

# THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

W. H. JACOBY, Proprietor.

Truth and Right—God and our Country.

[Two Dollars per Annum.

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## STAR OF THE NORTH

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W. H. JACOBY,  
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### Choice Poetry.

#### Forty Years Ago.

I've wandered in the village, Tom—I've sat beneath the tree,—  
Upon the school house playing-ground, which sheltered you and me,  
But none were there to greet me Tom, and few were left to know,  
That played with us upon the green, some forty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,—barefooted boys at play,  
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;  
But the master sleeps upon the hill, which coated o'er with snow,  
Afforded us a sliding place, just forty years ago.

The old school house is altered now, the benches are replaced  
By new ones very like the same our penknives had defaced;  
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,  
Its music's just the same, dear Tom, as forty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,  
Is very low—'twas once so high that we could almost reach!  
And kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,  
To see how much that I had changed since forty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon the elm, you know I cut your name,—  
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom—and you did mine the same;  
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,  
Just as the one whose name we cut some forty years ago.

My eyelids had been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes,  
I thought of her I loved so well, those early broken ties;  
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strew  
Upon the graves of those we loved some forty years ago.

And some are in the church yard laid, some sleep beneath the sea,  
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me,  
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are called to go,  
I hope they'll lay us where we played just forty years ago.

Great Speech in the Missouri Legislature.  
Mr. Pitt offered the following:  
Resolved, That the Speaker be authorized to cause to be printed and posted one hundred, bills, announcing the 8th of January, 1859.

Mr. Abbott—move to put that resolution on the table.  
Mr. Pitt—Mr. Speaker, the House passed resolutions, Sir, to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the 8th of January. This is a resolution simply asking that notice be given to the public of that day. We declared an intention, and now, when we come to publish it, some gentleman is suddenly seized with the "retrenchment gripes," and squirms around like a long red worm on a pin hook. (Laughter) Gentlemen keep continually talking about economy. I myself, do not believe in tying the public purse with cobweb strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism, it assumes the form of "smallness." Such economy is like that of Old Skinkitt, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy, without soles, that they might last the longer.—(Laughter.)

## DOWN HILL.

### A LIFE PICTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Not long since I had occasion to visit one of our courts, and while conversing with a legal friend I heard the name of John Anderson called.

"There is a hard case," remarked my friend.  
I looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock. He was standing up, and he pleaded guilty of Theft. He was a man, but bent and infirm, though not old. His garb was torn, sparse, and filthy; his face all bloated and bloodshot; hair matted with dirt; and his bowed form quivering with delirium. Certainly, I never saw a more pitiable object—Surely that man was not born a villain. I moved my place to obtain a fairer view of his head. He gazed upon me a single instant, and then, covering his face with his hands, he sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily ejaculated, starting forward. "Will—"  
I had half spoken his first name when he quickly raised his head and cast upon me a look of such imploring agony that my tongue was tied at once. Then he covered his face again. I asked my legal companion if the prisoner had counsel. He said no. I then told him to do all in his power for the poor fellow's benefit, I would pay him. He promised, and I left. I could not remain and see that man tried. Tears came to my eyes as I gazed upon him, and it was not until I had gained the street and walked some distance that I could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas! he was ashamed to be known as his mother's son! That was not his name; but you shall know him by no other. I will call him by the name that now stands upon the records of the court.  
John Anderson was my school-mate; and it was not many years ago—not over twenty—that we left our academy together—he to return to the home of wealthy parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum of a newspaper office for a few years, and then wander off across the ocean. I was gone some four years, and when I returned, I found John a married man. His father was dead and had left his only son a princely fortune.

"Ah, C—," he said to me, as he met me at the railway station, "you shall see what a bird I have caged. My Ellen is a lark—a robin—a very precious of all birds that ever looked beautiful or sang sweetly."  
He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken, for I found his wife all he had said, simply omitting the poetry. She was truly one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. And so good, too—so loving and so kind. As yet she loved John that she really loved all his friends. What a lucky fellow to find such a wife. And what a lucky woman to find such a husband, for John Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall, strait, manly, high-browed, with rich chestnut curls, and a face as faultlessly noble and beautiful as ever artist copied. And he was good, too; and kind, generous and true.

