



D. W. MOORE, G. B. GOODLANDER, Editors

PRINCIPLES, not MEN.

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CLEARFIELD, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1862.

NEW SERIES—VOL. II.—NO 33

THE "REPUBLICAN."

Terms of Subscription. If paid in advance, or within three months, \$1.25...

Terms of Advertising. Avertisements are inserted in the Republican at the following rates:

Table with 3 columns: Insertion, 2 ds., 3 ds., 4 ds. and corresponding rates for various ad sizes.

Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbidden according to these terms.

JOB PRINTING.

An extensive stock of Jobbing material enables the Publisher of the "Republican" to announce to the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of...

All orders will be executed with neatness and dispatch.

G. B. GOODLANDER & CO.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Time of Holding Court. Second Monday of January, Third Monday of March, Fourth Monday of June, Fourth Monday of September.

County Officers.

- Prob. Judge, Hon. Samuel Linn. Beilfante. Atty. Gen., Hon. J. D. Thompson. Clerk, Hon. James Bloom, Forest.

Mist of Post Offices.

- Names of P. O. G. W. Catwall. Wm. MacCreock. T. A. McKee.

W. M. McCULLOUGH, Attorney at Law. Clearfield, Pa. Office with J. J. Grant, Esq., on Second street.

Luthersburg Hotel, CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PA.

HENRY EVANS, Proprietor. March 12, 1862—17.

D. O. BUSH, T. J. McCULLOUGH. BUSH & McCULLOUGH, Collection Office.

J. J. GRANT'S NEW BUILDING. Feb. 5, '62.

A. J. PATTERSON, Attorney at Law, Clearfield, Pa. Office opposite the New Methodist Church. Feb. 3, '62.

DR. J. W. POTTER. Physician and Surgeon, has permanently located at Frenchville, Corning township, offering his professional services to the surrounding community. May 8, 1861.

DANIEL GOODLANDER, Justice of the Peace. Luthersburg, Clearfield Co. Pa. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. March 23, 1860.—17. pd.

CYRILLUS HOWE, Justice of the Peace. For Decatur Township, will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. T. O. Address, Philipsburg Pa. Aug. 21st 1861.

Select Poetry.

HYMN.

From Vermont's high mountains, From Quebec's golden wharves, Where streams of golden whiskey flow...

Was't the Nor'-west breeze, Blowing o'er Georgetown Hill, And likewise agone frons, The troops at Turner's Mill?

Was't the Yankee mahn, Pores out the waffle flud, And agone of all stahin, Are stahin in the mud?

Was't the tacks plague us, And heeps of em must spile, While poor folks three times over Their coffee grounds mast bile?

Shall we, whose hearts are litned With rye, and cake, and wine, Shall we to Cuffand Dinah, Give nought but crust and rine?

DESCRIPTION OF ROME.

One of the new chapters of Mrs. Stowe's "Agnes of Sorrento" contains the following description of Rome:

"A vision rises upon us from the land of shadows. We see a wide plain, miles and miles in extent, rolling in soft billows of green, and girded on all sides by blue mountains, whose silver crests gleaming in the setting sunlight told that the winter yet lingers on their tops, though spring has decided all the plans. So silent, so lonely, so far in this waving expanse, with its guardian mountains, it might be some wild solitude, an American prairie or Asiatic steppe, but that in the midst thereof, on some billows of rolling land, we discern a city, sombre, ancient and old—a city of dreams and mysteries—a city of the living and the dead.

"The sun is moving westward, the whole air around becomes flooded with a luminous light, so as to transfigure itself with pervading presence through every part of the city, and make all its walls and towers bright and living. The sunbeams with vibrant hues of hundreds of bells, and the evening glory goes up and down, and the broken columns of the Forum seem to swim in golden mist and luminous arches looking out into the city like so many lighted eyes into the soul of the past. The temple light pours up streets dark and mysterious into columns and cavernous domed edifices, where the presence of God dwells in contented obscurity. It illuminates many a living creature. It illuminates the mass that grips on the walls, and gurgling fountains fall into quaint old sculptured basins. It lights up the gorgeous palaces of Rome's master princes, built with arches wreathed from ancient ruins. It streams through a wilderness of churches, each with its tolling pebbles, and steeple through painted windows into the dazzling confusion of pinnacles and gilded globes that glitter and gleam from profane and walled within. And it goes too, across the Tiber, on the filthy and noxious ghats. Here, lemming by its ghostly superstitions, the sons of Israel are growing without vital day, like wax white plants in cellars; and the black manful obelisks in the cypresses in the villa around it touches with a solemn glory. The castle of St. Angelo looks like a great translucent, luminous orb, and the statues of saints and apostles on the top of St. John Lateran glow as if made of living fire, and seem to stretch out glorified hands of welcome to the pilgrims that are approaching the Holy City across the soft, palpitating sea of green that lies stretched like a misty veil around it."

