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THE RESTORED.

A THRILLING REVOLUTIONARY TALE. God is everywhere! His words are on all hearts. He is on the battle field, in our quiet home. Praise be to His holy name. It was on the wilds of Wissahickon, on the day of battle, as the noon-day sun came through the thickly clustered leaves, that two men met in deadly conflict, near the reefs, which rose like the rocks of some primeval world at least an hundred feet above the dark waters of the Wissahickon. The man with the dark, brown face and darker gray eyes, flashing with deadly light, and a muscular form, clad in a blue frock of the Revolution, is a Continental named Warren. The other man with long, black hair, drooping along his cadaverous face, is clad in the half military costume of a Troy Refugee. This is a murderer of Paoli, named Dehaney. They met by accident, and now they fought, not with sword and rifle, but with long and deadly hunting knives, they struggling, twining and twisting on the greensward. At last the Tory is down—down on the turf, with the knee of the Continental upon his breast—the upraised knife flashed death in his face! "Quarter! I yield!" gasped the Tory, as the knee was pressed upon his breast "spare me, I yield." "My brother," said the patriot, in a tone of deadly hate, "my brother cried for quarter on the night of Paoli, and even as he clung to your knees, you struck that knife into his heart. O, I will give you the quarters of Paoli! And, as his hand raised for the blow, and his teeth were clenched with deadly hate, he paused for a moment, then pinioned the Tory's arms, and with a rapid stride, dragged him to the verge of the rock, and held him quivering over the abyss. "Mercy! Mercy!" gasped the Tory, turning ashy pale by turn, as that awful gulf yawned below. "Mercy! I have a wife and child at home—spare me!" The Continental, with his muscular strength gathered for the effort, shook the murderer once more over the abyss, and then kissed his bitter sneer in his hair. "My brother had a wife and two children. The morning after the night of Paoli, that wife was a widow, those children orphans. Would you not like to go and beg your life of that widow and her orphans?" The proposal made by the Continental in mockery and bitter hate, was taken in earnest by the terror-stricken Tory. He asked to be taken to the widow and her children, and to have the privilege of begging his life. After a moment's serious thought, the patriot consented. He bound the Tory's arm still tighter, placed him on the rock again, and led him to the woods. A quiet cottage, embosomed among trees, broke on their eyes. They entered the cottage. There, beside the desolate hearth-stone, sat the widow and her children. She sat there, a matronly woman of about thirty-three years, with a face shaded by care, a deep, dark eye, and long black hair, hanging in a disheveled state about her shoulders. On one side was a dark-haired boy of some six years, on the other side a girl one year younger, with light blue eyes. The Bible—an old and venerable volume—lay open upon the mother's lap. And now the pale-faced Tory flung himself upon his knees, and confessed he had butchered her husband on the night of Paoli, and begged his life at her hands. "Spare me for the sake of my dear wife and child!" He had expected this pitiful mean would touch the widows heart, but not one relenting gleam softened her face. "The Lord shall judge between us," she said in a cold icy tone that froze the murderers heart. "Look, the Bible is in my lap; I will close the volume, and this boy shall open it, and place his finger at random upon a line, and by that you shall live or die." This was a strange proposal, made in good faith of a wild and dark superstition of olden times. For a moment the Tory, pale as ashes, was wrapped in deep thought—then in a fainting voice he signified his consent. Raising her dark eyes to heaven, the mother prayed to the Great Father to direct the finger of her son. She closed the book—she handed it to that boy whose cheek reddened with loathing as he gazed upon his father's murderer. He took the

Bible, opened its pages at random, and placed his finger on a verse. There was a silence. The Continental soldier, who had sworn to avenge his brother's death, stood with dilating eyes and parted lips. The culprit kneeling upon the floor, with his face like discolored clay felt his heart leap to his throat. Then in a clear, bold voice, the widow read this line from the Old Testament. It was short, yet terrible: "That man shall die!" Look! the brother springs forward to plunge a knife into the murderer's heart, but the Tory, pinioned as he is, elings to the widows knees. He begs that one more trial may be made by the little girl, that child of five years old with the golden hair and laughing eyes. The widow consents. There is an awful pause. With a smile in her eye, without knowing what she was doing, the little girl opens the Bible, as it lay on her mother's knee; she turned her face away and placed her finger upon a line. The awful silence grows deeper. The deep drawn breath of the brother, and broken gasp of the murderer, alone disturb the stillness; the widow and dark-haired boy were breathless. The little girl, as she caught a feeling of awe from those about her, stood breathless; her face turned aside, and her tiny finger resting on the line of life and death. At length gathering courage, the widow bent her eye down upon the page and read: It was a line from the New Testament. "Love your enemies" Oh, book of terrible majesty and child-like love—of sublimity that crushes the heart with rapture, you never shone more strongly than there in that lonely cot of the Wissahickon when you saved the murderer's heart. Now look how wonderful are the ways of heaven. That very night as the widow sat by her fire side, with a crushed heart and hot eye lids, thinking of her husband who now lay mouldering on the drenched soil of Paoli—there was a tap at the door. She opened it and that husband, though covered with wounds, was in her arms. He had fallen at Paoli, but not in death, he was alive, and his wife lay panting on his bosom. That night there was a prayer in the wood embowered cottage of Wissahickon.

