THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT CLEARFIELD, PA.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.
The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

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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. 2,680. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1880. NEW SERIES--VOL. 21, NO. 28.

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. ja28,'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-ly

SMITH V. WILSON, *Attorney-at-Law*, CLEARFIELD, PENN'A. Office in the Masonic Building, over the County National Bank. [mar24-80.

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 B. 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. E. M. SCHEURER, HOMŒOPATHIC 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 8 p. m.

DR. J. KAY WRIGLEY, HOMŒOPATHIC 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 12, 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.

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. my23

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. 23jy'73

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

HENRY BRETH, (OFFEND 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. [*jy1872

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.	$4,301,89
Lycoming—on mutual & cash plans	5,000,000
Phœnix, of Hartford, Conn.	2,624,085
Insurance Co. of North America	6,423,074
North British & Mercantile—U. S. Br.	1,782,863
Scottish Commercial—U. S. Branch	479,145
Watertown	764,815
Travelers (Life & Accident)	4,305,454

Office on Market St., opp. Court House, Clearfield, Pa. June 1, '79-tf.

THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG

COL. FORNEY'S REASONS FOR SUPPORTING HIM.

A Graphic Description of Gen. Hancock's Service to His State and Country by a Republican who is Going to Vote for Him and Tells Why All Pennsylvanians Should.

AN ENDURING DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

Col. John W. Forney in Progress.

There are many deathless days in the American memory; among them the attack upon the American flag at Charleston harbor on the 12th of April, 1861, the battle of Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d and 3d days of July, 1863, the fall of Richmond, on the 9th day of April, 1865, and the Assassination of Abraham Lincoln on the 14th day of April 1865. No days in human history ever aroused a more agonizing solicitude, or closed upon more gigantic transactions, or opened a wider vista of human possibilities. Each of these events had a strange and almost providential meaning. Each possessed the peculiar quality of conquering in an instant millions of prejudices. The ball fired at the old flag from Charleston consolidated the North and struck down human slavery. The victory of Gettysburg saved the second great city of the Union from the flames. The fall of Richmond was the certain rise of the Republic, and the death of Lincoln consecrated his great mission of forgiveness to all. When we come to notice the annals of our civil war, these four events, with the emancipation of slaves, on the 1st of January, 1863, will be to the historian like so many planets, shedding light on all other objects, and marshaling the way to the final lesson and duty of the patriot. Each was a revolution in itself, affecting the remotest interests, and leaving all men in a new condition of thought and self-examination.

But none of these tragedies wrought a deeper sensation or gave birth to a more lasting gratitude than the battle of Gettysburg, 1863. Here at least is one of those occurrences that cannot easily be forgotten. The human race is prone to forget. One philosopher says that ingratitude is the badge of all our tribe; but like all maxims it is best proved by the exceptions. In this instance we cannot if we would, and, thank God, we would not if we could, blot out what that defeat of the Confederates did for the city of Philadelphia. Happily it is not so long ago as to have faded out of our minds. It is only seventeen years since, and it was a day of such sharp agony and such universal terror, and the victory was such an unspeakable relief, that even the children now grown to men and women think of it as gracefully as the middle-aged and the grandmothers and grandfathers. It was the single instance in which the fiery blast of war came close to a great Northern metropolis. The Confederates advanced in tremendous force. Led by their beloved General Lee, and his chosen Lieutenants, they seemed resolved to make a last stand in the rich valleys of Franklin and Adams, choosing, as if by instinct, the regions called after two of the most precious names in American history. Grant was at the same moment winding his fatal coils around the Southern city of Vicksburg; but the point most vital to all that supreme moment was the field of Gettysburg.

What Philadelphian can ever forget the suspense of those July days? There was not a household that did not throb and thrill between hope and fear. There were over one hundred thousand men, thousands of them from Philadelphia and the neighboring towns; and there was not a family that did not tremble for its loved ones engaged in that fatal strife, or that did not shudder at the advance of the foe who seemed so near, or that did not fancy in that advance the loss of the holy cause of the Union.

