

STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER.

G. WASHINGTON BOWEN, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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

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I. The STAR & REPUBLICAN BANNER is published at TWO DOLLARS per annum (or Volume of 52 numbers), payable half-yearly in advance: or TWO DOLLARS & FIFTY CENTS, if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

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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 culled with care."

THE BROKEN HEART.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.
He has gone to the land, where the dead are still,
And mute the song of gladness;
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of Hell,
His joy the thrill of Heaven.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are cold
And thought will sting him—never;
The tomb his darkest veil has roll'd
O'er all his faults for ever;
O! there was a light, that shone within
The gloom, that hung around him;
His heart was form'd to woo and win,
But love had never crown'd him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may rest
In a soft unbroken slumber,
Where the pulse, that swell'd his anguish'd breast,
Shall never his tortures number,
Ah! little the reckless wittlings know,
How keenly throbb'd and smarted
That bosom which burn'd with a brightest glow,
'Till crush'd and broken-hearted.

He long'd to love, and a frown was all,
The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang to Ambition's trumpet call,
But back they rudely drove him;
He glow'd with a spirit pure and high,
They call'd the feeling madness;
And he wept for woe with a melting eye,
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardour full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,
He sunk in desperation;
They call'd him away to Pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poison'd chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
They glanc'd the grin of malice.

He felt, that the charms of life was gone,
That his hopes were chill'd and blasted,
That being wearily linger'd on
In sadness, while it lasted;
He turn'd to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never,
It fed—to the damp, cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I WISH I WERE HE!

Being Three Passages in the Life of Peter Polk.
"I wish I were he!" said Peter Polk, as he saw the son of a rich neighbor riding gaily by, while Peter was trudging on foot. Peter at this period was about 10 years of age, a good boy, a tolerable scholar, of a kind, willing, and obliging disposition. But Peter could scarcely look upon the superior comforts of those around him, without sometimes sighing that his own fortune was so humble.

"Now," thought Peter, "how delightful it would be for me, instead of trudging three miles on foot to school, to ride pleasantly on such a nice pony. I should not be so tired when I got there, and could learn a great deal more." With such thoughts Peter's head was filled as he trudged along. How he should love a dear little pony, and how he could ride it, and a thousand other such childish fancies, until he got quite sad and altogether dissatisfied with his lot.

"Oh, how I do wish I were he!" exclaimed Peter. At the same moment turning a sudden corner in the road, he discovered the young gentleman quite dead. The pony had run away with him. It had thrown him off, and in falling he had fractured his skull and produced instant death. Surveying this sad spectacle, Peter seriously thought that he was far better off as he was, and trudged the remainder of his walk for that and many another day without wishing for a pony.

"I wish I were he!" said Peter Polk, as at the age of 23 he left his friend and old schoolmate, Richard Jones.
They had commenced business at the same time, about three years previous to this exclamation. Peter worked hard and indefatigably. He had a tolerable share of custom, and this had enabled him to furnish two rooms in exceeding comfortable style

against the time he might find a rib to make his bones complete. But Richard had far outstripped him. He had taken a whole house and furnished it splendidly. He was always flush of money, and if any party of pleasure was proposed, Richard would form one and spend his cash freely; while if Peter went, which was very rarely, he was compelled to be exceedingly economical, which made him appear very mean. Peter could not make out how it was. Richard did not seem to have so much business as he had, and most unquestionably he was not half so attentive.

It chanced that Peter had at one time a large order to execute; and requiring some cash to complete it, he proceeded to Richard, who advanced him fifty dollars on his note. He executed the order, got paid, and took up his hat to proceed to Richard and pay him.

"What a lucky fellow he is," cried Peter, "to be able thus to serve an old school fellow. Oh, I wish I were he!"
Just as he had uttered this exclamation a police officer entered and requested Peter to accompany him to the police office, stating that he had a warrant for his apprehension. Peter was thunderstruck. He had done no one wrong that he was aware of. In vain he asked upon what charge he was arrested. The officer was silent, and thus they proceeded together to the police.

