BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

"Let us See to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not Perish from the Earth."—[A. LINCOLN.]

W. BROWN, B. HUTCHISON, } EDITORS.

BELLEFONTE, PA., MARCH 31, 1869.

VOL. 1, NO. 13

RAILROADS.

MIFFLIN & CENTRE CO. Branch R. R

NORTHWARD.

No. 1. leaves Lewistown at 7.20 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 8.15 a. m.
No. 2. leaves Penn'a R. R. 11.15 a. m., arrives at Milroy 12.15 p. m.
No. 3, leaves Pen. 'a R. R. 4.05 p. m., arrives at Milroy 5.00.

SOUTHWARD.

No. 1. leaves Milroy 8.40 a. m., and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 9.40 a. m.
No. 2, leaves Milroy 1 15 p. m., and arrives Penn'a. R R. 2.10 p. m.
No. 3 leaves Milroy 5.07 p. m. and arrives at Penn'a. R. R. 6 00 p. m.

Stage leaves Bellefonte every day (except Sunday.) at 11 a. m., and arrives at Milroy 4 30 p m.
Stage leaves Milroy every day (except Sunday) at 5.30 p. m. and arrives at Bellefonte 10 30 p. m.
Stage leaves Bellefonte for Pine Grove Mills every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings at 6 a. m.
Western mail closes at 4 00 p. m.
Lock Haven mail closes at 10.00 a. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE R.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

Through and direct route between Philadelphia, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Williamsport, and the GREAT OIL REGION or PENN'A.

ELEGANT SLEEPING CARS On all night Trains.

On and after MONDAY, NOV. 23th 1868 the Trains on the Philadelphia and Erie Rail Road will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Philadelphia	10 45	p. m
" " " Lock Haven...	9 31	a. m
" " arr. at Erie	9 50	p. m
Erie Express leaves Phila.....	11 50	a m
" " " Lock Haven...	9 50	p. m
" " arr. at Erie.....	10.00	a m
Elmira Mail leaves Philadelphia	8 00	a. m
" " " Lock Haven...	7 45	p. m
" " arr. at Lock Haven	7 45	p. m

EASTWARD.

Mail Train leaves Erie.....	10 55	a. m
" " " Lock Haven...	11 21	p. m
" " arr. at Philadelphia..	1 00	a. m
Erie Express leaves Erie.....	6 25	p. m
" " " Lock Haven	6 10	a. m
" " arr. at Phila.....	4 20	p. m

Mail and Express connect with Oil Creek and Allegheny River Rail Road. Baggage Checked through.

ALFRED L. TYLER, *General Superintendent.*

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY

AND

TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCHES.

OPENING OF TYRONE & CLEARFIELD BRANCH TO CLEARFIELD,

41 MILES NORTH OF TYRONE.

On and after Monday, February 1st, 1869 two Passenger Trains will run daily (except Sundays) between Tyrone and Lock Haven, and one Passenger Train between Tyrone and Clearfield—as follows:

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD.

Mail Leaves Lock Haven at.....	2 20	p m
"....."....Milesburg.....".....	3 55	p m
"....."....Bellefonte.....".....	4 12	p m
Arrive at Tyrone at.....	5 05	p m
B. E. Express leaves L. Haven at.	10 20	a m
"....."....Milesburg "...	11 48	a m
"....."....Bellefonte "...	11 55	a m
Arrives at Tyrone at.....	1 20	p m

EASTWARD.

Mail leaves Tyrone at.....	8 50	a m
"....."....Bellefonte at.....	10 50	a m
"....."....Milesburg at.....	11 02	a m
Arrive at Lock Haven.....	12 30	p m
B. E. Express leaves Tyrone.....	7 00	p m
"....."....Bellefonte at..	8 50	p m
"....."....Milesburg at..	9 05	p m
Arrives at Lock Haven at.....	10 30	p m

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD.

NORTHWARD.

Clearfield Mail leaves Tyrone at..	9 60	a m
"....."....."....Osceola at..	10 40	a m
"....."....."....Philipsburg..	11 10	a m
Arrive at Clearfield at.....	1 00	p m

SOUTHWARD.

