

Clearfield Republican.

J. H. LARRIMER, Editor.

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J. H. LARRIMER.

Business Cards

P. W. HAYS,
DAGUERREAN, Melanotypist, Ambrotypist, and JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Ketchy, Elk County, Pa.

DENTAL CARD.

A. M. SMITH offers his professional services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Clearfield and vicinity. All operations performed with neatness and dispatch. Being familiar with all the late improvements, he is prepared to make Artificial Teeth in the best manner. Office in Shaw's row, Sept. 14th, 1858.

DR. R. V. WILSON,

HAVING removed his office to the new dwelling on Second street, will promptly answer professional calls as heretofore.

J. B. LARRIMER,

LARRIMER & TEST, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa., will attend promptly to Collections, Land Agencies, &c., &c., in Clearfield, Centre and Elk counties. July 30—y

JOHN TROUTMAN

STILL continues the business of Chair Making, and House, Sign and Ornamental Painting, at the shop formerly occupied by Troutman & Howe, at the east end of Market street, a short distance west of Litz's Foundry. June 13, 1858.

THOMPSON, HARTSOCK & CO.

Iron Founders, Curwensville. An extensive assortment of Castings made to order Dec. 29, 1851.

L. JACKSON CRANS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office adjoining his residence on Second Street, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, 1854.

H. P. THOMPSON,

Physician, may be found either at his office at Scotland's Hotel, Curwensville, when not professionally absent. Dec. 29, 1851

ELLIS IRWIN & SONS,

At the mouth of Lick Run, five miles from Clearfield, MERCHANTS, and extensive Manufacturers of Lumber, July 23, 1852.

J. D. THOMPSON,

Blacksmith, Wagons, Buggies, &c., &c., Ironed on short notice, and the very best style, at his old stand in the borough of Curwensville. Dec. 29, 1853.

DR. M. WOODS,

having changed his location from Curwensville to Clearfield, respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of the latter place and vicinity. Residence on Second street, opposite the office of J. Crans, Esq. May 7, 1856.

P. W. BARRETT,

MERCHANT, PRODUCE AND LUMBER DEALER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.

J. L. CUTTLE,

A Attorney at Law and Land Agent, office adjoining his residence, on Market street Clearfield. March 3, 1853.

A. B. SHAW,

RETAILER of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Shawsville, Clearfield county, Pa. Shawsville, August 15, 1855.

D. O. CROUCH,

PHYSICIAN—Office in Curwensville. May

WM. P. CHAMBERS,

CARRIAGES on Chairmaking, Wheelwright, and House and Sign painting at Curwensville, Clearfield Co. All orders promptly attended to Jan. 5, 1858.

ROBERT J. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's Row, opposite the Journal office. Dec. 1, 1848.—if.

PLASTERING.

The subscriber, having located himself in the borough of Clearfield, would inform the public that he is prepared to do work in the above line, from plain to ornamental of any description in a workmanlike manner. Also whitewashing and repairing done in a best manner and on reasonable terms. EDWIN COOPER. Clearfield, April 17, 1857. 13-

YOUR TEETH.

TAKE CARE OF THEM!
Dr. A. M. SMITH, desires to announce to his friends and patrons, that he is now devoting all of his time to operations in Dentistry. Those desiring his services will find him at his office, adjoining his residence at nearly all times, on Fridays and Saturdays, unless otherwise stated. Notice to the contrary be given in the town papers the week previous.

N. B. All work warranted to be satisfactory. Clearfield, Pa. Sept. 22nd, 1858.

All wanting to emigrate to a mild climate, good soil, and fine market, see advertisement of Hammon's Lands.

Miscellaneous.

