

BEND BENEATH THE BLAST.

When sorrow's tempests round me roar,
Oh! trust not thou to worldly pride,
Or quaff the tempting bowl,
But, with a firm and trustful heart,
Bend low beneath the blast.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE: OR, ANNIE CARLISLE'S LOVES.

BY EBLE DALLAS.

[CONCLUSION.]

From the night of her mother's death, little Grace Douglas, as she was called, clung to her self-made guardian with instinctive fondness.

Doctor Raymond, who had kindly taken charge of everything, and himself defrayed the expenses of the funeral, came in soon after to make inquiries concerning the child.

"Mrs. Smith referred him to Annie. He made known his wishes with some embarrassment. 'I do not know what you may have in view for her, but I would like to propose a plan I have been thinking of.'

"In God's good time, my darling," she exclaimed, quickly, as she took the child into her arms, and kissed her passionately on cheek and lips. "In God's good time—but you would not go and leave sister Annie, all alone?"

"Poor mama all alone!" she said earnestly. "Mama wants Grace."

"But I want Grace, too," answered Annie, in tears. "O, my darling, I cannot spare you now! I have no one else in the world. You must let me keep you a little longer with me, sweet!"

"Yes, a little while," said Grace, with strange gravity, softly stroking Annie's wet cheeks. "By-and-by Grace go and stay with mama."

"She said nothing more, but from that hour Annie felt the child was called, and that the mother's spirit, hovering near, was drawing her to heaven."

"As the days grew longer, and Annie's time less employed, Doctor Raymond occasionally called to take her and Grace for a pleasant ride in the suburbs. O, the rare delight of those rides to both, with the fresh country air blowing cool in their faces, laden with sweet scents from trees and gardens, and sunny meadows!

"Thank you; and in the meantime I shall be looking in occasionally, to see how you are getting along—with your permission, that is."

"It was readily given. Very few could remain proof long against Doctor Raymond's frank good nature and evident kindness of heart. Annie felt that she had gained a friend worth keeping."

CHAPTER II.

"What can I give thee back, O liberal and princely giver, who hast brought the gold and purple of thine heart unstained, untold, and laid them on the outside of the wall."

"Little Grace Douglas soon became accustomed to her new home, though there was not a day passed when she did not make some mention of her mother. Annie had found it necessary to give up going out to work, and soon obtained sewing enough to keep her sufficiently busy at home. It was well for her at this time that she had something to call her out of herself, for there were hours in the still watches of the night when the ghost of her dead love haunted her with strange pertinacity, and awoke many a troubled thought before it could be banished. At such times, the little sleeper, nestled in her arms, was a sweet though silent comforter, and soothed the dull pain gnawing at her heart, while she insensibly crept further and further into the void caused by a vanished love."

"She grew inexpressibly dear to Annie. She was so good! She would sit for hours by her side, playing with her doll, or listening dreamily to the steady hum of the machine, her quiet little face always brightening into a smile at a look or a word from Annie."

"There never was a child made so little trouble," kind Mrs. Smith would observe when she occasionally took charge of her while Annie carried her work home. "She'll just sit quiet in my lap all the time, hugging her doll, with such a far-away look in her eyes, it worries me. I've seen that look in children's faces before, but they never lived to grow up."

"And Annie would take Grace into her arms with a strange dread, poking restlessly over the little loving face for any hidden sign of weakness or disease. But the child seemed in perfect health; never complaining, seldom fretful, only thoughtful and quiet, with that look beside we were in our faces, who die young," or so it seemed to the friend who was indeed a sister to her."

Doctor Raymond had not forgotten his promise of calling upon them occasionally. His first visit placed them on a friendly footing with all concerned, and from that time he came frequently. He and Grace were the best of friends. Her little still face would

kindle into a smile of welcome for him as it did for no other save Annie, and she was never happier than when sitting on his knee, her ear held close in childish wonder to the watch, whose mysterious ticking had a wonderful charm. More than one gay toy found its way to her out of his capacious pockets; and the quantity of "goodies" those pockets would hold upon occasion, was a problem not unfrequently solved to Grace's entire satisfaction.

