

"And are you sure of his skill in the juggling work?"

"Quite, he almost made me tremble, when he gave me a specimen."

"And he has undertaken to foretell the brutality he would undergo, if united to the hateful Vavasour?"

"Ay, at least to give her a warning of his ferocity."

"But you say he will conjure up likenesses to Vavasour and herself; how the deuce can he effect that?"

"Easily enough, I fancy. He will not, like other thoughtless, communicate his secret; but, if you reflect, he has only to draw a resemblance to Vavasour and herself, and then, by means of a magic lantern, or some such contrivance, to reflect the resemblance on the wall."

"Ah! exactly so; but here comes Clara."

That day, before dinner, Tregothick found the opportunity to detail another anecdote of Vavasour's fierce temper; it produced due effect upon this unfortunate girl. "If it were true!" thought she, doubtfully; but then his soft endearments and kind language to her; the remembrance of the delicacy with which, aware of her infirmity, he smoothed his voice, which, indeed, was usually gentle, and curbed his anger, even when stung to the quick, darted across her, and she added, "No;—no; it is not true to me; he never cruelly" and her solicitude ended in tears.

The night came on, and the stranger was introduced into Clara's drawing-room. He had before requested leave to make his preparations in a solitary chamber in the house; he chose one that adjoined her drawing-room, but which was usually so dark and uninviting.

It was a gloomy old chamber, with black oak panels, and small narrow windows sunk in the massive wall, and suffering the light of day to enter only by dim and scattered beams. But it was now closed, and entirely dark. Neither he led the trembling Clara she clung to the arm of her maid, who, a kind-hearted and lively girl, endeavoured, methodically, to sustain her spirits, and laughed in secret at her credulity. They sat down in total darkness for a few moments, and the maid has since declared, that she literally heard the palpitation of her young mistress's heart.

The air, too, was chill and damp, and struck fully into the channels of her blood. Suddenly, a faint light broke fitfully on the gloom; it played vaguely, and as a meteor to and fro, for some moments, till, at length, gathering strength, it flashed full upon the opposite wall; and Clara, to her dismay and terror, beheld a shadowy resemblance of herself seated at a table, and above her a gigantic hand seemed to extend a pall. Her soul had time to recover from this terrifying apparition, it had vanished. She saw a church crowded round with shadowy figures, seemingly in the attitudes of clamour and joy, and heard, in a low and softened, and as it were, the merry murmur of a song.

This also faded away. She saw herself once more, and alone; presently, the figure of Vavasour darted forward; a knife was in his hand; with a wild gesture he threw himself upon her, and plunged it into her breast. She then heard a shriek and a wild and indistinct hubbub, and, as all faded once more into darkness and silence, she fell, overpowered and appalled, senseless upon the earth.

It would seem as if more of this hideous pantomime had been prepared for the poor young lady; but, on recovering, she refused, with shuddering, to witness a continuance of the delusions. She asked the exhibitor but one question,—"You say this is a forewarning; have I yet the power to avoid so dreadful a doom?"

"You have, madam!" answered the stranger.

Clara said no more. She offered her purse to the real or pretended Moor; he took it, but threw it carelessly aside, as she turned away. The two originators of this detestable plot were waiting for their agent in another room. But he did not attend them. He left the house, and was never again seen in that part of the country.

They were both a little surprised at this negligence. "A strange fellow this," said Tregothick; "he does not stay even for his reward."

"Oh, I suppose he will want it doubled, on account of his delicacy," rejoined Baynton; "but it is odd in a fellow like this to give one trust, especially as he knew so little of me. You recollect I never saw him till the other day. My servant informed me of the expertness of his juggling, and I sent for him, and gave him his instructions accordingly."

"Well," said Tregothick, "this confidence in our pay shows that he has dealt only with gentlemen. I dare say, if the truth were known, the impostor practices a very aristocratic profession."

"All cheating is aristocratic, more or less," answered Baynton, sneeringly, and turning the conversation.

