THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT
CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
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G. B. GOODLANDER, Publisher.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GEO. B. GOODLANDER, Editor & Proprietor. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 54—WHOLE NO. 2,663. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1880. NEW SERIES—VOL. 21, NO. 11.

Lawyers' Cards.

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
*11:1:73 Clearfield, Pa.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Philipsburg, Centre Co., Pa. y:pd

ROLAND D. SWOOPE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pa.
oct. 9, '78-tf.

OSCAR MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
☞Office in the Opera House. oct9, '78-tf.

G. R. & W. BARRETT,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
January 30, 1878.

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

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic building, Second street, opposite the Court House. je28,'78-tf.

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

S. T. BROCKBANK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Opera House. ap 25,'77-1y

WILLIAM A. HAGERTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
☞Will attend to all legal business with promptness and fidelity. [feb11,'80-tf.

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
jan1'77 Clearfield, Pa.

J. F. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Pie's Opera House.
June 26, '78tf.

S. L. McGEE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
DuBois, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
☞Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care. [jan21,'80.

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

JOSEPH S. M'ENALLY. 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. jan:1:76

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.

J. F. McKENRICK,
DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All legal business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.
☞Office in the Court House.
aug14,1878-1y.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
and Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. 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. 28:63:tf,

Physicians' Cards.

DR. B. M. OCHRUBER,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
Office in residence on First st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
DUBOIS CITY, 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 3 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY,
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
☞Office adjoining the residence of James Wrigley, Esq., on Second St., Clearfield, Pa.
July31,'78 tf.

DR. H. B. VAN VALZAH,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
OFFICE IN RESIDENCE, CORNER OF FIRST AND PINE STREETS.
☞ Office hours—From 12 to 2 P. M.
May 13, 1875.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d 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

ARNOLD HAS ADVANCED
Prices of Shingles,
SHAVED AND SAWED.
Curwensville, Jan. 9, '78-tf.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION neatly executed at this office.

Cards.

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. my18

WILLIAM M. HENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND SCRIVENER, LUMBER CITY. Collections made and money promptly paid over. Articles of agreement and deeds of conveyance neatly executed and warranted correct or no charge. 21jy'73

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

HENRY BRETH,
(OSTEND P. O.)
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
FOR BELL TOWNSHIP.
May 8, 1878-1y*

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

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
☞Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

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.

WEAVER & BETTS,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Saw Logs,
AND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.
☞Office on Second street, in rear of store room of George Weaver & Co. [jan9, '78-tf.

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.

HARRY SNYDER,
BARBER AND HAIRDRESSER.
Shop on Market St., opposite Court House.
A clean towel for every customer.
Also dealer in
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars.
Clearfield, Pa. may 19, '75.

JAMES H. TURNER,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Wallaceton, Pa.
☞He has prepared himself with all the necessary blank forms under the Pension and Bounty laws, as well as blank Deeds, etc. All legal matters entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. May 7th, 1879-tf.

ANDREW HARWICK,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Bridles, Saddles, Collars, and Horse-Furnishing Goods.
☞All kinds of repairing promptly attended to. Saddlers' Hardware, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, &c., always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price. [March 19, 1879.

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. my25:1ypd

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. GEARHART.
Clearfield, Feb. 4, 1874.

WASHINGTON HOUSE,
GLEN HOPE, PENN'A.
THE undersigned, having leased this commodious Hotel, in the village of Glen Hope, is now prepared to accommodate all who may call. My table and bar shall be supplied with the best the market affords.
GEORGE W. DOTTS, Jr.
Glen Hope, Pa., March 26, 1879-tf.

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. [*jy19'72

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

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.

Clearfield Nursery.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY.
THE undersigned, having established a Nursery on the 'Pike, about half way between Clearfield and Curwensville, is prepared to furnish all kinds of FRUIT TREES, (standard and dwarf,) Evergreens, Shrubbery, Grape Vines, Gooseberry, Lawton Blackberry, Strawberry, and Raspberry Vines. Also, Siberian Crab Trees, Quince, and early scarlet Rhubarb, &c. Orders promptly attended to. Address,
J. D. WRIGHT,
sep20-68-y Curwensville, Pa.

MEAT MARKET.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.,
On Market St., one door west of Mansion House,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Our arrangements are of the most complete character for furnishing the public with Fresh Meats of all kind, and of the very best quality. We also deal in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, which we keep on exhibition for the benefit of the public. Call around when in town, and take a look at things, or address us.
F. M. CARDON & BRO.
Clearfield, Pa., July 14, 1875-tf.

Clearfield Insurance Agency.
JAMES KERR. CARROLL L. BIDDLE.
KERR & BIDDLE, Agents,
Represent the following and other first-class Co's

Companies.	Assets.
Liverpool London & Globe—U. S. Br.	$4,391,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans	5,000,000
Phoenix, of Hartford, Conn	2,624,053
Insurance Co. of North America	6,435,674
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,782,563
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	679,145
Watertown	784,515
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,595,484

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 4, '79-tf.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

The many reports received are held over for the next issue.

Our schools are suffering from the effects of mild weather.

Burnside borough pays its teachers the snug sum of $45 per month.

New Washington talks of grading her school. It now has over eighty pupils.

"The secret of securing order is to secure interest. An idle child cannot keep quiet."

The postage on the pamphlet proceedings of the Institute sent out, amounted to $16.

The schools of Girard township have just closed a term of seven months, and have in every instance been successful.

