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NEW SERIES—VOL. V.—NO. 7.

Original Poetry.

IN PEACE I LOVE A BANNER.

BY WILLIS W. WASHBURN.

War, in its blackness, is now sweeping o'er us,
bearing destruction along with its train;
Slighter broad banners are waving before us,
While the blood of the fallen has crimsoned the plain.

Others have motto'd death to their brothers,
Each asking the other to yield on his will,
"Thinking, alas! how letted o'er smoothest
The love that lies in their hearts calm and still."

I love the war, and all its commotion,
And see these bloodstained flags unfurled,
Smiling to watch, with the warmest devotion,
These symbols of murder, as they float thro' the world!

Ignited in their beauty they flutter 'neath heaven,
And flap their bright folds as they float on the breeze,
While beneath them with death-valued lives have
been given.

Whit' blood on the plain lies to curdle and freeze.

They wave o'er the heads of armed legions in battle,
Whose death-dealing daggers are clashing below;

As roar of the cannon, the groans and the rattle,
Speaks, oh! too plain, of death and of woe.

These banners are leading the sword, to discover
The ties of affection that bind us as friends;
And, once outswind, no power can ever
Bind together what hate's dagger rends.

Then our fair Union is cemented together—
When Peace sheds her glory around us again—
I'll greet those bright banners, while hither
and thither

They float in their grandeur o'er land and o'er
main!

When war's bloody demon haunts us no longer—
When the world from its murderous conflicts is
free—
Then we, as a nation, will grow greater
and stronger.

It ruled by the voice of our own Liberty.

There war is existing no justice can enter,
No party the blows that Tyranny aims
At the shrine of Liberty—the glorious center
Of all the light honor the American claims.

And where it exists, the strong arm of Power
Will ever engrasp the rights of the free,
Sweeping death's gloom and dark terrors lower,
Or spreading its terror o'er mountain and lea.

Then, how can we stand amidst this commotion,
And see these bloodstained banners unfurled,
Smiling to watch, with warmest devotion,
These symbols of murder as they float thro' the world!

Peace I love them, but War, War, never,
Through their great beauty no mercy extends,
For they are yet leading the sword to discover
The ties of affection that bind us as friends.

GLENN HORN, August 26, 1864.

DR. BEECHER'S MANUSCRIPT.

Dr. Beecher's habits of composition were peculiar.

His social nature was so active that as soon as he had written a sentence that pleased him he had an ardent desire to read it to somebody.

Many time she has rushed to the dining room where Aunt Esther was sitting.

"Here, Esther, hear this," Aunt Esther, with martyr-like patience, would stand, towel in one hand, and an unwiped plate in the other, (for she must have had her undivided attention.)

She would read his paragraph and trotted back as if his study again. It sometimes seemed as if he would never get a sentence done.

He would write, re-write, in-define, erase, tear up and begin anew, scratch out and scribble in almost endlessness.

In the latter part of his life this habit became morbid, and actually shut him out from the possibility of publishing his own writings.

He was the torment of his sisters, both by the delay of his manuscript and the condition in which they found it when they got it.

One of his daughters said there were three negative rules by which she could always read her father's writing to wit: 1. If there is a letter crossed, it isn't a 2.

If there is a letter dotted, it isn't a 3. If there is a capital letter it isn't at the beginning of a word.

At Lane Seminary, he lived more than two miles from the city.

One time the printers had been on tenter hooks for forty-eight hours about their copy, and he finally crushed it into the crown of the hat that lay nearest him, clapped another at on his head, drove down to the city, rushed up to the printing office and snatched off his hat.

"Here's your copy—h'm, h'm—well, it isn't here, it is somewhere else." The copy was still in the hat that had been left at home.

But he could be angry with so much good nature, even if it were a plague.

BIG THING ON FINANCE.

It is stated in the London Times that German capitalists have taken at least \$150,000,000 of our six per cent, 5-20 bonds, which cost them only about forty cents on the dollar.

Only 30,000,000 have been invested to secure us \$150,000,000. Allowing these bonds to be paid at maturity, let us see how the account will stand, and then we may be able to comprehend some of the beauties of Mr. Chase's paper money scheme:

Twenty years' interest - \$180,000,000
Principal at maturity - 150,000,000

Total received - 330,000,000
Total cost - 60,000,000

For sixty millions now received, we are to pay three hundred and thirty millions in gold! To pay the interest of this little sum of the public debt, the whole California gold product must be exported for twenty years.

