

THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, MARCH 23, 1854.

FOR GOVERNOR, WILLIAM BIGLER. FOR SUPREME JUDGE, JEREMIAH S. BLACK. FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER, HENRY S. MOTT.

OUR STATE TICKET.

Want of room last week compelled us to omit such notice of the nominees of the State Convention, as the importance of their position justly requires—for, when candidates are named for important political stations, the people cannot too soon learn who they are, and what are their antecedents. The Convention was one of the most harmonious, and came together, deliberated and separated, with a greater singleness of purpose, than any similar Convention that has been held in our State for years; and thus acting, they but reflected the well known wishes of the party in all quarters of the State.

Gov. Bigler comes before the people for re-election to a station which he has filled with very distinguished ability, with what may be fairly called the unanimous approbation of the party to which he belongs, for it is not claimed that the five delegates who voted for Judge Bell, did so out of hostility to Gov. Bigler. This is a mark of confidence in our Chief Executive officer, we believe for the first time manifested in our State—and it is no more than was richly merited by his unremitting industry and attention to the wants and interests, as well as the boldness and vigor with which he has been ever ready to vindicate the honor and assert and preserve the rights of our good old Commonwealth. For this the people honor him, and for this they will manifest their gratitude by re-electing him by a majority even greater than that given to the Democratic State ticket last fall.

Judge Black is known wherever the fame of the Supreme Court of our State has reached—wherever known, he is but too respected and esteemed as one of the brightest intellects and purest hearts that our country can boast of. He was elected in 1831, at the first election of Supreme Court Judges, and drew the three year's term. His nomination for re-election was an act of the clearest justice to the man, honorable to the people, and will prove advantageous to the Judiciary.

Henry S. Mott, the candidate for Canal Commissioner, is a citizen of Pike county, being part of what is well known as the glorious Tenth Legion—a Congressional district which is always good for ten thousand Democratic majority. Mr. Mott has served several years in the legislature, is a man of talents and fine business qualifications, and unquestioned integrity and honesty. Perhaps very few men are better calculated for this most responsible and highly important station.

THE WHIG STATE TICKET.

The Whigs, contrary to what is believed to have been the advice of the cooler, and therefore clearer, heads of that party, held a Convention at Harrisburg last week, and nominated a full State Ticket. Their candidates are, for Governor, James Pollock, of Northumberland. Mr. Darsie of Allegheny, for Canal Commissioner, and D. W. Smyser, of York, for Judge of the Supreme Court.

These are all gentlemen of respectable talents; but as politicians they are identified with every exploded dogma of the Whig party for the last thirty years. Who ever heard of a more violent Whig than James Pollock? But he is a Whig and nothing else—and in nominating him the party really deserve credit, for he cannot say, as Johnston did, that he "is as good a Democrat as any man."

As for Darsie. Why he is the very essence of Bank Whiggery—and his whole political life shows that he thinks that the best of all governments is that of being governed by the Banks and other monied monopolies. As to Mr. Smyser, he is less known, but it may be taken for granted that he is a fit companion for the others—and as little entitled to the generous confidence of the people.

Clearfield and Tyrone Railroad.

The bill to incorporate the Clearfield and Tyrone railroad company, which passed the House some time since, we perceive, passed the Senate also on the 19th inst., and will without doubt receive the sanction of the Governor. To ensure the speedy construction of this road it only requires the proper exertion on the part of the citizens of our county, which we trust will be made.

In consequence of a failure in the receipt of paper, (expected on Tuesday evening), we are compelled to issue the Republican this week on a half sheet, in which, however, we present some interesting and exciting news. Should there be a flood in our river during the present

ensuing week, of which the weather at this time augurs strongly, our subscribers must excuse us if no paper should be issued next week, as the editor will be absent on the river, and one of his hands is unable to work from sickness.

Those of our lumbermen who were fortunate in getting to market during the late rise in the river, bring back the most flattering news in relation to the prices paid for lumber—particularly square timber. So anxious were the merchants to buy, we are told, that they even met our lumbermen at Lock Haven, where they paid in some cases, as high as 13, 14 and even 15 cents per cubic foot for pine timber. Not more than one half the lumber of our county intended for market this spring has been started as yet. Of those who did start, many would be compelled to tie up we fear, before they reached their destination.

On the early part of this week, we are informed that an affray took place between a couple of colored gentlemen of our town, in a small building on the bank of the river. After battering, or trying to batter each other over the pate with chairs, and finding the weapons were likely to prove insufficient to injure so hard a piece of human nature, one of the combatants drew a pistol, and the other being unarmed fled. It is said that the person with the pistol actually fired at the other. Whether he fired or not he must have entertained the opinion that he had either killed or scared his opponent to death, as he has left and has not been seen or heard of since.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, March 13, 1854.

The seizure of the American steamer Black Warrior, and the confiscation of her cargo by the authorities of Havana, is now, and has been for several days, the leading topic of discussion—and well it may be, for the outrage was of the grossest character, and may lead to the most serious consequences. The case briefly stated, is this:—The Black Warrior is one of a regular line of steamers plying between New-York and the Isthmus, touching at Havana. On this occasion, she had 100 bales of cotton in her hold, and entered in "ballast." This it is said, they are able to prove, has been her custom always heretofore. But an old law of Spain, long out of use, has lately been brought to light, by which the Black Warrior should have entered in "transit." It has been the custom to take out papers, sometimes two or three days before the arrival of each vessel, called "entrance" and "clearance" papers. This is done by the Agent there, for the purpose of preventing unnecessary delay, as the custom house is closed on Sundays and feast days. On this occasion, however, the authorities refused to let her depart, on the ground of informality in the manifest, stating that she should have entered in transitu, instead of ballast. Another regulation of the port allows twelve hours for the correction of any informality or error in the manifest. But this was refused on the ground she had already cleared. Captain Bullock, the commander of the Black Warrior, when all efforts to bring the authorities to a just sense of their duties failed—and the efforts of the American Consul, the Agent of the Company, and others, had been called in to requisition—hailed down his flag, and he and his officers and crew abandoned the vessel, as soon as the first bale of cotton was taken out of her hold. The question now to be settled, is, whether the Spanish authorities were justified in seizing the vessel under an obsolete law, without having first given notice in some form or other that such law was revived, and would be enforced. That such notice is required by the laws of nations, is well settled. If a thorough investigation of the whole case, verifies the facts as above stated, the United States cannot do less than demand redress in the most summary manner. All kinds of rumors are afloat concerning the action of government. A message from the President to Congress has been announced every day this week, yet nothing of the kind has yet appeared. A motion was made in the House looking to the suspension of the operation of our neutrality laws as regards Spain. The last phase of the matter is, that the Cuban authorities have despatched a special messenger to Washington, tendering the most ample apology, and offering to make restitution, and pay all damages. Upon the heels of this, is another report—the United States Steamer Princeton has been despatched from New York to Cadiz, to demand satisfaction of the Spanish Court.

The proceedings of Congress for the last week, possesses unusual interest. In the House, two bills, one for the granting of public lands in aid of the construction of railroads in Minnesota, and the other to Wisconsin for the same purpose, have been laid upon the table by close votes. They may both come up again, but from present indications, if any, or any other of a similar nature, pass, it will be by a very small majority. At least until the Pacific railroad question shall be disposed of.

The Senate on Monday, passed a bill granting a certain portion of the public lands to the states, for the benefit of the indigent insane. No more laudible object could demand the national liberality. Yet may we not well ask, where is the stopping place in this system of bestowal of the national wealth? There are innumerable meritorious demands for national sympathy and gratitude, and we do not wonder that such faithful guardians of the integrity of the constitution are found in opposition to such munificent donations.

Such, Sir, is the real result and a statement of the facts. It is clear, that having arrived at this point, they must either bring about a definitive understanding or a decided rupture. Your Majesty has given so many proofs of your solicitude for the tranquility of Europe, and by your beneficent influence has so powerfully arrested the spirit of disorder, that I cannot doubt as to the course you will take in the alternative which presents itself to your choice. Should your Majesty be as desirous as myself of a pacific conclusion, what would be more simple than to declare that an armistice shall now be signed, that things shall resume their diplomatic course, that all hostilities shall cease, and that the belligerent forces shall return from the places to which motives of war have led them?

Thus the Russian troops would abandon the Principalities, and our squadrons the Black Sea. Your Majesty, preferring to treat directly with Turkey, might appoint

an Ambassador who could negotiate with a Plenipotentiary of the Sultan a convention which might be submitted to a conference of the Four Powers. Let your Majesty adopt this plan, upon which the Queen of England and myself are perfectly agreed and tranquility will be re-established and the world satisfied. There is nothing in the plan which is unworthy of your Majesty—nothing which can wound your honor; but, if from a motive difficult to understand, your Majesty should refuse this proposal, then France as well as England, will be compelled to leave to the fate of arms and the chances of war that which might now be decided by reason and justice.

Let not your Majesty think that the least animosity can enter my heart. I feel no other sentiments than those expressed by your Majesty yourself in your letter of the 17th of January, 1853, in which you write—"Our relations ought to be sincerely amicable, based, as they are, upon the same intentions—the maintenance of order, the love of peace, respect for treaties, and reciprocal good feeling." This programme is worthy of the Sovereign who traced it, and I do not hesitate to declare that I remain faithful to it.

I beg your Majesty to believe in the sincerity of my sentiments and it is with these sentiments, that I am, sire, your Majesty's good friend. NAPOLÉON.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER AND ROBBERY.—Friday night last, one of the most desperate and daring robberies, connected with an attempt to murder, that has ever been our duty to record, was perpetrated in our midst. Mr. John Hastings, Collector of Customs, who resides in Allegheny city beyond the canal, had taken his supper at about seven o'clock, and stepped out to cross to the collector of tolls of the opposite. There are about twenty stone steps leading down from his lot to the path along the canal. He had descended these nearly to the bottom, when a stout heavy set man, with surcoat coat and cap on, stepped up from the side wall directly in front of him. At the same moment he heard footsteps behind him, and could just glance back to see a large man, wearing a black frock coat and hat, grapple him by the throat with both hands, while one below struck him over the head with a colt or billy. He thinks there was also a third man also struck him. Strangled and stunned by blows, he sunk down insensible, when the ruffians rifled his pockets of three hundred and twenty dollars, a gold watch and keys of the vault and drawers in the custom house. The money consisted of two one hundred dollar bills, two fifty dollar notes and one twenty, all on the Merchants and Manufacturers Bank of Pittsburgh. The villains left him they supposed dead. He must have lain as they left him, nearly three quarters of an hour, when reviving, he crawled to the top of the steps and called for help. His wife and son came out dreadfully alarmed, and procuring assistance from the tolls' office, conveyed him into the house. He was found to be most severely beaten, and it was thought his skull was fractured. Dr. McCook, Sr. was immediately sent for, who at once repaired to the spot, and effected immediate relief. Messengers were sent, also, to warn the watchman at the custom house of the loss of the vault key.

The watchman, Joseph Cupples, was promptly notified, but it appeared the next morning the robbers had profited well by the start they had got, and had entered the vault and abstracted \$10,000 in gold, chiefly twenty dollar pieces, leaving two thousand eight hundred and seventy six dollars scattered over the floor of the vault. The police of this and other cities are on the scent, but as yet no clue is had to the perpetrators of this daring outrage. Quite an excitement prevails throughout the community. A reward of one thousand dollars is offered for the arrest of the robbers and recovery of the stolen money.

THE SLAVERY CLAUSE.—The Nebraska bill, as it passed the Senate, contains the following clause relating to slavery: "That the constitution and all the laws of the United States which are not locally inapplicable, shall have the same force and effect within the said territory of Nebraska, as elsewhere within the United States, except the 8th section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 6th 1820, which being inconsistent with the principle of non-intervention by Congress with slavery in the states and territories, as recognized by the legislation of 1850, commonly called the 'compromise measures,' is hereby declared to be inoperative and void: it being the true intent and meaning of this act, not to legislate slavery into any territory or state, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free, to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the constitution of the United States.—Provided, that nothing contained in this act shall be construed to revive or put in force any law or regulation which may have existed prior to the act of the 6th March, 1820, either protecting, establishing, prohibiting or abolishing slavery."

Joseph Turner has been convicted at Boston, under the new liquor bill of selling a glass of mixed liquor, and fined \$10 and costs, and held to bail in \$1000 not to sell another glass for one year. George Mason was fined \$20 and costs, and sent to the House of Refuge for three months, for selling a glass of brandy. He was also fined \$20 and costs for selling a glass of gin, and \$10 for selling a glass of wine, and put under \$1000 bail not to violate the law for one year. He has appealed.

The Committee on Judiciary in Congress, has been discussing the question of instituting legal proceedings to recover the amounts of money paid in the Gardner affair to Waddy Thompson, Mr. Corwin and others.

MORMON INTERPRETATION.—A good anecdote of Joe Smith is told by the Journal of Commerce, illustrating his exorbitant powers. It was in a conversation which he had with some eastern gentlemen, who made him a visit in Illinois not long before the violent proceedings which resulted in his death. We believe the anecdote was never before in print. The conversation very naturally under the circumstances in which the Mormons were placed, or rather had placed themselves as antagonists to the rest of the state, turned upon the right of self-defence, and Joseph was asked what he thought of the words of the scripture which required him who had been smitten on the one cheek, to turn the other also.

"A very remarkable passage," he answered, "spoke by Jesus himself, strikingly illustrative of his thorough acquaintance with human nature. A man may strike you at first under a mistake, or without intending any harm; and you ought not to strike back immediately, but turn the other cheek and give him an opportunity to explain, or, if he is in earnest repeat the offence. However, you need not turn a third time, but if a man strikes you twice, then into him like a thousand of brick."

A good story was once told of a connoisseur in the fine arts, who said to a friend, "I wish you would come up to my house and see a picture I have just purchased. I wish you to give me your candid opinion of it. A friend of mine, who thinks he's a judge, had the impudence to tell me last night that it was not an original. I should like to hear another man say that it was not an original; I think I should almost be tempted to knock him down! But you come up and see and give me your candid and unbiased opinion of the picture!" Here was "freedom of opinion" with a vengeance; and something like the liberty of action said to have been granted by Col. McLane to the troops under his command before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. They were suffering for provisions and clothing and congress had been repeatedly petitioned for that relief which it was not in their power to bestow. Under these circumstances, Col. McLane paraded his band of suffering soldiers, and harangued them as follows: "Fellow soldiers! you have served your country faithfully and truly. We have fought hard fights together against a hard enemy. You are in a bad way for comfortable clothes, and it always makes me cry to see you tracking your half-frozen bloody feet on the cold icy ground. But Congress can't help it, nor can I. Now if any of you want to return home, to leave the army at such a time as this, you can go. Let those who would like to go step out four paces in front—but—added he—the first man that steps out, if I don't shoot him, my name is not McLane!"

It is needless to add, that not a solitary "volunteer for home" was to be found in the ranks.

Sometime after the peace of 1815, a distinguished officer of the English navy, visited the Constitution, then just new at Boston for a Mediterranean cruise. He went through the ship, accompanied by Captain—of our service. "Well, what do you think of her?" asked the latter after the two had gone through the vessel, and reached the quarter deck again. "She is one of the finest frigates, if not the finest frigate. I ever put my foot on board of," returned the Englishman; "but, as I must find some fault I'll just say, your wheel is one of the clumsiest things I ever saw, and is unworthy of the vessel." Captain— laughed, and then explained the appearance of the wheel, saying, "when the Constitution took the Java, the former's wheel was shot off her. The Java's wheel was fitted on the Constitution to steer with, and although we think it ugly, as you do, we keep it a trophy."

"Good morning, Mr. Smith, on the sick list to-day?" "Yes sir, got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes, shake like thunder." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when; shake every day.—Why do you ask?" "O, nothing in particular, only I thought if you shook bad, I'd like to stand by and see if it wouldn't shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket, which you owe me."

Mr. Smith smiled. "Once on a time, an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other, the Irishman exclaimed: 'You black devil, cry enough! I'll fight till I die!' 'So'll I,' sung out the negro; 'I always does.'" "The following which we find in the 'drawer,' we take to be of Turkish origin. It sounds vastly like Narizim, from whom we have before quoted. 'As a woman was walking a man looked at and followed her.' 'Why,' said she, 'do you follow me?' 'Because,' he replied, 'I have fallen in love with you.' 'Why so?' My sister, who is coming after me, is handsomer than I am. Go and make love to her.' The man turned back and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, 'Why should you tell me a falsehood?' The woman answered, 'Neither did you tell me the truth: for, if you were in love with me, why did you look back for another woman?'"

A boy in Jamaica, was driving a mule the other day, the animal was sullen, stopped, and turned his arched neck upon the boy as in derision and contempt:— "Won't go, won't you? Feel grind, do you? I guess you forget your father was a jack-ass!"