HUMAN LIFE.—Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadows fall across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the traces of loved ones whose living smiles were the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all things. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although the passage may lead to paradise; and with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lay down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal from the great law which doom us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have not a frailer hope upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude which fills the world to day, will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the sea shore.

What is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

The Late BATTLE at WINCHESTER

The special correspondent of the New York Herald, under date of March 27th, gives some additional incidents of the recent great battle at Winchester, from which we make room for the following extracts:

"In company with Capt. Merrill, of the illustrious Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, I visited the battle-field near this place yesterday. The visit was rendered doubly interesting by meeting with the Captain on the way. He was the same Captain, and commanded the valiant band of two hundred and sixteen men who represented the gallant regiment after the death of the lamented Col. Murray. The Lieutenant Colonel and Major were both absent on the day of the battle. 'There,' said the Captain, 'is where the Eighty-fourth delivered their first fire into the enemy, and there is the spot where Col. Murray died leading them to a charge.' I looked at the brave man before me, who had five bullet holes in his clothes, and then at the spot bloodstained by the life tide of the noble Murray, and a sense of awe, horror and admiration darted thro' my mind like a shock of electricity.

"Riding forward a little, the Captain said it was here our boys suffered most. There is where twenty of our men fell within a space of as many square yards." Going at the spot, bloodstained, as it was, with blood, the reflections created by the scene and the place were indescribable. Then the Captain, after a pause, continued:— "There are the woods where the Louisiana Tigers were, and where they opposed us for two hours at thirty yards distance. We could hear them cry, 'Rally, Tigers, and remember Bull Run and Cerro Gordo; the Yankees are before you.' I proceeded into the dell behind the wood. Every rock was stained with the blood of the departed rebels; every tree was shattered by our fireballs. Passing to the left, a newly turned mound of earth, about forty yards by five, and two feet in height, attracted my attention. 'What is that little fenced enclosure?' asked I. 'That,' replied my brave guide, 'is the grave of eighty-four rebels killed by our regiment and the Seventh Ohio. There are many other similar mounds on the field. The Union dead are buried in the cemetery. 'Do you see that wall?' said the Captain. 'That is the wall where the rebels took position till they were driven to those woods over there.' I looked, rode along the wall, stained everywhere with the blood of the fallen, and shattered in many places by the balls and shells of the Union army. 'That field is the scene,' said my conductor, pointing over the wall to a level space, where our men charged against the wall, and from which we drove them precipitately. The field was very much exposed; no shelter at all did it contain, while the wall was a parapet three inches thick, with loopholes for musketry, as if it had been constructed for a perfect line of defence. Our gallant men were hit the rebels through these loopholes, however, whenever they dared to show their heads, and I picked up a rebel hat on the field with nine bullet holes in it, straying along over the dreadful field. I saw everywhere traces of the unquenchable event of the conflict, and having fully searched my canvas bag at this point, I turned my horse's head, and only felt relieved from a boiling of aerial horror long after reaching Winchester.

"A monumental subscription should immediately be set on foot for Colonel Murray and the heroes of the Eighty-fourth, and the name of every man who participated in this terrible struggle should be inscribed upon the monument in letters of gold.

"Capt. Merrill informed me that the Eighty-fourth is largely composed of Irish soldiers, and that the bayonet charge of three hours against the rebels like shall before the wind.

"Among the acts of civility performed on the field was one by private Graham, of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania. He carried the regimental standard. The left hand, which held it, was shot off; but before the Star Spangled Banner fell to the ground he grasped it in the remaining hand and held it triumphant. The right arm was next disabled, but before the colors fell he was killed by a rebel ball.

"Col. Murray, of the Eighty-fourth was then follows a list of the killed [18] and wounded [74] of the Eighty-fourth, differing but little with the list we published last week, making the aggregate of killed and wounded in this regiment, 94, out of 255 engaged.

Then follows a detailed list of the killed and wounded in all the other regiments engaged, closing as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name of Regiment and Number of Men. Killed: 132, Wounded: 540, Missing: 46, Total: 718.

The Rebel Account of the Battle.

From the correspondence of the N. Y. Herald. BALTIMORE, March 23, 1862. The following is the rebel account of the engagement near Winchester on Sunday

last, as related by the most intelligent of the prisoners now in this city. It is interesting, and in some degree important, as showing the objects of the movements of the left wing of the late rebel army of the Potomac:

"From the time that he left Winchester and Strasburg, and moved with the main body of his forces towards Staunton, Gen. Jackson was kept accurately informed of all the movements of General Banks and Gen. Shields. The great majority of the inhabitants of Frederick county, and all the people in Warren and Shenandoah counties, are secessionists, and they kept him well posted as to all that transpired. He did not, of course, depend upon these sources of information alone, but kept scouts and couriers in constant motion between himself and Winchester. His rear guard was at no time below Strasburg, and the pickets of the guard were thrown forward to a point quite near Winchester. It would seem that General Johnson expected nothing more from him than that he should cover the retreat of that part of the army of the Potomac which, sent from Centerville to Strasburg and thence to Harburg, was destined to operate finally near Staunton; but that, having done that by the 16th inst, he was left to the exercise of a large discretion as to his subsequent movements. Learning on the 20th that General Banks was moving part of his forces along the Winchester and Baltimore turnpike towards the latter place, General Jackson was led to suppose that Gen. Banks was endeavoring to effect a junction of his whole force with that of General McClellan at Centerville, by way of Aldie, there being a good turnpike road the entire distance. But it is regretted that this was of Gen. Williams' brigade, which afterwards returned their steps and returned to Winchester after the action of Sunday. General Jackson, however, deeming it of vital importance to prevent a junction at Centerville of the forces of General Banks, with those of Gen. McClellan, determined to attack General Banks at Winchester, with such a show of force as would compel him to remain there at least. It seems that he had no idea that he would be able to compel Gen. Banks to abandon Winchester and return to Harper's Ferry, but he was determined that he should not advance towards Centerville. Accordingly, he massed four regiments of infantry, to make a forced march from Mount Jackson to Strasburg, and from the latter place to the scene of the engagement on Saturday.

"The rebel account of the battle itself is given in the following particulars:—First, as to the numbers engaged, it is stated that Jackson's whole force, after he was reinforced by General Garrott on Sunday, did not exceed 6,000 men, and of these not more than 3,000 were actually engaged. Second, that the rebels were obliged to abandon the contest because their ammunition became entirely exhausted. This appears to be true, from the fact that no cartridges were found in the cartridge boxes of those taken prisoners, or of those found dead in the field; but why there was such a deficiency of ammunition among them is not explained. Third, they state that our loss in killed is much greater than theirs, and that they took more prisoners than we did. Time will settle this last point.

Terrible Accident in Philadelphia.

An Explosion and Injured Life—A Certain Party Blown Up—Frightful Scenes.

At Philadelphia, on Saturday morning, between eight and nine o'clock, a terrific explosion took place in the cartridge manufactory of Prof. Samuel Jackson, on the corner of Tenth and Reed streets, causing a sad loss of life. The Bulletin of Saturday evening, furnishes the following particulars:—The edifice was scattered in ruins; at least four or five of the work people were killed instantly, and two or three of them were blown to minute fragments. The adjacent property also suffered. Nearly every window pane for a square around was broken, fences were demolished and fragments of human flesh were flung on top of high roofs and scattered over walls. A policeman gathered up nearly a barrel full of arms, cartridges, legs and other pieces of bodies, just after the explosion. One or two females were blown into Tenth street, with their clothes all in a blaze. The police and citizens immediately rendered all the aid possible, and the ruins were examined at once. The dead and wounded were carried out and placed in various neighboring dwellings, drugstores, &c., while some of the injured were taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital.

One or two of the injured died while being conveyed away from the scene, or immediately after being placed in neighboring houses. An immense crowd of curious and horror-stricken people thronged around the spot, gazing at the bloody testimonies to the force of the explosion. We saw a policeman lift from the roof of a three-story house in Tenth street a horrible mass of flesh and blood, which had been blown to that elevation. Other sights as horrible we forbear to speak of in detail.

The Hatford Press says that about one boy a day, on an average, breaks his head, or leg, or arm, or neck, by carelessness or recklessness in sliding down hill, in different portions of Connecticut. An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and was operating upon the exposed portion of the urchin's person with great violence when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venacious little teeth. "Blazes! what are ye bilin me for?" "Well, dad, you begun this 'ere war!"

