

THE PAINTER-PHYSICIAN.

The light was dimmed out a star
Through the gathering gloom,
And silence brooded o'er the type
In the competing town.

The painter had an copper pen,
And recent gave their gloom;
When through the door a strain crept,
And stole back John's spouse!

O, faint wangs beneath the sun;
O, drops of disgrace!
The darkest crime that can be done
Is that of sniveling spouses.

When the景春's angel's pen
All other sit content,
Alone, unbroken, shall still remain
The site of sniveling spouses!

Dial went to "laugh," and left his case
Filled ringing clp—
An' thought he would return again
When scope should get fitter.

When he came back, he took his place—
Again before his own—
You should have seen his attitude
When he bawled his spouse!

It was no time for charity,
Or other Christian grace;
He wildly cried—"I'll let the sun
Of him who stabs my spouse!"

The blood still flows and walks the earth,
And so must walk for ever!
He will not die,—wrote like him—
For rest awaits him never!

And painters, for long years to come,
Will tremble at their ovens;
Well knowing that his spirit still
Is fond of steaming ovens!

A HOMELY SONG OF TOIL.

I passed by the door of the workshop—

The workmen they were three;
And they blithely sang, while the earth's clang
Made music to their glee;

"Ho! for the strength to do!

"Ho! for the will to dare!

"Ho! for the patience long and true,

That babbles want and care!

"The sharpard may sicken of pleasure,
And faints of gay delight;

But we find our wealth is the pulse of health,

And our cause is appetite.

Ab! wife and child are dear,

And home doubly sweet,

To men who seek but humble cheer,

And earn the bread they eat!

"We would not abide in a palace,

To sleep in sumptuous bower;

We would never cap from a prince's cup,

To taste the widow's tear;

We would not sleep to strive,

A neighbor from his spell;

We think, and feel, and share alike,

In the brooketh of toil.

"The Earth hath enough for her children;

But she loves the sturdy heart;

And she says that all may be free from thrall,

If each will bear his part.

"Then let us live content,

To learn in Nature's school,

That riches are the neediest,

And labor is the rub!"

I pass by the door of the workshop,

And life is song in air,

To the Strength and Will, and the Patent skill!

That have their dwelling here;

Ho! for the strength to do!

Ho! for the will to dare!

Ho! for the patience long and true,

That babbles want and care!

THE TATTOOED CHEEK.

BY MARYELL COPE.

My neighbor, the doctor, the squire, the carpenter from over the way, and two or three more, were met at my house. We had formed a Married Men's Club, but instead of meeting at a tavern, we assembled at each other's houses, where we smoked the curtains to such an extent that I often wondered why they did not color like pipes; but our wives did not complain for the influence of our homes kept our virtues sweet, though we scented the hangings. We had been talking of birth-marks; about these strawberries on the left arm, which, according to by-gone plays and romances, served as such indubitable evidence of the noble origin of the bearers, and which helped to restore so many wronged heirs to their titles and possessions in the fifth act or last chapter; and we discussed those remarkable "moles" who were to stage papas indisputable proofs that the greatest comedy men were chips off their old blocks—and led to the invitation, "Come to my arms! you are—you are, indeed, my son!" and then to the heroine's stepping sheepishly from the L. U.—the union of hands—tableaux, in centre—etc., etc., etc., all of which are now huddled away in memory-corners, and are only brought to the light of day again, like the costumes of our grandmothers and grandfathers from worm-eaten chests in dirty Attics, for the amusement of the new generation and our wonder, heighten'd pity.

The doctor confessed that when he was a boy and holiday was pampered with the romance of the time he world daily make a searching investigation of his physique for a strawberry or mole, and that having found one of the latter, he, from that day forth, for several months, chafed, for the belief that he was of noble descent, and that if the teeth were known, the kind couple who claimed him for their son were only his father's parents, and that some day a princess would appear, who would claim that as the title of some ducal home at least, place a coronet on his brow, and carry him off in triumph. He told the story to his schoolmates and became an object of mysterious interest to the few for some time. He was, however, partially cured of his fancy, by a tremendous whipping given him by his father,

when he had ventured to display when his primary blood was up. This, he thought, of course, very natural in the whipping, for he had intended to be very good to his father and mother when the noble stranger should appear. But the noble stranger never did appear. But the romantic delusion made a doctor of the boy—it led to his reading scientific books on birth marks and kindred subjects, and ended in his becoming an excellent man of science, as well as one possessed of the largest charity for the wild poetic fancies of boys. His interest in this mark had never died out, and on this occasion he said to me:

"By the way, you are a Pennsylvania, I believe. Now, I've always had a curiosity about that cross of blue spots on your wife's cheek. It isn't the custom to tattoo in your State, is it?"