"Now and then he brought a bouquet of flowers for Annie, and the tea-room that thrived and blossomed in the window was his gift. Once he laid in her hands a tiny bunch of wild violets, which brought tears into the girl's eyes, as there rose vividly up before her the sunny bank where she and her sister had been wont to hunt for them in spring—the idolized sister, whose head lay lower than the violets now."

Occasionally he offered her acceptance a choice volume of poems, or some new work she had expressed a wish to read. But his gifts, be they what they might, were always so delicately professed as never to make them seem an obligation. He appeared to understand and respect the quiet dignity which made her above familiarity, and always treated her with a deference such as men like him often fail to show their inferiors in position.

Annie found herself looking forward to his visits with conscious pleasure. It was such a relief from the monotony of her work-day life, to converse for a few moments on subjects beyond and unconnected with it; or to listen while with ready interest the doctor told scraps of his experience, humorous and pathetic by turns.

"I want to go to heaven and see my mamma," she said, one morning after a long interval of silence, during which she had sat with her hands folded, and her large blue eyes fixed dreamily on the bit of sky visible from the window. Annie's heart gave a sudden bound.

"In God's good time, my darling," she exclaimed, quickly, as she took the child into her arms, and kissed her passionately on cheek and lips. "In God's good time—but you would not go and leave sister Annie, all alone?"

"Poor mama all alone!" she said earnestly. "Mama wants Grace."

"But I want Grace, too," answered Annie, in tears. "O, my darling, I cannot spare you now! I have no one else in the world. You must let me keep you a little longer with me, sweet!"

"Yes, a little while," said Grace, with strange gravity, softly stroking Annie's wet cheeks. "By-and-by Grace go and stay with mama."

"She said nothing more, but from that hour Annie felt the child was called, and that the mother's spirit, hovering near, was drawing her to heaven."

"As the days grew longer, and Annie's time less employed, Doctor Raymond occasionally called to take her and Grace for a pleasant ride in the suburbs. O, the rare delight of those rides to both, with the fresh country air blowing cool in their faces, laden with sweet scents from trees and gardens, and sunny meadows!

"Thank you; and in the meantime I shall be looking in occasionally, to see how you are getting along—with your permission, that is."

"It was readily given. Very few could remain proof long against Doctor Raymond's frank good nature and evident kindness of heart. Annie felt that she had gained a friend worth keeping."

"What can I give thee back, O liberal and princely giver, who hast brought the gold and purple of thine heart unstained, untold, and laid them on the outside of the wall."

"Little Grace Douglas soon became accustomed to her new home, though there was not a day passed when she did not make some mention of her mother. Annie had found it necessary to give up going out to work, and soon obtained sewing enough to keep her sufficiently busy at home. It was well for her at this time that she had something to call her out of herself, for there were hours in the still watches of the night when the ghost of her dead love haunted her with strange pertinacity, and awoke many a troubled thought before it could be banished. At such times, the little sleeper, nestled in her arms, was a sweet though silent comforter, and soothed the dull pain gnawing at her heart, while she insensibly crept further and further into the void caused by a vanished love."

"She grew inexpressibly dear to Annie. She was so good! She would sit for hours by her side, playing with her doll, or listening dreamily to the steady hum of the machine, her quiet little face always brightening into a smile at a look or a word from Annie."

"There never was a child made so little trouble," kind Mrs. Smith would observe when she occasionally took charge of her while Annie carried her work home. "She'll just sit quiet in my lap all the time, hugging her doll, with such a far-away look in her eyes, it worries me. I've seen that look in children's faces before, but they never lived to grow up."

"And Annie would take Grace into her arms with a strange dread, poking restlessly over the little loving face for any hidden sign of weakness or disease. But the child seemed in perfect health; never complaining, seldom fretful, only thoughtful and quiet, with that look beside we were in our faces, who die young," or so it seemed to the friend who was indeed a sister to her."

