner of persuasions, to purchase things which would outdo Mrs. Barton's establishment. He frequently warned me, that we should be undone, yet he still complied with my extravagant demands. At length Mr. Barton having made a successful speculation, purchased a beautiful span of horses and a genteel carriage. I saw him drive past with his lady, and my soul was in agony until I forced a promise from my poor husband to purchase a similar equipage for me. As soon as I obtained it, I rode triumphantly to Mrs. Barton's. She greeted me as I thought sorrowfully, and several times sighed as she looked sadly in my face. At length I enquired the cause of her uneasiness. ‘My dear Ellen,’ she commenced, ‘you know that I love you sincerely, or I should not venture to say what I imagine it my duty to tell you. Your husband is an excellent and honorable man; but you must be aware that he is considerably in debt. Now, creditors you know, exercise a kind of dictatorship over those that owe them; and it is natural for them to say, if Mr. — can afford his family such such indulgences, he might certainly pay me.—Now your husband's creditors have long been grumbling, at what they are pleased to call his extravagance, and I fear that when they see you in your carriage they will treat him without mercy. I am sorry that my husband went to the like unnecessary expense, for I much fear that you were prompted by emulation.’ ‘Do not be offended,’ she said, soothingly, and extending her hand, but I drew back pettishly, and hurrying from the house regained my carriage, sunk back in it and wept all the way home. I felt the truth of her words, but my pride rose against her; I was offended that she should be aware of my envy and emulation of her, and I vowed come what would never to speak to her again. But from that time the sight of my superfluous finery gave me a feeling of guilt and fear. And ruin soon came. My husband gave up all to our creditors, and we were without a home. In this hour of darkness, Mrs. Barton came, and with words of consolation, offered me a home with her, as long as I pleased.—‘Would you believe that I haughtily repulsed her kindness, although I had not where to lay my head? My husband, knew not of her proffer; for I had taught him to believe that she had grossly insulted me, and spoken injuriously of him. He hired a room and we removed. But he was broken hearted. He fell violently sick, and actual want took hold upon me. At this time a gentleman of our acquaintance called upon us, and with great delicacy relieved our necessities. But my husband died. Our friend took me to his house. Alas! that the noblest feelings of our nature are so nearly allied to sin. His generous pity, and my gratitude, grew together into a guilty passion.—I shall I say not? I was lost. I sunk deeper and deeper in infamy until your husband found me dying in the street. He brought me hither. I shall soon die. But he bids me hope that the pure God will for Jesus' sake show mercy even unto me.”

Barton thanked the weeping penitent, and with his wife took her departure.

Charlotte felt the whole force of her husband's silent admonition. She was grieved, but as she looked into her own spirit, she could not but confess that she was naturally extravagant and proud. Her father had possessed a mere competence, with which he managed to live comfortably, and give his children the advantages of education. Charlotte at the boarding school felt many pang, as she compared her simple costume with the costly dresses of her companions; and compared her home with theirs. Now, as her husband was richer than her father, she considered him immensely wealthy; and had resolved to be the finest lady in the city. Barton had indulged her until he found that she would never be satisfied, and now resolved to appeal to her reason. He saw that she had read his lesson and forbore remark. The flush of excited feeling faded from her cheek, and she looked at him imploringly, as he drew up in front of a small house, in an unfashionable street. They were admitted by a lovely woman, in plain neat clothing; whom Charlotte immediately recognized as a school companion; a meek gentle girl, much in her own circumstances; and one who having never envied, she had almost forgotten.

“You are welcome dear Charlotte,” she cried, joyfully, “I am glad that you are not one of those who go to the assessor's book, to find the real value of their friends. Pray lay off your cloak; and let us have a little friendly chat, after our long separation.” Then as she served some excellent cake, fruit and wine, she continued, “I am so happy to see you the wife of Mr. Barton; I know you must be happy, for his character is well known, and you always had a passion for magnificence, which truly becomes you. I never was ambitious of aught in a husband but integrity and love; and these it has pleased heaven to allot me. And I am happy. I have no wish beyond what I now enjoy. I want for nothing; my home is like a bowyer of roses, where the dove builds her nest, and the sun, and the dew, mingle forever. The world passes on with its pomp, and pride, and ambition, but I heed it not; for these things are not happiness. I love and am beloved; and He, from whom comes every good and perfect gift, smiles on this union of affection, and adds his blessings, health and contentment. We earn our daily bread and it is sweet, and invigorating. I would not exchange my present station for that of the queen of England.”