From that time, Clara's mind and affection had evidently undergone a great revolution; in fact, she now never thought of his unfortunate lover without trembling at his images; he became associated in her mind with an unconquerable dread; she could not prevail on herself to see him again; by means of her maid, who carried on their correspondence, she wrote short and cold excuses to his prayers for an interview. Aggravated and yet enraged, by the tone of one of these short letters, more than usually estranged and indifferent, the haughty and sensitive Vavasour replied by a letter full of vehemence and even menacing expressions. Clara's blood ran cold as she read it, the shadows she had seen recurring to her full with irresistible force. "I yet have," said she, "the power to avoid the doom that would respect me to this violent man. The thought of his actions, and that very evening, by a chilling rejoinder, discarded Vavasour for ever.

We may well conceive the effect which this blow, sudden as well as cruel, produced on a man naturally so proud and so melancholy

in his habits as Walter Vavasour. Living as he did estranged from the world, his love to Clara had been the great epoch of his existence; her very faults endeared her to him; and his lofty and masculine nature took delight in the timidity and weakness which made her seem necessitated to cling to his sterner qualities for protection. His mind recurring to the tenderness for her that had always controlled his native austerity—that had taught him, for the first time, to curb the angry glance and the hasty word—that had induced him to bear, without revenging, the insolence of Tregothick, and to submit to the indignity, bitter to his spirit than wormwood, of seeing Clara clandestinely, and stealing to her alliance as an inferior—recurring, we say, to these sore recollections, his mind darkened with angry and even vindictive thoughts, the image which he had hitherto worshipped with the increase of the greatest, as well as the most impassioned emotions. In the dreary plains and on the lonely hills that surrounded his home, he found the spirit of nature congenial to his own mood. He became an altered man; the hate and fitfulness of his temper darkened into an unbroken gloom. He loved upon one idea—a dangerous luxury, that ends usually in madness!

Delighted at the success of their injudicious scheme Tregothick and Baynton redoubled their exertions to complete it. Clara was not at times without regretful and prophetic reflections of her forsaken lover; to dissipate her melancholy, Tregothick, who had smoothed the raven-down of his character into the gentlest simulation of affection, filled the old hall with gaiety and revel. At these festivities, the polished and courtly Baynton appeared to the greatest advantage; he exerted himself to please and to dazzle, yet Clara could not but note that, in spite of her former rejection, she was the only one whose approbation seemed to elate him. Deeply skilled in woman, the wary libertine assumed in the presence of the timid Clara a demeanor at once so gentle and cheerful, she began to like his companion-ship, and at length to esteem himself; she was flattered, too, by the homage of one whom so many admired—and when, at length, seizing his opportunity, he renewed his suit, it was not to meet with rejection. Clara did not, indeed, love him; nay, within an hour after her consent, she repented; she wept bitterly at her acquiescence—the image of Vavasour reappeared before her in all the strength of her early affection;—but again that night—that supernatural scene—that hollow warnings, chased away the returning selfishness of emotion.

The day was fixed for their marriage—the news came to Vavasour's ears—he received it with silence and a gloomy smile. On the morning before their wedding, Baynton and Clara were riding through one of the green lanes in the demesnes which the intended bridegroom hoped soon to call his own, when an unexpected turn of the road brought them abruptly within a few yards of Walter Vavasour. He was mounted on his favourite black steed. Few were the cavaliers who in noble bearing and gallant horsemanship could compete with him. Startled by their appearance, he seemed at first disposed to turn back; his horse's head; but after a moment's resolution, he adopted the prouder conduct and rode past them. But he scorned to assume an indifference he did not feel; his eye beneath a dark brow, which at all times gave a severity to his features, flashed bright and fierce upon the faithful Clara, who, pale and breathless, cast down her eyes, and could scarcely maintain her seat. But Baynton, exhilarated by his approaching triumph, and delighted that his rival should witness his happiness, stopped short, and saluting Vavasour with feigned respect, said:—

"By the way, I trust we shall see you among our guests to-morrow, none will be more welcome."

The blood rushed over Vavasour's dark cheek, and then as suddenly faded away, save in one round, bright hectic spot, in which a skillful observer might have read all the peril of the raging passions within.

