

attle. The federates approached the outer line of works. They were laboring up the hill. As they reached the low bank in front of the rifle pits, the federal soldiers retreated out of the ditch behind, burning and firing as they went along. It was a hand to hand conflict. Every man fought by himself and for himself. Myriads of the enemy pushed forward down the hill, across into the works, and up to the parapets. All were shouting, and screaming, and swearing, clashing their arms and firing their pieces. The enemy's shells flew over the field upon the federal artillery on the hills above. These, almost disregarding the enemy which raged around them, directed all their fire upon the "striving columns of the enemy's charge." Every available cannon on the "Cemetery Hill," and to the right and left, threw its shells and shot in the valley. The fight was terrible; but despite every effort the enemy pushed up the hill and across the second line of works. The fire became hotter. The fight swung back and forth. One moment the enemy would be at the railings of the cemetery; then a rush from the federal side would drive them down into the valley. Then with one of their horrid screams, they would fiercely run up the hill again, into the cemetery, and have a fierce battle among the tombstones. It was the hardest fight of the day and hundreds were slain there. Reckless daring, however, will not always succeed. Several attempts were made to take the place, but they were not successful; and late in the afternoon, leaving dead and wounded behind them, the enemy's forces slowly retreated up their own hill, and into the woods again.

it had its windows shattered, its walls torn out and its roof in tatters. The fences had all been torn down by passing and reposting troops, and they had been carried off bodily to make barricades or breastworks. The stones previously scattered over the surface of the ground had been collected in piles for rifle pits. Nearly every tree had limbs torn from it, and all bore marks of bullets. Some had their bark stripped off in shreds by the wind of passing shells. The ground was tramped into a bog, and was covered with every conceivable thing—old broken muskets, bayonets and ramrods, pieces of wagons, broken wheels, cartridge boxes, belts, torn clothing, blankets, fragments of shells, and sometimes exploded ones, bullets, cartridges, powder—everything used in war or by soldiers, was scattered around in plenty. The grain and grass, which once grew there, was almost ground to a jelly. Every where could be seen traces of the carnage. Hundreds of dead horses, still unburied, lay on the field; and in boggy places and spots distant from the town, many of the men were still unburied.



Montrose Democrat.
A. J. GERRITSON, Editor.
Thursday, July 25th, 1863.
Democratic State Nominations.
FOR GOVERNOR
GEORGE W. WOODWARD,
OF LUZERNE CO.
FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
WALTER H. LOWRIE,
OF ALLEGHENY CO.
Election, Tuesday, October 13.

Resolved, That inasmuch as the Constitution embodies the only guarantee we have for public liberty and private right, as without it we can have no hope of protection from bloodshed, spoliation and anarchy—the man who sneers at the "Constitution as it is" proves himself to be deficient in the first element of patriotism; and any officer of the State or Federal Government who swears to support the Constitution, and afterwards with that oath on his conscience, willfully violates it is wholly unworthy of public confidence.

A number of communications are unavoidably crowded out of this issue. The "emergency" appears to be about played out in this. Militia regiments have been and are now being mustered out, and returned to their homes. Gen. Briscoe, on Saturday last, informed his brigade (of which the 28th P. M. forms a part), that they would return to Harrisburg to be mustered out as soon as transportation could be procured. The friends of Mr. Gerritson will be glad to learn that he will probably be at home within ten days. Thus far he has been able to stand the arduous campaign with good health and spirits, and is always ready to meet every duty.

Concerts—Lieut. O. W. Avery and Lady, Vocalists, have given two Concerts in this village, within a few days past. Those who were present enjoyed a rich treat of melody. Lieut. Avery was for some time in the army, but severe and continued ill health, from which he is still suffering, obliged him to resign. He is now on a professional tour, with his accomplished and highly gifted lady. Mrs. Avery has a voice of great compass and power, which appears to have been cultivated with skill and hard study. These Concerts have been highly appreciated by large and intelligent audiences in all parts of the county, and are well deserving of public patronage.