"Ah! you've remarked that, have you?" said I. "Well, it ought not to be there, for I've kissed that spot every day these twenty years, but it won't wear away it seems. Kissing appears to do no good."

"A solution of one grain of lunar caustic in ten grains of water—" interrupted the doctor.

"No, thank you for the prescription, but I'd rather leave it there. In fact, I regard it as the light of the situation of a witness to our betrothal—

to speak—Fate, his X Mark."

"Is it a story?" quoth the Squire, fidgeting in his chair.

"Something like one," said I.

"Then just wait till I fill a pipe, and I'll pick out the biggest one on the shelf, and packed it tightly so as not to interrupt the narration which he expected."

"All ready?"

"Ready," said a thick cloud of smoke to the right of me, and I straightway began to address that cloud.

"If you have ever journeyed in the valley of the Lehigh in Pennsylvania, you will have sometimes come upon a little rudely constructed building with a dam and water-wheel beside it, but which you have been very sure was neither grist, saw nor oil mill; but which, if a native of the country, you would have known at once as one for the manufacture of powder. There were many of them in years gone by in the valley. The Revolutionary war had fostered the manufacture of gunpowder so far inland and safe from the forays of the enemy. Subsequent to the war, however, heavy capitalists in other parts of the country had undertaken the manufacture of the finer sorts, and on Lehigh mills confined themselves to the making of blasting powder, for which they found a market in Philadelphia and at the neighboring mines and quarries. Each mill was generally worked by its owner and two or three hands, who labored indifferently at farming, during ploughing or harvesting seasons, in the mill or in driving the heavy teams with their farm produce and powder to Philadelphia.

It was at one of these mills that, twenty one years ago, at the age of twenty, I was employed. It was owned by the father of Mary, who is now my wife. One very warm day, just after harvest, my master and his wife, with his men and three heavy teams, started to Philadelphia, with a batch of powder that had just been finished, and farm produce. That was the mode in those days. The road then was often white with the canvas coverings of the heavy wagons; the teams consisted of four or six splendid horses, the leaders of which carried bells, suspended in a bow at the top of their collars, which gave out a measured jangling at every step; the drivers were seated postillion-like, on the high-wheel horses, and looked knowing and jolly—the effect of their own trips. The employers' wives were seated in state in the forward part of the huge wagons, on grain sacks, covered with home made quilts. And to complete the picture, there was the huge half-mastiff, trotting seriously and monotonously under a precise spot beneath the roof of the wagon, from which nothing could lure them, except the exhilarating prospect of combat by the roadside, with dogs worthy of their prowess—for small dogs excited only their contempt, which to the keen observer of canine nature, was of the most withering description. All this gave a poetic aspect, a life and grace to the road then, which have disappeared before the "loathsome whicle" and the camel-hair teams of to-day.

"I had been left with Mary and her grandmother, an old woman of eighty, and Mary's little brother, aged three. There was no work in the mill for me to do, except to roll out three hundred pounds of powder in bags for a neighboring country cousin, who was to tell for it this afternoon. This I had completed, and then proceeded to pack the mill, root, the shingles of which had become rotten, and let it in the rain. It was about three in the afternoon—I had been working away in an absorbed manner, so that I had

not noticed any change in the aspect of the sky, and as a lack of lightning caught, followed by a few drops of rain, I was a little surprised. But did not hurry myself very much to get to the other end of the roof, where my ladder was, the instant being from the outside—when a more vivid flash and a sharp quick crack followed, and I knew no more.

"The rest of the story of course comes

when, when withered lightning struck the sky, and as the lack of lightning was followed by a few drops of rain, the fire was gaining very rapidly—the smaller work was all so dry and rotten. She took a glance at the window of the pond-house—an accurate calculation as to the time it would take to roll out the logs now before the fire could reach them. Then

she took each one separately, roll it out

of the door, for she was not certain

but that it remained in the fire it might do mischief still, as the heat dried it. She got it all out on the green-sward, and then mounted the ladder for me. The roof was not steep, and not more than twenty feet from the ground.

