

Clearfield Republican.



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PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1861.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.—NO 52.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The Celebration at Luthersburg.

The 85th Anniversary of our American Independence was celebrated by the citizens of Brady and Union townships, in the beautiful grove on Cream Hill, east of Luthersburg. The day was ushered in by firing of salutes—music, &c., at an early hour. At 11 o'clock the ceremonies of the day were commenced by electing Rev. John Flegal, of Pennville President; and Isaac Lines and Andrew Wilson, Vice Presidents; Levi Flegal and Jas. C. Barrett, Secretaries. Prayer was offered by the President, and the Declaration of Independence read by J. C. Barrett. The oration was delivered by Dr. T. J. Boyer—after which a sumptuous dinner was announced, and freely partaken of—after clearing away the table, the following resolutions were read by the Chairman of the Committee, and heartily responded to by the meeting, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The present being an important era in the history of our country—whereby good men and patriots must contemplate with mingled emotions of fear and hope, as they glance at the past and the present—beholding the dark clouds which have long threatened, hanging heavily over us, ready at any moment to burst in all its horrors upon us—and whereas, instead of peace and prosperity attending us which are characteristic of a great and growing nation, we have agitation, discord and actual war—as the order of the day—therefore

Resolved, That we sincerely hope that the cause of disunion, discord and division, which now exists among us, and not only divides us as a people, but distracts our national councils—may speedily be removed, and that the public mind may again become settled in the contemplation of subjects more consistent with the dignity, and more essential to the prosperity and happiness of a great and growing Nation.

Resolved, That while our Nation is undergoing the mighty throes of dissolution and anarchy, of the memories Henry, Lafayette and others—should prompt every sincere patriot to deeds of high and lofty daring, in order to save it from the threatened destruction, and the descent into the patriot sires from the seeming ingratitude of being recreant to their solemn bequest.

Resolved, That as American citizens we have to more high or holy ambition than the strict maintenance of the Constitution, and the near dying glory of the Stars and Stripes.

Resolved, That the anniversary of our national birth day ought to be held the most sacred of all days in the calendar, by every American citizen.

Resolved, That we extend the hand of brotherly love and fraternity to all Union men throughout our distracted land, East, West, North, and South.

Resolved, That we hail with emotions of anxiety and hope the meeting of the National Congress to-day, and ardently hope that in its wisdom, prompted by a broad and enlarged patriotism, it may adopt some measures by and through which a speedy and permanent peace will again be extended to our distracted land.

Resolved, That abolition fanatics and sectarian editors, equally deserve our censure and contempt.

Resolved, That our patriotic army of the Union, now in the field, are entitled to our sympathy and support, in putting down armed rebellion to our Constitution and Federal laws.

REGULAR TOASTS.
May the name of General Washington be handed down to posterity, and his glorious deeds be remembered while the orb of light continues to shine upon this terrestrial ball.

This day—May it be proudly and gratefully remembered as the birthday of a Nation, to be forgotten only with the last expiring sentiments of a love for Liberty. The signers of the Declaration of Independence—Their was neither a dark conspiracy, nor a shameful combination for the attainment of guilty ends by unwarrantable means.

The never dying memory of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and all the Revolutionary heroes—who assisted either with the pen, or the sword, to rend the yoke of tyranny. They will ever hold a place in the hearts of the freeminded throughout the civilized world.

The memory of Andrew Jackson, the Iron Man of American history, who silenced by the thunder of his cannon the ruffian cry of beauty & booty, and paid the checks of timely time server's by the daring declaration, "I take the responsibility."

The President of the United States. The Governor of Pennsylvania. The memory of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster—bright names in American history.

Liberty—That divine principle that has sanctified its truth and justice on the hills and valleys of the new world, and burns bright and undying beneath the smouldering ashes of the old.

The memory of the gallant dead—whose heroic deeds are enrolled in the pages of immortal fame, and whose names are emblazoned in the records of our Revolutionary annals. May their actions be the guiding star of all true American citizens.

The late Senator Douglas—His illustrious name and memory will be cherished in the heart of every loyal and Union loving American citizen.

Gen. Scott—Our honored military chief—his always victorious, may lasting Union and peace crown his last great patriotic effort.

The day we celebrate—May Liberty and free institutions progress and predominate until Bigotry, intolerance, and oppression, be strangled out of existence, and the fourth of July be held as a day sacred to virtuous freedom, to enlightened reason, and to innocent joy.