ENGLAND AND THE U. STATES.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. D'ISRAELI TO THE ELECTORS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

It is our best security for our tranquility and for the tranquility of Europe that England should show that she is a power which can assert her influence at a moment with effect. Well, what is our present condition in that respect? Have we been caught napping? I have no wish now to elude any merit for her Majesty's government to which they are not entitled. I am not quite sure that, whoever might have been the Ministers of the Queen, their foreign policy would have been exactly the same as ours, and that as regards their preparation for eventual dangers and duties, they would have adopted the same course as we have done. It is, therefore, not in any boastful spirit, but with a hope, the becoming pride of an Englishman speaking to Englishmen, that I tell you what is our situation. You have in India 100,000 seasoned and valiant troops, such as the world, probably, never saw before—certainly equal to that army which Wellington rendered immortal. (Cheers.) A great portion of that force ought to quit India for England. They are at our command; and if they come here it is not from necessity of this country, but because the happy course of affairs in India and the position of the Indian government make it desirable that they should return home. You have in England itself at this moment 100,000 men, not equal, perhaps, to those who have been seasoned in the illustrious campaigns of India, but disciplined, and I need not add brave soldiers, since they are your countrymen. (Cheers.) I was told by one of the honorable gentlemen who preceded me that nothing would satisfy him but that we should have a powerful fleet in the Channel. You will have before six weeks have passed, not only a powerful fleet in the Channel but also a powerful fleet in the Mediterranean. (Cheers.) What nation in the world, then, can compare with England? For, with all these, you have a condition of your finances which is most wholesome and healthy; and these great armaments, which will never be exercised except for your defence, or for the maintenance of your honor and the vindication of your absolute interests, will be supported by a people lightly taxed, greatly prospering, and whose heart and soul are with the institutions of their country. (Cheers.) Why then, are we to be alarmed? Why, ought we not rather to feel that ours is the position to give temperate counsels, prepared as we shall be to support those counsels with that authority which belongs to a counsellor who is known to be strong. (Cheers.) But what is the condition of other countries? I shall not single out for remark any particular State, Sovereign, King, Emperor or dominion; but we have seen something of European war on a great scale within our recent experience; and let us look to the ways and means by which those haughty princes and their mighty armies carry on war. Why, when the second campaign comes the shoe always pinches. (Hear.) I cannot see that there is any Continental Power which can enter upon a third campaign. (Cheers.) I know very well it is sometimes observed that at the great French revolution Mr. Pitt said that France was in such a state of insolvency that she could not hold out for two campaigns, and yet she has lasted twenty-five years. That is all very true, but then great French revolutions do not happen very frequently. Little French revolutions may. (Laughter and cheers.) The great French revolution is to modern history, and it is not going to be repeated. We know very well that war is always a very costly operation, has immensely increased in its expenditure from the circumstances under which it is now waged. Your armies are larger, your munitions are much more extravagant, your artillery now costs as much as the whole of your armaments in old days, and the means of destruction are much more complete. Well, what is the condition of England? The world has been startled by an announcement made within these few days that a great sovereign has gone down to his Council and obtained a vote of twenty millions of money to carry on the war. The world seems quite frightened at a monarch who can raise twenty millions—the funds fail, and everybody thinks that even the independence of England is threatened. What is twenty millions of money by way of loan to carry on war? It goes like water. [A Voice,] "But then £500,000,000! Why, £800,000,000, if owned by an industrious and free people, is a fleabite. (Laughter and cheers.) My friend seems quite frightened by our national debt. ("No, no," and laughter.) Let me tell you how England carries on war.

An Emperor of the French, or of Russia, or of Austria, has a loan of twenty millions—all to be spent in a year; and allow me to remind you that that is an experiment which cannot be very often repeated. (A laugh.) But what does the Queen of England do? She goes down to her Parliament, and with their concurrence, by one single tax, and that not heavily imposed, can in an emergency raise twenty millions per annum. (Cheers.) Why, if the country were in danger, we could, by the aid of the income tax alone; and God forbid that this should ever come to pass, or that I should be the Chancellor of the Exchequer to propose it—(laughter) but by levying a simple income tax of ten per cent. we could have twenty millions a year—not in loans, not by borrowing money, not even adding to the terms of my alarmed friend—(cheers and laughter)—but out of our annual revenue, and all this not grudgingly, but heartily

