

# Clearfield Republican.

BY G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

TERMS—\$1 25 per Annum, if paid in advance.

VOL. XXXI.—NO. 1.

CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1860.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO. 4.

## Clearfield Republican.

Terms of Subscription.  
If paid in advance, or within three months, \$1 25  
If paid after the expiration of the year, 1 50

Terms of Advertising.  
Advertisements are inserted in the Republican at the following rates:

One square, (14 lines), 1 week	\$ 50	\$ 75	\$ 1 00
Two squares, (28 lines), 1 week	1 00	1 50	2 00
Three squares, (42 lines), 1 week	1 50	2 00	2 50
One square, 1 month	1 50	2 00	2 50
Two squares, 1 month	3 00	4 00	5 00
Three squares, 1 month	4 50	6 00	7 50
One square, 3 months	4 00	5 00	6 00
Two squares, 3 months	8 00	10 00	12 00
Three squares, 3 months	12 00	15 00	18 00
One square, 6 months	7 00	9 00	11 00
Two squares, 6 months	14 00	18 00	22 00
Three squares, 6 months	21 00	27 00	33 00

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged according to these terms.

G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

## Select Poetry.

### LAUGHTER.

Oh! who can estimate the worth  
Of sunny eye and dimpled mirth?  
How dearest would be the earth  
If it were not for laughter!

Of all the cures by man possessed  
To cheer the heart by grief oppressed,  
There's none has power its foe to confound,  
That can compare to laughter.

So, for each sorrow ye endure,  
Unless ye would it be sore  
Ye have at hand an easy cure,  
Ha! Ha! 'tis only laughter.

'Tis good for young, 'tis good for old;  
It is more precious than gold;  
Then laugh as long as you can hold;  
'Tis health for jolly laughter!

### REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

A bachelor sat at his blazing grate,  
And he fell into a snore,  
And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate,  
Had been thrown the nuptial noose;

A easy boy came to his side;  
And he kissed his cheek,  
And he kissed his beaming face he shook,  
Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice,  
He shouted aloud, "Papa,  
I don't love anybody else,  
But you and mamma."

Quitting his arms of strength unshorn,  
He hugged his old toe cat,  
Which as was wont, when master snoozed,  
He leaped into his lap.

### Miscellaneous.

#### Wm. Lloyd Garrison at the City Hall.

This notorious agitator and septic held forth at the City Hall, last Sabbath, in defence of his peculiar views. A large audience was present.

In the afternoon he descended upon the Bible—denying its authenticity and inspiration, and claiming that it should be accepted as truth only in so far as it accorded with the opinions of the individual. His discourse, though marked by considerable ability, accorded its author as the possessor of an erratic and unbalanced mind.

But the evening lecture was the feature of his performance. Slavery was his topic, and he fulfilled his promise to unfold the character of our Abolitionist.

He claimed with truth that his principles were identical with those of the Republicans, the only difference being that he boldly followed out Republican ideas to their logical conclusions, while they timidly shrunk therefrom.

He concluded that the indignities offered to anti-slavery men at the South, who publicly expressed their opposition to slavery, were occasioned by the aggravating agitation at the North, but he justified the agitation on "higher law" grounds, arguing that slavery being wrong, it was a duty to eradicate it regardless of consequences. He threw a bomb-shell into the Republican ranks when he said that if slaves were rightfully held as property in the States, they were held with party of right in the Territories.

The whole lecture was of the "fire-eating" order, after the fashion of the Liberator and disgusting to all right-thinking men and loyal citizens. He advocated the utopian and fatal idea of immediate emancipation—an idea impossible in itself, and were it possible, full of disaster to the white and black alike. The Union he looked upon as an agreement with hell, and prayed for its dissolution. Slaveholders were abused with more violence and vulgarity than was exhibited in Sumner's defamatory oration, and all "doughfaces" were severely flung.

To our mind exhibitions of this sort upon the Sabbath are improper and disgraceful. They seriously tend to corrupt the reverence due the Lord's Day, and lessen the sense of moral obligation to observe it in a fitting manner. The large majority of those who seek to listen to Garrison on last Sabbath evening, went in the same spirit as they would visit a theatre or other place of amusement. All solemnity and soberness were forgotten, and the demonstrations of applause which greeted some of the vulgar extravagances of the speaker, show that the deceptions of a Christian Sabbath were not regarded.