The fair sex—Their beauty, virtue and chastity; are the strongest incitement to valor, patriotism and enterprise.

The working men of our country, the plough, the loom, and the anvil, are far more honorable badges, than all the stars and garters ever invented by purse proud aristocracy.

The fair sex—Their beauty, virtue and chastity; are the strongest incitement to valor, patriotism and enterprise.

GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC.
Rev. Flegal, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Barrett were each in their turn called on, and responded to the request of the meeting in speeches replete with sound sentiments and patriotic allusions.

The utmost harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout the entire day.

And too much praise cannot be bestowed on Capt. Lines, Chief Marshal, and his active and energetic assistants, G. W. Long and James Irvin for their untiring zeal and industry on the occasion to render the day harmonious and pleasant.—The thanks of the celebration are especially due to the Ladies, for the very excellent and sumptuous dinner prepared, and the beautiful decorations in the grove, made by their hands, and last though not least, we would particularly tender our thanks to Messrs. J. Hamilton, A. Irvin, W. T. Hamilton, A. Pentz and Masters Wilsons for their very excellent music given during the day.

The company adjourned with three hearty cheers for the Stars and Stripes.

Luthersburg, July 4th 1861.

DR. T. J. BOYER.

Don Sir:—The undersigned committee would respectfully solicit a copy of your very able and patriotic address, delivered at the Union Celebration on Cream Hill, for publication.

Respectfully yours,
ISAAC LINES } Com.
AND W. WILSON }
G. W. LONG.

Luthersburg, Pa. }
July, 6th 1861.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in receipt of your note of the 4th inst., asking for a copy of the address delivered by me on that occasion. In complying with your request I have to regret that the few and incomplete notes, which I have of that address, will not enable me to furnish you with a full report. I take great pleasure, however, in sending you herewith, the best copy I can make. Hoping that it will meet your approbation, I have the honor to be very

Truly your
Ob't Serv't

T. J. BOYER.

To Messrs Lines, Wilson and Long, Committee of Cream Hill Celebration.

ADDRESS OF DR. T. J. BOYER.

Delivered at the Union Celebration at Luthersburg, July 4th 1861.

I have somewhere read a beautiful story of an eastern maiden parting from her betrothed. His pathway was across the trackless ocean. She stood by the far-reaching sea and watched with straining eyes the vessel that bore away her life, her joy, her all. When night set in, she launched upon the dark sea a shell containing a lighted taper. She watched it long and anxiously, as it floated far out on the water. If, amid the tossing of the waves, the taper remained burning, it was significant of her lover's safe return; but if it was extinguished, all was lost. Today, just eighty-five years have passed since the fathers of this republic launched upon the dark and stormy sea of political life a bark freighted with the hopes and destinies of millions, panting for freedom. They stood by the shore, and with anxious solicitude, watched its course—for they had pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor for its safety. The crew of that ship were men of iron nerves, and chivalrous hearts.—They were the weather-beaten tars of a cruel despotism, seeking the haven of freedom. On the Yard Arm of this craft hung thirteen lights; these were her beacons. If, amid the mighty heavings of the elements, they remained burning, all was well; but if they were extinguished, all was lost. The builders of this noble old ship appealed to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe for the rectitude of their intentions, and prayed for the interposition of His mighty arm for its safety.

Millions of the old world, who had heard of this ship, bid it a hearty God speed. Long and anxiously it was watched. The black waves of despotism were washed into a relentless fury about her—wave after wave rolled over her—the sea yawned around her like a perfect hell—the timbers shrank—the brave stood still. But look you! She has withstood the shock of the waves. The sea rolled over her in vain. The thirteen lights are still burning at the yard arm. Mutiny was engendered in that crew, and a traitor, named Benedict Arnold, was employed to scuttle her. But thank God, one George Washington, the master of that ship, defeated the dastard. She sailed on despite the perils of nakedness and starvation.—The heroism of that crew knew no bounds, they laughed at the winds and mocked the waves; and on a bright morning, after a six years cruise, safely landed that noble ship in the harbor—her flags still flying, and her thirteen lights still burning.

If there is one day then, which should be held sacred by every American citizen, that day is the one we celebrate; if there is one day, the memory of which should be forever perpetuated, that day is the 4th of July 1776; for then it was that our Revolutionary sires, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, to exert every power, and to use every exertion, to achieve the independence of the thirteen Colonies, and to be forever

free from the thralldom of British tyranny.