"To-morrow!" said he, with a hollow voice; "he so—I will not fail—trust me, I will not." He waved his hand; Baynton smiled disdainfully; Vavasour noted the smile, and rode away. The bitter invitation, that look of scorn, had turned his heart to iron.

After his departure, Clara bursting into tears, reproached Baynton for the insolence of his indiscretion. It was long before she could be pacified. She felt for her unfortunate lover—the would have given worlds to have saved him an insult she knew he must have felt so deeply. The instant she reached home, she even wrote to Vavasour an apology, and mingled with it many kind and affectionate expressions. She gave the note to her maid to take it sent to her former lover.

The groom who took it neglected to set off till night. At that time the roads were infested with highwaymen; the man was robbed and tied to a tree, where he remained till the next morning; nor was he released time enough to return home, or to proceed to Vavasour's prior to the ceremony. So does link after link break out the chains of fatality.

That night, as Clara sat alone before she retired to rest—her lover's splendid bridal presents before her on the table—her maid expatiating on their beauty, herself gratified by their magnificence, she happened to raise her eyes, and looking on the opposite glass, she turned suddenly pale, and gasped for breath. "What ails you Madam?" cried the attendant, in alarm.

"Oh! Margaret!" said Clara, faintly, "as I looked in that dim, old glass, I appeared exactly as I seemed on that horrid night when the Moor raised up my resemblance—and see, the pall that hung over me is there now!"

The maid hastened to show the superstitious girl that the pall was but the reflection of the heavy and sombre curtain on the opposite bed, that had been accidentally drawn

aside towards the foot. Clara was satisfied, but made the maid drag her her own little couch nearer to her mistress's bed before she retired to rest. You will imagine that the attendant did not (let slip so favourable an opportunity of insinuating a bridal jest.

The next day was uncommonly bright and clear; the sun shone out; the birds sang; all nature seemed in unison with that rite which custom always honours with joy, though experience usually condemns its celebrators to disappointment.

In a numerous and blithe cavalcade, the marriage procession swept to the old-fashioned church where the ceremony was to be performed. It was distant only one mile from the hall. The country around was flat and open, and just as they arrived within sight of the church, a horseman, on a well-known black steed, was perceived by the whole company riding towards them across the broad and desolate plain, at full speed. As the bride's carriage stopped at the church-door, the horseman had reached the procession; he dismounted; his horse stood quiet and motionless; the little gate of the churchyard, Vavasour's hand—for need we say who was the horseman—was the first stretched to assist Clara (who was with her bridesmaids) to descend from the carriage. She trembled as she saw him, and looked round for Baynton, whose carriage had not yet arrived.

"Fear not," said Vavasour, with a smile, which he assured and deceived her; "you have bid me to your bridal as a friend—a friend I attend to. Will you reject my services, even in a form—a common courtesy?"

"Nay," said one of the bridesmaids, laughing, "if the bridegroom cannot manage to be in time, you serve him right to take the arm of another!" and she whispered Clara that they would only seem strange to play the bride. Clara, therefore, collecting her spirits, and with an air in which distress was mingled with dignity, descended the steps of the carriage, just lightly touching Vavasour's arm as he extended it. They were in the churchyard. The bells rang merrily and loud, and with their peal, mingled the laughter and voices of the cavalcade behind. Vavasour cast one glance round him, then fixed his dark and piercing eye upon the bride. "You forsake me, Clara, and I was wretched—yon insulted me, I am avenged!" With these words he plunged a knife, that he had worn concealed, into her bosom—she fell upon the grass, rank mounds of the dead! "Behold!" cried he, raising his voice till his deep and hollow tone pierced to the very aisle of the church, and repeated by a stoupe echo, smote the ear of the Priest as he stood prepared by the altar—"Behold! Clara, your bridal bed!" Then brandishing his knife, all streaming with the heart's blood of the bride, he strode away directly toward the midst of the guests, who scattered themselves, panic-stricken on either side. With a bound, he cleared the slight fence round the church yard, and as he glanced his steel, Baynton, who, with all his virtues, was at least brave, grasped him by the arm.