We would not interpose with Mr. Garrison in the expression of his vagaries, but they are so virulent and extravagant, that in an intelligent community no harm can come of them. But in the name of a decent propriety, we protest against the use of the Sabbath for such public performances as were transacted in our City

Hall last Sunday evening. Should not our public halls be closed on the Sabbath against these demonstrations?  
Lawrence (Mass.) Sentinel.

### Speech of Senator Sumner.

Whenever there is a lull in the storm of discussion which rages between North and South, we begin to hope for some good in this matter. The freedom of Lombard or Sicilians may be worked out by the sword, and there is no finer spectacle than that of the bold man that makes war against the tyranny which crushes his countrymen. But the African will never be saved by such means. He is to low rise up as his own deliverer, nor would humanity gain by the substitution of negro anarchy for the present social institutions of the Southern States. The white man must raise him by the aid of white men, and, above all, by the aid of his master. The politician who endeavors to set hatred between different classes of Americans on this subject, who encourages the negro to look to violent means for his deliverance, and fills the owner with increased dread of bloody reprisals by his bondmen, is an enemy to the cause in which he pours forth his acrimonious eloquence. John Brown himself has not done more harm to the cause of abolition in Virginia than a man like Mr. Sumner, when he drives the Southern Senators to fury by such a violent and uncalled for philippic as our American correspondent notices to-day.

It was some years since Mr. Sumner had raised his voice in the assembly to which he belongs. The results which followed his onslaught on slavery are still in the remembrance of every one. In 1858 when the Union was agitated by the contest between Buchanan and Fremont, and party spirit was at its height, Mr. Sumner delivered an anti-slavery speech almost as strong as that of the other day. A Mr. Brooks, a member of the Lower House, exasperated by Mr. Sumner's language, and perhaps urged on by rowdy friends, ferociously assaulted him while he was sitting quietly in his chair, and inflicted such injuries as endangered Mr. Sumner's life, and forced him to retire for a time from public affairs. Brooks has since gone to his account, and we need say no more of him; but the Senator from Massachusetts has not learned temperance of language from the incident which nearly ended his days. The speech which produced the assault was offensive, acrimonious, but the last one seems entirely to overtop it. The Southern gentry pride themselves on the possession of high, and what are called "divine" qualities. Mr. Sumner knowing this, makes an oration on the barbarism of slavery. It may certainly be said that a man has a right to stigmatize as barbarous those who defended and even praised his would-be murderer; but Mr. Sumner ought to know that it is immoral, as well as unstatesmanlike, to provoke men of violent temper, and that by so doing he only presses down the yoke still closer to the neck of the slave. But he puts himself forward as if purposely to aggravate his opponents. Every sneer, every cutting epithet, every provoking insinuation which he can call up, he uses for the purpose of galling his antagonists. "Slavery must breed barbarians," he observes; "it develops everywhere alike, in the individual and in the society of which he forms a part, the essential elements of barbarism." "Violence, brutality, injustice, barbarism, must be reproduced in the lives of all who live within their fatal sphere." The master shares the barbarism of the society which he keeps, and so on.

We must in the name of English abolitionists, at least, protest against these foolish and vindictive harangues. Scarcely has the frenzy caused by John Brown's outrage begun to die away, than out comes Mr. Sumner with a speech that will set the whole South in a flame. We can well believe that the prospects of the Republican party have been already damaged by it. Mr. Sumner is one of that class of politicians who should be muzzled by their friends. The man who can in personal irritability so forget the interests of a great cause, is its worst enemy. Slavery existed on the American continent long before the assembly of which Mr. Sumner is a member. On it depends, or is supposed to depend, the prosperity of half the Union; the farms of Lancashire and Normandy, as well as those of Mr. Sumner's own State, are supplied by slave-grown cotton, and hundreds of millions of Northern dollars are vested in slave-worked plantations. Slavery, with its roots thus deep in the soil, is not to be rooted up by any peevish effort of rhetoric; and we may predict that the man who first gains a victory for the cause of abolition, will be of very different temper to the Senator from Massachusetts.—London Times.