A very creditable exercise in Gymnastics was conducted by John C. Barclay, teacher of New Washington school, during the time of our visit.

Nearly all the male teachers of Bell township were rafting during the days we spent in that township, and consequently their schools were not visited.

Adam Breth, W. W. Barclay and Jesse Hutton, members of the Board of New Washington borough, accompanied us to the public school of that place.

Messrs. T. C. Keenan, J. H. Rowles, Ed. Farrell and Alex. McDonald, members of the Penn township School Board, have recently made a visiting tour to the schools in their jurisdiction.

Our visiting tour for 1879—80 closes this week. No one can form any idea of the arduous labor connected with traveling the county this year. We shall speak more fully of the work done in our next.

The School Board of Clearfield borough have added one more year to the graduating course in the Leonard Graded School. It now requires three years to graduate after leaving the Preparatory Department.

Directors cannot be too careful about letting the school houses in their districts to persons without the necessary qualifications in which to hold Summer schools. Teachers with certificates should have the preference in all cases.

Drafts for the payment of the State appropriations to the several school districts of the county, have been returned by the State Treasurer unpaid. This is to be regretted very much, as many districts are greatly embarrassed therefrom.

We found in nearly all the schools of Burnside township well prepared monthly statements, showing the condition of the schools at the close of each month. Pine Grove, Shepherd and East Ridge have a very creditable showing in this direction.

Some malicious person, or persons broke into the Harmony school house, in Burnside township, not long since, and appropriated to their own use the broom, clock and other articles belonging to the school. The party guilty of so mean an act should be made suffer the penalty.

Every person is highly pleased with the success of the schools in the upper end of the county. The young teachers especially have done good work, and much credit is reflected upon the New Washington Normal Institute for having contributed such well-trained persons to the profession of teaching.

Adam Breth, Esq., Secretary of the School Board of New Washington, and Aaron Newcomer, Secretary of the Board of Greenwood township, were elected to the office of Justice of the Peace at the February election. This is the fifth term and twenty-first year the former gentleman has served in that office.

The proceedings of the Bloom township Local Instute held at Greenville, March 6th, are before us, and we regret very much that we cannot have them inserted in detail. From the proceedings we learn that W. S. Luther was made the presiding officer, and Ettie M. Faust served as Secretary. The Address of Welcome was delivered by Susan Leech, a pupil of the Greenville school. One of the pleasing features of the Institute, was the active part taken by Messrs. C. A. Wood, Geo. Irwin and Wm. Dale, citizens of that community. The question: *Resolved*, that there should be a legal standard of qualification for the right of suffrage, was very ably discussed at the evening session by W. S. Luther and C. A. Woods on the affirmative, and Wm. Dale and A. A. DeLarme on the negative. The meeting did a great deal of good towards building up public sentiment in that community, and we hope it may be followed with more of the same kind. Mr. L. E. Gelnett, the teacher in charge, labored earnestly for its success.

The following are the names of the members of the late Teacher's Institute unintentionally omitted, in the pamphlet proceedings, and which we promised to publish in this "Column" this week: Sophia McGovern, Penn; Clara A Read, Greenwood, Flatread; W. F. Dale, Gulich, Janesville; Ida M. Gearhart, Beccaria, No. 4; F. R. Porter, Gulich, Oak Grove; Mollie E. Heffman, Chest, McGarvey; Henrietta Irwin, Burnside, Cush; Rosa LaPort, Woodward, Sanburn; Maggie Amerman, Union, Rockton Independent; J. L. Lightner, Penn, Pennville; Jennie Neff, Ferguson, Friendship; Jerome Wilson, Bradford, Jackson; Mable McGeorge, Clearfield, Primary; Sue Patchin, Woodward, Belsena.

DIRECTORS IN ATTENDANCE.

John L. Pierce, Bradford; M. W. Johnson, James Stevenson, Greenwood; James Johnson, Jordan; Roland Kenady, Covington; Levi Conklin, Miles Read, William Graham, S. F. Rowles, Lawrence; William R. Brown, Henry Snyder, James L. Leavy, George S. Young, Clearfield; George Shirey, Girard; Daniel Hitching, James Lansberry, Bradford Independent; John Felton, Lewis Irwin, John Smith, Goshen; Samuel McKenrick, Pike; Joseph Spencer, V. N. Spencer, Pike Independent; Hon. John Patton, Curwensville; John H. Weld, Beccaria; Thomas Norris, Enoch Straw, Ferguson; Edward Farrel, Penn.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

A. T. Scryver, Lawrence township; A. D. Wirts, Lock Haven Normal School; M. A. Waring, Centre county, Pa.; L. E. Weber, Philipsburg, Pa.; Silas Reese, Point Lookout, Centre county, Pa.; A. E. Gearhart, Sandy Ridge, Centre county, Pa.; Sadie A. Gallaher, New Washington; M. R. Porter, A. M. Read, Lawrence township; Luella Burgwin, Franklin, Venango county, Pa.; S. J. Drinkwater, Williamsport, Pa.; Malissa Burley, Tyrone, Pa.; A. A. Murray, Girard township; W. R. Baker, Supt. of Huntingdon, Pa.; M. J. Shaw, Fleming, Centre county, Pa.; James A. Fiedler, Madisonburg, Centre county, Pa.; John W. Bell, Bower, Clearfield county, Pa.; Nellie Bird, Carrie Letouche, Ella Rosenkrans, Alice Bird, Penfield, Pa.; Kate Alleman, Altoona, Pa.; John H. Holtzinger, Huntingdon, Pa.; John I. Mathias, Mahaffey City, Pa.; James A. McQuown, Indiana, Pa.; Edmund Burk, Philadelphia, Pa.; Anthony Hile, Nathaniel Hipps, Lumber City; Hattie Wilson, Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Woodland, Pa.