given. And adding to that sum derived from taxation a loan of £20,000,000 a year if you want loans—for England could give the Queen a loan of £20,000,000 per annum for ten years' running if necessary, if the honor of the country required it, and at the end of that period the national resources, instead of being exhausted, would not really be found, considering the circumstances of the case—that the freedom of her people, the independence of her realm and the greatness of her empire were at stake—to have been seriously impaired by such a contribution. (Cheers.) When I know these things I am not intimidated by the leagues of Kings and Emperors. I know well, if there is to be a war of nationalities, of opinions and races—a war of revolution and reconstruction, we shall weather the storm. (Cheers.) It will not be England that will suffer. It is Europe that will be desolated, and the very potentates whose pride and ambition, and lust of conquest are bringing about this perilous state of affairs, will find themselves at the end in an inferior position to that which they now occupy. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, we hear a great deal of the balance of power, of the importance of sustaining certain barriers in Europe, and many other axioms, all of which to a certain degree are true, and which may for a certain time continue to prevail. But let me take this opportunity of impressing upon you that the day is coming, if it has not already come, when the question of the balance of power cannot be confined to Europe alone. Since the time when that doctrine obtained great communities have risen in another hemisphere, who will not permit the balance of power to be limited to Europe. You have on the other side of the Atlantic vigorous and peaceful communities, who will no longer submit to your circumscribed theory of authority. The Australian colonies, though now in their youth, but in the youth of giants, have already, as it were, thrown their colossal shadow over Europe. And it is for old Europe I lament that she is exhausting her energies and her resources in these wars. I could wish that she would rather prepare for that awful competition which in coming times she must encounter. I would rather see France, and Germany, and Russia develop their resources, improve their agriculture, increase their population, and cultivate the arts of life, social and scientific, instead of wasting their strength, risking their stability, and sinking when the era to which I have referred arrives, by their own mismanagement and want of prescience, into an inferior and exhausted position. Remember always that England, though she is bound to Europe by tradition, by affection, by great similarity of habits, and all those ties which time alone can create and consecrate, is not a mere Power of the Old World. Her geographical position, her laws, her language and religion, connect her as much with the New World as with the Old. And although she has occupied not only an eminent, but I am bold to say, the most eminent position among European nations for ages, still, if ever Europe, by her short-sightedness, falls into an inferior and exhausted state, for England there will remain an illustrious future. (Cheers.) We are bound to the communities of the New World, and those great States which our own planting and colonizing energies have created, by ties and by interests which will sustain our power and enable us to play as great a part in the time yet to come as we do in these days and as we have done in the past. (Cheers.) And, therefore, now that Europe is on the eve of war, I say it is for Europe, not for England, that my heart sinks. And this I hope, that it will be by the influence of England that the unhappy struggle which has just opened may be one of short duration; that it may be limited in its range and local in its character; and that after some brief encounters of arms both France and Austria may feel that it would be well, by the influence of those who have not been seduced by their political passions, to terminate their strife and secure at the same time the better government of Italy and the peace of the world. (Cheers.)

Scene in a Railroad Car.
Last Saturday an exciting incident occurred on the Dover Plains train of the Harlem Railroad, which leaves Twenty-sixth street at four o'clock, P. M. A gentleman entered the car at the depot at Twenty-sixth street, and being the first or one of the first in the car, selected a pleasant seat. Shortly after another gentleman entered the same car, deposited his shawl in the seat behind the first, and then left the car. Some ladies entering afterward removed the shawl, and placed it in the seat by the first gentleman. The owner of the shawl came back, rather rudely informed the other that he had taken his seat and had moved his shawl. The gentleman who occupied the seat informed the other that such was not the case; that he had been the first man in the car, had selected that seat and had retained it till the present time. The other then said, "You may as well tell me I lie, then," and after some other words the lady was given on both sides. F. Williams, Esq., who sat near, informed the owner of the shawl that he was in the wrong, and stated to him the facts of the case. The ears moved off, and the belligerents sat side by side. The quarrel, it seems, was resumed on the road, and at Trenton, we believe, the gentleman who first occupied the seat told the other he would slap his face, and arose and went out, the other followed him. They stood facing one another, and the gentleman was as good as his word, and slapped the other's face.—The one who was slapped thereupon drew a heavy bowie knife, and attempted to stab the other, who caught his arms and held him off for a moment. But the one with the knife wrenched himself free, made a stroke at the other, who was entirely unarmed, and followed him up the platform, striking blows at every step, using the knife as a heavy sword. The cars began to move off, the man with the knife sprang on board, and the other was left at the station. The greatest excitement immediately prevailed on the car. Mr. N. C. Hart asked the assailant for his name. He said that his name was Tucker, but refused to give his address. He was surrounded by the passengers, who were loud in their expressions of indignation.—Several gentlemen endeavored to obtain Tucker's address, but could not. This Tucker, we are informed, is the same who challenged Daniel E. Sickles. No officer was about the train, and Tucker passed on unarrested.—N. Y. Tribune, 17th.

