LEWISBURG CHRONICLE.

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LEWISBURG CHRONICLE

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COMMUNICATIONS solicited on all subjects of general interest not within the range of party or sectarian contest. All letters must come post-paid, accompanied by the real address of the writer, to receive attention. ☞These relating exclusively to the Editorial Department, to be directed to HENRY C. HICKOK, Esq., *Editor*—and those on business to O. N. WORDEN, *Publisher*.

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From the Cleveland True Democrat.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

BY FRANCIS D. GAGE.

Don'b run in debt!—never mind, never mind,
If the old clothes are faded and torn,
Fix them up, make them do; it is better by far,
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The shape of your vest, or your boots, or cravat,
If they know you're in debt *for the new*.

Don't run in debt. If canary's the go,
Wear blue if you have not the cash.
Or, no matter what, so you let the world know,
You won't run in debt for a dash.
There's no comfort, I'll tell you, in walking the street
In fine clothes if you know you're in debt,
And feel that perchance you some tradesmen may meet,
Who will sneer—"They are not paid for yet."

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt,
If the chairs and the sofas are old—
They will fit your back better than any new sett,
Unless they are paid for—with gold;
If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;
A big one, unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to your warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—now, dear girls, take a hint;
(If the fashions have changed since last season.)
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And old Nature, we think has some reason.
Just say to your friend, that you can not afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
That your purse is too light and your honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses, feathers and flowers,
But unless they are paid for, be sure of a man,
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
If you're money to spare, I have nothing to say;
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,
But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more;
'Twill fill your wife's cup of sorrow.
To know that a neighbor may call at your door,
With a bill you won't settle to-morrow.
Oh, take my advice—it is good, it is true;
But, lest you may some of you doubt it,)
I'll whisper a secret, now *scarcely* 'tis you—
I have tried and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold.
Its links all corrosion and rust;
Gild it over as you will—it is never of gold,
Then spurn it aside with disgust.
The man who's in debt is too often a slave,
Though his heart may be honest and true;
Can he hold up his head, and look savey and brave,
When a note he can't pay becomes due?

From the Cincinnati Columbian.

Returning Good for Evil.

Obadiah Lawson and Watt Dood were neighbors; that is, they lived within half a mile of each other, and no person lived between these respective farms, which would have joined, had not a little strip of prairie land extended itself sufficiently to separate. Dood was the oldest settler, and from his youth up had entertained a singular hatred against Quakers; therefore, when he was informed that Lawson, a regular disciple of that class of people, had purchased the next farm to his, he declared he would make him glad to move away again. Accordingly, a system of petty annoyance was commenced by him, and every time one of Lawson's hogs chanced to stray upon Dood's place, he was beset by men and dogs, and most savagely abused. Things progressed for nearly a year, and the Quaker, a man of decided peace principles, appeared in no way to resent the injuries received by the hands of the spiteful neighbor. But matters were drawing to a crisis; for Dood, more enraged than ever at the quiet of Obadiah, made oath that he would do something before long to wake up the spunk of Obadiah. Chance favored his design. The Quaker had a high-blooded filly, which he had been very careful in raising, and which was just four years old. Lawson took great pride in this animal, and had refused a large sum of money for her.

One evening, a little after sundown, as Watt Dood was passing round his cornfield, he discovered the filly feeding in the little strip of prairie land that separated the two farms, and he conceived the hellish design of throwing off two or three rails of his fence, that the horse might get into his corn during the night. He did so; and the next morning, bright and early, shouldered his rifle and left the house. Not long after his absence, a hired man, whom he had recently employed, heard the echo of his gun, and in a few minutes, Dood, considerably excited and out of breath, came hurrying to the house, where he stated that he had shot and wounded a buck; that the deer attacked him, and he hardly escaped with his life.

The story was credited by all but the newly-employed hand, who had a dislike to Watt, and from his manner, suspected that something was wrong. He therefore slipped quietly away from the house, and going through the field in the direction of the shot, he suddenly came upon Lawson's filly, stretched upon the earth, with a bullet hole through the head, from which the blood was still oozing.

