

The Huntington Journal.

VOL. 49.

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1874.

NO. 26.

The Huntington Journal

J. R. DURBORROW, J. A. NASH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Office in new JOURNAL Building, Fifth Street.

The HUNTINGDON JOURNAL is published every Wednesday, by J. R. DURBORROW and J. A. NASH, under the firm name of J. R. DURBORROW & CO., at \$2.00 per annum, IN ADVANCE, or \$2.50 if not paid for in six months from date of subscription, and \$3 if not paid within the year.

No paper discontinued, unless at the option of the publishers, until all arrearages are paid. No paper, however, will be sent out of the State unless absolutely paid for in advance.

Transient advertisements will be inserted at TWELVE AND A-HALF CENTS per line for the first insertion, SEVEN AND A-HALF CENTS for the second, and FIVE CENTS per line for all subsequent insertions.

Regular quarterly and yearly business advertisements will be inserted at the following rates:

	3m	6m	9m	1y	3m	6m	9m	1y
1 inch	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
2 "	10 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	20 00	40 00	60 00	80 00
4 "	20 00	40 00	60 00	80 00	40 00	80 00	120 00	160 00

Local notices will be inserted at FIFTEEN CENTS per line for each and every insertion.

All Resolutions of Associations, Communications of Limits or Notices of Meetings, all party announcements, and notices of Marriages and Deaths, exceeding five lines, will be charged TEN CENTS per line.

Legal and other notices will be charged to the party having them inserted.

Advertising Agents must find their commission outside of these figures.

All advertising accounts are due and collectible when the advertisement is once inserted.

JO ADVERTISING of every kind, in Plain and Fancy Colours, done with neatness and dispatch.—Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets, &c., every variety and style, printed at the shortest notice, and every thing in the Printing line will be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.

Professional Cards.

A. P. W. JOHNSTON, Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Huntingdon, Pa. Office: No. 115 Third Street. aug21,1872.

B. V. BROWN, J. M. BAILEY, BROWN & BAILEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Office 24 door east of First National Bank. Prompt personal attention will be given to all legal business entrusted to their care, and to the collection and remittance of claims. Jan. 7, 71.

D. R. H. W. BUCHANAN, DENTIST, No. 223 Hill Street, HUNTINGDON, PA. July 5, '72.

D. CALDWELL, Attorney-at-Law, No. 111, 2d Street. Office formerly occupied by Messrs. Woods & Williamson. [ap12,71.

D. R. A. B. BRUMBAUGH, offers his professional services to the community. Office, No. 523 Washington street, one door east of the Catholic Parsonage. [Jan. 4, 71.

E. J. GREENE, Dentist. Office removed to Lester's new building, Hill street, Huntingdon. [Jan. 4, 71.

G. L. ROBB, Dentist, office in S. T. Brown's new building, No. 529, Hill St., Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.

H. C. MADDEN, Attorney-at-Law, Office, No. 111, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [ap12,71.

J. FRANKLIN SCHOCK, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Prompt attention given to all legal business. Office 229 Hill street, corner of Court House Square. [dec. 4, 72.

J. SYLVANUS BLAIR, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office, Hill street, near door west of Smith. [Jan. 4, 71.

J. CHALMERS JACKSON, Attorney-at-Law, Office with Wm. Dorris, Esq., No. 40, Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. All legal business promptly attended to. [Jan. 15.

J. R. DURBORROW, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa., will practice in the several Courts of Huntingdon county. Particular attention given to the settlement of estates of decedents. Office in the JOURNAL Building. [Feb. 1, 71.

J. W. MATTEEN, Attorney-at-Law and General Claim Agent, Huntingdon, Pa. Soldiers' claims against the Government for back pay, bounty, widows' and invalid pensions attended to with great care and promptness. Office, No. 111, Hill street. [Jan. 4, 71.

L. S. GEISSINGER, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Office one door East of R. M. Speer's office. [Feb. 5-17.

K. ALLEN LOVELL, J. HALL MUSSEY, LOVELL & MUSSEY, Attorneys-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to COLLECTIONS of all kinds; to the settlement of estates of all kinds; and all other legal business prosecuted with fidelity and dispatch. [Nov. 6, 72.