GENERAL SHIELDS.

Acting Major General James Shields is a native of the county of Tyrone in Ireland, where he was born in the year 1810. He is consequently about 52 years of age. He first came to this country in the year 1826, being then only sixteen years of age. In 1832 he went West, and settled in Kaskaskia, one of the oldest villages of Illinois, where he devoted himself to the study and practice of law. He was soon after elected to the State Legislature, and in 1839 was made State Auditor. Four years later he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1845, having received from President Polk the appointment of Commissioner of the General Land Office, he removed to Washington. Upon the breaking out of the Mexican war during the following year, the same President appointed Mr. Shields a Brigadier General of United States Volunteers. His commission was dated July 1, 1846. He was present at the siege of Vera Cruz, and was particularly noted. At the battle of Cerro Gordo he distinguished himself greatly, and shed his blood in defence of his adopted country.

Severely wounded, he continued on the field, urging on his men, until a ball passing through his lungs struck him down. He was carried from the battle field, and was reported to near death, but obituary notices appeared of the gallant General in nearly all the papers of the country. It appears that he was entirely given over by the Army Surgeons, when a Mexican Doctor said he would live if he would let him remove the congealed blood from the wound. Shields told him to try, and a fine silk handkerchief was worked and finally drawn through the wound, removing the extravasated blood when daylight could be seen through the hole. And yet Shields to day is a hale and hearty man, free from disease or any inconvenience from his wound, which was considered at the time as mortal, having been made by a large copper ball, and going directly through his body and lung. For his gallant and meritorious conduct on this occasion, he was in August, 1847, brevetted a Major General of Volunteers. Still suffering from his wounds we find him commanding a brigade in the valley of Mexico, consisting of a battalion of marines and regiments composed of New York and South Carolina Volunteers. He was in the battle of Chapultepec, where, being unhorsed, he fought on foot, bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves, leading his brigade, sword in hand, with a bravery that has not been surpassed. He was again wounded, and with whom we conversed, only know that they found the buildings tumbling to pieces, and in almost the same instant it was in flames; there were two distinct explosions, the second of which was much the most violent.

The cause of the disaster is involved in mystery. Mr. Jackson, the proprietor, was not in the factory at the time, and knows nothing concerning its causes, and with whom we conversed, only know that they found the buildings tumbling to pieces, and in almost the same instant it was in flames; there were two distinct explosions, the second of which was much the most violent.

THE BUILDING.

In which the explosion occurred was located upon a large lot at the northwest corner of Tenth and Reed streets. It was of frame, about fifty feet square, with a small brick structure in the centre, and was divided into three apartments. There is nothing left but a portion of the walls of the brick building. The establishment was formerly used by Professor Jackson for the manufacture of fireworks, and two explosions, attended with loss of life, have occurred there before. For several weeks Prof. Jackson has been extensively engaged in making patent cartridges for the navy revolvers. About seventy-five hands were employed in the factory, and yesterday fifty more were present. Of the whole number but twenty boys and five were young girls, and the remainder men and boys. It is estimated that about seventy-five thousand cartridges were turned out per day. One day last week about a million were stored in the building, but the number on hand this morning was not ascertained.

THE DAMAGE TO ADJACENT PROPERTY.

Although there were no buildings immediately contiguous to the factory, the explosion did much damage to the surrounding property. Immediately north of it was a block of four three-story brick dwellings, owned by Mr. Leutz, which fronted upon Tenth and Astor streets. One of these upon Tenth street, and the one nearest the factory was occupied by George H. Smith, an officer in the detective police service. The window sash were dashed to pieces, the doors were torn from their hinges and the plaster was torn from the ceilings and partitions. The furniture also sustained much injury. The family of Mr. Smith, with the exception of a little daughter, were absent from home at the disaster. The child was knocked down by the concussion, but she escaped serious injury.

Prince Albert had willed the whole of his property—a very considerable sum—to the Queen, for the ultimate benefit of their younger children. His care of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall will result in the Prince of Wales having nearly half a million in hand when he comes of age next November, together with the annual income in the best possible order. It is also stated, on good authority, that the late Prince bequeathed Baltimore, which was his own property, to her Majesty.

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The enduring odor of smoke is astonishing. When Justice, in 523, rebuked what is now the mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with nank, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.