The animal was warm and could not have been killed an hour. He hastened back to the dwelling of Dood, who met him in the yard, and demanded, somewhat roughly, where he had been.

"I've been to see if your bullet made sure work of Mr. Lawson's filly," was the instant retort.

Watt paled for a moment, but collecting himself, he fiercely shouted,

"Do you dare say I killed her?"

"How do you know she is dead?" replied the man.

Dood bit his lip, hesitated a moment, and then turning, walked into the house.

A couple of days passed by, and the morning of the third one had broken, as the hired man met friend Lawson, riding in search of his filly.

A few words of explanation issued, when, with a heavy heart, the Quaker turned his horse and rode home, where he informed the people the fate of his filly. No threat of recrimination escaped him; he did not even go to law to recover damages; but calmly awaited his plan and hour of revenge. It came at last.

Watt Dood had a Durham heifer, for which he had paid a heavy price, and upon which he counted to make great gains.

One morning just as Obadiah was sitting down his eldest son came in with the information that neighbor Dood's heifer had broken down the fence, entered the yard, and after eating most of the cabbages, had trampled the well-made beds, and the vegetables they contained, out of shape—a mischief impossible to repair.

"And what did thee do with her, Jacob?" quietly asked Obadiah.

"I put her in the farm-yard."

"Did thee beat her?"

"I never struck her a blow."

"Right, Jacob—right; set down to thy breakfast, and when done eating, I will attend to the heifer."

Shortly after he had finished his repast, Lawson mounted a horse, and rode over to Dood's, and who, as he beheld the Quaker dismount, supposed he was coming to demand pay for his filly, and secretly swore he would have to go to law for it if he did.

"Good morning, neighbor Dood; how is thy family?" exclaimed Obadiah, as he mounted the steps and seated himself in a chair.

"All well, Sir, I believe," was the crusty reply.

"I have a small affair to settle with you this morning, and I came rather early."

"So I suppose," growled Watt.

"This morning my son found thy Durham heifer in my garden, where she has destroyed a good deal."

"And what did he do with her?" demanded Dood, his brow darkening.

"What would thee have done with her, had she been my heifer in thy garden?" asked Obadiah.

"I'd shot her!" retorted Watt madly, "as I suppose you have done; but we are only even now. Heifer for filly is only tit for tat."

"Neighbor Dood, thou knowest me not, if thou thinkest I would harm a hair of thy heifer's back. She is in my farmyard, and not even a blow has been struck her, where thee can get her at any time. I know thee shot my filly; but the evil one prompted thee to do it, and I lay no evil in my heart against my neighbors. I came to tell thee where thy heifer is, and now I'll go home."

Obadiah rose from his chair, and was about to descend the steps, when he was stopped by Watt, who hastily asked,

"What was your filly worth?"

"A hundred dollars is what I ask for her," replied Obadiad.

"Wait a moment!" and Dood rushed to the house, from whence he soon returned holding some gold in his hand. "Here's the price of your filly, and hereafter let there be a pleasantness between us."

"Willingly, heartily," answered Lawson, grasping the proffered hand of the other, "let there be peace between us."

Obabiah mounted his horse, and rode home with a lighter heart, and from that day to this Dood has been as good a neighbor as one could wish to have, being completely reformed by the RETURNING GOOD EVIL.

Letter from Kossuth.

The Washington Union of Saturday contains a letter from Kossuth, addressed to the people of the United States. It is five columns in length, bears date at Broussa, in Asia Minor, as far back as the 27th of March, was transmitted to Gov. Ujhazi, entrusted by him to Maj. Tochman for publication, and by the last named held back lest its appearance might possibly defeat the measures then pending for the liberation of Kossuth from the Turkish custody. The letter is, substantially, a clear and condensed explanation of the late revolutionary struggle in Hungary, and an expression of the gratitude of her people to the United States for their sympathy.