Doctor Raymond had not forgotten his promise of calling upon them occasionally. His first visit placed them on a friendly footing with all concerned, and from that time he came frequently. He and Grace were the best of friends. Her little still face would

hold the eye with peculiar charm. It was that of a young girl, scarcely nineteen, with high black hair, put plainly away from a low, broad forehead; the features were perfect, the cheeks oval, and faintly tinted, and the mouth beautiful, with a smile of wondrous sweetness. There was something dreamy and mystical in the expression of the large dark eyes, as though a rapt soul looked through them, seeing visions strange and lovely, such as eyes less pure could not discern. Annie found herself dwelling upon the face with peculiar interest.

"How perfectly beautiful!" she said at last. Mrs. Raymond looked down at the picture and sighed.

"Yes, she was very beautiful in mind and person—one of those heart-angels, who are never spared to us long. Poor Arlette! It is fifteen years this month since she died."

"Was she one of the family?" "No, though she would have been, if she had lived. She was engaged to Allyn. They were to have been married in the fall, but she was taken ill the summer before, and died of quick consumption in less than a week. It was a great blow to us all, but I think Allyn never worked much good in him. He had been a gay, rather thoughtless young man before, but he changed very much after that. I have never once heard an unkind word from him since to any one, and the comfort he is to me is beyond telling. I sometimes regret, though, that he has never tried to fill Arlette's place. He would be so much alone, if I were taken away, and he might be so much happier than he is now; besides I like the sight and sound of children about a house. You must come and see me often with little Grace."

Annie promised, thinking all the while of the story she had just heard. There was something so beautiful to her in the great sorrow which had worked such rare fruits. She had woven quite a girlish romance about it by the time she reached home.

This visit was not the only one. Doctor Raymond insisted upon her keeping up the acquaintance, and his mother forwarded it with evident pleasure. Her friendship was so real, that Annie could not hesitate to accept it, and felt a keen regret when the warm weather hastened Mrs. Raymond's removal to her cottage at Nahant. It had been arranged that Annie was to spend a fortnight with her there, in order that Grace, who would not be persuaded to go without her, might have the benefit of the sea breeze and bathing.

"But man proposes and God disposes." Those pleasant, happy days were not to be. The child which had hung so steadily over Annie's path was slowly gathering size, and threatened to shut out all the bright sunlight from her sight. The doctor came in one day just at sunset, and found Grace sitting in her little chair beside Annie, with a flushed face, wherein his experienced eye detected signs of fever. She did not spring up to welcome him with her usual childish alacrity, and only smiled languidly when he drew forth some tempting peaches, which he offered to give her in exchange for a kiss.

"I do not think Grace feels very well to-day," said Annie, seeing he regarded her rather seriously. "I was just thinking I would give her a bath and put her to bed, as you came in."

The doctor took the child into his arms, and touched her little red cheeks and quick pulse.

"You had better do so at once; and as she seems feverish, I will write a simple recipe for her. Shall I find Mrs. Smith down stairs, do you think?"

"He went down in search of her, and asked her to come with him into the parlor. 'I do not like to alarm Miss Carlisle, but I am afraid Grace is threatened with scarlet fever. I should like to leave some directions with you, in case she is worse, and wish you would send for me at once, if you have the least anxiety. I shall come in again early in the morning, if I do not hear from you before.'

In accordance with this request, Mrs. Smith spent the night in Annie's room, taking care not to alarm her. Grace slept tolerably well through the night, but the next morning she was evidently worse.

Doctor Raymond used every means to bring out the fever, which he saw was settled upon her, but with very little effect. She lay unconscious most of the day, making a low moaning sound, that was terrible in the ears of those who loved her. Annie hung over the bed in an agony of grief. Was she to lose her, her darling—her white dove—the one flower of her barren life? She could only look up piteously into the doctor's face, that never relaxed its anxious gravity, and, gathering no hope, pray softly for faith and resignation.

Towards night the child seemed a little easier. Her plaintive moaning partially ceased, and she fell into a broken slumber. Annie ventured to ask the doctor if there was not some encouragement, but he shook his head sadly.

"It is right that I should prepare you for the worst; this sleep is nothing favorable. If we cannot succeed in throwing the fever out, it is useless to hope. I very much fear that we must be reconciled to losing her."

His own sorrow was so evident, that it seemed to bring some comfort to poor Annie, but she had not realized how much she clung to the faint hope of improvement.

