



BY H. BUCHER SWOOP.

Clearfield, Pa., Wednesday, July 4, 1855.

PUTNAM, for July, commences the sixth volume of the MONTHLY. As usual, its pages are well filled with interesting original matter, by some of our most celebrated American authors.

MORE REMOVALS.—George Wilson has been removed from the Washington Navy Yard, and Michael E. Bright, a Roman Catholic, appointed in his place.

Jno. Carroll, P. M., at Somerset, Perry Co., Ohio, a Pennsylvania Democrat, has been removed, and Charles Elder, a Roman Catholic appointed in his place. Are we not going over to Papacy fast?

EX-GOV. JOHNSTON, of our State, writes to the Tribune, warmly denying that at the Know-Nothing Grand Council he voted for the Pro-Slavery Platform there adopted.

I did not vote for said Platform and do not intend to do so hereafter. I opposed it in Convention, spoke against its adoption in the Convention, protested against it and refused all co-operation with any National Organization that recognized or adopted it.

The Tribune is too apt to go off half-cocked when making such charges, and it is as savage as the old Attican robber, Procestes, in trying to regulate every body's conscience by stretching or shortening it to suit its own.

ANONYMOUS THREATS.

A few mornings since, James Wagle, Esq., found the following letter lying at his office door:

Clearfield, June 28th, 1855.

MR. WRIGLEY.—Take notice, you had better keep your horse out of your stable at night for there will be a fire in that corner some night if they don't quit putting up horses in that stable and selling them Yours as a friend.

Now we don't suppose for a moment, that there is any man living in this community, who is such an unmitigated hell-hound, as to think seriously of carrying a threat of this character into execution, and it is almost equally difficult to suppose, that there is any one, who is such a consummate fool as to think anonymous letters would intimidate the borough officers in executing the law.

OUR POSITION.

We have received a letter from an American friend, desiring to understand our position with regard to the twelfth article of the Platform of the National Convention which recently met in Philadelphia.

Whatever, then, may be our opinion of the institution of Slavery, considered in a moral point of view, we are willing to leave the whole matter where it was left by our Fathers at the foundation of our National Government, in the absolute control of the States.

We are no abolitionist, yet we certainly think that the North has been made the scapegoat of the South about long enough, and that it is high time we proclaimed our determination to submit to the encroachments of Slavery no longer.

Notwithstanding the Government assertions that the Carlist insurrection is put down, there are indications to the contrary. A despatch sent to Paris, June 13, gave notice that a band of 70 men left Pampluna on the 11th, and took the direction of the French frontier to procure arms.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

It is but right and proper on this bright morning of our Great National Sabbath, that we should reflect a moment on the past history of our nation, regard its present position, and, if possible, anticipate its future.

But if the rapidity of our progress has been without a precedent, so too, the great causes of our national development exist in no other country—we mean our almost perfect homogeneity and nationality.

How important is it then, if we desire to guard and to enjoy the rich boon secured to us by our Fathers, and which this day commemorates, that we should maintain the integrity of the Federal Union and preserve our American Nationality?

But our nationality is in danger, for any thing being more detrimental than the introduction of an undue proportion of dissimilar people among our citizens? Tell us not that we can preserve that nationality, by the infusion of an undue proportion of foreign sentiment, foreign habit, and foreign influence into the American mind.

Then, as we love liberty and appreciate the works of our venerated ancestors,—as we love ourselves and posterity, let us resolve to preserve and maintain our American Nationality, as the great sheet-anchor of our safety.

If the time ever comes when our starry flag shall be rent in twain—when the bright record of this day, upon which is inscribed the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, is to be divided, it will be when our nationality is weakened and destroyed.

FROM SPAIN.

A despatch sent to Paris, June 13, gave notice that a band of 70 men left Pampluna on the 11th, and took the direction of the French frontier to procure arms. A movement in Catalonia was feared. The French mail which left Paris on the 9th, and the mails which left Madrid, on the 10th, were burned by the insurgents in Castile.

POST OFFICE MIS-MANAGEMENT.

We last week published an account of the gross carelessness of some of the Post Office officials, resulting in the loss of valuable letters containing large remittances.