"Fiend!" he cried, "you shall not escape. What wilt thou—help here!—seize the murderer!"

"Twice Vavasour raised his armed hand.—"No," he muttered the second time, "I strike only for justice. Thoudist as I would have done—thou didst not, at least deceive me—thou art sufficiently punished!" Then dashing off the weaker grasp of his rival, he sprang on his horse, and waded across the country in the same direction as that in which he had arrived at the fatal spot.

Clara was already lifeless; the guests gathered around—the false uncle, the plotting bridegroom. Even at that awful hour, the two most connected to the dying woman thought only of themselves. "So perishes my hope of this alliance,—so fades my dream of ambition!" muttered Tregothick. "Had the stroke been delayed but another hour, these lands had been mine," thought the lover—"I am a ruined man!"

At the side of his bed-ridden mother, Vavasour appeared abruptly. "Give me your blessing, mother! Quick!—Quick!—the blood hounds are after me!—Quick, if you wish not for my death!"

"Bless thee, Walter! thou hast been a good son to me. But what means—"

"Ha! ha!" shouted Vavasour, lifting up his bloody hands. "Enough!—enough!" He flung from the chamber—threw himself again on his panting steed—bathed the hot pursuit of the avengers—in disguise and by stealth he reached Scotland, and claimed protection from the Chief of G—, with whose blood he bore connexion. Some years afterwards, the name of Walter Vavasour was found amongst the list of slain, in the cause of Charles and Edward at the battle of Culloden.

From the London Morning Chronicle.

The American census for 1830 has been completed, and the result published. The population of the United States, which was 9,637,000 in 1820, was last year 12,976,000, or, in round numbers, thirteen millions. What a prodigy is the growth of this Republic!

When the Revolution commenced, in 1776 it had less than three millions of inhabitants, and now it has thirteen! Then it was on a level with Switzerland or Denmark in political consideration; now it is the second naval power in the world! We rejoice in its progress, for its strength and its glory belong to the people, and to the cause of truth, justice and freedom all over the world. It is pleasant to observe that the States in which there are no slaves, are advancing so much more rapidly than the others. The fact renders the evils of slavery more palpable, and holds out the prospect of its diminishing every year in relative importance. The population of Scotland and England, in 1811, was 12,373,000, or 600,000 less than the United States last year; and New-York alone has very nearly as many inhabitants as Scotland had in 1811.

### DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA!

The following particulars of a most distressing case of this dreadful disease, are from the Cincinnati Journal of the 15th inst.

Sometime about the 1st of June, a Mr. Street residing near Sharon, Hamilton county, observed one day, a dog in his hog pen biting his hogs. Attempting to drive him out, the dog flew at Mr. Street and bit him severely. About nine days after this occurrence, one of the hogs died in a rabid state. Mr. Street although apprehensive of danger from the first, continued to enjoy good health up to Tuesday the 5th instant. On retiring to bed Tuesday evening, he complained of being unwell. His indisposition however, excited no alarm till Wednesday morning about 10 o'clock, when, on putting his hands into a bowl of water for the purpose of washing, he was seized with violent spasms, and forced to recoil several paces. After repeated trials he succeeded in washing himself, but under such circumstances as left no doubt, that he was suffering under one of the most appalling of all disorders, the hydrophobia. His mind, however, was composed. Perfectly conscious that his end was near, he sent for many of his friends and neighbours, with whom he conversed with his usual freedom, and without the least perceptible aberration of mind. From the very first, he prayed that if he should be attacked with hydrophobia, he might not be left to die violence to any one, or to disgrace the religion of Christ, which he had long professed. His petitions were in both respects, remarkably answered. On Wednesday evening he sent for some persons in his vicinity, notoriously indifferent to the subject of religion, and wicked as to their moral conduct, and prayed with them, and exhorted them to repentance. These exhortations under such circumstances, produced a most overwhelming effect upon all who heard them. Many were brought to weep, whose eyes had been unwept, and whose hearts had been unsoftened for years by any considerations of a religious nature. All this time he was in great bodily distress, his whole frame was convulsed, and he was continually, when on his feet, springing from one side of the room to the other, with the greatest apparent ease. It was with difficulty that he could compose himself to rest, even for a few moments at a time upon the bed, during any period of his sickness. As persons from the vicinity were constantly flocking to see him, he never ceased his conversation, his counsels or his exhortations, until a short period before his death. Many were afraid to approach him, to whom he made repeated assurances that he would not injure them. Others approached him, took him by the hand and knelt with him in prayer.