"As the hours crept on, and there was no change for the better, her very heart seemed turned into stone. She was sitting with her face buried in the pillow, half-stupefied, when Doctor Raymond hastily laid a hand on her arm. She looked up, her first glance directed to the bed. Grace had awakened from her sleep, and was gazing wistfully around upon them all. Her eyes lighted up with a glad smile as they rested upon Annie, and she put out her little hand to draw her nearer. Annie bent down and kissed her sweet, pale lips and moist forehead."

"Do you know me, darling?" "Dear sister Annie," whispered the child, with fond tenderness, as she made a feeble motion to lay her head on Annie's breast. It rested there a few moments in perfect quiet, the blue eyes half-closed, growing dim and misty. Suddenly they opened wide and bright with a fixed upward gaze, as if watching something invisible to mortal sight. A glad, happy smile lighted her face—she threw her hands in an ecstasy of joy, halfspringing from the bed, in her eagerness.

"Mama, mama! take Grace!" she cried, in thrilling accents. The next instant she had fallen heavily back; the little hands relaxed, and hung lifeless by her side, and the smile that had kindled her face into glory, slowly faded and was no more. What heavenly beauty the blue eyes saw they could not tell, but this they knew, to earthly sights and pageantries they were forever closed.

The two days that followed were ever afterwards a blank to Annie. She sat where others placed her; ate and drank at their entreaty, and at night laid herself down to bed, though not to sleep. A heavy, numbing sense of grief clouded all her mind, and made every incident of that time wear the vague uncertainty of a dream. Doctor Raymond watched her with tenderest solicitude. This mute, tearless sorrow was more pitiful

than the wildest grief. She came into Annie on the third day, she sat looking vacantly at a little plaything of Grace's she had found in a drawer. He could not see that this stupid was doing her serious injury, and tried to rouse her by some feeling remark on her loss.

"Everything I love dies," she said, in a tone of hopeless sorrow. "All we love must die," he answered, gently. "It is not for us to say when, or we might blindly rob our dear ones of much happiness, and burden them with many cares. You would not have wished Grace to know of keeping her with you?"

"No, O, no!" and the tears came at last. "But I am so lonely! She was all I had in the world. I loved her as if she had been my very own, and she loved me, too, so dearly. I have no one to love me now."

She bowed her head, and let her tears flow freely. The doctor, standing by the window, looked anxiously at the slight, bent figure for a moment, then going over to her side, he laid one hand gently and caressingly on her hair.

"Can you say anything I may say comfort you? Can my love comfort you, or make you feel less sad and lonely? If it can, let me tell you even now, how entirely it is yours—how much I have desired these many weeks to make you my own, my wife, my precious darling. Will you listen, Annie, or am I too old and grave for your young life?"

She lifted her tearful eyes to his face in childlike wonder. "Is it possible you can love me—me, so unworthy, so far beneath you? O, I dare not believe it! You would not trifle with me, I know; but it must be your sympathy, your pity, and not your love, that speaks. I can be grateful to you all the same—and indeed, I am grateful for the self-sacrifice you would make in your generous regard for me, but I have no right to accept it, and I cannot."

There had been a cloud on his face, but it cleared away brightly, as she finished with a sad smile. "But, Annie, you mistake. There is no sacrifice, unless indeed your fresh youth might seem such. The feeling I speak of is neither new nor sudden; it was not called forth by your sorrow, though that may have caused me to speak somewhat abruptly, in my desire to comfort you. My child, do you not see that my own happiness depends on your answer?—that I am selfishly thinking of that, not less than yours? Do not doubt me any longer, but believe in my earnest love as you have in my friendship."

"She did, looking up into his face, where nothing but truth and tenderness beamed, she felt that Heaven's best gift had come to her in her loneliness, and no longer feared to keep it for her own. With grateful tears she laid her hand in his broad palm, and felt, as the strong fingers closed over it, that she was his for life, through all the changes of time and fortune."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT ON EMANCIPATION.

