

BY GEORGE M. PHILLIPS.



CARLISLE.

MONDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 14, 1839.

FOR PRESIDENT.

WM. H. HARRISON. FOR VICE PRESIDENT. DANIEL WEBSTER.

FOR SENATOR.

JOHN F. MACFARLANE.

COUNTY MEETING.

A meeting of the Citizens of Cumberland county, opposed to MARTIN VAN BUREN, and in favor of the SUPREMACY OF THE LAWS, will be held at the court house in the borough of Carlisle, this evening, the 14th of January, instant, at early candle light.

JOHN F. MACFARLANE and the Constitution and Laws on the one side, and THOMAS C. MILLER and Mob Law and Insurrection on the other.

Turn Out! Turn Out!! FREEMEN TO THE POLLS! And devote to-morrow to the service of your country's good.

Let no man, therefore, who loves peace, good order, and good government, stay at home on Tuesday next.

Once more, we say, buckle on your armor, and leave not the field of action until you have achieved a great and glorious victory over the enemies of constitutional government.

Mob Law, or the Constitution. This is the question. The loco-focos have fairly made it, by choosing as their candidate for the Senate, Thomas C. Miller, the ringleader of the mob at Harrisburg.

Our Prospects. The intelligence which we have received from every part of this senatorial district, is highly satisfactory. The people will not sanction the base attempts which have been made by Thomas C. Miller and his associates, to raise an insurrection destructive of the institutions of our beloved country.

It is stated that there have been importations of voters into this district from the adjoining counties, for the purpose of voting for the Van Buren loco-foco mob candidate.

Thomas C. Miller, the ringleader of the Harrisburg mob, by his reckless course, obliged the government to call into requisition the services of one thousand volunteers to protect the legislature and other officers of the government.

We would say to our friends beware of the frauds which your opponents will attempt to practise upon you to-morrow. Beware of spurious tickets, and see that the name of JOHN F. MACFARLANE is properly spelled.

Remember Tuesday next. Freemen of Cumberland County, the election for Senator, which is to be held on Tuesday next, is of more than ordinary importance.

You know that an organized band of Ruffians, from the county of Philadelphia and elsewhere, headed by McCahen, Savage, Penniman, and others, acting under the orders of a band of Traitors, styled a "Committee of Safety," invaded the halls of your Legislature, insulted, menaced, and drove your members from their seats, declared the government at an end, called aloud for blood, and threatened Senators and members of the Executive Cabinet with the dungeon, the dagger and the gibbet.

You know that this mob of hired assassins were distributed among the different hotels of Harrisburg, armed with bludgeons, bowie knives and pistols, for the purpose of overawing the friends of law and order, and effectually to suppress any expression of public sentiment, reproaching their lawless and incendiary proceedings.

You know that this same mob, under the direction of the "Committee of Safety," surrounded the State Arsenal, and by threats and violence, forced the officer superintending it, to retire with his guard, one of whom was attacked and beaten in a most shameful and cowardly manner.

You know that so well-trained and formidable was this body of desperadoes, that weak and timid Senators quailed before the dangers that beset them, and under such influence, sanctioned by their votes a base and traitorous attack upon the laws and constitution, suffering both to be trodden under the feet of the rebels, and permitting the "Committee of Safety," by brute force, to achieve full and perfect victory.

You are to say, by your votes, whether you are a law and order loving people, or whether you are in favor of mob supremacy, rapine, and bloodshed. You must determine on Tuesday next, so far as this Senatorial district is concerned, whether the Institutions of our republican government, built upon the blood and bones of your patriotic ancestors, are congenial to your tastes and disposition, securing, as they do, to you the peaceable possession of property, and the greatest latitude of civil, political, and religious liberty, compatible with public order and safety; or whether you prefer the agrarian principles of imported felons and levelers, which have been engrained in the creed of the Loco-focos, and form the rule of action by which, in all cases, they are governed.

John F. Macfarlane.