On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1863, I was at the Union League, then on Chestnut street near 11th, Philadelphia, in the massive building now occupied by the family of the beloved Matthew Baldwin. The rooms and gardens of the lovely mansion were filled to overflowing with pale, anxious men; the streets were full of a silent waiting crowd; the sidewalks and windows were crowded with women; even the children were awed into silence, as their elders discussed in whispers the possibilities of the dreadful fight in the green valleys of the Cumberland. Reynolds had been killed on the 2d of July, along with thousands of others, and his brother, Jas. L., who came from Lancaster, this State, bowed down with terror at the sacrifice, and humble women were sobbing over the dispatches already recording their losses. It was a day of tears and despair. I had been present at other scenes of sorrow, but nothing like this Fourth of July, 1863. The commandant of this department was General J. A. J. Dana, and his office was in Girard street near Twelfth, and I held a position as a consulting member of his staff. About noon of that Saturday I saw a tall form crossing Chestnut street to the League and when his eye caught mine I saw he was in tears. He handed me a dispatch from General Meade, just received. I opened and tried to read it, but could not. I saw enough to feel that we were saved. And soon the good news became universal. Then all hearts exploded with joy over the deliverance. It was a wonderful sight, that sudden change from grief to gratitude. Some shed tears, some shouted in joy, old foes became friends, and even infidels joined in the spontaneous prayers of the preachers. Robert Browning's thrilling poem describing the man who carried the "good news to Ghent," which broke the siege and filled the souls of the Flemish with a deep thanksgiving to God, might have been paraphrased in honor of the messenger who brought such happiness to the oppressed and terrified, and despairing Philadelphia.

Who won that great fight? Who saved Philadelphia from fire and spoil? Who drove back the enemy, and saved us from a fate of which the burning of Chambersburg and Carlisle, and the forced contributions upon York were intended to be grim preparations? A brave army of patriotic citizens, led by three Pennsylvania Generals: George Gordon Meade, of Philadelphia; John Fulton Reynolds, of Lancaster; and Winfield Scott Hancock, of Montgomery. Meade and Reynolds are both gone. Meade died on the 6th of November, 1872, in the house presented to his wife by the people of Philadelphia, afterwards supplemented by a contribution of one hundred thousand dollars from the same source. Reynolds was killed in the battle on the 2d of July, and is buried at Lancaster. Hancock is to-day the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

To show how I felt at the critical moment, seventeen years ago, I reprint what I wrote in the *Press* on Tuesday, the 7th of July, 1863, not only to prove my plain duty to Gen. Hancock, as the survivor of this glorious triumvirate, but also the duty of all the people of Philadelphia to that incomparable soldier. I recall it at once as a personal pledge and promise, and the solemn covenant of a great community to a soldier.

"Meanwhile, the army of the Potomac, suddenly placed under the command of General Meade, whom we are proud to claim as a fellow citizen, hastened Northward, and fell upon the rash and audacious enemy. We know the result. *Neither our children, nor our children's children, to the remotest generation, shall ever forget it, or fail to remember it with a thrill of gratitude and honest pride.* The rebels were assailed with unexampled fury, and the gallant General Reynolds, a Pennsylvania soldier, laid down his life. The struggle raged for several days, the losses on both sides was fearful *and still the result seemed doubtful. If we should fail, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, perhaps New York, would be doomed. In this crisis of the Nation's fate it was Pennsylvania that came to the rescue.* IT WAS GENERAL HANCOCK, A PENNSYLVANIAN WHO SO NOBLY BORE THE BRUNT OF THE BATTLE ON CEMETERY HILL."

I do not stop to debate the other considerations that enter into this vital issue; the grave considerations that demand the release of my dear native State from the desperate men who, in the last ten years, have coldly crushed out the pride of our people, and placed under the iron heel of brutal inferiority the hopes of our youth and manhood, making of this fair Commonwealth a vast political Golgotha, and of our proud city of Philadelphia an offensive roost for the most desperate and vulgar mercenaries since the black days of Tweed and Tammany in New York. I do not stop to debate these considerations now. It is not the *time.* But this is the time to open to the common mind our pledged word to the last of our great soldiers who placed us under obligation that we hastened to avow, and repeated over and over again. My own pledge binds me as my own note of hand. In law if it had been signed to promise to pay a money debt I could be held by it, and my estate if I failed to pay it. In morals it is as solemn as if I had gone before a magistrate and sworn to abide by it. And what is true of myself is equally binding upon others. What my fixed judgment, private or public, is of the men who saved the American Republic, I have not concealed. It is a passion that grows stronger the more I see the value of what has been saved to ourselves and to all mankind. I feel it as the rescue of human freedom for the ages to come. I prize it, this overthrow of the Rebellion, as the best blessing to the South which made the Rebellion. I cherish it because the more I ponder the priceless value of the enormous destiny saved, the more eager I am to convince the South that they must aid to perpetuate it. When I severed my connection with the Democratic party twenty-three years ago in company with Stephen A. Douglas, Daniel Dougherty, David C. Broderick, and later with Daniel S. Dickinson, Matt. Carpenter, John A. Logan, and many more, it was because that party seemed dedicated to the cause of slavery and rebellion. With victory over both, with emancipation declared and obeyed, with free opinion all over the land assured and sufficiently established, with Kansas an empire of liberty under the resistless doctrine of popular sovereignty, all my prejudices against the South vanished, and I, who at one time have seen the rebels pursued with all the penalties of the law, and all the rigors of the war, speedily saw that I might have been a "rebel" if I had lived in the South, and that I must, to use Abraham Lincoln's loving maxim, "put myself in their place," and forgive them, as I hope God will forgive me my transgressions. Hence, ever since General Grant's first election I labored to convince my old Southern friends that have been forced to stay in the Union, that we intend to keep them in by love; and Grant knows how often I pleaded with him to bear with them, to remember that they were still our own, that we had both been reared as Democrats, and that we had known the South, he in the army in Mexico, and I in my long years of residence in Washington, and must make allowances for them. And how willing the great soldier listened to me is proved by his many attempts to show his anxiety to aid and help the South I need not say.