The whole scene was one of deep, absorbing, and painful interest, surpassing all description. The strange spectacle was here presented to the living, of a man in his full strength, walking about the room, conversing with his friends, praying with, and exhorting impatient sinners to prepare for death; and yet perfectly conscious that he must die in a few hours, foaming at the mouth, and exhibiting by the convulsions of his whole frame, and the horrible distortion of countenance, and the unnatural expression of his eyes, which seemed ready to burst from their sockets, that a terrible poison was drinking up his spirits, the progress of whose destructive energy no power on earth was able to arrest. Still, during his most violent paroxysms, his mind was perfectly calm and collected. Not the slightest aberration of intellect was discoverable, in any expression which escaped him during his sickness. The promise "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "as thy day is, so shall thy strength be," was in this instance most wonderfully verified. All who witnessed his composure ascribed it to the power of the christian religion; and that strength which Christ ever imparts to his true followers, to enable them to bear up with composure under whatever appalling circumstances they may be called to pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Resting on his Almighty arm they may safely trust him for "dying grace when dying comes." Such was the case of him, the painful circumstances of whose dying hours are narrated above. He had long been a follower of Christ,—had long trusted in him for salvation, and now he found that his confidence had not been misplaced. While his convulsions lasted he offered no violence to any one; and about two o'clock on Thursday, he became perfectly composed, laid himself down quietly on his bed of death, and without at a struggle, gently breathed out his soul on the bosom of that Saviour, who can even make such a dying bed.

"Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Previous to his death he requested his friends to commence holding prayer meetings that evening in the room where he died. The request was complied with, and the services of that occasion will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of being present. Similar meetings are to be held there from week to week.

### RATTLE SNAKE.

In the last American Journal of Geology published in Philadelphia, we have a curious sketch of the decapitation of a rattle snake, as performed by Richard Harlan, M. D. in the presence of Capt. Bazil Hall, and several other gentlemen. Dr. H. severed the head from the rattle snake, and afterwards grasping the part of the neck adhering to the head, with his thumb and finger, the head twisted itself by violent movements, and endeavoured to strike him with its fangs. Afterwards, a live rabbit was plunged to the head, which immediately presented its fangs into the rabbit very deep. Dr. H. then asked Captain Hall to take hold of the tail, which he had no sooner done, than the headless neck bent itself quickly round as if to strike him. The last movement may be attributed to muscular habit.

## Maryland Gazette.

### ANNAPOLIS:

Thursday, August 25, 1831.

To the Voters of the City of Annapolis.

The Subscriber offers himself as a Candidate to represent the City of Annapolis in the next General Assembly of Maryland, and respectfully solicits the votes and interests of his fellow-citizens.

ROBERT WELCH, of Ben.

From the Coopers-town (N. Y.) Journal.

A correspondent furnishes the following, which he requests published for the benefit of those families who may have young children suffering under the attacks of the cholera morbus.

The surgeon of the French Frigate, the *Arctusa*, while lying at New York, 12 years ago, transmitted for publication, the following remarkable case:—

"During our stay at Annapolis, a great many of the crew of the above named frigate were attacked with the cholera morbus, which was quickly put a stop to by the use of rice water, very strong, with much sugar, and a little laudanum in it, drank plentifully. Out of 140 sick, only one died."