Its author states that, two years previous to March, 1850, he held in his hand the destiny of the reigning house of Austria, and that, notwithstanding his power over that treacherous family, he abstained rom crushing it, and only asked such terms of concessions as, in the then condition of Hungary, seemed best fitted to secure the happiness of his countrymen. On this head Kossuth says:

"I asked of the King, not the complete independence of my beloved country—not even any new rights or privileges—but simply these three things:

"First. That the inalienable rights sanctioned by a thousand years, and by the constitution of my fatherland, should be guarantied by a national and responsible administration.

"Second. That every inhabitant of my country, without regarding language or religion, should be free and equal before the law—all classes having the same privileges and protection from the law.

Third. That all the people of the Austrian empire that acknowledged the same person as Emperor whom we Hungarians recognised as King, and the same law of succession, should have restored their ancient constitutional rights, of which they had been unjustly despoiled, modified to suit their wants and the spirit of the age."

Speaking of the motives which actuated the European powers in preserving their neutrality during the war, he says:

"We doubted not that the European powers would negotiate a peace for us, or that they would, at least, prevent the Russian invasion. They said they pitied us, honored our efforts, and condemned the conduct of Austria; but they could not help us, because Europe required a powerful Austrian empire, and they must support it, in spite of its evils, as a balance against Russia in central and eastern Europe. What a mistake! What diplomacy! Is it not as clear as the sun that the Czar, in aiding Austria, would do it in such a manner as to obtain the greatest advantages for himself? Was it not manifest that Austria—who had always, through the help of Hungary, strength enough to oppose Russia—would, when she destroyed Hungary by Russian bayonets, no longer be an independent power, but merely the *aventa-garde* of the Moscovite? Yet Europe permitted the invasion! It is an indelible mark of blindness and shame. It is ever thus in the imbecile Old World. They treated us just as they treat Turkey. They assert always that the peace of Europe and the balance of power require the preservation of the Turkish empire—that Turkey must exist, to check the advance of the Cossack power. But, notwithstanding this, England and France destroyed the Turkish fleet at Navarino—a fleet which never could have injured them, but which might have contended with Russia in the Black Sea.

"Always the same worn-out, old, and fatal system of policy! while Russia, ever alert, seizes province after province from Turkey. She has made herself the sovereign of Moldavia and Wallachia, and is sapping the foundations of the Ottoman empire. Already Turkish officials are more dependent on the lowest Russian agents than upon their own Grand Vizier.

"There can be no freedom for the continent of Europe, and that the Cossack from the shores of the Don will water their steeds in the Rhine, unless liberty be restored to Hungary. It is only with Hungarian freedom that the European nations can be free; and the smaller nationalities especially can have no future without us."

In referring to the sympathy of the American republic and its hospitable reception of the Hungarian exiles, Kossuth writes as follows:

"The Hungarians, more fortunate than I, who were able to reach the shores of the New World, were received by the people and government of the United States in the most generous manner—yes, like brothers. With one hand they hurled anathemas at the despots, and with the other welcomed the humble exiles to partake of that glorious American liberty more to be valued than the glitter of crowns. Our hearts are filled with emotions to see how this great nation extends its sympathy and aid to every Hungarian who is so fortunate as to arrive in America. The sympathetic declaration of such a people, under such circumstances, with similar sentiments in England, is not a mere sigh which the wind blows away, but is prophetic of the future. What a blessed sight to see whole nations elevated by such sentiments!

"Free citizens of America! you inspired my countrymen to noble deeds; your approval inspired confidence; your sympathy consoled in adversity, gave a ray of hope for the future, and enabled us to bear the weight of our heavy burden; your fellow-feeling will sustain us till we realize the hope, the faith, 'that Hungary is not lost for ever.' Accept, in the name of my countrymen, the acknowledgment of our warmest gratitude and our high respect."

It is seriously thought, that England may at no very distant day, be obliged to place herself under the protection of the United States, to save herself from her Continental enemies.

Discreet Kindness.

Eleemosynary Acts of Charity consist in giving to the Poor, and in Relieving the Indigent, but with Prudence.