And now the Democratic party comes forth with fresh gifts of repentance. Now they again proffer new proofs of their submission to the ideas that conquered them, and present two men for the votes of the people at the next Presidential election, *one of them a life-long friend, to whom I have shown all of us in Philadelphia owe a debt that he made for us, and which, if we lived a thousand years, we could not repay.* I accept the responsibility. Twenty-two years ago in General Hancock's own native county of Montgomery, when he was a very young soldier, I spoke at Mill creek, Conshohocken, October 2nd, 1858, and surrounded by thousands of Democrats, I demanded that James Buchanan should pay *his* debt to freedom. He gave me his note that he would allow the people of Kansas to frame their own laws in their own way; and in that movement among the most active friends of free Kansas were Hancocks's own relatives. We forced the payment of that debt, and now we are here, in 1880, as Democrats and Republicans of Philadelphia, to pay our debts to our preserver. Like that of James Buchanan to the people of Kansas, our debt was not the result of chance. It was the outgrowth of a spontaneous gratitude, freely volunteered, eagerly and passionately pressed upon others. True, Philadelphia was in great danger, and fear sometimes inspires generosity; and Buchanan wanted votes, and to get them was ready to swear to anything. The great difference between the two was that Buchanan tried to escape payment of his obligation, and had to be held to it; while every year that has passed since Hancock's great work at Gettysburg on the 2nd of July, 1863, has added to the value of his services, and has so added to the readiness of the people of Philadelphia to recognize them.

A few days ago, on the 29th of May, 1880, the President of the United States, General Hayes, in his speech at the Academy of music, the Governor of Pennsylvania, General Hoyt, presiding, spoke as follows in favor of the effort to raise means to erect a colossal monument in memory of the commander of the Union forces at the battle of Gettysburg, in July of 1863, Gen. George G. Meade:

"I thank the Commander of this Post and the Committee of invitations for the opportunity they have given me to enjoy and take part in this programme, which has for its object the raising of funds for a monument to General Meade. The other great commanders who have passed away have been remembered, and you will see their monuments in the beautiful parks of the Nation's Capitol. You will see there a monument to that hero of three wars, General Winfield Scott. [Applause.] You will see there a monument to that hero of Chickamauga, General Thomas. [Applause.] You will see there a monument to that noble soldier and native of my own county in Ohio, General McPherson. [Applause.] But you do not see a monument to General Meade, and this meeting here in Philadelphia, I understand is for that purpose. Meade commanded at the critical period of the war, at the very crisis and at the time when General Grant and his army were at Vicksburg, but had not got in. He commanded at that period when those who belonged to it and those who did not belong to it loved to hear it spoken of as the grand old army of the Potomac. [Applause.] Always equal to the highest place he ever held, always adequate to his duties, always faithful, always conscientious, and at all times one of the most fortunate of men. It sometimes happens to the best of them, through no fault of their own, they fail and pass into obscurity. But Gen. Meade was always fortunate in his command of that grand old army. [Applause.] *Had he not turned the scale in that decisive battle at Gettysburg the Englishman's footsteps would have been heard on the debris of a fallen Republic.* But now Meade's memory, without a monument, is forever safe. [Applause.] Meade and Gettysburg are linked together is adamant that will never crumble. [Applause.] Then, when we build our monument to Meade, it needs no extended inscription. We will simply write there, George G. Meade, who commanced the forces at Gettysburg." [Great applause.]

He was then followed by Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, the chief of all the armies of the United States:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—When I tell you that I have performed a full day's work in taking part in your splendid decorations to-day, I know you will excuse me if my remarks are brief. I come before you to talk business. Let us look at the erection of Meade's monument in a business point of view. Supposing that Meade instead of defeating Lee at Gettysburg had been defeated by him. *What could have been the consequence then to Philadelphia? Even if you had owed him the one-hundredth part of your city for his victory at Gettysburg, you would owe him millions now.* Meade is now at rest; he sleeps peacefully. He asks nothing of you. His family admit that they have received great kindness from you. They ask nothing. It is a duty you owe to yourselves and your children that you may be able when you drive in your beautiful Fairmount Park to point out his monument, and tell how the brave man for whom it is there to *commemorate saved your homes and your firesides at Gettysburg.* [Great applause.]