"She could not take me down the ladder—so she rolled me nearly to the edge of the roof—grasped me with her right hand by the collar, which, thanks to its knobby, woolly toughness, was sufficient for the purpose—held on to the roof securely with her left hand, and then pushed me over with her left foot. That little right hand held me dangling a moment, and then dropped me as flat as the sword below I was saved. She came down—the fire by this time had reached the end of the building near which I was lying. Mary stood to pick me up; when a little volume of blue smoke puffed out from a crack, and the flame licked her face. It was only a few grains of powder that had got into a crack, and it didn't hurt at the time, but when it heated it left the blue cross you now see. A child's wagon was standing near, and into this Mary dragged me—how, she hardly recollects herself—and wheeled me away. It was at this moment that Mary began to feel certain that I was dead. She thought that in living, the shock of the fall must have revived me. She began to tremble, and her forehead was giving way when I came to; I awoke with a feeling precisely similar to that in a lamb when, in common speech, we say it has been "asleep." The sensation may be agreeable when slight and when confined to a single member; but to me, as I was, affecting it appeared, every atom of my body, even to my brain and tongue, it was torture. I at first saw myself conveyed by Mary, in the wagon, with a consciousness, but couldn't see what it meant—

"Then the cramped position became wearisome, and then all at once I fell, a sort of cold sweat, as I awoke, out, as if intoxicated:

"Warry matrons, Mary!" which was meant to mean "What's the matter here Mary?" She turned toward me at the sound of my voice gave a gasp and then burst into tears. She had time for these tears. Her work was done. I was up in a moment, and looked around half vacantly, for an instant. A few drops of rain were falling still, and the rotten old mill was in full blaze. I turned in horror to Mary.

"The broad woman?

"Safe!"

"I asked no further questions, but hurried to her to the house to dress her, then back to watch the fire and prevent me doing any further mischief with its sparks. Half a dozen neighbors came riding at full speed up near the house, but turned about again when they saw it was the mill that was burning. The crazy old thing was consumed to the ground. The quarryman drove up toward evening, with his wagon, but concluded he would not take his powder then.

"The grandmother had dozed away quiet

in the whole time with a child in her lap, and did not even suspect that there was anything remarkable going on at the ashes of the mill had already blazed in the August rain!

Mary's father came home three days after and forgave me for burning his mill, while he was away, when he had heard the particulars. You may imagine that I did not hold Miss Mary in high estimation after this, though I had been given a kingdom to do it; I never could manifest my sentiments toward her. But one evening, months after, a city cousin had induced Mary, much against her will, to tell the story. She did it very modestly, for I watched eaves-dropper, was just on the opposite side of a cherry hedge and could hear every word. Said my cousin:

"What courage you must have had, Mary; why like its like Mac Donald, or John of Arc, or Grace Darling, or some of those."

"I am no scholar and don't know about them," said Mary, "but I don't think I could have done it if Asa hadn't been on the rest!"

"Some time after this, I used to myself the justice to say, that Mary and the who had been on the roof, and understood each other, and on a bright day, exactly one year after the burning of the mill, I pledged myself before our gray-haired parson, to devote the life she had saved, to her service. I hope I have faithfully kept my promise."

The story was done. My guests were about to depart, and were in the hall ready to go. Just then my wife tripped down

to bid them "good night." They all looked at the Tattooed Cheek, and I said, "Mary, was she not the tresser in the pond-house?"

"Yes, she was," said Mary, "but I don't know how she did it."

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Valley Spirit.

CHAMBERSBURG, SEPT. 11, 1861

BEDFORD COUNTY CONVENTION.
 P. T. MARCHER, Chambersburg.
 G. W. HOWE,
 J. M. SCHAFFER,
 Geo. L. LEWIS,
 JOHN A. SPRAGUE,
 H. C. KELLY,
 James WHALEY, Austin.
 W. D. McKEEVER, Mercersburg.
 Peter BRADDOCK, London.
 G. E. W. McALLISTER, Franklin.
 David J. SCHAFFER, Keyser.
 C. HARRISON, Conemaugh.
 D. BYRNE, London.
 John GUTHRIE, Shippensburg.
 Sam BUCHANAN, Papermillville.
 J. J. KENNEDY, Guilford.
 Sam HAWK, Green.
 John K. KENNEDY, Westmore.
 Henry BARRETT, Warren.
 W. E. KELLY, Southampton.
 D. A. COOMBE, St. Thomas.
 W. B. BELLAR, Baltimore.
 W. U. HARRIS, Gettysburg.
 Jas. LEWIS, Quincy.
 Simon LOVANCE, Washington.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

President Judge,
 WILSON REILLY, of Franklin Co.,
 Subject to the decision of the Judicial Committee.