“We have spent a very pleasant hour,” said Mr. Barton as they rose to depart. “We shall insist upon your visiting us, Mrs. Green. Come Charlotte, we have one more call to make, and we must be at home before our guests arrive.”

“And as I suppose we shall attend the ball this evening, we can call at the milliners' and get my ball dress.”

“I have one hundred dollars, which will nearly reach the expense; and I suppose that you have your purse with you.”

“I have; but here is the residence of the family, on whom our call is to be made.”

“What, here? Does any body live here, in this old dilapidated ruin?”

“Come in and we shall see.”

They entered a miserable room; through the chinks, and shacking casements of which, the keen winds were whispering, keeping the atmosphere far below the freezing point in defiance of the scanty fire that flickered in the chimney.—Charlotte shuddered; but she soon forgot the dwelling, in the contemplation of its occupants. A shadow of a woman, with a baby at her breast, sat beside a low bed, with her elbow on the pillow and her head upon her hand; her Auburn hair hung in dishevelled luxuriance around her pale face; and from the long dark fringes of her drooping eye lids the big tears were slowly falling. But there was neither sob or sigh, so deep, so weary was her sorrow. A young man lay on the bed whose clustering black curls, glowing cheeks, and brilliant eyes, contrasted strangely with the livid lip and brow, and hand so like a withered lily. His quick eye detected the presence of his visitors, he turned his head and sprang up with a glad cry—

“Oh Barton! Have you come to soften my death bed? I thought I was forgotten by all the world. Very different have been our destinies since we played together under the old elms that shaded the school house. Since the disastrous fire which consumed my father's property and my own, and left me with my young bride, scarce a month married, without a house or a solitary dollar; I have seen dark and sorrowful days. The general calamity seemed to have swallowed up individual sympathy; and there were so many in want, that none found relief. I however obtained a situation as an under clerk, in which capacity I served until disease laid me upon this bed, from which I shall arise no more. But how did you discover me?”

“Your physician appealed to me last evening in your behalf, and when he mentioned your name, I resolved to see you as soon as possible. It was the first intelligence I had received of you since your marriage. In truth, Beaumont, my mind was so occupied, that I hardly thought of you, or any of my early friends unless I saw them, or heard their names mentioned. But we must not lose time in idle chat, the doctor thinks that it is yet hope of your recovery.”

“Oh repeat those blessed words again,” cried Mrs. Beaumont, eagerly grasping Barton's arm; “say once more that there is hope; for those words fall upon my burning spirit, like refreshing rain upon the scorched and flagging flower. Oh say it once more, there is hope.”

“Mary! Be calm love,” said the sick man, and his eyes filled with tears; “this hope like most of those that have arisen on your pathway, will soon be lost in the blackness of despair. I feel that I must die. Do not weep so many; we must all die, and blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. You will protect my wife Barton, and return her to her widowed mother, and the widow's God will comfort and support her, and my fatherless boy.”

“Barton,” said he in a suppressed voice, “we are suffering for lack of food and fire.”

“You shall be speedily provided with all things necessary, and a servant also,” said Barton.

“And if your lovely wife become a widow,” said Charlotte tremulously, “she shall be well taken care of. She may live with us and be my sister, if she will; or I will accompany her to her mother's dwelling.”

“Bless you. Bless you both,” murmured Beaumont, and poor Mary clasped their hands convulsively as they departed to procure, and despatch to them the promised aid.

As they proceeded homeward they were suddenly accosted by a young man of their acquaintance, with “Mr. Barton! please step into that house.”

He immediately sprang from the sleigh, handed out his wife, and opened the door designated.—Within all was confusion and distress. In the centre of the room stood an iron faced man, an officer of the law, speaking in threatening tone to a pale drooping fellow man, around whose knees four little boys were clinging, while a beautiful little girl, of probably ten years, stood on a stool beside him, her arms around his neck, while the big tears streamed over her red cheeks, and hung glittering in the dark locks upon his temple. At the far side of the room, with her face to the wall, sat a female, sobbing convulsively over an infant which was crying piteously. There was scarcely any furniture, or fire in the house. “There is no use in all this,” continued the officer, “come along, I say.”