R. A. ORBISON, Attorney-at-Law, Office, 231 Hill street, Huntingdon, Pa. [May 31, 71.

WILLIAM A. FLEMING, Attorney-at-Law, Huntingdon, Pa. Special attention given to collections, and all other legal business attended to with care and promptness. Office, No. 229, Hill street. [ap12,71.

Hotels.

JACKSON HOUSE, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE UNION DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. A. B. ZIGLER, Prop. Nov. 12, 73-6m.

MORRISON HOUSE, OPPOSITE PENNSYLVANIA R. R. DEPOT, HUNTINGDON, PA. J. H. CLOVER, Prop. April 5, 1871-1y.

Miscellaneous.

H. ROBLEY, Merchant Tailor, in Lester's Building (second floor), Huntingdon, Pa., respectfully solicits a share of public patronage from town and country. [Oct. 6, 72.

R. A. BECK, Fashionable Barber and Hairdresser, Hill street, opposite the Franklin House. All kinds of Tonics and Pomades kept on hand for sale. [ap19,71-6m.

HOFFMAN & SKEESE, Manufacturers of all kinds of CHAIRS, and dealers in PARLOR and KITCHEN FURNITURE, corner of Fifth and Washington streets, Huntingdon, Pa. All articles will be sold cheap. Particular and prompt attention given to repairing. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. [Jan. 16, 73.

W. M. WILLIAMS, MANUFACTURER OF MARBLE MANTLES, MONUMENTS, HEADSTONES, &c., HUNTINGDON, PA. PLASTER PARIS COULDBERS, AND ALSO SLATE MANTLES FURNISHED TO ORDER. Jan. 4, 71.

GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE on all kinds of printing.

FOR ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, GO TO THE JOURNAL OFFICE

Printing.

TO ADVERTISERS:

THE HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

BY J. R. DURBORROW & J. A. NASH.

Office in new JOURNAL building Fifth St.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM IN CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.

CIRCULATION 1700.

HOME AND FOREIGN ADVERTISEMENTS INSERTED ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A FIRST CLASS NEWSPAPER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.00 per annum in advance. \$2.50 within six months. \$3.00 if not paid within the year.

JOB PRINTING: ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, AND IN THE LATEST AND MOST IMPROVED STYLE, SUCH AS POSTERS OF ANY SIZE, CIRCULARS, BUSINESS CARDS, WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, BALL TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CONCERT TICKETS, ORDER BOOKS, SEGAR LABELS, RECEIPTS, LEGAL BLANKS, PHOTOGRAPHER'S CARDS, BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS, PAMPHLETS, PAPER BOOKS, ETC., ETC., ETC., ETC.

Our facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing superior to any other establishment in the county. Orders by mail promptly filled. All letters should be addressed, J. R. DURBORROW & CO.

The Muses' Power.

[Original.]

Bombast.

BY A. BIGGE PHILE.

Now, seated in deep meditation, my mind would fledge an oration, Concerning the mental inflation, Permeating a class of mankind; Behold the great modern reformers, Upon every village street corner, Explaining to loafers and scorners The science of matter and mind.

Descanting on themes, to their nature As foreign in every feature, As an apple is to a potato, They edify many no doubt; The minds of the masses instructing, New eras in wisdom inducing, And solidly thereby confounding.

In every section you'll find them; They leave their disciples behind them; If in a corn mill you would grind them, No stomach would appear; They deem themselves wisely created, To teach the unlearned and thick-pated, And by their great wisdom inflated, They shed for their fellows a tear.

But let us, with caution, examine The motives of these sons of mammon; We shall discover, "gammon" Protrudes from their every eye; Their fancy bombastic orations, "To street arabs" and their relations, Are actions to bring changes about, But to show that their knowledge runs high.

The Story-Teller.

MABEL CLIFTON'S REWARD.

Mabel Clifton sat before one of the windows of her father's magnificent mansion, and a servant stood in waiting.

She was making out a list of the articles wanted for next day. Coming footsteps arrested her attention. The crimson flush deepened on her bright young face as "Oh!" in a tone of deep regret, escaped her lips.

She turned around for an instant of thought and said: "John, I am not just ready to finish this list, and shall not set it for an hour yet. If you have anything to attend to in the meantime you can do it."

Mr. Clifton had been reading in a distant part of the room. Hearing the door close after John's departure, he said: "You have not forgotten to send for those wine I spoke of, my dear?"

"He has not gone yet, papa." "Ah, well, do not do it too late. They will be very busy to-night," her father said.

"Papa," "Well?" "A boon, papa. Promise to grant me this last day of the year, my boon?"

"What is it, my love?" "I wish to grant my first."

"Not in ignorance, my child." "Trust me, father." She had an eager, earnest, noble look in her eyes that her father did trust in, and he promised her.

"Well, you shall have your own way." "Father, let us obtain from using any wine to-morrow!"

"What! No, no; I cannot grant you that. No wine! Why child, have you gone crazy! For twenty five years past I have offered my friends wine on New Year's day, and never have felt that I was doing wrong. What has come over you?"

"Oh, father, I have never felt just right when offering me wine, and just now, when I was making out the order for John, I chanced to raise my eyes just as Edgar Livingston was passing. I needed but a glance to see he was much under the influence of liquor. His mother is a widow; he only child; all her earthly hopes are in him. Will they not be wrecked, think you, if he indulges in the wine cup? To-morrow he will offer many calls. Beautiful women will offer him wine. He will not have courage, or possibly wish, to decline. To-morrow night, most likely, then, he will return home to fill his mother's heart with sorrow. I don't wish to contribute one drop to the bitter cup."

"My dear, whether we have wine or not, with him it will be all the same. As you say, he will make many calls."

"Father, if you had a son you would think differently. Think how many young men of the brightest future have failed, my wine, worn, and disgraced and early grave from the love of wine. I feel as if Edgar Livingston stood on the brink of a fearful precipice. Father, do stretch out your strong arm to draw him—if only step by step. If we do not save him it will be a comfort to think that we urged him not forward on his fatal course."

"Why, Mabel, you are very much interested in the young man. Am I to conclude—"

"Nothing more than for his own and his mother's sake. I would endeavor to save him, or any other young man in his danger, father. Here will be one of his first calls. Possibly I can detain him long enough to prevent him from visiting my places where he would be exposed to great temptation. Oh, father, please grant me this?"

"Really, dear, I feel disposed to grant this wish, but so many will be disappointed. Besides, I have not the courage to make this great change and set the neighbors to work speculating about the cause of it. Some will declare I am about to fail; others that I have grown penurious. Ah, John, what is it?"

Just then the servant entered and handed him an envelope, and said: "A telegram, sir."

Mr. Clifton quickly tore it open, read it, and exclaimed: "Really, this is too bad, but I must go. John, here—"

And hastily writing a few words for a return dispatch, he handed it to the servant, and turning to Mabel, said: "My old friend Hartwell is dying and begs that I will hasten to him; I cannot deny him. So you will have to entertain my friends to-morrow, and explain to them the reason of my failing to see them, the first time for so many years."

"And—well, dear, you can do as you choose about the bill of fare. As I shall not be at home the folks will not hold me responsible for what happens in my absence."

"Oh, thank you, papa, for permission to do as I choose. I will willingly take all kinds of remarks if any one feels like making them. But I am confident that all who are sons will give me their kindest wishes for withholding temptation from their boys. And to the young men I shall try to make myself agreeable, and have our cook make the coffee so very fine that they will go away quite well pleased and with their brains a good deal clearer

than if I had entertained them with wine." An hour after this Mr. Clifton was on his way to the side of his dying friend, and Mabel sat down and wrote:

December 31, 18— DEAR FLORENCE—Come and help me receive my friends to-morrow. Papa has been called away, and I must have you with me, as I am particularly anxious to have my reception a success. Lovingly, MABEL.

"Edgar likes Flora, I can plainly see, and I think she is not wholly indifferent to him. Together I think we can manage to hold him here to-morrow, and thus save his mother a great sorrow, likely," said Mabel.

Mabel Clifton was one of the loveliest girls in P— Friends had wondered that her heart had not yielded to some of her many suitors. They did not know that she had no heart to yield to any of those who had sought it.

The first season she appeared in the select circle in which her father's great wealth and position placed her, she met Ernest Addison.

He was a noble-looking young man, talented, with a heart and mind alike filled with true resolve. To Mabel he had been very attentive, and she grew to love him, feeling sure that the time was not far distant when he would tell her of his love.

But months rolled by and he spoke not. Gradually his visits grew less frequent, until finally they ceased.

What it was that had come between his love and hers she could not think, but she felt perfectly sure that he did love her, and so, hoping that time would solve the mystery, she waited and waited for his coming.

New Year's day came, bright and beautiful. Mabel and her friend Flora never looked lovelier. Mabel explained her wishes and fully infused her own spirit into her friend.

It was impossible for an indifferent person not to feel their powers of fascination. To Edgar Livingston, who was one of their first guests, they were quite irresistible. He lingered on, notwithstanding the efforts of a young friend who accompanied him to draw him away.

"Do stay and help us," said Mabel, and when Flora's beautiful eyes repeated the words, Edgar yielded.

Few, if any, went from the Clifton house dissatisfied. Everything that the heart could desire or mind suggest, in the way of delicacies and luxuries of the season, Mabel offered her guests, but as her father said, many tongues were busy speculating upon it, and in a few hours it was widely known that Miss Clifton was giving a temperance reception.

Eagerly Mabel's eyes sought the door on every new arrival of guests. She had hoped for the coming of one. But the hours passed, and when it grew late in the day the hope faded and almost died out.

She had seated herself wearily in an arm chair, when the same greeting that had fallen on her ear so many times that day, "Happy New Year, Miss Clifton," caused the bright light to return to her eyes and the beautiful flush to her face, as she arose to receive Ernest Addison.

There was an expression in his fine eyes when he received from her hand the fragrant cup of coffee that relieved the suspense of years. Her heart bounded with joy.

Edgar Livingston had drawn Flora to the passers-by. Reeling along the side-walk, shouting a drunken song, came Edgar's companion of the morning. Flora turned from the sickening sight. Edgar followed, saying: "But for you and Miss Clifton, I might have been one of that party."

And going to Mabel, he said: "Miss Clifton, your slumber to-night should be peaceful. You haven't helped to cloud either brain or heart of any of your friends to-day. Accept my warmest thanks for having saved me from both."

Edgar saw an expression in Ernest's eyes that made him think it would be agreeable to all parties if he would organ children. These children, then, very young, would come of age, if they had their rights, succeeded to the possession of a large and valuable estate. In the title deeds of this estate, the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw a way, with the assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title of the whole property to himself.

He opened to Hamilton the whole doct and exhibited copies of the title deeds, and explaining how he would like to proceed. And he promised to the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said he must give to a matter so important due thought before he decided, and set a time for his client to call again. The guardian called again according to appointment. Hamilton had put in a written faithful minute of their former conversation, which upon his second visit, he read aloud.

"I think," said Hamilton, when he had finished reading, "that this is a true statement of your plans?"

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "That is correct, and now if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Hamilton, sternly; "you are now completely in my power, and I consider myself as the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably, to the very last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It was not necessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any further.

In Proportion.

The whole human figure should be six times the length of the feet. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion.

The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is the seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. Height from the feet to the top of the head is the distance from the extremity of the fingers where the arms are extended.

One of the female clerks in the Treasury Department at Washington, recently administered a horse-whipping to a lady whom the Treasury heroine accused of circulating malicious reports about her.

gets to steal and mark it." Mabel said, with a bright smile. "I am glad of it—glad of your resolve, Mabel."

"I'm glad, you will know when I tell you that this morning I closed the eyes of a father whose only son was away in some drinking saloon. How my heart ached for that father! And what a balm it was to think that at that time my daughter was not holding that fatal glass to any young man's lips," said Mr. Clifton, his voice trembling.

Before another New Year's Day, Mabel and Flora each presided over an establishment of her own.

The happy remembrance of their reception is never clouded by the thought that they have added to the cup of bitterness which so many wives, mothers and sisters have to drink—the cup of sorrow which so often prepared for them by sister women.

Heading for the Million.

Ice Water.

One of the most fruitful causes of dyspepsia—our national disease—is, unquestionably, treacherous to the excessive drinking of ice water. We use far more ice in this country than is used in all the world beside. While we are inclined to boast of this as a luxury, we forget that, like many other luxuries, it does a deal of harm. The temperature of the stomach at which digestion takes place, is from 98 to 100 degrees (Fahrenheit). Consequently, the effect of swallowing ice water, which must for a while reduce the temperature from 30 degrees to 40 degrees, at least, cannot be hurtful, and it is habitually indulged in, to insure the disorder so widely prevalent and so distressing in character.

In cities and large towns we are perpetually drinking ice water in winter as well as in summer. We drink it before our meals, after our meals, on going to bed and on getting up. In fact, there is no hour when we are awake that we do not drink it. If you ring the bell at any American hotel, the servant who answers it brings you a pitcher of ice water, supposing that you want that anyhow, and that you must swallow a certain quantity before you are prepared to make your other wishes known.

If you go to breakfast on a bitter cold morning, the first thing the waiter places before you is a goblet of ice water; and the chief enemy he displays is in keeping the goblet full to the brim. Although he may not get you anything you order, you can depend on him for a bounteous supply of the freezing liquid.

Immoderate drinking of any kind is almost entirely due to habit. This is particularly true of ice water, which by spontaneous reaction, has the effect of exciting, rather than allaying thirst. The more we take of it, the more we want. The man who begins with a pint a day, will before a great while, crave half a gallon, and imagine that he cannot do with less.

Meanwhile, his food will have no chance to digest, and temporary indigestion will in due time, become chronic. His deranged stomach will affect his head, and the indulgence of a frolic habit finally results in unhealthy action of the brain, and possibly disturbance of his mental and moral faculties.

The objection is not to water in any reasonable quantities, but to the ice that is put into it. Water that is allowed to run for a while through pipes, or drawn from a well, is as cool, even in summer, as is consistent with perfect health. After drinking it for a time the palate will not ask for ice. It is advisable to vary water with cold tea, coffee, milk or lemonade, since the interchange of these has a tendency to diminish the amount of liquid wanted; and health generally is better preserved by little than by large drinking of any kind.

Anecdote of Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton was once applied to for professional assistance by a man in New York city, who held the guardianship of several orphan children. These children, then, very young, would come of age, if they had their rights, succeeded to the possession of a large and valuable estate. In the title deeds of this estate, the guardian had discovered material defects, and he thought he saw a way, with the assistance of an able lawyer, by which he could secure the title of the whole property to himself.

He opened to Hamilton the whole doct and exhibited copies of the title deeds, and explaining how he would like to proceed. And he promised to the great jurist a large reward if he would undertake the business. Hamilton said he must give to a matter so important due thought before he decided, and set a time for his client to call again. The guardian called again according to appointment. Hamilton had put in a written faithful minute of their former conversation, which upon his second visit, he read aloud.

"I think," said Hamilton, when he had finished reading, "that this is a true statement of your plans?"

"Yes, sir," answered the client. "That is correct, and now if I may ask, what have you decided?"

"I will tell you, sir," replied Hamilton, sternly; "you are now completely in my power, and I consider myself as the future guardian of these unfortunate orphans. I have decided that you will settle with them honorably, to the very last penny, or I will hunt you from the surface of the earth!"

It was not necessary to add that the false-hearted guardian did not pursue his nefarious scheme any further.

Gettysburg.

The Field of Battle as it Looks To-day—Peace and Beauty Shining.

From a spirited Gettysburg letter printed in the *Literary Ocean*, we quote these paragraphs: Standing on Cemetery Hill, facing the whole sweep of the country before us is the battle field. A portion of it belonged to Thaddeus Stevens. Down from the left, is McPherson's barn, from behind which was fired the first Union shot in the battle. Its owner, Edward McPherson, is the veteran Clerk of the house of Representatives. Close by is the wood in which Reynolds fell. In the citizen's cemetery, directly south of where we stand, General O. Howard's corps, the Eleventh, by some of the copings and monuments were shattered, the mounds were trodden flat, and more destruction would have occurred had not Howard ordered the headstones to be laid by the graves.

In order little white house, towards the Emmetsburg road, Meade, commander of the Union forces, faced his headquarters. Lee had none; he tented on the field among his troops. On the right, on the slope leading to Culp's Hill, the Eighth Louisiana fought, driving and driven, a regiment composed of the New Orleans roughs, uniformed in blue and yellow zouave dress, and known, less for their striped command than for their uncontrollable ferocity, as the "Louisiana Tigers."

That over this slope were literally decimated by the shot. Stalwart axes were through and fell, other staid lifeless and perforated with holes, and every stone lays some of them low.

Toward the left, on the Emmetsburg road, is the famous peach orchard where our fighting was done. The original trees, then saplings, are dead since, but the demand for peaches grown on the ground is so great that others have been planted, and hundreds of cans are sent away every season. On the opposite side of the road a new barn stands on the site of the old one, which was fired by rebel shells, when filled with their wounded, were piled there. Behind the peach orchard is another barn, in whose shadow Gen. Sickles' leg was shot off, and opposite that point, on the other side of the road, the rebel Gen. Barksdale received his mortal wound.

Near there, too, is the wheat field that, like the peach orchard, was the theatre of terrible carnage. On the morning of the battle it stood tall and golden, waiting for the mower's hand. By night it was a morass of human flesh and blood. On the ridge to the east, and only a dozen rods from us, the only hand-to-hand fight of the battle occurred. It was towards night of the second day. Some regiments of Ames' division had been driven in from the positions in the lower field and made a stand here. The rebels followed them so swiftly and closely that in an instant almost from the first alarm the two parties were face to face. It was one of the most terrible scenes of the battle. The men fought with hammers, shovels, pistols, ramrods, stones, clubs, even their hands. They were the dead, not men, but they held their ground. The very greatest sight of those awful three days was an attempt made and repulsed on the afternoon of the third. Gradually retiring from its original position, the Union line of battle had formed along the Stone wall stretching at our feet from Culp's Hill, on the right stretched out as evenly as the ground would permit, to the summit of Round Top on the left. Encouraged by his success, and feeling that some decisive movement was imperative. Lee ordered a general artillery attack on the Union lines, to be supplemented by a grand infantry attack that would break and hopelessly rout them.

From one P. M., to three probably the greatest artillery duel ever witnessed in the world's history took the Gettysburg meadows. Cannon on cannon, the under fire, and forth unintermittently, shaking the earth and darkening the burning summer sun. Then there was silence. And while the powder-stained gunners stood by their guns waiting to see what next would come, a line of battle headed by Longstreet emerged from the grove below and faced towards the Union line. It was a third time—solid, unbroken, majestic—moving like a tidal wave.

Then the Union artillery opened on them the most terrible storm of shot and shell that ever men walked through, but unwavering, unflinching, tramping over the dying and the dead, they came swiftly, steadily, grandly. Every Northern soldier who held his breath; each felt that the supreme moment of those dreary years of hardship and defeat had come. Silent, crouched behind walls, sheltered by trees, with their fingers on the triggers of their muskets, they waited with machine-like obedience for the word of command.

Just as the last gray line cleared the woods, and the foremost had crossed the ridge, the Union artillery opened fire, and every Union man sprang to his position, held it, fought on it, and the repulse was complete! That virtually ended the battle. Nor that alone—it was the turning point of the war. There was never another such charge made by the rebels as that which Longstreet headed that day.

About one hundred and eight thousand men were engaged altogether, and the forces were pretty evenly balanced. Lee and Meade were the respective commanders. The First, Second, Third, Fifth, Sixth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps of the Union army, and the First, Second and Third of the Confederate were engaged, these being five or six times as large as our corps. Longstreet, Early, and Bell commanded the rebels respectively. Early was rough and boisterous. Ewell, a delicate, stern-looking, courteous man, who, from the loss of one leg, was obliged to be strapped upon his horse. A negro attendant, who always rode by him carried his crutches. Gordon, who is now in the Senate, fought here under Early's command. Although the rebels levied a contribution, and that being refused, helped themselves to the stores they wanted, they used no discourtesy to the inhabitants, and paid for all they took in Confederate money.

Such is the battle-field of Gettysburg today. Batchelder, who has already done so much to preserve its memories, will one day be its historian. Looking at the peace and beauty that shines in the air and in the face of this memorable earth, there is nothing that being refused, helped themselves to the stores they wanted, they used no discourtesy to the inhabitants, and paid for all they took in Confederate money.

Such is the battle-field of Gettysburg today. Batchelder, who has already done so much to preserve its memories, will one day be its historian. Looking at the peace and beauty that shines in the air and in the face of this memorable earth, there is nothing that being refused, helped themselves to the stores they wanted, they used no discourtesy to the inhabitants, and paid