

A warlike music suddenly came to mingle itself with the unaccompanied banquet. From the direction of Bristol a station on the Orange railroad, about four miles from Manassas, came the long, continuous thunder of artillery.

It was Ewell's. That commander had been sent to hold the front, while Jackson proceeded to destroy the great depot at Manassas, and he was scarcely in position when the head of General Pope's advancing army struck him. It was commanded by General Hooker, whom Jackson was to overthrow at Chancellorsville.

A rough wrestle followed. Ewell threw forward three regiments, opened with artillery, and attacked so boldly that General Pope seems to have believed that he had in front of him the entire Confederate force. He consequently paused, hurried forward his main body, and prepared for battle. Ewell continued to roar defiance with his artillery, to show an unmovable front. Pope advanced a heavy force; Ewell advanced to meet it; the two columns seemed about to close in a decisive struggle when flames were seen to rise from the bridge over Broad Run, between the opponents, and when the smoke drifted away Ewell had disappeared, laughing grimly, doubtless, after his fashion, at the result.

He had kept General Pope off of Jackson's rear, while Manassas was burning; that point was evacuated; when General Pope rushed in on the next morning, his great adversary had disappeared. Nothing greeted him but burning store houses and blackened ruins, from which a few cavalry vedettes retired at his approach, disappearing in the woods.

The bread, meat, and forage of his army was a heap of ashes. This destruction of his stores was truly unfortunate for the Federal commander; but that was not all. His enemy had vanished. Where was he? General Pope had fully expected to find him at Manassas; and, on the preceding day, had written to McDowell: "If you will march promptly and rapidly at the earliest moment down upon Manassas Junction, we shall bag the whole crowd."

But "at the earliest dawn" of the 28th Jackson had disappeared, leaving General Pope greatly bewildered in reference to his whereabouts. The contemporary opinions expressed by the subordinate officers of that officer are not complimentary.

"All that talk about bagging Jackson," wrote General Porter, "was bosh. That enormous gap, Manassas, was left open, and the enemy jumped through." "Jackson's forces," he added, "were reported to be wandering around loose, but I expect that they know what they are doing, which is more than any one here, or anywhere, knows." On the 28th, General Pope is declared to have hastened toward Centreville, "not knowing at the time where was the enemy."

And yet that enemy ought to have been looked for where he ought to have been. He ought to have been where he could form a junction with Lee, then approaching Thoroughfare—that is to say, near Groveton. Thither, in fact, Jackson had moved after the destruction of Manassas, on the night of the 27th, thus escaping General Pope, who rushed into the great smoldering pandemonium during the forenoon of the 28th, only to find that the bird had flown.

Let us glance now at the situation on that August morning. Never was anything more "dramatic." Campaigns are often dull, halting, and inconsequential. This one was rapid, fiery, with day linked to day by great events—the whole tending, as though driven by the Greek Necessity, with her iron wedge, toward the bloody catastrophe. Jackson had advanced from the Rappahannock, as rapid and resistless as some baleful meteor; and the meteor had fallen upon Manassas, the great storehouse of the Federals, and consumed it. Then warned of his danger, General Pope had hastened back, intent on harding his great column against the audacious intruder, and crushing him in the very hour of his triumph. He would "bag the whole crowd," if he could only reach Manassas on the 28th. He reached it on the 28th, but the game had flown.

Then, on that morning, Pope was at Manassas; Jackson at Groveton, with his left at Sedley; Lee was advancing toward Thoroughfare Gap with the veteran corps of Longstreet; unless Pope could crush Jackson before Lee arrived, he must engage the whole southern army. As to frightening the man of Kerestown, Port Republic, and Cold Harbor into fall retreat, that was hopeless. That trained and resolute gladiator had only fallen back far enough to get out of his adversary's clutches for the moment; not too far to render possible junction with Lee, if a little time—only a little time!—were given him. At bay on the old battle-field of Manassas, the dangerous game awaited the attack of the buntsnan, ready to show his teeth, and resist a *l'outrance*.

The precious hours hurried on now; every instant counted; the merest noise in war could have told General Pope that the great, the indispensable thing was to interpose a force between Lee and Jackson, hold Thoroughfare Gap, and thus fight the southern army in detail. But some evil demon seems to have whispered in the ear of the Federal commander: "Allow Lee to unite with Jackson; do not interpose," and the advice was followed. The left wing, under McDowell, had advanced to Gainesville, between Lee and Jackson, and, on the evening of the 25th, it was *ordered thence to Manassas*. Thoroughfare Gap, which should have been defended at all hazards by a large force, was defended by a division only, and this division retired almost as soon as Lee's cannon began to thunder. So trifling was the opposition, that, reaching the gorge at sunset, Longstreet was passing through at nine in the evening; before noon next day he was coming into position on the right of Jackson.

