From the Downing Gazette.

MY BUMPS AND SO ON—Since Mr. Jones has been a lecturing down here to Portland, every body seems to have a terrible kind of an itching to have him fumble over their heads, and see what kind of bumps there is on 'em. For if he can only just put his hand on any body's head a few minutes, and look 'em in their face he'll go on and give 'em the whole history of their characters from beginning to end, as clear as though he'd always lived with 'em and known all about 'em. I heard so much about it, I begun to think it would be good pla for me to get M. Jones to feel of my head, and see if he could tell how I come to get up in the world so; and whether I'm likey to get up any higher, for I keep thinking of the Presidency yet, and should like to find out if there is much prospect of my getting it. And I thought if he could find out by feelin of my bumps that I should make a pretty good President it would make folks more willing to vote for me, and *I* could get him to give me a certificate, and so let Mr. Lilly, Wait & Co. put it into the next edition of my book, and I dont think but it would make it go about as much good as Mr. Cobbett's life of the Gineral.

So I marched right up to Mr Jones' room, & took my hat off, and says I, Mr. Jones, I want you to feel of my head and tell me right up and down what you think of it. No palaverin nor smoothin over; but tell all about it jest as tis, for the whole nation is anxious to know about it, and if you dont tell right, it wont do you any good nor me nother. So he come along and put his hand on my head and begun to fumble round the back part of it, till by and by he got his hand right on a great bump jest along and a little below the top of my head. There, says he, Major, now I know how you come to make such a noise in the world. The Gineral has got jest exactly such a bump and jest about as big.

I felt queer enough when I found out my head was so much like the Gineral's but still I thought likely enough he would find some difference, as I and the Gineral, dont exactly agree on all pints lately.

Capital military head, Major, says Mr Jones, I think you would make a most as good a Gineral as the Gineral himself.

Mr. Jones then run his hand all round among the hair, and I felt as if the rats were among it, till by and by he got along down into a low place right on the middle of the top of my head, and he stopped and shook his head. I thought then he'd let out something that I should want to hear. But what do you think he said?—*Why* he said I never was a bit bashful in my life. By which *I* spose he meant that it made no sort of difference to me whether I was in the Gineral's company or the Gineral in my company, for I would hold my head up, let it be which way 'twould.

I asked him how it was that folks happened to get hold of my letters and publish them and let out so many of the Gineral's plans.—So he run his hand along jest above my ear, and says he, oh that's all plain enough; here's a great dent in here, and if you aint careful, Major, says he, you'll tell all you know, let who will hear it.

At last he got his hand in among the hair jest on the top of my forhead, and he laughed right out. Says he, here's loss of benevolence. Major, I know you'd make a good President, and I mean to vote for you, notwithstanding the dent in the side of your head. And after all, says he, I dont think that dent is much objection, as it will always be likely to let us know what is goin on at the White House.

I asked him if he thought I should have a Kitchen Cabinet when I got in to be President. At that he put his fingers along down a little above the cheek bones pretty near the temples, and says he, no Major, you will never be troubled much with Kitchen matters.

Then he run his fingers along over my eye brows, and rubbed so hard it seemed as if I could see stars. And says he Major, no wonder you cant spell any better, and I dont think you can make much of a speech, but you can write good letters for all that. Yes, says I, and protests, and proclamations, and all sich things, I guess.

He run his hand over my forhead again, and says he, Major you have a keen nack of looking into things; here's causality as round as an apple. Then he slipped his hand along back a little to the edge of my hair, and says he, Major, I dont think you can write poetry. Never mind that says I and Darkess can write as slick poetry as any there is a going nowdays and she'll write for me any time.

At last says he Major you are an honest man, and will always tell the truth, let what will stand in the way. And here we finished the examination and I bid him good night.

But I've been thinking the matter over a good deal since, and cant help thinking there is a good deal of truth in this *Phrenology* business ater all.

MEMOIRS OF VIDOCQ.—There is no better reading for an honest man than the memoirs of a rogue, written by himself. The renowned one whose name is above, was chief of the *Police* in Paris for seventeen years—after he had been practising in his vocation about as many more. *His* appointment confirmed the authority of the proverb concerning the wisdom of setting one thief to catch another.