I spent a week with them, and I was happy all the while, John's mother lived with them—a fine old lady as ever braided, and making herself constant joy and pride in doating upon her "Darling Boy," as she always called him. I gave her an account of my adventures by sea and land in foreign climes, and she kissed me when I left. She said she kissed me because I loved her "darling."  
I did not see John again for four years. I reached his home in the evening. He was not in, but his wife and mother were there to receive me, and two curly headed boys were at play about Ellen's chair. I knew at once they were my friend's children—Everything seemed pleasant until the little ones were a-bed and asleep, and then I could see that Ellen became troubled. She tried to hide it, but a face so used to the sunshine of smiles could not wear a cloud concealed.

At length John came. His face was flushed, and his eye looked inflamed. He grasped my hand with a happy laugh—called me "Old Fellow," "Old Dog,"—said I must come and live with him, and many other extravagant things. His wife tried to hide her tears, while his mother shook her head and said—  
"He'll sow these wild oats soon. My darling never can be a mad man."  
"God grant it," I thought to myself; and I knew the same prayer was upon Ellen's lips.

It was late when we retired, and we might not have done so even then had not John fallen asleep in his chair.  
On the following morning I walked out with my friend. I told him I was sorry to see him as I saw him the night before.  
"Oh," said he, with a laugh, "that was nothing. Only a little wine party. We had a glorious time." I wish you had been there.  
At first I thought I would say no more; but it was not my duty? I knew his nature better than he knew it himself. His appetite and pleasures bounded his own vision. I knew how kind and generous he was—alas! too kind—too generous!  
"John, could you have seen Ellen's face last evening you would have trembled.—Can you make her unhappy?" He stopped me with—  
"Don't be a fool! Why should she be unhappy?"  
"Because she fears you are going down hill," I told him.

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushing face.  
"No—I read it in her looks."  
"Perhaps—a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.  
"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, or surprise, and of pain.  
"Come, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill? You know my own power. I know my own wants.—My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

Ah—had that mother been as wise as she was loving, she would have seen that 'wild oats' which her son was sowing, would surely grow up and ripen only to furnish seed for re-sowing! But, she loved him—loved him almost too well—or I should say too blindly. I only prayed that God would guard him; and then we conversed upon other subjects. I could spend but one day with him, but we promised to correspond often.

Three years more passed, during which John Anderson wrote to me at least once a month and sometimes oftener; but at the end of that time his letters ceased coming, and I received no more for two years, when I again found myself in his native town—and I was early in the afternoon when I arrived, and I took dinner at the hotel.  
I had finished my meal and was lounging in front of the hotel, when I saw a funeral procession winding into a distant churchyard. I asked the landlord whose funeral it was.

"Mrs. Anderson's," he said, and as he spoke, I noticed a slight drooping of the head, as though it cut him to say so.  
"What—John Anderson's wife?"  
"No," he replied. "It is his mother; and as he said this he turned away; but a gentleman who stood near, and had overheard our conversation, at once took up the theme.  
"Our host don't seem inclined to converse upon that subject," he remarked, with a shrug of the shoulders. "Did you ever know John Anderson?"

"He was my schoolmate in boyhood, and my bosom friend in youth," I said.  
He led me one side and spoke as follows: "Poor John! He was the pride of this town six years ago. This man opened his hotel at that time, and sought custom by giving wine suppers. John was present at most of them—the gayest of the gay, and the most generous of the party. In fact he waged successful war with elephants, four of whose skulls I found. Presently I came across two assassins, one of which I knocked over; but while I was loading he regained his legs and made off. We crossed a level stretch of forest, holding a northerly course for an opposite range of green, well wooded hills and valleys. Here I came upon a troop of six fine old bull buffaloes, into which I stalked, and wounded one princely fellow behind the shoulder, bringing blood from his mouth; he, however made off with his comrades, and the ground being very rough, we failed to overtake him.  
They held for the Nogatani. After following the spor for a couple of miles, we dropped it, as it had led right away from camp.  
Returning from this chase, we had an adventure with another old bull buffalo, which shows the extreme danger of hunting buffaloes, without dogs. We started him in a green hollow among the hills, and his course inclining for camp, I gave him chase. He crossed the level broad strath and made for the opposite densely wooded range of mountains. Along the base of these we followed him sometime in view, sometimes on the spur, keeping the old fellow at a pace which made him pant. At length finding himself much distressed, he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which obscured him from our view, he found himself besides a small pool of rain water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and facing about, lay gently down and awaited our coming, with nothing but his old grey face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from our view by rank overhanging herbage.  
Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spor, and we thus rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after me, uttering a low, stifling roar, peculiar to buffaloes, (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion,) and hurled horse and rider to the ground with fearful violence. His horns laid the poor horse's haunches open to the bone, making the most fearful ruggid wound.  
In an instant Royter regained his feet and ran for his life which the buffalo followed, gave chase, but most fortunately came down with a tremendous sumersault in the mud, his feet slipping from under him; thus the Bushmen escaped certain destruction. The buffalo rose much discomfited, and the wounded horse first catching his eye, he went a second time at him, but he got off the way. At this moment I managed to send one of my patent pacificating pills into his shoulder, when he instantly quitted the scene of action and sought shelter in a dense cover on the mountain side, whither I deemed it imprudent to follow him.