It, perhaps, may not be amiss, in this connection, Mr. President, to advert for a few moments to some of the causes which led to the determination of separating from the mother country. Even as early as the year 1763, Lord Greenville proposed to the American agent, then in London, that it was the determination of the British Government to draw a revenue from the colonies, which however he did not propose to parliament until 1765. It was a duty upon stamps. By this act, no written instrument could be legal unless executed upon stamped paper, which was sold by British agents at extravagant prices, and such was the determination of the British government to fasten this odious law upon the Colonies, that those who violated it were subject to severe penalties, exorbitant fines, and to harass them still more, a marine court was established which made the Colonies liable to be called to trial to distant provinces, even when no special crime had been alleged against them; and many, according to that noble old Declaration which has just been read in your hearing, were sent to England to be tried for pretended offences, and even denied the right of a jury. Immediately in connection, or rather as a supplement to this law, an act was passed for sending troops to America, the avowed object of which was, to check insubordination; but the ostensible and true object was to force the Americans into a servile submission to these iniquitous enactments. This act establishing military force in the Colonies, obliged the inhabitants of the Colonies, to which they should be sent, to furnish them with quarters, and all necessary supplies. The people petitioned Parliament for a redress of these grievances, and a repeal of these unjust and iniquitous enactments; but their petitions were answered only by adding insult to injury; they addressed the Crown; they conjured him by all his love for his subjects—his interests in the Colonies—and by the evils which threatened him; they entreated him to devise some means by which these laws might not go into effect. But what was the answer of the Crown? Entire submission to its authority, or a forced surrender of all their rights and privileges as British subjects; and instead of attempting any amelioration of their condition, connived at new schemes, the tendency of which was still further to enslave, harass and disturb the peace of the Colonies, and other laws and usurpations just as grievous to be borne, were enacted shortly after; laws, Sir, the provisions of which looked as if they had been concocted in the regions of despair, and the supporters and framers thereof to be men who had received their instructions from the Prince of darkness, himself. The inhabitants of the Colonies determined that no law like the Stamp Act should go into effect. Measures were taken to prevent the agents from attempting the distribution of Stamps. They disturbed the populace, broke the windows and destroyed the furniture of one Andrew Oliver, the proposed distributor of Stamps in Boston, and forced him to sign a pledge that he would have no concern in the execution of the obnoxious statute. In New Haven Mr. Ingersoll was forced to make the same pledge. In fact, so obnoxious was the law, that on the first day of November, the day on which the act was to go into effect, was ushered in by tolling of bells as for a funeral procession, and signs of mourning and sorrow appeared throughout all the Colonies.—The courts suspended business, and persons having suits before court withdrew them by common consent, and submitted to reference, rather than to purchase one stamp; for by so doing they believed they should be surrendering the principles which they denied, or tacitly acknowledging the right which the government claimed, of taxing the Colonies without allowing them representation, or asking their consent, although the Crown and its minions were determined to enslave the Colonies and dark and portentous clouds overshadowed the country. But a few shining lights, such as Pitt, Camden and Barr, stood forth, the champions of America, the advocates of freedom. Their patriotism shines pre-eminent on the historic page, and their memories will be perpetuated while liberty has one single refuge on this globe.

Lord Camden denied the right of taxing the Colonies without commensurate representation, and in one of his able speeches in behalf of the American Colonies said: "Taxation and representation are inseparable. It is an eternal law of nature, whatever is a man's own, is absolutely his own; and no man, or no government, has a right to take it away from him. Whoever attempts to do it, does an injury; whoever does it commits a robbery." I trust it is unnecessary for me to enter into a minute recital of each act of usurpation committed by Great Britain towards the Colonies. Suffice it to say, that immediately after the repeal of the Stamp Act Charles Townsend proposed to Parliament another method of raising revenue from the Colonies, viz: by taxing all glass, tea, paper, paints, colors, &c., which were imported. This was also strongly opposed throughout the entire length and breadth of the land, and the consequence was that military force was sent from England, to enforce submission to the law of taxing the Colonies. In 1775 the military force of Massachusetts were attacked at Lexington and Concord, and during the same year the memorable battle of Bunker Hill occurred—which was indeed the opening of the Revolutionary war; and I know of no better description of the effect produced by that battle than that contained in the following poetic effusion:

"They left their plowshares in the mold,
Their hoes and herds without a fold,
Their sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half garnered on the plain
And mastered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress.
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish or overcome the foe."