Meade has gone to his long home, and only Hancock survives of the three great Pennsylvania chiefs in the terrible battle of Gettysburg. My own words seventeen years ago, in the *Press*, come back to me an echo of that Fourth of July week which opened in despair and closed in gratitude of God for the deliverence of our fair city; and what I said about Hancock was surpassed by all the other papers. Poets sang his praises; Philadelphia gave him an ovation in Independence Hall; the Union League hung his portrait in its fine Hall; New York and other cities rivalled in grateful mention of his name; and when he and Meade appeared together it was like the English welcoming Wellington and Marlborough (if that could have been), or the French receiving Napoleon and the great Conde, if two such men could have lived in one century. They were both Pennsylvanians, though Meade was born in Cadiz, Spain, in 1810, and came here to live after he had married the daughter of the great lawyer, John Sergeant; wherever they moved they excited universal enthusiasm.

The veterans of his old army corps, and of the Pennsylvania Reserve, Democrats and Republicans, officers and men, regard Hancock with the admiration that the Old Guard felt for Murat. They were alike in personal beauty and splendid horsemanship, only Hancock was more cultivated, polite and scholarly. How the greater chiefs regarded him, let the Generals of all the armies of the Republic answer. On Thursday June 24th, 1880, General Sherman said to one of the newspaper reporters of Washington: *"If you sit down and write the best thing that can be put in language about Gen. Hancock as an officer and a gentleman I will sign it without hesitation."*

General Hancock was one of the favorites of General Lincoln. Even the saturine and exacting Stanton was his friend. To me Hancock was more than attractive. I had known his blood, his brothers, his associates, his comrades in arms, and whenever I had a party at my rooms on Capitol Hill, he was there if he was in Washington; he and such men as Sickles, Rawlings, George H. Thomas, Senator Chase, Mr. Seward, Judge Holt, Sumner, Ben Wade, General Butler, Gen. Meade, General Reynolds and the whole galaxy of patriots. We did not think of politics in those days. We were, to use the blazing watchword of Douglas in 1861, "we were all patriots;" and if Hancock was liked a little better than others, it was because while he fought like a lion for the old flag, he never denied that he was a Democrat. I believe he and Grant have had a difference in military matters; but a little incident of rather recent occurrence will show how Hancock feels in regard to his old Commander. We were acting as pall-bearers at the funeral of poor Scott Stuart, who died in London in the Winter of 1878, and was buried in Philadelphia a few weeks after. As we were riding to the grave one of the company broke out in angry denunciation of General Grant, and, according to habit never to allow an absent friend to be assailed in my presence, I warmly and promptly defended the ex-President. I cannot give General Hancock's words, but he was courteous and dignified in seconding my opinions, and in expressing his regret that the scene had taken place in his presence. I was also in Washington during Mrs. Surratt's trial and execution as a participant in the murder of Abraham Lincoln, and can bear personal testimony to the manly bearing of General Hancock, who was the military officer in command of the National capital in 1865. The attempt to arouse Catholic hostility to him because he carried out the orders of the Government, President Andrew Johnson, and Secretary of War Stanton, is one of the worst exhibitions of party defamation, and disgraces all who are engaged in it. He did not hesitate to express his repugnance at the fearful duty imposed upon him. Nobody in Washington had any doubt about his sentiments fifteen years ago. Hence when Judge Clampitt, now of Chicago, Mrs. Surratt's leading counsel in 1865, comes forth, as he does in Don Piatt's Washington *Capital*, and states as follows, he does what is equally well known to myself:

"Hancock," continued Judge Clampitt, "had no more to do with these details or matters than you had. When Judge Wylie, with a Roman majesty of character, issued, almost at the peril of his life, the writ of *habeas corpus* in the case of Mrs. Surratt, President Johnson and Secretary Stanton decided to suspend the writ, and the execution followed."

"We had the hopes to the last of a reprieve and a pardon for Mrs. Surratt, and I waited at the arsenal, hoping against hope. General Hancock rode down, and approaching him I asked, 'Are there any hopes?' He shook his head slowly and mournfully, and with, a sort of gasping catch in his speech, said: 'I am afraid not. No; there is not.'"

"He then walked off a bit—he had dismounted—and gave some orders to his orderlies, and walked about for a moment or two. Returning, he said to me:

"'I have been in many a battle, and have seen death and mixed with it in disaster and in victory. I've been in a living hell of fire, and shell, and grape-shot, and, by God! I'd sooner be there ten thousand times over than to give the order this day for the execution of that poor woman. But I am a soldier, sworn to obey, and obey I must.'