In his preface, Vidocq laments that he had entrusted his manuscripts to a man of letters, from whom, however, he rescued them, when the literato had spoiled two volumes of the four. He was offended at the interpolations of puerile language attributed to himself, and at the suppression of some of his candid explanations, or rather of some glozing comments, by which he disguised from others, and perhaps from himself, the true character of his life and actions. However, the words attributed to him seem to have disturbed him as much as the actions; perhaps he blushed more to have his talents obscured, than his morals—at any rate, this is a failing that belongs to better men. He would rather be guilty of a crime than commit a blunder.

A book so full of adventure, and that lifts the curtain which conceals all the rogues of France and their system, must needs be interesting; but it would have been a good service to morals and taste, if the publishers had suppressed many of the details, and made a book of about half the size. There are narratives in it, more adapted to the state of society in Paris, than in New England.

This illustrious man was born at Arras, in 1775, in a house next to that in which Robespierre was born. The boy shadowed forth the man; he was athletic and bold, a terror to his comrades, and a curse to the dogs and cats of his neighbourhood. His first robbery was that of his father's chest; but other villains, more experienced initiated him into more adventurous acts. Being obliged to leave Arras, without the ceremony of taking leave, he fled to Holland, that he might come from thence to the New World; but fortunately no ship was ready, and this quarter of the earth had one scoundrel less. *Had* he arrived and taken to politics, there is no telling how high he would have risen. Then he became servant to the merry andrew of a travelling menagerie, and took lessons in tumbling.—This he off'ring few attractions and small pay, he moved the pity of an exhibition of puppets, who compared him in his menagerie to Daniel in the lion's den—though the parallel extended no further than to the lions.

At this "theatre of amusing varieties," (for so it was called,) the life was too pleasant to last, and being discharged, he carried the pack of a travelling doctor. His next resource was the army, and he enlisted and deserted to the Austrians, whom he left in the same manner, to enlist in another French regiment, in which he killed a German hussar whilst crying "surrender! surrender!"

At last he was so securely lodged in prison, that it was no easy matter to escape, and some of his perjured comrades implicating him in a forgery of a public document, to enable one of them to escape, he was sentenced to the galleys for eight years—for he protests his own innocence. An attempt to escape, in which he was caught in a hole that he could neither get through nor back, without losing some of his flesh, caused him to be removed to a stronger appartment, where from the society of sharpers, he was introduced to that of bandits, burglars and assassins.

He escaped again, and fled to Ostend, where he engaged in smuggling, a pursuit of too much comparative honesty to interest him long.

"Parracide," says he "is the only crime with which I have not been charged," while he affirms that he was never sentenced for any but the forgery of his companions. This however carried him to the galleys, where he had both high and low companions. Among others General Sarazin, who was lately there working out his penalty for bigamy. The manner of marching to Brest, where the prisoners are situated, is peculiar. The convicts are attached in pairs to a chain, which the whole lines of them carry between them, so that all must move together.

But Vidocq found means to escape from Brest, became a schoolmaster and sacristan and afterwards went to Holland, where he was impressed into the navy.

"His singular fatility that he had to submit to untresistingly," (for a thief likes a good excuse as well as an honest man loves a good motive) soon threw him on shore, and into bad company. His "imperious necessity" brought him again among sharpers, and carried him to the Bicetre. Here he was so well known and esteemed for his courage & actions that he "had a complete Court." But, said he "this prison glory was now hateful to me—the more *I* read the soul of malefactors, the more *I* pitied society for having nourished in its bosom such offspring." These new views of his old comrades, however, opened upon him as he was negotiating with the police for the employment and wages of a thief taker and a traitor. Enjoying in the prison the highest reputation for fidelity to his comrades, (though with the modicum of honor that belongs to thieves) the secrets of the inmates were his, and he revealed so many that the police had a great accession of prisoners.—He shall speak for himself:

"Each day increased the numbers of my discoveries. Of the many who were committed to prison, there were none who did not owe their arrest to me, and not one of them for a moment suspected my share in the business. I managed so well, that neither within or without its walls, had the slightest suspicion transpired.