ANNALS OF THE WAR.

Chapters of Unwritten History—The Gettysburg Campaign—The Story of the Second Corps on the March and in Battle.

Hancock's Heroism Under Fire.

A Graphic Recital of the Stirring Deeds of an Eventful Day.

BY MAJOR GENERAL ST. CLAIR A. MULHOLLAND.

From the Philadelphia Times.

In all the four years of its existence the men of the Army of the Potomac never hailed an order with more delight than that one which withdrew us from before Fredericksburg and sent us North. When on that lovely Summer evening in June, 1863, we looked for the last time on Marye's heights and the monument of Washington's mother, which had been shattered and broken by the shells of both armies, and stood out there on the plain back of the city as though protesting against this fratricidal strife, a mute and sorrowful Niobe weeping for the misfortunes of her children, every heart beat with a quickened throb and all the men rejoiced to leave the scenes of the last six months. We withdrew from the line of the river after the shades of night had fallen over the landscape; and it seemed to be an appropriate hour, for had not the great army while here been in shadow, without a ray of sunshine to gladden our souls? and we had been here so long we were beginning to be forgotten as the Army of the Potomac, and letters came to us marked "Army of the Rappahannock." As we marched away in the darkness our joy was not unmingled with sorrow, for was there a veteran in the ranks who did not leave behind the graves of noble and well-beloved comrades who had fought beside him from the beginning of the great struggle? We did not march away with all the army. When our camp-fires—which on this night burned with unusual brightness—went out and left the Valley of the Rappahannock in darkness, the living army was gone to be sure, but twenty-five thousand of our members lay over on the other side of the river—the heroes of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. An army of occupation, indeed, the corps of honor, forming a great and permanent camp—the bivouac of the dead.

A MARCH TO VICTORY.

Thoughts of sadness soon gave way to those of a more buoyant nature; we felt when the head of the column turned toward the Capital the road we trod would lead to victory. The march to Gettysburg was one of the longest and most severe we had yet experienced. In thinking of war we are apt to look only at the battles; to hear the dread sound of strife; see the deadly, gaping wounds, and are ready to crown the survivors or give honor to those who fell; but the hardships of the march, the heats of Summer, the colds of Winter, the entire absence of every comfort and luxury in active service is overlooked or forgotten by those who do not participate. Napoleon, when retreating from Moscow, lost many of his men by the excessive cold; directly opposite was our experience on the way to Gettysburg. On one day, I think the second out from Falmouth, our corps lost more than a dozen men from sunstroke—they fell dead by the wayside. On another day we crossed the battle-field of Bull Run, where the year before Pope had met with disastrous defeat. No effort had been made to bury the dead properly; a little earth, which the rain had long ago washed away, had been thrown over them where they fell, and their bodies, or rather their skeletons, now lay exposed to view. In some parts of the field they were in groups, in other places singly and in all possible positions. One cavalryman lay outstretched with skeleton hand still grasping his rusted sword. Another, half covered with earth, the flesh still clinging to his lifeless bones and hand extended as if to greet us. We rested for a short time on the field and one of the regiments of our brigrade (the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts) halted on the very spot on which they had fought the year previously, and recognized the various articles lying around as belonging to their own dead.

The route of the Second corps to Gettysburg was over two hundred miles in length. Some days we marched fifteen on others eighteen miles, and on one day (June 29) this corps completed the longest march made by any infantry during the war—leaving Frederick City, Md., in the morning and halting at 11 o'clock P. M. two miles beyond Uniontown, a distance of thirty-four miles. When I look back over the almost score of years to this march of the Second corps and think of the perfect discipline in the ranks, the cheerfulness with which the enlisted men, with their load of fifty-seven pounds weight—musket and ammunition, knapsack and cartridge box, shelter tent and blanket, canteen and rations—trudged along under the broiling sun of the hottest month in our year; how bravely they struggled to keep up with their regiments lest they should miss the fight, and now, while on the march, no act was committed which could bring dishonor upon them as men, as citizens or soldiers, my heart fills with admiration, and I offer a flowing measure of praise to my comrades who are yet alive and to those who are no more. There is not an inhabitant on all that line of march who can tell of a single act of vandalism by any of the men, such as we are wont to hear of other armies. In the rich and cultivated country through which we passed life and property were respected as much as though we were in the halcyon days of peace. Old and young came to the roadside to see the army pass, and knew they were safe from insult or molestation. The fields of ripening grain waved untrampled when the corps had gone by, the men even going out of their way to avoid the gardens lest they should step upon the flowers. The perfection of discipline in the army at this period was extraordinary. The armies that fought the war of 1861 differed very widly from the armies of other nations. We had no hoards of Cossacks, no regiments of Bashi-Bazouks to burn and destroy, to insult the aged or crush the defenceless. When Hancock, at Williamsburg, said to his brigade, "Gentleman, charge!" he did not call his troops out of their name. Our army was literally an army of gentlemen.

ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

And so we passed on to Thoroughfare gap, to Edwards' ferry, to Frederick, Md., to Uniontown and Taneytown, where, on the morning of July 1, the Second corps was massed, and where General Meade's headquarters had been established. While the corps were filing into the fields to the right and left of the road and settling down for a rest and to wait for orders, General Hancock rode over to Gen. Meade and entered into conversation with him. As they were talking a mounted officer dashed up, bringing the intelligence that fighting had begun at Gettysburg—thirteen miles distant. The news was meagre—only that there was fighting. That was all; yet it caused a general surprise, unaware as we were of the near proximity of the enemy, and was enough to send a thrill throughout the veteran ranks. The road that leads to Gettysburg is scanned with anxious eyes, and soon, away in the distance, rises a cloud of dust, which comes nearer and nearer, and another messenger from the front is with us. He tells us that Reynolds is killed or mortally wounded; that the First and Eleventh corps are fighting and the battle is against us. It is now 1 o'clock, too late for the Second corps to reach the field that day to take part in steamming the tide of rebel victory; but not so with their commander. Meade orders Hancock to proceed to the front and take command of all the troops there assembled. This was ten minutes past 1 o'clock, and within twenty minutes Hancock, with his staff, was on the road to Gettysburg. He goes like Desaix at Marengo, to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. (A strange coincidence. Nearly a century before the grandfather of Gen. Hancock, then a soldier of Washington, started from this same little village of Taneytown to escort some of the prisoners of Burgoyne to Valley Forge.) The Second corps promptly followed Gen. Hancock and required no urging to keep the men up. The regiments moved forward solidly and rapidly and not a straggler was to be seen. I never saw men cover thirteen miles so quickly; but as they hurried along a halt was ordered, the ranks opened, and an abulance passed containing the dead body of the heroic General John F. Reynolds. The the corps pushed on to within a few miles of the battle-ground, where it camped that night and arrived on the field early the next morning.

HANCOCK TO THE FRONT.

As General Hancock proceeded to the front he rode part of the way in an ambulance, so that he might examine the maps of the country, his aide, Major Mitchell, galloping ahead to announce his coming to General Howard, whom he found on Cemetery hill, and to whom he told his errand, giving him to understand that General Hancock was coming up to take command. At half past 3 o'clock General Hancock rode up to General Howard, informed him that he had come to take command and asked him if he wished to see his written orders. Howard answered: "No! no! Hancock, go ahead!" At this moment our defeat seemed to be complete. Our troops were flowing through the streets of the town in great disorder, closely pursued by the Confederates, the retreat fast becoming a rout, and in a very few minutes the enemy would be in possession of Cemetry hill, the key to the position; and the battle of Gettysburg would have gone into history as a rebel victory. But what a change came over the scene in the next half hour. The presence of Hancock, like that of Sheridan, was magnetic. Order came out of chaos. The flying troops halt, and again face the enemy. The battalions of Howard's corps that were retreating down the Baltimore pike, are called back, and with a cheer go into position on the crest of Cemetery hill, where the division of Steinwehr had already been stationed. Wadsworth's division and battery are sent to hold Culp's hill, and Geary, with the White Star division, goes on the double-quick to occupy the high ground toward Round Top. Confidence is restored, the enemy checked, and being deceived by these dispositions, cease their attack.

General Hancock was fully aware that General Meade had determined to fight the battle on the line of Pipe creek; but noting the topographical advantages of the ground around Gettysburg, he determined to advise Gen. Meade to fight there. He knew that this line, the crest of Cemetery Ridge, with Culp's hill on the right, Round Top on the left, and Cemetery hill in the centre, could not be bettered. So, when order had taken the place of confusion and our lines once more intact, he sent his senior aide, Major Mitchell, back to tell General Meade that in his judgment Gettysburg was the place to fight our battle. Major Mitchell found General Meade in the evening, near Taneytown, and communicated these views. Gen. Meade listened attentively and on these representations he fortunately concluded to abandon his idea of fighting on the line of Pipe creek and deliver the battle at Gettysburg, and turning to General Seth Williams, his Adjutant General, he said: "Order up all the troops; we will fight there." The morning of July 2, and the second day of the battle, dawned clear and bright, and found Hancock posting the Second corps on Cemetry Ridge. As yet no one in that corps, with the exception of the General and his staff, had heard a shot fired. As we approached Gettysburg the day before, the sounds of the fight, owing to the direction of the wind or the formation of the country, where wholly inaudible. Those who came upon the field after nightfall had no idea of the whereabouts of the enemy; but as the daylight increased and objects became visible we saw their lines nearly a mile distant on Seminary Ridge, and away to our left rose Little Round Top, and still farther on Round Top. As the day wore on, and not a shot or a hostile sound broke the stillness of the morning, it became evident that the enemy were not yet ready to renew the fight. Our corps had got into position, and in a wood just back of our line the birds caroled and sang loud and long. Our horses quietly browsed in the rich grass, and the men lay in groups peacefully enjoying a rest after the rapid march of the day before. The troops that arrived upon the field or changed their position did so leisurely and unmolested. Sickles came up and went into position on our left and Geary took his division over to Culp's hill. About 10 o'clock picket firing was heard out toward little Round Top, continuing at intervals until long after noon, at times becoming quite sharp. But 3 o'clock came and still no indications of the general engagement.

A SPLENDID SPECTACLE.

The boys had partly recovered from their fatigue and were actually beginning to enjoy life; some of them indulged in a quiet game of euchere, while others toasted their hard-tack or tried a little bacon at the small fires in the rear of the lines. Shortly after 3 o'clock a movement was apparent on our left. From where we (Caldwell's division) lay, the whole country in our front, and far to our left, away to the peach orchard and to Little Round Top, was in full view. Our division stood in brigade columns, and when it became evident that something was going to take place the boys dropped their cards regardless of what was trump—even the men who held both bowers and the ace—and all gathered on the most favorable position to witness the opening of the ball. Soon the long lines of the Third corps are seen advancing, and how splendidly they march. It looks like a dress parade, a review. On, on, they go, out toward the peach orchard, but not a shot is fired. A little while longer and some one calls out, "There!" and points to where a puff of smoke is seen arising against the dark green of the woods. Another and another clould until the whole face of the forest is enveloped and the dread sound of the artillery comes loud and quick; shells are seen bursting in all directions along the lines. The bright colors of the regiments are conspicuous marks, and the shells burst around them in great numbers. The musketry begins, the infantry become engaged, and the battle extends along the whole front of Sickles' corps. Now the sounds came from Little Round Top, and the somke rises among the trees and all the high and wooded ground to the left of the peach orchard seems to be the scene of strife. An hour passes and our troops give way, and are falling back; but slowly, very slowly, every inch of ground is fought for. The Third corps is not in the habit of giving it up, and they hold their own well, but the odds are against them and they are forced to retire.

Now help is called for, and Hancock tells Caldwell to have his division ready. "Fall in!" and the men run to their places. "Take arms!" and the four brigades of Zook, Cross, Brook and Kelley are ready for the fray. There is yet a few minutes to spare before starting and the time is occupied in one of the most impressive religious ceremonies I have ever witnessed. The Irish Brigade, which had been commanded formerly by Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and whose green flag had been unfurled in every battle in which the army of the Potomac had been engaged, from the first Bull Run to Appomattox, and was now commanded by Colonel Patrick Kelly, of Eighty-eighth New York, formed a part of this division. The brigade stood in column of regiments, closed in mass. As the large majority of its members were Catholics the chaplain of the brigade, Rev. William Corly, proposed to give a general absolution to all the men before going into the fight. While this is customary in the armies of Catholic countries of Europe, it was perhaps the first time it was ever witnessed on this continent, unless, indeed, the grim old warrior, Ponce de Leon, as he tramped through the everglades of Florida in the search of the Fountain of Youth, or De Soto on his march to the Mississippi, indulged in this act of devotion. Father Corley stood upon a large rock in front of the brigade; addressing the men, he explained what he was about to do, saying that each one could receive the benefit of the absolution by making a sincere act of contrition and firmly resolving to embrace the first opportunity of confessing their sins, urging them to do their duty well, and reminding them of the high and sacred nature of their trust as soldiers and the noble object for which they fought, ending by saying that the Catholic Church refuses Christian burial to the soldier who turns his back upon the foe or deserts his flag. The brigade was standing at "Order arms." As he closed his address every man fell on his knees, with head bowed down. Then stretching his right hand toward the brigade Father Corley pronounced the words of the absolution: "Dominus noster Jesus Christus vos absolvat, et ego, aucteritate ipsius, vos absolvo ab omni vinculo excommunicationis, et interdicti in quantum possum et vos indigetis, deinde ego absolvo vos a peccatis vestris in nomine Patris, et Filio et Spiritus Sancto, Amen." The scene was more than impressive, it was awe-inspiring. Near by stood Hancock, surrounded by a brilliant throng of officers, who had gathered to witness this very unusual occurrence, and while there was profound silence in the ranks of the Second corps, yet over to the left, out by the peach orchard and Little Round Top, where Weed and Vincent and Haslett were dying, the roar of the battle rose and swelled and re-echoed through the woods, making music more sublime than ever sounded through cathedral aisle. The act seemed to be in harmony with all the surroundings. I do not think there was a man in the brigade who did not offer up a heartfelt prayer. For some it was their last; they knelt there in their grave clothes—in less than half an hour many of them were numbered with the dead of July 2. Who can doubt that their prayers were good? What was wanting in the eloquence of the priest to move them to repetance was supplied in the incidents of the fight. That heart would be incorrigible, indeed, that the scream of a Whitworth bolt, added to Father Corly's touching appeal, would not move to contrition.

THE WORK OF SLAUGHTER.

The maps published by the Government make the line of Caldwell's division moving to the left at 4 o'clock. I think this is a mistake. I believe it was nearly five before we started. The division moved off by the left flank and marched rapidly. We had hardly got under way when the enemy's batteries opened and shells began falling all around us. The ground on which this division faced the enemy the afternoon of the 2d had already been fought over again and again, and the fields and woods were strewn with killed and wounded. Anderson and McLaws had driven our troops from the peach orchard, and the line on which Sickles had placed the Third corps had been in a great part abandoned. As we arrived on the rising ground to the left of the peach orchard, the brigade of De Trobriand had been pushed back out of the woods and across the wheat field, after a most gallant fight. As our division advanced many of the shattered regiments of the Third corps passed to the rear through the intervals in our line. They retired in good order, with colors flying. To the left of the wheat field Cross deployed his brigade, Kelly passed to the right and Brook to the left. The brigades were still in column of regiments when they appeared in front of the enemy, and the columns deployed on the double-quick and forming line advanced to find the Confederates. We had not far to look. As we approached the crest of the rugged hill, from behind the huge boulders that were everywhere scattered around the men of Longstreet's corps rose up and poured into our ranks a most destructive fire. The sudden meeting astonished us, the lines being not more than thirty feet apart when the firing opened. I cannot imagine why the rebs allowed us to get so near before firing, unless they thought we would give way under the weight and impulse of the attack. If this was their idea they were badly mistaken. Our men promptly returned the fire, and for ten or fifteen minutes the work of death went on. There was no cheering, no time lost in unnecessary movements. Every man there, both Union and rebel, were veterans, and knew just what was wanted. They stood there face to face, loading and firing, and so close that every shot told. In a short time the brigades of Cross and Brook began forcing the enemy back, and after firing for about ten minutes Colonel Kelly gave the order to charge. The men, rushing forward with a cheer, were among the Johnnies in a few moments.