Forty dollars is all we now receive from a foreigner for a \$100 six per cent. bond. For this we pay an annual interest of six dollars, and in addition to pay his investment, and in addition to pay his interest, must at maturity pay \$100 in gold, a bonus of \$60, for the privilege of borrowing \$40, at an annual interest of 15 per cent.

Lincoln declares that we are making history. Yes! but the history we are making under him we would gladly disown with.

HOW TO MAKE PEACE.

From the National Intelligencer.

We are sure that the attention of every reader was arrested by the following observations of the New York Tribune, as contained in the extract which we cited from that paper, along with others, in our number of yesterday:

"We do not know, and have not meant to affirm, that an immediate settlement of our national troubles is perfectly feasible; but we feel certain that two thirds of the American people on either side of the dividing line anxiously, absorbingly desire peace, and are ready to make all needful sacrifices to insure it. Then, why shall it be long withheld? Let us know, as soon as may be, the most that the rebel chief will do to secure peace; let us next ascertain what is the 'ultimatum' on our side; and, if the difference is material, let us fight all the harder till one side or the other is ready to make the needful concession. It is high time matters were coming to a point."

If, as the Tribune affirms, two thirds of the American people, on each side of the dividing line, "anxiously, absorbingly desire peace, and are ready to make all needful sacrifices to insure it," the further continuance of the war is a reproach to the authorities who stand in the way of realizing this ardent wish of the country.

According to the view of the Tribune, the nation is cheated out of peace by the unwillingness or the inability of the men in place on each side of the line to effectuate the anxious, absorbing desire of their countrymen; and yet, with singular inconsistency, the Tribune proposes to remit the question of peace into the hands of the "rebel chief" on the one side, and of President Lincoln on the other; for, when it says "let us know, as soon as may be, the most that the rebel chief will do to secure peace," and immediately adds, "let us next ascertain what is the ultimatum on our side," we suppose it intends to leave the "ultimatum" of the loyal States to be fixed by Mr. Lincoln, as it assumes that the ultimatum of the seceded States is to be fixed by Mr. Davis.

We have many and, as we conceive, weighty objections to this proposition. If "two thirds of the people on each side of the dividing line anxiously, absorbingly desire peace, and are ready to make all needful sacrifices to insure it," we must insist that the terms and conditions of peace should be ascertained and concerted by the people themselves. We already know the "ultimatum" of Mr. Lincoln, and being such as to leave no hope of peace during his Administration, we are not at all curious to know the "ultimatum" of Mr. Davis, which we think it very likely would be little more than the popular will and wish on his side, as the President has little reflected the popular will and wish on our side by the supplementary condition he has announced as the ground on which he will receive any propositions looking to "peace and the integrity of the whole Union." If peace is to be secured, its terms must be ascertained by those who, as the Tribune says, "are willing to make all needful sacrifices to insure it," that is by the people themselves. Who but the people on each side can determine what sacrifices they deem to be "needful" for the assured restoration of peace? We are very sure that two thirds of the people on our side of the "dividing line" would have no hesitation in "sacrificing" many things which President Lincoln is not prepared to sacrifice, in order to secure peace. He is so hampered by his "proclamations" and pledges that of all men he is most disqualified to approach the consideration of this subject, for what audience could he expect to receive from the people of the seceded States in commending to their adhesion terms which, it is safe to say, are considered by a majority of the people even in the loyal States to be as little proper for the President to offer as they are little likely to be accepted by the parties to whom they are addressed?

It is clear to our minds, therefore, that if any negotiations are to be set on foot with a view to peace, they must be preceded by a change of front on the part of those who direct the civil Administration of the country. The present policy of the Government in the conduct of the war must be reversed by a return to the principles and maxims which have been let out of sight in what the New York Times calls the "blind race of radicalism and barbarism." We know that President Lincoln does not yet perceive the necessity of such a reversal. On the contrary, he has within the last few weeks committed himself by his late manifesto more expressly than ever before to the logical conclusions of the policy that now dictates the ends and objects of the war.