After the battle of Bunker Hill, inflammatory and patriotic appeals were made throughout the length and breadth of the land. Fathers and sons left the same homes to fight the same battle. Independence was now the theme which inspired the tongues of Henry, Adams, Otis and hundreds of others. The declaration was made sealed, signed and read from the pulpits, from the house tops, and at the head of the army, and all who heard it were aroused to greater exertions that they might realize the consummation of all their hopes and anticipations, viz: liberty or death—freedom from the thralldom of Great Britain—freedom of speech—FREEDOM OF THE PRESS, and above all freedom to make and to execute their own laws.—But these could only be obtained by fighting, manfully fighting; disputing every inch of ground, and every man to throw himself into the breach, as though he considered himself as an instrument in the hands of Providence to assist in the achievement of a glorious Independence; or as though he considered his life as a voluntary offering upon the altar of American liberty; that whether he might fall amid the carnage of the blood-stained field, or whether he might live to see that independence consummated, he had the cheering consolation that if it was his lot to fall, he fell fighting for his family, his country and his God, that his children might enjoy the advantages of constitutional liberty, and with the emotions of pride, point to the historic page and say, "behold the blood of that parent whose blood now circulates in my veins, was offered as a rich libation at Bunker Hill, at Concord, and Monmouth, at Saratoga or at Yorktown, and that his life was offered up on the shrine of American liberty, that his children might enjoy the blessings which we now possess."

When we take a retrospective view of the Revolutionary struggle, what a scene presents itself for the orator! What an example for our statesmen! Who can think of the sufferings of our bare-footed soldiers at Valley Forge, without dropping a sympathetic tear? Who can recur to the march of Arnold (traitor as he subsequently proved to be) and his little army to Quebec, without admiring the indomitable energy and perseverance of that little band? Who can point to the names of Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Henry, Green, Warren, Wayne, Putnam, Lafayette, and other guiding stars of the Revolution, without admiring their patriotism, their undaunted bravery, their ardent zeal, their heroic sacrifices, their determined hostility to British usurpation, their God like efforts in the achievements of a glorious Independence?

It mattered not whether, in the councils of the nation, or upon the battle field, their motto was "give us liberty or give us death," and who Mr. President, will bear the name of Washington—he who was "first in war, first in peace, and who will ever be first in the hearts of his countrymen"—who can think of his disinterested patriotism—his love of country, his acknowledged prowess—his military skill—his patient perseverance and indefatigable exertions in the cause of our independence; or who can enjoy the blessings which we now enjoy as the fruits of his labors and the consequences of his exalted patriotism, without exclaiming "take him for all in all he was a man; we shall not look upon his like again," "his fame is eternal; his residence creation; his tomb the hearts of his countrymen; and his monuments his country; and while liberty has one single refuge on this globe, the name of WASHINGTON shall be the watchword of all future patriots, and the death knell to tyranny. The day which we now celebrate, was the immediate cause of our independence, and the liberties which we now enjoy its consequences. Is it not right and proper then, and eminently becoming patriots, to give to the names and memories of those who have given us these blessings, no stinted and measured praise? They were no ordinary men, and the deed which they performed in '76, was as original and startling as it has since proved beneficial, and they anticipated that in coming years we would celebrate their achievements with glory and rejoicings; and certainly our keeping of independence day should be enthusiastic and joyous; for when Washington had gained that most important victory at Yorktown, and the army was drawn up to witness the surrender of the defeated foe, he well knew that it would be impossible for us to refuse praise to those who had accomplished so much for us, and therefore he addressed his faithful companions in victory thus, "My brave fellows, let no sensations of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained, induce you to insult your fallen enemy; let no shouting, no clamorous huzzahing, increase their mortification. It is sufficient that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzzah for us;" and loud and hearty should our rejoicings be when we celebrate such glorious deeds. But let it not be expected that this alone shows our patriotism; or that of and by itself it furnishes any ground for present security, or any hope for future national strength.

Let us reverence their memories and their deeds; but let us beware how we receive them for our own inactivity, or urge them as reasons for our own infidelity, or at the worst for the harmlessness of our own misdeeds. "My father was a soldier," says one; but to boast of this is rather your shame than your glory, if in the hour of danger you stand aloof from duty. So, too, in the capacity of a nation, if we say we have Washington, the patriot, for our father, and are but demagogues, more intent to secure mere selfish and party ends than to work out the great idea of our existence, anything less than this will be for our shame and ultimate

dissolution. You may call a blind devotion to party, and boast of having always followed its leaders, a proof of attachment to your country, you may claim that a defence of the acts of any administration, whether it agrees or whether it conflicts with moral principle and right, is an exhibit of patriotism; but in so doing you are only abusing noble words and paying the way for an utter extinction of their true meaning, and an ultimate justification of Dr. Johnson's sentence, that "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel." We must keep this fact distinctly in our minds, or the history of all national failures will find a fearful repetition in the days of our children.

Our national security is based upon, and must proceed from, our devotion and fidelity to our great national idea. Every people have their representative value, and they manifest it by working out through their laws and customs an effort for some special observance. It will not do to say that a departure from the law may, under certain circumstances, be justifiable; we must guard with a miser's vigilance, the great palladium of our liberties, and while we swear to support the Constitution, we must also resolve to fight those who set at it defiance, whether the assault comes from without or from within.

A departure however trifling, and seemingly harmless, will open the door for a future train of evils which must sooner or later, shroud the sun of our glory in endless night.

Look at Greece. Her great mission, at one time was to develop and to beautify art, to cultivate and to polish the human mind. By the Greeks, and by them alone, literature, philosophy and the fine arts were treated as important concerns of State, and employed as powerful engines of policy; hence he was considered the best patriot of ancient Greece, who had the wisest and widest conceptions of the capacities and genius of Greece, and who labored to paint that idea willingly before the national mind, and direct the flame of national aspirations fanned by its heroic memory up to the noblest possibilities of Grecian endurance. But in time Greece became unfaithful to her national idea, and sank into comparative barbarism. In her last days she became sensuous, and divided into fierce factions.—Her occasional flashings of genius were mere imitations of her great originals;—and this ceasing to manifest her real value, she was overthrown by a superior power.

So, too, that most gigantic power that ever overshadowed the earth, old Rome possessed at first and long continued to work out its own idea, virtue, including personal courage, and personal integrity, was its great glory. No nation ever existed on the face of the earth wherein such respect was paid to authority, and such allegiance to honor as in Rome. But after five centuries of iron rule of uninterrupted prosperity, laxity and carelessness crept in, and brought with them, or indeed were of themselves, the seeds of the nation's dissolution and of death. Slowly but surely the work of corruption spread, and wrought out the ruin of the Empire. For four hundred years that colossal frame of iron lay in the death-struggle. Old Rome was hard to die. But at last the nation that had been so noted for its virtue, became as infamous for its destitution of principle, and was blotted out of existence in shame.

These are a few illustrations, Mr. President, but certainly they will suffice to show that there is such a thing as a National Idea, and that the downfall of the nation may be looked for when it ceases to cherish and develop that idea, provided that of itself it is not inconsistent with eternal right. If we are wise we will not believe with the page of history thus open to us that our own nation will be an exception to this hitherto unvarying law. We should rather seek to understand how far we have been true to the obligations we owe our country, and it now evering, either to the right or the left, we may return to that idea, and thus have reason to boast that the patriots who gave it a national existence are our fathers.

It is hardly possible that we should err in determining what our National Idea is. The poorest child has it in its power to read, and to understand it. The hills and valleys of our glorious old Commonwealth have echoed to the steps of some of those from whose pure minds it was fashioned and formed. Only a few hundred miles from here, in the commercial city of Philadelphia, stands the Hall where with firm nerve they pledged life, fortune, and sacred honor, to its defence. There hangs the venerable bell, be ring, as by the inspiration of prophecy, the sentence which tells better than many words could express, the true mission of our country; and in that Hall, ynd around that bell, as by greater than a prophet's shrine numbers from every quarter of our land, and others from far distant shores, daily assembled, foolish and blind are they who in that sacred place, and with the shadows of our fathers standing out from its walls, cannot see, and do not know, the American Idea, and cannot feel a response in their own hearts to its self-evident truth.

But Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, the hands on the dial admonish me that I must close. The position in which we are now placed is one of most fearful suggestions. As we look upon it in the light of history—and I desire not to allude to the present unfortunate state of affairs under which our country is now groaning—my heart sinks within me when I contrast less than one year ago with the present almost hopeless condition of the country. And we are certainly not diminishing its danger by diverting attention for a little while to mere side-issues, and most desirable bond, and he is no true American who can think of it as an

unmeaning and an unimportant blessing. Its importance has been the theme of many discourses for a few years past, and the catch-word of all parties but the mere repetition of its importance, will not secure it, nor make it desirable, if we pay no regard to its condition and its character. It must be Union based on the Idea of the Nation, "LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE;" that is the marriage vow, and that alone can be the marriage bond. We must be true to the very letter and spirit of the institutions of our country, or our Union without it will only increase our shame and hasten our overthrow.

