# The Columbian

AND

# Bloomsburg Democrat.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
IN THE COLUMBIAN BUILDING NEAR THE
COURT HOUSE, BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY
CHARLES B. BROCKWAY,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Terms--Two Dollars a Year payable in advance.

JOB PRINTING
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# The

VOLUME VI. - - - NO 22.

B

## Columbia County Official Directory.

*President Judge*—WILLIAM ELWELL.
*Associate Judges*—IRAM DERR, ISAAC S. MONROE.
*Prothonotary, &c.*—RUDOLPH H. RINGLER.
*Register & Recorder*—WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.
*District Attorney*—JAMES BRYSON, JR.
*Sheriff*—AARON SMITH.
*Surveyor*—ISAAC DEWITT.
*Treasurer*—WILLIAM LAMON.
*Commissioners*—CYRUS ROBBINS, HIRAM J. REEDER, WILLIAM SHAFFER.
*Commissioners' Clerk*—WILLIAM KRICKBAUM.
*Auditors*—C. J. CAMPBELL, DANIEL LEE, CHARLES CONNER.
*Coroner*—CHARLES G. MURPHY.
*Jury Commissioners*—ISAAC MCBRIDE, JOHN MCNALL.
*County Superintendent*—CHARLES G. BARKLEY.
*Bloom Poor District*—Directors, S. H. MILLER, WILLIAM KRAMER, Bloomsburg, and JOHNSON ... Greenwood, CHARLES CONNER, Sec'y.

## Bloomsburg Official Directory.

*Bloomsburg Banking Co.*—JOHN A. FUNSTON President, H. H. GROTZ, Cashier.
*First National Bank*—CHAS. R. PAXTON, Pres't, J. P. TUSTIN, Cashier.
*Columbia County Mutual Saving Fund and Loan Association*—E. H. LITTLE, Pres't, C. W. MILLER, Sec'y.
*Bloomsburg Building and Saving Fund Association*—WM. PEACOCK, Pres't, J. B. ROBISON, Sec.
*Bloomsburg Mutual Saving Fund Association*—J. J. BROWER President, C. G. BARKLEY, Sec'y.

## Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
*Minister*—Rev. Stuart Mitchell.
*Sabbath Services*—10½ A. M.; 7½ P. M.
*Sabbath School*—9 A. M.
*Prayer Meeting*—Wednesday, 7½ P. M.
Seats free; no pews rented; strangers welcome.

## Bloomsburg Directory.

PAPER BAGS just received and for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

### CLOTHING, &c.

DAVID LOWENBERG, Merchant Tailor, Main st., above American House.

WM. MORRIS, Merchant Tailor, over Rosenstocks confectionery, opposite Cadmans furniture warerooms.

### DRUGS, CHEMICALS, &c.

E. P. LUTZ, Druggist and Apothecary. Main st. below the Post Office.

### CLOCKS, WATCHES, &C.

C. E. SAVAGE, dealer in Clocks, Watches and Jewelry, Main st., just below the American House.

LOUIS BERNHARD, Watch and Clock maker near southeast corner Main and Iron sts.

R. CATHCART, Watch and Clock Maker, Market street, below Main.

### BOOTS AND SHOES.

E. M. KNORR, Dealer in Boots and Shoes, latest and best styles, corner Main and Market Streets, in the old Post Office.

HENRY KLEIM, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc., Main street, East Bloomsburg.

### PROFESSIONAL.

DR. H. C. HOWER, Surgeon Dentist, Main st., above the Court House.

DR. WM. M. REBER, Surgeon and Physician. Office over the First National Bank.

C. G. BARKLEY, Attorney-at-Law. Office, 2d floor in Exchange Block, near the "Exchange Hotel."

J. B. McKELVY, M. D., Surgeon and Physician north side Main st., below Market.

J. C. RUTTER, M. D. Surgeon and Physician Market street, above Main.

J. B. ROBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office Hartman's building, Main street.

DR. B. F. KINNEY, Surgeon Dentist.—Teeth extracted without pain: Main st., nearly opposite Episcopal Church.

J. R. EVANS, M. D., Surgeon and Physician, south side Main street, below Market.

DR. A. L. TURNER, Physician and Surgeon, office over Kleim's Drug Store, residence one door below Rev. D. J. Waller.

### MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS.

E. PETERMAN, Millinery and Fancy Goods, opposite Episcopal Church, Main st.

MISS LIZZIE BARKLEY, Milliner, Ramsey building Main street,

MRS M. DERRICKSON, Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below Market.

MRS. JULIA A. & SADE BARKLEY, Ladies' Cloaks and Dress Patterns, southeast corner Main and West sts.

THE MISSES HARMAN Millinery and Fancy Goods, Main st., below American House.

### HOTELS AND SALOONS.

FORKS HOTEL, by S. Bent. Taylor, east end of Main street.

### MERCHANTS AND GROCERS.

C. C. MARR, Dry Goods and Notions, southwest corner Main and Iron sts.

FOX & WEBB, Confectionery and Bakery, wholesale and retail, Exchange Block.

H. C. HOWER, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Main st., above Court House.

J. H. MAIZE, Mammoth Grocery, fine Groceries, Fruits, Nuts Provision, &c., Main and Centre Streets.

McKELVY, NEAL & CO., dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Feed, Salt, Fish, Iron, Nails, etc., N. E. cor. Main and Market sts.

S. H. MILLER & SON, dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Flour, Salt, Shoes, Notions, etc., Main st.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

C. M. CHRISTMAN, Saddle, Trunk & Harness maker, Shive's Block Main Street.

D. W. ROBBINS, liquor dealer second door from northwest corner Main and Iron sts.

E. J. THORNTON, Wall Paper, Window Shades and fixtures, Rupert Block, Main st.

G. W. CORELL, Furniture Rooms, three story brick, Main Street, west of Market st.

H. ROSENSTOCK, Photographer, over Robbins & Eyer's Store, Main st.

J. S. KUHN, dealer in Meat, Tallow, etc., Chamberlin's alley, rear of American House.

SAMUEL JACOBY, Marble and Brown Stone Works, East Bloomsburg, Berwick road.

WM. RABB, dealer in furniture, trunks, ceder willow ware, near the Forks Hotel.

E. B. BIDLEMAN, Agent for Munson's Copper Tubular Lightning Rod.

C. FOSTER, Glue Maker, and White and Fancy Tanner, Scottown.

NOTE BOOKS, and blank NOTES, with or without exemption, for sale at the COLUMBIAN Office.

## Catawissa.

B. F. DALLMAN, Merchant Tailor, Second St. Robbins' Building.

DR. J. K. ROBBINS, Surgeon and Physician Second St., below Main.

GILBERT & KLINE, dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise, Main Street

J. B. KISTLER, "Cattawissa House," North Corner Main and Second Streets.

L. KEILER, Billard Saloon, Oysters, and Ice Cream in season Main st.

M. M. BROBST, dealer in General Merchandise Dry Goods, Groceries &c.

SUSQUEHANNA or Brick Hotel, S. Kostenbauder Proprietor, south-east corner Main and Second Street.

WM. H. ABBOTT, Attorney at law, Main St.

## Light Street.

H. F. OMAN & Co., Wheelwrights, first door above School House.

JOHN A. OMAN, Manufacturer and dealer in Boots and Shoes

R. S. LIPT, dealer in stoves and Tin ware in all its branches.

PETER ENT, Miller, and dealer in all kinds of Grain, Flour, Feed, &c. All kinds of Grain purchased.

## Espy.

T. W. EDGAR, Susquehanna Planing Mill and Box Manufacturing.

## Buck Horn.

M. & G. W. H. SHOEMAKER, dealers in dry goods, groceleries and general merchandse

## Orangeville Directory.

D. B. HERRING & BROTHER Carpenters and Builders, Main st., below Pine.

BRICK HOTEL and refreshment Saloon, by Robt M'Henry cor. of Main and Pine st.

DR. O. A. MEGARGEL, Physician and Surgeon Main st., next door to Good's Hotel.

DAVID HERRING, Flour and Grist Mill, and Dealer in grain, Mill Street.

JAMES B. HARMAN, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker, Main St., below Pine.

SCHUYLER & CO., Iron founders, Machinists and Manufacturers of plows, Mill St.

SAMUEL SHARPLESS, Maker of the Hayhurst Grain Cradle, Main st.

WILLIAM DELONG Shoemaker and manufacturer of Brick, Mill St., west of Pine

## Philadelphia Directory.

WAINWRIGHT & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
N. E. Corner Second and Arch Streets,
PHILADELPHIA,
Dealers in
TEAS, SYRUPS, COFFEE, SUGAR, MOLASSES
RICE, SPICES, BI CARB SODA, &C., &C.

☞ Orders will receive prompt attention.
may 10,'67-tf.

HARVEY B. WALKER,
WITH
MEAR, SCHROPP & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 3... NORTH SECOND ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Original assorted packages of Queensware constantly on hand. feb23'72-tf.

## Business Cards.

E. H. LITTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office Court-House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office, Bloomsburg Pa.

C. B. BROCKWAY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
☞ OFFICE—Court House Alley, in the COLUMBIAN building. [Jan4,'72

C. W. MILLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Court House Alley, below the COLUMBIAN Office. Bounties, Back-Pay and Pensions collected. Bloomsburg Pa. sep.20'67

JOHN M. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE above Hower's Store, Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

ROBERT F. CLARK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office Main Street below the Court House. Bloomsburg Penn'a.

B. FRANK ZARR
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Office with J. G. Freeze, Brower's Block.
Can be consulted in German or English. mch29'72-tf

CHARLES C. LEIDY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
OFFICE ON OAK STREET, MOUNT CARMEL
NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.
Collections promptly made, Conveyancing neatly executed and all other business connected with his profession carefully attended to in Montour, Northumberland and Columbia counties. ms.1871-6.

NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP.
ISAIAH HAGENBUCH,
Main Street one door above E. Mendenhall's Store.
A large assortment of Stoves, Heaters and Ranges constantly on hand, and for sale at the lowest rates.
Tinning in all its branches carefully attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Tin work of all kinds wholesale and retail. A trial is requested.
Jan 1'71

BLOOMSBURG
MARBLE WORKS.
MAIN STREET, BELOW MARKET,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.
Monuments, Tombs, Headstones, &c. Work neatly executed. Orders by mail will receive special attention. N. B. Work delivered free of charge. T. L. GUNTON, Proprietor.
oct13'71-tf. P. O. Box 297.

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QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.
SAVE YOUR MONEY.
Go to
HENRY YOST,
East Bloomsburg Pa., for all kinds of the best home and city made
FURNITURE.
Prices reasonable and the best work done.
Jan 1'72—tf

VULCAN WORKS,
DANVILLE PA.
WILLIAM H. LAW,
Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Bridges, Boilers, Gasholders, Fireproof Buildings, Wrought Iron Roofing, Roofing Frames, Flooring and Doors, Farm Gates and fencing, also Wrought Iron piping, Stacks and all kinds of Smith Work, &c. Repairs promptly attended to.
N. B. Drawings and Estimates supplied.
oct27'71-ly.

E. J. THORNTON
would announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and vicinity, that he has just received a full and complete assortment of
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
FIXTURES, CORDS, TASSELS,
and all other goods in his line of business. All the newest and most approved patterns of the day are always to be found in his establishment.
mar.5,'69-tf Main St, below Market.

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NEW YORK, CORK, AND LIVERPOOL.
NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS.
THE SIX LARGEST IN THE WORLD.
OCEANIC, CELTIC, REPUBLIC,
ATLANTIC, BALTIC, ADRIATIC.
5,000 tons burden—3,000 h. p. each.

Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, and Cork Harbor the day following.

From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City.

Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unrivalled, combining
SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.

Saloons, state-rooms, smoking-room and bath rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.

RATES—Saloon, $80 gold. Steerage, $30 currency. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, $32 currency.

Passengers booked to or from all parts of America, Paris, Hamburg, Norway, Sweden, India, Australia, China, etc.

Excursion tickets granted at lowest rates.

Drafts from £1 upwards.

For inspection of plans and other information, apply to No. 19 Broadway, New York.
J. H. SPARKS, Agent,
Or to W. PEACOCK,
Jan12'7 Bloomsburg, Pa.

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MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK,
"ROUGHING IT,"
Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to
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&C., &C.
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From the latest Styles of Type at the
COLUMBIAN OFFICE.

## Miscellaneous.

DENTISTRY.
H. C. HOWER, DENTIST,
Respectfully offers his professional services to the ladies and gentlemen of Bloomsburg and vicinity. He is prepared to attend to all the various operations in the line of his profession, and is provided with the latest improved PORCELAIN TEETH which will be inserted on gold plating silver and rubber base to look as well as the natural teeth. Teeth extracted by all the new and most approved methods, and all operations on the teeth carefully and properly attended to.
Residence and office a few doors above the Court House, same side.
Bloomsburg, Jan.1'71—ly

THE GREAT MAGICAL
HAIR FORCER!

Will force a beautiful set of Whiskers or Mustache, in from two to three months, on any person over twelve years old. It is one of the best preparations to make the whiskers grow that ever was known. One bottle of it is sufficient to produce a very strong beard. It does not in any way stain or injure the skin. Try it! It is no humbug. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sent by mail post paid, to any address, on receipt of price. Address WILLIAM C. WAGNER,
Arendtsville,
aug.1 '71-ly. Adams County, Penna

INSURANCE AGENCY.

| | |
|---|---|
| Wyoming | $211,000 |
| Ætna | 1,000,000 |
| Fulton N. Y. | 400,000 |
| North America | 300,000 |
| City | 450,000 |
| International N.Y. | 1,400,000 |
| Niagara N.Y. | 1,000,000 |
| Merchants | 500,000 |
| Springfield | 570,000 |
| Farmers' Danville N.Y. | 590,000 |
| Albany City | 400,000 |
| Danville, Horse Theft | Mutual. |
| Atlantic, N. Y. | 1,000,000 |
| Germania, N. Y. | 500,000 |

FREAS BROWN, *Agent*,
mar1'71—ly. Bloomsburg Pa.

HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE
THE SIMPLEST, CHEAPEST AND BEST IN USE! HAS BUT ONE NEEDLE! A CHILD CAN RUN IT!

Designed especially for the use of families, and ladies who desire to knit for the market. Will do every stitch of the knitting in a stocking, widening and narrowing as readily as by hand. Are splendid for worsteds and fancy work, TAKING FIVE DIFFERENT KINDS OF STITCH! Are very easy to manage, and not liable to get out of order. Every Family should have one.

We want an Agent in every town to introduce and sell them, to whom we offer the most liberal inducements. Send for our Circular and Sample Stocking. Address,
HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
nov. 10,'71-ly. Bath, Me.

H. C. HOWER,
has opened a first-class
BOOT, SHOE, HAT CAP, AND FUR STORE,
at the old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg, a few doors above the Court House. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can accommodate the public with the following goods at the lowest rates. Men's heavy double soled stoga boots, men's double and single tap soled kip boots, men's heavy stoga shoes of all kinds, men's fine boots and shoes of all grades, boy's double soled boots and shoes of all kinds, men's glove kid Balmoral shoes, men's, women's, boys's and misses' lasting gaiters, women's glove kid Polish very fine, women's morocco Balmorals and calf shoes, women's very fine kid buttoned gaiters. In short boots of all descriptions both pegged and sewed.

He would also call attention to his fine assortment of
HATS, CAPS, FURS AND NOTIONS.
which comprises all the new and popular varieties at prices which cannot fail to suit all. These goods are offered at the lowest cash rates and will be guaranteed to give satisfaction. A call is solicited before purchasing elsewhere as it is believed that better bargains are to be found than at any other place in the county.
Jan 1'71

THE ORANGEVILLE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.
MANUFACTURERS OF
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS
of the most Approved Patterns.
Mill Gearing,
Jobbing,
and Castings
of all descriptions.
DEALERS IN
General Merchandise, Lumber, &c., &c.
ORANGEVILLE, PA.

We would announce to the public in general that we have taken the well known Agricultural Works of this place and shall make it our aim to manufacture First Class Agricultural Implements equal to any other makers in the State, such as
Threshing Machines,
Both Lever and Tread Power.
Plows of every Description,
among which will be the celebrated
KNOB MOUNTAIN HERO,
acknowledged by all to be the best plow extant for the farmer. Also the
Champion, Sterns' Patent and
The Montrose.
ALSO, DOUBLE CORN PLOWS,
Cultivators,
Iron Kettles,
and Castings
of every description. We shall use none but the best materials and employ none but competent and experienced mechanics and our prices will compare favorably with any other manufacturers.

Country Produce, Lumber, Old Iron, taken in exchange. We also have a store in connection with our Agricultural Works, where may be found a full assortment of MERCHANDISE which will be sold at small profits. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere and we guarantee satisfaction.
march22'72-12.

## Hotels.

BENTON HOTEL.
W. F. PIATT, Proprietor,
BENTON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
This well known House having been put in thorough repair is now open for the reception of visitors. No pains have been spared to ensure the perfect comfort of guests. The proprietor also runs a Stage from the Hotel to Bloomsburg and intermediate points on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. [Jan 1'1871

THE ESPY HOTEL.
ESPY, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA.
The undersigned would inform the travelling public that he has taken the above named establishment and thoroughly refitted the same for the perfect convenience of his guests. His larder will be stocked with the best the market affords. The choicest liquors, wines and cigars always to be found in his bar.
WILLIAM PETTIT,
Espy, Pa.

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Its Rulers and Institutions.
IN ENGLISH AND GERMAN.
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Send for Price List and Circular to
MITCHELL, STEVENSON & CO.,
Stove Manufacturers, Pittsburgh, Pa.

# Columbian.

LOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1872. COL. DEM. - - - VOL. XXXVI - - NO. 15.

# The Pennsylvania Reserves!

## SEVENTH ANNUAL REUNION!

## Address of Capt. Wm. W. McClelland.

COMRADES AND FRIENDS:—At the last meeting of our Association, you delegated to me the honor, however undeserved, of addressing you upon this the occasion of our seventh Annual Reunion. At such a time, among such associations as cluster around our organization, amid such a concourse as is here assembled, composed of citizen-soldiers of our parent State, what topic springs so spontaneously to the heart and to the lip as our own Commonwealth! Let us pass the hour in recounting her triumphs, in recalling her power, and in petitions for her prosperity. For whose hearts should beat more warmly for her honor and good name than those who have faced peril in her defence and shed their blood for her preservation?

When our sturdy ancestor, William Penn, pitched his tents on the banks of the Delaware, like Emerson's architect, "*He builded wiser than he knew.*" A Royalist himself, and vassal of a king, he founded a nation of republicans. A man of peace and a hater of war, he unwittingly created a "race of soldiers," and our Royal Quaker would have been dumb with amazement could the veil of two centuries have been lifted to reveal to him the result of his own handiwork.

The feeble colony planted by his hand soon ripened into a powerful community; brave, because the times and the situation demanded that men should be alert to protect and avenge; intelligent, because its founders were no reckless adventurers seeking new fields for plunder and oppression, but men of reason and thrift, loving social order and regarding intelligence as its foundation. As time advanced and the masses of Europe sought here that freedom which was denied them at home, the industrious Swede, thrifty German, enthusiastic Irishman, and cautious Scot all mingled their varied characteristics in our primitive community, and produced the Pennsylvania of '76 and of to-day.

Men may vary in their moral and intellectual traits, in their nationality, religion, taste, habits, and feelings, and yet all know what liberty is. The idea of freedom is sweet to any man whether he come from the Danube, Tiber, Thames, or Susquehanna. He is equally inspired by its possession and writhes under its loss. When, therefore, Great Britain attempted to lay a heavy hand upon her American colonies, and strove to wring from them vast sums to defray the expenses of her European wars, the people of our primitive colony—differing as they did from each other in birth, training, and lineage—sprang as one man to resent it. Consider what forms of oppression Great Britain tried to exercise, and how stinging they would be to a Pennsylvanian above all others. She compelled the American farmer to send his products to England, and to buy all his goods in British markets only. She forbade American manufactures. She denounced our iron works as "common nuisances," and declared that America "had no right to manufacture even a nail for a horseshoe." With Pennsylvania, therefore, revolution was not rebellion. It was a struggle for self-preservation, and how gallantly she maintained it! Within her borders, on the very spot afterwards sanctified by the Declaration of Independence, was held in 1774 a Continental Congress—before even the first gun of Revolution was fired at Lexington. She was one of the earliest to commit herself to the struggle, and how she prosecuted it every Pennsylvania school-boy is familiar. The Continentals, in their semi-Quaker uniforms, were the steadiest ranks of the army. When other troops had expended their impetuosity and wavered, or too often fled, the Continentals stood a living wall which nothing could break. And who were the Continentals? "The Pennsylvania troops of the line." Let the history of these men, led by Mifflin, Cadwallader, and "Mad Anthony Wayne," show what Pennsylvania did in the field. What she did in the Cabinet, the record of Robert Morris will tell. He it was who wielded the finances of our impoverished country, created resources where none existed before, even stripped himself of his own private fortune to cast it in the public store, and died in penury—a voluntary sacrifice for his country. What Pennsylvania did abroad let Franklin answer. That patriot-sage, to whose wisdom and majestic simplicity even kings paid court, secured the moral and material aid of the most potent of England's rivals. In him all civilization recognizes not only the diplomatist, who gained kings and ministers to himself and his cause, as if by some process of enchantment, but also the accomplished philosopher. The world is still shocked by the recent death of Professor Morse. But that man, illustrious as he is, was but the pupil of a greater than he, and the telegraph sprang from the master hand of Franklin guiding that of Morse.

With the Revolution may be said to have ceased the first great epoch of the history of our State. She came out of that struggle crippled and exhausted, but full of resource and vitality. Her vast stretch of richest territory, in extent the second of the original thirteen colonies, with her hills and valleys studded with the most precious minerals; her people energetic, thrifty, and lovers of law and order. Then commenced a stride of unparalleled prosperity which placed our noble Commonwealth the foremost of the States, and made her the reliance of the country in the mighty shock so soon to impend, as she had been in '76. The intermediate wars with England and Mexico, but served to polish her weapons, and the beginning of the late war found her a powerful community, strong in men, money, valor, and patriotism.

The history of a people is the aggregate of individual histories. The part borne by our State in the war for the Union is made up simply of what individual Pennsylvanians did. All true Pennsylvanians are proud of their record made by our citizen soldiery, and of these let us take the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps as a type, and recall our own experience. Any honor that we have won is the honor of our Commonwealth also, and without exposure to the imputation of unduly heralding our own exploits, we may fairly recount the story of our Corps as a page of the illustrious record which Pennsylvania has written for the Union and for liberty itself.

The execution of the act of May 15th, 1861, summoned the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps into existence.

