THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & LEE,
CLEARFIELD, PA
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
If paid in advance, or within 3 months...$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months... 3 00
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less...$1 50
For each subsequent insertion... 50
Administrators' and Executors' notices... 2 50
Auditors' notices... 2 50
Cautions and Estray's... 1 50
Dissolution notices... 2 00
Professional Cards, 5 lines or less, 1 year... 5 00
Local notices, per line... 20
YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.
1 square...$8 00 | 1 column...$50 00
2 squares...15 00 | ½ column... 70 00
4 squares...20 00 | 1 column...120 00
G. R. GOODLANDER,
NOEL R. LEE,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. R. GOODLANDER, Editor.
PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.
TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.
VOL. 50 WHOLE NO. 2495. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1876. NEW SERIES—VOL. 17, NO. 44.

Cards.

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

RICHARD HUGHES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
—FOR—
Decatur Township,
Osceola Mills P. O.
All official business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to. mch29, '76.

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
e25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [my18'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr16,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my23cl'ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-1'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:1'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

JAMES H. LYTLE,
In Kratzer's Building, Clearfield, Pa.
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Vegetables, Fruits, Flour, Feed, etc., etc.
april'75-tf

WARREN THORN,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
In the shop lately occupied by Frank Short, one door west of Allegheny House.

T. M. ROBINSON,
Market Street, Clearfield. Pa.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Light and Heavy Harness, Collars, Saddles, Bridles, &c. Repairing neatly done.
May 24, 1876-6m.

JOHN A. STADLER,
BAKER, Market St., Clearfield, Pa.
Fresh Bread, Rusk, Rolls, Pies and Cakes on hand or made to order. A general assortment of Confectionaries, Fruits and Nuts in stock.—Ice Cream and Oysters in season. Saloon nearly opposite the Postoffice. Prices moderate.
March 10-'75.

J. R. M'MURRAY
WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH ANY ARTICLE OF MERCHANDISE AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICE. COME AND SEE. (3:573:)
NEW WASHINGTON.

MARBLE AND STONE YARD.
Mrs. S. S. LIDDELL,
Having engaged in the Marble business, desires to inform her friends and the public that she has now and will keep constantly on hand a large and well selected stock of ITALIAN AND VERMONT MARBLE, and is prepared to furnish to order TOMBSTONES, BOX AND CRADLE TOMBS, MONUMENTS, &c.
Yard on Reed street, near the R. R. Depot, Clearfield, Pa. jel4,76

S. I. SNYDER,
PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1874.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
At the end of the new bridge,
WEST CLEARFIELD, PA.
The proprietor of this establishment will buy his liquors direct from distillers. Parties buying from this house will be sure to get a pure article at a small margin above cost. Hotel keepers can be furnished with liquors on reasonable terms. Pure wines and brandies direct from Seeley's Vinery, at Bath, New York.
GEORGE N. COLBURN.
Clearfield, June 16, 1875-tf.

MITCHELL WAGONS.
The Best in the Cheapest!
Thomas Reilly has received another large lot of "Mitchell Wagons," which are among the very best manufactured, and which he will sell at the most reasonable rates. His stock includes almost all descriptions of wagons—largest small, wide and narrow track. Call and see them.
apr6'74 THOMAS REILLY.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, and all kinds of
HORSE FURNISHING GOODS.
A full stock of Saddlers' Hardware, Brushes, Combs, Blankets, Robes, etc., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash prices. All kinds of repairing promptly attended to.
All kinds of hides taken in exchange for harness and repairing. All kinds of harness leather kept on hand, and for sale at a small profit.
Clearfield, Jan. 19, 1876.

UNDERTAKING.

The undersigned are now fully prepared to carry on the business of
UNDERTAKING,
AT REASONABLE RATES,
And respectfully solicit the patronage of those needing such services.
JOHN TROUTMAN,
JAMES L. LEAVY.
Clearfield, Pa., Feb. 18, 1874.

JUSTICES' & CONSTABLES' FEES
We have printed a large number of the new FEE BILL, and will on the receipt of twenty-five cents, mail a copy to any address.

Cards.

FREDERICK O'L. BUCK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to. Office on Second street, next door to First National Bank. oct11, '76.

W. C. ARNOLD,
LAW & COLLECTION OFFICE,
CURWENSVILLE,
e26 Clearfield County, Penn'a. 75y

THOS. H. MURRAY. CYRUS GORDON.
MURRAY & GORDON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. 9:30'74

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-12'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JOSEPH B. M'NEALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:76

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House. jan1'76.