Underwent a private examination as to where he got a \$20 note which was proved to be a counterfeit and traced to him. Peter stated of Richard Jones, his friend. He was then more rigorously examined as to his connection with that individual, and he stated all he knew, how he helped him, and how, he added, "I often wish I were he."

"Young man," said the magistrate, "I believe you. You shall now see the man whose situation you so much envy."
Peter was now conducted along galleries and winding staircases to an insulated building which contained a long row of cells. Two doors securing one of these were unlocked, and Peter confronted its tenant—Richard Jones. He was one of a gang of forgers, and confessed to lending the identical bill to Peter, which was traced to him. Peter, as he left the dreary abode of crime, thanked God heartily that he was not Richard Jones, and returned to his humble tenement with most heartfelt gratitude for the blessings he possessed.

"I wish I were he," exclaimed Peter two years after the last event. It seemed somehow or other that Peter's experience had gone for nought, and he could not get rid of his wishes. Yet he had perhaps more occasion to indulge in this "wish" than any former period. The occasion was this.

Peter had long been enamoured of a very pretty girl, and what was still better, of a very good girl, but somehow or other he did not make much advance. He was always kindly received and warmly welcomed, and the young lady's brother, as well as her father and mother, were decidedly partial to him. Whether it was his modesty, or that he believed he was not beloved again, certain it is that he had never spoken of love, except with his eyes, and that delicious awkwardness so amusing to a disinterested spectator that always embarrassed a modest lover. It was thought, too, that Ann had returned his glance in kind, but he was too modest to perceive it, and as maidenly modesty could do no more, affairs were likely to remain in this way till both parties died, or what is more likely, till the lady got tired of waiting, when an incident occurred that caused the exclamation, we have written down.

An excursion up the river was proposed, in which music and dancing were to be the features. Ann and her brother and several young men who visited the house were of the party, and Peter had anticipated much pleasure in going, but a job for an excellent customer, that was to be executed immediately, prevented his attendance. The following evening he met one of the persons who had enjoyed the trip. He spoke in terms of extasy of the beauty of Ann—told how often he had danced with her, and how she had given him a flower, which he produced and kissed, and said he would keep forever for her sake.

Peter declared that it was false, with a spirit unusual for him; in the meantime he felt that it was true; but he hoped that the other would resent his words, that he might have the pleasure of giving him a good thrashing. The young men only laughed. "I wish I were he," sighed Peter, as he left the group.

The next day the young fellow came into Peter's store, and producing a letter written in a faint womanish-looking hand asked him triumphantly whether he would believe him then. The letter read thus:—

"Dear Mr. Muggins—I have heard of the remarks you made about my flower, and of your expressions in regard to myself. I cannot see you alone in the day time; but, if you will come this evening and clap your hands three times under my chamber window, I will endeavor to reward you as you deserve. Excuse my not signing my name, for fear of accident."

Peter was thunderstruck. It was evident that Ann loved Muggins—there could be no doubt of it. Peter sighed and felt as if he could do no work, and as if he did not care whether he ever worked again or not. At an early hour he shut up his store and wandered out in a restless spirit, determined to see the result of the interview.

He remembered that Ann's chamber window was at the back of the house.— What lover does not know the resting place of his mistress, and invoke blessings on her

head as the faint illumination of its window tells him she is retiring to sleep, as he believes, under the especial guardianship of her sister angels. At the back of the house where was situated Ann's chamber window, was a long garden, at the bottom of which was a neat arbor, and in the middle a fish-pond, which, in the moonlight, looked like a sheet of silver. "It is very beautiful," thought Peter, "but it is nothing to me."

Peter ensconced himself in the arbor, and about half an hour afterwards he saw cautiously entering the garden his rival. He was highly elated in anticipation of his coming happy interview.

"I wish I were he," sighed Peter, as Muggins passed him and advanced under the window. "I do wish I were he," he again exclaimed, as the three taps were given.

Instantly the window was raised, and a voice exclaimed—"Is it you!"
"Yes, it is I, Muggins," was the reply.

Peter felt as if heaven and earth were annihilated and chaos was come again.— When, lo! from the window came no lady; but a sack of flour, with which the highly scented Mr. Muggins and his very best suit of dress black were literally covered. Before he could get the memento particles from his eyes three stout fellows issued from the house, seized him, and hurrying him along, plumped him head and ears into the fish-pond.

"There, concoct, that is what you deserve," cried a voice which Peter recognized to be Ann's brother.

Muggins did not wait to hold conversation, but scrambling out, like a dog with his tail between his legs, sneaked off in a double quick time. Peter was astonished. It was inexplicable. He thought he must be dreaming. He was not the only astonished person. The ridiculous figure of the retreating Muggins excited the risible faculties of Ann's brother to such a degree that he could not stand, but holding both his sides, reeled into the arbor and deposited himself into Peter's lap.

A mutual explanation ensued. Muggins had stolen the flowers, which Ann had dropped and supposed she had lost. Her brother had heard the impudent lying boast of the gift and had determined to be revenged. He wrote the note of appointment in a hand as much as possible like Ann's. The result has been told. But the brother did not stop there, he sounded Peter as to his affection for his sister, and heard, as he supposed, that it was unbounded. They entered the house together, and with sweet confusion, when the brother remembered he had forgotten something, and Ann and Peter were left alone together, Peter snored in Ann's loving ears his long passion.

Peter became a happy husband, and never since these three sufficient warnings has he been known to wish himself any other person than his own proper self.

HORSE TRADING.—It is sometimes amusing to hear a couple of jockeys trading in horse-flesh. They are generally the "hit or miss," portion of community, and rely more upon 'chances' than any other business men. An instance of this kind, in which one of our neighbors was concerned, "came off" the other day, and exemplifies the gravity with which the sucker swallows a costly joke.

"How will you trade?" was the interrogatory of the stranger. "Unsignt, unseent," replied neighbor B. "Agreed," said the stranger, "provided you answer my questions and pay five dollars for every falsehood you tell me." "Done," says Mr. B. "Is he sound in his limbs?" "Yes." "Is he sound in wind?" "Yes." "Then how will you trade?" "Give me seventy-five dollars." "I'll give you fifty." "Done."

The money was counted down, and neighbor B. putting \$45 in his pocket, handed back \$5 to the stranger.
"What is this for?" "Why I told you one falsehood." "What was it?" "My horse is wind broken."

It is needless to add any thing more by way of comment. The thing was out.

TEMPERANCE.—Father Matthew in his third visit to Ireland has administered the pledge to 40,000 persons, a number of them from the wealthy classes. He was first incited to his work, it is said, by some of the members of the Society of Friends, one of whom offered him £1000 to aid him in his work, which he refused. Simultaneous prayer meetings for the cause of Temperance, are to be held throughout West Scotland on the last Sabbath evening of the year. The good effects of these exertions are shown in the diminution of crime, and the increase of habits of economy. The Richmond prison, in Dublin, has 100 cells vacant, there having been a diminution of 1184 commitments for the last year, and the Smithfield prison is shut up, not being needed. The increase of depositors in one Savings Bank in 1840 beyond '39 is 1520.

SPINOLOGY.—In these days, when boarding schools for young ladies are devoted to the fashionable ologies of the day—such as conchology, orinthology, inchihology, Zoology, and such like, we propose an additional science, as a finishing touch to young ladies' education, viz: SpinoLOGY. Our grandmothers of olden time, who made good wives for patriotic men that achieved our independence, knew how to spin. They were, too, expert at weave-ology; and as to cook ology, none of the learned ancients could go ahead of them. As a consequence of all this, they enjoyed good health, and such things as dyspepsia and consumption were seldom known. But in modern times these sciences, so honorable to the matrons

of the Revolution, have gone out of date. A lamentable degeneracy, both physical and moral has followed. Then the country had women; now we have none. Females have all turned ladies.

If our fashionable schools cannot be induced to establish departments in spinoLOGY, weaveology and the like, we would suggest that some worthy matrons, if a number qualified for the business can be found, should go into our cities and towns and set up spinning schools to teach young ladies—not how to spin street yarn; this art they have generally achieved already; but good substantial wool and linen, in a work-woman-like manner. This should be preparatory to a High School for teaching the healthy and ingenious art of Weaving; and when they have become proficient at both, a good knowledge of conology should entitle them to a regular diploma with the honorary degree of F. W.—Fit for Wives.—Maine Cultivator.

THE ELECTRICAL EEL AT THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.—This curious fish is forty inches in length. It was not seen to eat until two months after it was brought to the gallery; but some blood was placed daily in its tub among the water, and this, it is supposed, supplied it with the means of life. After it was experimented upon by Mr. Faraday, it appeared to be in better health, and commenced eating making its first meal of four small fish; at present it eats one daily. It produces all the effects common to electricity—chemical decomposition, evolution of heat, sparks, &c. A fish between four and five inches in length, half a minute after it was caught was placed in the tub with the eel, which forming itself into a coil struck the fish, which instantly turned lifeless on its side; the eel then swallowed it with evident gout. The shocks of the eel. Professor Faraday found, are strongest in the tail; and a gudgeon, which was thrown into the tub, evidently aware of this kept his head opposite to that of the eel, and escaped; there they were gudgeon and eel, *nez-a-nez* regarding each other with profound attention.

USEFUL RECIPE.—I send you below, Messrs. Editors, a recipe for making a composition which will render wood entirely incombustible. It is very easily prepared, and quite easy of application, being used the same as paint with an ordinary brush. A good coat of it applied to the floor under stoves would be an excellent precaution.

Take a quantity of water, proportioned to the surface of wood you wish to cover, and add to it as much potash as can be dissolved therein. When the water will dissolve no more potash, stir into the solution, 1st, a quantity of flour paste of the consistency of common painter's size; 2d a sufficient quantity of pure clay; to render it the consistency of cream.

When the clay is well mixed, apply the preparation as before directed to the wood; it will secure it from the action of both fire and rain. In a most violent fire, wood thus saturated may be carbonized, but it will never blaze.

If desirable, a more agreeable color can be given to the preparation by adding a small quantity of red or yellow ochre.

It might also be useful for you to mention in your paper, especially at this season; of high winds, that a handful or two of sulphur thrown on to the fire when a chimney is burning out, will almost instantaneously extinguish the flame.—Buffalo Com. Adv.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons now publish a paper. In one of their numbers they say that they have members in the places named to the following extent: Philadelphia, 255 members. New York, 210. Brooklyn, L. I. 19. Hempstead, L. I. 50. Monmouth county, New Jersey, 35. Chester county, Pennsylvania, 135. Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, 84. New Jersey, 116. Oneida, New York, 80.

A letter in this paper, also states that there were 1800 members present at a meeting in Preston, England. They are also found in Manchester and other places.

We learn also, from this paper, that they believe the time of the "gathering" has come. They have, therefore, selected certain points where the " Latter Day Saints" are to be gathered. A large body are in the neighborhood of Nauvoo, Ill. and this paper states them to be in a flourishing condition. When they locate a place, they call it establishing "a stake," and accordingly, they have just established one at Ramus, Ill. This place is eight miles north-east of Carthage, the county seat of Hancock county, Ill.

POPULATION IN ENGLAND.—The English papers give an abstract of the Report of the Registrar-General, from which it appears that the population of England and Wales is computed to have been 15,666,800 on January 1, 1839. The population of the United Kingdom was then about 27,267,844. It may now amount to 27,774,200 persons, comprising 6,080,000 fencible men, aged 20 and under 60. Ireland possesses rather less than one third (32 per cent.) of the entire population. The population of France is about 34,370,000. The report states, that the number registered for England and Wales in the year ending June 30, 1839, were—Births 490,540, deaths 331,007, marriages 121,083. The proportion of marriages to the population was 1 in 129. It appears that 10,800

more boys were born than girls—and the proportions were about the same in deaths, viz. 169,112 males and 161,975 females. It appears from the abstract of marriages, that in the whole of England and Wales, out of 121,081 couples married, there were 40,587 men, and 58,959 women who could not write.

The number of Quakers in England and Wales, estimated by the number of marriages, is about 10,000—and of Jews at about 20,000.—Boston Jour.

COOL!—The Wilkesbarre Advocate thus talks to delinquent subscribers: "All men who can pay, and are honest, will either send or bring the amount of our claim against them; dishonest men won't.— A word to the honest is sufficient—we shall talk to the dishonest through a Justice of the Peace."

DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. Hugh Watson, extensively known as the founder of the brewing establishment of H. Watson & Sons, of this village, closed his life under circumstances peculiarly distressing. It seems that from the time of following his estimable wife to the grave about a year since to the day of his own death, his mind was constantly failing—he became more and more gloomy—at times lost all desire for life; and although in his better moments he strove to overcome every thing of the kind, yet it was easy for those around him to perceive the change that was going on in his intellect. On the morning of the day alluded to, in company with one of his sons, and as much to divert his mind by change of scene as any thing else, Mr. W. started for Owego. They stopped in Hamilton for supper. Rising from the table in a way that created no suspicion, he stepped out of the door, and not returning as was anticipated, a search was commenced, which resulted in finding his lifeless body in a well, into which he had without doubt let himself down. A coroner's inquest was held, after which his remains were conveyed to this place, and attended to the grave on Friday. Mr. W. was 63 years old.—Auburn Journal, Dec. 30.

ANOTHER VIOLENT DEATH.—A friend at Mobile, under date of Dec. 21st, gives us the following particulars of another deed of violence.—N. Y. Times.

A Mr. Emerson went into the office of Dr. J. H. Woodcock and there attacked him. The Doctor had one arm in a sling—he warned Emerson, to keep away from him. He continued however to advance, upon seeing which the Doctor drew a pistol from his pocket and shot the other, who died a few hours afterwards. The Doctor was arrested and held to bail in the sum of \$20,000; but he was the O. K. and nothing will be done. Emerson was bound over to keep the peace toward the Doctor about a year ago. Yesterday he was to have left here for Mexico. On Saturday the day of the attack, he went to the court house to ascertain whether the bail was released.

He was told it was not, when he replied, "I can't wait any longer, as I am going away to-morrow; and must cane Woodcock to-day, any how."

A RUMORED INSURRECTION.—A considerable excitement, says the Baltimore Clipper, has been caused in the vicinity of Selma, and in the town of Sumter, Alabama, not long since, in consequence of a rumored insurrection of the negroes. It is stated that an Indian chief, known as "Little Leader," was the instigator of the contemplated outbreak. Since the discovery of the plot a number of negroes have been arrested, and some of them, together with the Indian (Little Leader) imprisoned. No positive proofs, however, have been adduced as to the certainty of an insurrection having been contemplated, though the citizens were much alarmed, and put themselves on the defensive.

LARD LAMPS.—A Wolverine in Ann Arbor, Mr. Hickcox, has fairly out Yanked the Yankees in the "notion" line. He has lately invented a lamp, in which common hog's lard is used as a substitute for oil. It is said to answer the purpose admirably—one cent's worth of lard giving a clear, bright, steady light for some eight or ten hours.

A REMARKABLE CASE.—A correspondent of the western Journal of Medicine reports the particulars of a case, which possesses uncommon interest for the philologist as well as the surgeon. One of those unfortunate beings, a deaf mute, having been taught to read and write, in one of the noble charities of the North, established for the instruction of such persons, by the study of medical authors came to understand the nature of his infirmity, and became satisfied that it might be remedied by operation. Finding no surgeon willing to undertake the operation proposed in such cases, he resolved on performing it himself, and, by an instrument devised by himself, actually succeeded in puncturing the drum of his ear, and restoring the lost sense. The most remarkable feature in the case is, that, from not being able to articulate a sound at the time of operation, he acquired the use of the language in a few hours, and in four days was capable of taking part in a sustained conversation, as the writer expresses it, on "metaphysical subjects"—Louisville Jour.

Say not a word to the women about tight lacing. None but fools ever kill themselves by tight lacing; and the sooner we get rid of them the better. Them's our sentiments.

TRADE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO.—The inland trade, says the Baltimore American, between the United States and Mexico, promises to be greatly benefited by a Bill which passed the Senate on Wednesday. It proposes to extend the drawback system to the exportation of foreign goods from Independence, in the State of Missouri, and Van Buren and Fulton, in Arkansas. Each of these towns is on a great river, to wit: the first on the Missouri, the second on the Arkansas, the third on the Red River. The Globe says that these towns, if the bill passes the House of Representatives, become ports of entry, and it will greatly accelerate the important inland trade between the valley of the Mississippi and the northern parts of the Mexican republic.

ERASING AN ENDORSEMENT IS FORGERY.—The Supreme Court of Ohio, decided recently, that an endorsement on a note purporting that a partial payment had been made, and which endorsement was written by the maker in the presence, with the concurrence, and by the direction of the payee, is a receipt, the alteration or erasure of which by the payee will be forgery.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Baltimore Sun gives some information, copied from the Catholic Almanac for 1841, in relation to the Catholic Church in the United States. The Catholic population in the U. States is 1,300,000. The number of clergymen, 545, of which 436 are in the ministry, and 109 otherwise employed. The number of churches and chapels is 512, churches building, 27; other stations, 394. There are 17 ecclesiastical institutions, with 144 clerical students.— The female religious institutions, number 31, and the female academies, 49. There are in the female academies, 2,782 pupils. The literary institutions for young men number 24, and the young men in them 1,593. The number of Catholic bishops in the United States, is 17. During 1840, the accessions to the priestly office have been 85.

THE NATIONAL TREASURY.—The Cincinnati Republican relates the following fact, to show the true condition of the National Treasury:

"The United States Bank some time since bought \$100,000 worth of our city bonds, bearing an interest of five per cent. and payable in 1861. These bonds the Bank sold to the government. They were bought, as we learn, for the benefit of the Navy Pension Fund, and were intended as a permanent investment. But in some way these bonds came into possession of the Manhattan Bank, a pet institution of New York, (whether as collateral for moneys advanced, or as a part of the government means, we don't know,) and were sold in the New York market last week for \$60,000. What a sacrifice! And yet the 'new system has worked well!' The Treasury Department is doing well! Alas! Fact in this matter outweighs assertion!"

THE NEW APPOINTMENT.—Some speculations are indulged in touching the new apportionment of members of Congress under the Census of 1840. It has been usually every ten years to increase the ratio of representation somewhat, so as keep down the number in the lower House. At present there is one member for every 47,700 of population. If that basis continues the next House of Representatives will be considerably larger than the present. The relative strength of each State delegation will be much the same whether the ratio of representatives is enlarged or continued on the existing scale. If enlarged, some of the smaller Atlantic States must suffer a reduction in the number of their present delegations.

Some object to increasing the number of Representatives on the ground that there are more in it now than are useful to the country. The English House of Commons contains six hundred or more; but then the privilege of verbosity is not reckoned among the privileges of a member of parliament. A man in the House of Commons, is not expected nor indeed allowed to speak unless he has something to say worth hearing; and he is obliged to stop when he is done. These would be grievous restraints upon our Representatives—and quite impracticable of enforcement.

It is quite apparent that for all practical purposes the House of Representatives is already large enough; but then if the number is increased the evil may work its own correction. That is to say, the necessity of rejecting superfluous, prosy and irrelevant speeches may become more apparent, and the whole tribe of talkers be put upon their good behaviour.

WHERE IS THE FRAUD?—According to the late census, the vote in the State of New Jersey at the recent election stood thus: The five Van Buren counties average 5 68-100 of population to each vote; the thirteen Whig counties average 6 2-100 of population to each vote. Sussex county gave VAN BUREN 1,761 majority, and the entire vote of the county was one to 536-100 of population. Essex county gave HARRISON 1,804 majority, and the entire vote was one to six of population. The entire vote of the State was 64,488, between 6,000 and 7,000 larger than ever before given; the Whig majority being over 2,200. It would have been considerably more, the reader will at once perceive, if the thirteen Whig counties had polled as many votes in proportion to their inhabitants as the five Van Buren counties did.—Nat. Int.