A wag thus plays upon the names of some of the United States Senators:—  
A Senator of metal—Bell.  
A shining Senator—Bright.  
A voracious Senator—Greene.  
A ready Senator—Chandler.  
A depollition Senator—Wigfall.  
A lazy Senator—Doolittle.  
A healthy Senator—Hale.  
A grave Senator—Toombs.  
A royal Senator—King.  
A brick Senator—Mason.  
A sporting Senator—Hunter and Chase.  
A pious Senator—Pugh.  
A provisional Senator—Rice.  
A colored Senator—Brown.  
A blustering Senator—Bragg.  
A lowly Senator—Foot.  
An old "salt"—Sevard.  
A hard nut for Sumner to crack—Chestnut.

Glory is well enough for a rich man but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

### Parson Brownlow.

The notorious Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville Whig, having received a long letter, appends thereto the following personal reminiscence, which is highly flavored with Tennessee philosophy:—

"We attend the same 'good frame church' last Sabbath afternoon, filled to overflowing with the 'colored population,' and sat in the shade under the window, and heard a sermon of forty minutes, from Anthony, a colored slave. He told his audience that, whether bond or free, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, if they were the sons of God, and if his loved had been bestowed upon them, it was well; and all that remained for them to do was to persevere to the end. We could but reflect at the time that Anthony was really doing more good than all the white rascals, educated villains, and pious miscreants of the North, who are lecturing on the evils of slavery, and haranguing the vile freedom-shriekers who negate this subject. We had sooner sit under the ministry of Anthony than that of Chapin, Phillips, Pryne, or any of that class of God-forsaken fanatics, who lie and rant against slavery, and the cruelty of slavery in the South, without knowing anything about the institution, or how our slaves are treated. These slaves had a revival at this church, and called up their seekers, and labored with them, at which time we left. Come South, you lousy rascals of the North, who agitate this subject, and let a congregation of Tennessee negroes pray for you!"

### Dissolving the Union.

The last Knickerbocker Magazine has the following, which is not bad, either as a story or a speech:—

"During the exciting campaign of 18—, in Illinois, a prominent politician made a disunion speech at Quincy. After he was through, and before the crowd had dispersed, a man who styled himself 'The aforsaid M. D.,' was called for. He was lifted on the stand, so 'elevated' that he could not stand without holding on to something. He said:—

'Gentlemen and ladies, you talkin' of dissolv' the Union, you can't do it; if you go to—you can't do it! There's that are flag-wavin' up there, called the Star Spangled Banner; how're ye goin' to divide that, ha! Are ye goin' to give the Stars to the Norf and the Stripes to the Souf? No sir-ree; the thing can't be did. [Cheers.]

'And thar's that good old toon that the ban's a playin out there called Yankee Doodle; how're ye goin to divide that, eh? Are ye goin to give the Yankee to the Norf and the Doodle to the Souf? I say boldly it can't be did! [Cheers.]

'And thar's that stream of water a runnin' down thar, called the 'Father-of-Waters'; how are ye-a goin to divide that? Are ye-a goin to dam it up with Mason & Dixon's line? I say you can't do that thing! Wal, you can't! [Cheers.]

'And thar's the railroad layin' out thar; how are ye goin to divide that, eh?—Are ye goin to tie it up with Mason & Dixon's line? You can't do it! [Cheers.]

'And thar's all the fast horses standin' around here; how are ye goin' to divide them? Are ye goin' to run em Norf, and run em Souf, and run em East, and run em West? [Cheers.]

'And thar's a the handsome wimmin round here; how are ye goin to divide them? Are ye goin to give the old ones to the Norf and the young ones to the Souf? Wal, ye don't, [Immense cheering.]

'And thar's all the feathered tribe and other birds flyin' about here, and the chickens and egg's nest, and the yaller legs and the black legs how are ye goin to divide them, eh? Are ye goin to give the bullets to the Norf and the cocks to the Souf? [Tremendous cheering.]

Our reporter could hear no more, for the roars of laughter which ensued, and the "doctor" caved in and from the stand.

### AN AFFECTING SCENE.—Not many years since (says Frazer's Magazine) certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in a suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled away through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there, the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face; a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgot.