The Deacon and the Irishman.
Under this head we find the following amusing story going the rounds.
A few months ago as Mr. Ingalls, of Susquehanna, Pa., was travelling the western part of the State of New York, he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and was in quest of a brother who came before him and settled in some of the diggings in that vicinity.
Pat was a strong athletic man, a true Catholic, and had never seen the inside of a Protestant church. It was a pleasant Sunday morning that brother Ingalls met Pat, who inquired the road to church.—He told Pat he was going to church himself, and invited his new acquaintance to keep him company thither, (his place of destination being a small Methodist house near by.) There was a great revival there at the time, and one of the Deacons (who by the way is very small in stature) invited brother Ingalls to take a seat in his pew. He accepted the invitation, and walked in, followed by Pat, who in vain looked to find the altar, &c. After he was seated he turned to brother Ingalls and in a whisper that could be heard all around inquired:
"Sure, and isn't this a birrick church?"
"Hush," said Ingalls, "if you speak a loud word they will put you out."
"And faith, not a word will I spake at all," replied Pat.
The meeting was opened with a prayer by the pastor. Pat was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman who was standing in the pew, directly in front of Pat, shouted "Glory!"
"Dist, ye clear demon," rejoined Pat, with his loud whisper, which was plainly heard by the minister, "he daacent and don't make a blackguard of yourself!"
The parson grew more and more fervent in his devotions. Presently the Deacon uttered an audible groan.
"Hist-t, ye blackguard, have ye no decency at all?" said Pat at the same moment giving the deacon a punch in the ribs which caused him nearly to lose his equilibrium. The minister stopped, and extending his hand in a supplicating manner, said—
"Brethren we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?"
"Yes your rivronce," shouted Pat, "I will," and suiting the action to the word, he collared the Deacon, and to the laughter and utter astonishment of all present including the pastor and brother Ingalls, he dragged him through the aisle, and with a tremendous kick he landed him in the vestibule of the church.

Killing by the Sting of a Fish.—A point at the mouth of the Rappahannock river goes by the name of "Stingray point." It is said that one of the companions of Captain John Smith, there came to a sad death, by reason of the bite of the fish called the Stingray, the sting being a sharp, barbed bone, growing under the tail of the fish, about the length of a man's forefinger. About ten days ago, a negro man, engaged in hauling ashore a net, was pierced in the leg by a fish of the same species. The wound inflicted was very painful, and was soon followed by the man's death.

Big Vipers sting even in our pleasures.—but virtue consoles even our pains.

The Froelovers at Berlin Heights, Ohio, publish a monthly paper, called the "Good Time Coming," the motto of which is,—"For in Heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

Interesting Surgical Operation
A case of surgery recently occurred in this town, which has excited much interest—beyond the parties immediately concerned, and we have obtained the following particulars of the operation, which seems to us interesting:
Mr. J. H. Phelps, a much respected citizen of Rupert, in this State, had the misfortune, about eighteen months since to break his arm in two places, below the elbow. The arm was set by physicians, but the broken bones failed to unite at either break, and the arm had become entirely useless. Some months after the accident, Mr. P. in the hope of relief, placed himself in a hospital in a neighboring city, and there underwent ten severe operations for the purpose of inducing union of the broken bones, but with no effect.—Under these circumstances in December last—nearly a year after the accident, Mr. Phelps applied to Prof. Sanborn (of Castleton Medical College,) who advised and performed an operation which saved and entirely restored the injured limb. It consisted in first cutting down and exposing the broken ends of the bones—dissecting out the gristly substance that had formed between and bound the ends of the fragments—then drilling holes through each broken piece—and lastly inserting a stout silver wire, and twisting it tightly so as to bring the fractured parts together. Only one of the fractures was thus treated at the first operation. At the end of six weeks the bone operated on had grown together, and the wire was removed. After an interval of three weeks the remaining fracture was treated in the same manner—and in four weeks the bone was firmly united, and the wire was removed. The cure is complete—the arm is as strong as ever—and every motion unimpaired, notwithstanding the severity of these operations. Mr. Phelps preferred to undergo them without the use of ether, and he returned home last week in high spirits at the result of his three months' visit to us.—Rutland Courier.