But apart from all questions of persons or forms, it seems to us, as we have already intimated, that if the people are ripe for peace, they should be allowed to express their wishes and views to that effect with the least possible indirectness or confusion resulting from the intervention of third parties. And now, how shall this be accomplished?

As there were many who, at the beginning of the secession agitation, avowed their willingness to refer all questions at issue between the North and the South to the arbitration of a National Convention, so at every stage of the war which has followed it has been supposed that, whatever might be its result, a National Convention would be called to readjust our organic policy with reference to the altered relations left by the war. And if regard be had to the subject-matter of the discussions out of which the war grew, it would seem that they could, in substance and in form, be most properly allayed by a free conference of the States composing the Union. The foundations of the Union were laid by such a Convention, and it is the only body which is competent to re-adjust the basis of that Union. A portion

A NATIONAL DETERMINATION.

From the N.Y. Journal of Commerce.

For twenty-five or thirty years the noble Circassian race, inhabiting the mountainous region along the northeast coast of the Black Sea, has maintained an unequal strife with the entire power of the Russian Empire, but at last a letter from Constantinople informs us of the capitulation of Vardar, their last stronghold, and that the entire population is seeking an asylum in Turkey. Here is a people which, like Poland, is stricken from the list of nationalities, and the Russian Czar is the instrument by which the work is accomplished. In this connection a brief retrospect of the history of the Circassians may be timely:—

A Russian estimate a few years ago gave the total population as about 400,000; but as nearly as can be judged from the number of refugees now claiming the protection of a friendly Government, some 100,000 must have since perished in the desperate encounters which have crimsoned every valley of their mountain land. Being warriors from choice, and agriculturists only from necessity, and always evincing a passionate attachment to their native rocks, the Russians have retired before them in many a contest.—The struggle to effect their reduction has been unceasing since 1800, when Georgia was annexed to the dominions of the Czar; but it was not until 1823, when a chieftain named Kasi Molat, aided by the youthful Shamyl, organized a formidable resistance. At the end of ten years Kasi was slain at Ilmiri, which was taken by storm after every one of its defenders had perished. The brave Shamyl was elected his successor, and continued the conflict with the varying fortunes. He was one of the most remarkable men that the world has produced. Uniting in himself the character of a warrior and a priest, he commanded the veneration, while he wielded the passions of the people. His loss was their death blow, since from the day of his capture dates the downfall to final subjugation. Shamyl, with his family, occupies a palace in Russia, still under military surveillance, but enjoying the prerogatives of a noble captive.

The scenes attending the arrival of the Circassian refugees on the shores of the Euxine, destitute and famishing, are described as exceedingly painful; and not less harrowing in the desperate frenzy with which they crowd the few transports sent to their rescue—choosing to risk a dreful perils on shipboard, rather than to pass longer with the hated voyagers on a steamer. A large number of these wretched people have already sought a shelter, and these are but the vanguard of 300,000 seeking transportation to the Turkish coast—so great is the demand for vessels that the Sultan contemplates disarming some of the men-of-war, for employment in this service. A correspondent of the London Times at Constantinople says:

"I do not wish to excite unnecessary horror by a faithful description of the awful visitation which has fallen upon the Circassian race; indeed, no description, however minute and accurate, could convey a sense of the fearful sufferings of this now proscribed people; but I should be failing of public duty if I did not put upon record the dreadful calamity of which I have such abundant evidence. I have been appealed to, however, from every quarter, to give publicity to this awful state of things as a means of concentrating attention on the subject the present and future importance of which is great, and in the hope, also, that it may elicit some manifestation of public sympathy."

The Turkish Government is doing all in its power to meet the pressing exigency. The Sultan has given from his private purse the magnificent sum of \$250,000. Others give according to their ability. It is also proposed to draft some 20,000 men into the army; and as a further relief, large numbers ultimately may be employed in the culture of cotton. So there is a fair prospect of the whole, after some delay, and indelible suffering, finding a home among those who, though strangers, profess the same religious belief, and worship with their faces towards Mecca. This disaster which has thus plunged an entire nation into pauperism, with its concomitants of famine and disease, is fearfully aggravated by the suddenness and completeness of the overthrow. For a moment every resource is overpowered.—History presents few such examples.