"This is the true and genuine history of all that Hancock had in common with the affair. He was commanding, and as Commander and conservator of the National Capital, was compellantly obedient to the orders of the Court which sentenced the conspirators and the so-called conspirator to death. He had no voice in the matter and could have no action save as the agent to see that the letter of the law was carried out in an order of alphabetic certainty."

Calumny of any kind on General Hancock is a bad crutch to help the ambition of weak men. It is the last resort of imbecile partisanship, and will have no more effect than if it were employed to scandalize the dead President Johnson or the dead Secretary Stanton. It is like the attempt to say that his nomination is his surrender to the South he conquered, which would be like saying that when a great soldier receives the highest honors from those he had taken prisoner in battle he has become their prisoner in turn. Considering that we Republicans have been trying to get the South to support our candidates for the last fifteen years this logic is very lame indeed.

General Hancock is the favorite son of Pennsylvania, and comes before the people of his native State with an exceptional record. He is the candidate of a party with a whole people at his back. His fifty-seven years are clouded by no political animosity or defeat. No man has gathered more friends around his example. At his home in Montgomery county faction and even Republican criticism ground arms before the even tenor of his youthful record and the stainless pages of his latter years, and another soldier of great fame, a Republican, native of the same shire, adds: "We must concede Hancock Montgomery county by a great majority at once." At the last election of the Loyal Legion in Philadelphia he was chosen its President by acclamation, and, as I write, letters, pour in upon me from all points of the compass in this proud Commonwealth. He is the unconcious ideal of a host of ardent expectations. It is a just yet dangerous concession that no one questions and all applaud his courage; dangerous because such justice conquers thousands who hold courage a Godlike virtue. It is an eloquent fact that all men should speak of Hancock's moderation, for moderation convinces more than courage. But here is a favorite son, who has done more things than either Buchanan or McClellan. The first was a ripe statesman, the second a consumate soldier; and conceding to each all that is claimed by his friends, neither was so fortunate as Hancock. Read his own narrative of the battle of Gettysburg which I copy from the Committee on the conduct of the war pp. 403—408, taken from his examination at Washington, March 22d, 1864. Plain, unaffected, and, above all, honest and impersonal, it reads like a great epic in which the exploits of the Greek heroes were described by Homer in the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey* or the *Æneid* of the Latin Virgil. To those who have passed through the horrors of those three days' carnage, or who suffered the tortures of suspense during those fearful conflicts this unadorned and modest recital of General Hancock's reads like a mystic dream. The cannonade of that serried column, the horrid slaughter of the combatants, and the frenzy of the hand-to-hand conflict, enlisted a thousand pens as they wrung millions of hearts; but no part of the drama is more startling than the serene composure of Hancock as he was borne bleeding from the field, coolly dictating his dispatch to Meade, directing the future operations of the still doubtful day. We read of the dying knight proffering water to the wounded soldier at his side, or of the bleeding commander moving his ship full upon the broadside of his adversary; but a stricken General who did not know if he had been wounded to death, directing the operations of a still fighting army, reads like the exploits of the gods of mythology, and defies the sober prose of human language. How wonderfully similar the contrast between such serene equanimity and the frantic agony of the hundreds of thousands in Philadelphia during those days of battle, impatient to hear, yet fearful that the next news would be the doom of their city, the sacrifice of their loved ones, and the certain sack of their homes!

It is well to freshen such a memory. To leave it to die would be like striking Calvary from the Scriptures. It is well that we should be taught how much our liberty cost, not alone to win but to save. How blasphemous to profane such memories with the shallow bigotry of the Pharisees, or the wicked hatred of the partisan. Gratitude, next to God, is the highest type of divine justification. In this case it also secures and seals the reconciliation of the sections. Philadelphia was saved from the invader by Hancock and his comrades in arms, and it is right that the altar of eternal honor to the surviving leader of the victorious host should be set up in her midst. Such an altar in such a temple becomes at the same time the symbol of popular gratitude, and of the eternal peace and forgiveness of a restored people.

I am only one of the army of Republicans who will vote for Gen. Hancock for these reasons: Only one of many of the oldest Republicans in this city, who call upon me to say that they would be ashamed of themselves if, after all their words of praise and thanksgiving for the salvation of Philadelphia from fire and rebel contributions in 1863, they should now vote against the man who did the most of the work. General Garfield is a good man, but we owe him nothing compared to the debt to Hancock. When told to vote for Hancock is to vote for a Democrat, I reply that the partition between the two parties is very thin. The only point on which we may be said to differ is protection, and that cannot be a very strong one when Hancock comes from the great tariff county of Montgomery, Pennsylvania, and all his friends are open advocates of protection, while Garfield was elected a member of the Cobden club in London, the great free trade headquarters in England, because of his rather bold sympathies with the Western enemies of Pennsylvania interests. If the iron men of Pennsylvania want to know any more about Garfield's free trade ideas, they ought to read over Judge Kelly's exposure of the Republican candidate for President a few years ago. The Republican and Democratic parties in this country are too close to each other on all questions, and too much interested in National peace and prosperity, to make the election of Hancock or Garfield a matter of the gravest consequence in point of fact. Only for myself and for many others I prefer Hancock, because of his great work at Gettysburg, and because, if he is successful, there will be an end of that rule in Pennsylvania which has subordinated all our Republican ideas and duties to the interests of a few tyrannical politicians.

