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### WE WANT NO WAR.

The following lines seem to me very applicable to the present crisis. I send them to you for publication, if you think proper.

### TRUE FREEDOM, AND HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.  
We want no flag, no flaunting rag,  
For liberty to fight;  
We want no blade of murderous guns,  
To struggle for the right.  
Our spears and swords are printed words,  
The mind our battle-plain;  
We've won such victories heretofore,  
And so we shall again.

We have no triumphs sprung of force;  
They stain her brightest cause;  
'Tis not in blood that Liberty  
Inscribes her civil laws;  
She writes them on the people's heart,  
In language clear and plain;  
True thoughts have moved the world before,  
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love  
Of Freedom's cause sublime;  
We join the cry, "FRATERNITY!"  
We keep the march of Time.  
And yet we grasp not pike nor spear,  
Our victories to obtain;  
We've won without their aid before,  
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,  
To show a front to wrong;  
We have a citadel in truth,  
More durable and strong.  
Calm words, great thoughts, undimmed faith,  
Have never striven in vain;  
They've won our battles many a time,  
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—  
The ignorant may sneer,  
The bad deny; but we rely  
To see their triumph near.  
No widow's groans shall load our cause,  
No blood of brethren slain;  
We've won without such aid before,  
And so we shall again.

### PROCRASTINATION.

#### "I LOST A WIFE BY IT."

New Year Day I returned home from a Southern tour, and was sitting in my room in the evening, writing to some of my friends, when a she cousin of mine came in and laid a small bundle on my table. It was a slice of wedding cake, done up very neatly in gold edged paper. "Ah," said I, "what have we here?" "Wedding cake," said coz. "Wedding cake," said I; "a generous slice truly! Who of my friends have been foolish enough to commit matrimony? and when did this melancholy affair happen?"

"Christmas Eve," returned coz. "The card that came with the cake will answer your first question; and giving me an arch smile as she pointed to the card, left the room. "Indeed, my old chum married?" said I to myself, as I took up the card and read "Mr. and Mrs. George Adams." Ha, ha! who'd have thought George would have committed such an act! Mr. and Mrs. George Adams! ha, ha! really, I should like to see the fellow, just to bore him a bit. But who is this lady? It can't be Miss —, nor Miss —; they were no favorites of his. Let me think, I continued I, taking out my pencil and putting on a bit of paper the names of our female acquaintances. I went on with: "There's Ellen Rice—can't be her; Jane Green—no; her; Mary Willis—no; her; until I had written down the names of about twenty girls without satisfying myself as to the right one. "So, then, Adams is really married!" said I to myself. I felt truly rejoiced that it was so, and I could not help thinking how comfortable it would be to drop in on an evening with "my lady," for I had then serious notions of getting married—as you shall hear by-and-by—and having social times. I planned out how we would spend our evenings together in pleasant intercourse. I determined that his lady and my lady should be the best of friends; and Mrs. Adams as a sister to me, and my wife as a sister to him. In fact, such a picture of domestic happiness did I draw up—to bright and glowing with all that delightful did the future seem in a married state—that I threw my paper one way, my pen another, jumped up, and prepared for a visit to Maria Bailey, to whom I meant to offer myself that very night, and get married as soon as the law and the minister would let us. Having put on a clean dickey—it was a cold night, and I was in a hurry—I sallied forth to visit my intended. Maria lived at the north end of town with her mother, a widow lady. While on the way to the house, I will make the reader a little acquainted with Maria, and the relation in which I stood to her. I will not praise her beauty—although as beautiful a creature as eye ever gazed on—neither will I

speaking of her amiable disposition, her accomplishments, etc. etc.