Life of a Newspaper Editor in California.
He rises at 10 o'clock in the morning; dresses himself, takes his hat, already pierced with three or four bullets, and goes to a restaurant to get his breakfast. After breakfast, he returns to his office to read the morning papers. He finds that he is called a wretch in one, in another a liar, and in a third, a villain. He smiles at the thought of having something to do, and signs his name to three challenges, which he always carries about him, to be ready for emergencies. These he dispatches and sits down to write an article, when he is suddenly interrupted by some interloper, whom at last he is compelled to throw out of the window. At noon he learns that his challenges have been accepted for the next day. At three o'clock he goes to fight a duel which had been arranged the day before. He kills his man and returns to dinner. On his way from dinner, he goes mixed up with a riot, and gets some bruises and wounds. When he reaches his sanctum he finds an infernal machine on his table. Without manifesting the slightest surprise, he throws it out of the window. He then writes a leader on moral reform—this done, he goes to the theatre. On his way he is attacked by three men; he kills two, and takes the third to the nearest station house. When returning to his office, at three o'clock at night, he meets a man who tries to rob him; kills a dog with a stone; is almost run over by a hackney coach, and on the threshold of his door receives two more bullets in his hat, then congratulates himself on having passed a quiet day, writes till 4 o'clock in the morning; retires to bed, and sleeps tranquilly.

Gold.—From a statement made before the London Geological Society, it appears that the estimated amount of gold in circulation throughout the globe is £48,000,000; and the wear and the waste of this is stated to be 31 per cent, or £680,000 annually. The consumption of gold in arts and manufactures amounts to £5,050,000 viz: In Great Britain, £2,500,000; France, £1,000,000; Switzerland £450,000; other parts of Europe, £1,500,000; United States £500,000. In Birmingham alone, the weekly consumption of gold, for chains alone, amounting to one thousand ounces. The weekly consumption for gold leaf in London is four hundred ounces; in other places in Great Britain, one hundred and eighty ounces. One of the potteries in Staffordshire consumes £3,200 worth of gold annually, in gilding; and the whole consumption for gilding porcelain in England is estimated at about five hundred ounces.

Taught by his Wife.—The Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer says: "We know a man in Western New York who could not read when he was married, but who was taught by his wife so thoroughly that within five years after his marriage he was elected high sheriff of his county, and within ten years after served four years in Congress, and is now one of the most prominent financiers of the Empire State. President of a bank, and worth probably half a million of dollars." Who is the thrice blessed gentleman?

Ohio.—The Democrats of Ohio enter upon the campaign with great enthusiasm, and actually threaten to carry the State for their ticket. The unanimity with which the candidate for Governor, Hon. Rufus P. Ranney, was nominated, indicates a cordial agreement, and will go far to enlist the whole party ardently in his support. With the large plurality against them for some years past, the Ohio Democracy have a great labor to perform if they would secure the ascendancy before or in 1860; but greater political revolutions have taken place than would be the overthrow of the Opposition in that State.

POPULAR SYMPATHY WITH THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times thus describes the enthusiasm of the people, manifested at the time of his departure for the war: "As the Imperial carriage passed out of the courtyard of the Tuilleries, the Emperor seemed to be taken by surprise at the warmth of the demonstration. He was attended only by a few of the Cent Gardes, and on arriving at the Hotel de Ville, the imposing ovation had produced its effect. The Emperor ordered the Gardes to move out of the way, and the carriage was instantly surrounded by the enthusiastic crowd.