At a meeting in New York, last week, called in compliment to the Missouri delegation, Mr. Bryant concluded his speech as follows,

"I have read a letter this very day—a letter from a person whose name, if I were to mention it, would carry authority, assurance, acquiescence, and conviction upon all that should read it—in which he says 'all those negroes who were made free, who were treated like freemen, paid wages, allowed to provide for their families—that they now work better, more to the profit of those from whom they receive wages, and in all respects preserve a more respectful deportment than ever before. He goes on to say that all planters say this, and that if things were worked right in Louisiana, within a year that State would take her place among the free States of the Union, with the entire consent of all who inhabit within her limits. He goes further than this—he says that over all the South, in every part of the slave States, the change, the transition from absolute and universal slavery to universal and instantaneous emancipation, might take place with even less of violence and confusion than a tax law could be changed in a Northern State. [Applause.] Such is his testimony—a most valuable testimony. It seems to me to settle the question. Gradual emancipation. Have we not suffered mischief enough from slavery without keeping it any longer? Has not blood deep enough? Are not the pools of blood deep enough? My friends, if your child was to fall in the fire would you pull him out gradually? [Laughter.] If he were to take a dose of laudanum sufficient to cause a speedy death, and a stomach pump were to be used, would you draw the poison off by degrees? If your horse were on fire, would you put it out gradually? [Laughter.] And yet we are men who talk of gradual emancipation, by force of ancient habit, and therefore men in the slave States who make of slavery a sort of idol which they are unwilling to part with, which, if it must be moved, they would prefer to see it removed after a lapse of time and tender leave-takings. Slavery is a foul and monstrous idol, a Juggernaut under which thousands of lives are crushed out; it is a Moloch for whom the children of the land pass through fire. Must we consent that the number of the victims shall be gradually diminished? If there are a thousand victims this year, are you willing that nine hundred should be sacrificed next year, and eight hundred the next, and so on, until after the lapse of ten years it shall cease? No, my friends, let us hurl this grim image from its pedestal. Down with it to the ground. Dash it to fragments. [Cheers.] Dash it to fragments; trample it in the dust. [Applause.] Grind it to powder, in the prophets of old demanded that the graven images of the Hebrew idolaters should be ground, and in that state scatter it to the four winds, and throw it upon the waters, that no human hand shall ever again gather up the accursed atoms, and mold it into an image to be worshipped again, with sacrifices of human life. [Loud and prolonged applause.]"

How NATURE COVERS UP BATTLE-FIELDS.—Did I tell you ever, among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these straggling war times, how I saw on the Bull Run battle-field, pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of emptied ammunition boxes, a rose thrusting up its graceful head through the head of a Union drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge (or retreat, as the case may have been), in that battle, and a trumpet of burst shell in which strange trump it had been planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the graceful and beautiful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even the battle grounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty soon spring up in the track of devastating campaigns, and all things in nature, and society shall work out the progress of mankind and harmony of God's great designs.—Exchange.

TWO KINDS OF DEMOCRATS.—The following is an extract from a recent speech of a Governor, Wright, of Indiana. It clearly shows the difference between Democrats and Copperheads.

"The assertion has been made that none but the Democratic party could save the country! Thomas Jefferson was a genuine Democrat. [Applause.] He had a Vice President by the name of Aaron Burr! Mr. Burr was inside the Democratic organization. [Laughter.] Were they not both Democrats? Coming from Jefferson to Jackson, we find that Andrew Jackson had a Vice President by the name of John C. Calhoun. Was not Calhoun inside the Democratic organization as much as Gen. Jackson himself? Coming from Jackson, we find Stephen A. Douglas, and was he not a representative of the old Jefferson Jackson Democracy? At that time the country had a Vice President in the person of John C. Breckinridge, who was a Democrat, too. Then we have Jefferson and Burr, Jackson and Calhoun, and Douglas and Breckinridge, all inside of the Democratic ring. [Laughter.] Do you follow Jefferson, Jackson and Douglas, or Burr, Calhoun and Breckinridge? Do you follow these last? [Cries of "No, no!"] When you hear a man saying that the only party that can save the country is the Democratic party, be sure and ascertain what he means by the Democracy, whether it is genuine or bogus. There can be no such thing as a true Democrat who does not stand up for the war. [Loud applause.]"

HOW BRAVE MEN SUFFER AND DIE.—In his report of the Chickamauga battles, B. F. Taylor records the following solemn, yet creditable fact:

"If anybody thinks that when our men are struck upon the field they fill the air with cries and groans, till it shivers with evidence of agony, he greatly errs. An arm is shattered, a leg carried away, a bullet pierces the breast, and the soldier sinks down silently upon the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmur or complaint; falls as the sparrow falls, speechlessly, and like that sparrow, I earnestly believe falls not without the Father. The dying hero gives out his fearful utterances of almost human suffering, but the mangled rider is dumb. The crash of musketry, the crack of rifles, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rebel whoop, the Federal cheer, and the incredible undertone of grinding, rumbling, splintering sound, make up the voices of the battle-field."

JEFF DAVIS' PLANOS.—This is the popular name given to the transportation wagons used for the conveyance of government stores from the depots to the railroads. These abominable vehicles, flat bottomed and rumbling, are the most perfect ever invented—if designed to rend the ear of quiet and destroy repose. There is a rendezvous of the pianos at the corner of Ninth and Main streets. The teams stand about idly, while the negro drivers snoring loudly in repose, until certain hours of the day, when they wake up and start off like mad, the drivers lashing and hallooing, and the pianos rattling off in different directions, with an incessant roar of loose bolts, creaking timber, and shaky iron bars. The devil plays the piano, and the public stop their ears; but there is no remedy.—Richmond Examiner.

The following extract from the wife of a staff officer to Gen. Rosecrans, tends to refute certain derogatory statements which have gained currency in some quarters:

"The General was in command of the army during the whole engagement, and in so much danger, when the centre of our army gave way, that he was lost to the larger portion of his staff from 2 o'clock on Sunday until Monday morning, and it was feared by many of his staff officers that he was captured. I write this because of the report at Louisville, and circulated through many of the Western journals, that he was not in the engagement."

A PRIVATE in one of the regiments at Salamanca cried out, during the hottest part of the action: "Och, murder, I'm kilt entirely!" "Are you wounded?" inquired an officer near him. "Wounded, is it, your honor?" replied the gallant Emerald, "he jabbers, I'm worse than kilt out and out; wasn't I waiting for the last quarter of an hour for a pull at Jimmy Murphy's pipe, and there, now, it's shot out of my mouth."

A REVEREND CONSRIPT.—The Rev. J. E. Cookman, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Harburg, N. Y., who was lately conscripted, has determined to pack his knapsack and take the field. Mr. Cookman is the son of the late well known Rev. George Cookman, who was chaplain to Congress, and who was a passenger in the ill-fated steamer President.

JONES complained of a bad smell about the post-office, and asked Brown what it could be? Brown didn't know, but suggested that it might be caused by the "dead letters."

A STUDENT, in the course of examination, was asked, "Pray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?" "By the questions he would ask," replied Mr. E.

The latest style of hoop skirts is the self-adjusting, double back action, bustle estrucure, face expansion, Piccolomini attachment, gossamer indestructible, polioicomonama. It is a very sweet thing.

PAT. DEOLAN, at Gattysburg, boared his head to a cannon ball, which whizzed past six inches above his bearskin. "Faith," says Pat, "one never loses anything by politeness."

The editor who kissed his sweetheart, saying "please exchange," is believed not to have exceeded the proper "liberty of the press."

A GIRL at a party was asked what made her face look so red? She replied, "those horrid chaps."

Why are the Marys the most amiable of their sex? Because they can always be Mollified.

There is a man who is such a tremendous hater of a monarchy, that he will not even wear a crown in his hat.

Most characters in this world are estimated from what they seem, and not what they really are.

It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the last, was a shoemaker.

There is room for many things in this large world of Gods, but none for yaciums.

Legal Notices.