A SUCCESSFUL RUSE.

Here took place a rather extraordinary scene. In an instant our men and their opponents were mingled together. In charging we had literally ran right in among them. Firing instantly ceased and we found there were as many of the enemy as there were of ourselves. Officers and men looked for a time utterly bewildered; all the fighting had stopped, yet the Graybacks still retained their arms and showed no disposition to surrender. At this moment a Union officer called out in a loud voice: "The Confederate troops will lay down their arms and go to the rear!" This ended a scene that was becoming embarrassing. The Confederates promptly obeyed, and a large number of what I think were some of Kershaw's brigade became our prisoners. In front of Kelly's brigade we found that the enemy had suffered much more than we had. When engaged our line was below theirs, as they stood on the crest of the hill. They fired down while our men fired upward, and our fire was more effective. On their line we found many dead, but few wounded—they were nearly all hit in the head or upper part of the body. Behind one rock I counted five dead bodies. This was some of the most severe fighting our division had ever done, and so close that the officers used their revolvers. During the fight my regiment held the extreme right of the division, and from where we stood I could see the peach orchard, and none of our troops were between that point and us—a distance of more than a quarter of a mile. As we were engaged a column of troops passed through this interval, going into our rear, and formed a line of battle facing the wheat field. The hour that this column moved in here is put down on the Government maps as 7 o'clock. I think this is incorrect; it could not have been so late. And now we find that while our division had been, in a manner, victorious in checking the impetuous attack at this point, and had taken many prisoners, we are ourselves in very serious trouble—a line of battle in our rear and another in our front, both moving to attack us at once. As we get ready to repel the attack in front, Wofford's Georgia troops strike us in the rear. The brigades of Cross and Brook are more fortunate just now than those of Zook and Kelly. The Confederate lines in our rear did not extend far enough to cover the two first, but Kelly and Zook were completely surrounded, and the only way out of the trap was to pass down between the two rebel lines, so the two brigades started on a double-quick—firing as they ran—toward Little Round Top, the only opening through which we could escape.

THROUGH AN ALLEY OF DEATH.

Passing through this alley of death, where the bullets came thick as hail, we got away with a large part of the division, but the loss was terrible. In the half hour that we were under fire fourteen hundred men were lost. Of the four brigade commanders, two were killed—General S. H. Zook and Colonel E. E. Cross. Cross fell almost at the first fire and Zook a few minutes afterward. On the morning of that day, General Hancock said to Colonel Cross: "This is the last time you will fight as a Colonel; to-day will make you a Brigadier General." Cross answered firmly and sadly, as though he felt sure of what he said: "No; it is too late, General, I will never wear the star. To-day I shall be killed." Just after Zook fell, Colonel, Richard P. Roberts, who succeeded to the command of the brigade, was shot through the heart. He was a gallant and much beloved officer, and he left a sick bed when he heard of Lee moving into Pennsylvania, and weak and emaciated, he found his regiment only two days before he was killed. Some of the men who fell in the wheat field during the retreat of this division, and were forced to lie there between the two fires, fared badly. One man of my regiment fell shot through the leg, and while he lay there was hit five or six times. When it became evident that we had to fall back, our wounded, with visions of Andersonville and Libby before them, begged piteously to be taken along—many of them keeping with us, wholly unaided. Sergeant Thomas Grey was shot through the stomach and, with entrails protruding, managed to drag himself along and succeeded in escaping with us.

It was now getting late; the sun was nearing the horizon, but the battle of the day was not yet ended. The wheat field was to have more victims. As Caldwell retired, Ayers came up and went in with his Regulars—another effort to gain the wooded crest that extended from Little Round Top toward the peach orchard. As he advanced he must had struck the flank of the Confederates that had but short time before poured destruction into the rear of Caldwell's division. Ayers doubled them up, driving everything before him to somewhere near the point from whence we had just been driven. Then McCandless took up the fight and, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, succeeded in gaining and holding some of the lost ground. The fighting at this point, during the evening of July 2d, was of most sanguinary character, each side fighting with dreadful earnestness. Four or five of our best divisions had charged over the same spot and were met every time by the choice troops of the enemy—both determined to hold the ridge in front of the wheat field. Gen. Buford says of the first day's fight: "There seems to be no directing head." This might be applied to the fighting of the left on the second day. If there was any directing head it was not especially visible. Until toward dark the fight had certainly gone against us, and the battle had extended along the line, to the right, almost half way to the cemetery. The evening and our prospects grew dark together. The Third corps had been driven back, broken and shattered, its commander wounded and carried from the field, the troops that had gone to its support fared no better, and every man felt that the situation was grave.

HANCOCK TO THE RESCUE.

However, all was not yet lost. Meade had again thought of Hancock, and as yesterday he sent him to stop the rout of the First and Eleventh corps, so to-day he orders him to assume command on the left. Once more he is in the fight. A half hour of daylight yet remains, but it is long enough to enable him to rally some of our scattered troops face them once more to the front, gather reinforcements, drive back the enemy, and restore our broken lines. At Waterloo, Wellington petitioned to God for "night or Blucher." At Gettysburg, on this evening, we had no Blucher to pray for. Our whole force was up; but, while omitting the last part of the Englishman's prayer, we had every reason to adopt the first portion. As the fight was closing upon the left of our army, Ewell was striking a terrific and successful blow on the right. We reformed our division on the Taneytown road, and after the rough handling we had received had some difficulty in getting things in shape. As we were thus occupied, away to the right and rear we heard the yells of the Louisiana Tigers as they rushed over our works at Culp's hill. This was the most anxious hour of all in the great battle. We had been driven on the left and on the right the rebs had effected a lodgment in our works, one our strongest positions, and were, in fact, in our rear, without any adequate force to oppose them. Another hour of daylight, and unless some miracle had intervened we would have most likely have left Gettysburg without waiting to bid the inhabitants good evening. But fortunately for us there was no Joshua around Lee's headquarters, so the sun went down on almanac time, utterly regardless of the little troubles that we were trying to settle. Darkness fell upon the scene and prevented the Johnnies from taking further advantage of their success, giving us a chance to repair our disasters.

Few of us slept during this night. Our division went back and was put in position on Cemetery Ridge by General Hancock, who all the night long labored to strengthen this line. The men gathered rocks and fence rails and used them to erect a light breastwork. Had the necessary tools been distributed to the troops we could have entrenched this line and made it formidable, but we could not find a pick or a shovel, and the works that we did attempt were very light, scarcely sufficient to stop a musket ball. During the whole night mounted officers galloped to and fro, and troops were hurried to important points. At the first faint gray of the morning of July 3d, the fight resumed on Culp's hill, where darkness had interrupted it the night before, and from then until long after daylight the firing was heavy and incessant. We knew that Slocum was trying to drive the Johnnies out of our works, which they had slept in and occupied without invitation the night before. Culp's hill was about a mile from where we lay, and we could hear the cheers of Geary's men, which came to us on the morning air, mingled with some rebel bullets, which had missed the mark for which they were intended and, almost spent, went singing over our heads. As the day advanced sounds of the artillery mingled with the musketry, and we knew that a hard fight was in progress. The men of our line almost held their breath with anxiety. About 9 o'clock the firing suddenly ceased. A tremendous cheer went up, and a minute later every man in the army knew that we were again in possession of Culp's hill. Then came a few hours of peace, a perfect calm. From Cemetery hill to Round Top not a movement had been observed or a shot fired all the morning.

ON SEMINARY RIDGE.

About noon we could see considerable activity along Seminary Ridge. Battery after battery appeared along the edge of the woods. Guns were unlimbered, placed in position and the horses taken to the rear. On our side, officers sat around in groups and, through field glasses, anxiously watched these movements in our front and wondered what it all meant. Shortly after 1 o'clock, however, we knew all about it. The headquarter wagons had just come up and General Gibbons had invited Hancock and staff to partake of some lunch. The bread that was handed around—if it every was eaten—was consumed without butter, for as the orderly was passing the latter article to the gentlemen, a shell from Seminary Ridge cut him in two. Instantly the air was filled with bursting shells; the batteries that we had been watching for the last two hours going into position in our front did not open singly or spasmodically. The whole hundred and twenty guns, which now began to play upon us, seemed to be discharged simultaneously, as though by electricity. And then for nearly two hours the storm of death went on. I have read many accounts of this artillery duel, but the most graphic description by the most able writers falls far short of the reality. No tongue or pen can find language strong enough to convey any idea of its awfulness. Streams of screaming projectiles poured through the hot air, falling and bursting everywhere. Men and horses were torn limb from limb; caissons exploded one after another in rapid succession, blowing the gunners to pieces. No spot within our lines was free from this frightful iron rain. The infantry hugged close to the earth and sought every slight shelter that our light earthworks afforded. It was literally a storm of shot and shell that the oldest soldier there—those who had taken part in almost every battle of the war—had not yet witnessed. That awful, rushing sound of the flying missiles, which causes the firmest hearts to quail, is everywhere.

At this tumultuous moment we witness a deed of heroism such as we are apt to attribute only to the nights of olden time. Hancock, mounted and accompanied by his staff, Maj. Mitchell, Captain Harry Bingham, Capt. Isaac Parker and Capt. E. P. Bronson, with the corps flag flying in the hands of a brave Irishman, Private James Wells, of the Sixth New York Cavalry, started at the right of his line, where it joins the Taneytown road, and sowly rode along the terrible crest to the extreme left of his position, while shot and shell roared and crashed around him, and every moment tore great gaps in the ranks at his side.

"Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode, and well."

It was a gallant deed and withal not a reckless exposure of life, for the presence and calm demeanor of the commander as he passed through the lines of his men set them an example which an hour later bore good fruit and nerved their stout hearts to win the greatest and most decisive battle ever fought on this continent. For an hour after the firing began our batteries replied vigorously and then ceased altogether, but the rebel shells came as numerous as ever. Then, for over a half hour, not a soul was seen stiring on our line—we might have been an army of dead men for all the evidence of life visible. Suddenly the enemy stopped their fire, which had been going on for nearly two hours without intermission, and then the long lines of their infantry—eighteen thousand strong—emerged from the woods and began their advance.

At this moment silence reigned along our whole line. With arms at a "right-shoulder shift," the divisions of Longstreet's corps moved forward with a precision that was wonderfully beautiful. It is now our turn and the lines that a few moments before seemed so still now teemed with animation. Eighty of our guns open their brazen mouths; solid shot and shells are sent on their errand of destruction in quick succession. We see them fall in countless numbers among the advancing troops. The accuracy of our fire could not be excelled; the missiles strike right in the ranks, tearing and rending them in every direction. The ground over which they pass is strewn with dead and wounded. But on they come. The gaps in the ranks are closed as soon as made. They have three-quarters of a mile to march, exposed to our fire, and half the distance is nearly passed. Our gunners now load with canister and the effect is appalling; but still they march on. Their gallantry is past all praise—it is sublime. Now they are within a hundred yards. Our infantry rise up and pour round after round into these heroic troops.

THE GALLANT MEN OF THE SOUTH.

At Waterloo the Old Guard recoiled before a less severe fire. But there was no recoil in these men of the South—they marched right on as though they courted death. They concentrate in great numbers and strike on the most advanced part of our line. The crash of the musketry and the cheers of the men blend together. The Philadelphia brigade occupies this point. They are fighting on their own ground and for their own State, and in the bloody hand-to-hand engagement which ensues, the Confederates, though fighting with desperate valor, find it impossible to dislodge them—they are rooted to the ground. Seeing how utterly hopeless further effort would be and knowing the impossibility of reaching their lines should they attempt to retreat, large numbers of the rebels lay down their arms and the battle is won. To the left of the Philadelphia brigade we did not get to such close quarters. Seeing the utter annihilation of Pickett's troops, the division of Wilcox and others on their right went to pieces almost before they got in musket range. A few here and there ran away and tried to regain their lines, but many laid down there arms and came in as prisoners. At the most critical moment Hancock fell, among his men, on the line of Stannard's Vermont brigade, desperately wounded, but he continued to direct the fight until victory was secured, and then he sent Maj. Mitchell to announce the glad tidings to the commander of the army. Said he: "Tell General Meade that the troops under my command have repulsed the assault of the enemy, who are now flying in all directions in my front." "Say to General Hancock," said Meade, in reply, "I regreat exceedingly that he is wounded, and that I thank him for the country and myself for the services he he has rendered to-day." Truly, the country may thank General Hancock, as Congress afterward did, for his great service on that field.

Five thousand prisoners were sent to the rear, and we gathered up thirty-three regimental standards in front of the Second corps. The remaining hours of daylight during this day were occupied in caring for the wounded, looking over the field and talking over the incidents of the fight. Many noble officers and men were lost on both sides, and in camp hospitals they died in hundreds during the afternoon and night. The rebel General Armistead died in this way. As he was being carried to the rear he was met by Captain Harry Bingham, of Hancock's staff, who, getting off his horse, asked him if he could do anything for him. Armistead requested him to take his watch and spurs to General Hancock that they might be sent to his relatives. His wishes were complied with, General Hancock sending them to his friends the first opportunity. Armistead was a brave soldier, with a most chivalric presence, and came forward in front of his brigade, waiving his sword. He was shot through the body and fell inside our lines. Some of the wounded rebels showed considerable animosity toward our men. One of them, who lay mortally wounded in front of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, sullenly refused to be taken to the hospital, saying that he wanted to die right there on the field where he fell. The scene after Longstreet's charge was indescribable. In front of the Philadelphia brigade the dead lay in great heaps. Dismounted guns, ruins of exploded caissons, dead and mutilated men and horses were piled up together in every direction.

SCENES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

The Colonel of one of Pickett's regiments lay dead, his arms clasping the body of his brother, who was Major of his regiment. They were singularly handsome men, and greatly resembled each other. Out on the field where Longstreet corps had passed thousands of wounded were lying. We had no means of reaching those poor fellows, and many of them lay there between the lines until the morning of the 5th. On the 4th we lay quietly all day awaiting the next event. The enemy could be seen moving around on Seminary Ridge. Welcome supplies came up and were issued. All hands felt cheerful, but a degree of uncertainty as to whether the battle was over or whether the rebs were getting ready for some new movement prevented us from celebrating the national anniversary in a proper manner. Once in awhile the sharpshooters would try their skill on some of our people to let us know they were still there. The stench from the dead became intolerable, and we tried to escape it by digging up the ground and burying our faces in the fresh earth. On the morning of the 5th, we found that the enemy had gone, and then what a scene! I think the fact was first discovered by the troops on Culp's hill, and oh, what a cheer went up! a cheer that swelled into a roar and was taken up by the boys on Cemetery hill, rolled along the crest to Round Top and back again. Cheers for the Philadelphia brigade that stood a living wall, against which the hosts beat in vain. Cheers for Meade, the soldier "without fear or reproach," who here began, with a great victory, his illustrious career as commander of the Army of the Potomac. Cheers for Hancock, who had stemmed the tide of defeat on the first day and selected the ground on which this glorious victory was achieved, who on the second day had again stopped the tide of rebel victory and restored our shattered lines, and on the third day had met and repulsed the final assault, on which Lee's all was staked, and won the battle that was really the death-blow to the rebellion.

And then we gathered up with tender care and consigned to earth our noble dead.

When will their glory fade!

Indeed, they have not died in vain. The good they have accomplished will live forever. History will record in glowing words their heroic deeds and glorious death.

Long after the granite of their monuments have crumbled into dust; even when the name of the battle shall have been forgotten, the Union and the blessings of civil liberty, which they died to perpetuate, shall reign throughout the land.