Leaves Clearfield at.....	2 00	p m
".....".....".....	3 55	p m
".....".....".....	4 15	p m
Arrive at Tyrone at.....	5 50	p m

CONNECTIONS:

Passengers leaves Clearfield at 2 o'clock p. m., Philipsburg at 3 55 p. m., Osceola at 4 15 p m., arrive at Tyrone at 5 50 p. m., making connection with Cincinnati Express East at 6 17 p m., and with Mail West at 6 44 p m., on Main Line; also with Bald Eagle Express, leaving Tyrone at 7 00 p. m., arriving at Bellefonte at 8 45 p. m., at Lock Haven at 10 30 p m., connecting with Erie Mail East on the Philadelphia and Erie road at 11 21 p. m. arriving at Williamsport at 12 40 a. m.

Returning, passengers leaving Williamsport at 8 15 a m. on Erie Mail West, arrive at Lock Haven at 9 31 a m, connecting with Bald Eagle Express leaving Lock Haven at 10 20 a m, arriving at Bellefonte at 11 55 a m, Snow Shoe City at 5 35 p m, and Tyrone at 1 20 p m. connecting with Way Passenger West at 1 40 p m, and Mail East at 3 31 p m, on Main Line

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 2 30 p m, and Bellefonte at 4 12 p m, arrive at Tyrone at 6 05 p m, connecting with Cincinnati Express East 6 17 p m, and Mail West at 6 44 p m, on Main Line.

Passengers leaving Tyrone on the Clearfield Mail or the Lock Haven Mail, connect from the Day Express East and the Phil'a. Express West—and on the Bald Eagle Express, connect from the Cincinnati Express East and Mail West.

GEO. C. WILKINS, *Sup't.*
EDWARD H. WILLIAMS, *Gen. Sup't.*

MEDICAL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

That the Science of Medicine has reached a period of its history, when it may be said that CONSUMPTION can be cured, is a most gratifying, although unlooked-for event.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMTION,

is a justly celebrated medicine. It is prepared by Hazelton & Co., Warren, Pa.

It is for sale Whole-sale and Retail,

HIRAM LUCAS & BRO,
Howardville, Centre Co., Pa.
Agents for Centre county

HORSE FOR SALE.—Any person wishing to purchase a good driving or riding horse, can be accommodated by calling at this office. The horse is good and safe. The purchaser can have his choice of two, a mare or horse. Also a good cow for sale.—For particulars, call at the office of the. a26'69.tf "REPUBLICAN."

OUR TERMS

FOR SUBSCRIPTION & ADVERTISING

The "BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN" is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte, Pa, by

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,

at the following rates:

One year (invariably in advance,) $2.00
Six Months,....."....."....."....$1.00
Three Months,....."....."....."....50
Single Copies....."....."....."....05

It is Republican in politics—devoted to the Agricultural, Manufacturing and Mining interests of Central Pennsylvania.

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion.

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8.00 per annum.

Advertisements of 10 lines, or less, $1.00 for one insertion, and 5 cts. per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisements by the quarter, half-year or year received, and liberal deductions made in proportion to length of advertisement and length of time of insertion, as follows:

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 Mos.	6 Mos.	1 Year.
One inch (or 10 lines this type)	$5	$8	$12
Two inches.....	7	10	15
Three inches.....	10	15	20
Four inches.....	11	17	25
Quarter column (or 5½ inches)	12	20	30
Half column (or 11 inches).....	20	35	55
One column (or 22 inches).....	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Paper Books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications relating to business of this office, to

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO.,
Bellefonte, Pa.

LODGES.

Bellefonte Masonic Lodge, No 263. A. Y M. meets on Tuesday evening of or before the Full Moon.

Constans Commandery, No. 53, K. T., meets second Friday of each month.

I. O. O F. Centre Lodge, No 153, meets every Thursday evening at their Hall, Busin's Arcade.

For the conferring of Degrees the 1st Saturday evening of each month.

For Degree of Rebecca, second Saturday of every month.

I. O. G. T.—This Lodge every Monday evening.

Bellefonte Church Directory.

Presbyterian church, Spring St., services at at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m; No pastor at present. This congregation are now erecting a new church, in consequence of which the regular religious services will be held in the Court House until further notice.

Methodist Episcopal Church, High St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Prayer meeting on Thursday night. Rev. H. C. Pardoe, pastor.

St. John's Episcopal Church, High St., services at 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Byron McGann, pastor.

Lutheran Church, Linn St., services 10½ a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. J. A. Hackenberger, pastor.

Reformed Church, Linn St., no pastor at present

Catholic Church, Bishop St; services 10½ a. m., and 3 p. m. Rev. T. McGovern, pastor.