REGISTERS' NOTICE.—All persons interested will please take notice that the following accounts have settled their accounts in the Registers office of Franklin county, and that the same are presented to the Court for settlement on Wednesday, October 28th, 1865, at the Court House in Chambersburg:

- 330. The first and final Account of James M. Bishop and John H. Ester, Administrators of John Ester, late of Green township, dec'd.
331. The second and final Account of P. D. Bialo, Administrator of Peter Kautsch.
332. The first and final Account of John MacArthur, Administrator of Jacob Drindle, of Marks.
333. The Account of James L. Black, Executor of John H. Heston, late of Guilford township, dec'd.
334. The Account of Honiah Reminger, Executor of Joseph Reminger, late of Peter township, dec'd.
335. The first Account of Thomas P. Gager, Guardian of David Miller, minor child of John Miller, late of Fannett township, dec'd.
336. The first Account of Thomas P. Gager, Guardian of Mary Miller, minor child of John Miller, late of Fannett township, dec'd.
337. The Account of John H. Walker, Executor of the last will and testament of Robert Elliott, dec'd.
338. The Account of Jacob Break, Administrator of Louisa Johnston, dec'd.
339. The Guardianship Account of Samuel George, Guardian of Peter Endler, minor child of Peter Stiles, late of Guilford township, dec'd, as stated by the Executor of said Guardian.
340. The Account of John Row, Executor of the last will and testament of Conrad Herr, late of the Borough of Greencastle, dec'd.
341. The first and final Account of Henry Hawker, Administrator of Solomon Eckerd, late of Montgomery township, dec'd.
342. The first and final Account of P. McGarry, Administrator of Mary Brindle, late of St. Thomas, dec'd.
343. The first and final Account of Benjamin Chambers, Administrator with the will annexed, of Mary Jackson, late of Chambersburg, Franklin county, Pa, dec'd.
344. The first and final Account of Samuel Gilmore, Guardian of Benjamin L. and George S. Dier, minor children of William Dier, deceased, by John Gilmore, Administrator of Samuel Gilmore, dec'd.
esp 344. E. C. BOYD, Register.

A LIST OF GRAND AND TRAVELERS' JURORS.

ROBERT BLACK, Green; John Barnhart, Mercersburg; Frederick Byers, Guilford; Abraham Dall, Guilford; Benjamin Friedly, Guilford; Samuel Gibe, Washington; Henry Hironaka, Chambersburg; David Jacobs, Washington; John K. Keiser, Chambersburg; Abraham Kessler, Lewis; William Kramer, Quincy; Jacob Lesher, Antietam; John L. Lesher, Green; James McCreedy, Antietam; Moses Nisbatt, Hamilton; Jonathan Noy, Quincy; William Piles, Fannett; Philip R. Rupp, Antietam; John Rutt, Hamilton; John Royer, Antietam; John Swartz, Montgomery; F. D. Snively, Antietam; Samuel K. Smith, Waynesboro; Andrew Pyper, Meta.

TRAVELERS' JURORS.

Caleb A. Horton, Chambersburg; William Britten, Greencastle; Samuel Barr, Antietam; Eble Dallas, Montgomery; Jeremiah Bell, Green; Simon Beyer, Warren; Thomas Boyles, Montgomery; Henry Ball, Antietam; John Baughman, Green; Christian C. Brechtling, Hamilton; John C. Bricker, Antietam; John Corwell, Chambersburg; Andrew Criswell, Green; Geo. Cook, (of John) Quincy; George S. Dier, Fannett; John E. Dier, Greencastle; Samuel Fisher, Antietam; Abraham Franck, Washington; Jacob Erick, Peter; Jeremiah Gordon, Antietam; Wm. B. Gaby, Guilford; David Grooms, Chambersburg; David Groat, Antietam; John H. Groat, Guilford; Hoffman, Green; Samuel Hosteler, Greencastle; John Johnson, Waynesboro; Abraham Knepper, Quincy; George Laidig, St. Thomas; Christian Jendia, Hamilton; D. M. Leis, Greencastle; John L. Lester, Chambersburg; John H. Miller, Washington; John Myers, (Marsh) Antietam; Fletcher Noble, Meta; Daniel Porter, Washington; John R. Rupp, Antietam; J. G. Rhodes, Montgomery; Daniel Smith, Jr., Quincy; Jonathan Strock, Hamilton; William Shoemaker, Lurgan; David Shoemaker, Lurgan; Morrow Skinner, Lurgan; Joseph Strawbridge, Somersburg; George Swartz, Peter; Andrew Shank, Quincy; Samuel Seibert, Chambersburg. (oct 14)