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the old Western Hotel building. Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. jel1'73

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
n11:1'73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Old Western Hotel building, corner of Second and Market Sts. [nov21,66.

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street, opp. Court House. Jan. 3, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, betn Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28:63tf.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 24th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 5 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN MASONIC BUILDING.
Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 12, 1875.

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-72

D. M. DOHERTY,
FASHIONABLE BARBER & HAIR DRESSER.
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Shop in room formerly occupied by Naugle
Market street.
july 14, '76.

HARRY SNYDER,
(Formerly with Lew Schuler.)
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer. may 19,'75.

Livery Stable.
THE undersigned begs leave to inform the public that he is now fully prepared to accommodate all in the way of furnishing Horses, Buggies, Saddles and Harness, on the shortest notice and on reasonable terms. Residence on Locust street, between Third and Fourth.
GEO. W. GRAHAM.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Mighty Hand from an exhaustless urn
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Toses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billows seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And, as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke,
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Stayve and stain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his fellows; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's, with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud. The flood rolls on;
The wall is stifled and the sobbing group
Horne under. Hark to that shrill raiden shout—
The cry of an appalling multitude,
Swayed by some lord-tongued orator, who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas and life glows;
A poet, as he passes to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. A while they ride
The advancing billow, till its toseing crest (tasks
Strikes them and flings them headlong, while their
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam, like that of moonlight, turns the spray
To glittering pearls; two lovers, hand in hand;
Rise on the hollow swell and fearly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain & streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Uncrowded, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whereon time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets,
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths and glossy locks,
Shorn from fair trees by loving hands, and scrolls
O'written—happy with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.

I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold in every one of these
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and heppy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow [peace.
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their

Sadly I turn and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist,
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on the banks of flowers,
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And re-appearing, hasty giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air, where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is that I hear
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenious youths,
Sages and saintly women, who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So the years,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river, broadening like a sea,
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in where reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord, hand in hand.

—*Scribner's Magazine.*

MASSACRE OF THE ALAMO.

The recent death of Santa Anna recalls to mind the early struggles of the infant republic of Texas, when her Houstons, her Crocketts, her Lamars, her Travises and her Burnets were battling against fearful odds for the liberty and independence of the young American settlement. Under the leadership of these gallant men, fifty thousand Texans, without organization, without a regular army, navy, national credit, or even national recognition, carried on a war with eight millions of people, possessing almost unlimited control of men, money and material, and commanded by able leaders, with Santa Anna at their head. The war was long, and many times doubtful, presenting many instances of heroic effort, brilliant triumph and glorious martyrdom. The brutal, cowardly murder of Col. Fannin's command, the victory of San Jacinto and the massacre of the Aloma constituted thrilling chapters in the record of the young republic's achievements. Few of these incidents possess a more tragical interest than the event known as the "Massacre of the Aloma." The details, however, of this bloody catastrophe are meager and unsatisfactory. Two of the ill-fated garrison only survived the horrors of the massacre, and their narratives, with the reluctant admission made by the Mexican butchers, are all that has come down to us to give the story of the brave men's martyrdom. It was the aim of the Mexican tyrant to place the seal of death upon the lips of his unhappy captives, fully intending that not one should live to tell the bloody story.

In January, 1836, Santa Anna, with a large army, commenced the invasion of the territory of the rebellious State. The little settlement called the volunteers hastily gathered to meet the threatened danger. Col. Travis, with a detachment of picked men, was sent forward to the town of San Antonio to watch the movements and retard the advance of the enemy. The Colonel had just arrived at his post and disposed his men for the night, when his pickets were violently attacked by the Mexicans and driven in.

A brief reconnoissance convinced Col. Travis that his enemy was vastly superior in numbers, and he accordingly withdrew his little force into a strong state building in the outskirts of the town, known as the Aloma. This building was constructed by the Jesuits to serve the double purpose of a fort and church, and was exceedingly well calculated for an obstinate defense. Its walls were of stone, 190 feet long and 120 feet wide, and fourteen small pieces of artillery defended its approaches. The place was supplied with water by two aqueducts which led from the San Antonio river to the interior of the works.

It was in this inclosure that Colonel Travis withdrew his little army and awaited the Mexican attack. In the meantime the men were employed in stregthening the fortification, throwing up new works, and practicing the artillery, which was so successful that the gunners obtained a perfect range of every foot of ground commanded by their guns.