The thieves of my acquaintance looked upon me as their best friend and true comrade the others esteemed themselves happy to have an opportunity of initiating me in their secret, whether for the pleasure of conversing with me or in hope of benefiting by my counsels. It was principally beyond the barriers that I met with these unfortunate. One day that I was crossing the boulevards, I was accosted by St. Germain, who was still accompanied by Boudin. They invited me to dinner; I accepted the proposition, and over a bottle of wine they did me the honor to propose that I should make a third in an intended murder."

He *did* make a third, to betray his comrades. If he did not originate the plan, he encouraged it. He says, that to incite them, "I concluded I might, without overacting my part, affect a degree of impatience about it.—"Well," said I, "when is this famous affair to take place?"—"When?" said St. Germain, "the fruit is not yet ripe." Already had several meetings taken place and yet nothing was arranged. Once more I hazarded the usual question. He was impatient for blood.

He says elsewhere—"When individuals have been pointed out to me, whether because their *connections* and habits rendered them *suspected*, or because they led a *free life* without any *ostensible* means of support, to *cut short their exploits*, I held out a *snare* for them, and I confess it,—without shame,—I did not make the least hesitation in doing so."—Shame, what is that to M. Vidocq, more than colors to one born blind. Verily we have read no books since Paul Clifford, with so shameless a hero. He is a wretch—a horrid wretch—as near an approach to the "father of lies," as man can make, and live.

These records of crime—these graphic sketches of every variety of caitiff, confirm a good man in the system that holds together the moral elements of the world,—the system of the diametrical opposition, the eternal difference between right and wrong. The reader rises sad from such a book, though he may have been interested in the perusal.

Boston Courier.

BOSTON MUNICIPAL COURT—Oct 15.—(Before Judge Thacher.)

Indictment for Libel.—Benjamin F. Bond was indicted for publishing in a paper called the "Experiment," a malicious and scandalous libel upon the character of Enoch W. Perry, grate manufacturer, 62 Congress street. The libel was stated to be contained in Nos. 4 and 5 of the 'Experiment,' published in June last. In the former of these numbers was a fictitious police report, representing Mr. Perry in a very ludicrous light, under the name of *Perrygrate*, and stating him to have been brought before the police as a drunken and disorderly person. In the latter number were the following paragraphs:—

"The following gentlemen Tories have agreed to act as agents for the Experiment, and will receive subscriptions and supply single numbers. They are not authorized to receive payment, their affairs being in such a state as to render it unsafe to expose them to temptation. For *Boston*, E. W. Perrygrate, professor of radical rhetoric and *belles lettres*, Congress street, grate shop."* (Here followed several other names.)

*"Mr. Perrygrate is requested to call at our office and settle with us, as we want funds to enable us to celebrate the 4th, and presume from apperances that he has sold all his "Experiments.'"

These were the grounds of the indictment. Several witnesses were called by the government to prove that Bond was the printer of the publication in question; one of them, named *Comstock*, who it appears is connected with Bond in the "Experiment," was objected to by the counsel for the defendant, as being an infidel. This the witness [who did not appear desirous of giving evidence] avowed to be the case, and stated that he neither believed in a future state nor recognized the obligations of an oath.

Mr. Perry, when called by the court, said, that he had been much annoyed by persons calling upon him at his house and place of business, and enquiring if he was not agent for the sale of the "Experiment." He had also been frequently pointed at in the streets, and heard the exclamation, "There goes Perrygrate." The jury retired to their room at half past 6 in the afternoon and shortly returned with a verdict of "Guilty." It is said a motion for a new trial, or in arrest of judgment, is to be made. The County Attorney in opening the above case stated the law of the libel as prevailing in this state; he hoped that law would never be carried so far as it had been in an another country, where the sticking of a cabbage on a tailor's door had been construed into a libel; but he did think, that cases such as the one now before the Court called loudly for punishment. He would state a fact not generally shown, it was this, that any circulator of a libellous publication like the present was as much liable to prosecution as the author or printer.

If it could be proved that any individual had bought and lent a copy of the "Experiment," such individual would be as directly amenable to the law of libel as the defendant in the present case.

The circulation of the publication in question appears to have been considerable, sometimes so many as 2000 copies have been sold.