In addition to the two cases which we published last week, we see a large number of others given in our exchanges, of about equal purport. For example—a late clerk in this Boston Post Office says, that about four years since he was requested by the Chief Clerk in that Office, to examine the waste paper in the cellar of that Office.

But it is not only the carelessness of the officials that gives just cause of complaint.—Recent events have developed a most outrageous system of espionage, by which the secret agents take the liberty to take letters out of the mail bags, melt the wafers with steam, read and copy the contents, seal up the violated epistles and then send them forward again!

In a recent case at New Orleans, Judge McCaleb, in his charge to the Grand Jury, denounced this iniquitous espionage in the most emphatic language. He at the same time pointed out the penalty which attached to a violation of the sanctity with which the law has clothed every communication from one citizen to another.

"I call your attention to this subject the more earnestly, because there seems to be a strange and most erroneous impression entertained by some persons employed in the service of the Post Office Department in regard to their peculiar rights and privileges. The law, gentlemen, draws no distinctions between individuals, and I have no hesitation in saying that the moment an agent of the Post Office Department, or any other person, dares to violate the sanctity of private correspondence, by opening a letter once entrusted to the Post Office, no matter for what purpose, he is guilty of an offence in the eye of the law, and renders himself subject to the penalties which that law has prescribed.

THE NEWS.

The Allies have captured the Mamelon and White Works, after sanguinary fighting, 5,000 being killed and wounded. The French took 52 guns and 500 prisoners; and their new position enables them to shell the shipping in Sebastopol harbor.

The Russian account of the affair is as follows:—After two days of heavy bombardment, three French divisions attacked redoubt No. 7, at 6 o'clock last evening, and occupied the redoubts Kamtschatka, Selenghinsk and Vollyhinia, and a battery between Selenghinsk and Bastion No. 1. Our troops retook the Kamtschatka redoubt, but the French poured in fresh reserves and took it once more. We finally remained masters of that battery—the French holding a lodgement near—whence we hope to drive them.

FROM FRANCE.

A magnificent fete was given on the evening of the 11th, in the Hotel de Ville, by the Prefect of the Seine to the King of Portugal—Queen Christina, the Princess Mathilde, the Lord Mayor of London, and 6000 other persons were present.

The most interesting intelligence refers to Her Majesty the Empress. Dr. Locock, the celebrated accoucheur, who has had considerable experience in Queen Victoria's nursery, was summoned by telegraph to Paris, where, after consultation with Drs. Dubois and Conneau, it was formally announced that the Empress is en route.

The park of siege artillery is at length shipped in the American clippers Great Republic, Queen of Clippers, Gauntlet, and Alleghanian. The Great Republic is shipping 400 cavalry horses. Captain d'Andigne, of the French staff, accidentally fell into the hold and fractured a limb. Two hundred dock laborers have been shipped from Marseilles to the Crimea. Not fewer than 30,000 horses have left France since the war began.

PIERCE'S SPECULATORS.—Mr. Sidney Webster, the President's Secretary, and John W. Forney, editor of the Washington Union, are upon Lake Superior, and last week chartered a propeller for \$800, to carry them to Superior City, Fon Dulac, where they have engaged in a monster speculation.—Press.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

You cannot, "Mr. Journal," expect one word about Politics from any one who dates from Philadelphia to-day. No indeed, unless your correspondent was a fiery politician, in that case he might be warmed up by a few rays of sunshine which could be spared without any loss to the community just now.

After the reading of the resolutions, and benedicted by acclamation, the Hon. KENNETH RAYNER, of North Carolina, was called for, and in coming forward, congratulated the American party of Baltimore, which had assembled under such favorable auspices, and thanked them for the kind greeting which he received from his fellow-citizens.

Mr. RAYNER, said that the enemies of the American cause had circulated a report, that division existed in our ranks in Philadelphia: No division existed. (Applause.) We met and parted as friends. One unfortunate subject had already caused division in parties and churches; but in the American Convention the North would not secede from principles so sacred and endeared to all American hearts.—(Applause.)

The question of Protestantism presented is one that should arrest the attention of every thinking man. Luther never had a higher mission than the American Party has before it. (Applause.) After the first revolution we had a wilderness to subdue, and we had a pure and Protestant people to go forward to subdue it. But, only by one recent force, came here with words of promise which are treasured through years and years of inexperience and prosperity.