United Brethren Church, High Street, west side of Creek; services —

African M. E. Church, west side of creek; services at 11 a. m., and 7½ p. m. Rev. Isaac Pinnell, pastor.

DIRECTORY.

UNITED STATES.

President—Ulysses S. Grant.
Vice President—Schuyler Colfax.
Secretary of State—Hamilton Fish.
Secretary of Treasury—George S. Boutwell.
Secretary of War—General Rawlins.
Secretary of Navy—Adolph E. Borie.
Secretary of Interior—Jacob D. Cox.
Postmaster-General—J. A. A. Cresswell.
Attorney General—Eben Rockwood Hoar.

STATE.

Governor—Jno. W. Geary.
Sec'y of Commonwealth—Frank Jordan.
Deputy Secretary of Commonwealth—Isaac B. Gara.
Auditor General—John F. Hartranft.
Surveyor-General—Jacob M. Campbell.
Treasurer—W. W. Irwin.
Attorney General—Heinj. H. Brewster.
Dep'y Att'y General—I. W. M. Newlin.
Sup't of Com. Schools—J. P. Wickersham.
Dep'y Sup't of Com. Schools—C. R. Coburn.
Sup't of Soldier's Orphan Schools—Geo. F. McFarland.

COUNTY.

President Judge—Charles A. Mayer.
Associates— { John Hosterman, William Allison,
Prothonotary—James H. Lipton.
Register & Recorder—J. P. Gephart
Sheriff—D. Z. Kline.
Dep'ty Sheriff—D Woodring.
Dist. Att'y—H. Y. Stitzer.
Treasurer—A. C. Geary.
Commissioners, { Wm. Keller, Wm. Furey, John Bing.
Clerk—John Moran.

BELLEFONTE BOROUGH.

Chief Burgess—B. M. Blanchard.
Ass't " Capt. C. T. Fryberger.
Chief of Police—Wm. Shortlidge.
" Wm. Felty.
" Amos Mullen.
" Charlie Cook.
Town Council—Wm. P. Wilson, *Pres't.*
" S. M. Irwin, *Clerk.*
" Robert Valentine,
" A. S. Valentine,
" Jas. H. McClure,
" F. P. Green,
" John Irwin, Jr.,
" Elias W. Hale,
" Jacob V. Thomas,
" Geo. A. Bayard,
High Constable—James Green,
Burough Commble—James Furey,
School Directors—John Heller, *Pres't.*
" Geo. B. Weaver, *Sec'y.*
" Wm. McClelland, *Tre's*
" S. T. Shugart,
" D. M. Betts,
" Dan'l McGinley.

BELLEFONTE MEAT MARKET

BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE PA.

The oldest Meat Market in Bellefonte.—Choice meat of all kinds always on hand. ja6'69.1y. B. V. BLACK,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office on High St. ja6'69-1y.

JAMES H. RANKIN, Attorney-at-Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Armory building, 2nd floor. ja6'69 1y.

E. C. HUGES, *Pres't.* J. P. HARRIS, *Cash'r*
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF Bellefonte. Allegheny St, Bellefonte Pa. ja6'69.

SAMUEL LINN. A. O. FURST.
LINN & FURST, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69.1f.

EDMUND BLANCHARD EVAN M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys at Law, Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa. ja6'69 1y.

H. N. M'ALLISTER. JAMES A. BEAVER.
M'ALLISTER & BEAVER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte Penn'a ja6'69 1y.

W. W. BROWN, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Penn'a., will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. ja6'69 1y.

JOHN H. ORVIS. CYRUS T. ALEXANDER.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Conrad House, Allegheny St. ja6'69 1y.

W. J. KEALSH, Attorney at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care. Deeds, Bonds, &c, executed in the best style. mar10'69 2m.

URIAH STOVER, Licensed Auctioneer, attends to all sales entrusted to his care. Charges reasonable. Address, Uriah Stover, Houserville, Centre Co., Pa ja6'69 6m.

GEORGE F. HARRIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon; Pension Surgeon for Centre county, will attend promptly to all professional calls. Office on High St., North Side. ja27'69 1y.

J. D. WINGATE D. D S., Dentist Office on the corner of Spring and High streets, Bellefonte, Pa. At home, except the first two weeks of each month. Teeth extracted without pain. ja6'69 1y.