STILL LATER FROM LIVERPOOL.—The ship Fredonia, Capt Page, arrived at N. York, late on Saturday evening from Liverpool, with Liverpool dates to the 12th September inclusive. We are indebted to our friends of the Daily Advertiser and Journal of Commerce, for the annexed items of news. The state of the foreign markets, and other commercial intelligence, will be found under the usual head.

Import of cotton.—The number of bags of cotton imported into this country from America, from the 1st of January to the 29th of August, 1834, was 663,256. The total number imported in the whole of 1833 was 652,822, being an increase of 10,224 bags imported in the first eight months of 1834, over the whole imports of 1833.

MUNICH, *Aug.* 30.—Yesterday the King's palace and two barracks were set on fire. The fire was got under; but the police anticipated the renewal of similar acts and the patrols were parading every street.

Fires in Russia.—The accounts received yesterday from St. Petersburg mention that there has been a great fire at Krementchong, the date was July 11, from that place, when 93 wooden houses were destroyed. Only one life was lost, & that a child in infancy. The cause was attributed to accident. An other fire had taken place at Elizabethgrad, which from some circumstances, was thought to have originated in design; the cause was in fact unknown. It lasted from five in the afternoon till midnight. Tho' there was no wind, the fire spread very rapidly and from the narrowness of the streets, easily crossed them. The fierceness of the flames and the denseness of the smoke, rendered assistance impossible. The houses consumed were fully three hundred, including that of the Minister of Commerce, which was the ornament of the town, several of those of the first merchants, the public dispensary, post-office, &c. No lives, however, were lost.

From the National Intelligencer.

DECISIVE REPROOF.

Roger B. Taney is a native of Calvert county, in Maryland, and a descendant of one of the most ancient and respectable families of the State. He continued to reside there until about the age of twenty four or twenty five years and was elected twice or three times as a delegate to the General Assembly.—For upwards of twenty years he pursued the practice of the law in Frederick, the residence of his choice, and rose to eminence in his profession. During that long period, he stood at the head of the Federal party in that county, and enjoyed a popularity that very few have been able to attain. With a laudable desire to extend his professional fame and increase his private fortune, he removed to Baltimore, where for several years, he divided the highest honors of his profession with the distinguished and lamented Wirt, possessing the unlimited confidence and esteem of his personal friends, and idolized by his political party. At the moment of his acceptance of the office of Attorney General, he was undeniably the most popular citizen of Baltimore.

Now, behold '*the fruits of a single error*.' Taney, the amiable and retiring citizen, the eminent lawyer, the favorite of the people, listened to the suggestion of vanity and ambition, and yielded to the seductions of office. He abandoned the substantial happiness of private life, and the profits of his lucrative profession and entered into the service of a debased and debasing junto. The menials of the kitchen smeared him over with flattery, and he *descended to their level*. The principles of his early life were forgotten; he worshiped the idol in the high places: he threw himself before the Car of Juggernaut and was crushed, a willing victim under its wheels. What are the results? Calvert, his native county, last year politically divided, has condemned the unlawful seizure of the public treasure by a majority of more than THREE to ONE! *Frederick*, where for more than twenty years he flourished without a rival, last year numbered a majority of four hundred for Jacksonism, has now recorded, by an overwhelming majority, a verdict of condemnation against corruption and its unhappy victim, in reply to his pathetic and beseeching appeal for sympathy and support!! But BALTIMORE, the hitherto unwavering and unshrinking adherent of the Hero, and steadfast supporter of all his measures, has stamped the final, emphatic, and indelible seal of reprobation upon the pliant and willing instrument of the kitchen cabinet.

Poor, Mr. Taney! Poor Mr. Taney!!

MARYLAND.

EASTON GAZETTE

EASTON, (MD.)

Saturday Morning, Oct. 25.

It is supposed that there will be a member of the Council to be appointed from Baltimore at the next session, and there seems to be a very general sentiment in favour of Nathaniel F. Williams, Esq. of that City, as a man whose character and services eminently entitle him to such a station.