To one man more than any other do we look as the father of the Reserves, whose name strikes the chords of love and sympathy in the heart of every true soldier, whose name is so inseparably a part of our war history that its very mention drives back the tide of recollection ten years, and recalls the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry, as if they were present realities. I mean Pennsylvania's war Governor, Andrew G. Curtin. That far sighted magistrate saw what the authorities at Washington failed to see, that the strife would be protracted and bloody. We were assembled for State defence, and were entitled to limit our service to our own borders. But instantly the distinction between State and Nation was cast to the winds, and, with the noble McCall at your head, you forgot that you were "Reserves," and hastened to the front. Here let it be remembered that Pennsylvania sent the first troops to the field. On the morning of the 18th of April a handful of gallant Philadelphians reached Washington and announced themselves as ready for duty.

Out of the chaotic mass of soldiers around Washington the skilful hand of General McClellan soon brought order and organized the Army of the Potomac—historic name—complete and perfect itself. Our Division was given the post of honor—the right of the line and at Drainesville the first victory of the Army of the Potomac was achieved by a portion of the Reserve Corps. The disasters of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had thrown a gloom over the North, and the result of this minor engagement cast a gleam of sunshine upon our darkened prospects.

After the transfer of the army to the Peninsula, the Reserves were again placed on the right of the line, on the Chickahominy, and in a short time plunged into the terible "Seven Days' Battles." The first of these was the hotly contested action at Mechanicsville, where after untiring exertion and heavy loss, the enemy, largely superior in numbers, by your stubborn resistance was prevented from turning the right of our line. That night and the next morning we fell back to Gaines Hill, where the Reserves under General Fitz John Porter were fiercely engaged. To give you a little rest it had been determined to hold the Division in reserve, but hardly had the battle commenced before you were in the thickest of the fight. For the time engaged this was the fiercest and most sanguinary battle of the war, and in the mind of every soldier the name Gaines Hill is the synonyme for slaughter. Without rest or respite succeeded the engagement at New Market Cross Roads. Here, as in the preceding days, your loss was great. The attempt of the enemy to drive our army very nearly proved successful. Divisions were disorganized, brigades broken and regiments scattered; men fought side by side without reference to organization or commander. Columns formed under the banner of the Union, and charged wherever an officer led. But, their lines shattered and decimated, unable to contend against the concentrated fire of double their number, they sullenly fell back over the field which had been theirs.

The remnant of our exhausted army next made a stand at Malvern Hill. The result of this contest was undoubtedly a complete, though unavailing victory for our army, but we were in no condition to take advantage of the demoralization of the enemy. During those seven days and nights the sons of Pennsylvania bore themselves as heroes should, and covered themselves and our Commonwealth with lustre. The Reserves lost nearly one-fourth of their number, and the remainder were worn out and exhausted from over-exertion and hunger. Our line of march and halts for battle made one vast pestilent cemetery. Men and horses dropped down from exhaustion. Wounds were fatal which elsewhere would have been harmless.—Scorching heat, poisonous marshes, thirst and hunger, joined with the bullet of a powerful and ever-present enemy to magnify the horrors of that week of death and disaster.

At Harrison's Landing, the harvest of sickness and death was pitiful. To die for one's country may be sweet, but to be racked with fever, palsied by disease, are forms of death for one's country which reasonable beings, although heroes, would not select. You bore yourselves as became the sons of those who suffered at Valley Forge.

The longed for change soon came.—Gen. Lee had advanced down the Shenandoah, and the Army of the Potomac was recalled from the Peninsula to intercept him. You met your old enemy in an artillery skirmish near Gainesville, and the next day you were plunged into the fierce engagement of Second Bull Run. In this action all the available forces of both sides were fully engaged. Our army had been marching for days without rest, and with but little to eat. The artillery and cavalry horses had been in harness and saddled for two weeks, and were in no condition to give battle to our confident opponent. The fate of the battle was still against us, and the Army of the Potomac had another page of fruitless heroism to add to its history. Will, can any member of the Reserve Corps forget the inspirating action of our gallant and fearless commander, General Reynolds, when the troops on our right gave way in confusion? At that critical instant he grasped the flag of the Second Regiment and dashing to the right rode up and down the line. The effect upon you was electrical. Every man put forth renewed energy and in a short time the thinned ranks of the enemy gave evidence of your earnestness. Vain effort of the Reserves! The fortune of war still frowned upon our arms. Death had held carnival in our ranks, and our wasted and bleeding columns withdrew from that field just as the rays of the setting sun tinted the firmament with a ruddy glow, as if the reflection of the scene of blood beneath.

Three days after, the Army of the Potomac was encamped within the lines of defense around Washington, and we were gladdened by the return of our old commander. Almost immediately by his masterly ability, he collected them into the well-disciplined army it had been before his removal. By this time General Lee with his whole army had crossed the Upper Potomac, and was devastating Maryland man threatening Pennsylvania. Gen. McClellan, collecting and organizing his forces as he went, advanced to meet him, and two weeks after our inglorious defeat at Bull Run, a portion of the Army of the Potomac, stormed and carried South Mountain as you fought your way up the eastern side of the mountain. Inch by inch the enemy combatted your ascent, and poured showers of lead from every ravine and rock. The summit was gained and the joyful shout that went up from the whole line and re-echoed by our comrades along the pike in the valley below, hastened the flight of the panic stricken enemy down the western slope. This victory, after a series of disasters, electrified the country. It seemed as if the reward of our trials and sufferings was at hand, and the current of success had set in our favor.

The evening previous to the battle of Antietam the Reserves again took the advance, and the fierce contest in and beyond the corn field convinced our adversary that the old spirit remained, and was a foretaste of the fiercer contest of the 17th. In this engagement you nobly fulfilled the part assigned you, and when night flung its veil over the scene, as if to screen the ghastly spectacle from the eye of Heaven, Gen. Lee, his army, crippled ordered a retreat across the Potomac, leaving the field to our victorious troops. But a victory! For fourteen long hours two large armies, with numberless pieces of artillery, had struggled with the ferocity of desperation. Around us lay thousands of our dead and wounded comrades, while a still greater number of the enemy had been left bhined. A few more such victories and the Pennsylvania Reserves would have existed only in the memory of their country men.

A pause followed this fearful struggle, and when the Army of the Potomac next met the foe, it was under a new commander. It was thought the interests of the service demanded a change of leaders, and Gen. McClellan was removed. In the wisdom of this change I hardly think the mass of our army agreed, and without thinking to urge our sentiments upon the convictions of the country, for obedience and not criticism is the duty of the soldier. Gen. McClellan's successor, however, was one of the most gallant of men. If unfortunate, it was rather from the conjuncture of adverse circumstances than the want of merit in himself, and the name of Burnside is worthy of the roll of commanders of the Army of the Potomac.

At the battle of Fredericksburg our Division—now numbering little more than a brigade—was selected to make the attack, on the left, that was to break Gen. Lee's line. You advanced and drove the enemy from his entrenched line and occupied his camps beyond, securing a substantial advantage. The issue of the battle turned upon the reserves holding the position they had been ordered to gain and had gained.—Gen. Lee knew this and concentrated his every effort to recover that portion of his line. Massive columns in gray closed around that devoted band of Reserves, yet you stood an unshrinking target for the pitiless fire of your powerful adversary, hoping to the last that you would not be left unsupported. Still no assistance came, and when ammunition and hope itself had failed, you retired step by step to the ground left two hours before, shorn of one-third your number. The other Divisions had vainly thrown themselves against the strengthened heights back of the town' and after fearful slaughter the army withdrew from that field. Certain demagogues and newspapers, by distance secured from danger, had clamored for action. In obedience to the outcry Gen. Burnside fought this battle against his better judgment, and it terminated, as he dreaded, in disaster, a further lesson of the bitter fruits of incompetent dictation.

Another change of commanders was followed by another defeat, and Chancellorsville was added to the list of reverses to our arms. In this battle only a portion of the artillery of our Division was engaged. The Secretary of War acceded to the personal appeals of Gov. Curtin and the infantry had been ordered to return to the vicinity of Washington, there to fill up your depleted ranks.

During the whole of June, (63) from information received by Gen. Hooker, it was evident that Gen. Lee meditated a movement that was to strike terror to the hearts of our people, and revive the hopes of the confederates. When therefore, you heard that the Potomac had been crossed with the unmistakable intention of invading Pennsylvania, you promptly petitioned for permission to rejoin the Army of the Potomac and assist in defending your threatened homes, families and firesides. Could this request be granted you felt that you would not diminish, if you could not increase, the lustre that already attached to the name of the Reserve Corps. In response to these appeals the necessary orders were issued and with lightened hearts and springing steps you sped away on the march towards our imperiled Commonwealth, each muscle nerved by the stinging memories of Gaines Hill and Fredericksburg, and every eye glancing mingled hope of revenge and joy at the opportunity. You were attached to the Fifth Corps then commanded by one who had been your immediate commander from the time you entered the service. You felt that under his eye you would be invincible.—But on the march you heard the Army of the Potomac hailed a new commander. The hand of another was to guide it in the approaching conflict. And he was a leader worthy of this mighty trust. He had entered the struggle like ourselves, and as commander of brigade, division and corps he had shared the fortunes of the Army of the Potomic in its victories and defeats. He was a Pennsylvanian, and a Reserve like ourselves, our comrade; a soldier trained to the pursuit of arms, in the study, as in the field. He had fought under the flag of his country on the plains of Mexico. An accomplished gentleman; a man of thought as well as action.

"A sage in council
An Achilles in the field,"

need I speak his name? Recognition of the picture gleams in the eye of every soldier within sound of my voice. Gen. Meade was the chosen of the heroes to lead the veterans of the Army of the Potomac to battle. It was an appalling responsibility from whose weight it was no disgrace for any soldier to shrink. Leader after leader had successively grasped the ill-fated baton, but under each defeat and disaster had been our portion. When he ascended to that deadly eminence therefore, the heart of each Reserve felt a thrill of pride with mingled apprehension, for it seemed as if Fate itself had pre determined that our arms should be for a sport and mockery. But the bloody splendors of the battle field were to be unfolded on our own soil, and it was fitting that the honor of our State and the defence of our homes should be committed to his hand. With equal fitness the gallant Reynolds, and the knightly Hancock, sons of our Commonwealth became his chief lieutenants; and Pennsylvanians led the van in the deliverance of Pennsylvania.

When the battle of Gettysburg was fought I was on recruiting duty in the interior of our State, and was not permitted to participate in the glory you had won. What I have to say of this battle is not drawn from personal observation, but from the relation of my comrades, and what has passed into history.

When General Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, the enemy was marching up the Cumberland Valley, one hundred thousand strong, flushed with success. Large detachments already occupied York and Carlisle, while others menaced Columbia and Harrisburg. General Meade intended a movement of his whole army to engage the enemy and force him to fight whenever and wherever he should encounter him. In the execution of this plan General Reynolds was sent forward to occupy the heights at Gettysburg, while at the same time Hill's Corps followed by the whole of the confederate army, assumed a line of march for the same place. Two miles from Gettysburg the combatants met. Gen. Reynolds found our cavalry already engaged. That impetuous hero hesitated not an instant. He sent for no instructions, knowing it was General Meade's intention to fight the first opportunity, and here was the opportunity. He hurried forward the First Corps to occupy a hill on the west. The enemy charged our batteries. General Reynolds placed himself at the head of Wadsworth's Division and ordered a countercharge. The men sprang forward as if in a spasm of enthusiasm. The whole Division seemed hurried on, one and all, by a fierce frenzy, which imparted unnatural physical strength. Heedless of danger or destruction, they received the storms of shot, which thinned their ranks, without a pause or shudder. With flashing eye and the dense smoke wreathing in clouds around him, General Reynolds rode every where like some war god of old, a mark for the deadly hail of balls which made the very air musical. While personally directing the disposition of his troops a bullet struck that fearless leader, and he reeled from his horse with a mortal wound. Reynolds had fallen! He died as a soldier would wish to die, on the field of honor, surrounded by his faithful comrades.

The successive arrival and onset of the remaining corps of the enemy was more than our troops could repel, and they slowly fell back to Cemetery Hall, which, on the morrow, became our permanent line of battle. By three o'clock on the ensuing day the condition of affairs was vastly changed. During the night and early the next morning the other corps of our army including the intrepid Fifth, composed of the Regulars and Pennsylvania Reserves, had successively reached the field and taken position, while the Sixth was coming up by forced marches. At that hour the enemy was ready for the attack. By some mistake Sickles' Corps had been located nearly a mile in advance of the position assigned to it, and before the line could be changed the enemy's batteries opened and his massive columns advanced against its front and flank. The Fifth Corps promptly obeyed the order to cover Sickles' retreat and check the enemy, now yelling in pursuit. The Regulars charged, but these sturdy soldiers in their impetuosity allowed themselves to be out-flanked, and were in imminent danger. The crisis of the day had arrived. The foe must be repelled or our entire line abandoned. It was then that the Reserves were singled out to retrieve the day. You knew the fierce struggle had now come, and that upon you was the duty of deciding it, Not heeding the tempest of balls, you received the first shock, and then, with your peculiar battle shout, you sprang forward and bore down your opponents. Fresh columns of the enemy hastened to support their yielding comrades. They fought with desperation. The steady ranks melted before the rapid and murderous fire of the Reserves. You were fighting on your own soil. Love of home and its imperiled safety steeled every muscle and aimed every musket. No foe could withstand a charge impelled by such motives. You swept the dense masses of the foe over their own dead and wounded from the field, and, like loosened cliff, rolled headlong down the steep. Evening had now closed in and the conflict for the second day was over on that portion of the line. But a brigade of the Reserves was bearing its triumphant standard on a distant part of that memorable field. A detachment of the enemy had occupied Round Top—the key-point of our left wing, which if held would render our whole line untenable. As the shadows of night began to fall the third brigade advanced suddenly and quietly up the hill, surprised the enemy and drove him in confusion down its south-eastern slope. Thus ended a day of lustre for the Pennsylvania Reserves; though it closed without decided advantage to either army.

At dawn of next morning the conflict again commenced, and for full six hours the enemy hurled his solid masses against our well defended lines. Our men stood like a part of the primitive rock on which it rested, and baffled the fury of the assault at every point. The volleys on both sides were as rapid as lightning, and it was one incessant peal of musketry and thunder of artillery along the summit and slope of that deadly ridge, till the line of our corps, as it stretched across the field, now sallying forward bending backward, and springing to its place again, looked like a huge serpent of fire waving to and fro on the eminence. Nothing in the war had equalled those hours of carnage. Suddenly a pause as of death spread over the whole field, and this agony of silence lasted three hours. The enemy was massing his guns to sweep the hills with a concentrated fire, silence our batteries, drive our infantry from the heights, and then, by pushing forward his whole force, to capture and occupy our line. The sagacious mind of General Meade comprehended the enemy's design. The terrific artillery fire was responded to by our batteries for a time, but they gradually ceased, when the enemy, supposing them silenced, began that last mighty effort by which he hoped to avert disaster. His massed columns deployed into the open field and assaulted our whole line. Our artillery, which had husbanded its ammunition and its strength for this supreme moment, opened with all its accumulated fury, and from right to left and left to right the double charges of cannister, spherical case, grape, and solid shot, swept and tore in fearful havoc through their columns. But straight on they came with an intrepidity worthy a better cause, and the conflict became the close struggle of despair. The battle was raging in every part of our line. The whole field was a seething mass of combatants. The left was held by the Pennsylvania Reserves. At three o'clock you were ordered to charge the enemy. This onset was those of the two preceding days repeated. In the face of a murderous fire of artillery playing on your course, you dashed upon line after line of the enemy, scattering them from your path, driving him back to the second ridge. Your impetuous valor had carried you beyond safe supporting distance, and under other circumstances the position would have been full of peril. But success had smiled upon our efforts along the whole line, and supports could be spared to advance to your relief. But you did not need them. Before the support reached you darkness closed the scene and the vanquished and disheartened enemy withdrew from the field. Gettysburg was ours, and our powerful adversary received a shock from which he never recovered. Pennsylvania was freed from the tread of an invading foe, and the success of the Union arms dates from that moment.

Such was the battle of Gettysburg. The deeds wrought by both contending armies during those three days of strife would furnish themes for the poet, painter, and historian. But let not the enthusiast visit the scene after the conflict if he would retain his love of glory. Nearly forty thousand men lay within the short space of five miles, disabled by wounds or smitten with death. The air was freighted with groans and entreaties for help. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace. Every form of death and variety of woe were visible. Whole lines had sunk where they stood, and lay amid wrecks of artillery carriages, neglected sabres, and ownerless muskets. In the language of the greatest of warriors upon a similar scene, "The spectacle was sufficient to inspire princes with the love of peace and horror of war."

Upon the edge of that field where he had been carried when he fell on the first day, lay the noble Reynolds, wrapped in the stillness of death. Thus he had lain for two days near his beloved Reserves, but unconscious of their wishes or their struggles. For two days the tread of the tens of thousands that moved to battle was heard, the roar of cannon shook the earth, and the cloud of war covered the plain in which two hundred thousand men were in mortal combat; but our intrepid leader was heedless of all. His good sword, that had flashed foremost in the charge, was no longer seen. It lay still and motionless beside its master, its work also done. With the Reserves, with the whole army, the exaltation of victory was tempered by sorrow for his death. We had lost a brother, the nation one of its truest sons. His effort of the first day, in which he lost his life, had secured for the Army of the Potomac that advantageous position—the key to the field of operations—by which we were enabled to vanquish our more powerful antagonist. He

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was one of the bravest of men, and the pattern of an accomplished officer. His fidelity and kindness to his command had won all the stern love which one soldier can bear another. On the spot where he fell a statue of him will be erected next month, to which each of you considered it a privilege to contribute your mite.

As perhaps I weary you with your own eulogies, my comrades, I will revert to your further career but briefly. After Gettysburg followed a succession of marchings and counter marchings with occasional skirmishes until the battle of Mine Run closed the campaign of '63. In the following May began the series of important actions, of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania Court House North Anna River, and Bethesda Church. In all these the Reserves took an active part. They maintained the old lustre of their name undimmed. They were fighting for the glory of their yet unsullied banner, and the reputation of our beloved Commonwealth.

Their term of service had expired before the battle of Bethesda Church, yet those devoted men stayed to meet the enemy once more, although the charms of repose and the allurements of home beckoned them from the field; Bethesda Church thus bereft many a gallant Reserve of the opportunity of seeing home and friends. After this action the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps withdrew from the service, which for three years they had so honored, and sought that repose which they so richly merited. You remember the rejoicings which welcomed your progress homeward. At Harrisburg you were hailed with a public triumph, such as greeted a conqueror of old. The arrival of a regiment or company at a town or village was the signal of a gala-day. Yet amid this joy many a heart was wrapped in the silent drapery of woe. The Reserves had gone forth a corps of fifteen thousand men, and had dwindled to less than a brigade. The spectacle of your wasted ranks, where so many familiar faces were wanting, struck to the heart of many a mother, wife, sister, or child, the keenest realization of bereavement.

I have said that the Reserve Corps left the service after the battle of Bethesda Church. But some re-enlisted and continued with the army of the Potomac until the end. I will not speak of those who remained. We were few in number, but we endeavored to maintain the honor of the Reserve banner, and preserve untarnished the traditional lustre of our name. At Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Five Forks, and at Appomattox Court House, you were represented. Therefore, my comrades, the Reserve standard was borne in every battle fought by the army of the Potomac, until the fall of Richmond gave peace to our weary land.

I have thus far traced feebly the career of the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps as illustrative of the conduct of our Commonwealth in the war for the Union. I have chosen that Corps, since it is the appropriate one for the present occasion, and as in it is found the type and example of that vast body of self-sacrificing men which Pennsylvania contributed in the mighty contest. Dropping then "the pomp and circumstance of war," let us view our native State in its other and peaceful aspect. She is the geograpical, political and moral centre of the United States. She stands among the foremost in the arts of peace as in those of war; and in material resources she is peerless. She is the champion producer of the Union and prepared for any emergency in any respect. Does the country need iron in its various shapes and devices? Every hill and mountain that diversifies our rugged landscape offers its priceless mineral treasures. Coal to work it? The lavish hand of nature has built the very foundations of our broad surface of this sable wealth. Our vast fields of teeming crops and countless flocks, abundance for all, tell of the husbandman's thrift and promise. The mariner treads the deck of Pennsylvania oak, launched from Pennsylvania dockyards. Our artificers apply their skillful hands to everything that can minister to the need, comfort or luxury of mankind. The thunder of trip-hammers, the hiss of molten iron, the rattle of the shuttle and the click of the reaper unite in a triumphant chorus of varied industries. Let the preservation of those industries and their multiplication be the study and aim of every Pennsylvanian who loves his State and values her prosperity. We are a community of workers. The true Pennsylvanian is the laboring man. The brawny-armed and hard-handed son of toil, whether he pushes the plane, wields the hammer or follows the plow, is the representative of our people. To the working man we owe our prosperity and our position among the States to-day. His prosperity is that of the State itself. His good should be our study.

Does the nation need men? Pennsylvania's eight hundred thousand stalwart sons of intelligence and patriotism are at its service. What they have done is the best guarantee of what they can and will do. The soil that bred them is not exhausted. It teems with such. In State craft our Commonwealth has furnished masters. In law, Gibson, Tilghman and Sharswood have and will have their successors. Their mantles will fall on jurists no less renowned than they. In medicine, our State possesses the oldest and foremost schools of the continent. Colleges and universities radiate their benign influences from every quarter of our territory. Our Common school system is the model for the world. It is voluntary as becomes freemen. We have raised vast educational establishments where a grateful State maintains and trains the children of her fallen soldiers. To Governor Curtin we are indebted for this justice to our comrades. His was the mind that suggested, and the heart that execcuted this scheme of practical gratitude. His kindness and care for us and our comrades does not close with life, but extends to our children after us.

Our magnificent stretch of territory affords almost every variety of climate and production of the soil. The bracing north and mellow south are represented within our distinct boundaries. Every section has its peculiar excellence and modification of wealth. The northwest contributes with lavish hand the riches of petroleum. The west and centre rejoice in wool and grain while the whole State pours forth coal and iron in profusion. The city of Philadelphia has more capital invested in manufactures than any other this side of the Atlantic, and Pittsburg, the Birmingham of America, is not far behind. The busy hum of the factory and song of the husbandman, are heard on every hill and in every valley throughout our entire extent. Our northwest and southeast diagonal terminates at each extremity in two of the finest harbors in the United States—at Erie and Philadelphia; while a sail of two hours over the peaceful bosom of Delaware bay brings us to the broad Atlantic itself. Our state character is made up of the mingled peculiarities of all nations. Men of every clime, religion and language find homes and competence upon our hospitable acres, and process of time fuses these variable characteristics into one mould—that of the traditional Pennsylvanian.

I have spoken of Pennsylvania's sons. Shall Pennsylvania's daughters find no voice in this gallant concourse? In such an assemblage as is here convened, who

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.