And we are here to-night to meet the question—not an armed crowd bent on outrage and determined on wrong—but as a great people preparing for the battle of the ballot-box, that which none is more worthy the blessings of mankind. Our liberty is in danger, and we are not opposed to foreigners as such. They may come freely to our shores, enjoy our hospitality and bask in the sun-light of our prosperity; they may send their children freely to our schools; and secure under the protection of our laws, and indeed pursue the paths of freedom and civilization to the remotest ends, and still find in us their friends and true.—(Cheers.)

Well indeed may the sturdy farmer hold his plough, or sow his grain, and envy not the "man of wealth" who through his splendid equipage may dazzle the eye, or his extravagant parties excite our wonder, yet amid it all, care and trouble steals across his brow.—Remember,

"Weary rests the head that wears a crown." But stop, this has nothing to do with hot weather, no! it is too hot to moralize—I can't do it.

Some of you readers may be interested in some other matters, and in fact are wishing for hot weather to dry up the river a little, or start the corn. Things all look promising for a heavy crop, and the news from most of the grain districts, is very encouraging to consumers of Flour. The advices by the Baltic—just arrived—are that wheat has declined in England and the prospect for the cereals in that country is fair. Flour is selling here at \$9.00 for good common brands; though \$10 and \$12 may be quoted as the price for fancy brands of extra Baltimore or Genesee. The different kinds of grain may be quoted as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Grain type and Price per bushel. Wheat \$2.30 a 2.50 per bushel. Rye \$1.50 do. Corn \$95 a 98. do. Oats \$65 do.

There seems to be no prospect of the grand humbug of the "Allies," coming to an end.—In the Crimea though the French have done something, the English seem to stand still, and in the Baltic, a death-like stillness reigns. John Bull has got himself in a strange predicament, and no doubt would very willingly get himself out if he could, and time alone will reveal the consequences of this ridiculous war.

I suppose if I could give you some information respecting the lumber market, it would be as acceptable as anything, but on that subject I am a Know-Nothing. "Timber-sticks" and "saw-logs" do not enter into the general line of trade here, though I notice from the Eastern papers, that they are shipping timber from Maine to France, for ship building—that seems like going a great ways for it. O. O. Philadelphia, June 30, 1855.

A REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOT DEAD.—The Warsaw New Yorker, announces the death of Peter Besazon, at the advanced age of 98 years. It says the deceased was one of the band of noble spirits who crossed the ocean with Lafayette to assist the Colonies in the struggle for independence. He was born in or near the city of Besancon, in France, in 1762—came to America at the age of 16—was present at the execution of Major Andre, and remained in the army until the end of the war. Mr. Besazon was a devoted member of the Baptist Church for fifty-one years, a member of the Masonic Fraternity, having been initiated by Gen. Washington in person; and honorary member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and of the Good Templars.

SPEECH OF THE HON. KENNETH RAYNER.

In Baltimore, on the 20th ult., an American meeting was held in Monument Square, to ratify the proceedings of the late National Council held in Philadelphia. It was attended by an immense concourse of persons. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and a series of strong resolutions was adopted.

Mr. RAYNER, said that the enemies of the American cause had circulated a report, that division existed in our ranks in Philadelphia: No division existed. (Applause.) We met and parted as friends. One unfortunate subject had already caused division in parties and churches; but in the American Convention the North would not secede from principles so sacred and endeared to all American hearts.—(Applause.)

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HYPOCRISY OF THE DEMAGOGUES.

The hue and cry raised against the American party, on account of its secret organization, by certain office holders, office expectants, and the newspaper scribblers in their employ, is a mere flare, to bewilder and hobgoblinize their followers, for fear that they too would join the order, and thus add new strength to this terrible engine of persecution. It is vehemently insisted upon, that the members of the order, are midnight conspirators and enemies of the people; and that all their work is covered by the veil of secrecy, and cannot withstand the judgement of the public. Now, we claim that all this clamor is based upon false pretence, and is as hollow as hypocrisy itself will ever be.