We learn that the second mate of the *Friendship* robbed the coast of *Spartan*, will go out in the frigate *Potomac*, for the purpose of pointing out the robbers, whose leaders at least, well known to him. The first business of Capt. Downs, will be an understanding, to make a proper settlement for that barbarous piracy. *N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

### A NEW AIR GUN.

A trial of a new air gun, the invention of Mr. Perrault, of Rouen, was made last week in Paris, in the presence of Lieutenant General Pelet and several General and superior officers of Artillery. This terrible instrument of destruction is mounted on rollers or little carriages. Three guns can be fitted on one carriage, and each pointed in a different direction. They are discharged by means of a wheel, which an infant would be able to move. Each cannon fires off five hundred balls a minute, and 5000 balls can be discharged without its being necessary to get a fresh supply of compressed air. All the apparatus required for the three cannons can be carried by one horse. A battery of six guns to an indefinite length may be formed and their effects upon a mass would be as great as if they were fired as a saw cuts a plank.

A correspondent of the Boston Sentinel gives a detailed account of the fray into which the Siamese Twins were lately drawn at Lynnfield. The particulars, if true, are equally disgraceful to the Lynnfield people, and creditable to the Siamese. Upon the legal investigation which followed, an agreement offered by one of the Twins afforded much amusement to the court. It was nearly in this form, and was addressed to Mr. Prescott, the complainant: "You swear you afraid of me; you afraid I kill you, shoot you— at same time you know I have guns—you see I shoot you if I choose—and you keep round me, following me about—I ask you truly not to follow me—you want let me go away—you call me and my mother hard name—and yet you swear you afraid I kill you. Now, suppose I see a man in my country, in Siamese goes out into woods, and sees a lion asleep—the say 'O! I afraid that lion kill me'—what I think of that man if he go up and give that lion a kick, and say 'get out you ugly beast, I wish you'd answer me that'."

### From the Lexington (Ky.) Gazette.

KENTUCKY.—The opposition in this town and neighbourhood during the beginning of last week, were thrown into ecstasies by the success of their candidates in Woodford and Jessamine; and the anticipation of similar victories all over the state. At this time, however, their spirits are by no means buoyant, and disappointment and melancholy are depicted in every "National Republican" countenance. Before the election, they were certain of giving us a "Waterloo defeat," that Col. Johnson was the only representative they were willing to allow the democracy of Kentucky in the next Congress; and even since the election, a succession of Bulletins have been issued from offices in this and other towns of the State, announcing, in the most positive terms, the election of eighty Clay men to Congress! Thus do men, (many of whom we have charity enough to believe would scorn a dishonourable action in private life,) jeopardize their characters for veracity as politicians, for the sole purpose of keeping Mr. Clay's head a few months above water! How will they feel in a few days, when the distant papers (mailed by their lying statements) shall have arrived here with their accounts of the defeat of Wickliffe, Gaither, Daniel, Lecompt, Adair and Lyon, all of whom are elected? Will they not blush for the blind zeal which has so misled their judgments? Or repeat the unprofitable depravity which impelled them to risk their veracity upon so ephemeral and short-lived a delusion?

As a minority in this State and the Union, our opponents, in putting forth falsehood after falsehood in such rapid succession, are pursuing a most suicidal course so far as it regards their true policy. They can only attain an ascendancy by making converts; and this they never effect while their total disregard of truth deceives and disgraces their own friends, and excites the indignation of their opponents. To deny every fact that makes in favour of the Administration, when they know that, in a week, or a fortnight at

most, the omnipotence of truth will overtake and overwhelm the temporary triumph of error; in our opinion, the most consummate folly. It is to discredit even the truths they may have occasion to utter, and to throw every one of their statements, whether true or false, upon partizan prejudice for countenance and support. Place such men as sentinels to guard our rights from invasion, and though the tyrant had come, and they proclaimed it from the house tops, and the people, (because of the habitual falsehoods of their informants,) would believe them not.

If engaged in a righteous cause, the Clay men should not degrade it by enlisting falsehood in its support; and if embarked in a just contest, and they hope only for success through error and delusion, they should occasionally admit obvious truths for the purpose of obtaining credit for those lies which they may find it convenient to tell, and which can not be so easily detected.