It is necessary to distinguish between the offices of charity and its eleemosynary acts. By the offices of charity are meant those exercises which proceed immediately from charity itself, and which are connected principally with the function or employment in which each man was engaged; but by eleemosynary acts of charity are meant those aids and assistances which a man leads to his neighbor, independent of the ordinary duties of his station. They are called eleemosynary acts, because in doing them a man is left to his own liberty and pleasure, and when they are done they are regarded by the person who receives them in no other light than as eleemosynary, and are dispensed according to the reasons and intentions which influence the mind of the benefactor. It is a prevailing notion that charity consists solely in giving to the poor, relieving the indigent, providing for widows and orphans, contributing towards the building of hospitals and other edifices for the reception of the sick, the stranger, and the fatherless, but particularly in the building, ornamenting, and endowing of churches: many things, however, of this sort have no proper connection with charity, but are extraneous to it. They who make charity itself to consist in such actions, must of necessity consider them to be meritorious; and howsoever they may in word disclaim all regard to merit, yet in their hearts they can not but entertain a belief that they are entitled to it * *

But genuine charity proceeds from those who are thoroughly imbued with it from the justice and the judgment of their works, which they do without regarding recompense as an end and motive for the doing of them, according to what the Lord says, Luke xiv., 12, 13, 14. These also call the things above mentioned eleemosynary acts, and likewise duties, although with them they are works of charity.

It is well known that some, who have done such eleemosynary acts as appear in the eyes of men like images of charity, imagine and believe that they have been practising works of charity, and regard them as things for the sake of which they are purified from their sins, and are to be presented with the kingdom of heaven, like the truly regenerate, when nevertheless they make light of adultery, hatred, revenge, fraud, and in general all the lusts of the flesh, which they indulge in at pleasure. But in such a case what are their good works, but like painted images of angels in company with devils? or like boxes made of *lapis lazuli*, that within are full of hydras? The case however is changed where those eleemosynary acts are done by persons who shun the above mentioned evils as abominable and detestable in the sight of charity. Nevertheless such acts, particularly the giving of alms to poor persons and beggars, have in many respects their uses and advantages; for it is by these acts that young people of both sexes, men-servants and maid-servants, and, in general, all persons of simple character and condition, are initiated into charity, such works being its externals, introductory to the offices of charity; for they are its rudiments, which, at the time of doing them, are like unripe fruits, yet with those who are afterwards perfected by the right knowledge of charity and faith, become like ripe fruits; and in this case they regard those their former works, which were done in simplicity of heart, only as so many duties that they have discharged.

The reason why these acts are believed at the present day to be the proper deeds of charity, which are meant in the Word by good works, is, because charity is very frequently described in the Word by giving to the poor, relieving the needy, and providing for widows and orphans; but heretofore it has not been known that the Word, in the letter, makes mention of such things only as are the external, nay, the extreme parts of worship, and that spiritual things, which are internal, are understood by them; so that it appears that by those who are called the poor, needy, widows, and orphans, are meant such as are so in a spiritual sense, and not such only as are so in a literal one.

They who are naturally of a tender, compassionate disposition, and do not make this their natural disposition spiritual, by regulating its workings according to genuine charity, imagine that charity consists in giving to every poor person, and in relieving every one that is indigent, without inquiring whether their character be good or bad, for they affirm that such inquiry is needless, since God regards only the alms and the relief that are given * * The consequence of which is, that the wicked are assisted in their disposition to do wickedly, and to turn the kindnesses they receive into means of injuring the good, so that such bestowers of kindnesses are ultimately the cause of mischief to the good. For to bestow a favor on a wicked person, is like giving bread to the devil, which he turns into poison; for all the bread in the devil's hand is poison; or, if it is not, he turns it into poison, by using the kindnesses he receives as allurements to draw others into evil. It is also like offering a sword to the enemy of another, and so enabling him to commit murder; or like giving a shepherd's crook to a man-wolf, that he may lead the sheep to the pasture, which he no sooner receives than he drives them from the pasture into the wilderness, and there slaughters them; or it is like advancing a robber to a post of authority in the state, who has nothing in view, and cares for nothing but plunder, according to the abundance and value of which he dispenses the laws and executes judgment. —[Old Author.

Long Absence.

A laughable incident occurred at a boarding house in East Broadway, one day last week, and as it was entirely original, I have no doubt a recital of it will afford a moment's amusement to your numerous readers. About twenty boarders, of both sexes, were seated at the dinner table, and amongst the rest was a very old gentleman, a Bostonian, who had only taken board at the house that week, but whose native city was known to all.

A very little conversation is indulged in at boarding houses, especially during the meals; the ladies, of course, being the greatest talkers, are in consequence the greatest sufferers—well, one of the ladies having eaten very hearty, and not wishing to remain idle whilst the others were eating, turned to the old gentleman, (who was an eccentric individual, and who scarcely took his eyes from his plate until it was empty,) and said—"Mr.——, I suppose the weather was beginning to get rather cool when you left Boston?" referring, doubtless, to the cool spell the previous week. The old gentleman, raising his head, and swallowing a large mouthfull of victuals which had almost choked him, looked directly in the face of the young lady with the greatest astonishment, and studying for some minutes, said, "Well, really, I can't for the life of me remember!" "Your memory must be failing you fast, not to remember an occurrence of so short a period back. Why, how long has it been since you left Boston?" asked the young lady. "Well," replied the old man, very soberly, and with his gaze still fixed on the lady, *"as near as I can remember, it's been about forty five years!"*

The usually quiet boarders, who had been listening to the conversation, could not stand this, and a loud burst of laughter greeted the answer of the old gentleman, who could not make out what it was all about. The lady, after recovering from her discomfiture, raised her head, and remarked—"Well, I must say there *has* been a change in the weather since then!" This is no fish story.

Immense Railroad Business.

The intelligent correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger," Observer, in a letter from Reading, speaking of the immense business on the Railroad between Pottsville and Philadelphia says:

"The Reading Railroad employs in all about fifteen hundred persons, at salaries and wages respectively of about $60,000 a month, or $720,000 per *annum*. It consumes materials in value of $20,000 a month, or about $5,000 a week, causing in all (consumption of material, salaries and wages) an annual outlay of $840,000, all expended on its own ground. Some of the items of its manufacture are particularly interesting and striking. Thus it manufactures thirty wheels a day, to perpetuate its machineries and cars, and requires annually from seven to eight hundred tons of new rails for repairs only. It consumes daily 450 cords of wood, and evaporates in the same space of time, half a million of gallons of water! Yet, with all the expenses of the road, the employment of so many hands, the consumption of fuel, repairs, &c., the cost of transportation falls yet short of 62 cents per ton, such is the enormous quantity of coal brought down every year for consumption! Indeed, the Reading Railroad transports more tons of merchandise and receives more per mile, than any railroad in the world, and exceeds in this respect, both the Great Western, and the London and Birmingham Railroads in England."

A Tough Job.

Some time last winter, about the period of drawing in saw logs, a shrewd Vermonter bargained with an old miserly fellow, who owned a saw mill, to saw some very knotty hemlock logs which he had. The old fellow agreed to saw them into any kind of stuff that Jonathan wanted, under a forfeiture of $50. About two months after, he met the Yankee in the road, and the old "covy" intimating his readiness to saw the logs, desired to know what kind of stuff Jonathan wanted them sawed into.

"Wal," said the Green Mountain boy "I reckon I'll have them sawed into clear pine boards."

"What," said old Crusty! "saw knotty hemlock into clear pine? You're crazy."

"Yeou agreed to do it," said Jonathan coolly.

"I shan't do any such thing," said Hans "It is impossible.

"If that's the case, I'll trouble you for them $50," said the speculating Vermonter. The old man stormed, swore, spit and expostulated, but t'want no use; he had to "fork over."

Death of Mrs. Gaines.

The advices from Oregon of the 23d of August, announces the death of Mrs. Gaines, the accomplished wife of General Gaines. The Oregon Times gives the following particulars:

"Died, on Wednesday, the 13th inst., at Clatsop Plains, Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Kinkhead and Priscilla McBride; born in Versailles, Kentucky, March 13, 1800, married to John P. Gaines, June 22, 1819.

"The circumstances attending the death of Mrs. Gaines are melancholy in the extreme. Gov. Gaines and his wife and family, came down the river on the Willamette, and on Sunday morning went to Clatsop, where he has lately purshased a farm, and to which he was, with the most pleasing anticipations of the future, about to introduce his wife and children as their future home. On the road to their house from Skipanown landing, the horse upon which Mrs. Gaines was riding backed in between the fore wheels and the oxen of a wagon which was accompanying them. The animals became frightened and started off at full speed, carrying the horse along with them. Mrs. Gaines fell, her head striking upon the tire of the wagon, and her body being jammed between the front board and the horse. The horse being thrown down was passed over by the wheels of the wagon, and Mrs. Gaines fell underneath before the oxen were checked.

"She spoke but once after the accident, and immediately became insensible. The injury of the brain forbade all hopes of recovery, and after lying seventy-five hours in a state of unconsciousness, her spirit calmly took flight, leaving its frail and temporary tenement.

"The bereaved family are thus called upon to deplore the loss of another of its members. On their way to this country, two daughters, who left their home in the United States blooming with health and full of the high hopes of youth, died at St. Catherines, of yellow fever, and lie buried on the distant shores of Brazil Just a year ago, Gov. Gaines and his family arrived in this territory, in the U. S. sloop of-war Falmouth. The anniversary has been commemorated by a mournful event. A large circle of friends will sympathize in the bereavement of the family."

Hurl Gate.

The blasting of Diamond Reef, near N. York, to improve the navigation of Hurl Gate channel, was resumed on Monday, under the direction of M. Mailefert, the celebrated French engineer, who contracted for the execution of this project. At the time fixed for blasting, great multitudes of people were gathered on the Battery, Governor's Island, and other points, to witness the spectacle. The Herald thus describes the scene:

"A tin can, containing one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of powder, was lowered on a part of the reef deemed the most favorable for producing the greatest effect. To this can was attached a wire, encased with gutta percha, so as to prevent its coming in contact with the water. This wire extended to the boat, on board of which was M. Mailefert. All things being in readiness, the signal was given—a white handkerchief was waved—the battery was applied, and the explosion took place. A shock was felt on board the boats. An immense body of water was thrown up to the distance of twenty-five or thirty feet, which, falling again, created a great disturbance on the surface, and all was over.

"From the discolored appearance of the column of water thrown up, it was evident that the explosion caused some damage to the reef, but to what extent it could not be ascertained at the time. The immense multitude who attended the exhibition expressed themselves highly pleased with the beautiful spectacle. The second discharge was much the same as the first. We have on a former occasion explained the principle on which these explosions are conducted. It is very simple but very efficient. The water is used as a fulcrum, and, the deeper it is, of course the more powerful the resistance. High water is, therefore, the time selected for such experiments. By this process, Mr. Mailefert has succeeded in reducing pot rock, at Hellgate, from eight to seventeen and a half feet below low water mark. When he reduces it to twenty-four feet below low water, he will have accomplished all he contracted for, and conferred a benefit on the mercantile interests of New York worth fifty times the amount that he will receive for his outlay and his services."

State Judicial Districts.

1st. City and County of Philadelphia—Oswald Thompson, W., President Judge; Wm D. Kelley, Ind. D., Joseph Allison, N., Associates.

2d. Lancaster—Henry G. Long, W.

3d. Northampton and Lehigh—Washington McCartney, D.

4th. Tioga, Potter, McKean, Elk and Clearfield—R. G. White, D.

5th. Allegheny—Wm. B. McClure, W.

6th. Erie, Crawford and Warren—Elijah Babbitt, W.