Associate Judge,

AUGUSTUS DUNCAN, of Chambersburg.

Legislature,

CHRISTIAN D. LEMMER, of Anttrim.
 HENRY S. WIRSHAW, of Fulton Co.

Treasurer.

SAMUEL FISHER, of Anttrim.

Commissioner.

JOSEPH M. DOYLE, of Fannott.

Director of the Poor.

JOHN CROFT, of St. Thomas.

Auditor.

JOHN GILLAN, JR., of Letterkenny.
 Coroner.

Wm. H. BOYLE, M. D., of Chambersburg.

"Do not give up 'the Union. Preserve it in the name of the Fathers of the Revolution—preserve it for its great elements of good—preserve it in the sacred name of Liberty—preserve it for the faithful and devoted lovers of the Constitution in the rebellious States—those who are persecuted for their support, and are dying in its defense.—Rebellion can lay down her arms to Government—Government cannot surrender to rebellion."—Hon. Daniel Dickinson, of New York.

The Public Debt.

The bringing out of a new national loan naturally suggests a retrospect of those previously negotiated, of the uniform policy pursued in reference to them by the Government, and of the confidence in which they have been held by the public. Halley's American and European Circular contains some valuable statistical information upon this subject from which we compile the following for the benefit of our readers:

Upon the organization of the Government, the amount of debt assumed and funded by it was \$75,463,476. This amount was slightly increased by the wants incident to the new order of things, but its extinguishment was never lost sight of, and after 1860, the financial policy of the Government enabled it to devote, annually, a large sum towards its reduction. In 1812 it was reduced to \$45,209,788. The war which commenced that year was followed by new loans, and in 1816, the debt was swelled to \$127,384,934. Upon the return of peace notwithstanding the embarrassed condition of the country, the first step of the Government was a financial policy which looked to the speedy payment of the debt, which was totally extinguished in 1835.

The embarrassments following the memorable speculations of that year, forced the Government to make some small loans, but in 1845, the debt was only \$16,803,674. The expenses of the Mexican war which soon followed, again swelled the debt to \$67,560,893. The payment of this, however, was immediately commenced, a large amount of it being purchased at 22 per cent premium out of an overflowing treasury, so that in 1857 the amount was reduced to \$26,166,186. In that year the rates of duty on imported merchandise were greatly reduced, and the revenue from this source correspondingly diminished, caused in part by commercial disasters of that year. The expenses of Government, for extraordinary emergencies, were largely increased, and the debt in 1861 stood at \$77,000,000; a part of this being incurred to put down the present rebellion. At its late session, Congress authorized a loan to the amount of \$500,000,000, the first installment of which has recently been taken by the banks. Annexed is a statement showing the amount of the national

debt for each year, since the organization of the Government:

Years	High Water	Low Water
1803	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1804	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1805	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1806	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1807	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1808	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1809	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1810	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1811	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1812	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1813	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1814	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1815	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1816	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1817	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1818	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1819	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1820	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1821	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1822	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1823	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1824	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1825	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1826	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1827	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
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1871	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1872	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1873	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1874	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
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1983	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1984	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1985	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1986	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1987	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1988	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1989	\$1,000,000	\$1,000,000
1990	\$1,000,000	\$1,00

September 11, 1861.

Democracy and the Union.

Mrs. Emerson—*Two hours' tirade* year before one fell too strong against the nefarious attempt now being made to blot the glorious old Democratic party out of existence. The history of the United States establishes beyond controversy the fact that the Democratic party is the only political organization capable of successfully administering the government. By hard-lying and desperate huckstering the opponents of that party have in a few instances got possession of the helm of State, but they have always run themselves ashore in the first year of their voyage. Bad as have ended all their previous attempts, this voyage of theirs on the Ship of State has resulted worst of all. Both ship and cargo are lost; and the Northern people, who are, in commercial parlance, the "underwriters," have a beautiful prospect for the pay-day that is fast approaching.

Taxes on land, taxes on houses, taxes on furniture, taxes on money at interest, taxes on carriages, taxes on watches, taxes on tea, taxes on coffee, taxes on sugar, tax on what you earn and taxes on what you eat—taxes on the baby's cradle and taxes on the grandpa's coffin—these are the recompences offered to all who will abandon the ever glorious, time honored old Democratic party and join the Republi- can under their new name and assumed motto of *Union*.

