



MIFFLINTOWN, Wednesday Morning, July 10, 1872.

B. F. SCHWEIER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT. GENERAL U. S. GRANT, OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT. HON. HENRY WILSON, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

FOR GOVERNOR. GEN. JOHN F. HARTRANT, OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE. HON. ULYSSES MERCUR, OF BRADFORD COUNTY.

FOR AUDITOR GENERAL. GEN. HARRISON ALLEN, OF WARREN COUNTY.

FOR CONGRESSMEN AT LARGE. GEN. HARRY WHITE, of Indiana. GEN. LEMUEL TODD, of Cumberland.

DELEGATES AT LARGE TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

WM. M. MERRITT, Philadelphia. J. GILLINGHAM FELL, Philadelphia. GEN. HARRY WHITE, Indiana. GEN. WILLIAM LULLY, Carbon. HENRY BARPHOLEMEW, Schuylkill. H. N. MALINSTER, Centre. WILLIAM DANIEL, Monroe. JAMES L. REYNOLDS, Lancaster. SAMUEL E. DIMMICK, Wayne. GEORGE V. LAWRENCE, Washington. DAVID N. WHITE, Allegheny. W. H. AINSY, Lehigh. JOHN H. WALKER, Erie.

GEN. P. ROWELL & CO., 40 Park Row, New York.

S. M. PETTEGILL & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y. Are our sole agents in that city, and are authorized to contract for advertising at our lowest rates. Advertisers in that city are requested to leave their favors with either of the above houses.

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE.

Republican Primary Election.

At a meeting of the Republican County Committee, held according to previous notice, at Wills' Hotel, in Mifflintown, on Saturday, July 6, 1872, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Primary Election be held at the usual places on SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1872.

Between the hours of 2 and 7 o'clock P. M., and that the Return Judges meet at the Court House, in Mifflintown, on MONDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1872, at 10 o'clock P. M.

Resolved, That the manner of electing Return Judges, and the qualifications of voters be the same as prescribed and carried out last year.

Resolved, That John A. Gallaher and John Mizer be and they are hereby appointed members of the County Committee, to represent Walker township, and G. R. Henderson to represent Patterson borough, in place of J. W. Zicker and L. W. Steiner, of Walker, and Samuel H. Brown, of Patterson, who are no longer residents of these districts.

JOHN BALSACHI, Pres. ALEX. WOODWARD, Sec'y.

Philadelphia proposes to establish a zoological garden.

Harvard has conferred an L. L. D. upon President Grant.

The Geneva Arbitration adjourned on the 26th of June to meet on the 15th inst.

The Circuit Court in session at Knoxville, Tennessee, adjourned on the 15th of June to see a circus pass.

It is political heresy to declare that the State ticket may be defeated in October and the National ticket elected in November.

To-day Greeley and Brown will in all probability be nominated by the Democratic National Convention now in session at Baltimore.

Mr. Buckalew belongs to that class of politicians that dishonored labor in the South and sympathized with rebels when they attempted to dishonor it in the North.

The Labor Reform candidates for President and Vice President, Judge Davis and Governor Parker, have withdrawn from the political arena. That puts the Labor Reform ticket out of the way.

One hundred and seven convicts in the State Prison of Connecticut have petitioned the Legislature that State to pass a more stringent anti-liquor law. Their fall from respectability and honesty is chiefly owing to the use of liquor.

The Geneva arbitrators on the 25th of June, finally concluded to exclude the indirect or consequential damages claims, upon the grounds that such indirect claims do not constitute, upon the principles of international law, a good foundation for awards of damages between nations.

Mr. Buckalew is one of those quiet dignified politicians, who do not in their external conduct exhibit the subtlety of their nature. He is a great political manipulator, a good deal after the James Buchanan school, and if he had been in the Presidential chair instead of Buchanan, he would have exhibited the same weakness as did Buchanan. Fill up the Northern States with governors of this class, and put Horace Greeley into the Presidential Chair, and no man can tell how far back national affairs will be turned in favor of the rebels and their friends.

Editorial Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN July 4, 1872.

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Patterson was unusually quiet, and uttered no sounds, only those that proceeded from the movements of cars, yet it is a question if her citizens were in the enjoyment of sweet sound sleep in a temperature engendered by the heat of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade as the thermometer indicated during the preceding day.