The latter had not yet been attacked; but, as though weary of waiting, he had advanced, and taken the initiative. While standing at bay, Jackson had seen a dust cloud on his right,

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and prepared for an attack. But suddenly from this dust emerged an officer, coming at full gallop, with the intelligence that the dust was caused by Stuart's cavalry. At the same moment a long line of Federal bayonets was seen on the Warrenton road in front; Jackson turned to Ewell, who stood near by, and raised his arm aloft; then, letting it fall with a loud slap upon his knee, he said, briefly: "Ewell, advance!"

Just as the thunder from Thoroughfare began to roar, Ewell threw forward his line, and attacked with fury the Federal force in front of him. It was King's division, and made a splendid fight. Though assailed in flank, they did not give way, nor did they flinch during the whole engagement. It was only at nine o'clock at night, when the news of the abandonment of Thoroughfare probably reached General King, that the Federal lines retired. They had been advancing toward Stone Bridge, they fell back on Manassas. Thus McDowell, Ricketts (at Thoroughfare) and King, had all retired, one after another, upon Manassas. At dawn on the 29th, the golden moment had flitted by; the gate of destiny had silently turned upon its iron hinge; Pope was "massed;" Lee was massed; it was army against army. The brain of General Pope was to be measured against the brain of General Lee.

Jackson had lost his right arm, Ewell severely wounded in the battle just fought—but the crushing weight of a great anxiety had been lifted from his breast. Lee had arrived; when that intelligence was brought him, he drew a long breath of relief, and his eyes were raised to heaven in prayer and gratitude. All the morning General Longstreet was coming into position; part of his line of battle was formed, indeed, by nine o'clock, and the whole line resembled an open V. Jackson's force was the left wing; Longstreet's the right. At the angle was Groveton, a small assemblage of houses, near which Stephen D. Lee was in command of about thirty pieces of artillery.

Longstreet was ready about noon. At five in the evening General Pope did not know of his arrival. Does that statement seem absurd, and it is greeted by any reader with incredulous laughter? Proof—Porter was ordered at half-past four to attack the right and rear of Jackson! "I believe," says General Pope—"in fact, I am positive—that at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th, General Porter had in his front no considerable body of the enemy. I believed then, as I am very sure now, that it was easily practicable for him to have turned the right flank of Jackson, and to have fallen upon his rear; that if he had done so, we should have gained a decisive victory over the army under Jackson, before he could have been joined by any of the forces of Longstreet."

The present writer spoke to General Longstreet, within twenty yards of his line of battle, kneeling on the right knee, finger on trigger before him. General Fitz John Porter—that stubborn fighter on the Peninsula and at Sharpsburg—was tried by court-martial, and dismissed from the service, for not attacking Jackson's right at five in the evening, "before he could have been joined by any of the forces of Longstreet," as Gen. Pope says.

We have traced, perhaps tediously, the steps of the two adversaries, by which they steadily advanced to the moment and the place of decisive struggle. That narrative, we thought, would interest the thoughtful reader more than a florid series of paragraphs upon the fighting. The movements which we have followed decided the second battle of Manassas. When Lee had massed his army, the hour of destiny had struck. The defeat of General Pope was merely a question of time and detail. That result might occur thus or thus; it would certainly take place.

"The histories" will describe in detail the long, obstinate, and bloody, but never doubtful conflict. The present writer retires from the domain of that great mass; it is only some salient points that he begs to speak of. And even these may not be understood without a diagram; for what is plain to those who saw the ground, is the mystery of mysteries to those who have never seen it.

Let us ascend that hill within sight of Groveton and look. We are near the southern centre. Those gray lines, extending toward the left, are Jackson's. In his front is a woodland and an unfinished railroad cut, where the adversaries are going to grapple in bitterest conflict—to fire within a few paces of each other—to stab and fence with their bayonets—to seize rocks and hurl them, breaking each other's skulls. In the centre, near at hand, are the guns of Stephen Lee—that hardy soldier, and accomplished gentleman—waiting, grim and silent, for the great assault from the woods beyond Groveton, which round-shot, shell and canister is going to meet. On the right, stretching far beyond the Warrenton road, is the embattled line of Longstreet, bristling with bayonets, and flanked with cannon. He is there, though General Pope is telling Porter that he is not—there, firmly noted, the most stubborn of realities. On the right of Longstreet are the columns of Stuart's cavalry, held in hand for the pursuit, the men sitting or standing by their horses.

Riding slowly to and fro along the lines are two or three figures, whose appearance the troops greet with shouts. One is that of a man of about thirty-eight, in a dingy old coat and faded

cap, who rides with his knees drawn up, and raises his chin to look from beneath his cap rim, rarely speaking, apparently sunk in deep reverie. That is Jackson.

Another is portly, athletic, with a long brown beard and mustache, half covering the broad, calm face, which habitually smiles—a man apparently of invincible coolness, almost apathetic-looking, but notable. That is Longstreet, Lee's "Old War Horse"—a man to count on when hard and stubborn fighting is necessary—when to spring like the tiger and never let go, like the bull-dog, is the order of the day.

A third is the gay cavalier yonder, with the heavy mustache, the laughing blue eyes, the gauntleted hand stroking the heavy beard, the lofty forehead, surmounted by the plumed hat, the tall cavalry boots and the rattling sabre. That is Stuart.

presented a spectacle of apparent disorganization, which would have made an European officer tremble. Then suddenly all changed. As the men drew near the enemy, they checked their headlong speed; those in front stopped, those in rear closed up; the lines were dressed as straight as an arrow, with the battle-flags rippling as they moved; cheers resounded, and the regiments entered the woods, from which rose the long, continuous crash of musketry, as the opposing lines came together.

That was late in the evening, and the Federal forces never made another charge. On the contrary, the Confederate lines ever and anon advanced.

Longstreet swept steadily round, closing in, with his inexorable grasp, upon the enemy's left, toward the Henry House Hill. Jackson's whole command advanced. Night descended upon a last infuriated grapple of infantry, clash of cavalry, and duel of artillery, amid which it was easy to distinguish those tumultuous Confederate cheers, whose resounding echoes had on many battle-fields announced the hard-won victory.

General Pope was defeated; his cannon glared in the dark from the Henry House Hill, and near the Old Stone House; then night swallowed the great scene of wounds and death. General Pope retreated in the darkness to Centreville, whence he speedily continued his withdrawal to Washington.

This was Saturday. It was on Monday that Gen. McClellan telegraphed from Alexandria: "This week is the crisis of our fate."

Such was the great "Second Battle of Manassas," and it possesses an interest of its own, a strange character separating it from almost all other conflicts. Few events in the annals of war exceed it in that singularly dramatic character which the locality gave it. In July, 1861, Jackson's brigade had here decided the issue of a great battle. Now, in August, 1862, the same commander had grappled with the old adversary, upon almost the very same ground—almost, but not quite, for the opponents had changed sides. Hunter had fought Evens and Lee with his back to Sedley; it was Jackson now who held that position. Johnston and Beauregard had assailed in old days from the direction of Manassas; it was now Pope who had his base there—a shifting base, soon to be transferred, as we have seen, to Alexandria.

And all those old familiar objects made a singular impression upon the minds of the soldiers—at least, the writer, who saw the fight, can speak for himself. Before him lies a leaf with these lines in pencil—written on the night of the battle: "Strange, passing strange! Yonder, a mile or two away, is the ground where Evans commenced the battle of the 21st. A dispatch, just arrived, says Jackson is at the Stone House—we sleep upon the soil bathed a year ago in Southern blood."

"Batteries were planted and captured yesterday," said a writer, "where they were planted and captured last year." The pine thicket, where the Fourth Alabama and Eighth Georgia suffered so terribly in the first battle, is now strewn with the slain of the invader. We charged through the same woods yesterday, though from a different point, where Kirby Smith, the Blucher of the day, entered the fight before."

Thus, this bloody action had come to add additional shadows to the already weird and sombre fields of Manassas. Again the Federal power was broken; a second time the banks of this stream, once so insignificant, were baptized with the blood of battle.

There are spots on the world's surface over which seem to lower huge, shadowy figures, uttering lugubrious groans, which the winds bear away, and pointing, with distended eyes, and arms in sable drapery, to the yawning graves which surround the beautiful face of nature. Manassas and Cold Harbor are among these places, and there hover a double troop of sombre shadows; for here men have twice met in mortal grapple—here the graves are double in number; so thick are they, that you tread on them.

You tread on few flowers; hear the sigh of the wind in the leaves of few trees; rarely the birds of spring sing here, and the sunshine itself seems sad.

These spots, with Gettysburg, are the three Golgothas of the Western World.

"My dear Amelia," said a dandy, "I have long wished for this opportunity, but hardly dare speak now, for fear you will reject me; but I love you; say you will be mine! You smiles would shed"—and then he came to a pause; "your smiles would shed"—and then he paused again. "Never mind the wood-shed," replied Amelia, "go on with the pretty talk."

CORONER'S INQUEST.—The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a coroner's jury to sit on the body of de nigger Samba, now dead and gone afore us, had been sittin' on de said nigger afore said, and he did on de night ob de fustteenth of November, come to def by fallin from de bridge over de river in de said river, whar we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de river side, whar we 'spos he was frose to deat."

An advertiser in the *Pittsburg Dispatch* says "he has a cottage for sale containing five rooms, a stable and a tan-yard." That beats the "cottage by the sea."

out regard to identity of interest, the commonality of tradition, or intellectual culture. The blubber-eating Esquimaux is made superior to, or, at least, the equal of the intellectual but sympathetic Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The Digger Indian, paying taxes, is the compeer of General Grant.

A title of the surplus Chinese population could, upon emigration and colonization, be enabled, in a few years, to wield the powers of government under a fair application of such a principle. A couple of Chinese maidens, combining with a couple of Wall street brokers, and gerrymandering under the direction of such politicians as Charles Sumner and Benet Butler, could be able to control and direct all matters of law and all matters of policy. If required to sustain party power, or expedient to further party purposes, Chinese pagodas and Chinese joshes would be ordained to abound.

But we are sadly mistaken if this principle, so artfully generalized as equal rights to all, obtains the assent and is acknowledged as governing the American people. The division of sovereignty is already infinitesimal. The extension of the elective franchise reached its utmost limits of safety when it was extended to the white race. The honest expression of public opinion, as every candid man will admit, is already under the domination of what is called "the floating vote;" those who have no fixed principles; controlled by neither interest nor tradition—venal and unscrupulous. A further extension will subject the nation to such evils as characterize the history of a sister and coterminal republic to that anarchy, which justifies itself in the name of God and liberty, but inflicts continuous but immeasurable distress.

PREACHING.—In the town of Flypuchecreek there was a shoemaker who at times officiated as preacher. He always wrote the notices himself, in order to save the expenses of printing. Here is one of them: "There will be preaching in the pines this Sunday afternoon, on the subject, All who do not believe will be damned at three o'clock."

Mrs. Dobbs is of such a tender disposition, that, before spanking Billy Dobbs, Jane Dobbs, and Jacky Dobbs, she administers chloroform to them. Billy Dobbs, Jane Dobbs, and Jacky Dobbs are of the unanimous opinion that this method is a large improvement on the old fashion of spanking.

"Have you ground all the tools right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a rather green lad whom he had taken for an apprentice. "All but the hand-saw, sir," replied the lad promptly; "I couldn't get all the gaps out of that."

SIXTEEN.—"De kongregation vill please to sing the ven dosanth and two'n psalm," said a Dutch parson, as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Vell, den, please to sing so many as tare pe."

Patrick broke off the thread of his discourse, and said to his hearers: "My dear friends, let me tell you that I am half through with my sermon; but seeing your impatience, I will say that the remaining half is not more than a quarter as long as that you have heard."

MIND YOUR BUSINESS.—A conscientious person affirms that he once in his life beheld "people minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being too sick to attend to each other's concerns.

"Oh, my dear sir," said a poor sufferer to a dentist, "that is the second wrong tooth you have pulled." "Very sorry, sir," said the blundering operator, "but as there were only three when I began, I am sure to be right next time."

Josh Billings says that if a man is going to make a business of serving the Lord, he likes to see him do it when he measures onions, as well as when he hollers halloayay.

There were in the splendid galleries of the hall of the House of Representatives at the Tennessee Capitol, on Monday last, one hundred and fifty-three negroes and seven whites.

It has been computed that the mileage of a Congressman from the newly acquired territory of Russian America amounts to \$20,000, or half the gross value of its annual products.

Forty divorce cases are now before the Courts in Pittsburg. Twenty-four are applications from wives and sixteen from husbands.

Patrick was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the ground that he did not wish to leave his old mother an orphan.

Which is the strongest day of the seven? Sunday, because the rest are weak days.

What is the greatest stand ever made for civilization? The instand. Dear-Stalkers: Those ladies who will come out in the fashion. What is handsomer and higher when the head is off? A pillow. Man-hood, a hat; woman-hood, a bonnet.

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