THE CITY OF MONTGOMERY. The city of Montgomery, the capital of Alabama, has assumed such a sudden importance as the capital of the Southern Confederacy and the seat of the federal operations of the new government, that we give below a brief sketch of its locality and surroundings. It is situated on the left bank of the Alabama river, 331 miles by water from Mobile, and is 839 miles from Washington, D. C. It is the second city in the State in respect to trade and population, and is one of the most flourishing inland towns of the Southern States, possessing great facilities for communication with the surrounding country. For steamboat navigation the Alabama river is one of the best in the Union, the largest steamers ascending to this point from Mobile. The city is also the western termination of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad. It contains several extensive iron foundries, mills, factories, large warehouses, numerous elegant stores and private residences. The cotton shipped at this place annually amounts to about one hundred thousand bales. The public records were removed from Tuscaloosa to Montgomery in November, 1847. The State House was destroyed by fire in 1849, and another was erected on the same site in 1851. The present population of the city is not far from 16,000, and it is probable that with all its natural advantages, and of its present selection as the Southern capital, it will soon place it in the first rank of Southern cities. KENTUCKY LOOMING UP.—Kentucky seems to be prominently on the carpet just now, as it has given birth to many of the characters figuring in the drama of the second American Revolution. President Davis was born in Todd county, Kentucky, in 1808. President Lincoln was born in Hardin county, in the year 1809. Vice President Breckinridge was born in Fayette county, in 1821. Senator Crittenden was born in Woodford county, in 1786. James Guthrie, the chairman on compromise resolutions in the Peace Conference, was born in Nelson county, in 1795. Joseph Holt, the late Secretary of War, is a native of Breckinridge county.—Major Adderson was born in Kentucky, in 1805. General Harney is also a Kentuckian, and Cassius Clay, both of whom are somewhat connected with the current crisis,

BANKING.

From the Scientific American (New York). There is nothing simpler than a bank. A number of persons who have money to lend on interest find several advantages in clubbing together and putting their money into a common fund; they constantly form an association with this aim, and such an association is called a bank. The management of the fund is intrusted to experienced business men who are acquainted, or who can make themselves acquainted, with the wealth or poverty of persons applying for the use of any part of the fund, in order that it may be loaned to those who are able to repay it again with the interest agreed upon for its use. These associations generally have money coming in and going out daily, and it is necessary to provide iron boxes or strong stone closets for its safe keeping, and when these are provided, any person in the community who has a sum of money which he does not want immediately, is apt to ask the favor of having it placed in the bank vaults till he wants it. The number of persons who thus have money which they do not require for immediate use, and the sums which are constantly left with the various banks for safe keeping is surprisingly large. The managers soon find by experience that as a portion of these deposits are withdrawn others are brought in, and there is thus a large amount constantly on hand. As business men of property, who can make safe notes, are constantly calling for more money than the capital of the bank amounts to, the directors loan a portion of these deposits, taking care always to keep enough money on hand to pay any depositors who are likely to call for it. As the bank pays nothing to the depositors for the use of their money, and as they get interest from those to whom they loan it, they are generally able to make a profit in this way more than enough to pay the expenses of rent, clerk hire, &c. Besides the interest obtained for money which is left with them for safe keeping, the banks have another source of profit in their banking companies became thoroughly established, the discovery was made that they could buy gold and silver, or other articles of value with their notes, and if they made these notes in small amounts, they would pass from hand to hand in exchange for merchandise, the same as coin, and that a certain amount of them would remain constantly in circulation. Banks accordingly exchange their notes not on interest with merchants and other business men for their notes on interest, and thus make a considerable profit. Of course the banks must keep some specie on hand to pay any of these notes that may be presented for payment, as they are all constantly due, being payable on demand. As the bank obtains no interest for the specie which is in its vaults, there is a constant temptation to diminish this below a safe sum, and the numerous failures of banks to pay their notes when they were presented, prompted the Legislature of this State to require every bank issuing notes to deposit security for their payment with an officer of the State. As the security required consists of State stocks, mortgage, &c., which draw interest, and as the bank notes draw no interest, the banks make the profit on their circulation in the same way that they did before the passage of this useful law. When a banking company loans money to a merchant, it is customary to take out the interest at the time of making the loan, counting out the interest, or discounting it as it is called; hence the term discounting has come to be applied to the transaction of making the loan, and the whole amount of money out at interest is embraced in bank returns under the term of discounts. The banks of this State are required to publish a statement weekly of their average deposits, circulation, discounts and specie, for the week. The statement for the week ending February 23, of the condition of the banks of this city, is as follows: Capital \$69,143,032 Loans 119,256,299 Specie 35,044,299 Circulation 5,128,792 Deposits 91,628,626 A portion of the deposits are fictitious or nominal merely, as we shall show in a subsequent article. Minnie was one day talking to her little class in Sunday school about God's great love to men. Wishing to impress it upon their minds, and to know whether they understood her, she asked: "Now children, who loves all men?" "Now children, who loves all men?" The question was hardly asked, before a little girl not four years old, answered quickly: "All women!"

Confession of a Murderer—An Innocent Man Hung.

On Monday night of last week, a negro, named George Orem, died at his home, in Baltimore. Previous to his death he made a confession acknowledging that he was a murderer, and stated that an innocent man had been hung for his crime. He confessed that he murdered the negro King, and that the negro Cyphus, who was hung as the guilty party, was entirely innocent of the crime. Oram was attacked with sickness some few weeks since, and continued to grow worse until Monday night when it became evident that he must die. During his illness he appeared much distressed in mind, and when he found that he would surely die, he called some friends near him and made his confession. At the time the murder took place Oram was engaged in selling Oysters through the city, and King was in his employ. The day previous Oram had a quarrel with King, and the former then determined to take the latter's life. Oram was also engaged in butchering, and was in the habit of carrying his butcher knife in his pocket on the back part of his pantaloons. On the night of the murder he placed his knife in this pocket and started for the house in Wagon alley, where the tragedy was enacted. When the difficulty commenced, Oram seized the first opportunity to plunge the butcher knife into King, killing him instantly. He then made his escape. The negro Cyphus was arrested on the charge of committing the murder. From the moment of his arrest to the minute previous to his execution he denied his guilt. The evidence on the trial was that of negroes only. One of the witnesses, known as Topsy, who saw the murder committed, stated that Cyphus was not the man who did it. The same statement which she gave before the jury, she made on the night of the murder to several persons who conversed with her. She described the murderer as a black man, heavily built. She also stated that she saw the murderer, the other man who was present on the night of the murder, the girl Topsy was weak minded and by some considered insane. Her testimony was cast aside as unworthy of belief. She was in company with a negro on her way to King's house. The negro Cyphus denied being in the vicinity of the murder at the time it was committed, and a few minutes before he ascended the scaffold remarked to the writer of this article that he was innocent of the charge, and a few years would prove his innocence. His statement has proved to be true, and there is now no doubt that he suffered death for a crime which he never committed. Oram, the murderer, died on Monday night, and the body has been buried. Previous to his death he stated that he had been much harassed since he had committed the deed. He was unable to sleep, and it was only when wearied out with toil, and in some instances after several nights of restless wakefulness, that he was enabled to sleep. Even then he asserted, he was afflicted with horrible dreams, in which the tragedy would be re-enacted, and he would suffer the pains of death for the crime. The image of his murdered victim followed him wherever he went, day and night, and no doubt to a considerable degree hastened his death. —Baltimore paper.

Counsel to People going to Move.

In the first place, don't move! Remember the famous story of the fish that "moved" out of the frying pan into the fire—call to mind all the allegories, ancient and modern, respecting the folly of change—see if the leaky roof can't be mended—consider whether the range bakes so very badly—reconcile yourself to narrow kitchens and defective water pipes be at peace with the world, and your house into the bargain, and don't move. But if this advice comes after the bill has been put up and the house let, and another one taken, the next best thing is to arrange matters as philosophically as possible, and the following scraps of counsel may be advantageously adhered to. Don't keep your house in confusion a month before the eventful Hegira—a week is quite long enough to make chaos of it. Don't undertake to "clear up" things generally. It is not economy to bargain away your husband's best coat to a rag man, mistaking it for his old moth eaten toga—neither is it wisdom to burn all the receipts and family papers, along with old letters and newspapers, "just to get them out of the way!" Don't think it necessary to feed the household on cold beans and lukewarm tea, or to quarter them on floor beds with carpet bags for their pillows, because you happen to be getting ready to move. If your husband is a "handy man" send him about his business as early in the morning as possible, on moving day.—"Handy men" are nuisances at any period, but at such a time they are an aggravation beyond the power of words to describe. Keep your wits about you, and when your courage begins to fail, just bolster it up with the comfortable conviction that what a woman can't do, is not worth doing at all! Don't pack the canary bird and the cat together, and object decisively to the purchase of the cart man at once that you are the director of affairs, not he; and don't let him impose upon you in the matter of short loads. What if you are only a small woman, and he an Irishman of the amplest pattern! Napoleon was not a six footer that ever we heard of. If you fear anything jingle, stop your ears, and don't look round until you have counted twenty. Be resigned to whatever may fall or be broken. And remember that as everything else comes to an end, so also does moving day. One communion Sunday, an old Kentucky soldier, who had fought under General Jackson at New Orleans, and knew well what manner of man he had been, attended the Hermitage Church, and saw the aged warrior kneel reverently before the altar. He was transfixed with astonishment. After the service was over, he was observed to be unusually silent and thoughtful, and upon being questioned, related what he had seen. He concluded his narrative thus: "When I saw the man who had fought armies, parties, cabinets, and had never fought without conquering, get down on his knees in that church, I said to myself: 'Well, when General Jackson kneels, I tell you, boys, I think it's about time for me to knock under.'" Four weeks after he joined the church, and lived and died an exemplary member. No ESCAPE FROM PUNISHMENT.—A correspondent of the Portland Argus writing from Wisconsin, at the residence of Gen. Jones who acted as second in the Cilley duel, says, "learning I was from Maine, the general alluded to the affair, expressed admiration for Mr. Cilley, and deeply regretted the unhappy termination of the issue. Graves died the victim to regrets and the most horrible of horrors. Two years he passed in sleepless nights, with rooms lighted and with watching friends, whom he was unwilling to have for a moment leave his presence. He consumed the hours of night in walking to and fro, in frightful starts, in moans and groans, and tears, and wild exclamations. At length, worn out with mental anguish, grief unmitigated, and wasting watchfulness, the unhappy man expired. Thus I had it from the lips of a clergyman, his neighbor, and thus was avenged the manes of the murdered Cilley." FOR PARENTS—HOW TO RUIN A SON.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him free access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment,

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—A fellow in this village took a job of digging a well for one of our citizens. Getting sick of the work when half completed he abandoned it, and when the owner refused to pay him for the unfinished contract, he swore he would go and steal the hole. Should he do so, and divide it up into fence post holes and sell the same to his neighbors, can the original hole-der replevy the holes, and take them back as his own property, or ought he to garnish the purchaser and stop payment to the thief? On the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad a very beautiful application of the photographic art is used on the "season passes" and "commutation tickets" to prevent their illegal transfer. When a person applies for a season pass or ticket, he incloses his photograph taken on a small gummed label, and this is pasted on the card which he receives. The conductor of the train can thus see at a glance whether the bearer of a pass or ticket carries the evidence of "the right man being in the right place." Eighty-three persons committed suicide in Massachusetts during the year 1859, of whom sixty-eight were males, and only fifteen females. The whole number is one less than in 1858, and it is a singular fact that the number in this State does not vary much from ninety each year. An alderman was heard the other day getting off the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I will stuff myself as full as I am able." A Somewhat novel wedding occurred at the Church of Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, on Tuesday evening. Ten married sisters appeared with their ten husbands, and a small army of children to celebrate the marriage of the eleventh sister. "We are getting on very well," said she, for a week, ran away, "because," said she, "they make me eat grass in the summer, and I was afraid they'd make me eat hay in the winter, and so I war off." There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so;—but he that thinks himself the wisest man is generally the greatest fool. The ship Saranak lately sailed from Philadelphia for Liverpool, having on board 48 cars for city railroads in England. These cars were built in Philadelphia, and contain arrangements for burning gas. There is one machine for printing delaines in the Pacific Mills, Lawrence, Mass., which puts on sixteen colors at one continuous operation. There is only one other like it in the world. The new Houses of Parliament in London are going to decay rapidly.—The ammonia in the fogs which arise from the river Thames this acts upon the stones of the buildings and dissolves them. The Vice President of the United States, the last Postmaster General, the present Secretary of the Interior, and the present Secretary of War, were all printers. To distinguish steel from iron let fall a drop of dilute nitric acid upon the surface of the metal: it produces a dark gray spot on steel, and a green one on iron. In Chicago white corn sells for three cents per bushel more than yellow. Farmers should know this in season, and plant the quality which is most highly prized. A thick wash composed of lime, some salt, a little molasses and some fine sand, applied to shingle roofs render them nearly fire-proof and far more durable. Every person in Great Britain pays annually an average about three pounds sterling for the support of the government. About \$100,000 worth of hard india-rubber, for the manufacture of combs, is imported annually from the United States into England. The population of Canada West, by the last census taken, amounts to 1,400,000, that of Canada East 1,300,000—making a total of 2,700,000. In 1858 the aggregate tonnage of the who's English navy was only 11,820 tons, or about one half of the Great Eastern. The tobacco crop of the United States for 1860 amounted to 195,000 hogheads, valued at \$10,000,000. Cover a fool with gold, and he will pass current.