Bacon says justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

Will our young sparks, who are pleased to think of a wife as of an elegant play thing, intended only to dress and dance, visit and spend money, please to look at the following picture of a good wife, drawn by the pencil of Solomon (brush with a touch or two of the American Prov. xxxi.

Verse 10. Behold a virtuous woman, for her price is above rubies. 12. She riseth with the day and prepareth breakfast for her household; yea, before the sun is risen she hath her maidens at work. 13. She seeketh wool and flax and layeth hand willingly to the spindle, while her right hand merrily turneth the wheel. 14. She looketh well to the way of her family, and catcheth not the broad of idleness. 15. By her much industry her cheeks are made ruddy like the rose of Sharon, her nerves are strengthened, so that when she heareth talk of the hysteric, she marvelleth thereat. 16. Her house is the habitation of peace, so that the heart of her husband is refreshed when he entereth into her chamber. 17. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth much cloth to the merchants. 18. Her husband is known in the gates by the fineness of his apparel, for she maketh him clothing of silk and purple. 19. Her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her. 20. Her citizen Bachelor, will you any longer talk about maintaining such a wife as this? And such a wife every good girl in America will make, if married to the lad of her heart.

ONLINE!—Cathern Jane, for the last time, I ax you, will you ave me? "William Henry, no.—If all your pantaloon were lined with gold, I'd still say no. "Cathern Jane! 'ave pity! Call to your mind's heyo the many 'appy days that's past. The strolls we've 'ad—the sparkling foliage of the Park—and more than all, remember my devoted love to you. "Young man 'ad you permitted me, I would have spared you a pang of anguish; but now in all your mental bogosity; recollect you brought it upon yourself! William Henry I love another!"

"May all the parts of his existence which bears any similarity to molasses or sweet, be turned to bitter gall—may he experience all the tortur that I feel now; and at last, when life draws to a close may be rush to meet a fate to which mine's enjoyment. Farewell Cathern Jane, farewell." A splash follows, and silence ensues; a silence that is soon broken by the sound of cars rattling in their car-locks. A voice from the wilderness of darkness shouts forth: "Elio, there darn your night cap, vat are you doin on?" The craft approaches, and then—oh, horrible—turns upon us its course.—Its inhuman guide has discovered that William Henry is in no great danger, for he had jumped into shallow water.

OUR GRANDFATHERS.—I once heard a vain, conceited chap, standing with some fifteen or twenty other fellows, round the most red-hot stove of a country store, one cold winter night, say, that we were much wiser now, in the present generation, than in the generation gone by, in every thing; and that all of us were wiser than those who had gone before us. "Not all, I guess," said some one of them, "for there's a good deal of difference in folks." "Well," said he, "all that I know, is, that my father knew more than my grandfather, and I know more than my father did, for I've had a chance to see a great deal more than he did."

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" went all around the store. "What are you laughing at?" says he. "Nothing said a red haired, louny-gaited young man: 'I never know'd your grandfather, but he must have been a natural fool, according to your argument."

AN AFFECTING SCENE.—A young man of our borough a short time since, on the morning of the day on which he was to lead to the altar of Hymen, a blushing bride, regretting that he had entered into such an arrangement, and fearing the consequences if he fulfilled his engagement, attempted to commit suicide by drowning himself in the canal. At the time there were but four or five inches of water in the canal, but he heroically laid himself down in the puddle and foundered for some time, without being able to effect his purpose. Some friends, who stood on the bank witnessing the performance, advised him to abandon his wicked design, and to marry his betrothed. He rejected, came out, took their advice, and that night, instead of lying cold and stiff in the bottom of the canal, he lay snugly ensconced in a warm bed, encircled by the arms of a wife.—Johnstown Echo.

"Father, I see a man laying drunk down at the market house." "You shouldn't say laying my son—hens lay." "But I've seen men lay 'em." "Oh, no, my son." "Yes, but I seen 'em lay bricks!" "Go and split your kindling—I can't talk to you now."

"Bob, who was the first man?" asked one juvenile of another the other day. "Why, Adam, to be sure," was the answer. "Well, who was the first woman then?" "Why Adam's mother, of course."

An Australian, from the number of murders committed in that northern region, thinks Melbourne is the place Shakspeare speaks of when he says, that Bourne from whence no traveller returns."