JAS. H. DOBBINS, Physician and Surgeon. Office upstairs in J. H. McClure's new Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Pa. Will attend to all business in his profession, faithfully at all times, and all hours. ja13'69 y.

A. B. HUTCHISON & CO'S. Job Printing Office, "Republican" Building, Bishop St., Bellefonte, Penn'a. Every Description of Plain and Fancy printing done in the neatest manner, and at prices below city rates. ja6'69.

D. G. BUSH. GEO. M. YOCUM.
BUSH & YOCUM, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to them, with promptness.—Office on Northeast Corner of the Diamond, in Mrs. Irvin's stone building. ja13'69 y.

WILSON & HUTCHISON, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections, all other and legal business in Centre and the adjoining Counties, promptly attended to. Office in Blanchard's Law Building Allegheny street. ja6'69.

WM. H. BLAIR. H. Y. STITZER
BLAIR & STITZER, Attorneys-at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Can be consulted in both the English and German languages.—Office on the Diamond, next door to Garman's Hotel. feb10'69.1y.

CENTRE CO. BANKING COMPANY.—Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.
HENRY BROCKERHOFF, *President.*
J. D SHUGERT, *Cashier.* ja13'69y.

GEO. L. POTTER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office removed to house formerly occupied by Mrs. Livingston, on Spring st, two doors South of Presbyterian church. mar17'69-1y.

WM. BROWN, Licensed Auctioneer, hereby informs the public that he holds himself in readiness at all times, to attend to all Auctions, Vendues, or Public Sales of personal or Real Estate. Charges reasonable. Call on, or address, William Brown, Bellefonte, Pa. mar17'69-1y.

MISS GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte, Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen always on hand. He guarantees a Shave without either pulling or pain.—Perfumery, Hair Oils, Hair Restoratives, Paper Collars, &c., constantly on hand. ja13'69.1y.

AARON R. PAUL. J. T. SALMONS. LEVI R. PAUL.
PAUL, SALMONS & CO., Contractors and Brickhavers, Bellefonte, Pa., adopt this method of informing those wishing to build that they will furnish Brick and lay them, by the job, or by the thousand. Will set Heaters, and do all kinds of work in their branch of Business. ja26'69.1y.

J. H. TOLBERT, AUCTIONEER Would respectfully inform the citizens of Nittany Valley in particular, and the people of Centre county in general, that he has taken out a license and holds himself in readiness to cry Auctions, or other sales, at all times, and at all places with in the limits of Windham, Centre and Clinton counties. Charges reasonable. ja27'69.1y.

J. W. RHONE, DENTIST, Bellsburg Centre Co., Pa., most respectfully informs the public that he is prepared to execute any description of work in his profession Satisfaction rendered, and rates as moderate as may be expected. Will be found in his office during the week, commencing on the first Monday of each month, and at such other times as may be agreed upon ja13'69.1y.

INSURANCE—LIFE & FIRE—Joseph A. Rankin of his Borough, insures property for the following Stock and Mutual companies, viz: Lycoming Mutual, York Company, Pa., Insurance of North America, Enterprise, and Girard of Phila., Pa., Home, of New Haven, and any *other* reliable company desired. Also, Provident Life Company of Phil'a., and other good Life Companies. j.6'69.1y.

J. F. HOLAHAN, Physician and Surgeon, having removed from Emporium, Cameron county, has located in Milesburg, Centre county, Pa., where he will faithfully attend to all business entrusted to him in his Profession. Office in his residence on Main St., where he can always be seen unless professionally engaged. In his absence from home, orders may be left at the store of Thos. Holahan. mar10'69-1y.

O. W. VANVALIN. O. B. LAMBERT.
VANVALIN & LAMBERT,

PLASTERERS! PLASTERERS!!

We adopt this method of informing the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity that we have entered into partnership in the

PLASTERING BUSINESS.

All jobs entrusted to us will be done in the shortest time and in the most workmanlike manner. From our long experience in the business we feel confident that we can give full satisfaction to all who may favor us with their work. Address, or call on

VANVALIN & LAMBERT,
feb 17'69.6m Bellefonte, Pa.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE PRINTER.

Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case,
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go,
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words that without a sound
Traverse the earth to the utmost bound;
Words that shall make
The tyrant quake
And the fetters of the oppressed shall break,
Words that can crumble an army's might,
Or treble its strength in a righteous fight.
Yet the type they look but leaden and dumb,
As he puts them in place with finger and thumb;
But the printer smiles,
And his word beguiles
By chanting a song as the letters he piles,
With pick and click,
Like the world's chronometer, tick! tick! tick!
O, where is the man with such simple tools
Can govern the world like I?
With a printing press, an iron stick,
And a little leaden die,
With paper of white, and ink of black,
I say pitt the Right and the Wrong attack.
Say where is he, or who may he be,
That can rival the printer's power?
To no monarchs that live, the wall doth he give.
Their sway lasts only an hour;
While the printer still grows, and God only knows
When his might shall cease to tower!

History of the 49th Pennsylvania.

BY A. B. HUTCHISON,
Late Captain of Company 'C.'

CHAPTER VI.

First day's fighting in front of Richmond—Our experience on June 27th—From our old line to Savage Station June 28th and 29th—March to White Oak Swamp—Rumor—White Oak Swamp—March to Malvern Hill—Battle of Malvern Hill—Night operations in the Rain—March to Harrison's Landing—A night in the Mud—General McClellan at the Landing—Shelled by the Enemy—Movement to the new Position—Ile fused Gold Order—General McClellan's Order.

June 26th, 1862, was the eventful day which ushered in the seven days of battle, disaster and retreat in front of Richmond. It was Thursday, and a bright summer day. All seemed quiet as usual, till the sun began to sink in the west over the spires of Richmond, and then, away up and beyond the Chickahominy, firing of cannon was heard, and soon we could see the white puffs of smoke where shells were bursting, and hear, in the pauses of the cannonade, the low, dull rattle of the musketry. The battle of Mechanicsville was in progress, in full view of us, but far away—too far for us to get any idea as to its extent or fortune. But we were soon under orders, and held in readiness for a movement, which might be ordered, and stacked our arms where every man could find his place in line of battle in a moment. And now we began to receive dispatches from General McClellan's headquarters, announcing that our troops were successful at all points, and excitement rose speedily to enthusiasm. The men ran to their arms to hear the dispatches read, as they came, one after another, and cheers, time and again, were given with as energy and voice found only among soldiers. Bands were playing in all directions, and every one was fully convinced that the great battle had been inaugurated with success, and all were confident that we would enter Richmond in triumph next day. As darkness came on, we could still hear the sounds of the distant battle, and see, in stead of the little white tufts of smoke, the flashes of cannon and bursting shell. But the dispatches all told an extravagantly joyful tale, and we went to sleep, late at night, feeling confident of a near triumph, and an end of rebellion; with the end of the summer. We slept but little that night, as rations were to be cooked for a march, and all was excitement and preparation. Very early in the morning, before daylight, we were all up and under arms; and, still believing what we had heard of the great success of the evening before, were confident of victory, as we were also sure of battle, and that speedily.

Accordingly, on June 27th, we marched out to our picket lines, where, during the night, a detachment of our brigade had commenced an earthwork. Between our camp and this place was a ravine, with a small stream of water in the bottom of it, and a dam, and crossing thrown over the stream by our troops. This stream was a considerable distance in front of our line of rifle pits, but some distance in rear of the picket line, which was on the edge of the woods nearest the rebels, beyond the ravine. Both sides of the ravine were wooded. On a bluff near the dam, we built a redoubt, in which were planted a number of heavy guns, thirty-two pound parrotts. Our brigade was moved over the ravine to the picket line, and formed near the new works we had thrown upduring the night. As yet, all was quiet, and not even a cannon had broken the stillness of this beautiful morning. The enemy soon began to make demonstrations, however, and we were then moved back to the edge of the woods, being on the side of the ravine just opposite our heavy guns, and directly in their range. The woods had been cut away, in the meantime, to give them range, a fact which the enemy were not long in discovering, and which gave them their first view of our camps and position. All things were now ready, and it was already nearly noon. Clouds of dust in our front told us our enemies were not idle. The pickets were ordered to show fight and give us timely notice. The men were commanded to lie down. Rumor, right for once, said secesh were going to open a battery on us, to maintain that line and position at all hazards. Scarcely had the men all got into their proper places, and down to the earth, when the enemy's first shell burst above us. Both batteries now opened with fury, and in a few minutes the Forty-ninth was hugging mother earth, with a warmth of affection that would have been suggestive in the eyes of a disinterested spectator, if such a one could have existed in that vicinity. Now a shell would fall into the water behind us, quivering already with the concussions of the atmosphere, and, bursting, would send the spray in all directions with its own fragments, then a half dozen, in rapid succession, would come tearing through the woods, bursting and whizzing above our heads, and showering leaves, and their fragments and contents, down among us, while our own guns, vomiting their fire right over our heads, seemed as terrible, or even more so, than the shells of the rebels. The noise of the cannonade was terrific. The rebel batteries, and our own, were firing all at once, they *at* us, and ours *over* us. Men were being wounded, some quite seriously, and their cries smote painfully on the ear. Grape and canister now came rattling through the woods, uncomfortably low. A round shot having struck and passed through a tree, against which Lt. McClellan, of the regiment, was reclining, so stunned that officer that he did not recover from the effects of it for a long time, and his health afterwards, in consequence of this injury, probably totally failed him, and he was compelled to leave the service. I noticed at this time that the regiment religiously observed the oft repeated direction of the Colonel to "lie down," although one man appreciating the force of our circumstances in a different vein, sang out:—"Yes, lie low, and keep dark, boys. And you'll see the biggest fight you ever did see!"