They say that they know all the secrets of the order! Do they? Well, for the sake of the argument, we say they know them all. Why then grumble that the society is so secret?—Are they not guilty of the grave charge of insincerity and stultification? "Ah! but we must do this and so, to keep the rabble straight, or they will desert us. We must tell them that the Know-Nothing is a set of Spanish Inquisitors—who administer to each other the most horrid and blasphemous oaths; who trample upon the Constitution; and who are bent upon destroying our liberties. We must tell them that they intend to wage war upon the Dutch, Irish, Germans and all others who come to our shores, and exterminate by fire and sword all who are not so lucky as to be in the ring." Horrible pictures! Demons and traitors mingle congenially together to work this terrible mischief. This kind of language is frequently addressed to such as they know are credulous and easily frightened; and so often is the story repeated, that they who utter it verily believe it themselves! These dreadful creations prey upon their minds—they can neither have repose, sleeping or waking, and all the honors of Mother's Sabon, which craft tramps upon the heels of these unfortunate anti-Know Nothings in everything they say, think or do.

THE DEATH OF MR. CLARK.

Mr. C. McCrea, who is now confined at Fort Leavenworth, on the charge of murder, for killing Malcom Clark in Kansas, has written a long letter to his father-in-law, in which he endeavors to explain and vindicate his course. He says that a public meeting was held, at which a difficulty occurred between Malcom Clark and McCrea, when the former attacked the latter with pistols and bowie knives, and before he (Mr. McC.) could get out of his way, his head was cut and his collar bone fractured, and as soon as he recovered his balance, turned. He continues:

Clark raised his stick a third time, and was about to deal me another blow, while another Missouriian, who was standing in a line with him behind, and trying to fire at me. I instantly fired at Clark, striking him about the middle of the body—the man with the pistol turned round, but learning by the shouts of Clark, who dropped his stick, "Kill him, kill him; I'm shot through and through," he turned and fired at me; his ball passed under my right arm, and another shot in a line with stick, me a slight wound. The immediate flight of the first who fired at me, and the great distance of the second, prevented the necessity of my firing another shot before my friends rallied around me, and they being as well armed as my assailants, prevented any further assault upon me. A warrant was got out by Mr. McCrea, my best friend, and was brought here, rather for security than confinement. I have been waiting till after the election, which took place in the rejected districts the day before yesterday.

No trick has been left untried; even two Missouri lawyers volunteered to serve me, in order to encompass my life and assassinate me. I have been told that they were giving me a letter, with an offer of a writ of habeas corpus (a forged one), to get me out. A messenger waited upon her, (my wife) whom I had seen an hour before, to inform her that I had directed her to sell her furniture, go to Iowa, and not to trouble herself by trying to see me, as no one was or would be admitted except this favored messenger. But she has been admitted at all times except the first, detected the villain, and informed him of the fact, with a request for his absence.

There are some twenty-five or thirty persons who can testify to the facts which I have stated as to the nature of my defence.

I shall apply for an examination soon, so as to be admitted to bail, that I may go to work, as I dare not practice my profession at present.

LAW OF PENNSYLVANIA.

A further supplement to an act to amend and consolidate with its supplements the act entitled "An act for the recovery of debts and demands not exceeding one hundred dollars before a justice of the peace, and for the election of constables and for other purposes," approved the twentieth of March, one thousand eight hundred and ten.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the first day of July next, no action brought before a justice of the peace, or before an alderman, shall be referred to referees, unless by the agreement or express assent of both parties to the action or their agents, such agreement or assent shall be noted by such justice or alderman upon his docket.

Sec. 2. That no special allowance or writ of certiorari to a justice of the peace or alderman, shall be held requisite to the maintenance of such writ.

Sec. 3. That from and after the passage of this act, all summons issued by any alderman or justice of the peace may designate the hours of the day, by which the same shall be returnable, and if either of the parties fail to appear during the time so designated, it shall be lawful for the said alderman or justice of the peace to render judgment, or otherwise determine the same as is provided by law. Approved April 26th, 1855.

PRICE OF A BROKEN HEART.—The late Robert C. Sauls sued for damages in case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred pounds to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed. "Two hundred for ruined hopes? No—never! Two hundred for all this? No—never! Make it three hundred, and it's a bargain!"