A severe storm of wind and rain visited this section on Tuesday morning last. The damage to the crops, and especially corn, is very serious. The wind came with a whirl, breaking the corn stalks, and lodging the heavy grain and grass in a way that looks discouraging to the harvesters.

Headley's History of the War. Among the numerous "Histories of the Great Rebellion," we have seen none that has a greater claim upon the patronage of the public, than that of J. T. Headley, now publishing by Harburt, Williams & Co., Hartford Ct., in two volumes, beautifully illustrated with steel engravings. From a happy glance at specimen pages of the first volume, we believe it to be candid and impartial, and is written in the graphic and attractive style peculiar to Mr. Headley. This book is sold only on subscription. Mr. W. Gill, is now procuring subscribers in this Co.

The Draft. Up to this time, we have not learned that the draft has been ordered in this district, but it will be in a few days. The drawing will take place at Scranton. Taking the quotas in other districts as a guide, this county will have to furnish about 800 men, which, with 50 per cent. additional, to cover discharges, will make the call for about 1200 of every third man in the first class. A ravenous swoop, truly, just as harvest is commencing.

We would call the attention of those liable to draft to a few matters: It is better to furnish an acceptable substitute than to pay the \$300, because such substitute is the only sure protection, except death, against future drafts for at least three years. A person drafted may be exempted at any time on or before the day appointed for his appearance at the rendezvous.

A drafted man claiming exemption from physical disability and failing to procure it on that ground, will be permitted afterward to pay the \$300 or procure a substitute. Persons who were drafted last fall and furnished substitutes, are not exempt from the pending draft. Drafted men failing to report at the designated rendezvous, will be treated as deserters.

The six months volunteers in the service are liable to draft, receiving credit for the time they may serve in their present engagement.

Considerable hostility to the draft is being manifested in different parts of the county, and that opposition is not confined to any particular party. It comes from the laboring men and mechanics—the men of limited or small pecuniary means—in all parties. And the great objection to it is the \$300 and substitute exemptions, which, they argue, and not without reason and justice, favor the rich, at the expense of the poor. To this we doubt not, more than to anything else, may be truly attributed the anti-draft outbreaks in New York, Boston, and other places.

The Law is before one of the courts of New York for a decision as to its constitutionality. That decision may go far to increase or diminish the opposition to the enforcement of the Act, according as it shall be against or for it.

The safe and proper course for all men in this, as in other similar issues, is not to oppose by force or violence. If it is judged by the Judiciary to be *in* the ballot box, with a view to change or repeal, affords the only means of opposition consistent with our system of Government; for without law there is no security to liberty or property.

Editorial Correspondence. CAMP NEAR WAYNESBURG, Pa. July 10, 1863.

DEAR DEMOCRAT:—Since last writing, our adventures have been less exciting and dangerous, although not of an agreeable nature. We laid in camp near Carlisle part of two days, and on the morning of the 4th July, we took our places in marching column, and when on the square in the town were told that we were going five miles, but that we had better leave extra luggage behind to be sent on a wagon; a guard was to be placed over them until next day, when we expected them to be sent forward to us. When we set them, I think the "emergency" will be over. Our course was to the left, toward a pass in the South Mountain, on the southeast of the Cumberland Valley. After a pleasant tramp of 5 or 6 miles, we passed thro' Paperstown and entered the mountain pass, thro' which it was expected Lee's army would have to retreat to escape our victorious legions on the other side of the mountain, near Gettysburg. After noon a rain storm arose, and we labored on for several miles through one of the heaviest rains we ever witnessed, and that too over a mountain road which was worn much below the surface, was deep in mud, and still deeper in water which now ran across and along it in strong currents. Towards night we halted at Pine Grove Furnace, where some cattle were killed, and a ration of beef without salt was given out. Tired from our hard march, we passed a rainy night upon the ground—many of us without covering. We remained the next day and night in this locality, when we took a mountain path to the right of our line of march and passed on over the mountain into Adams county. Passing along the mountain side, we toward evening came to the turnpike between Gettysburg and Chambersburg, where it passes thro' a short ridge. Here we were but a few miles from the late terrible battle-ground, and on the life of rebel retreat—they having escaped by this pass, instead of attempting the one we held. We laid here till near noon next day, when we went to the right into the valley again. At night we attacked our guns, and laid down in a grove at Funkstown. During the night another awful rain came on, which lasted till about 10 o'clock next day. After the rain ceased, soaked with water, cold and hungry, we marched eight miles on the rebel track, and late in the day halted south of Waynesburg, in Franklin county, near the State line. The army of the Potomac, now under Gen. Meade, is on our