I noticed a Corporal who sat quietly reading a newspaper, even while the firing was hotest, something of which, I believe, few men, under such circumstances, could be capable. I could not have read a eulogy on McClellan himself, under those circumstances. The noise was the worst of it, however, as comparatively few of us were hurt in the course of the shelling, which lasted about an hour and a quarter. I can compare the noise to nothing I ever heard, unless we can imagine that a sudden clap of thunder close by, should be repeated with the regularity of a forge hammer, varied by the reports of bursting shells, the echoes roaring along the woods, the whizzing of fragments, peculiar whistling of canister, the singing of the contents of spherical case, and the infernal buzzing of Hotchkiss shells, and round shot. The battle of Gains' Mills was going on all this time, just across the river, yet we heard nothing of it.—It seemed to make the solid earth shake beneath us, and did certainly make our heads ache with the terrific din. Our hearts were aching with anxiety, too, for the scenes were new to us, and, after each close explosion, we looked about among our comrades with a vague fear that some of them might be among the unfortunate, where it seemed so certain that all could not escape. But the enemie's batteries became silent, as also did our own, and we ate our dinners, joking about the scenes we had just passed through, and forgetting our danger, as I fear we did also those of our comrades, whom we had seen carried in agony away. We learned now that many of the shells and shot had passed over us, into our camp, causing the maimed and sick, whom we had left there in the morning, to "take up their beds and walk," in an almost miraculous manner. About 5 p. m., our "erring southern brethren" began shelling us again. This was not so heavy a fire, and did but little injury, both parties having slightly changed position. Very few close shots were made, compared with those of the morning, and the cannonade soon ceased on both sides. Posting skirmishers a few rods ahead of the line, in the edge of the contested wheatfield, we lay down in the edge of the wood awaiting the course of events. As the sun went down behind the hills, firing could be heard both on our right and left, while all remained quiet with us. As yet, we knew nothing of the disaster to our right wing beyond the river, or of the retreat of that part of the army, though we soon afterwards discovered it was already in our rear, and the enemy in position right across the river, where we had seen our camps in the morning.—Just as it began to grow dark, our pickets opened fire, and, retreating rapidly into the line, apprised us of an advance of the enemy. Our right, who caught the first view of them, opened in fine style, and as fast as they appeared, the fire extended, until the whole line was engaged. They were somewhat covered by the crest of the hill, and the darkness, but the flash of their pieces pointed out their position, and guided our aim. The firing was constant and heavy on both sides.—Sometimes we would wait for a minute, till they came up closer, or we could get a better view of them, when we would fire upon them by volleys from the whole regiment, or particular companies, speedily sending the greycoats back to their cover. Here and there a man would drop out of our line, which remained steadily in position, and crawl back, wounded or dying, or dead, be laid aside by some comrade. In the pauses of the firing we would hear, very distinctly, the sharp hiss of the balls of the enemy, as they passed us, or hear them strike among the trees behind. Our men behaved with great coolness, one I noticed who, failing to discharge his piece, quietly asked his captain for permission to leave the ranks, and sitting down, removed the tube, remedied the difficulty, replaced it, and took his place in the ranks, firing as long as a rebel remained in sight. Four men were killed, and about sixteen wounded, a very light loss, and much less than that of the enemy, according to the stories of our prisoners. The enemy withdrew from our front, and we lay down to rest, having collected our dead and wounded, and sent them to the camp.—About midnight we marched back to camp.

Our cooks had been notified of our speedy return, and, as shells had ceased to trouble them, had prepared for us a hot supper, which was duly appreciated by all. Our tents seemed like houses indeed; and, best of all, we found awaiting us a mail, and read at midnight many a kind and anxious message from home, some of them written with the foreboding that they might be left unopened, because they should come *after the battle*, and no one can estimate how many of these messages from home were unread in that army that night, because they came after the battle. We had but little time for sleep, for we were aroused early, and directed to pack up our baggage. Still no news of disaster had reached us, except a few tales of stragglers, to which we had already learned to pay no heed, and we were still confident and in high spirit.

It was Saturday morning, June 28th, when we left old Camp No. 20, and moved forward to our old picket lines once more. A few inquired where we were going, as we left camp, to whom no one could give answer, but most were as indifferent, as soldiers generally are, as to destination, or duty. We were informed that we were to picket our former line in company with the Thirty-third N. Y. Vols. As we moved to our assigned position, we discovered, for the first time, evidences of our retreat. Men were busy destroying our fortifications, and evidently something had gone wrong. The truth in regard to affairs north of the river began to be known among the troops, and we went to our duty with sad hearts, and fearful that our disasters were not half known, even yet. We could see the enemy's artillery crossing the Chickahominy, over a bridge we ourselves had built, evidently moving to the support of troops across the river. Just opposite us, on the other side of the river, was a battery, concerning which there was great discussion as to whether it was Union or rebel. As we were in full view, and in range of it, it is strange we did not discover its politics sooner than we did, for it was a considerable time before we were certain of its character. Wild rumors began to circulate about the junction of McDowell, and even of Fremont, with our army, and still around us thickened the evidences of speedy retreat, and dire disaster. A battery far up the river began throwing shells amongst us, much accelerating the movements of a regiment near by, which was just leaving their camp, but doing no great amount of damage. The battery on the other side of the river opened also, and decided the dispute about its sympathies. They were treasonable, without doubt. A line of battle moved down through the meadows towards us, and we anxiously awaited their coming. Just as they were about to come over a slight crest, in good range, as we supposed, they discovered us and, moving rapidly by the flank, disappeared in the woods on our left. Here they came upon our pickets, who were rapidly driven back, firing as they retreated. They attempted to flank them, and reach our rifle pits, but were foiled, as our men were ahead of them, and they only succeeded in securing the redoubt in which our heavy guns were day before. Attempting to charge the line of pits from that point, both sides opened once more, and, for a short time, the fight was desperate, but the rebels were repulsed, and left many of their number dead, wounded and prisoners in our hands, among others, their commanding officer, Col. Lamar, of Georgia, of the Slaver Wanderer fame, who was mortally hurt. After some fitful shelling, the troops were all placed in the fort and rifle pits, and evening came on once more, and now most gladly welcomed, for we hoped for rest, though hardly expecting it. The enemy sent in a flag, asking permission to remove their dead and wounded, which was granted. They acknowledged a loss of about 250 in each day's fighting at this point, a number much exceeding our losses in all the engagements thus far.—Leaving a picket line in the works, we moved a short distance to the rear, and bivouacked within view of our now deserted camp. Here were buried our dead, and also some of our tools, ammunition and supplies, and wearied out with care, and labor, lay down to a fitful and unresting sleep, each falling into slumber, bringing back to our ears, in dreams, the whistling balls and bursting shells, and all the horrors of our last two eventful days. At daylight, on Sunday morning, we moved off, all our teams and artillery having already disappeared. We knew now for a certainty that we were retreating. Piles of supplies, ready for the torch, were an evidence we could not get over, and we began to feel a deep anxiety for our cause and our army, for, although conscious of no defeat ourselves, we could not tell how terribly the rest of our army might have suffered. Neither could we learn anything of its position or fate, although the stories of strategic movement, and change of front, and that our left would be in Richmond before night, were already put in circulation in our ranks. We halted at the house known as the Trent House, where Gen'l McClellan had his headquarters. Here our batteries were posted so as to command the road and bridge over the Chickahominy, much to the surprise of many of our men, who then, for the first time, learned that the enemy were in possession of the country north of the river, and that our duty was to guard the flanks of our army, and prevent their crossing that stream. After waiting for our trains to get under way, and our pickets to join us, who had nearly been forgotten that morning, we moved on down the river, marching rather leisurely. Having halted and stacked our arms, we were permitted to cook coffee, and then passing through a wood, came to the railroad, at Savage Station. The heat of the sun was so great here that some of the men were near dying of its effects, and had to be carried from the ranks to the hospital, which was established there. We found men busily engaged at the Station in destroying arms and supplies of different kinds, burning cars and exploding ammunition. One engine was started down the road under full head of steam, and thrown in that manner from the pier of the bridge into the Chickahominy, car loads of ammunition being exploded at the same time to complete the work of destruction. Altogether, it was a strange Sunday. We soon resumed our march, and after getting about two miles from the railroad, halted. Just then we heard firing in the direction of Savage Station, and were speedily retracing our steps to the railroad again, nerved anew by the prospect of a battle. We were soon placed in position near the right of our line, and waited till long after darkness had come, but although on some portions of the line the firing was heavy, we did not encounter the enemy. We then withdrew and commenced our weary night-march to White Oak swamp, to us then, however, a journey whose length or object we knew nothing of. We passed by hospitals filled with wounded, and men, sick and exhausted, were lying by the roadside. An order in reference to the position of a battery in the line of march, gave rise to the impression that we had a rebel battery to pass, and we were commanded to carry our bayonets fixed.—Seven miles to the bridge, some said, and we should rest. Others said twelve miles more to the river must be marched that night. Some imagined that a pontoon was thrown across the James, and that we should be compelled to cross it to find safety. All seemed anxious and dispirited, but still the query frequently arose: Why do we retreat? We have repulsed every attack of the enemy. Where is the rest of our army? Have they been defeated—and when? And again, wild stories of flank movements, and "one of McClellan's peculiar moves," promised to end with the capture of Richmond beguiled the credulous from their despondency, and afforded a ray of hope to all. We were assured that our retreat was designed, and that while we thus lured the enemy from Richmond, our comrades, passing around our left, were even then at the very gates of the city. But the night-march came to an end when we crossed White Oak swamp, and weary soldiers and careworn officers found a resting place on the ground, and had a brief sleep till the morning dawned.—Here the morning was employed in getting men in their proper commands, many of whom had lost their regiments during the night, getting a new line formed to check the enemy, and prevent his crossing the swamp, and distributing supplies which must be abandoned unless men can be found to take them.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.—At a wedding party in South Carolina, a young lawyer moved that one man in the company should be selected as President, that this President should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night, that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the name of the person they wished to marry, then hand it to the President for inspection, and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the President was to inform each of the result, and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice were to be kept entirely secret. After the appointment of the President, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young ladies and gentlemen had reciprocal choices, and eleven of the twelve matches were solemnized.