By the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father smiled them. When John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were—  
"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a Max henceforth while life lasts!"

A little over two years more had passed, when I read in a newsprint the death of Ellen Anderson. I started for the town where they had lived as soon as possible, for I might help—some one! A fearful presentment had possessed my mind.  
I stopped at the stately house where they had dwelt, but strangers occupied it.  
"Where is John Anderson?" I asked.  
"Don't know, I'm sure. He's been gone these three months. His wife died in the mad-house last week!"  
"And the children?"  
"O—they both died before she did!"  
I staggered back, and hurried from the place. I hardly knew what way I went, but instinct led me to the church yard. I found four graves which had been made in three years. The mother, the wife, and two children slept in them.  
"THE DEMON OF THE WINE TABLE!"—But this was not all the work. No, no! The next I saw—O, God!—was far more terrible! I saw it in the city court-room.—But that was not the last—not the last.

I saw my legal friend on the day following the trial. He said Anderson was in prison. I hastened to see him. The turkey conducted me to his cell—the key turned in the huge lock—the ponderous door swung with a sharp creak upon its hinges—and I saw—a dead body suspended by the neck from a grating of the window! I looked at the horrible face—I could see nothing of John Anderson there—but the face I had seen in the court-room was sufficient to connect the two; and I knew that this was all that was left of him whom I had loved so well!  
And this was all of The "Demon's" work—the last act in the terrible drama!—From the first sparkle of the red wire it had been down—down—down—until the foot of the hill had been finally reached!  
When I returned away from that cell and once more walked amid the flashing saloons and ravel-halls, I wished that my voice had power to thunders the life story of which I had been a witness into the ears of all living men!

## FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

### COME TO ME IN CHERRY TIME.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Come to me in cherry-time,  
And as twilight closes,  
We will have a merry time,  
Here among the roses!  
When the breezes crisp the tide,  
And the lindens quiver,  
In our bark we'll safely glide  
Down the rocky river!

When the stars, with quiet ray,  
All the hill tops brighten,  
Cherry-ripe we'll sing and play  
Where the cherries ripen!  
Then come to me in cherry-time,  
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The Duty of Owning Books.  
BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.  
We form judgments of men from little things about their houses, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years, when traveling in the West, where taverns were either scarce, or, in other places, unknown, and every settler's house was a house of "entertainment," it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely where you would put up. And we always looked for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But, no matter how rude the cabin, or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little tangle of flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the 'og cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers, unless the love of them is pretty strong—and this taste blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is, itself, like a clump of hawthorn growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds and good bread.

But, other signs are more significant in other states of society. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do. But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means, I find the reason why he has cheap carpet, and very plain furniture, to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved etagere, or side board.  
Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading upon costly carpet and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.  
Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, and beginning to augment the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery upon the table, upon every thing but what the soul needs?  
We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of reviews books of his "persuasion," and that is all! No range of poets, no essays, no selection of historians, no travels or biographies—no select fictions or curious legends which cost three dollars a roll, and the floors have carpets that cost four dollars a yard! Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it. And the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.  
Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses. Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitious to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. Altruism is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life.

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"Mr. Schoolmaster, do you know algebra?" "Algebra? No, but I know his father, Colonel Bray, and the girls too." This is a cousin to the man who didn't know mathematics, but knew Jim Matics like a book.