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Lewistown, Huntingdon and other towns along the line seemed so quiet that we were impressed with the belief that they were trying to get cool and a little rest.

The early grey of the morning showed itself plainly as we opened our eyes from a drowsy state when the train stopped at Tyrone. Here cannon were loudly pealing, and small arms sharply rattling—the first evidence that we heard since our start that the birthday of this Nation, the best educated, most liberal, most enterprising, best and greatest people in the earth, had again returned.

We walked out onto the platform in time to see the car in front of the one in which we rode, discharge a couple of dozen of men, most of whom appeared as if a coffee-stained naturalization paper might easily find a lodgment in their pockets until election time. We wondered whether their destination was Clearfield county.

In due time Altoona was reached. The same evidence of joy for the return of the national birthday that we heard at the town below, here also greeted the ears. By the time the train started away from this young city daylight had fairly come. The passengers, however, did not put themselves out of all shapes until the train had fairly commenced to climb the mountain. Then as if by a magnetic touch they were all awake and gazing with bright and eager eyes upon the wooded and undulating mountain scenery of the Alleghenies, as the train sped toward the summit, drawn by three engines.

The trip up the mountain and the distance to Cresson seemed short, and there the grandeur of the ride ends. How quiet everything appeared just then and there. How delicious was the cool of the mountain height of a half mile perpendicular above the level of the sea. It was like passing from physical discomfort to physical comfort. And while in a half wakeful state were imagining the delights of a sojourn there during the hot months of summer, the tireless iron horse sped on toward the summit, over it and down the western side of the mountain to Johnstown.

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The regular ceremonies in honor of the day took place in a large hall on the Cambria County Fair Ground located on the bank of the Conemaugh river, three miles above Johnstown.

When we entered the town there was no thought further distant from our mind than that we would witness, any of the ceremonies of the day excepting what we might accidentally pass on the streets; but we caught the infection and before we had time seriously to excuse ourselves, we were seated with a friend in the carriage of Virgil C. Elder, Esq., Manager of the mechanical works located here, and hurriedly driven up along the river over the bed of the old portage road to the fair ground, and around its broad and smooth half mile track to the Hall. Here the day was observed with appropriate ceremonies, opening with the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Howard J. Roberts, Cashier of the First National Bank of Johnstown, and an oration by Cyrus

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It was twelve o'clock midnight, when we stepped out of our door and started for the railroad. We passed down Bridge street. A whistle or two from some parties about the north west corner of the Court House square, a queer shuffling noise in the alley above professional office row, and noises of a similar character from the vicinity of the Odd Fellows Hall were all the sounds that broke the stillness of the morning of the new born natal day.

Patterson was unusually quiet, and uttered no sounds, only those that proceeded from the movements of cars, yet it is a question if her citizens were in the enjoyment of sweet sound sleep in a temperature engendered by the heat of a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, in the shade as the thermometer indicated during the preceding day.

The train was on time 12.26. We stepped aboard, and entered the rear end of a car. The odor that greeted us was such as only 40 or 50 sweltering human beings spontaneously produce in a railroad car at midnight of one of the hottest days that midsummer can produce. We did not take a rear end seat, neither a seat in the middle of the car, but we hastened to the front end and took the seat nearest the door so that when the car would move the bad breath of a car full of people asleep would not constantly be blowing into our face to be inhaled. We opened the window when the car started, and allowed the air and engine soot to blow freely over us; it was much more preferable than the atmosphere in the car. A puff or two from the engine, a few stout jerks, and we were off. Up, up they go. We say up, because the grade is continually up, until the top of the Alleghenies are reached.

Lewistown, Huntingdon and other towns along the line seemed so quiet that we were impressed with the belief that they were trying to get cool and a little rest.

The early grey of the morning showed itself plainly as we opened our eyes from a drowsy state when the train stopped at Tyrone. Here cannon were loudly pealing, and small arms sharply rattling—the first evidence that we heard since our start that the birthday of this Nation, the best educated, most liberal, most enterprising, best and greatest people in the earth, had again returned.

We walked out onto the platform in time to see the car in front of the one in which we rode, discharge a couple of