A LIVELY urchin accosted a traveling dealer on Market street, the other day, and cried, in an earnest voice:

"Mr.——, please give me an apple; my brother goes with your sister."

He'll do.

AN Irishman said, "No printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

IF ladies were adrift on the sea, where would they steer to? The Isle of man.

For the REPUBLICAN.

The Student and His True Position.

BY F. W. C.

In the first place, let us consult the meaning of the word, which we find to be, *one who studies*. Not he alone who nightly pores over his Greek and Latin; not he alone who has given himself up to the investigation of mathematical truths; not he alone who numbers the planets, and is familiar with the laws by which they are governed, but he also who delights to revel in the sunlight of all science; whose school-room is the world, and whose teachers are nature, and nature's God.

To the contemplative mind of the student, everything affords a valuable lesson. Nothing seems to have been created in vain; but "sermons are found in stone, books in running brooks, and good in everything." In examining works of art, it is impossible for one to determine what degree of merit shall be bestowed upon the author, unless one is acquainted with the particular use for which they were designed, or has perceptive faculties sufficiently large to discern or appreciate the skill displayed in their construction. It is impossible for any one to appreciate the Creator or His works—to look to Him, unless he first acknowledge the exaltedness of His position, and the infinite wisdom, skill and goodness displayed towards man, in the creation of all things. And to be the more conscious of this, he must possess a mind disciplined by study. The student thus led to behold the beauties of nature and of art, pursues his path through life with increased delight. The comprehension of every new truth unfolds additional beauties. The investigation of each law of nature opens wider the gates of her inexhaustible store-house of knowledge.—The contemplation of the starry heavens to his philosophic mind, is rich with unfading beauties, in which he reads the wisdom, greatness, and the power of Him who created and governs this mighty univers