

Many another General would, perhaps, under such dreadful circumstances, have sought death amid the clash of battle. However, he did not hesitate a moment, notwithstanding the frightful losses he had suffered during those four days' struggle, to trust his fate, like an old and gallant soldier, to the sword.

FEROCITY OF THE CONFEDERATES—THEY ARE BEATEN BACK—GENERAL LEE OUT OF HUMOR.

During that four days' massacre our troops had been transformed into wild beasts, and hardly had they caught sight of the enemy, drawn up in order, ere they rushed upon them with horrible yells. Yet calmly, as on the parade-ground, the latter delivered their fire. The batteries in the centre discharged their murderous volleys on our men, and great disorder ensued among the streaming masses. General Lee sent all his disposable troops to the rescue, but McClellan opened upon these newly formed storming columns so hellish a fire that even the coldest blooded veteran lost his self-possession. Whole ranks of our men were hurled to the ground. The thunder of the cannon, the cracking of the musketry from a hundred thousand combatants, mingled with the screams of the wounded and the dying, were terrible to the ear and the imagination. Thus raged the conflict within a comparatively narrow space seven long hours, and yet not a foot of ground was won. All our reserves had been led into the fight, and the brigade of Wilcox was annihilated. At length the coming of night compelled a truce, and utterly overcome by fatigue, the soldier sunk upon the ground at his post, thoughtless of even the friend torn from his side, and engrossed only with the instinct of self-preservation. But "water! water!" was the cry from the parched lips on all sides. The empty flasks contained not a drop, alas! and at length sleep overcame each worn-out warrior, and even thirst and hunger were forgotten. Gloomy and out of humor, General Lee rode through the camping ground of the defeated regiments attended by his staff, and then, with a dry, harsh voice, ordered up the divisions of Wise and Magruder to bury the dead. With a brief remark, he next indicated to General Longstreet his position for the next day, and rode off with his aids to visit other portions of the line.

THE SIXTH DAY—McCLELLAN IS REINFORCED.

The gray of morning was just beginning to appear upon the horizon when the roar of artillery was once more heard. A battery which, during the night, General Anderson had placed nearer to the hostile lines, was instantly noticed by the enemy, and vigorously attacked by his field pieces. Every shot struck, and the fragments were hurled in all directions. Of the twelve pieces in the battery, five were quickly dismounted and the teams half destroyed, yet the commanding officer held his post. In the meanwhile our columns had formed with out having tasted any strengthening or nourishing refreshment. Exhausted by the fatigues of the preceding days, they fairly reeled on their feet, yet not a man shrank back from duty. At length, as the sun rose in splendor, and we could better distinguish the enemy's position, an involuntary exclamation escaped me, for it was evident to me, from the dense ranks he exhibited, that McClellan had been considerably reinforced during the night, and could therefore withdraw his worn-out troops from the foremost lines, and have an easy struggle with fresh men against our fatigued and exhausted force.

GENERAL LEE OUT OF HEART—STONEWALL JACKSON ORDERED TO COVER HIS RETREAT—THE PUBLIC PROPERTY TO BE REMOVED FROM RICHMOND.

General Lee, convinced of the perilous position of affairs, at once issued orders to Stonewall Jackson to cover the retreat in case the army should be compelled to fall back, and directions were sent to Richmond to get all the public property ready for immediate removal. Then the divisions of Hill (second), Longstreet, Anderson, Cobb and Whitecomb were ordered to storm the enemy's works. And now again commenced one of the most desperate combats that ever took place in any war. The loss on our side was absolutely frightful. McClellan, observing the devastation his artillery was making among our troops, called up a division of reserves, and overwhelmed us with a terrific rain of musketry. His masses pressed forward step by step, nearer and nearer, until at length some companies of ours threw their arms away and fled. McClellan availed himself of this panic, and ordered a flank movement of his cavalry. Quick as thought Anderson placed himself at the head of our horse, and led three regiments to the charge. Their onset was magnificent. Our Texans burst with ringing huzzas into the ranks of the foe, who, without even giving us time to try our sabres, turned to the right about; but her, too, the hostile field pieces prevented further success, and we had to draw back from before that crushing fire.