But there is one view of General Hancock's future that I have left to the last. He will restore peace and prosperity to the South. I think Grant would have done it better, but the friends of General Garfield would not allow him to try it. You answer that this is to remit the colored people to their cruel masters. I rejoin that these masters could not treat the colored man much worse than the Northern Republicans do in the distribution of party favors. Here-away they use the colored voters to elect the worst white material to our state legislatures but they never think of sending a cultivated negro, and I could name fifty fit to sit in Congress even, to that choice menagerie of wild beasts and birds of evil omen. The bloody shirt, by Hancock's election, will be washed out, dried, ironed, and put away as a relic of a bad era. We now set John Brown, Dixie, My Maryland, and the Bonnie Blue Flag, in one great union overture to the opera of international harmony. Northern success in business is the great example. It is a better schoolmaster than the crafty carpet-bagger. The Tennessee Jubilee Singers have been better missionaries all over Europe and America than all the Republican campaign clubs between the White mountains and the Pedee. There is immense medicine to party disease in human charity. When the South takes Hancock after he chastised them, they give themselves as hostages of fidelity. They will not find him a soft and easy Damocles to preach platitude and obey arrogance. He is one of your men sharpened into shrewdness by the common sense of a great experience. As he will give them much leeway, he will insist on much loyalty. I know these Southerners well. Cruel in anger, brave in battle, relentless in revenge' they are also as full of honor as they are of life, if they are not kicked when they are down. Observe, we made them our equal partners after we forgave them; and we can no more try to clip their wings to make them less free than we can restore the broken fetters of the slave laid deep under the ocean of emancipation. Soon the South will be on a new trial, and as Hancock will be elected by the votes of many thousand Republicans like myself, the South will have no more interest in bad faith than he will have inclination to permit it.

Hancock's Own Story at Gettysburg Before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, Washington, March 22d, 1864.

Testimony of Maj.-Gen. W. S. Hancock.

(Thursday, July 2d, 1863.)

I soon received an order, dated 1:10 P. M., directing me to proceed to the front, and in the event of the death of General Reynolds, or his inability to command, to assume command of all the troops there, consisting of the 1st, 3d, and 11th corps. (Order appended marked A.) I started a little before half-past one, turning over the command of my corps to Gen. Gibbons, under Gen. Meade's directions. Gen. Gibbons was not the next in rank in that corps; but he was the one Gen. Meade directed should assume the command, as he considered him the most suitable person for it.

Several such instances occurred during that battle. General Meade, prior to the battle, showed me or told me of a letter he had received from the Secretary of War on this subject. The Government recognizing the difficulty of the situation, believing that a battle was imminent, and might occur in one, two or three days and not knowing the views of General Meade in relation to his commanders, the secretary of war wrote him a note, authorizing him to make any changes in his army that he pleased, and that he would be sustained by the President and himself. That did not make it legal, because it was contrary to the law to place a junior officer over a senior. At the same time it was one of those emergencies in which General Meade was authorized, as before stated, to exercise that power. I was not the senior of either General Howard, of the 11th corps, or General Sickles, of the 3d corps. My commission bore date on the same day with theirs; by my prior commission they both ranked me. Of course it was not a very agreeable office for me to fill, to go and take command of my seniors. However, I did not feel much embarrassment about it, because I was an older soldier than either of them. But I know that legally it was not proper, and that if they chose to resist it it might become a very troublesome matter to me for the time being. Whether or not General Meade, when he gave me the order, knew about this relative rank, I do not know. I say this because I have since understood that he did not. When I spoke to him about it before departing, however, he remarked in substance that he was obliged to use such persons as he felt disposed to use; that in this case he sent me because he had explained them to the others; that I knew his plans and ideas, and could better accord with him in my operations than anybody else. I went to Gettysburg, arriving on the ground not later than half past three o'clock. I found that, practically the fight was then over. The rear of our column, with the enemy in pursuit, was then coming through the town of Gettysburg. General Howard was on Cemetery Hill, and there had evidently been an attempt on his part to stop and form some of his troops there; what troops he had formed there I do not know. I understood afterwards, and accepted it as a fact, that he had formed one division there prior to this time. I told Gen. Howard I had orders to take command in the front. I did not show him the orders because he did not demand it. He acquiesced.

I exercised the command until evening, when General Slocum arrived, about six or seven o'clock. His troops were in the neighborhood, for they apparently had been summoned up before I arrived, by General Howard possibly, as well as the Third corps. When General Slocum arrived, he being my senior, and not included in this order to me, I turned the command over to him. In fact I was instructed verbally by General Butterfield to do so.

When I arrived and took command I extended the lines. I sent General Wadsworth to the right to take possession of Culp's Hill with his division. I directed Gen. Geary, whose division belonged to the 12th corps (its commander General Slocum, not then having arrived,) to take possession of the high ground towards Round Top. I made such disposition as I thought wise and proper. The enemy evidently believing that we were reinforced, or that our whole army was there, discontinued their great efforts, and the battle for that day was over. There was firing of artillery and skirmishing all along the front, but that was the end of that day's battle. By verbal instructions, and in the order which I had received from General Mead, I was directed to report, after having arrived on the ground, whether it would be necessary or wise to continue to fight the battle at Gettysburg, or whether it was possible for the fight to be had on the ground Gen. Meade had selected. About 4 o'clock P. M., I sent word by Major Mitchell, aide-de-camp to Gen. Meade, that I would hold the ground until dark, meaning to allow him time to decide the matter for himself. As soon as I had gotten matters arranged to my satisfaction, and saw that the troops were being formed again and I felt secure, I wrote a note to Gen. Meade, and informed him of my views of the ground at Gettysburg. I told him that the only disadvantage which I thought it had was that the roads were clear for any movement he might make. I had ordered all the trains back, as I came up, to clear the roads.

General Meade had directed my corps, the 2d corps, to march up toward Gettysburg, under the command of General Gibbons. When I found that the enemy had ceased their operations, I directed General Gibbons to halt his corps two or three miles behind Gettysburg, in order to protect our rear from any flank movement of the enemy. Then my operations in the front being closed, I turned the command over to General Slocum, and immediately started to report to General Meade in detail what I had done in order to express my views clearly to him, and to see what he was disposed to do. I rode back and found General Meade about 9 o'clock. He told me he had received my messages and note, and had decided upon the representations I had made, and the existence of known facts of the case, to fight at Gettysburg, and had ordered all the corps to the front. That was the end of operations for that day.

On the third day, in the morning, the enemy and General Slocum were a good deal engaged. About one or two o'clock in the afternoon the enemy commenced a terrific cannonade, from probably one hundred and and twenty pieces of artillery, on the front of the line connecting Cemetery Hill with Round Top, the left centre commanded by me. That line consisted of the 1st, 2d and 3d corps, of which I had the general command. *I commanded the whole front.* General Gibbons commanded the 2d corps in my absence, General Birney the 3d. That cannonade continued for probably an hour and a half. The enemy then made an assault at the end of that time. It was a very formidable assault, and made, I should judge, with about 18,000 infantry. When the columns of the enemy it appeared it looked as if they were going to attack the centre of our line but after marching straight out a little distance, they seemed to incline a little to their left, as if their object was to march through my command and seize Cemetery Hill, which I have no doubt was their intention. They attacked with wonderful spirit—nothing could have been more spirited. The shock of the assault fell upon the 2d and 3d division of the second corps, assisted by a small brigade of Vermont troops, together with the artillery of our line which fired from Round Top to Cemetery Hill at the enemy all the way as they advanced whenever they had the opportunity. Those were the troops that really met the assault. No doubt there were other troops that fired a little, but those were the troops that really withstood the shock of the assault and repulsed it. The attack of the enemy was met by about six small brigades of our troops, and was finally repulsed after a terrific contest at very close quarters, in which our troops took thirty or forty colors and some 4,000 to 5,000 prisoners, with great loss to the enemy in killed and wounded. The repulse was a most signal one, and that decided the battle, and was practically the end of the fight. I was wounded at the close of the assault, and that ended my operations with the army for that campaign. I did not follow it in its future movements.