Maria and myself had known each other from childhood up, and were pretty intimate in our friendship. When I was twenty-two years of age, I concluded to take a trip through the States; and as I had been indisposed for some time back, with a loss of appetite, no sleep, etc., I made this my excuse—"I traveled for my health." When I made this declaration, there was nothing like traveling for health—everybody recommended it. So I started with the intention of being absent a year or more. Traveling, I must say, agreed with me completely, for at the first stopping place, I made as hearty a meal as any of my fellowpassengers; and when I stopped for the night, I slept as sound as a roach. To tell the truth, I feigned sickness to get away from home. The real motive of my departure was, my feelings toward Maria began to change; I always had a foolish longing to be near her, and a singular feeling of regret when she was away from home when I called to spend a social evening; and then there was a peculiar sensation about my heart when I saw her engaged closely in conversation with any of my companions, or when she bestowed upon them a smile. In fact I began to feel something more than friendship towards her. I did not let her know the state of my mind, but laughed and frolicked with her as much as ever. My affection for her increased daily. Not knowing, however, but that my love might prove only momentary, and wishing to know whether absence would wear it off—for it had always been my determination, that when I wedded, it should not be merely a union of hands but a union of hearts—I determined, without hinting the object of my journey to Maria, or even giving her the slightest reason to suspect the nature of my feelings towards her—to take the journey, and if time did not alter my heart when I returned, to offer myself to her. I went on my journey—visited all noted places—mingled in company as much as possible—trifled with the ladies in the fashionable way; still, though surrounded with beauty in every engaging form—though flattered and caressed—after all, a thought of Maria caused a throb, which none of the lovely ones around me could create. Her image kept fast hold upon my heart, and wouldn't leave it. Finding, after an absence of six months, that the complaint that caused me to leave home increased rather than diminished, I hastened my return, and arrived home on the aforesaid first of January.

When I reached Maria's place of abode and began to ascend the steps in front of the house, my heart quailed a little. I began to grow faint hearted, and to think in what manner I should "pop the question." I regretted that I had not studied my part before I left home. I hesitated as I took hold of the bell knob—my breath grew shorter, and my nerves shook. I was relinquishing my hold with the intention of taking a short stroll around the square to think over what to say—in fact, I got half way down the steps, thinking I would put off my declaration until another time—when the thought of George and his wife, and the pleasant evenings we should have together, fixed my wavering heart. So, with renewed determination, I turned and ran up the steps, opened the door, and proceeded to the parlor.

As good luck would have it, there sat Maria on the sofa, all alone, looking as bewitching as an angel. She blushed as she arose and joyfully extended her hand. I gave it a hearty shake and squeezed it—you know how, reader, I dare say. I was almost tempted to do violence by kissing it, but thinking it would seem sweeter after the trembling 'Yes,' had been said, I refrained.

"How glad I am that you have returned," said she, "and how improved you look!" This was said in such a tone of affection that I began to coo over an answer, which would weaken the ice, and give her a hint of what was coming. "Yes," I replied, "I feel wonderfully improved; and it appears to me, I continued, "there is also an improvement in your appearance—you—"

"But how was your journey?" interrupting me, while a delicate flush passed over her cheeks, "did you not meet with some Southern beauty, who waned your heart from your native place?" Here was a fine opening. "No, Maria, home is home, and ever dear. I must confess, however, that I was greatly pleased with the ladies of the South; yet I saw none that would compare with the girls of my own town. As for being weaned from home, my heart is

too strongly bound to the scenes of my birthplace, and to the friends of my childhood, to fear that. These are affections, my dear Maria, that cling to the heart, and will not forsake you, be you where you may, or your situation what it may—"

Here I stuck for a moment. Thinking if I neglected to strike now I should never gather courage to speak again, I took her willing hand, and, as the moments were precious—for I felt my courage oozing away—I commenced: "I feel truly happy in finding you alone this evening; I have something for your private ear. You will excuse my bluntness—my intention in calling on you this evening, Miss Maria—was—"

The door at this moment opened, and my friend Adams walked into the room. I sprang up, and, seizing his extended hand gave him a cordial grasp, although from my heart I wished him anywhere else, at that moment, than where he was. After we were seated we began to talk on common topics. Shortly after, I thanked him for remembering me in the distribution of his bridal cake. "Oh," said he, "that was wife's doings; you must thank her for that."

"Indeed, husband, I knew not of our friend's return, until you told me of it!" "Husband!—wife!" Gracious heavens! had a thunderbolt fell at my feet at the moment, I should not have been more astonished than when I heard those words. I started from my seat—my brain reeled, and a sudden faintness came over me. I should have fallen had I not been supported by Maria and George—Mr. and Mrs. Adams!

"My dear friend, what is the matter?" exclaimed both, as I began to revive. "Nothing—nothing at all," I replied, "only a touch of—my old complaint—a dizziness!" As I revived, I added, "with your leave I will retire." They urged me strongly to stay—were fearful I might have a second attack on the way home, etc.—but in vain. When I stood in the entry, waiting to bid them good night, I trembled like an aspen; and it was with the greatest difficulty I made out to utter, "Mrs. Adams—good evening." It nearly choked me.

When I got home, and within my room, the first thing I did was to throw Maria's wedding cake into the fire—frosting and all; and, moreover, I drove a large ten-penny nail through the card into the bed-post, and then went to bed. I was confined to my chamber seven days with a fever, at the end of which time I got about again. I am now quite reconciled to my fate, and can say "Mrs. Adams" without hardly a stammer.

Reader the moral: If you are in love, go instantly and offer yourself. Learn from this the danger of procrastination. In one of the northern towns of New York resides an old dutchman by the name of S—, whose son was not making the wisest disposition of the property which he had received from the old man. At least so thought the anxious parent. How to put a stop to Bill's extravagance was the question. After everything else had failed, he resolved upon a desperate measure. Application was made to the proper authorities, and a Court was appointed to decide upon the question of Bill's sanity. After the organization of the Court, the old man was the first witness called to the stand. The following were the questions of the counsel, with the answers of the anxious parent: Counsel—How long, Mr. S—, since you first thought your son becoming insane? Mr. S.—A little over a year.

Counsel—Please state to the jury what it was that first awakened your suspicion? Mr. S.—He jined the meetin'! Counsel—Well, Mr. S—, what else did you see in his conduct that led you to doubt his sanity? Mr. S.—He gave the minister a load of hay! It is needless to say that, nothing else of importance appearing against Bill, he was allowed to return to the management of his own affairs. A man once applied to be shipped before the mast. "Are you an able seaman or greenhand?" asked the captain. "Why no, not an able seaman nor a green hand, I have some knowlede of the water." "Ever been on a voyage?" "No." "Well, what then do you know about the sea?" "Why, I have tended a saw mill!" Slanders issuing from beautiful lips, are like spiders crawling from the heart of a rose.

### WAR TERMS.

The Columbiad, or Paixhan, (pronounced pay-zan,) is a large gun, designed principally for firing shells—it being far more accurate than the ordinary short mortar.

A mortar is a very short cannon, with a large bore, of some thirteen inches in diameter, for firing shells. Those in use in our army are set at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the range of the shell is varied by altering the charge of powder. The shell is caused to explode at just about the time that it strikes, by means of a fuse, the length of which is adjusted to the time of flight to be occupied by the ball, which, of course, corresponds with the range. The accuracy with which the time of the burning of the fuse can be adjusted by varying its length is surprising; good artillerists generally succeeding in having their shells explode almost at the exact instant of striking. In loading a mortar, the shell is carefully placed with the fuse directly forward, and when the piece is discharged, the shell is so completely enveloped in flame, that the fuse is nearly always fired. The fuse is made by filling a wooden cylinder with fuse powder, the cylinder being of sufficient length for the longest range, to be cut down shorter for shorter ranges as required.

A Dahlgren gun, is an ordinary cannon except that it is made very thick at the breech for some three or four feet, when it tapers down sharply to less than the usual size. This form was adopted in consequence of the experiments of Captain Dahlgren, of the United States navy, having shown that when a gun bursts, it usually gives way at the breech. The Niagara is armed with these guns, and at the Brooklyn navy yard there are sixty, weighing about 9,000 pounds each, and six of 12,000 pounds weight, the former of which are capable of carrying a nine inch, and the latter a ten inch shell a distance of two or three miles; and there is one gun of this pattern which weighs 15,916 pounds and is warranted to send an eleven inch shell four miles!

A casement is a stone roof to a fort made sufficiently thick to resist the force of cannon balls; and a casement gun is one which is placed under a casement.

A barbette gun is one which is placed on the top of the fortification.

An embrasure is the hole or opening through which guns are fired from fortifications.

Loop holes are openings in walls to fire musketry through.—Scientific American.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.—The horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after he told him what he had done, and added—

"If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing ground. I drove them out, and shut them in your yard; I'll do it again."

Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges.

"What do you call this?" said Jones tapping his breakfast lightly with his fork.

"Call it?" snarled the landlord, "what do you call it?"

"Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know, it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a little to much in it for hash."

"How much did yees ask for them buttons?" inquired an Irish customer.

"Fifteen cents."

"I'll give ye thirty-seven."

"I didn't say fifty—I said fifteen," replied the honest dealer.

"Bedad, an I'll give ten cints, thin," was the prompt reply.

### THE NATIONAL TROUPELERS.

MR. GUTHRIE'S PROPOSITION. The Committee of the Peace Convention, now in session in Washington, to which was referred all propositions for a compromise of our National difficulties, agreed, on Wednesday night last, to the plan proposed by Hon. James Guthrie, of Kentucky. A telegraphic dispatch from Washington states that Mr. Field, one of the New York Commissioners, took a strong stand against the compromise proposed, and that other delegates from Northern States, are exerting themselves most strenuously to defeat it. Still it is hoped by many that the proposition will be agreed to, and the prospects of a settlement of our national difficulties, are therefore considered more promising.

Mr. Guthrie's plan in brief is: First—The re-establishment of the Missouri Compromise line, with a provision for the admission of new States into the Union, when they have the requisite population, with or without slavery as their constitutions shall provide. Second—No territory shall hereafter be acquired by the United States without the concurrence of a majority of the Senators of the States north of Mason and Dixon's line, and also a majority of the Senators south of said line; but no treaty by which territory shall be acquired shall be ratified without the three fourths vote of the Senators, as required by the Constitution. Third—Forever prohibits Congress from interfering with the Institution of slavery in any Territory, in the District of Columbia, or in any other place under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, nor shall the rights of citizenship ever be conferred upon persons of African descent.

Fourth—Hereafter the paragraph of the fourth article of the Constitution shall not be construed to prevent any of the States, by appropriate legislation, and through the action of her judicial and ministerial officers, from enforcing the delivery of fugitives from labor from any other State or Territory of the United States to the person to whom such service or labor is due. Fifth—The importation of the African race into any State or Territory is forever prohibited. Sixth—The first, second, third and fifth articles of these amendments, and the third paragraph of the second section of the first article of the Constitution, and the third paragraph of the fourth article thereof, shall not be amended or abolished without the consent of all the States.

A CONTEMPLATED OUTRAGE. The Harrisburg Patriot & Union says: "Several Yankees are here, pressing upon the Republican members of the Legislature the necessity of putting the State on a war footing. These men are interested in the sale of arms manufactured in Connecticut. A war is what they want—first to sell arms to the South, and then to the North. Yankee Abolitionism may thus be made to pay." The proposition, we observe, was seriously discussed in the House a few days ago! We expect to see the Republican majority of the Legislature commit all manner of evil, but from this piece of villainy they must desist. The State is not invaded, nor is there danger of invasion or domestic insurrection. There is, therefore, no authority in the Legislature to "arm the State;" and as sure as such a bill passes, the bonds upon which money is raised to pay for the arms will never be paid. Notice of this fact will at once be given, and the whole nefarious scheme shall be resisted at every step. Let our Legislators bear in mind that we still have an unoccupied Supreme Court in the State, and hence that their unconstitutional enactments will be but a waste of paper. If the Republicans want arms, let them buy them themselves. We think nobody, either North or South, would object to that; but they shall not squander the money of the people by such unmitigated nonsense and villainy as that of arming the State at the public expense.—Clinton Democrat.

THE EXPLODED CONSPIRACY. The special Committee appointed to investigate and report upon the alleged conspiracy to seize upon the Capital, at Washington, made its report on Thursday. It thus concludes: "The Committee are unanimously of the opinion that the evidence produced before them does not prove the existence of a secret organization here, or elsewhere, hostile to the Government, that has for its object, upon its own responsibility, an attack upon the Capital, or any other of the public property here, or an interruption of any of the functions of the Government."

Mr. Branch, of North Carolina, then offered the following resolution: "That the quartering of troops of the regular army in this District around the

Capitol, when not necessary for their protection from a hostile enemy, and during the sessions of Congress, is impolitic and offensive, and if permitted, may become destructive of civil liberty, and in the opinion of this House the regular troops now in it ought to be forthwith removed therefrom."

This resolution was rejected, by yeas 35, nays 125. So it is fair to presume that the Republicans are determined to keep up a standing army at the seat of Government, and to enforce the Chicago platform and the doctrine of the "extinction of slavery" by means of the sword.—Pennsylvaniaian.

THE HISTORY OF A WIDE-AWAKE. A few weeks ago, we published an anecdote of a young man in New Haven who was thrown out of employment in consequence of the hard times and who manifested great anxiety to get into some sort of business. He asked employment of a gentleman of that city, who inquired if he had not been a Wide Awake. The answer was, yes. The next question was, if he still had his uniform? This was also answered affirmatively. The gentleman then offered him a dollar a day so long as he would wear the uniform. He accepted the offer and has made it his business ever since to appear in his Wide Awake habiliments. The Wide Awake fraternity remonstrated with him about it, and he thus justified himself: "I carried this thing around, day after day, during the campaign, and made nothing, but lost considerable by it. If it was honorable then, it is equally so now; and it is giving me the means by which I can pay my board and washing. You attend to your business, and I will to mine; but if you don't like my style, furnish me better employment, and I will lay down my torch and throw away my rig."

We doubt not there are hundreds of young mechanics in this town who during the heat of the late campaign, wasted time and money with the Wide Awakes, who would now jump at the opportunity of earning a dollar a day by parading through the principal streets in their uniforms.—New Haven News.

SOME PEOPLE WHO ONCE ABUSED ANDREW JACKSON WITHOUT STINT NOW SAY THEY WISH HE WAS PRESIDENT, THAT HE MIGHT CRUSH OUT SECESSION, HANG nullifiers, burn Charleston, &c., &c. They forget that South Carolina rebellion in 1860 is very different from that of 1832. Then a large portion of the most prominent citizens of South Carolina were openly adverse to resistance, now they are united to a man. Then the surrounding States withdrew countenance from South Carolina, now they yield her warm sympathy and support. It is an easy matter to dictate or censure when clear of responsibility. If General Jackson was in the Presidential chair, we doubt not the Lincolnite Abolitionists would hear from him, and wish him dead. We honor the memory of Jackson; he gallantly braved the storm of vituperation to uphold Democracy, and saved the country when the anti-democratic idol was the flowing locks of Biddle, seated on a golden pedestal of thirty-five millions, and which has now been transformed into a wolly headed negro, astride a rail, holding in one hand "Helper's impending Crisis," and in the other a likeness of "dear o'd John Brown." Jackson was too pure a patriot to worship at either of those Shrines. He was a Democrat!—Mt. Holly Mirror.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST. Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, is in hot water about his military order in tend to menace the South. Among many letters of remonstrance from patriotic military men in the State, is one from Captain Charles H. Manning, of the Salem Artillery. He says: "They, the Salem Light Artillery, are now filled with astonishment at the alacrity with which Massachusetts offers her services in the work of war against her brethren. That she, who swept on by political rancor, proposed to shut up her arsenals and her store-houses, and bury every military ensign in the dusty seclusion of deserted armories, while a foreign foe was sweeping our seas, destroying our towns, and devastating our fields; that she should now rush to arms against those of her fellow-citizens who, ask for a position equal with her own under the Confederation, is as strange and unnatural as that national madness which vents itself in the horrors of civil strife. That she who denounced and defied the Union while it was in the hands of her political opponents, should now be eager to fight for its preservation, is somewhat significant."

A man may be called poverty stricken when he is knocked down by a