"ON TO RICHMOND"—A MOVEMENT OF DESPERATION—THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS—PRODIGES OF VALOR.

The enemy, noticing our confusion, now advanced, with the cry, "Onward to Richmond!" Yes, along the whole hostile front rang the shout, "Onward to Richmond!" Many old soldiers, who had served in distant Missouri and on the

plains of Arkansas, went in the bitterness of their souls like children. Of what avail had it been to us that our best blood had flowed for six long days? of what avail all our muzzling and exhausting endurance? Everything seemed lost, and a general depression came over our hearts. Batteries dashed past in headlong flight; ammunition, hospital and supply wagons crushed 'n'og, and swept the troops away with them from the battle-field. In vain the most frantic exertion, energy, and self-sacrifice of the staff officers. The troops had lost their foothold, and all was over with the Southern Confederacy. In this moment of desperation, General Hill came up with a few regiments he had managed to rally; but the enemy was continually pressing nearer and nearer; louder and louder their shouts, and the watchword, "On to Richmond!" could be heard. Cavalry officers sprang from their saddles, and rushed into the ranks of the infantry regiments, now deprived of their proper officers. General Hill seized the standard of the Fourth North Carolina regiment which he had formerly commanded, and shouted to the soldiers, "If you will not follow me, I will wish you gone!" Upon this a number of officers dashed forward to cover their beloved general with their bodies, the soldiers hastily rallied, and the cry, "Lead on, Hill, lead on, old North Carolina boys!" rose over the field. And now Hill charged forward with the mass he had thus worked up to the wildest enthusiasm. The enemy halted when they saw these columns, in flight a moment before, now advancing to the attack, and Hill burst upon his late pursuers like a furnished lion. A fearful hand to hand conflict now ensued, for there was no time to load and fire. The ferocity with which this combat was waged was incredible. It was useless to beg the exhausted men for quarter; there was no moderation, no pity, no compassion in that bloody work of bayonet and knife. The sun sank dying at his father's feet; the father forgot that he had a child—a dying child; the brother did not see that a brother was expiring a few paces from him; the friend held not the last greens of a friend; all natural ties were dissolved; only one feeling, one thirst painted in their bosoms—revenge. Here it was that the son of Major Peyton, but fifteen years of age called to his father for help. A ball had shattered both his legs. "Who have we beaten the enemy then I will help you," answered Peyton; "I have other sons to lead to glory Forward!" But the column had advanced only a few paces further, when the Major himself fell to the earth a corpse. Prodiges of valor were here performed on both sides. History will ask in vain for braver soldiers than those who here fought and fell. But of the demoniac fury of both parties one at a distance can form no idea. Even the wounded, despairing of success, collected their last energies of life, plunged their knives into the bosoms of foemen lay near them still beaming.

GENERAL HILL SAVES THE REBELS FROM DEFEAT—REINFORCEMENTS ARRIVE.

The success of General Hill enabled other generals to once more lead their disorganized troops back to the fight, and the contest was renewed along the whole line, and kept up until deep into the night; for everything depended upon our keeping the enemy at bay; counting too, upon their exhaustion at last, until fresh troops could arrive to reinforce us. At length, about half-past ten in the evening, the divisions of Magruder, Wise, and Holmes came up and deployed to the front of our army. Had the commanders of these divisions executed their orders with promptitude and skill, streams of blood would have been spured, and the foe would have been thrown back upon his reserves in the course of the forenoon; but they reached us fully seventeen hours behind time. The generals had been uncertain concerning the marching orders, their columns crossed each other and became entangled, and previous time was immediately lost. Still, as it was, the remainder of our force had to thank the final arrival of these divisions for their rescue. So soon as these reinforcements could be thrown to the front, our regiments were drawn back, and, as far as possible, reorganized during the night, the needed officers appointed, and after the distribution of provisions, which had also fortunately arrived, measures were adopted for the gathering of the wounded and the burial of the dead.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

On Tuesday, July 1, at two o'clock in the morning, while the stars are still visible in the sky, General Magruder again opened the battle, and very soon began a cannonade so fearful that the very earth trembled with the concussion. By twelve o'clock meridian McClellan had abandoned all his positions, leaving behind his wounded, his baggage and many pieces of cannon. Magruder followed him, hot foot, but cautiously, as he had first to sweep the surrounding woods with artillery and sharpshooters.

McCLELLAN'S MURDEROUS FIRE—THE REBELS RUN FOR SHELTER TO THE WOODS.

About half-past four P. M. our troops reached the vicinity of the well-known farm of D. Carter, known as Malvern Hill. Here General McClellan had again drawn up his army to re-open the fight. General Magruder no sooner saw the enemy's position than he once more led his men to the attack. His columns advanced in magnificent order over the space that separated them from the foe and stormed the intrenched position. But a murderous hail of grape received the brave fellows and mowed them down, until finally the fragments of those splendid divisions were compelled to seek the shelter of the woods. Again Generals Smith, Anderson and Holmes led on their troops, but suddenly mistook monstrous dimensions tore down whole ranks of our soldiers and caused the most appalling damage.

A TERRIBLE PICTURE—A MONUMENT IN HISTORY. This was the fire of the fleet, which, although two and a half miles distant, now took part in the contest. Our men still rushed forward with desperate courage against the hostile position, and Malvern Hill was attacked on all sides. McClellan defended himself courageously, and it was twelve o'clock at night ere he evacuated this position, which both nature and art had made a strong one. The heroic daring and energy of our troops had overcome all obstacles. The battle of the seventh day will live forever in the memory of the people as the battle of Malvern Hill. Nowhere, in all the actions fought around Richmond, was the contest confined to so small a space, and there was added to it the fire of the monster guns on both the enemy's ships. It was terrible to see those two hundred and fifty pound shell crashing through the woods, and when one exploded it was as though the globe had burst. Never, in any war since the world began, were missiles of such magnitude before used. The battle of Malvern Hill will be a monument for that people, testifying to the determined will and resolution with which it contended for its independence as a nation, and the indomitable firmness of its vow to conquer or die.

GLOWING TESTIMONY TO GEORGE B. McCLELLAN—A SPLENDID PERFORMANCE.

I must award to General McClellan my fullest recognition. There are few, if any, generals in the Union army who can rival him. Left in the most desperate straits by his companion in arms, McDowell, victimized by the Secretary of War, Stanton, at Washington; offered up as a sacrifice to destiny by political jealousy; cut off from his basis of retreat, he selected a new line of safety of which no one had ever dreamed. He defied every foot of ground with courage and talent, and his last stand at Malvern Hill, as well as his system of defence and his strategic combinations, displayed high military ability. Yet his troops were too greatly demoralized by their seven day's fighting and lost their stamina, while several of his generals could not comprehend the ideas of their commander, and sustained him but poorly or not at all. At Harrison's Landing, where the James river forms a curve, he collected his shattered array under the guns of the rebel fleet. But on our side, we had no longer an army to molest him.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. SEYMOUR.

ALBANY, January 2.—The inauguration of Gov. Seymour took place yesterday.

After the oath of office had been administered, Gov. Morgan delivered an interesting congratulatory address, calling the attention of the new Governor to the highly prosperous condition of the State, and closing with some pertinent allusions to National affairs.

The millions of people, he said, who are now assailed by imaginary wrongs, to fire passion, cannot at once return to reason. The Government must have time to cool and the delusion under which they are acting to be dissipated. But the day must surely come when the people of the South will again own the same sovereignty and honor the same laws, and fight under the same flag.

At present we must use the sword. It cannot be sheathed until those now in rebellion shall lay down their arms, and the Constitution and laws have uniform sway.

At the conclusion of Gov. Morgan's address, which was warmly applauded, Gov. Seymour delivered his inaugural address.

Gov. S. declined to give a copy of his address to the Reporter of the Associated Press, as he wished an opportunity to revise it. It may be telegraphed to-day.

A Terrible Battle Near Murfreesboro.

NEAL MURFREESBORO, Dec. 31.—The whole line has suffered terribly this morning, in the battle with the rebels.

Four regiments of Regulars lost half their men and all their commanding officers.

The Anderson Troop (of Philadelphia,) also suffered severely.

Majors Rosengarten and Ward were killed.

Generals Stanley, Rosseau and Palmer were wounded.

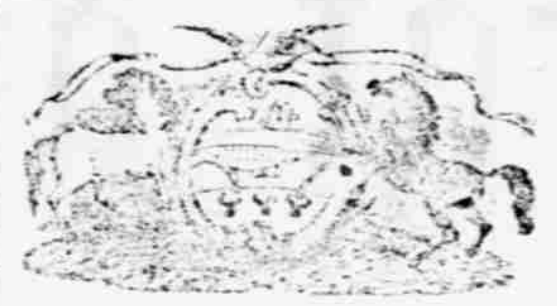
LATER—2 o'clock, P. M.—General Thomas breaks the Rebel centre and drives the enemy a mile. We advance the whole line.

Gen. Rosengarten personally superintends the movements. One shot killed two of his staff.

The 15th Wisconsin loses seven captains.

Gen. Negley's artillery is still mowing down the rebels in the centre.

Gen. Crittenden's left wing has taken the rebel entrenchments at Murfreesboro.



J. S. TODD, Editor & Publisher.

WEDNESDAY JAN 7, 1863

A Good Chance.

We propose to take Beef, Corn, Pork or Cord Wood from such of our patrons as wish to pay their subscriptions in that way; provided they do so before the first of January.

The Emancipation Proclamation.

As will be seen by reference to another column, the President intends to persist in his mad policy of fixing niggers, without regard to the honest protest of the tax-payer or the sacred limits of the Constitution. So on last Thursday, according to Mr. Lincoln's slavery was wiped out, but, as predicted by the advocates of that measure, the war does not cease; but Mr. Lincoln's favorite doctrine, which was nothing but an erroneous theory, falls to the ground, for Mr. Lincoln's declaring the negroes of the South "to be forever free," does not, by any means, make them so; it only reflects the weakness and impolicy of him and his Administration, whose superlative wickedness would exalt over the horrors of a servile insurrection.

The day on which this famous proclamation was made its work is now passed by, and may we not put the question, what good has it done? Has it weakened the rebel cause? Has it caused Jeff Davis to relax his fierce crusade against the North? Has it animated and stimulated our Union soldiers to new deeds of bravery? Has it decimated the ranks of the Southern army or even added one Anti-slavery man to our now long quivering forces? No, alas, "too wrong will never make a right." If Jefferson Davis and his followers by a armed rebellion, bid defiance to the Government and set at naught a portion of the Constitution, we cannot consistently violate that same instrument and at the same time exhort them to an observance of it. If we throw aside the Constitution, for what are we fighting? The people are right and willing to work and fight for the Union if the Government would not honestly. Mr. Lincoln in his mad haste, "the people will save the Government at, if the Government will only do its part differently well," but how does this reflect on his own hand? Does the Government do its part? Does it not look like as if the Government wished to destroy the Union? Is not Mr. Lincoln's Proclamation against the Union and in direct opposition to the Constitution and the sacred rights of the sovereign States? These are important questions which will be viewed alike by all good and conservative men.

A Celebration.

A grand celebration by the Democracy of Blairsville and vicinity will take place on the 8th of this month at the house of Mr. Demby, at the Blairsville Intersection. Supper, speeches, toasts and dancing are to be the order of the evening. Messrs. Foster and Stokes of Greensburg, will honor the occasion with their eloquence. The Democracy of that section are quite jubilant, which they have a right to be, for nobly did they do their duty. This will have been the second or third festivity of the kind for the Democracy of Indiana county, since the election. It is but a few weeks since we read with pleasure, the proceedings of a similar celebration in Blairsville, identified with the familiar names of Stokes, Watterson, Brophy, Sanson, Steel, Myers and others, whose genuine sentiments were fearlessly expressed in a series of adopted resolutions. We most heartily approve of these gatherings where the honest sentiments of Democracy are freely and fearlessly expressed—where important topics are discussed and where the duties and responsibilities of a sovereign citizen are kept before the people. We would like to see this example followed by every hamlet in the State that the great truths of Democracy might be promulgated and kept extant: for the great mission of the Democratic party did not end with the October election.

City Hotels.

During our limited travels we have had the experience of tasting the luxury of many of these houses, in Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and elsewhere, and have yet to meet with better accommodations or more genuine hospitality than is to be found at the "Merchant's Hotel" in the city of Philadelphia. It is one of the oldest hotels and is situated in the central and most business part of the city. It is certainly a most desirable place for the stranger as well as an important locality for the business man. An acquaintance with the good-natured and gentlemanly landlord, Mr. McKibbin, whose courtesy cannot fail to make the guest feel at home, and enjoy a welcome seldom extended by strangers, will satisfy the most fastidious pilgrim, that a first class hotel does not consist merely in exorbitant prices and a vague name, which, too often, are the only compensation the weary traveller receives for his money.

Our Troops in Murfreesboro.

By late despatches, we have the good news that the rebels have been driven out of Murfreesboro. Gen. Rosengarten with his forces now occupy the town. Murfreesboro was once the capital of Tennessee but was subsequently abandoned, and is now the shiretown of Rutherford county. It is near the middle of the State and is situated on the Railroad running from Nashville to Chattanooga. This has, achievement will probably put a stop to the guerrilla raids of the rebel Morgan which of late have been so frequent.

During last week we were absent on a visit to Washington. While there, we visited some of the hospitals, where we found many of our Cambria county soldiers enduring in reality, the sad consequences of war.

Notwithstanding the severity of small change, which now seems unburdened most of our business men, E. J. Mills & Co. continue to sell and ship to the country, large quantities of goods at prices so low as to excite the curiosity of all, and we continually hear the familiar interrogatory "how can they stand it to sell so cheap?"

Lieut. David Mills.

We are permitted to publish the following beautiful complimentary address to Lieut. David Mills, from Brigadier General Gary, which needs no comment. It speaks much to the credit of the Lieut. It will be read with pleasure by his many friends and acquaintances. He has resigned his commission and is now at home with his family.

FARMAS COURT HOUSE, VA., December 19th 1862.

Dear Sir:—I have just, with deep regret, learned that the military connection, which has so long and so pleasantly existed between us, is severed.

Permit me then to say, that your conduct in the rebel field, both during the war with Mexico and the present rebellion, has always been such as merited my, and has, and does receive my most unqualified approbation. You have been faithful, brave and patriotic. In your retirement from the service, I ask you to bear with you every assurance of my most heartfelt desires for your health, happiness and prosperity.

Very Respectfully,
JOHN W. GARY.

To Lieut. D. Mills, Co. F, 28th Regt., Penna. Vol.

James C. Noon.

We clip the following just tribute to the memory of Adj. James C. Noon, from the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury*, which shows that his gallantry and bravery on the field of death, has not only won the admiration of his friends, but that his memory lives in the hearts of his countrymen, and though he be dead to the flesh, his name survives and will occupy one of the foremost places in history which shall go down to posterity as one of those noble martyrs who died upon the altar of his country.

"Among the gallant men who fell in the unfortunate affair at Fredericksburg, there is none whose position as a man, or whose promise as an officer, is a more fitting subject for eulogy than that of Adjutant Noon, of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment. James Chrysostron Noon was a native of Cambria county, and a few years since, became a member of the bar of that county, in which he was winning his way to distinction. Early in the present unfortunate strife he joined the old Thirtieth Regiment, in the three months' service, and at once became Adjutant of the regiment, a position which he held with honor to himself, and advantage to the regiment, until they were mustered out of the service.

"Again a call was made for volunteers, and again he joined the ranks of the gal-

lant citizen soldiers of his native county. His capacity and experience at once pointed him out as the Adjutant of his regiment, the One Hundred and Thirty-third, to which position he was again promoted. It was at the head of this regiment, while leading them into battle, that he fell—his size and appearance having rendered him a conspicuous mark for the sharpshooters of the enemy. He fell beloved by his companions in arms, and admired by all who knew him.

"In person, Adjutant Noon was considerably over six feet in height, and his uniform was the object of all eyes; 'vers,' as the best idea of a military man, but, it was his good qualities of his mind and heart that made him a favorite of all who knew him. Manly, impetuous and generous, he possessed, in an eminent degree, those qualities which are the friendship of the young and the admiration of the old. But he is gone! from the scene of his labors, and may that God King, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, so ease the affliction of a bereaved mother, devoted sister, and a brother who would cheerfully have died to save him."

Letter from Co. D 115th Regt. Va. Volunteers.

CAMP NEAR FAIRFAX, VA. January 1, 1863.

FRIEND TODD:—I send you a few lines acquainting you of our whereabouts. We left the city of Alexandria, on the 25th of November, to join the grand army of the Union; we were ordered off with our arms, to be ready of any kind, and our first night was spent in a 14'x16' wood-shed, about six miles from the city where a heavy snow-pelt descended in a ceaseless rain which laid down in torrents. Next morning, half-dressed and shivering, we made our way to a place where we were ordered to bivouac. The first place of our bivouac was the famous town of Fairfax. We were much disappointed, however, in our expectations of its appearance. The Court House, which has been a dumb witness to many a crime of unhalloved crime—no more a place for the chambers of justice than court. Its doors have been broken down and its windows of glass, which have since been nailed up with boards, and now used as a (quaint name) store. There is a small jail attached, together with some fifteen or twenty detached houses which compose what is known of this much spoken of place. We the Alexandria and Richmond troops, turning to our left over a miserable road which brought us to Fairfax Station, two and a-half miles from the Court House, we found here a few temporary buildings erected for Quartermaster's stores. We proceeded over a rough lilly county to Stafford Court House which is situated in a small village. After a severe march of five days we joined our regiment on the 30th, inst., and were dismayed to find ourselves without tents, clothing or necessary things which was promised to us. We were not the only sufferers, for many of these necessities were to be found in the regiment. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and under the impetus we set to work to build tents of the limbs of Pine trees, which, although they shield us from the inclemency of the season still served as breakers against the severest of the storm. We remained here encamped thus until the 11th, when we received orders to march into the field at Fredericksburg. We were in that battle, or slaughter, for four whole days, but were two miles to the left of the town and consequently escaped without loss or injury to any of our men; we did not take a very active part. Twice we had to move our position to get out of range of the enemy's fire and shells. We crossed the river on the night of the 15th and came back to our old camp. Although we were lucky in escaping from that day of death, we were not without gloom and sadness at the thought of many of the brave mountain boys who were victims in that more than useless encounter. I know it was a sad day in Pleasanton when the sad news of that battle reached there. Many young men, who in school were our schoolmates, were cut off on that eventful day, in the full vigor of manhood, whose names now lay bleeding as trophies to the band-aging incensement of leading officials. On our arrival in camp we were furnished with shanty tents after having laid out in the week of the 25th of November till the 19th of December. These tents are a poor substitute for shelter, being made of common brown ten cent muslin. Each soldier is entitled to one piece six feet square. They are arranged with buttons on three sides so that they can be buttoned together, having two forks and a ridge pole. These men are allowed to go together in one of these tents which are formed of three