That practically ended the fighting of the battle of Gettysburg. There was no serious fighting there after that, save on the left, in an advance by a small command of the Pennsylvania Reserves made very soon afterward and based upon our success. I may say one thing here: I think it was probably an unfortunate thing that I was wounded at the time I was, and equally unfortunate that General Gibbons was also wounded, because the absence of a prominent Commander, who knew the circumstances thoroughly at such a moment as that, was a great disadvantage. I think that our lines should have advanced immediately, and I believe we should have won a great victory. I was very confindent the advance would be made. Gen. Meade told me before the fight that if the enemy attacked me he intended to put the 5th and 6th corps on the enemy's flank; therefore, when I was wounded and lying down in my ambulance and about leaving the field, I dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the 5th and 6th corps I believed he would win a great victory. I asked him afterwards when I returned to the army what he had done in the promise. He said he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night, except that some of the Pennsylvania Reserves went out and met Hood's division, it was understood, of the enemy, and actually overthrew it, assisted, no doubt, in some measure, by their knowledge of their failure in the assault. There were only two divisions of the enemy on our extreme left, opposite Round Top, and there was a gap in their line of one mile that their assault had left, and I believe if our whole line had advanced with spirit it is not unlikely that we would have taken all their artillery at that point. I think that was a fault; that we should have pushed the enemy there, for we do not often catch them in that position; and the rule is, and it is natural, that when you repulse and defeat an enemy you should pursue him; and I believe it is a rare thing that one party beats another and does not pursue him; and I think that on that occasion it only required an order and prompt execution.

I have no doubt the enemy regarded the success of their assault as certain, so much so that they were willing to expend all their ammunition. They did not suppose that any troops could live under that cannonade; but they met troops that had been so accustomed to artillery fire that it did not have the effect on them that they expected. It was a most terrific and appalling cannonade,—one possibly hardly ever parallelled.

Q.—Was there ever, in any battle of which you have read, more artillery brought into action than in that battle?

A.—I doubt whether there has been more concentrated upon an equal space and opening at one time. I think there has been more artillery engaged in many battles, but do not believe there has been more upon both sides concentrated on an equal space.

Q.—You did not follow the army from there?

A.—No, sir; I left the field the moment the fight was over.

Q.—When did you join the army again?

A.—I did not join it again until some time in December, when active operations had ceased. I was then ordered by the Secretary of War into the States from whence the regiments of my corps came to fill them up by recruitment, and I am now on my return to the army.

Q.—But with equal numbers, you would not hesitate to attack the enemy anywhere under equal circumstances?

A.—No, sir, I would not. In fact there is no finer army, if as fine, in existence in the world than the army of the Potomac. The troops will do anything if they are only ordered. If they have not made this or that attack it is because their commanders did not order them to make it.

EDUCATIONAL.

BY M. L. McQUOWN.

"Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant."

AMONG THE TOWNSHIPS.

HUSTON.

We visited in Huston, Sandy and Union during the early part of July.

The Directors have all sent in their subscription for the School *Journal*.

A few families living north of the Mill Run district are asking for a school.

Allen H. Rosencrans, has been appointed Secretary of the Board for the ensuing year.

Prof. G W. Weaver, will have charge of the Graded schools of Penfield, and will have two assistant teachers.

The new school house at Hickory Kingdom, is nearing completion. The Contractor is Elias Horning.

Director, James Calahan, who has been suffering so long with a broken limb, returned from Philadelphia, without being operated upon.

Albert Bird, a graduate of Mansfield, State Normal school, and a teacher of experience, will enter the Freshman class at Laffayette College soon.

SANDY.

The Directors have laid thirteen (13) mills for school purposes.

P. S. Weber, the gentlemanly Secretary of the Board, is an ex-teacher and a scholar.

The public schools were well attended during May and July; not so well, however, during July.

We were very highly entertained at the residence of Mr. Andrew Liddle while visiting the schools of the township.

Another school building will be erected in DuBois this fall, and a room seated on the north side, making eight schools in that populous town.

Miss Rose Butler, teacher of North Side school, makes a specialty of language lessons and refined calisthenics. Her school reflects culture and refinement.

W. W. McCullough, of the West Liberty school, is prospecting in Colorado and G. W. Weaver, of the Central High school, is attending College in Illinois.

Some malicious parties entered the school house at Sabula recently and committed some misdemeanors that would be reproachful to an uncivilized community. The people are looking out for them.

BRADY.

Miss Sadie Morgan is the popular teacher of the township.

Work has been commenced on the foundation of the new school house on the farm of Jesse Lines.

Mr. W. C. Pentz, after two years absence at the Lock Haven Normal school, is again among his friends in Brady.

The students who have been attending the New Washington Normal Institute are at home again and are happy.

It is rumored that Mr. L. E Weber will conduct a Normal class, of six weeks, at Luthersburg, commencing the last Monday in July.

Messrs. S. E. Hayes and J. I. Brockbank, very promising teachers, expect to remain at Edinboro State Normal school until they graduate.

Some families living between the Hartsfelt and Coal Hill districts, are getting anxious about a school for their immediate community.

Example and practice are more efficient than precept and theory.

Education is not creative; it only assists in developing existing possibilities into realities.—*Brooks.*

There is lots ov people in this world who are like a guide-board at the forks ov the road. They kan point out the way for others to persew; but they don't follow it themselves.—*Josh Billings.*