The Democratic party was overthrown by the cry of "extravagance and corruption." It was accused of spending from eighty to one hundred millions a year. A change was to work wonders, and truly wonders have been worked by the change! The expenditures have gone up to three or four hundred million, one half of the country is in the full blaze of rebellion and the other half in a fair way to be bankrupted attempting to suppress it.

These are the fruits of the change so loudly clamored for. Reflecting Republicans are studying about it and repenting of their votes. Thousands of them will abandon that party. The leaders know it, and they are preparing to repair their loss by roping in gullible Democrats under the false pretence of forming a party wholly devoted to the Union. The true Union party, and the only one that can restore the Union, is the Democratic party. **Democracy and the Union, now and forever.**

JACKSON.

Magnanimous Act.

The following resolution was passed at the late Democratic County Convocation in Somerset:

WHENAS: Robert P. Cummins, the Republican candidate for Sheriff, after being nominated by his party—at a time when the Somerset Infantry, upon the eve of marching into actual service, were left without an efficient Captain, by the resignation of the person who held that position, accepted the Captaincy unanimously tendered him by the company, composed of Democrats and Republicans; and, whereas, he cannot now honorably resign his position in the army to attend to the coming election; we, therefore, as an appreciation of his patriotism, decline putting any candidate in nomination against him.

We might look for a long time to see similar magnanimity displayed by a Republican Convention.

Free Speech.

We command the following to those Republicans who, just now, think it an awful thing for a man to speak out his sentiments, unless they happen to chime in with the policy of "Old Abe." The extract is from the message of Governor Andrew, (Republican,) of Massachusetts, to the Legislature, a few weeks since:

"Let us never—under any conceivable circumstances of provocation or indignation—forget the right of free discussion of all public questions, guaranteed to every individual on Massachusetts soil, by the settled conviction of her people, by the habits of her successive generations, and by express provisions of her constitution.—And let us therefore never seek to repress the criticisms of a minority, however small, upon the character and conduct of any administration, whether STATE OR NATIONAL."

As our Democratic friends seem determined to hold their regular County Convocation, for the purpose of phasing in nomination, as accelerated Democratic ticket, it may be worth while to inquire, on what principles they intend to conduct the campaign. The old party war cries are absent, and the issues on which they organized in former years have passed away. —Civilians abroad.

Not a bit of it. The issues on which we "organized in former years" have not passed away. Our war cry has always been "THE CONSTITUTION, THE LAWS AND THE UNION!" These are the issues which still stand, and with them we will defeat the party whose chief leaders have said "let the Union slide!"

Democratic County Convocation.

The Democratic delegates proposed the Democratic Nominating Convention for the County of Franklin, assembled in the Court House, by this place, on Saturday, the 11th inst.

On motion, the following gentlemen were appointed officers of the meeting:

President., Col. JAMES B. ORR, of Southampton.

Vice President., Peter SNIDER of Guilford, and HUKE M. BISSETT, of Washington.

Secretary., C. FITHEUM, of Quincy, and A. BURGESS, of London.

DELEGATES:

Antwerp—Albertus Miller, John D. Williams, Wm. McCrory, Sam Jacob Braugh, Jacob Weiser, Joseph Fuer, Dr. E. Hamill, Christ D. Leaser.

Chamberlain—North Ward—J. McDowell Sharp, C. M. Deacon, John R Orr, David Ward—B. Y. Hensley, Samuel Worley, John Ledyig.

Concord—Thomas Fagan, Chilerson Robertson, Fred Long.

Dry Run—Dr. Isaac Clugston, Morris Haunum, D. J. Skinner.

Fayetteville—Samuel Brookfield, J. Dick Samuel Kitter, Joe Shirley, Robt. Hanrahan, John Wolf.

Groton—Wm. Braud, Samuel Hawk, Henry Kyle.

Guildford—Peter Snider, Sr., John C. Tride, Isaac Hookersmith, Wm. Gobey, E. brain Burkholder, James Richardson, Hamilton—Samuel West, Charles Evans, Henry Reilly.

Letterkenny—Samuel Gilmore, Fred Zollinger, T. J. McNeal.

London—Harman Dietrich, Wm. Divitibus, A. Burgess.

Lurgon—John W. Dehaven, Samuel Haughman, John Gilbert.

Montgomery—David B. Kigerer, Michael Keever, David Clippinger.