Colonel Travis, however, felt the insufficiency in numbers, and resolved to call for aid. He therefore prepared a stirring appeal, which a trusty scout carried safely through the Mexican lines and published in the Mexican newspapers.

In the meantime the Mexican army drew three lines of investment closer around the little fort. Fresh troops were pouring into his camps, new batteries sprung up in every direction, and a cordon of offensive works nearly encircled the doomed garrison. The bombardment was constant, and grew more furious every hour as batteries multiplied and new guns were placed in position.

Travis continued to send scouts through the enemy's line with the address, and on the morning of the first of March, Captain John Smith, with thirty-two men, cut his way through the Mexican lines and joined the garrison, which increased the effective force to one hundred and eighty men.

Day after day, without an hour's cessation, the Mexican artillery thundered upon the little fort. An assault was daily threatened, and the little garrison was kept constantly under arms, ready to repel any attack, and the exposure told fearfully upon their strength. Soon the stoutest heart began to realize that defeat and destruction were inevitable. The Mexicans had hoisted the black flag as an assurance that no quarter would be given, but not a man quailed, each resolving to die as become a Texan patriot.

On the fifth of March Colonel Travis addressed a last appeal to the country, and sent it through the Mexican lines under cover of darkness. He said:

"I am still here in as fine spirits as could be expected, with one hundred and eighty men. I have held the place ten days against more than thirty times our number, and I will continue to hold it until I get relief from my countrymen, or will perish in the defense. The black flag which is borne by the enemy gives token that the fight is to be one of extermination against rebels."

This address had been prepared early in the evening, approved by all the officers, a number of copies made, and one of the most skillful riders in the command had volunteered to carry it through the enemy's lines. The night was dark, and a thrilling storm of rain and sleet was falling, when the courier mounted, and gave the parting words to his comrades, Col. Travis standing beside him, with folded arms, looking steadily to the right, where the long lines of Mexican camp fires blazed in the darkness.

"Good-bye!" cried the messenger as he pressed the flanks of his horse, and bounded away.

"Wait a moment," cried Col. Travis, suddenly awaking from his reverie. "Wait a moment. I want to send one more letter."

He sat down and rapidly wrote a brief letter to an intimate friend, setting forth their desperate condition, the danger of massacre, and closed with this message:

"Take care of my little boy. If the country is saved, and I survive the present peril, I may yet make him a splendid fortune; but if the country should be lost, and I should perish, he will have nothing left but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country."

These were the last words ever written by the gallant Colonel, and the letter was for many years cherished by the orphaned boy as one of the most valued relics of his lamented parent.

Meanwhile the bombardment was progressing but slowly, and the Mexicans grew impatient. Their overwhelming strength, the weakness and exhaustion of the garrison, and their greed for speedy revenge, prompted an immediate assault, and Sunday, March 6th, 1836, was chosen as the day for carrying the purpose into execution.

The unusual activity in the Mexican camp attracted the attention of Col. Travis at an early hour in the morning, and he at once concluded that an assault was intended.

The little garrison was stationed in the most advantageous manner possible, and the Colonel delivered a stirring address, exhorting them all to do their duty, and die as became a people worthy to be free.

The men responded with cheers, and held a hurried consultation, at which it was unanimously agreed to fight until the last man, and when no further resistance was possible, it was agreed that the survivor should fire the magazine and all perish together.

At sunrise the enemy swarmed out from behind their works, and the long lines of assault formed almost within musket range of the walls of the Alamo, and completely enveloping the little fortification. The cavalry was formed in the rear of the infantry, with drawn sabers, and orders to cut down all who faltered in the advance. Under cover of a heavy fire from their batteries, the dark columns moved forward to the assault—four thousand against one hundred and eighty!

On, on, came the dark lines, a steady fire of musketry flashing from their ranks; but the silence of death reigned within the Alamo. Ammunition was scarce, and the brave defenders were instructed to waste few shots; but when the enemy came within easy range, the artillery, charged to the muzzel with grape, opened upon them, and the unerring rifles of the Texans poured a torrent of bullets into the midst of the advancing troops. These murderous discharges tore through their ranks, sweeping down whole companies at every discharge.

The dead encumbered the path of the advancing column, but urged on by the remorseless cavalry behind, the bleeding lines stumbled over dead and dying, and reached the very foot of the walls. But the nearer they came, the more deadly became the effect of the Texans fire, and the slaughter increased, until, despite the cavalry in the rear, they broke and fled in confusion to their camps.