NOTICE OF INQUISITION.—To Daniel Lemaster, residing in Haynesville, Berkeley county, Va.; Mary Feasbom, residing in county, Va.; Phillip Lemaster, residing in Chambersburg; Jacob Daniel and Elizabeth Lemaster, children of Jacob Daniel, dec'd, residing in Berkeley county, Va.; Elizabeth Patton is Guardian, and Mary Jane and Ann Elizabeth Lemaster, of whom Jas. D. Scott is Guardian, children of the late Daniel Lemaster, dec'd, residing in Franklin county, Pa.; William John and James Lemaster, and Elizabeth Lemaster, (inter-married with Daniel Myers), all residing in Berkeley county, Va.; Margaret, (inter-married with John E. Baker), Elizabeth, (inter-married with Crooks) residing in Canton, Stark county, Ohio; children of John Lemaster, dec'd, John and Christian Over, residing in Franklin county, Va.; Mary Over, residing in Berkeley county, Va.; Indiana, Elizabeth Over, (inter-married with Daniel Shauck) residing in Olearspring, Washington county, Md.; Barbara Over, (inter-married with Jacob Erick, dec'd), residing in Berkeley county, Pa.; children of Catherine Lemaster, (inter-married with Jacob Over, dec'd), Emanuel, John, William, Andrew, Henry, (inter-married with Elizabeth Crooks), residing in Franklin county, Pa.; and Daniel Lemaster, residing in Lee county, Va.; children of Jolly Ann Lemaster (inter-married with John Kitchin), John Baker, residing in Lebanon county, Pa.; children of George Lemaster, in New York; Michael Baker, residing in Buffalo, N. Y.; and Samuel, Jesse, George, John, and Mary Bittiger, (inter-married with George), residing in Stark county, Ohio, children of Elizabeth Lemaster, (inter-married twice, first to Michael Baker, 2d to Benjamin Zitzinger, now dec'd), heirs and legal representatives of George Lemaster, late of the Borough of Greencastle, Pa. You are hereby notified that I will hold an inquisition on the Real Estate of said dec'd, on Thursday, the 20th day of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, when you may appear and attend to the same, or you may appear at the Sheriff's office, on Oct 14. SAMUEL BRANDT, Sheriff.

PROCLAMATION.—To the Coroners, the Justices of the Peace, and the Constables of the Different Townships in the County of Franklin, directing: Know that the County of Franklin is hereby directed, under the hand and seal of the Hon. JAMES NILES, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas in the Sixteenth District, consisting of the Justices of the Peace, and the Constables of the County, by virtue of his office, the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of capital and lesser offenders therein, and in the General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the County of Franklin, and JAMES O. CARSON, Esq., Judge of the same county of Franklin. You and each of you are hereby notified to attend and appear at the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, on Thursday, the 20th day of October, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the premises, when you may appear and attend to the same, or you may appear at the Sheriff's office, on Oct 14. SAMUEL BRANDT, Sheriff.

LIST OF CAUSES FOR TRIAL.

At October Term, 1865. — Commencing Monday, 20th October, 1865.
Franklin & Marshall College vs. Jas. O. Carson et al.
George McDowell vs. Wm. Armstrong (of A.)
S. St. Penlock & Co. vs. John Baker
Wm. Bowman vs. John Bowman
Wm. Gutshall vs. Jacob Harvelore
David Wertz vs. J. K. Hirst and Mrs. J. K. Hirst (distracted)
Daniel Kohler vs. Geo. A. Deitz
Jacob Bloyer vs. Samuel Neikirk
Simon A. Melick endorser vs. Tolker Hughes
Mary W. Reges vs. R. K. McClellan
R. K. McClellan vs. Samuel Rupp
A. D. G. Rupp vs. Frothingham
Prothys office, sep. 20, '65.

AT AN ORPHANS' COURT held at Chambersburg, for Franklin county, Pa., on the 10th day of August, A. D., 1865.

John B. President, and James O. Carson and W. W. Paxton, Esq., Associate Judges of said Court.
On motion of Kennedy & Nill, Esq., the Court grants a rule on the heirs and legal representatives of John B. Bialo, late