The Eastern politicians are too shrewd to be deceived by the affected triumph of the Clay men of this State. They know that it is false to those who claimed eleven Congressional representatives as "Clayites" before the August elections; to rejoice now because they succeeded in getting rock out of twenty-two Mr. Clay, therefore, must and will be abandoned; and his fate will serve as a splendid monument of the evils of vaulting ambition, and the danger of despising the popular will in a free and enlightened Republic.

Daniel's majority over Davis the Clay man is 538.

Butler's majority for Congress over Brents is 125 votes.

### STATE OF PARTIES IN THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

With the exception of Casey and Wayne counties, which in conformity to general request, we have placed on the Jackson side, the following table of the state, of parties in the next Legislature of this state will be found to be entirely accurate. We have made a Clay paper the basis of our calculations; and have only altered such errors, and filled up such blanks in the original table, as are justified by letters and actual returns in our possession.

COUNTIES.	From each county.	Vote of Clay	Vote of Jackson	Vote in 1831	1830
Allegheny	1	1	1	1	1
Anson	1	1	1	1	1
Anderson	2	2	2	2	2
Barren	3	3	3	3	3
Bartholomew	1	1	1	1	1
Breckenridge and Hancock	1	1	1	1	1
Boone	1	1	1	1	1
Bracken	1	1	1	1	1
Bath	1	1	1	1	1
Bullitt	1	1	1	1	1
Butler and Edmondson	1	1	1	1	1
Campbell	1	1	1	1	1
Christian	1	1	1	1	1
Caldwell	1	1	1	1	1
Clay and Perry	1	1	1	1	1
Casper	1	1	1	1	1
Cumberland	1	1	1	1	1
Clarke	2	2	2	2	2
Dixwell	1	1	1	1	1
Estill	1	1	1	1	1
Franklin	1	1	1	1	1
Fayette	3	3	3	3	3
Fleming	2	2	2	2	2
Floyd and Pike	1	1	1	1	1
Grant	1	1	1	1	1
Gallatin	1	1	1	1	1
Gallia	1	1	1	1	1
Garrard and Calloway	2	2	2	2	2
Garrard	1	1	1	1	1
Grayson	1	1	1	1	1
Greenup	1	1	1	1	1
Hickman and M-Cricken	1	1	1	1	1
Henderson and Union	1	1	1	1	1
Hopkins	2	2	2	2	2
Hardin and Meade	1	1	1	1	1
Harrison	2	2	2	2	2
Henry	2	2	2	2	2
Hart	1	1	1	1	1
Jefferson	2	2	2	2	2
Jessamine	1	1	1	1	1
Knox and Harlan	1	1	1	1	1
Logan	2	2	2	2	2
Lincoln	1	1	1	1	1
Lewis	1	1	1	1	1
Livingston	1	1	1	1	1
Louisville City	1	1	1	1	1
Montgomery	2	2	2	2	2
Mason	2	2	2	2	2
Martin	3	3	3	3	3
Martin	1	1	1	1	1
Morgan and Lawrence	1	1	1	1	1
Muhlenburgh	1	1	1	1	1
Mercer	3	3	3	3	3
Nelson	2	2	2	2	2
Nicholas	1	1	1	1	1
Oftaham	1	1	1	1	1
Ohio	1	1	1	1	1
Owen	1	1	1	1	1
Pendleton	1	1	1	1	1
Pulaski	1	1	1	1	1
Rockcastle	1	1	1	1	1
Russell	1	1	1	1	1
Scott	2	2	2	2	2
Shelby	3	3	3	3	3
Simpson	1	1	1	1	1
Spencer	1	1	1	1	1
Todd	1	1	1	1	1
Trimble	1	1	1	1	1
Washington	3	3	3	3	3
Wayne	1	1	1	1	1
Woodford	1	1	1	1	1
Whitley and Laurel	1	1	1	1	1
Warren	2	2	2	2	2
Total	100	33	67	100	100

(The numbers marked thus, were Clay men, pledged to vote for a Jackson Senator last year.)