The candidate of the Anti-Van Buren party for the office of Senator in the place of Jacob Cassatt, dec'd. is a native of this county. He married a daughter of the late Judge Graham, and removed to Adams county some years ago, where he has resided ever since. He is a mechanic, being a tinner by trade, and has always been distinguished by his honest industry, his good conduct, and his correct principles. Possessing a mind of uncommon vigor, he has improved it by much reading and close reflection. It may with truth be said of him, that he is a man of decided talents and much information. He will do honor to the district as a representative. He possesses the whig principles of '78, and no man is more firm and decided in maintaining them. Through life, no man has been more faithful to all the obligations of a good citizen, than he has. Honest in all his dealings, loving order and good government, John F. Macfarlane is in all respects a bright example of a virtuous, upright, and useful man.

Thomas C. Miller.

The loco-foco Van Buren candidate for the Senate, is every way worthy to be the candidate of the mob-party. He is an old federalist, who became a loco-foco some years since, and who mingles the ultra doctrines and principles of aristocracy with those of extreme jacobinism, as a cover for his ultra federalism. These constitute the loco-foco creed. Professing to love the people, his whole conduct shows that he is their worst enemy. But as are the loco-focos, every body knows that the worst among them are the old federalists, who in truth are their leaders. Thomas C. Miller is prominent in this class, and he is nominated for a high and important office in preference to older and better men of the party. He was sheriff of Adams county some years since, and made a large fortune whilst in that office by speculations which his knowledge of the necessities of the unfortunate enabled him to make. Possessing a restless and intriguing disposition, he has been always an office hunter. He has been several times the candidate of the loco-foco for the assembly in Adams county, and always ran behind his ticket. He has no fixed principles—any, if he has any, it is difficult to say what they are. He professes all things to all men—being faithful to no principle—faithful to no man. With a bank man, he professes to be for the bank, or a bank—and with an anti-bank man, he is violent against the bank or a bank. Plausible to all, he betrays all—and just such a man is fit to be the LEADER OF A MOB, and to join in a conspiracy to overturn the government. We also find him true to his character as a ringleader of the mob at Harrisburg, and a member of the revolutionary committee of safety. Can any man who truly loves honesty and the real welfare of his country, vote for such a man as Thomas C. Miller?

Election Law.

We give below the third article of the amended constitution of Pennsylvania, which went into effect on the 1st day of January, instant, and which will govern in the special election to-morrow: "In elections by the citizens every white freeman of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in this state one year, and in the election district where he offers to vote, ten days immediately preceding such election, and within two years paid a State or County tax, which shall have been assessed at least ten days before the election, shall enjoy the rights of an elector. But a citizen of the United States who had previously been a qualified voter of this State, and removed therefrom and returned, and who shall have resided in the election district, and paid taxes as aforesaid, shall be entitled to vote, after residence in the state six months. Provided, that white freemen, citizens of the United States, between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two years, and having resided in the State one year, ought in the election district ten days aforesaid, shall be entitled to vote, although they shall not have paid taxes."

By this article, our voters will observe: 1st. That a qualified elector must have resided ten days immediately preceding such election in the election district where he offers to vote—this is to prevent the infamous practice of importing voters into a district. 2d. He must have resided one year before such election in the state. 3d. Or if he had been a qualified elector and removed from the state, and returned and resided six months in the state. 4th. He must have paid a state or county tax within two years, and assessed at least ten days before the election. 5th. Or being between 21 and 22 years, and having resided in the state one year and in the district ten days, without payment of taxes, and whether the son of a qualified elector or not.

We hope our friends will be active on the day of election, and endeavor to prevent any persons from voting, who are not legally entitled to a vote. Our readers must excuse us for omitting the markets. Politics claims our attention at present.

The falsehoods of the loco-focos who now pretend to cover their disgrace by asserting that there was no mob at Harrisburg, is proved by letters written by members of the legislature of their own party, before they determined completely to pronounce so gross a falsehood. To prove this, we subjoin the following letters from R. P. Fleniken, a Van Buren member of the house of representatives from Fayette county, to the Hon. Andrew Stewart and Mr. Oliphant of that county.

My Dear Sir—We are doubtless here in the midst of a fearful revolution. The town of Harrisburg is crowded with the most excited population beyond all control. They yesterday drove out the Senate. The Governor has, it is said, issued his proclamation for 5000 militia. It will bring in 15,000 before night this day. I fear that blood will flow freely in this devoted place, and that I will be obliged to leave it for my own family's safety. I have labored until I can scarcely stand, to prevent that state of things, but all in vain. I fear the days of Stevens, Burrows and Penrose are numbered. In great haste. Yours truly, R. P. Fleniken.