Santa Anna now hastened to the field in person, reformed the beaten columns, and they were again driven forward, only to be again hurled back with frightful slaughter.

As the storming column fell back, the exhausted Texans ceased their fire, and for some minutes a painful silence rested on the bloody field, broken only by the moans of the wounded men, who lay thick upon the ground without, over which the assailing column had passed.

It was loudly hoped by the besieged garrison that the fiercest of the struggle was over, but they were disappointed. The voice of command was soon heard from the Mexican lines, officers were seen hurrying to and fro, gathering the remnants of their beaten regiments, and the nearly exhausted garrison prepared for a final struggle.

Success was almost hopeless. The excitement and exertion had left them weak and prostrated, several of their best men had fallen, and but a few rounds of ammunition remained. But their firmness was unshaken. They removed the dead, provided as best they could for the wounded, and then renewed their pledge to stand by each other to the last, and never surrender while a single defender remained.

On came the dark lines of the enemy, driven forward as before by the remorseless cavalry and the threats and entreaties of their officers. It was the third and final assault. They struggled through the same storm of bullets, only less severe, as the number of brave men had been sadly reduced; but the yawning gaps were quickly closed up, the living pressed forward to fill the places of the dead, and the terrible column swept to the very foot of the wall.

With a shout of exultation, fuller of vengeful hate than the whoop of an American savage, they planted the scaling ladders, and, maddened with excitement and frenzy, swarmed over the fortifications upon the struggling patriots, and commenced the butchery.

There was no giving way, no steps backward, no cry for quarter. Though as one to ten, they continued the fight with clubbed muskets, and died shouting for Texas. The brave Colonel Travis was almost the first to fall after an entrance was effected. "God save my country, and bless my boy," were the last words he uttered.

The death work was rapid, and in five minutes scarcely a dozen Texans were left alive. Seeing this, Major Evans hastened with a lighted torch to fire the magazine as had been previously arranged. He reached the spot, and was on the point of applying the torch, when he was riddled with bullets. The half dozen who now remained were overpowered, disarmed, and the capture of the Alamo was complete.

The bound captives were carried into the presence of Santa Anna, who heaped upon them every conceivable insult, and finally ordered them to be taken outside the camp and murdered. Among the prisoners was the celebrated David Crockett, who was captured with his celebrated rifle, "Betsey," which had been the gift of a club of Philadelphia.

The order was brutally executed, and Mrs. Dickinson, wife of Lieutenant Dickinson, one of the officers, her infant child, a servant of Colonel Travers, and two Mexican women who were employed by the garrison, were all who remained of the one hundred and eighty who had fought so gallantly for Texan liberty. But they were not unavenged, for before the walls lay the bodies of five hundred and twenty of the enemy, while eight hundred and fifty more lay wounded in their camps.

Thus fell the Alamo. In two hours from the first signal of assault, all was over. It was Santa Anna's last triumph over Texas, for in less than two months General Houston won the battle of San Jacinto, and the Mexican butcher came a trembling captive into the patriot camp to beg for the prolongation of a life his crimes had many times forfeited.

In the churchyard at San Antonio is a plain small granite stone, erected by private parties, bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of those who fell at the massacre of the Aloma."

WAR IN THE BLACK HILLS.

END OF THE RED HORN AND YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.

(Correspondence of the New York Sun.)

POINT OF ROCKS, D. T., Oct. 12, 1876.—The arrival yesterday of 500 recruits and fresh horses for the Fifth Cavalry, in charge of Lieut. Ward of that regiment, precipitated a movement that is, in part, explanatory of our long delay in this vicinity. A sight of our wagon train, which was supposed to contain every essential for the supply and recuperation of the command, the sagacious heads believed a back trail and scout along the Little Missouri imminent; but when I was ascertained that the clothing comprised a single pair of pantaloons to each of the thirty-five almost naked companies, the most sanguine abandoned such conjectures, and were happy in the belief that we were now going in