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Mr. Cumming thus describes one of his encounters with this animal, by himself and Royter, a Bushman, a favorite servant.  
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Returning from this chase, we had an adventure with another old bull buffalo, which shows the extreme danger of hunting buffaloes, without dogs. We started him in a green hollow among the hills, and his course inclining for camp, I gave him chase. He crossed the level broad strath and made for the opposite densely wooded range of mountains. Along the base of these we followed him sometime in view, sometimes on the spur, keeping the old fellow at a pace which made him pant. At length finding himself much distressed, he had recourse to a singular stratagem. Doubling round some thick bushes which obscured him from our view, he found himself besides a small pool of rain water, just deep enough to cover his body; into this he walked, and facing about, lay gently down and awaited our coming, with nothing but his old grey face and massive horns above the water, and these concealed from our view by rank overhanging herbage.  
Our attention was entirely engrossed with the spor, and we thus rode boldly on until within a few feet of him, when springing to his feet, he made a desperate charge after me, uttering a low, stifling roar, peculiar to buffaloes, (somewhat similar to the growl of a lion,) and hurled horse and rider to the ground with fearful violence. His horns laid the poor horse's haunches open to the bone, making the most fearful ruggid wound.

In an instant Royter regained his feet and ran for his life which the buffalo followed, gave chase, but most fortunately came down with a tremendous sumersault in the mud, his feet slipping from under him; thus the Bushmen escaped certain destruction. The buffalo rose much discomfited, and the wounded horse first catching his eye, he went a second time at him, but he got off the way. At this moment I managed to send one of my patent pacificating pills into his shoulder, when he instantly quitted the scene of action and sought shelter in a dense cover on the mountain side, whither I deemed it imprudent to follow him.

By the morning I saw the children—grown to two intelligent boys now—and though they looked pale and wan, yet they smiled and seemed happy when their father smiled them. When John took me by the hand, and the last words he said, were—  
"Trust me. Believe me now. I will be a Max henceforth while life lasts!"

"Did she say so?" he asked, with a flushing face.  
"No—I read it in her looks."  
"Perhaps—a reflection of your own thoughts," he suggested.  
"I surely thought so when you came home," I replied.

Never can I forget the look he gave me then—so full of reproof, or surprise, and of pain.  
"Come, I forgive you, for I know you to be my friend; but never speak to me again like that. I going down hill? You know my own power. I know my own wants.—My mother knows me better than Ellen does."

## Township Officers.

We have gathered from the returns the following names of the officers elected in the several townships, of this county on last Friday, and give them publicity as a matter of local news. We will not vouch for the correctness of these names, but hope they are all right.

Bloom—Supervisors, Jno J. Barkley Samuel Shaffer, Eli Barton; Overseers of the Poor, Geo. W. Foster, John B. Pursell; Judge, Caleb Barton; Constables, Gordon Goff, John M. Barton; School Directors, Palemon John, John R. Moyer, Assessor, John M. Chamberlain; Inspectors, Richard Menagh, Wm. Snyder; Auditor, A. J. Sloan.

Briarcreek—Justices of the Peace, Adam Sult, Wm. Lamon, Constables, Morris Edwards, Silas E. Moyer; Judge, Joseph Kester; Inspectors, D. W. Martz, Isaac Bower; Auditors, Henry Lamon, Peter Traugh, Jno. H. Smith; Supervisors, Reuben Bower, Andrew Fowler; Assessor, William Erwin; School Directors, Samuel Dietterick, Geo. M. Bover, Chas. Reed, David Miller, Enos Fowler; Overseers of the Poor, Henry Dietterick, Henry Rittenhouse.

Beaver—Supervisors, John Winger, Solomon Swank; Constable, Charles B. Tray; Judge, Stephen Lehr; Assessor, A. M. Mann; Auditor, Andrew Shuman; Inspectors, Daniel Rehner, Joel Breadhaner; Town Clerk, Amos Johnson; School Directors, Daniel Gearhart, Moses Schlicher, John Smith.

Benton—Constable Samuel Kline, Assessor, Jacob Welliver; Overseers of the Poor, Hendrick Bangs, L. H. Priest; School Directors, Richard Stiles, Samuel Hess; Auditor, J. K. Keler; Judge, R. J. F. Colley; Inspectors, Peter Kase, Samuel McHenry; Inspectors, Adam Lutz, Moses Yocum.

Cattawissa—Constable, Peter G. Campbell; Justice of the Peace, Lewis Yetter; Supervisors, Lewis Metz, Jno. Scott; Overseers of the Poor, Solomon D. Rindar, Levi Keller; School Directors, I. S. Monroe, J. S. McNinch, Nelson John; Auditor, George Long; Inspectors, George Long, Francis Dean; Judge, Daniel Krigh; Assessor, W. H. Kerr.

Centre—Justice of the Peace, Lindley W. Woolley; Constable, Charles H. Deitterick; Judge, Samuel Bower; Inspectors, Jos. P. Conner, Jno. Liler; Overseers of the Poor, Geo. Hilday, Ellwood Hughes; Supervisors, William Hess, Richard Shannon; Assessor, Solomon Neyhard; School Directors, Nathaniel Campbell, Gilbert H. Fowler, William Shaffer; Auditor, Ellwood Hughes.

Conyngam—Justice of the Peace, Silas Davis; Constable Patrick Burke; Supervisor Reuben Maser, William L. Kline; Assessor Patrick Burke; Judge, D. T. McKurran; Inspectors, Richard Hughes, Andrew Hanner; Auditors, I. L. Beadle, George Scott; School Directors, I. L. Beadle, Ab. Womer, I. C. Deener; Overseers of the Poor, Reuben Wassier, Jno. R. Jones.

Fishingcreek—Constable, J. C. Ranyan; Judge, Nathan Fleckensine, Assessor, Daniel McHenry; Auditor, M. A. Ammerman; School Directors, Jonas Doty, Philip Appleman, R. B. Bright; Inspectors, Hiram Bittenbender, David Savage; Overseers of the Poor, John Drescher, A. W. Robbins; Supervisors, Thos. J. Hutchinson, John Wenner.

Franklin—Constable, Thos. Hower; Judge, Daniel Knitite; Inspectors, Dan'l Zarr, Clinton Mendenhall; Assessor, Aaron Lamberson; Supervisors, Jesse Cleaver, Samuel Lorman; Overseers of the Poor, Solomon Arley, William Mensch; School Directors, John Lawrence, Solomon Arley, Joseph Hartman; Auditor, Abraham Lillie.

Greenwood—Constable, Jacob Berlin; Supervisors, Clark Merrill, William Robbins; Poor Overseers, Elisha Hayman, Wm. M. McMichael; School Directors, Johnson H. Ikeler, John Staley; Auditors, John Staley, Wilson M. Eaves, John P. Kester; Judge, Joseph R. Patton; Inspectors, Enos Haycock, Jacob Evans.

Hemlock—Constable, Dan'l Neyhard; Supervisors, Reuben T. Folk, Franklin McBride; Poor Overseers, Gao L. Shoemaker, T. J. Vandervlicke; School Directors, Jacob Harris, James Emmitt, Mathias Appleman; Assessor, John H. Faust; Judge, George W. Hettle; Inspectors, Hugh A. Hartman, Mathias Girtor, Hugh D. McBride.

Jackson—Constable, Jeremiah H. Yocum; Supervisors, John Savage, Michael Remley; Poor Overseers, Hiram Baker, Elisha Robbins; School Directors, James W. Kitchen, Jeremiah Kline; Assessor, James Yocum; Judge, John Savage; Inspectors, Jno. Poust, Alvin McHenry; Auditor, John T. Derr.

Locust—Justice of the Peace, P. K. Harbino; Constable, Solomon Fetterman; Supervisors, Mayberry Snyder, Charles Fetterman; Poor Overseers, Jacob Heitwig, Jacob Sine; School Directors, Benj. Wagner, Jacob Stine; Assessor, Isaac Fahringer; Judge, William Goodman; Inspectors, David Helwig, Cyrus Shaffer; Auditor, Isaac Rhodes.

## James Barton, David W. Clark; Auditor, J. G. Quirk; Assessor, Cadwalader Roberts.

Madison—Constable, Milton Cox; Judge, Elias Hogart; Assessor, Conrad Kreamer; Supervisors, Isaac Wagner, Wm. B. Welliver; School Directors, Joseph Correll, O. P. Runyan; Overseers of the Poor, Samuel Brugler, Samuel Kimby, Inspectors, Silas Welliver, Erasmus Hendershot; Auditor, J. B. Mills.

Mount Pleasant—Constable, John Shipman; Assessor, John Johnson; Supervisors, James Boon, Joseph Iker; Overseers of the Poor, Edmund Crawford, Levi Garret; School Directors, Joseph E. Sands Amos Heacock; Judge, Samuel Oman; Inspectors, Andrew J. Iker, George W. Jacoby; Auditor, Joseph Crawford.

Orange—Overseers of the poor, William Fritz Michael, Hagenbuch; Auditor, Wm. Fritz; Assessor Alford Howel; School Directors, John Covenhoven, John Sterner, Abner Welsh, Charles McHenry; Constable, Michael Keller; Supervisors, Peter P. Kline, Abner Welsh; Judge, Jacob Snyder; Inspectors, Benj. Jones, Benj. Evans.

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