“What has the poor man done!” tremulously inquired Charlotte.

“I presume he cannot pay his debts,” replied Barton.

“And are they going to take him to prison?” she enquired with a shudder.

The weeping woman turned round. “It is even so,” she said. “He cannot pay his debts. Last summer he lay sick with a fever; after he began to recover, those who had ostentatiously trusted us during his sickness, sued for their dues, and took away our furniture, and even the tools from his workshop; thus as it were cutting off his hands. Since then he could scarce earn his bread, and all my exertions would barely clothe the children, which has always been my task; and now the doctor has sued him, and he must go to jail, and we must starve.”

“For what amount is this arrest?” asked Barton of the officer.

“Thirty dollars sir, and cost.”

“Well, release the man, and call at my office, I will pay the debt.”

“You are a stranger to me sir, and I have lost so much by showing mercy to these poor fellows, that I have grown cautious.”

“My name is Charles Barton, will you take my security?”

“Oh certainly sir.”

“You are at liberty Gilbert.”

The wife sprang to her husband's arms, and Barton and Charlotte hurried from their eager expressions of gratitude.

“Will you call at the milliners',” asked Charles as they re-entered the sleigh.

“Oh no! I will never spend money for such things any more. Never, never! I gave my purse to that dear little girl that clung so to my pelisse. I will have no plate either, I will save all I can for the sick and suffering. I never knew, till now, what money was made for. I did not think there was such misery in the world, amongst deserving people. I thought that none but the lazy and abandoned, were utterly destitute. But I shall never be happy again; in the midst of plenty I shall think of those who are perishing, upturned and unknown.”

“My dear Charlotte. If I had thought that we live only for ourselves, I would not thus have pained you. I have heard many assert that it is wrong to damp the joyful young spirit, with the knowledge of human woe and destitution. But since these things are, and must be; surely they should know it who have the means to give relief. I believe with the wise man, that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, also, that by sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better. I am happy to find the well of goodness in your young heart so ready to overflow. I had rather my wife should win the blessings of those who were ready to perish; than the admiration of the whole fashionable world. And in the hour of death, Charlotte, for we must all die; will not the money that we have expended in love to our fellow creatures; appear a richer treasure, than hoarded millions, which we could enjoy no longer? Since you have given up the ball, we will make our arrangements, and go this evening to carry consolation to the Beaumonts.”

“With all my heart, deary Charles. It will be a mournful pleasure, but one which will never fail to give satisfaction in the review. I shall no longer be a mere cypher in society; and my only emulation shall be the desire of rivaling you in acts of kindness and benevolence.”

“Bless you love. You have made me happy,” cried Barton, tenderly; “and I trust that not only you and I, but many a reclaimed wanderer, and relieved sufferer, will find abundant reason to remember this as a Happy New Year.”

A bachelor is a person who enjoys every thing and pays for nothing—a married man is one that pays for every thing and enjoys nothing. The one drives a sulkey through life, and is not expected to take care of any one but himself; the other keeps a carriage, which is always too full to afford him a comfortable seat. Be cautious how you exchange your sulkey for a carriage!

We know a man down east who is so remarkably neat and tasteful in his domestic arrangements, that he has all his fire wood painted and varnished, so as to render a pile of it rather ornamental than otherwise. On Sundays he has the ends of the sticks finished with gold leaf.

The **Coburg**, a Belgian paper, makes the following observations upon the accomplishments of the Princes of Coburg in the fine arts.—“The husband of the Queen of Portugal is a skilful engraver; our King is a capital violin player; Prince Albert is a distinguished poet; and Prince Ernest excels in setting his brother's poetry to music.”

Lord Coke wrote the subjoined distich, which he religiously observed in the distribution of his time:

Six hours to sleep—to law's grave study six,
Four spent in prayer—the rest to nature fix.
Sir W. Jones, a wiser economist, of the fleeting hours of life amended the sentiments in the following lines:—

Seven hours to law—to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot—and all to heaven.