Alas! poor New Jersey! and she refuses to throw off the collar of servitude to the Tyrant and the shackles of degradation that bind her to the car of an infamous usurpatory and irresponsible Junto, that wheedle and direct the superannuated and crazed old Idol. Well, Jersey never had much to boast of in any day, and her history certainly marks her out as the last and lowest of all the sisters. The present location of her Jacksonism, or Van Burenism, or whatever you may call it, was the haunt of rank Toryism during the American Revolution, & her devotion to unscrupulous usurpation and high handed illigitimate power has not yet worn out—Our maxim is let People think as they please, although they may think wrong—and let the people do as they please, provided they violate no Law—We therefore mark New Jersey down as knowingly and voluntarily countenancing the gross and palpable frauds and peculations, committed in the General Government by Gen. Jackson's agents, for whom, he says, he is responsible, and whose frauds and peculations he has therefore made his own—we mark New Jersey down as knowingly and voluntarily sanctioning violations of the Constitution, abuses of power, daring usurpations, contempt of law, unwarrantable devotion to serve favourites, and a general system of corruption, that disgraces this Government and Country and is rapidly laying the ground-work of a course of things that will, if not put a timely stop to, subvert the Federal Government, prostrate the National Character and Independence, and debase the minds and morals of all who expect to rise to power or to the favour of the administration.

But whatever you may have hoped, what else could you expect from a State that permits its citizens to secret and convert to their own use the property of its neighbors that gets within its limits? What else could be expected from a State that swore fidelity to the Federal Constitution, and afterwards refused to give effect within her jurisdiction to one of its clauses, established for the express purpose of protecting the rights of property of her fellow citizens in neighboring States? What else could be expected in a state where Negro mobs and riots and violence and lawless rescue are suffered and by sufferance are encouraged, to intimidate, and deny, and defy the claims of American Citizens that are pursued under the sanction of the Constitution & constitutional Law? In fact, you could expect nothing else from a community that is the inviting asylum of renegade and runaway negroes from the South, whose labour is withheld from their true masters and is converted by hypocritical stratagem to the use of their new ones, who hold them in durance vile and wrongful to subserve their interests, by holding over them the purpetual threat of acting honestly and surrendering them up to their real owners—thus keeping them subdued by fear; and converting their labor to their own use at small cost.—It is thus that poor Jersey gets on with her trucking, and inflated with Jacksonism, is always found licking the footstool of any power that is uppermost.

When the high minded and generous sons of America shall rescue her from her present ignominious thraldom, and shall place her under destinies that become the true American character, the passway state, the miserable trucker, will be seen coming over by thousands—for her maxim has been from the first, on which ever side is the power, good or ill, that's my side.

But why repine at Jersey? If there were no griefs, joys would become insipid—If no wrong, right would be stript of the measure of its strength—If no turpitude, virtue would lose more than half its lustre. How towering is the lot of Delaware and Maryland in contrast with the vassal state beyond the Delaware?

The election for Mayor in the City of Baltimore took place on Monday last, the following is the result:—Hunt, 5468—Small 4415—Block 25.

NEW JERSEY.

The Election of 1832 resulted in the choice of the six Jackson Congressmen, which now represent that State. They elect their Congressmen by general ticket. There are fourteen counties in the State. The election of 1833 resulted in the choice of 2 anti-Jackson and 12 Jackson Councilmen (Senators) and 7 anti Jackson and 43 Jackson Assemblymen—giving a Jackson majority of 47 in joint ballot. Twelve out of the 14 counties went for Jackson.

Our returns of the election which took place last week furnishes the following contrast:—

	Assemblymen.		Majorities.	
	Whig.	*Jack.*	*Whig.*	*Jack.*
Bergen, Co.		4		25
Essex,	6		1378	
Middlesex,	5		244	
Burlington,	6		450	
Salem,	4		174	
Cumberland,	4		229	
Cape May,	2		249	
Sussex,		4		1342
Morris,		5		142
Warren,		4		1007
Somerset,		4		107
Huntingdon,		6		1080
Monmouth,		5		190
Gloucester,		5		122
	27	37	2824	3965
		27		2824
Jackson majority.		10	Jack. maj	1141

Six of the counties elect Whigs, and 8 go for Jackson, consequently there are 8 Jackson Senators elected.

Thus we have just four times as many Whigs elected to the lower house, and three times as many Senators as we had last year, the Jackson majority on joint ballot is reduced from 47 to 10. The Baltimore Republican heads the account with GLORIOUS TRIUMPH.

The Jackson ticket for Congress is re-elected by the majority of between 11 and 1200.

The Baltimore Chronicle says:—Whigism in this state has gone by the board and the Jackson flag remains floating triumphantly from the hickory pole. Well, be it so—"Rome was not built in a day"—nor can the spirit of Jacksonism be subdued in one campaign, but patience and perseverance can achieve wonders. We mauled the Jackson party so terribly in Maryland, that it would be a sin not to let them have some consolation. They will crow prodigiously over New Jersey and yet they have gained nothing for they had that State before. We should, to be sure have added her to the number of Whig conquests without grumbling, but since we have not this privilege, we must content ourselves with rebuking her for missing the glorious opportunity of ranging herself by the side of the gallant Maryland. But after all it is probably better that we did not gain New Jersey—for too much prosperity might have spoiled the Whig party. So with these reflections, we bid her good bye, hoping that, like the prodigal son, she will return to her duty when she has seen the error of her ways.

THE ELECTIONS.—New Jersey has gone from us, and we have a great mind neither to put on mourning for her, nor to write an obituary notice. She has shamefully deceived us, and if it were not for some tender reminiscences of Anno Domini, 1828, when she alone of all the disputed States, breasted the storm of Jacksonism, we would treat her, as the Times does all Whig victories, with silent contempt. To be serious—we speak candidly when we say that we do not believe the cause of Jacksonism has gained a single vote in that State. The result of the late contest has proven, what we feared, but would not believe, that Sectarianism was stronger than Patriotism, and that the two divisions of the Society of Friends, in their desire to express their condemnation of Messrs Southard and Frelinghuysen, have lost sight of the great cause of Civil Liberty. In the County of Burlington alone, this unfortunate question out of the way, and we should have had a majority of from twelve to fifteen hundred votes. In Hunterdon we lost at least four hundred, and in the southern counties twice as many more. We now put on record for future reference, that whenever the contest shall come fairly between a Whig and a Tory President, the State of New Jersey will be found on the right side.

New York Mercantile Advertiser.

OHIO.—In a few days we shall begin to receive returns of the elections in this state—just in time to change the hurra of the Jacksonmen for New Jersey, into the cry of despair. But we wont blow the horn in anticipation lest the elongated visages of our Jackson friends should never be able to resume their natural aspect. We may however, be permitted to say, that when Ohio does come, there will be a terrible crashing among the hickory poles."

The Courier and Enquirer says, the intelligence which has reached us from New Jersey, leaves little doubt that the election in that State has terminated in favor of the Jacksonians, by an inconsiderable majority. This result is to be entirely attributed to the unfortunate schism existing in the society of Friends a large number of whom it is well known are inhabitants of that State. The difficult task of deciding to which of the two divisions the Orthodox or Hicksite party, the property of the sect should belong, came before the Council last year, Mr. Frelinghuysen acting as advocate for former. It has now by the adroit management of our adversaries, been tortured into a party question, and the whole weight of the Hicksite party—by far the most numerous—has been exerted in their favor. Deeply indeed is it to be deplored that a crisis like the present, when the dearest interests of the Union are at stake, a matter having no affinity whatever to political subjects, should have led to a deceitful expression of public opinion which will be converted by the dangerous men at Washington into an approval of their wicked course."

OHIO.—The returns received yesterday, from this important member of the confederacy, are of the most gratifying nature. They communicate changes so extensive, that we feel safe in announcing the redemption of the State from the infatuation of Jacksonism. The scales have fallen from her eyes, and she has taken her stand on the side of the Constitution and the Laws. We subjoin a summary of the Congressional elections, as far as we have heard from them:

Mr. Lytle, the present Jackson member from Cincinnati district, has been beaten by Mr. Storer, the Whig candidate, by a majority of 156 votes.

We learn generally, that Messrs. Mitchell, McLene, Allen, and Webster, all Jackson members, have also been beaten by Whigs. Further, that Messrs. Corwin, Sloane, Whitlesey, Spangler, and Vinton, present Whig members, have been re-elected—the last named by 2000 majority, also, that S. Mason, the Whig candidate, has been elected in the place of Mr. Vance, who declined.

To balance these results, there has been but one change against us that we have heard of. Mr. Bell, the present Whig member, has lost his election by thirty votes. A Jackson man has also been elected in place of Mr. Leavitt, the late Jackson member, appointed a judge.

There is now no doubt that a large majority of the Representatives of the State in the next Congress will be Whigs and a letter which we have received, expresses the opinion that Findlay, the Whig candidate for Governor, has been elected by a majority of 10,000. (The Government paper predicted a Jackson majority of 20,000.)—Nat. Intel.

OHIO ELECTION.—By the Steam boat last night, we received the returns from 46 counties, copied from the National Intelligencer, Globe and Telegraph.

As a test of the strength of parties in this state, and to show the great change which public sentiment has undergone there since last year, we annex the votes given for Governor, as far as they have reached us.

Anti-Jackson.	*Jackson.*
FINDLAY.	LUCAS.
16,714.	15,597.

Majority for Findlay as far as heard from, 1117.

VERMONT.—The legislature of this state convened at Montpelier on the 9th inst., N. Briggs, Esq was chosen Speaker, pro. tem. of the House, and Robert Pierpent, Clerk. The fact previously known that no choice had been made by the people of a Governor, Lieutenant Governor or Treasurer, was officially reported by a canvassing committee, which found the result of the late polling to be 17,131 for Wm. A. Palmer, (Anti-Masonic candidate) for Governor; 10,381 for Wm. C. Bradley, (Jackson,) and 10,159 for Horatio Seymour, (Whig,)—Mr. Briggs was subsequently chosen Speaker of the House, and the two legislative bodies met in convention, when the Hon. Wm. A. Palmer was elected Governor; the vote being for Palmer 148, Bradley, (Jackson) 18; scattering 8.—Hon. Lebbeus Edgertown was chosen Lieutenant Governor, receiving 114 out of 214 votes. Hon. Augustine Clark was chosen Treasurer.

IN PENSYLVANIA.—Messrs. *Harrison* and *Galbraith* (Jackson) have been re-elected to Congress; making the delegation from that State to consist of 17 administration and 11 opposition members. *In* the State Legislature the Whig party have gained five or six mumbers since the last election.—*Nat. Intell.*

GEORGIA.—There appears now no doubt but the Union Ticket for Congress, has succeeded throughout, by a small majority.

ACCOUNT CURRENT.

The New York Courier and Enquirer has the following statement of accounts—

"In looking at their balance sheet, made out on the 1st of April last, only seven months since, we find the following Sates standing to the credit of the Tory Jackson and Van Buren party, viz:

Virginia, North Carolina, Louisiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Maryland, New Jersey, Maine, Ohio, New York, one County in Delaware.

Now how stands the account, after the lapse of seven months and eighteen days?

Tory Victories	*Whig Gains.*
Maine,	Virginia,
New Jersey,	Louisiana,
Fifty votes in Conn.	North Carolina,
	Kentucky,
	Illinois,
	Indiana,
	Maryland,
	The only Tory county in Delaware.

Here is a true abstract from their records, and well may they rejoice that they have saved New Jersey from the general wreck. But even here they cannot, will not deny, that public opinion, so far as it has been elicited, is decidedly against them. In the four eastern counties of Bergen, Essex, Middlesex and Monmouth, where the question of Toryism was fairly tested, we exhibit a clear gain of 738 more votes than in 1832, while in the Western Counties, where we have heretofore had very large majorities for the Whigs, and where the election turned upon a local question, they have been enabled to find a sufficient number of temporary friends to carry their candidates! And yet this they call a victory! A triumph of Tory Principles!

A writer in the New York Farmer estimates the number of dogs in the United States to be 1,000,000, and the expense of keeping them upwards of $10,000,000 annually.

Another destructive fire occurred in New York on Saturday night last. It commenced in the block of buildings fronting on Hamersley, Clarkson, Washington and West streets. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at about $50,000.

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