Copy of Letter of same to the same. HARRISBURG, 5th Dec. My Dear Sir—No actual fighting has yet taken place at Harrisburg, but how long it will remain so, God only knows. We are now in entire possession of the Capitol. The Senate cannot meet, and the preceding branch or rather fractional (for factional branch) of the House are not permitted to meet. We met this morning, at 10 o'clock, and transacted some business and adjourned until to-morrow, but whether we will again be permitted to meet is extremely doubtful. The militia under the Governor's requisition are now on their march to this place, and are expected here by to-morrow, and early in the morning others. The moment an armed force reaches here, there will be collision and bloodshed. Oh! deplorable condition of our beloved Commonwealth. I have this afternoon made my best effort, by a Committee of the opposition to preserve the peace and order of my native state. I feel now broke off from every point of hope. I have (as far as I can see) no look to but the most fearful scene to be enacted here. What a dreadful state of things we have reached, and all this on account of the perverse obstinacy of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in withholding the majority returns in his possession from the county of Philadelphia, from both branches of the Legislature. Had he produced both returns so difficultly won, had he occurred. I can write no more at present. Yours truly, To Extract of several letters from the same to another person. HARRISBURG, Dec. 4. "Leeper came here on Sunday at the head of 100 men from Philadelphia county, 500 more are expected from Adams county, and 1000 from York county. It is expected the opposition will bring in men 'to.'" "The people were solicited to the chair by men who would have secured the Congressmen elect, from the seat he deserted—if he had refused to yield it." "Here the galleries rung with the most tremendous applause." "I fear a Pennsylvania Legislature will never meet again until the close of a revolution."

"We are in the midst of a revolution, worse than any I ever realized." "I have apprehensions that before to-morrow the blood of our fellow citizens will flow in the Capitol, and in the streets of Harrisburg." "The members are arming themselves with weapons of death." "I fear the days of Penrose, Burrows and Stevens are numbered." "The people have possession of the Hall of Legislation." "It is rumored that there are armed troops on the 'other side' of the river, and that they are set foot on this side of the river, blood will flow, in 48 hours, 20,000 men will assemble here to see a president, and a peace or war, to do my duty to my constituents."

Remember, citizens of Cumberland, that Thomas C. Miller, the candidate of the mob party for a seat in the Senate of our State, presided at a meeting of the mob at Harrisburg, on the 4th of December last, at which meeting the mob resolved that they would take possession of our State arsenal. Can you support him? We leave it with your conscience to determine. JOHN F. MACFARLANE, Esq. a gentleman well known throughout the Senatorial District as a firm, intelligent and patriotic citizen, has been put in nomination by the friends of the Constitution and the Supremacy of the laws—no man is better calculated to meet the present fearful crisis; determined, yet conciliatory, he will know how to defend the rights of his constituents and of the Country. The friends and defenders of mobs and revolution have very appropriately nominated Thomas C. Miller. We rejoice in this; let pirates sail under the bloody flag. Let insurgents select for office the leader of the mob. The people have now offered to them a fair opportunity of deciding on the momentous question which has convulsed the Commonwealth; of selecting between a friend of order and the head of an insurrectionary government—between a peaceful citizen and a Captain of out-throats! Let them come to the polls on all, and deliver in their verdict. Gettysburg Star.

The last "Compiler," who perceives is out against JOHN F. MACFARLANE, the candidate nominated by the friends of the "Supremacy of the Laws," for the State Senator. This, of course, will be esteemed a recommendation by honest men. Still we conceive it our duty to contradict its falsehoods and correct its misrepresentations. This petty organ of rebellion, the "Compiler," asserts, that Mr. Macfarlane was junior of the senator in which our last lamented Senator, Jacob Cassatt, Esq. was held by his party; and that "the indulgent in the most violent personal abuse of that gentleman for many years." This we pronounce to be as vile and brutal a falsehood as ever was published; got up for the purpose of injuring Mr. Macfarlane, in the estimation of the friends of the deceased Senator. The "Compiler," and the contemporary little journal which control it, will find themselves mistaken. The friends of that Senator, if they possess a tittle of the patriotism which he did, will scorn alike the contrivance and the contrivance. The "Compiler" had better draw the attention of the people to the fact, that it was by his attempt to arrest the treason, which THOMAS C. MILLER was fomenting, that the death of Senator Cassatt was produced.

COMMUNICATION.

For the Herald & Expositor.

Mr. Editor—Having given you a description of some of the prominent actors, and the probable motives which influenced them to this caricature the best principles of democracy, and insult the patriotism of the county by the unhallowed purpose for which this meeting was called, I proceed to give you some specimens of the performance. Before I do this, however, allow me to say a word or two on the relative position of some of the leaders as the curtain rises. Near the "prisoners box" might be seen the "lion of democracy from Southampton," frisking his tail with great complacency; and puffing off the fumes of loco-focoism to the no small annoyance of the "small fry" who surrounded him. One would have thought that he intended asking, "how do you like the smell in my parlor, Mr. Bear?" as another lion is said once to have asked a fox. In another little group stood the editor of the defunct "Iron Grey," peering over his spectacles through a pair of eyes rather the worse of the wear and color in Harrisburg, in close and serious conversation with the editor of the Volunteer, both of whom participated in the riotous and treasonable proceedings at the seat of government. What a beautiful pair! What significant countenances! What a holy cause they were engaged in! But then it's their "ivins" they are contending for, and they ought to be excused. The largest group, consisting of the Commissioner's clerk, our distinguished congressman elect, Commissioner Cornman, and several other satellites, stood nearest the President's chair. The "clerk," who, being "Princes Regent" to the infant congressman, and having the charge of him and others of the faithful, sighed heavily under the responsibility—the young "Dolphin" turning occasionally a wistful eye to the door, in wonder at the fatality of his liege subjects gathering. Around the huge stove stood the eagle-eyed applicants for the presidency of this district, eager to distinguish themselves upon this occasion, yet apparently calmly waiting the judge's official demise. No wonder one of them should have said, "I'm in a party party." Here and there, lingering upon the outskirts, could be seen individuals who seemed wrestling with some internal commotion, their party prejudice urging them one way, and their patriotism and love of truth pleading against the immolation of their victim—the constitution. In several instances, patriotism prevailed over party, and by the time the president was seated, a number had retired, while the greatest body remained to see how this council of chiefs would reconcile the conduct of the 'mob' with the doctrine of the 'supremacy of the laws,' as taught by the fathers of democracy.

Our distinguished congressman elect organized the crusaders, and after getting the officers selected, Hugh Gaullagher, Esq. a candidate for Judge Reed's station, yielded to the call of Capt. James M. Allen for a speech, amid the deepest blushes, either for this honorable distinction; or the disgrace he was about to inflict upon himself and the other riders and abusers of treasonable conduct. While the "purple tide" was subsiding in his cheek, he looked at the president, then at the faithful, pulled down his waistcoat, and then putting his hands in his pockets, said, "Mr. President, (looking at Purdon's Digest which lay open before him,) last week was a gloomy week at Harrisburg—no man dared to speak his sentiments: I was there, but I saw no mob, no riot, nor nothing but a popular burst of indignation." After a long harangue, a good deal of which was like the shots of the blind marksman, every where but to the point, the orator closed his panegyric upon the actors in the mob in a beautiful peroration on the shock his religious feelings received by the appearance of the military on the Sabbath day!

Now, Mr. Gaullagher knew at the time he was speaking and uttering the assertion, that there was no mob at Harrisburg, that within the sound of his voice, were men who had officiated in getting a crowd together at Harrisburg, for the purpose of overawing and intimidating the whig members of both houses, and to prevent the whig members from Philadelphia county from taking their seats. He knew that some of his auditors were in the mob; and that one of them at least, the night some of the Senators escaped from the windows of the senate chamber, was stationed to prevent their egress; and when he discovered that they had escaped his vigilance, he exclaimed in the language of one of the witnesses, "By Jove, we're a minute too late—they are out!" Mr. Gaullagher also knew at the time he denounced such idle assertions; that one of the objects in bringing a mob to Harrisburg, was to prevent the Senate from meeting on the second Tuesday of December, and thus defeat the new constitution, the adoption or rejection of which was to be proclaimed by the Speaker in the presence of the members of both houses.

the operation of which would be the farewell knell to many a craving, fawning office hunter. It is true, Mr. Gaullagher may not have seen a mob in the streets or hotels, for the reason that the legislature did not meet publicly in the streets and hotels, although Wilson's hotel was threatened with destruction, because the Cunningham house met privately there. The business of the mob being with the legislature, it held its sessions or meetings only at the time and place the legislature met. Any stranger to have passed through Harrisburg, could have also said 'there was no mob'; but let him have stepped into the chamber of the senate, or the hall of the house of representatives, and seen the kind of men who crowded the galleries, lobbies, and gangways, and heard the hisses, shouts, and imprecations—let him have overheard the under-tone of encouragement this mob received from partisans too respectable to take an open part, or come out publicly—let him have attended the senate chamber, when McCahen and others were declaiming to the mob in presence of the members of the senate, and naming their victims for destruction—let him have gone into the court house where the inflammatory mass was collected for re-ignition by McCahen, Penniman, Barton and others, and heard their clamors for the blood of senators and for revolution—then say there was "no mob!" Mr. Gaullagher knew, moreover, at the time he was denying the existence of a mob, that a gentleman who stood near him had been in Harrisburg during the reign of the mob—that this gentleman had got into a row—struck every man he met—swore that "rebolution purify republics"—tore open the lions of his bosom, and dared the by-standers to stab him to the heart—wished to die a martyr in the cause of the 'dear people'—and whose intoxicated phrenzy would have drawn upon him a severe personal flagellation, but for the timely interference of a friend to the 'majesty of the laws.' Yet there was "no mob!" And worse than all poor Mr. Gaullagher's religious feelings were awfully shocked by the appearance of the military on the Sabbath day! How like the indignation of that righteous man, who rebuked another "for plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath!" Al! Mr. Gaullagher, you are an honest man, and a good citizen in your calm moments; but you should be careful to destroy that inherent combustible gas, which is the staple article in the riots, routs, and frays of the soil from whence you sprang.

Mr. G. was followed by our 'distinguished' congressman elect, 'who has more intelligence in his little finger than all the people of Perry county put together,' and who, according to his own notions, is a superior man in every respect to 'Thaddeus Stevens!' I cannot deny your readers his sublimity; but solemn exordium: "We have not, Mr. President, (said he in his felicitous style) seen such dark days since we saw the days of the revolution!" Poor old fellow! I wonder what his age is now! He continued: "There was no mob at Harrisburg; I was there, and there was just such a people there as we; and you know I would not violate a law!" I differ from him in this statement; for I was there too, and all the people I saw were not exactly like this "honorable," as many of them had somewhat thicker legs, and others not quite such thick heads.

It may not be amiss to remark here, that Mr. Ramsey, being the chairman of the committee to draft resolutions for the meeting, seized upon the excitement of the times to vent his little 'cock and bull story' of grievances against the dignified and manly conduct of Messrs. Stevens, Burrows, and Penrose—men who have rendered Pennsylvania illustrious, and given her a rank equal, if not superior, to any state in the union—men, whose enlarged and liberal views of internal improvement, and whose active exertions, have called into successful operation the vast resources of the Commonwealth, and bestowed invaluable benefits upon their own districts—men, whose generous and expanded benevolence has consummated the plan of educating every child upon an equality, and whose names will go down to posterity as the greatest benefactors of their age. These are the men whose reputation is to wither beneath the base and vile calumnies of Wm. S. Ramsey, ombudsman resolutions, which I shall not offer your readers by transcribing; while the reputation and honor of some of our former representatives in the state legislature and in congress, were gained by obviously "kissing dirty little children"—erecting 'democracy' democracy; the democratic party are we!—pocketing four and eight dollars per day—acting as serfs for the benefit of other parts of the country, and neglecting their own—and leaving, as their only testamentary bequests, their whelps to follow in their footsteps, if they can but straddle wide enough.

Mr. Ramsey proceeded: "The militia, sir, were called out to enable the opposition to elect a United States Senator, a United States Treasurer (I) and a State Treasurer." This is just what Wm. S. Ramsey is capa-

ble of saying; but there is no truth in it, and he knew it, although he might not have known that our legislature do not elect a Treasurer for the United States! Why did not the opposition do so when the military did arrive, if such was the design? This is a genteel way of escaping the charge of conspiracy—first, get a mob and force the legislature from its halls, and when the governor orders out the military to suppress insurrection and preserve the peace, call it an attempt to assist the 'opposition' to elect officers!