The correspondent of the Herald reports that the stern, unbending features of Louis Napoleon quivered with emotion, while the Empress was weeping without any attempt at concealment. The Emperor put his hand out of the carriage, and the harried makers of the Rue St. Antoine, hauling over and kissing them, saluted him with rancorous cries of enthusiasm.—When the cortege renewed its march, a band of workmen stood between the Imperial carriage and the Cent Gardes, and proceeded with it all the rest of the way, singing patriotic songs, including the Marseillaise. Never has the Emperor received such a conclusive proof of his popularity with the people, and the popularity of the cause which he was setting out to defend was equally demonstrated."

A Large Fish.—Old Joe Phillips was an awful story teller. When a stranger came to his tavern, if he appeared at all erudite, old Joe would talk a long yarn to some of his village acquaintance, but talk to the stranger. A short time since, a stranger came into his bar room with rod, line, and other fishing paraphernalia, when Joe seized a friend, and started him by the question—"Did you hear about that big fish Col. Potter caught, to-day, in the river?" (Stranger pricked up his ears.) "No," said friend, "Biggest sturgeon ever caught anywhere," continued Joe. "You don't say," said friend, "Yes," said Joe, "when I came away he hadn't caught all of him, though he had about six feet of him ashore!" "Gracious," said friend, "how much did he weigh?" "Three hundred pounds," said Joe, with decision, "and he made nine barrels of oil." "Nine barrels of oil," inquired the stranger, advancing, "did you say nine barrels?" "Yes," said Joe fiercely, "I said nine barrels, is that anything strange—sir?" "Oh no—beg pardon," said stranger, musingly, "only I was thinking it a little singular that you could extract twenty-seven hundred pounds of oil from three hundred pounds of fish!" and gathering up his fishing utensils, left. Joe smiled—the meeting let out at once, scene shifted to the bar room—Joe treating the crowd, and three men patting him on the back. Joe hasn't told a story since—fact.—Herald Rep.

The Wonders of Light.—Not only does light fly from the grand "rules of the day," with a velocity which is a million and a half times greater than the speed of a cannon ball, but it darts from every reflecting surface with a like velocity, and reaches the tender structure of the eye so gently, that, as it falls upon the little curtain of nerves which is there spread to receive it, it imparts the most pleasing sensations, and tells its story of the outer world with a minuteness of detail and a hoiness of truth. Philosophers once sought to weigh the sunbeam; they constructed a most delicate balance and suddenly let upon it a beam of light; the lever of the balance was so delicately hung that the fluttering of a fly would have disturbed it.—Everything prepared, the grave men took their places and with keen eyes watched the result. The sunbeam that was to decide the experiment had left the sun eight minutes prior to pass the ordeal. It had flown through ninety-five million of miles of space in that short measure of time, and it shot upon the balance with unabated velocity, but the lever moved not; and the philosophers were mute.

ARREST OF THE MOST SCHELFUL COUNTERFEITER IN THE U. S.—Washington Taylor was arrested at his farm in Camden county, New Jersey, a few days ago. He is a man of great repute among counterfeiters, and it is said, they know his work by sight. He engraves, prints and signs, and though he has been forty years a manufacturer, he never passes his own notes.—He has been several times convicted, and has spent several years in jail. He is over sixty-three years of age, an active farmer, and the owner of the farm on which he has recently resided, embracing one hundred acres, finely cultivated. He has a good character for honesty and thrift, in the vicinity of his residence. In his house, the officers found a complete set of perfect tools and an ample stock of superior material for altering and counterfeiting bank bills.

A WINDMILL.—Some years ago, says the Hagerstown Herald, a Telegraph Operator in Baltimore, named Rogers, invented a series of Marine Signals, for which the late Wm. B. Clark, Esq., of that place, aided the inventor in obtaining a patent and afterwards purchased an equal interest therein. Mr. Rogers and the Executors or Heirs of Mr. Clark, have succeeded in selling the right to the use of this important discovery to the British Government, which agrees to pay a guinea a vessel for the use of the signals for a period of twenty years, and having about forty thousand vessels, the sale will amount to two hundred thousand dollars.

UNITED STATES FRIGATE MINNESOTA.—The whole distance run by this ship during her late cruise was fifty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty-four miles (51,764), averaging over 155 miles under sail, and not much short of this under steam, the average from the Cape being 189 miles per day.