The miser was to have been her husband the day after that on which he died.—They were rough people, of course, who were looking on a liberal education and one feeling are not deemed essential to the man whose work it is to get up coals or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the grey-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured out to his dear ear many words of endearment, unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old the other so young. They had been young these long years before; but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead."

Narrowness of mind is frequently the cause of obstinacy, we do not easily believe beyond what we see.

To try a mans bottom—apply your foot to the fleshy part of his body. To test the stomach apply something else.

### The Rope Walker at Niagra.

Mr. Willis, in the Home Journal, thus describes M. Blondin's passage over the Niagara River in the character of an Indian chief:

"After being dressed in his flesh colored tights, wampum apron, bead necklace and moccasins, he came out (with his particularly uncombed sandy hair uncovered as yet by his crown of feathers) to look a little into the arrangements for his performance. For fifteen or twenty minutes, the little Tecumseh was hopping about, trying the cords which held the ropes to the stanchions, cocking his pistol which was to be the to announce his return, giving directions for the music, binding the ligatures of his balance pole, and answering very merrily all the jokes of the lookers-on. In his motions back and forward, he took no regular step; he simply bounded. Like a child's soap bubble, the difficulty seemed to get to the ground—to keep from floating away. During all this time, of course I had the desired opportunity for the study of his face. It was one which nineteen persons out of twenty would pass over as wholly uninteresting—the twentieth and more observant man giving him a good look; as one of the most determined and honestly spunky little fellows he had ever seen. The top of his skull, of course, is very high, with his bump of firmness—his cheek bones are prominent, his nose is straight with thin expanded nostrils his lips are thin and firm, cheeks hollow and pale; he wears a sandy moustache and imperial—a la Napoleon. Though anything but a beauty, he is a man it is impossible not to take a fancy to. Retiring to his shanty for a minute or two, after all was arranged, his appearance was announced by a grand display from the band, and forward came Tecumseh, with a high crown of many colored feathers on his head—not with a slow pass as would be expected from an Indian chief—but dancing a jig all the way to the precipice. It was curious, however, to see that the smile on his lip, and his other signs of merriment for the many, were altogether mechanical and artificial, while the closely pressed eyelid through which his keen blue eye was hardly visible, showed the inner mind's utter absorption and concentration in the work he had to do. The rope was drawn from shore to shore, 800 feet across and 250 feet above the Niagara rapids—a perilous bridge for human feet to walk! I took hold of his arms as he stood trying the rope for a moment with the ball of his foot. It was like a bunch of iron wire, wholly unimpressible. And away he went, his moccasined feet hugging the two sides of the swaying cable, his balance pole playing up and down, and his little figure gradually diminishing as he walked steadily on and reached the middle of the chasm, where he proceeded to stand upon one leg and hold the other out at right angles. The spectators of course were all breathlessly silent; though I found it much more breathless to think of afterward than to see it done. He did it with such apparent ease and certainty that it was like seeing a bird fly or a spider walk the ceiling—not to be wondered at for that kind of a creature, I am inclined to think it would be more startling (better enabling one to imagine himself in the performer's place) if he were to do it in common clothes. Looking scarcely larger than a butterfly as he reached the opposite shore, Blondin remained out of sight for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the pistol was fired to announce his return. He came quietly on to the centre where he stopped to lie down at full length on the rope, and execute various postures and gymnastics; and between this and his reaching our shore again, he made several pretended trips, as if losing his balance—the screams of the afflicted ladies, at this very comically varying the tune which was being endeavored by the band. As he came up the slant of the rope again, I saw that his lips were tightly drawn together and his features were rigidly set with the mental exertion, and it was an expression of face that would be worth painting as a type of determined will. Through all the anxiety of a spectator's suspense, I could not help admiring the little man exceedingly, and I was the first to give him a hand as he stepped on the cliff. It was a cold clammy grip that he gave me in return, and his fingers felt icy and wet. Everybody who could reach him gave him a shake of the hand on his way to the shanty, and the enthusiasm for him seemed universal. And so ended 'the show' of a human life put fearfully to peril! Mr. Blondin, I was afterward told, has a wife and several children, and resides at Niagra, having adopted it as the theatre of performance. His professional profits amount to \$10,000 a year."