"Gracious Heaven! (exclaimed the 'distinguished';) it made the blood chill in my veins to see the troops parade on the Sabbath day!" Well, I suppose it did, as the day was cold. I can appreciate this tenderness of conscience in the 'distinguished'; and his benevolence in hawking round, unsolicited, a bottle of whiskey among the men on the Sabbath day, as an act of penance for his unsuccessful attempt to dissuade them from obeying their commander-in-chief. But for Wm. S. Ramsey to praise his blood chilling for a breach of the Sabbath! I have heard of 'straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel'; but here is a specimen of 'straining at a gate and swallowing a saw-mill.' I have not time nor space, however, to give all the beautiful effusions of this lover of the 'dear people,' who sat down under an arbutus attempt at applause. Robert Lusk, Esq., then made some remarks, as near as I can recollect as follows: "I have not seen such a period since I was seven years old; I don't know which was the darkest day—the time I was chased out of my bed, or now; but at you time, there was a man kill outside of the town, or died a natural death. I want some one to draw a resolution as to why the governor led ordered out the men. I spoke Gen. Lamberton knows about the rogues in the reign of old John Adams!"

The above were the weighty matters this Simon Pure democrat had to throw off. If this be true, Mr. Lusk I have understood him is, he need not be alarmed about being 'chased out of bed' by the insurgents; he belongs to the dominant party, and they give every assurance of security to their own. If the mob should come on, Mr. Editor, you will take care to let them know, that 'Squire Lusk belongs to that party, whose leader at Washington threatened, that if he "had a drop of democratic blood in his veins, he would let it out"—that he belongs to a party, whose leader in Philadelphia county said, that he "would have been a Tory, if he had lived in the days of the revolution"—that he is a namesake, if not a descendant, of a man who was a Tory in the days of the revolution, and whose son was a Tory—and that a man of that name fled from his country's banner during the 'Whiskey Insurrection' or the late war. "Birds of a feather flock together," is a trite adage, and I am glad that Mr. Lusk is in the company of his friends.

The meeting closed by Gen. Lamberton answering the important question of 'Squire Lusk, what right the governor had to order out the men' in, this discriminating manner. "The governor (he said) had a right to call out the militia; but he had no right to call out the volunteers!" Q.

PENNSYLVANIA BANKRUPTCY—OBLIGATIONS PROTESTED.

The bitter fruits of mob law and mob rule have already commenced. The Loco Foco reign has begun by opening the Treasury and allowing the bonds of the State to be protested, and its credit destroyed. The next act, we presume will be Gov. Porter to pay off the state debt by "taking the benefit," as a leading Loco Foco said he would do, before the election.

Our readers will have observed by the Legislative proceedings, that a portion of the State debt, amounting to \$250,000, created in 1824, became due on the 1st of January; and that a bill passed the Senate authorizing the refunding of this debt in the Bank of the United States at 4 per cent., under its charter. The proposal to borrow the money out of the Bank of the United States, was rejected by the Loco Foco House, and the bill sent back to the Senate, who refused to accede to the amendment of the House, and ordered it to be re-billed to that body. In this situation the bill stood when both Houses adjourned yesterday afternoon; the Senate to meet at 5 o'clock this morning, and the House at 5 minutes before 12 last night.

Upon the return of the Senate, Mr. Bell of Chester, a Loco Foco, made a speech in favor of taking the money out of the Bank of the United States, and deploring the prejudice of the Senate that were still frightened at the apparition of the "dead monster." The bill passed the Senate unanimously; and the leading Loco Focos of the House, McElwee, Pray, Reynolds, Hill and others, fearing that it would pass the House, if a quorum were present, guarded the doors and passages, and persuaded the Loco Foco members not to go into the Hall. They preferred having the State dishonored and its credit sunk, to paying an honest debt by the money of a state institution. Thus has Loco Focoism commenced its rule by two acts discreditable to the State, and injurious to her character abroad and her security at home.—Pennsylvania Telegraph.

Estate of Matthias Young, dec'd.

NOTICE. Letters of Administration having been granted to the subscriber residing in Mansfield township, Cumberland county, on the estate of Matthias Young, late of said township, dec'd., and in the care of said executor, and those having claims on said estate, are hereby notified to present them, without delay, properly substantiated for settlement. BROCK YOUNG, ADMIN.

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