Let me appeal, to you here, in this beautiful grove, sacred for many a patriotic association, additionally enticing by the many beautiful decorations made by the tiny hands of the virtuous and fair ladies who grace this meeting, and with our eyes on heaven and an appeal to God for the sincerity of our intentions to suffer no unholy hand to profane the sacred precepts of our glorious old Constitution, and the cheering hope as long as the Stars spangled banner "waves over the land of free and the home of the brave," this day may be ushered in with thanksgivings and rejoicings, with bonfires and illuminations, and may our country always be an asylum for the distressed from every nation, may her institutions and the principles and the liberties, be the institutions and the principles and the liberties of the habitable globe, and my sincere and ardent prayer to heaven is, that this Union may escape the dark and ominous cloud which now threatens it, and be perpetuated while time exists; and that not one star may be blotted out, nor one single stripe erased from our glorious flag which now waves over our most glorious institutions. Paralyzed and forever blighted be that tongue that dares to utter one word of disunion, and palsied be the arm that would be raised to so mercenary a purpose. Let us know no East, no West, no North, no South. Let us know nothing but the Union and the perpetuation of the Union.

CLEARFIELD COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.
In compliance with the law I proceed to report the condition of the schools in Clearfield county for the school year 1861. The county contains thirty school districts all organized and in operation.

Thirteen new school-houses were built during the past year; this is an improvement in the right direction and confers great credit upon the directors who had them under care; indeed old houses are being replaced by new ones on improved plans and in more desirable locations as fast as the means of the districts will admit. A number of new houses are now under contract, some of which are taken at so low a figure that inferiority in one way or another must be expected; this is improper inasmuch as it is a waste of funds.

Many of our old houses are situated in the most unwholesome places imaginable, and not one in the county, new or old, is enclosed by even the rudest kind of a fence. Shade trees, flowers and shrubbery (except such as nature planted) and other things that would render the school-room attractive, are sadly neglected.

There are but seventeen houses in the county sufficient in all respects to be the training places of youth, according to my standard. Sixty-two defective in many respects, but susceptible by repair or alteration of being made sufficient; fifty-three wholly defective and injurious to the health of our children and youth;—making a total of one hundred and thirty-two houses as shown in the following table:

DISTRICTS.	Number of Houses.	Built in 1861.	Number of Pupils in all respects.	Defective near by every way.
1. Beecoria, . . .	7	0	0	1
2. Bell, . . .	7	0	0	3
3. Bloom, (now dist.), . . .	5	1	1	2
4. Boggs, . . .	3	1	0	2
5. Bradford, . . .	6	0	1	4
6. Brady, . . .	10	0	6	4
7. Burnside, . . .	9	1	1	7
8. Chest, . . .	10	0	6	4
9. Clearfield, . . .	1	0	0	2
10. Covington, . . .	5	0	1	4
11. Curwensville, . . .	1	0	1	0
12. Decatur, . . .	6	1	1	4
13. Ferguson, . . .	4	1	0	2
14. Fox, . . .	4	0	6	1
15. Girard, . . .	3	2	1	1
16. Goshee, . . .	4	1	1	1
17. Graham, . . .	4	0	6	3
18. Gulick, . . .	5	0	0	2
19. Huston, . . .	3	0	2	1
20. Jarman, . . .	3	0	0	2
21. Karlhaus, . . .	2	0	0	2
22. Knox, . . .	4	1	1	2
23. Lawrence, . . .	11	2	3	5
24. Lumber city, . . .	1	0	1	0
25. Morris, . . .	6	0	1	5
26. New Washington, . . .	1	0	0	0
27. Penn, . . .	4	1	1	2
28. Pike, . . .	7	0	0	2
29. Union, . . .	3	0	0	2
30. Woodward, . . .	3	0	0	1
132	13	17	62	53

One new house in Burnside, one in Chest, one in Decatur, one in Girard, one in Goshee, one in Knox, one in Lawrence, and one in Penn deserve particular notice for their neatness and good arrangement; they are built of plank, weatherboarded and painted on the outside; plastered with mortar or lined with boards and painted on the inside; are well seated and have an abundance of blackboard surface, one end being without windows for that purpose; they however as well as all our other houses, are destitute of nearly every other essential article for conducting well regulated schools, such as globes, maps, charts, blocks and such like things. Our school buildings are also entirely destitute