“**The Lord's Will Be Done.**”—Deacon Marvin, of Lynn, (Conn.) a large landholder, and exemplary man, was extremely eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship, it is said, was as follows.—Having one day mounted his horse, with only a sheep skin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and without dismounting requested Betty to come to him; on her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her.—Betty, without much hesitation, replied, “The Lord's will be done.”

A **SAD TRUTH.**—Forty steamers were lost on the Western rivers last year. Only forty-five lives lost, and thirty nine of these were lost by bad steamboat boilers.

Envy.—Envy is the most base and grovelling of all the base passions, and the man in whose heart it holds a place, knows not a moment of quietude. The miser feels a momentary pleasure in counting over his treasure; and he whose ruling passion is revenge, exults when his victim writhes before him, and looks complacently on his blood stained dagger; but the envious man knows not a moment's ease. His mind is on the rack, and his perturbed spirit conjures up a thousand things, as interfering with his plans or pursuits, which in the ordinary course of events would never cross his path. For all others there is a moment of sunshine, a gleam of hope, a bright side to the future; but a dark and impenetrable cloud settles on his mind. His thoughts give birth to calamities which never can befall him, and anticipating evil, he prematurely undergoes the punishment of its consequences. Without an ennobling thought or a feeling of good will for mankind, he pines for others' property; while his narrow and contracted soul renders it impossible that he can better his own condition. His very nutriment turns to gall, and he wears an unhealthy, cadaverous and fiendish appearance. If he ventures into society, it is only as a thing to be instinctively avoided; for his basilisk-like eye betrays the poison with which his mind is surcharged. He is shunned and despised, and his presence looked upon as an omen of ill-fortune. Without the capabilities to advance himself, and wanting that straight forward honesty of purpose which would secure him friends, he is seized with an unendurable torment on witnessing the prosperity of others, and lashes himself into a fury at their success. He likens the world to a nut-shell, and thinks if a diamond be found in the Indian ocean, or a rich fur secured at the north pole, it is an invasion of his vested rights. He would banish happiness and erect a temple to misery, himself officiating as high priest. If he ever smiles, 'tis when the world weeps; but the vicissitudes of others is the signal of his joy.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE WITH THE MONEY WASTED IN WAR.—Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school house upon every hill side and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; I will supply that school house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every state, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, around the earth's broad circumference; and the voice of prayer, and the song of praise should ascend like an universal holo to heaven.—Stebbins.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—If you have blue eyes you need not languish; if you have black, you need not leer; if you have pretty ankles there is no occasion to wear short petticoats, and if you are doubtful as to that point, there can be no harm in letting them be long; if you have good teeth, do not laugh for the purpose of showing them; if you have bad ones, by all means shut your mouth and smile; if you have pretty arms and hands, there can be no objection to your playing on the harp; if you are disposed to be clumsy, work tapestry; if you dance well, dance but seldom; if ill, never dance at all; if you sing well, make no previous excuses, if you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few people are judges of singing, but every one will be sensible of your desire to please; if you would obtain power, be condescending; but above all, (mark!) if you are asked to be married, say “Yes!” for you will never be asked a second time.

A **HARD CASE.**—It is stated in a Baltimore paper that a woman was arrested on one of the cold nights of last week for stealing three billets of wood, to make a fire to keep three children from freezing. When taken to the watch-house she begged most earnestly to be allowed to go to them or have them brought to her, as they would freeze to death. Her request was refused, and in the morning the children were found frozen to death. This is a brief commentary upon the administration of our laws in many instances; the high rogue who robs to the amount of millions escapes, and the poor widow who steals to prevent death is thus punished.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, Esq. has been chosen Senator of the United States, from the State of Tennessee, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge White. He has of course been elected as a friend to the present administration.

In the present Assembly of New York, numbering 125 members, there are 59 farmers, 23 lawyers, 18 merchants, 7 physicians, 2 cabinet makers, 2 lumbermen, 1 furrier, 1 gardener, 1 mariner, 1 joiner, 1 blacksmith, 1 post master, 1 mechanic, 1 grocer, 1 yeoman, 1 agriculturist, 1 teacher, 3 with blank occupations and one with none. Of the whole number 74 were born in the State of New York; 22 in Connecticut; 13 in Massachusetts; 10 in Vermont; 3 in New Hampshire; 2 in Rhode Island; 2 in New Jersey and 1 in Prague, Germany.—*Albany Jour.*