7th. Bucks and Montgomery—D. M. Smyser, W.

8th. Northumberland, Lycoming, Centre and Clinton—Alexander Jordan, D.

9th. Cumberland, Perry and Juniata—Jas. H. Graham, D

10th. Westmoreland, Indiana and Armstrong—J. M. Burrell, D.

11th. Luzerne, Wyoming, Montour and Columbia—John N. Conyngham, D.

12th. Dauphin and Lebanon—John J. Pearson, W.

13th. Bradford, Susquehanna and Sullivan—David Wilmot, D.

14th. Fayette, Washington and Greene—Samuel A. Gilmore, D.

15th. Chester and Delaware—Townsend Haines, W.

16th. Franklin, Bedford, Somerset and Fulton—F. M. Kimmell, W., an independent candidate.

17th. Beaver, Butler, Mercer and Lawrence—Daniel Agnew, W.

18th. Venango, Clarion, Jefferson, Elk and Forest—John C. Knox, D.

19th. York and Adams—Robert J. Fisher, D.

20th. Mifflin and Union—A. S. Wilson, Ind. D.

21st. Schuylkill—Chas W. Hegins, D.

22d. Monroe, Pike, Wayne and Carbon—N. B. Eldred, D.

23d. Berks—J. Glancey Jones, D.

24th. Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria—George Taylor, W.

In the 1st, 16th and 20th, Independent candidates were elected. In the 9th, 18th and 19th, Democrats were elected over Independent candidates.

In the 2d, 3d, 4th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th and 22d Districts, but one candidate was named and supported by all parties.

In the 5th, 6th, 7th, 15th, 17th, 21st, 23d and 24th, regular party nominations were made, and Whigs were elected in all but the 21st and 23d.

Thus in two thirds of the Districts, 16 in number, the people tried to separate the Bench from party, and in thirteen they succeeded.

The Next Legislature.

We anex a list of the members of the next Legislature. We mark the Whigs in *Italic*, Democrats in Roman, Natives in SMALL CAPS. New members of Senate, with *.

SENATE.

1. Philadelphia City—*Benjamin Matthias, Wm. A. Crabb.**
2. Philadelphia County—Thomas S. Fernon, Thomas H. Forsyth, SAMUEL G. HAMILTON.*
3. Montgomery—J. Y. Jones.
4. Chester and Delaware—*Henry S. Evans.**
5. Berks—Henry A. Muhlenberg.
6. Bucks—*Benjamin Malone.*
7. Lancaster and Lebanon—*E. C. Darlington,* E. Kinzer.**
8. Northumberland and Dauphic—*John C. Kunkle.**
9. Northampton and Lehigh—Conrad Shimer.
10. Carbon, Monroe, Pike and Wayne—E. W. Hamlin.*
11. Adams and Franklin—*Thomas Carson.*
12. York—Henry Fulton.
13. Cumberland and Perry—Joseph Baily.
14. Centre, Lycoming, Sullivan and Clinton—Wm. F. Packer.
15. Blair, Cambria and Huntingdon—*R. A. McMurtrie.*
16. Luzerne, Montour and Columbia—C. R. Bucklew.
17. Bradford, Susquehanna and Wyoming—George Sanderson.
18. Tioga, Potter, M. Kean, Elk, Clearfield and Jefferson—John W. Guernsey.
19. Mercer, Venango and Warren—John Hoge.
20. Erie and Crawford—*John H. Walker.*
21. Butler, Beaver and Lawrence—*William Haslett, A. Robertson.*
22. Allegheny—*James Cordhers.*
23. Washington and Greene—Maxwell McCaslin.*
24. Bedford, Fulton and Somerset—*Hamilton B. Barnes.**
25. Armstrong, Indiana and Clarion—*C. Myers.*
26. Juniata, Mifflin and Union—*Eli Slifer.**
27. Westmoreland and Fayette—John McFarland.*
28. Schuylkill—Charles Frailey.

In all, 16 Whigs, 16 Democrats and 1 Native American.