### Literature and Long Life.

We recently compiled some interesting facts from the reports made in the Royal Statistical Society, by an eminent British physician, "On the Duration of the Lives of Men connected with Literature," and have observed that the article has attracted much attention abroad, and the current number of the Westminster Review discusses it with much ability. It is quite difficult to know the exact classes of persons to be included in the enumeration; for, if we take the whole body of men who have gained fame by intellectual pursuits, it will generally be found that they did so under exceptional circumstances; and we must, therefore, receive with due caution any deductions which would establish certain formulas as to the lives of the various classes into which literary men may be distributed. But we can contrast the lives of poets and lawyers—the representatives of the emotional and reasoning powers—so far as they may be considered distinct.

Of the last ten British Chancellors, from Lord Thurlow, downwards, the youngest, Lord Cranworth, is about seventy years old, and their average age is at least seventy-six years. Taking ten of the most distinguished British poets, we find that their average age is fifty-one. Dr. Guy, choosing eight eminent poets, who in the main were rather more distinguished by the shortness of their lives than by their poetry, found that the average duration of their lives was forty-three years. The London Critic asks—how is it that sensitively organized men like poets are undoubtedly shorter lived than reasoners like mathematicians and lawyers? How, again, is it that in tropical climates where imagination is so much more highly developed than reasoning, life is comparatively so short, while exactly the contrary is the case in colder regions? The inquiry is an interesting one, and has not yet been solved.

The latest of the French *Annales* were long lived; two-thirds of them passed the age of seventy-six; and as many attained the age of ninety as died under sixty.

The healthful influences of a literary life are seen in the cases of many of the most noted females in the annals of English literature who have lived to an old age. Mrs. Inchbald died at the age of 67 years, Lady Morgan at 70, Mrs. Holland and Jane Porter at 74, Mrs. Chapman at 75, Mrs. Sherwood at 77, Regina Maria Roche at 80, Mrs. Piozzi and Barbauld at 82, Mrs. Opie at 88, Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Carter at 89, Jane West at 93, Harriet Lee at 95, and Caroline L. Herschell at 97.—Evening Transcript.

### INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always a little higher; but good articles always spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon health.

Of the West India sugar and molasses the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good.

Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine substance; there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed and graduated sugars, than we should first suppose.

Butter that is made in September and October is the best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best.

Rich cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is out, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it wipe it off with a dry cloth.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool dry place.

The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

The small white sage, called the pearl-sage, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. This article, and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered.

To select nutmegs, pick them with a pin. If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

Keep coffee by itself, as the odor affects other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister.

Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of linen.

The cracked cocoa is best; but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good.

Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and not used until three months old.

To thaw frozen potatoes, put them in hot water.

To thaw frozen apples, put them in cold water.

Neither will keep after being frozen.—Housekeepers' Friend.

Shortly after the battle of Princeton, a witty Scotchman amused himself by writing a humorous ballad upon it, which so stung one of the officers, who had behaved very badly on this occasion, that he sent the poet a challenge to meet him at H—, for mortal combat. The second found the farmer busy with his pitchfork, to whom he delivered the challenge of the redoubtable officer. The good humored farmer turning towards him, with his agricultural implement in his hand coolly said:—

"Gang awa back to Mester Smith, and tell him I hae nae time to come to H— to give him satisfaction, but if he likes to come here, I will just do as he did, I will run awa'."

### THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE CONSUMPTION.—Consumption originates in all latitudes—from the equator, where the mean temperature is eighty degrees, with slight variation, to the higher portion of the temperate zone, where the mean temperature is forty degrees, with sudden and violent changes. The opinion, long entertained, that it is peculiar to cold and humid climates, is founded on error. Far from this the conclusion that consumption is more prevalent in tropical than in temperate countries. Consumption is rare in the Arctic regions, in Siberia, Iceland, the Faroe Islands, the Orkneys, Shetlands and Hebrides. And in confirmation of the opinion that it decreases with the decrease of temperature, it is shown from extensive data, that in northern Europe it is most prevalent at the level of the sea, and that it decreases with the increase of elevation to a certain point. It is uniformly more fatal in cities than in the country. Mr. Hall, of the Journal of Health, says of his consumptive friends: "You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone, physic has no nutriment, gasping for air cannot cure you—If you want to live well go in for beef and out-door air, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certifies."