A young woman had been converted at a camp-meeting. The minister had told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words she one evening retired to a grove, and fervently prayed to the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a who-oo! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer, and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed with the greatest thankfulness of spirit, and answered back, "Anybody, Mr. Lord, except Abe Lincoln."

When the news was received here that Chambersburg had been burned by the rebels, some of the abolition jacobins openly expressed their delight declaring that it was just what they wanted to hear of, as the "copperheads" had suffered heavily in the loss of property, and it would operate to exasperate the people of the North. Such devilish malignity lurks only in the hearts of fiends. Shame! Shame!—Bedford Gazette.

An exchange says the country has become very healthy indeed since the newspaper publishers began to exact a small fee for obituary notices.

THE WAR NEWS.

From the Philadelphia Age, Aug. 23.

The truth of Gen. Grant's late movement is at length explained. On both sides of the James he has been repulsed. Warren's Corps, near the Weldon Railroad, was surprised and severely handled on Saturday, and lost two thousand prisoners and one thousand killed and wounded. It was forced almost a mile down the Weldon Railroad. On Saturday night the corps entrenched itself, and on Sunday was reinforced, most probably by a portion of Hancock's Corps. On the north bank of the James, as we reported yesterday, Birney's Corps was withdrawn to Deep Bottom. On Friday night, however, Gen. Hancock finding his outposts untenable, abandoned all that portion of White Oak Swamp which he had held north of the village of New Market. On Saturday he received orders to march to the south side of the James. New Market was abandoned, and Birney's Corps at Deep Bottom, was left to hold the small amount of ground North of Foster's earthworks which it was thought necessary to retain. Hancock's Corps crossed to the south side of the James, and it is supposed was sent to aid Warren. On Sunday night, when our intelligence closed, everything was quiet. Warren was entrenched on the Weldon Railroad, and Birney at Deep Bottom.

Gen. Sherman seems to have given up any further attempts either to reach the Meacon Railroad or to get into Atlanta.—His troops are idle, and remain in their works without risking any contests. The correspondents of the newspapers are disappointed. Many have left the camp.—They state that Sherman has stretched his line out until he has reached twelve miles southeast of Atlanta, and still he finds the enemy on the alert, and protected by strong works. He cannot outflank them. Sherman is now intrenching the north bank of the Chattahoochee, and it looks as if he contemplated a retreat on that side of the river. There is anything but exultation in his camp. The Federal cavalry have cut the railroad leading from Atlanta to Montgomery, about twenty-five miles from Atlanta. They have withdrawn, however, and the road is repaired. Sherman's communications with the north were interrupted for about four days. They are now reopened.

There is very little authentic news from the Shenandoah Valley. Sheridan is on the Potomac, his troops ranging from Harper's Ferry to Williamsport. The Confederates are very near the river, and it is reported they have appeared on the western bank. The entire valley has troops here retreated from the Snicker's Gap, towards Leesburg. They will try to reach a Confederate advance by that road towards Washington, if one is intended.

We have Confederate advices from Mobile to last Tuesday. Nothing had occurred, and Fort Morgan still held out. The Confederate Gen. Gardner, recently a prisoner, had been named as Commander-in-Chief at Mobile.

Gen. Sheridan has been reinforced by the balance of the Nineteenth Army Corps from New Orleans. The detachment numbers six thousand.

Illinois has been made a separate military district, to be commanded by the notorious Gen. Payno.

Peace—The Union.—President Lincoln has made the issue—a war for the abolition of slavery in the States—no negotiation for peace until slavery is abolished. The Democrats accept the issue. They will negotiate for a peace, and secure it, with the Union, if possible, without regard to slavery or any other local State institution.

In this all the Democracy and the Conservative men are united. The Albany Argus (War Democrat) does not hesitate to take up the issue.

The World (War) says: "The new President to be nominated at Chicago and elected in November, must be a man ready and willing to meet any and every overture for peace, a man who shall represent truly the dignity and power of the nation, and who will not be unwilling even to tender an Amistice suggesting a NATIONAL CONVENTION OF ALL THE STATES."

The New York News (Peace) says: "The Peace Democracy will endorse a nomination that faithfully represents the sentiments here stated. They are willing to trust to the good sense and patriotism of the people for the realization of a definite peace as the sequel of an armistice and National Convention."

And so on, throughout the country.—There is no longer any distinction among Democrats. The Chicago Convention will be united, and the Democracy and the Conservative men of the country in the coming Presidential contest will become a unit.—Hartford Times.

One day a little girl about five years old, heard a preacher of a certain denomination praying most lustily till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and becoming the maternal ear to a speaking distance, she whispered: "Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to pray so loud?"—Such a question is worth a volume on elocution in prayer.

A lady at Brussels is known to be extremely humane that she will not allow even her carpets to be beaten; and was frightfully shocked on hearing a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his companion to cut his tail short; and she actually fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.

The Difference.—Lincoln and Grant regard the taking of Richmond as only a "question of time"; but the poor soldiers in the field regard it as a question of eternity, so far as they are concerned.

A NOVAL PLEA.

A judge relates the following incident that occurred in his practice:—He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay council fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause. The poor man, Mr. A., was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing council closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision. "May I please your honor," said the man, "may I pray?"

The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could not say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees, and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. "O Lord, thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and thou knowest that it is so and so"—to the end of the chapter. Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty in addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifogging.

When he arose from his knees, Esquire W., the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken, said: "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" To which the judge replied: "You can close with prayer if you please." Esquire W., was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forbore, leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by the novel mode of presenting it.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT AT THE COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

A Young Woman Instantly Killed.—Yesterday morning, about 6 o'clock, one of the feeders in the Commercial office—a German girl, named Lucretia Bosse—met with an accident which terminated her life in the most horrible manner.—Passing from one end of the press to the other, with the intention of relieving an inexperienced feeder, the skirt of the unfortunate female caught on one of the shafts which drive the ponderous press, and over which it is necessary to step in her transition. Instantly her clothing was wound up firmly upon its surface, and the poor girl, hurled from her feet, was carried around several revolutions striking her head and body with terrific force upon the floor. The press was stopped quickly, and the body of the poor girl, springing from the driving pulley, but it was too late. Several revolutions were made after the discovery of her entanglement, and the first revolution which hurled the poor creature to the floor must have proved fatal. Several of the girls working on the press at the time swooned away at the terrible sight, and were removed, helpless from the spot. The mangled body of Lucretia was cut loose from the shaft, being firmly held by the clothing closely entwined upon its surface. The head is completely crushed, and the whole body terribly mutilated. An examination of the spot where the accident occurred fully accounts for the terrible result of the casualty. The shaft is only a little over two feet from the platform, and each revolution threw the whole upper part of the body with terrific force upon the floor.—One of the workmen, who saw the accident, states that the unfortunate girl struggled to free herself of the shaft, but failed, and the next instant he heard her body strike the platform.—Cincinnati Enquirer, August 13.

FOLLY.—What bigotry and blindness it was for the heathens to throw themselves under the car of Juggernaut, to be crushed to appease the wrath of their false gods. And in this enlightened day, what a pity it is for the American people to offer themselves as sacrifices to promote the ambition of Lincoln.

If four years of abolition-rule is sufficient to annihilate our armies, impoverish the people, involve the Treasury in bankruptcy, and the country in ruin, what will be the result in case Lincoln shall be re-elected for four years more? Do his supporters contend that the hair of the dog will cure the bite?

The Times asks, "Shall Cabinet officers have seats in the House?" To which the Rochester Express, a leading Republican journal, replies: "No, we have traveled far enough on the road towards a monarchy, and it is time to put on the brakes."

Lincoln.—The Egyptian mothers rejoiced when their children were devoured by crocodiles. Pity that Abe Lincoln's mother had not lived in that time and on the banks of the Nile.

If you want to have four years more of bloodshed, war, taxation, ignorance, extravagance, desolation and ruin, vote for Abe Lincoln, and you will not be disappointed.

A negro was put up at auction by his mother in Hudson, N. Y., recently, and was bought by a lawyer for \$1000.

There are eighteen acres of rebels in the encampment for rebel prisoners at Elmira, N. Y.

A very nice young man lost six thousand dollars at faro at Saratoga one night last week.

The Emperor of Abyssinia has offered his hand to Queen Victoria.

No maiden ladies are allowed in Japan. They must marry or leave.