The Black Hills, and notably the inhabitants of Custer City, about which we have successively occupied every grassy nook and corner since the 23d of September, were correspondingly depressed. In the matter of horseflesh, Uncle Sam's ranchers, and a poor devil of a soldiers scant pay, these people are as tenacious as leeches. Only last night thirteen head of cattle were stolen from the wagon train; but the theft was soon discovered, and the thieves pursued and overtaken near Harney's Peak by Master of Transportation Parker, who quickly put a quietus upon their horse-stealing proclivities. The animals were recovered; the men were left cad upon the roadside. One of them was a Mexican, and the other a bread-peddler. Both had been camp-followers for some time, and the former fired firs upon the pursuing party. Another thief was captured with a United States horse, saddle, blanket, bridle, cabine, and pistol, in his possession, and wearing a cavalryman's uniform complete; to which fact, and his not attempting to escape, he owed his immunity from a bullet—the only Government article he appeared to lack. Previous to this affair about sixty horses had stampeded, and its good effect is evient from the fact that to-day they have all been recovered by the joint efforts of soldiers and citizens, and are being promptly turned in. Great expectations were indulged in by the Custerite at the anticipated but now postponed visit of the Paymaster, from whot is due these particular "boys in blue" nearly $50,000, the Department being in arrears that amount on their pay for several months. New saloons were fitted up, and a Long Branch Hell (or hell) and other disreputable dancing dens established.

Our camps continue to be pitched in the most beautiful parks and valleys, that to be perfectly lack running streams of water. Amphibious Creek, upon which we array present located, sinks under ground for more than one-half its course. In one of my ramblings I encountered the stockade built by the first miners who entered this region. Capt. Henry, Third Cavalry, unsuccessfully attempted to eject them, most of his men being badly frozen; but they were subsequently captured by Captain Mix, Second Cavalry.

This digression has almost caused me to forget further mention of the movement before alluded to, and of which I have just informed you by telegraph (the nearest station of the Black Hills line being only nineteen miles from Custer City). To-morrow morning Colonel Merritt, Fifth Cavalry, accompanied by the greater portion of his regiment, commanded by Lieut. Col. Carr, and a battalion of the Second and Third Cavalry, under Captain Van Vleet, will scout in the direction of the forks of the Cheyenne river, and probably toward the Little Missouri. Great secrecy has attended his preparations and destination, but your correspondent is assured that this information may be relied upon. Ten days' rations are to be carried, the means of transportation being pack trains; and the lightest possible marching order is directed. When two or three companies shall have been destroyed in one of the fearful storms of this latitude, such limited provision as is consistent with ordinary comfort will be made, even at the sacrifice of a little celerity. Lieut. Col. Royall, Third Cavalry, remains in command of the main body, which, it is understood, will march to the Cheyenne river or Red Cloud Agency by easy stages, uniting, at either point, with Col. Merritt. The mouth of the Belle Fourche is an Indian thoroughfare for parties passing between the Missouri river and Southern agencies; and Gen. Crook, who still remains at Fort Laramie, has probably obtained such definite information of the presence of Sioux in this vicinity as to fully warrant such hostile detour. His last courier was chased by thirty warriors, but succeeded in eluding them.

This demonstration will practically end the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition, which equipped and organized last Spring at Fort Fetterman with such brilliant anticipations and prospects, although other measures must necessarily be inaugurated for the prosecution of the terrible Indian war that has ensued. In view, however, of the changes that must result in troops, in dispositions, and in policy, it may not be unreasonable to briefly review past events before future ones obliterate, if they do not eclipse them. It is no difficult task to criticise a campaign or a battle; that may be ably conducted, and this gallantly fought and won, with remarkable ease—in retrospection. Your correspondent, however, has uniformly confined himself to a simple and truthful relation of facts, believing that greater impartiality and justice were to be secured thereby, and that time would more accurately develop and elucidate any beneficial conclusions to be derived from the issues of the season's hostile operations.

The campaign assuredly has not been a successful one, although at the same time it would be unfair to pronounce it a failure. At the Rosebud, had Crook been accompanied by his pack train, and hence provided with sufficient rations, instead of four days' allowance, or, being but fifteen hours' march from permanent camp, had he returned with the wounded, and, freshly supplied, attempted to follow the retreating Sioux, in all probability the villages upon the Little Big Horn would have been first struck by him with his thirteen hundred troops and Indian allies. Custer would have reenforced him, and subsequently Terry and Gibbon; or else a combination might have been formed by the almost simultaneous advance of these several admirably equipped columns, which would have terminated in one bloody and decisive conflict this useless, expensive, and inglorious struggle. Terry's advance up the Yellowstone was admirably devised and executed; but the gallant Custer (*Requiescat in pace!*) was brave to the exclusion of that other soldierly virtue—caution. His disaster, like a scar over a closed wound, cannot be effaced. The belief forces itself upon us that it might have been averted by co-operation. Sitting Bull, however, contrived to fight us in detail, and the country was appalled by his masterly defense and the butchery that followed.

