

# Kuffman's Journal.

BY S. J. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1865.

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**TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.**  
The Kuffman's Journal is published on Wednesday, \$2.00 per annum in advance. Advertisers inserted at \$1.50 per square, for three or less insertions—Ten lines (or less) counting a square. For every additional insertion 50 cents. A deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.

## Business Directory.

**IRVIN BROTHERS, Dealers in Square & Sawed Lumber, Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Grain, &c., &c., Burnside Pa., Sept. 23, 1863.**  
**FREDERICK LEITZINGER, Manufacturer of all kinds of Stone-ware, Clearfield, Pa. Orders solicited—wholesale or retail. Jan. 1, 1863.**  
**CRANS & BARRETT, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. May 13, 1865.**  
**ROBERT J. WALLACE, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Shaw's new row, Market street, opposite Naugle's jewelry store. May 26.**  
**H. F. NAUGLE, Watch and Clock Maker, and dealer in Watches, Jewelry, &c. Room in Graham's row, Market street. Nov. 10.**  
**H. BUCHER, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office in Graham's Row, fourth no. west of Graham & Boynton's store. Nov. 10.**  
**HARTSWICK & HUSTON, Dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Perfumery, Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., etc., Market street, Clearfield, Pa. June 29, 1864.**  
**J. P. KRATZER, dealer in Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, Provision, &c. Front Street, above the Academy, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.**  
**WILLIAM F. IRWIN, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Merchandise, Hardware, Queensware, Groceries, and family articles generally. Nov. 10.**  
**JOHN GUELICH, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet-ware, Market street, Clearfield, Pa. He also makes to order Coffins, on short notice, and attends funerals with a hearse. April 10, '59.**  
**D. R. WOODS, Practising Physician, and Examining Surgeon for Pensions, Office, South-west corner of Second and Cherry Street, Clearfield, Pa. January 21, 1863.**  
**THOMAS J. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office, east of the Clearfield co. Bank. Deeds and other legal instruments prepared with promptness and accuracy. July 3.**  
**J. B. McENALLY, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Practices in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office in new brick building of J. Boynton, 24 street, one door south of Lanch's Hotel.**  
**RICHARD MOSSOP, Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Bacon, Liquors, &c. Room on Market street, a few doors west of Court Office, Clearfield, Pa. April 27.**  
**J. ARMBRIST & TEST, Attorneys at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to them in this county, field and adjoining counties. August 5, 1855.**  
**W. M. ALBERT & BROS., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Flour, Bacon, etc., Woodland, Clearfield county, Pa. Also, extensive dealers in all kinds of lumber, shingles, and square timber. Orders solicited. Woodland, Aug. 19th, 1863.**

## Select Poetry.

**THE LOYAL NORTH.**  
Oh say not the Union is broken,  
That the flag of the free is disgraced;  
Through the world 'tis of freedom the token,  
And 'tis lost it can never be replaced.  
That old flag has made a nation;  
What proud memories throng on the brain  
When the hope of our country's salvation,  
Through our tears, bursts brightly again.  
Oh say not that Liberty falters,  
That base despots shall look o'er the sea  
And proclaim that our nation's proud altars  
Are no longer a hope for the free.  
Though traitors may lurk in our bosom,  
They are lost 'mid the hosts of the brave,  
Who start from the hill and the valley  
The flag of our Union to save.

## THE PATRIOT AND THE TRAITOR.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook the city of London. At the dead of the night, when the storm was at its highest, an aged minister living in the suburbs of the city, was aroused by an earnest cry for help. Looking from his window he beheld a rude man clad in the coarse attire of the sweeper of the public streets. In a few moments, while the rain came down in torrents, and the storm howled above, the preacher, leaning on the arm of the scavenger, threaded his way through the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had fallen, speechless, in front of the scavenger's rude home. The good hearted street sweeper had taken him in, laid him on his own bed, and had not spoken once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man. And now, through dark alleys, among miserable tenants, that seem to topple down upon their heads, into the loneliest and dreariest suburbs they pass—that white haired minister and his guide. At last, in a narrow court, and up a flight of stairs that creaked beneath their tread, and then into the death room.

It was, in truth, a miserable place. A glimmering light stood on a broken chair. There were the rough walls, there the solitary garret windows, with the rain beating through the rags and straw, which stuffed the broken panes—and there, amid a heap of cold ashes, the small vase which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He was but half dressed—his legs were concealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and looked upon him. And as he looked—throb—throb—you might hear the death watch ticking in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown old with care more than age. There was a face you might look upon once, and yet wear in your memory forever. Let us bend over that bed, and look on that face.

A bold forehead, scathed by one deep wrinkle between the brows; long locks of dark hair, sprinkled over with gray—lips firmly set, yet quivering as though they had a life separate from the life of the man—and then, two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in that face—something so full of unutterable loneliness, unspoken despair, that the aged minister started back in horror.

But look, those strong arms are clutched at the vacant air—the death sweat starts in drops upon the cold brow—the man is dying!

Throb! throb! throb! beat the death watch in the battered, shattered wall.

"Would you die in the faith of a Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the dark floor.

stood there erect, with the death light in his eye, "faith! can't give me back my honor? Look ye, priest, there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of eight years' warfare, in his royal hall, sits George of England, bewailing in his idiotic voice the loss of his colonies. And here am I—I, who was first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike the blow against that king—here am I, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while—throb—throb—beat the death watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the lines, there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead. "Silence along the lines! Hark there, Montgomery, we will meet there in victory or in death! Hark! silence, my men, not a whisper, as you move up those steep rocks! Now, on my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars; up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now—now—now!" shrieked the death-stricken man, towering there in his blue uniform, with his clenched hands moving in the air—"now, now! one blow, and Quebec is ours!"

And look, his eyes grow glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair, erect, livid, ghastly. There for a moment, and then he falls! He is dead! Ah! look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In the glassy eyes there lingers even yet horrible energy, a sublimity of despair.

Who is the strange man, dying here alone in this garret, this man who, in all his crime, still treasured up his blue uniform and faded flag?

Who is this thing of terrible remorse—this man, whose memories link something of heaven and more of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and that flag. The old minister unfolded that faded flag—it was the blue banner, gleaming with thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It was a Colonel's commission in the Continental Army, addressed, BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude hut, while the death watch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse of that patriot and traitor.

O, that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corpse, and while the dishonored body rotted into dust, to bring home that good right arm, and enshroud it among the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a gallant blow for freedom; yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, Saratoga—that arm yonder, beneath the snow white mountain, amid the deep silence of the dead, first raised into sight the banner of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition through the wilderness to Quebec, that Arnold encamped for two or three days beside the River of the Dead, near a snow white mountain, which rose in lovely grandeur over all the other mountains into the autumn sky.

A single soldier ascended the mountain with the hope of beholding from its summit the rock and spires of Quebec. When he came down, Arnold took from his breast, where, for four days in privation and danger, he had carried it, a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He raised it into the light, and for the first time the Continental Banner floated over the solitudes of the Dead River. This is a fact attested by history and corroborated by tradition.

Buying Gold Makes One a Rebel.  
There is instruction and example in the following incident narrated to us by a Pennsylvania friend.

An honest Schuylkill County German merchant, who had prospered and had accumulated more money than he could employ as capital in his business, came to a patriotic banker in Philadelphia and said: "I have got some money, and I want you to buy me some gold."

"Why, Schultz, what do you want gold for? That isn't a thing you sell in your store."  
"I know that—but I want to make some money on the rise of gold. Peoples say it is going up, and I think I may make a thousand dollars."  
"Schultz, you dear old fellow, don't you know that if you buy gold you will be a Rebel?"  
"No!" said Schultz, with a tone of resentment in his voice.  
"Suppose you buy \$10,000 of gold. Suppose that some morning you read in the papers in big letters: 'Terrible disaster to the Union caused! Grant's army routed and destroyed!!! The Rebels marching on Washington!!!'  
"I should say 'at was tam pad news,' excitedly interrupted the German.  
"Yes, but wouldn't you say right off, 'this however, will put gold up—and for the Union cause, but it is gone for my ten thousand?' Don't you see, Schultz, that in buying gold you instantly make the interests of the Rebels your interests—that you bribe yourself to wish them to succeed, and to wish your country and your countrymen to fail? And if the Rebels unduly desire, Schultz, don't define a Rebel, there is no language to define one. Don't you see that buying gold inevitably turns honest, patriotic, devoted men like you, away from the cause which they ought to support, and which they think they do support, but which they cannot support, because they have made it for their interest not to support it? Don't you see it, dear old fellow?"  
"Be shure I do," said the honest man, with gravity of manner and humility; "and I ax pardon of the war. Put de whole of it in Seven-Thirties. My money goes mit my principles."

## A MOTHER'S AFFECTION.

The following beautiful incident we clip from the last *Honesdale Republic*. It is a striking illustration of a mother's love:

Just before the close of canal navigation a resident of this borough went into the store of Mr. J. M. Bauman and requested him to change a fifty dollar greenback.

Bauman seeming to hesitate the neighbor remarked that if there was reason to doubt the genuineness of the note it was best to have the question definitely settled, because its owner was going down the canal and would not be back again. Bauman decided that the note was a good one and that he would change it at his own risk. It turned out that the note was a counterfeit.

Bauman held it some weeks, when a fellow merchant came into his place and asked him if he had any bad money. Bauman said that he had a bad fifty dollar greenback. He produced it, and his fellow merchant gave him fifty dollars in genuine greenbacks for it.

This excited Bauman's curiosity, and he asked the meaning of the transaction. The solution was this: The counterfeit greenback belonged to a young boatman of Koudouk. In his last trip he contrived to have it passed to Bauman as above stated. When he reached home he boasted the achievement to his mother telling her the name of the man he had victimized. Soon after the young man enlisted and went to the front. His mother thought upon the flagrant act of dishonesty he had committed, and could not rest. Her son was exposed to special hazards of death, and she could not endure the idea of his dying with that wrong unatoned. She raised the fifty dollars, and sent it here to a friend with instructions to redeem the counterfeit bill.

Wonderful is a mother's love! Beautiful is that piety which counts truth and honesty as among its highest excellencies!

Respect the Aged.  
Many an old person has the pain—not bodily, but sharper still—of feeling himself in the way. Some one wants his place. His chair in the chimney corner is grudged him. He is a burden to son or daughter. The very arm that props him is taken away from some productive labor. As he sits at the table, his own guests are too idle or too unkind to make him a sharer in their mirth. They grudge the trouble of that raised voice which alone could make him one of them; and when he speaks, it is only to be put aside as ignorant or despaired, as old-fashioned and absolute. Oh, little do younger persons know their power of giving pain or pleasure! It is a pain for any man, still in the world, to be made to feel that he is no longer of it, to be driven in upon his little world of conscious isolation and buried enjoyment.

But this is his condition; and if any fretfulness or querulousness of temper has aggravated it—if others love him not because he is amiable—shall we pity that condition the less—shall we regard it with that fault which is itself the worst part of it?

Young men, pay Attention.  
Don't be a loafer, don't teally yourself a loafer don't keep loiterer's company, don't hang about loafing places. Better work hard for nothing and board yourself, than to sit around day after day, or stand around the corners with your hands in your pockets, better for your own mind, better for your own respect. Bustle about, if you mean to have anything to bustle about for. Many a poor physician has obtained a real patient by riding hard to attend to an imaginary one. A quire of paper tied with red tape, carried under a lawyer's arm, may procure him his first case and make his fortune. Such is the world; to him that hath shall be given. Quit droning and complaining; keep busy and mind your chance.

The Rebels Desponding.  
The *Herald's* army of the Potomac correspondent, of the 22d, says: Hoke's division, of Longstreet's corps, is the only large body of troops which have been sent South, from Lee's army. They estimate the strength of the rebel army around Petersburg at thirty thousand men. The news of General Sherman's success in South Carolina became generally known throughout the rebel camp to-day, and caused a feeling of universal depression to prevail there. The private make no secret of their intention to desert, and Gen. Lee has placed a heavy guard in the rear to prevent them. Rebel officers express their opinion that nothing can stop Sherman's advance thence, and hence private desert by loss.

The Surprise of Sheridan's Cavalry.  
According to the *Herald's* correspondent, the surprise of a detachment of Sheridan's cavalry by a party of Mosby's guerrillas in Ashby's Gap, on Sunday last, proves not to have been so disastrous to the former as was at first supposed. Forty of the ninety men, at the time reported captured, having eluded the rebels and have succeeded in effecting their return to their regiments.

Wm. T. PEARLE, a private in the Third Maine Regiment was frozen to death, recently, within a few rods of his father's house, in Winslow. He was on a visit to his home, on a furlough, and became bewildered and died almost within speaking distance of home and friends. His age was 33.

It has been decided that the 1st Maine Cavalry is entitled to bear the honors of thirty actions on its regimental standard, which is eight more than can be claimed by any other cavalry regiment in the Army of the Potomac.

A friend tells us a story of a country fellow, who, having been invited to witness the performance at a fashionable church, remarked on coming out, that he thought there were too many Monkeys for one Organ.

## THE OCEAN BOTTOM.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some new sketches of what he saw at the "Silver Banks," near Hayti:

The banks of the coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty in breadth. On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet when submerged, with but little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places, is as smooth as a marble floor; in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these more lofty support myriads of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving the reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In other places the pendants form arch after arch; and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean and gazes through in the deep winding avenue, he finds that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath old ocean's waves. Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if the loftier columns were towers belonging to these stately temples that are now in ruins.

There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs, and plants in every crevice of corals where the water had deposited the earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants that I am familiar with that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention; it resembled a sea fan of immense size, of variegated colors and the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabit these "Silver Banks" I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors, and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish; from those of the duldest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam; from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark.

Some have heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs, one small size resembled the bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move. To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks would, were I enough of a naturalist to do so, require more than my limits would allow, for I am convinced that most of the kinds of fish which inhabit the tropical seas, can be found there. The sunfish, sawfish, white shark, blue or shovel-nose shark, were often seen.

There were also fish which resembled plants, and remained as fixed in their position as a shrub; the only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose when in full bloom, and were of all hues. These were the ribbon fish, from four to five inches to three feet in length; their eyes are very large, and protrude like those of a frog.

Another fish was spotted like a leopard, from three to ten feet in length. They built their houses like beavers, in which they spawed, and the male or female watches the egg until it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which I should think would weigh from 400 to 500 pounds.

How they Hate the Yankees.  
A detailed account of the capture of Wilmington contains the following:—"But few citizens left the city except such as the enemy forced to enter the ranks and follow. All able-bodied men hid themselves, and thronged the streets as soon as our forces entered. The ladies were also out in force, and the negroes crowded all the avenues. Not a symptom of animosity was displayed by man, woman or child throughout the day. The proclamation of Governor VANCE does not seem to have inspired the people of North Carolina, with that undying hatred to the Yankees, which was to give said Yankees all manner of boisterous, and finally smother them in the Serpentine bog familiarly known as 'the last ditch.' There are several modes of manifesting hatred. The South Carolina mode, which may be regarded as the mode *par excellence* is to make tracks from the abominable Yankees, as from a stalking plague, leaving houses, chattels and effects behind. The North Carolina mode seems to be, to stay at home to receive visitors, in fact, to exhibit no little satisfaction at their arrival. Between the two sorts of hatred to the Yankees, the rebellion will derive precious little aid and comfort, and may be expected to wither from the fugitive zeal shown by some of its adherents, and the very passive and undemonstrative affection shown by others.

Bill to Prevent Military Interference in Elections Approved.  
The President has signed and approved the act to prevent officers of the army and navy and other persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, from interfering in elections in the States. No troops or armed men are to be brought to the polls, unless it shall be necessary to repel armed enemies, or keep the peace, nor shall it be lawful for any officer to prescribe or fix by proclamation, order, or otherwise the qualifications of voters, or in any other manner interfere with a free right of suffrage. Officers so offending are liable to indictment for misdemeanor, and, on conviction, to be fined not exceeding \$5,000 and suffer imprisonment in a penitentiary for a term not less than three months nor more than five years, and any person convicted shall moreover, be disqualified from holding any office of honor, profit, or trust under the Government of the United States.

## A SPARTAN MARRIAGE.

Many of the laws of Lycurgus, in connection with this subject would undoubtedly meet with the approbation of the fair sex of modern times. The time for marriage was fixed by statute, that of the man at about 30 or 35 years, that of the lady at about 20 or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution, and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercises of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried the young man to the old unmarried gentleman, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?"

No marriage portions were given to any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be not wise and equitable. Every marriage was preceded by a betrothal, as in other Greek cities, but the marriage itself was performed by the young Spartan carrying off his bride by pretended abduction, and for some time afterward the wife continued to reside with her own family, and only met the husband on stated occasions.

This extraordinary way of spending the honeymoon was first introduced by Lycurgus to prevent the husband from wasting too much of his time in his wife's society during the first years of their marriage, and in order to economize the bride's charms, it was customary for her bridesmaids to cut off all her hair on the wedding day, so that for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years—a very good and commendable plan, which we here recommend to the wives of the present day.

ROADS.—In many things it is very manifest the world has made no progress, as the excavations of Egypt and Pompeii attest. There are no roads in the world now that will all compare with those of ancient Rome. Even our best street pavements hold no comparison with them. The Apian way, which was made 300 years before Christ, ran from Rome to Capua, about 140 miles, and part of it was through the Pontine Marshes. Nine hundred years after its construction it was described by Procopius as showing no appearance of waste or ruin. It is described as composed of large square blocks of freestone, so well fitted as to show no joint, the whole looking like one stone. The bed underneath was broken stone, grouted with cement. Parts of this road are still sound, and bid fair so to remain. The Flaminian Way made 190 years before Christ, was one of this kind, and it was 180 miles long.

The following odd illustration is from a late sermon of Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia: "There was, an Arab once who had the devil for his servant. When his term of service expired, the devil begged as his reward to kiss the shoulder of his master. The request was granted, but out of the spots where the devil's lips had touched sprang serpents, which ever darted their fangs in the breast of the unhappy man. He strove to tear them away but could not for the agony. The devil of slavery had kissed the strong shoulders of the Republic, and the serpents which sprang from her defiling lips are preying upon her life. It is agony to tear them off, but it is death to let them remain. Despite our anguish, we have taken courage to rid us of the abomination."

A BUCKEYE STORY.—The Columbus (Ohio) *Journal* tells a queer story about a married couple in that place. The husband is a tyrant. One evening during a recent severe storm, his wife was visiting a neighbor; and when she applied for admission on her return, her husband pretended not to know her. She threatened to jump into the well if he did not open the door. Having no idea she would do so, he obstinately refused to recognize her; so she took a log and plunged it into the well, and simultaneously with the splash it made, she placed herself by the side of the door; and as soon as her husband darted out in his night clothes, she darted in, locked the door, and declared that she did not know him! She froze him till he was repentant, and then let him in.

A gentleman in the West Indies, who had frequently promised his friends to leave drinking, without their discovering any improvement, was one morning called on early by an intimate friend, who met his negro boy at the door. "Well, Sambo," said he, "where is your master?" "Massa gone out sare," was the reply. "And has he left off drinking yet?" rejoined the first. "Oh yes, sure," said Sambo, "massa leave off drinking—he leave off two tree time dis morning."

AN OLD STORY.—A clergyman called on a poor parishioner, whom he found bitterly lamenting the loss of an only son, a boy about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted woman he remarked to her, that one so young could not have committed any grievous sin; and that no doubt the child was gone to heaven. "Ah Sir," said the simple hearted creature, "but, Tommy was so shy, and they are all strangers there."

A MILD REQUEST.—A lady recently wrote from England to the War Department, Washington, requesting them to send her all the names of the men who had been killed in this war, so that she could see if her son, John Smith, was among them.

Oil has been discovered in Bureau county, Illinois, and the indications are that there will be any number of discoveries in Bureau within a month.

## BANK NOTICE.

**TREASURY DEPARTMENT.**  
OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY,  
WASHINGTON, January 30th, 1865.  
WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD, in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under and according to the requirements of the Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to provide a National Currency, secured by a pledge of United States bonds and to provide for the circulation and redemption thereof," approved June 3d, 1864, and has complied with all the provisions of said Act required to be complied with before commencing the business of Banking under said Act.  
Now, therefore, I, Hugh McCulloch, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CLEARFIELD, in the Borough of Clearfield, in the county of Clearfield, and State of Pennsylvania, is authorized to commence the business of Banking under the Act aforesaid.  
In testimony whereof, witness my hand and seal of office, this 30th day of January, A. D. 1865.  
HUGH McCULLOCH,  
Comptroller of the Currency.

**SALT! SALT! SALT!!!**—A prime article of ground alum salt, put up in bags of 25 lbs. per sack, at the cheap cash store of K. MOSSOP.