An editor wanting a line to fill up the column, gave—  
"Shoot folly as she flies."—Pope.  
In setting up the above, the devil had it thus:  
"Shoot Polly as she flies, Jap."

"Papa, why don't they give the telegraph wires a dose of gin?"  
"Why, my child?"  
"Cause the papers say they're out of order, and mamma always takes gin when she's out of order."

An old maid being asked to subscribe for a paper, declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it.

A young lady says the reason she carries a parasol is, that the sun is of the masculine gender, and she cannot withstand his ardent glances.

### VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Clearfield Bar—Isaac Johnson, John W. Shugart, Jefferson Lutz, Bartol Stamp, Jas. L. Leavy.

Corwagonsville Bar—Cortez Bloom, Jacob Faust, Henry Kerns, William Chambers, Abraham Gates.

Lumber City—William Wright, James Crossly, Branson Davis.

New Washington—Joseph McMurray, Joseph H. Breth, John M. Cummings.

Bradford—S. P. Wilson, Ephraim Shirey, Alex. Force, Thomas Rley.

Bloom—Gainer Bloom, James Bloom, D. W. Chilson, John Cleaver.

Bell—Will Gilfert, Jacob Campbell, John Ross, jr., Henry McGhee, Robert Melahy.

Beccaria—Samuel Shoff, Geo. W. Caldwell, Wm. R. Dickinson.

Boggs—Charles Sloan, L. W. Manson, George Dimeling.

Brady—Dr. T. Jeff. Boyer, Lever Fliegel, Esq., Wm. Schween, John C. Reed, James C. Barrett.

Burnside—John King, jr., John Young, Jacob Breth, James McMurray, Fred Shephard.

Covington—Patrick Hegarty, Solomon Maury, John J. Picard.

Chest—Henry Ilard, T. F. Dunbar, D. Gorman.

Decatur—Richard Hughes, Cyrenus Field, John Shaw, John A. Thompson, Cyrenus How.

Ferguson—James Straw, George E. Tubbs, Fox—James McClelland, N. M. Brockway.

Goshen—Thompson Reed, G. W. Gates, R. G. Shaw, S. L. Reems.

Graham—Edmund Dale, Levi Hubler, John Holt.

Girard—Alexander Livingston, M. L. Coutrick.

Gudich—John Jordan, John Whiteside, Benj. Stephens.

Horton—Martin Tyler, Hiram Woodward, Saml. Conoway.

Jordan—David McKeehan, Ferdinand Schoening, Jas. Patterson, jr.

Knox—D. E. Mokol, Lewis Erhart, William Witherow, B. S. Roberts.

Karlsruhe—John Gilliland, L. Hartline, John G. Hall.

Pike—Miles Welch, John Dunlap, R. Freeman, Darius Ritter, John Hancock.

Lawrence—Samuel Clyde, M. F. Wallace, William J. Hemphill, John A. Reed, Herman Rowles, John Dale.

Morris—Jerry McCartney, John J. Miller, Andrew Hunter, J. W. Stranford, John Hooper.

Penn—David T. Sharp, John H. Rowles, Elijah Moore, R. Danvers, jr., Thomas Hoover.

Union—Wm. L. Horn, P. H. Boze, Henry Whitehead.

Wadsworth—Thomas Henderson, James Alexander, Robert Witherow.

The primary elections will be held on the 11th day of August, 1860, at the places where the General Elections is usually held, except the borough of Clearfield and Lawrence tp., which will be held in the Store room formerly occupied by Judge Shaw. The Committee will be careful in keeping a list of the voters and must compare with the tally. After the votes have been counted, the tally papers must be signed by a majority of the Committee, when one of the Committee will be appointed return-Judge, who will bring the tally paper and the list of votes, in their respective townships, and will meet in the borough of Clearfield, at the place of holding the election, on Tuesday, August 14th, 1860, to compare tally and declare the nominations.

By order of the Standing Committee,  
D. F. Etzweiler, Chairman.