Reno was relieved, but the enemy permitted to retire unmolested, while our troops returned to their supply depots to recuperate and await re-enforcements. Finally Terry and Crook communicated, and agreed, if not to a junction, to some plan of co-operation. But now witness the sagacity of their wily and savage foes. The night attacks upon Camp Cloud Peak, and Lieut. Sibley's brave reconnoissance and miraculous escape, were significant of the fact that both commands were being closely watched; and Sitting Bull—rightly conjecturing that the two columns would combine to crush him and his warriors, they, notwithstanding their successes, having suffered severely in these engagements—conducted in safety and secrecy his entire and unexampled village between the two opposing forces. This was an unparalled march. The arrival of re-enforcements now precipitated four thousand soldiers upon his supposed retreat; but the search down the Yellowstone, from the Little Big Horn, by the Rosebud, Tongue, and Powder rivers, Glendire and Beaver creeks, to the Little Missouri and Heart rivers, by Terry and Crook separately and in combination, proved unavailing. At this juncture, had Sitting Bull attempted it, Crook's wagon train, with its six hundred mules on Goose creek, unguarded except by teamsters, and Terry's depot at the mouth of the Rosebud, protected by a single company of infantry, might have rewarded his strategy. But here is just where the Indian character is defective. Like animals, they are instinctive, and do well that they have learned to do, but have not fertility of invention or expedient. Opportunities were repeatedly presented them of cutting off small detachments from the command, but generally without serious result.

Terry, after leaving troops to establish themselves in Winter cantonments, endeavored to intercept Sitting Bull, but failing, returned to Fort Lincoln. Crook meanwhile remained inactive, apparently to recuperate both men and animals, but surely and rapidly consuming his supplies, with no immediate prospect of replenishing them. Suddenly he moved South, upon a march that promised to be disastrous in the extreme; but after subsisting upon horse-flesh, he found relief and success in the unexpected surprise and gallant capture, by Captain Mills and one hundred and fifty men of the Third Cavalry, of a prosperous Sioux village. Half the object of the expedition was now accomplished, since at least Crazy Horse, as his prisoners informed him, was but a day's march away, upon the Little Missouri; but, unfortunately, neither men nor animals were in a fit condition for his pursuit, which was rendered absolutely impossible by the absence of rations. Living upon captured ponies and jerked buffalo meat, and abandoned several hundred living but exhausted horses, the command entered the Black Hills, and obtained supplies from the mining settlements.

From its very inception, the conduct of the campaign evinced that not only the strength, but the courage and ability of the Sioux were underestimated; but for this misapprehension, perhaps no blame should properly attach to any one, since this is the first extensive or general war waged by the United States against this powerful and savage nation. It was found, indeed, that they were better mounted and superior riders and shots to the troops, composed largely of raw material. The Government cannot fail to utilize this knowledge so dearly obtained, and at least an equal number of soldiers must hereafter oppose the Sioux; the carbine, with its worthless spring-ejector, be altered; and the employment of artillery, not in garrison, but in the field, as heretofore ineffectually urged and recommended by prominent officers of the expedition, receive the consideration it merits. It might have proved invaluable with Custer, on the Rosebud, and at the capture of American Horse's village. A dozen hand-grenades would have quickly dislodged this chief, who, sheltered in an adjoining ravine, fired such unerring and fatal shots. Generally, it may as well be conceded, unless they are surprised or choose to stand, the Sioux, mounted upon their fleet ponies, can defy us in a chase.

Notwithstanding the response of Spotted Tail and Red Cloud to the proposition of the Peace Commissioners to surrender their arms and ponies, remove to the Indian Territory, and become a hard-working, self-supporting people, it may unhesitatingly be predicted that the Minneconjoux will not accept terms so diametrically opposed to their nature and practice. As well might we suggest the propriety of crawling one by one into Herr Krupp's *chef d'œuvre* and being blown into the middle of their happy hunting grounds! Their possession of breech-loaders will, in the end, accomplish their destruction, since, if proper precautions be adopted and exercised, their supply of fixed ammunition must become exhausted. Their disarming must be accomplished forcibly, if at all—first at the agencies and finally in the field—and however unnecessary and cruel this war with which we have disgraced our Centennial year, these measures should be immediately instituted for the sake of the country, the Indians, and of humanity.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERA