

TERMS OF THE GLOBE.

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PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

**THE NAME OF THIS FIRM HAS BEEN CHANGED**  
**SCOTT, BROWN & BAILEY,**  
under which name they will hereafter conduct their  
business as **ATTORNEYS AT LAW, HUNTINGDON, PA.**  
PENSIONERS and claimants of soldiers' and sailors' rights  
against the Government, will be promptly prosecuted.  
May 17, 1865-18.

**K. A. LOVELL,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
Promote and defend interests will be given to the  
collection of all claims against the Government for back  
pay, bounty, pension, etc.  
OFFICE—With J. W. Matton, Esq., in the brick row  
nearly opposite the Court House.  
April 15, 1865.

**W. A. STEPHENS,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
Office in the Brick Row, nearly opposite the Court  
House.  
Huntingdon, Dec. 15, 1865.

**LAW ASSOCIATION.**  
The undersigned have associated themselves together  
in the practice of law in the City of Huntingdon, Pa.  
and will be known as the **LAW ASSOCIATION.**  
J. W. MATTON, J. W. BENDIS, J. SEWELL STEWART.  
July 20, 1864.

**J. D. CAMPBELL,**  
**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
Office in the Brick Row, nearly opposite the Court  
House.  
Huntingdon, Dec. 15, 1865.

**GEO. W. SWARTZ,**  
**Clock & Watch Maker,**  
At the old stand of Swartz & McCabe,  
HILL STREET, HUNTINGDON, PA.  
July 10, 1865-66.

**Exchange Hotel,**  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
WM. C. MCNULTY, PROPRIETOR,  
formerly of the Franklin Hotel, Chambersburg.  
TERMS LIBERAL.  
May 1, 1865-17.

**THE JACKSON HOTEL,**  
HUNTINGDON, PA.  
HENRY SMITH, PROPRIETOR.  
Huntingdon, Aug. 23, 1865.

**Auctioneer.**  
**JOHN MEGAHAN**  
Informs the public that he has taken out a license to  
act as an auctioneer in the City of Huntingdon, Pa.  
and will be known as **JOHN MEGAHAN, AUCTIONEER.**  
Huntingdon, Pa.  
April 12, 1865.

**R. ALLISON MILLER,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Has removed to the Brick Row opposite the Court House.  
April 12, 1865.

**J. E. GREENE,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Office removed to opposite the store of  
D. P. Miller, in the square, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa.  
April 12, 1865.

**DR. D. P. MILLER,**  
Office opposite the store of J. E. Greene, offers his services  
as a dentist in the City of Huntingdon and vicinity.  
not-dms

**DR. JOHN MCQUILLON,** offers his  
professional services to the citizens of Huntingdon  
and vicinity. Office on Hill street, one door east of Reed's  
Drug Store.  
Aug. 23, 1865.

**S. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medi-**  
cines, Perfumery, Dry Goods, Oils, &c. Also—Gro-  
ceries, Confectioneries, &c.  
Huntingdon, Pa.

**JAMES A. BROWN,**  
Dealer in Hardware, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, &c., Hunt-  
ingdon, Pa.

**H. ROMAN,**  
Dealer in Ready Made Clothing, Hats and Caps,  
Shirts and Shaws, &c.  
Huntingdon, Pa.

**D. P. GWIN,**  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queens-  
ware, Hats and Caps, Shirts and Shaws, &c.  
Huntingdon, Pa.

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Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware,  
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**C. LONG & CO., Dealers in Candles,**  
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burg, Pa. Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, &c.

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chine Sewing Machine, Huntingdon, Pa.

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Dealer in Books, Stationery and Musical Instru-  
ments, Huntingdon, Pa.

**BILL POSTER**  
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men in the City of Huntingdon, Pa. and vicinity.  
Huntingdon, Aug. 16, 1865. JOHN KOPIN.

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# The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor.

—PERSEVERE—

TERMS, \$2.00 a year in advance.

VOL. XXI. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1865. NO. 23.

## The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

### The Battle-Field of Gettysburg.

A GRAPHIC AND ACCURATE PICTURE.

To the editor of The Press:

Sir:—I have just returned from a visit to Gettysburg, and if you choose to accompany me in a long ramble over the field and hear what a participant in the battle has to say, well and good. In the main, "I tell the story as 'twas told to me;" but it is hard to say anything new upon a theme already backlaid. You newspaper people have, I know, what most people have a horror of—long articles; therefore, "for fear your readers should grow skittish," you have my full permission to abbreviate, expunge or omit, at your pleasure. Assuming this article, then, to have escaped the fate of your waste paper basket, start with me on this fine November morning, out on the Emmetsburg road. For our companion and guide we have Captain A. F. Canvada, a gallant and accomplished young officer, who served all through from Yorktown to Petersburg, and for nearly two years on the staff of Major General Humphreys.

About a mile out we halt. The Captain looks at his watch. "Now I begin to feel at home. Let me take an observation, as these fences were not here then. All right. I've got it now. Do you see that big walnut on the ridge over there? That was General Humphreys' headquarters on the morning of Thursday, July 2d. Almost worn out with hard marching, I was aroused from my weary bivouac at daylight, and ordered to post Colonel Tilgham's regiment—the 26th Pennsylvania—on picket along here. Later in the day, the right of our division, Carr's brigade, held this brick house. Further down was posted Turnbull's battery. There, below that barn, stood Lieut. Seeley's, and still further towards our left, the batteries of Birney's division, under Livingston, Smith, Randolph, Clark and Winslow. I mention them all, for never were guns handled more beautifully. All suffered fearfully—Seeley's especially. He had hardly a man or horse left standing, and was himself severely wounded. He was a gallant officer, and had risen from the ranks. Now go with me into that orchard. I want to find a certain apple tree which served as a rendezvous during the day for our staff officers and our orderlies. At one period, standing under it, with Captains Humphreys and McClellan, a shell exploded in the tree, killing three of our poor orderlies besides striking my horse. We found the tree's limbs were shattered, and the top entirely gone.

"About two o'clock the whole Third Corps moved out in line of battle over the open ground, and a more magnificent spectacle of living valley rolling on the foe, I never witnessed. Away over on that bare spot of rising ground the rebels had planted two batteries with which they enfiladed our whole line, fairly sweeping it from right to left. Lord! how they pitched it into us! Longstreet's infantry debouched from those woods, and in a short time all around where we are standing—along this road, through that peach orchard, away down toward Round Top, for hours the battle raged. Gen. Sickles was wounded near the large barn. How well I remember this spot of ground. It was here, behind that stone fence, that I had been ordered to post Colonel Burling's brigade. On my way back, I passed the 114th Pa. Regiment, then commanded by my brother, Lieut. Colonel F. F. Canvada. It had just been ordered to an advanced position, beyond the road. I rode up, and shook hands with my brother. "Good bye, Fred, look out for yourself; you are going into a hot place, and are sure to catch it." So it turned out, for in 114th, in connection with the 68th Pa. Col. Tiffin, had a bloody fight of it, and lost heavily. My brother and his brigade commander, General Graham, were both taken prisoners, the latter severely wounded. I never saw the rebels fight with such diabolical fury. The most murderous fire—cannon, shrapnel, and musketry—was poured into their very faces, as it were, but nothing stopped them. The 3d Corps, those heroes of Chancellorsville, and other bloody fields, led by Birney, Humphreys, De Trobriand, Ward, Carr and Graham—never fought more heroically.

A word of criticism here. At one period of the battle, Birney, being hard pressed, called upon Gen. Sykes, in command of the 5th corps, for assistance. Sykes had been ordered to support the 3d if called upon, but he

returned for answer that he "would be up in time—that his men were tired and were making coffee!" They did come up in about an hour, and says Gen. Warren, in his testimony, "the troops under General Sykes arrived barely in time to save Round Top, and they had a very desperate fight to hold it." And again of the operations next day. "When the repulse took place, Gen. Meade intended to move forward and assault the enemy in turn. He ordered an advance of the Fifth Corps, but it was carried on so slowly that it did not amount to much, if any thing." Gen. George Sykes is a brave man, but entirely "too slow," so at least General Grant seemed to think, for in the subsequent reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, the services of "Tardy George," No. 2, were dispensed with. The 5th, as a corps, has a glorious record, and never failed to fight well when properly handled.

To resume the captain's narrative. "As the afternoon wore on the pressure became greater and greater, until at last our whole corps, with the exception of Carr's brigade and a few other regiments, was hurled down the slope, broken and discomfited, the rebels following in hot pursuit. Our losses were frightful. In our division, of 5,000 men, our loss was nearly 2,000."

"Well, Captain, you saw most of the heavy fighting done by this army, tell me, were you ever in a hotter place than this?" "Never but once—and that reminds me of a little story. In the attack upon the enemy's position at the first Fredericksburg fight, our division was ordered to storm the heights. As we were preparing to move, General Humphreys—always a very polite man—turned round to his staff, and in his blandest manner remarked, "Young gentlemen, I intend to lead this assault, and shall be happy to have the pleasure of your company." Of course, the invitation was too polite to be declined. That was the roughest place I ever was in, and I can't conceive, even to this day, how any of us got back alive."

"Our division lost nearly 1,000 men in about fifteen minutes. In this stamp of business, my horse received a second wound, and fell dead under me. I managed to scramble over the ridge, where our men were being rallied, soon after the sun went down and the rebels were beaten back beyond the road."

"Capt. Chester, of my military family, was seen to go down in the meloe, and after nightfall a party started out in search of him. We found him near that large flat rock, alive, but grievously wounded. His horse and faithful orderly both lay dead beside him, and across his legs a rebel soldier, who he had killed with his revolver, while in the act of plundering him of his watch. He was taken up tenderly, and conveyed to the hospital on Rock creek, where he died next day."

"With heavy hearts we now set about the task of burying such of our poor fellows as were within reach. Always the saddest of a soldier's duties, it was peculiarly so upon this occasion, for all felt that the rising sun would bring with it a repetition of this day's horrors, and that, perhaps, at this hour to-morrow, some comrade might be performing this same sad office for us."

"Now and then the prayers were said, and we spoke not a word of sorrow, as we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead, and bitterly thought on the morrow."

In course of the day we paid a visit to Mr. Sherley's house, where we were most hospitably received. The house stands about the centre of the field, and is riddled, from garret to basement. Traces of the conflict are to be seen on every side, including the last resting place of many poor Southerners. Mr. Sherley's barn was burnt during the fight, and some of the wounded who sought refuge there perished in the flames. "These," said Mrs. Sherley, producing some tin cans, "contain peaches that were growing in our orchard over there at the time of the battle. These are my trophies." In the front garden grows the beautiful shrub known as the "burning bush," luxuriant with its crop of bright red berries, typical of the blood shed at its roots. "Take some of the berries with you, and plant them," said the kind old lady; "they will grow anywhere, and will be pleasant mementoes of Gettysburg."

We next made our way to Little Round Top, where we had the pleasure of meeting Colonel Batchelder. This gentleman is engaged in collecting the details of the battle, and will, no doubt, produce a book of equal interest with his great map. I was sorry to hear him say that he intends designating this as "Wood's Hill," in honor of the general who fell on its top. Honor the memory of the brave man in some other way, Colonel, but don't seek to change this name. As

"Little Round Top" it has already passed into history, and so it will be known forever. There are few finer views of the whole field than from this point, and here took place the closest and most sanguinary fighting of Thursday. In front and to the right the 5th Corps had a heavy thing of it. On the height fought two of the noblest soldiers of the army, Vincent and Rice. The former laid down his life here, the latter at Spotsylvania the year after. All the little stone walls thrown up between the huge boulders are still here. In fact, nothing is changed. Would that this could be said of other parts of the field. Inscriptions upon the rock mark the spots where Vincent and Hazlett fell. Here, too, at the early age of twenty-five, fell that accomplished soldier, Col. O'Rourke, of the 140th New York. Graduating at the head of his class, two years before, he was at once assigned to duty in the field, and soon became distinguished for his reckless and impetuous courage. He was struck while mounted upon a rock gallantly animating his men. Fortunately, the extreme left was held by that splendid regiment the 20th Maine, then under the command of Col. Chamberlain, afterwards one of Sheridan's heroes of the Five Forks. Firing away their last cartridge, Chamberlain ordered his regiment to charge down the hill, and succeeded in clearing its sides with the bayonet. The remarkable ledge of rocks known as the "Devil's Den," directly opposite Round Top, was occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, one of whom had a safe position with the rifle, and picked off our men with fatal accuracy. The face of the boulder behind which he lay is covered with marks of the minnies sent at him. One even "went for him" clean through the crevice, but missed. He was finally dislodged by a charge, and escaped through an opening to the rear. Seven muskets, it is said, were found in his hiding place. There is room enough for fifty. On the slope in front of this den lie bleaching the bones of the brave soldiers who, with our superb Pennsylvania Reserves, was to the right and front of Little Round Top. Brigadier General Zook and Colonel Jeffords—the latter of the 4th Michigan—were killed in the field beyond. Colonel Jeffords was killed by a bayonet thrust, while gallantly holding up with his own hands the colors of his regiment. Near that ploughed field, charging at the head of his brave "Backsails," fell our Chester county neighbor, Col. Fredrick Taylor. No death in the whole army was more sincerely mourned.

"Many the ways that lead to death, but few Grandly and nobly in glory's gate. Standing wherever free men dare their fate, Determined, as they were, to die or fly."

We now proceed along the line held by us on Friday, Colonel B. politely acting as guide. In that little grove close to our lines, fell the rebel General Barksdale on Thursday. This violent, brawling rebel started in search of "his rights," and this little pile of stones here marks the spot where he is presumed to have found them. It is said he was drunk when he started on the charge, and this may account for his headlong, reckless bravery. True or not, the story is still extant. Here, in the thickest of the fight, exposing himself like a common soldier, the gallant Gen. Hancock received his wound. That advanced line of works was held by the Vermont brigade. It was commanded by General Stannard, who subsequently gave an arm to the cause on the James. A pile of knapsacks, just as they were unused, still lie mouldering here—on one the inscription "10th Vermont" is still visible. Even now the debris of battle—hats, shoes, cartridge boxes, bayonet scabbards, canteens, &c.—lie scattered all over the field. Next we come to the position held by the Philadelphia Brigade, composed of the 69th—Padley Owens' regulars; the 72d; Baxter's Zouaves; and that splendid fighting regiment, the 71st, or California, commanded originally by the lamented Baker, and subsequently by our gallant fellow townsman, Colonel John Markoe, and R. Penn Smith. This brigade—veteran fighters, every man of them—was led upon this occasion by a gallant New Yorker, Brig. General Webb, and nobly was the honor of both cities sustained. "Would that I had in my power to particularize all the organizations conspicuous for courage and conduct in this great battle, but that would be to mention almost every regiment, battery, and squadron engaged. From here we have an excellent view of Seminary Ridge, the line of woods whence the rebels issued and the beautiful level fields over which they swept in their grand charge. This certainly is the most magnificent battle field in the world.

The heights of La Belle Alliance and Mont Saint Jean in some respects resemble our Cemetery and Seminary Ridge, with the same gentle, undulating valley intervening; but at Waterloo the principal road runs at right angles, while here, parallel with the position.

Speaking of the bombardment which preceded the charge, that experienced soldier, General Hancock, says: "It was the most terrific cannonade I ever witnessed, and the most prolonged." A rebel eye-witness describing it, says: "I have never yet heard such tremendous artillery firing. The very earth shook beneath our feet, and the hills and rocks seemed to reel like a drunken man. For one hour and a half the most terrific firing was continued, during which time the shrieking of shells, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rock flying through the air, shattered from the cliffs by solid shot; the heavy muttering from the valley between the opposing armies, the splash of bursting shrapnel, and the fierce neighing of wounded artillery horses, made a picture terribly grand and sublime." After this came the charge. Our eighty guns, planted on the crest from Cemetery Hill to Round Top, "volleyed and thundered," and, when the infantry joined in the chorus, so terrible was the fire that tore through them that the rebel columns presented the extraordinary spectacle of ten thousand men playing at "leap frog." In spite of every effort, the flower of Lee's veterans, directed by tried leaders such as Garnett, Armistead, Kemper, Wright, Posey and Mahone, failed in carrying our position, although at one or two points they charged up to, and even over it. "What other than Southern troops would have made that charge?" Ay, sir, but what other than Northern would have met and repulsed it? Northern endurance, upon this occasion, was too much for Southern impetuosity and dash. "There swung the pine against the palm." In the bloody ruck hundreds of their best officers were slain. It was the turning point, on that day of July went down the sun of "the Confederacy" forever! Although known as "Pickett's charge," Gen. Graham, whom I met here yesterday, informs me that Pickett himself was not in it. He describes him as a coarse, brutal fellow, and says he treated him with the greatest inhumanity after the battle, whilst wounded, and a prisoner in his hands. The rebel corps commanders either did not expose themselves as freely as our own, or they had better luck, for none were hit, whilst we lost one, Reynolds; killed; and two, Hancock and Sickles, wounded. The story told in Blackwood, by Col. Freemantle, of the British army, who was present, may help to explain it. He says that carried away by excitement, he rushed up to Longstreet, who was sitting on a fence, "quietly whittling a stick," whilst watching the charge, and said, "General, isn't this splendid? I wouldn't have missed it for the world?" "The d—! you wouldn't," replied Longstreet; "why don't you see we are getting licked like h—!" We now crossed the Baltimore pike, calling on our way at the small frame building, on the Taneytown road, used as the headquarters of Gen. Meade on Friday. This will always be a point of great interest. The house is sadly shattered, and the poor widow who owns it complains bitterly of her losses. "When I comes home, my house was all over blood; the 'sojers' took away all my covarits and quilts, two tons of hay, they spilled my spring, my apple-trees and every thing." She says a couple of hundred dollars would be a great help to her, and thinks she should get "from somevay." Sure enough, why shouldn't the poor woman get it? In the garden of a cottage in the little village of Waterloo the visitor is shown the monument erected over the Marquis of Anglessea's leg, and the poor peasant has made quite a little fortune by exhibiting the boot cut from the leg, and the table upon which the amputation was performed. This hint might not be thrown away upon a more enterprising person, but I doubt if this poor, old, frowzy German woman will ever profit by it. To the right of Cemetery Hill was stationed the battery so famously assaulted by Hays' brigade of Louisiana Tigers. The limboes and traverses remain undisturbed, and grass grown.

The little empiere in front was held, and with distinguished honor, by that conscientious and patriotic soldier, Brigadier General Wadsworth. The works thrown up by our men on Culp's Hill are still to be seen, except such portion of the timber as is being removed by the owner of the ground. Only think of the meanness of the man

who is pulling to pieces these monuments, and converting the timber into fence rails and cord wood! The effect of the furious fire poured upon Ewell's swarming columns is visible enough. Hardly a rock or a tree in front of these works has escaped. Many of the trees are covered and scarred with bullets as high as fifty feet from the ground. There was "wild," as well as deadly shooting here on that fearful Thursday night and early Friday morning. Along this rough, rocky hill fought our Geary, and that distinguished Rhode Islander, Brigadier General Green. Five months after, at the desperate midnight battle of Watahatchie, in Lookout Valley, this indomitable fighting officer only added to the laurels already gained at Antietam and Gettysburg. An inscription on a tree close by tells the story of a large mound in the ravine below: "To the right lie buried forty-five rebels!" From here we struck across to the scene of the first day's fight. In the following communication to Gov. Curtin, General Cutler tells us how the battle opened: "I owe a duty to one of our regiments, the 56th, and its brave commander, Col. J. W. Hoffman. It was my fortune to be in the advance on the morning of July 1st. The atmosphere being a little thick, I took out my glass to examine the enemy, being a few paces in front of Col. H., he turned to me and inquired, 'Is that the enemy?' My reply was 'Yes.' Turning to his men, he commanded, 'Ready—right oblique—aim—fire!' and the battle of Gettysburg was opened. The fire was followed by other regiments instantly, still, that battle on the soil of Pennsylvania was opened by her own sons, and it is just that it should become a matter of history." Here is the ground fought over by our brave cavalrymen, under Pleasanton, Buford, Kilpatrick, Farnsworth, Merritt, Custer and Gregg. Never, in any preceding campaign, had the cavalry of this army rendered such distinguished and invaluable service. To meet the enemy was to overthrow them, until, at last, it was only with the largest difficulty that Stuart's next point reached was the scene of the bloody though unavailing struggle of the 1st and 11th Corps. The marks of battle still abound, but the interest centres in the spot where Reynolds was killed. The General was nearly up with the skirmish line—no place, say military men, for a corps commander; "but that was just like John Reynolds," and he had just despatched several of his aids, Capt. Baird, Rosengarten and Riddle, on some special duties, and was himself watching the deployment of a brigade of Wisconsin troops, when the fatal bullet, fired by a sharpshooter, struck him in the neck and he fell off his horse dead. Poor Reynolds!

"There have been tears and breaking hearts for these."

We now stand in the National Cemetery, on Cemetery Hill. Who can stand unmoved in this silent city of the dead. Here repose the precious offerings laid upon the altar of the country by the loyal States. Ordinarily the filling up of a cemetery is slow work—the work of years. Three days sufficed to fill this! And what is the reward of those brave men for their weeks of weary marching and days and nights of fearful fighting? "Two paces of the vilest earth!" Here they lie, "those unnamed demigods" of the rank and file. "Unknown!" "unknown!" the only epitaph of hundreds. Yes, here they lie, "massed" with beautiful military precision, rank upon rank, as if awaiting the order to appear in review before the Great Commander in chief of us all!

"Up many a fortress wall  
They charged—whose legs in blue  
March'd on the roll of blood what immes-  
To Freedom's memory, and to Fame's!  
Last there their last immortal call!"  
So ends my story of Gettysburg.  
G. J. G.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1865.

In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle a matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," rejoined an interrupter, "that is precisely what you want!" The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

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### Proclamation by the Governor.

The 7th of December appointed a State Thanksgiving Day.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 7.—The following proclamation was issued to-day:  
With feelings of the most profound gratitude to Almighty God, I invite the good people of the Commonwealth to meet in their places of public worship on Thursday, the seventh day of December next, and raise their hearts and voices in praise and thanksgiving to Him, not only for the manifest ordinary blessings which, during the past year, he has continued to heap upon us, for abundant and gathered harvests, for thriving industry, for general health, for domestic good order and government, but also most expressly and fervently for his unequalled goodness in having so strengthened and guarded our people during the last four years that they have been enabled to crush to the earth the late wicked rebellion—to exterminate the system of human slavery, which caused it. As we wrestled in prayer with Him in the dark time of our trouble, when our brothers and sons were staking life and limb for us on a bloody field, or suffering by torture or famine in the halls of Andersonville or the Libby, so now, when our supplications have been so marvelously and graciously answered, let us not withhold from Him the homage of our thanksgiving. Let us say to all, "Choose, ye, this day, whom ye will serve; but for us and our houses, we will serve the Lord." Come, then, ye people whom He hath so loved and led; come ye war worn and mangled men whom He hath spared to return to your dear homes, let us throng the gates of His temples; let us throw ourselves on the knees of our hearts with a wilful joy at the foot of His throne, and render aloud our praise and thanks giving to Him, because He hath made the right to prevail; because He hath given us the victory; because He hath cleansed our land from the stain of human slavery; and because He hath graciously shown forth in the eyes of all men the great truth that no god-cursed, moral and religious people.

### A National Thanksgiving.

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God during the year which is now coming to an end, to relieve our beloved country from the fearful scourge of civil war, and to permit us to secure the blessings of peace, unity, and harmony, with a great enlargement of civil liberty; And whereas our Heavenly Father has also during the year graciously averted from us the calamities of foreign war, pestilence and famine; while our granaries are full of the fruits of an abundant season; And whereas righteousness exalteth a nation, while sin is a reproach to any people:

Now, therefore, be it known, that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby recommend to the people thereof that they do set apart and observe the first Thursday of December next as a day of National Thanks—given to the Creator of the Universe for these deliverances and blessings. And I do, further, recommend, that on that occasion the whole people make confession of our national sins against His infinite goodness; and with one heart and one mind implore the Divine guidance in the ways of national virtue and holiness.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-eighth day of October, 1865, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the nineteenth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.  
By the President,  
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

A ten years old Sunday school boy was asked by his teacher, not long since, what the phylacteries of the Pharisees were. "Broad hats," such as ladies wear on their dresses," was the reply. "But the Pharisees didn't wear them for the same reason that the ladies do, did they?" "O, yes," was the wicked answer, "to be seen of men."

A gentleman, praising the personal charms of a very plain woman in the presence of Foote, the latter said, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" What right have I to her?" exclaimed the gentleman. "Every right," by the law of nations," replied Foote; "every right, as the first discoverer."

"Where do you hail from?" queried a Yankee of a traveller. "Where do you rain from?" "Don't rain at all," said the astonished Jonathan. "Neither do I hail, so mind your own business."