Morristown—Wm. D. M. Knutty, O. S. Cowles, Harman Hart.

Ortonville—James B. Orr, A. P. Linn, Wm. B. Blair.

Peters—David Unger, Samuel M. Seyler, J. Joseph Wauwiler.

Quincy—O. D. Pittsburgh, Jacob Bester, John Kite, John Walk, John Zody, Joe Smith.

Southampton—Christ Bomberger, Wm. Barber, Conrad Pfeister.

St. Thomas—John Bryan, John Cob, B. A. Cormany.

Sugar Spring—Daniel Stake, James Shield, Peter Hight.

Warren—Samuel Yeakle, Louis Brewster, Super Brainer.

West Run—Wm. Reed, Samuel Eby, Jacob Cook.

Washington—Hugh M. Sibell, Michael Hananue, John Kuhn, Jacob Miller, Simon Leckrone, John Clark.

Committee appointed by the President to draft resolutions for the Convocation:—J. McDowell Sharp, S. Gilmore, H. Diskoff, & Miller, S. Brockbridge, D. J. Skinner, O. Custer.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convocation adjourned all o'clock. The committee appointed to draft resolutions, through J. McDowell Sharp reported a set of resolutions which were received and adopted by the Convocation.

Before which Mr. Sharp made some very neat and appropriate remarks.

Resolved, that the Democratic Party of Franklin County, in Convocation assembled, would adopt the platform of their views on the present alarming state of the country, the following resolution, endorsed by the representatives of the people, in Congress assembled, at their late annual session, to the effect that:

"The present deplorable civil war has been forced upon the country by the disunionists of the Southern States, now in arms against the Union party, and the only one that can restore the Union, is the Democratic party.

Resolved, also that the Democratic party of Franklin County will give its full support to the Government of the United States, in every measure, to sustain the cause of the Union, and to suppress the present rebellion.

Resolved, that it is eminently proper to prosecute the existing war with vigor, in order that it may be sooner brought to a successful termination, and thereby the blessings of peace be the sooner restored to our unhappy country, either as the result of the success of our arms, or as the fruit of such an honorable settlement as will bear the name of the State's vindictive and avenging.

Resolved, that we pledge our hearty and cordial support to the ticket this day nominated

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for the several offices to be filled by the Convocation.

Hon. WILSON REILLY was nominated by resolution for President Judge.

The following gentlemen were placed in nomination for Assembly:

Col. Lester of Antwerp twp.

Wm. S. Steiger, Esq., Champlng.

Jos. M. Doyle, of Faunes twp.

Convocation then proceeded to ballot which resulted as follows:

O. D. Leaser 56 H. C. Keyser 11

Wm. S. Steiger 7 J. M. Doyle 10

C. D. LIMMER, having a majority of all the votes cast was, on motion, made the unanimous nominee of the Convocation.

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for Associate Judge.

The first ballot resulted as follows:

John C. Keyser 56 H. C. Keyser 11

Wm. S. Steiger 7 J. M. Doyle 10

C. D. LIMMER, having a majority of all the votes cast was, on motion, made the unanimous nominee of the Convocation.

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for Associate Judge.

The first ballot resulted as follows:

Ang. Deacon, Chilerson 43

Wm. D. McKinstry, Morristown, 43

J. T. Heathcote, Chilerson 43

On motion, the nomination of Mr. DUNGAN, was made unanimous.

Resolutions for County Treasurer, for the sum of \$1000, were, on motion, voted, out of the best quality and gave satisfaction.

Wm. Cline of Southwicks twp, 23

Samuel Fisher of Antwerp twp, 46

Mr. FISHER, having a majority of all the votes cast, was, on motion, declared the unanimous nominee of the Convocation.

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for County Commissioner.

The first ballot for Commissioner resulted as follows:

George Ludwig of Chambersburg 39

J. M. Doyle of Faunes 45

Mr. DOYLE, having a majority of all the votes cast, was, on motion, made the unanimous nominee of the Convocation.

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for County Commissioner.

The first ballot for Commissioner resulted as follows:

John Croft, St. Thomas twp 41

Joseph Mowrer of Largen 26

Jonathan Hawk of Guilford 17

Second ballot:

Croft 55

Hawk 18

Mowrer 14

Mr. CROFT, having received a majority of the votes cast, was declared the unanimous nominee of the Convocation.

Convocation then proceeded to nominate candidates for County Commissioner.

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