right and left, with the rebel force, under Lee, in our front. We have now been over two days without rations (except some salt meat), and have subsisted as was usual upon what little we picked up in the neighborhood, and the water-soaked remnants of old rations. We have found a little bread at 50 cts. a loaf, and are weak with hunger. While in camp near Harrisburg, we faced very well, but since our hard marching began, we have lived partly upon fatigues and charity. Acting Brigadier-General, Col. Brisbane, took one regimental wagon, in which we carried our cooking utensils from us a week ago, to use himself, so that when we could get meat, rice, beans, &c., we had no means of cooking them or making coffee, except what we did in our tin cups over our camp fires. His reckless conduct in "marching" us without less than his property, and general necessities, has exposed his universal ill will. He is from Luzerne county, I think.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., July 15. DEAR DEMOCRAT:—I think my hat has dated near Waynesburg, Pa., and spoke of hunger. We got no food except such as we could find by roaming the country, until the 11th, when we drew hard tack for one day, and were sent out on reconnaissance, three regiments strong. After getting on near two miles we came to where our pickets had been driven in the day before. We went on by a circuitous route, and after about 8 miles travel, we came to a mill 6 miles from camp, four or five miles from Hagerstown, and less than a mile into Maryland. Here we caught a pair of rebels, and found a large quantity of flour, which it was said the rebels were coming that night to carry off. We destroyed the flour, and returned to camp without seeing the enemy, who had retired the day before. We then laid without rations or shelter till the 13th, when we drew two days rations, and marched southward by a zig-zag route. After marching some miles, crossing the Antietam creek, (near which till lately we had encamped) three times, we found we were on the pike for Hagerstown, and had tramped some miles for the reason that a bridge had been burned on the pike; and at one crossing the brigade marched over, single file, ten feet apart, on a tottering foot-bridge, although a dozen men could have bridged the creek substantially in a few hours, any day, during the four idle days past. After the tedious crossing was over, we passed quietly along the pike to Hagerstown, 10 miles direct from late camp. Our Company was detached to guard a residence just north of town, belonging to one Mr. Hagermann, where we spent two days. Our camp was located in the line of the grand army, with rebel breastworks 1 1/2 miles in front. They opened a light fire toward evening, and our regiment and others went out to skirmishers. The enemy threw shells, but although we were within range, did not receive any shots in our ranks. We expected a general battle next day, but found next morning that the rebel army, which seems to have been crossing for some days, had nearly all got over the Potomac, which is about 6 miles from here. During the day there was considerable heavy firing in our front, and we learned that our artillery were shelling the rear of the rebel forces as they passed over to the other side of the Jordan. Major joined us on the 14th.

Our boys are in very fair spirits, considering the situation—enduring, hard marching, in the heavy rains, without tents or blankets, and rations half the time. These things keep up a "regimental growl" generally. Perhaps better news in my next. A. J. G.

DEAR DEMOCRAT:—This was the 22 day of July, about 5 o'clock P. M., and about sunset Orlando was killed. The company says he received a ball in the forehead and died instantly. One thing I can say truly, he was a good and brave soldier, and died for his country and the dear old flag, that our forefathers fought and died for. The loss from our right was very heavy on that day; we also lost our Colonel and Major both killed.

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ing a son in the army, he has paid more money to the Government in the year, than Homer will pay in his whole life, if he should live till he is grown a rat.

And there is Judge Tyler, the Chairman, and one of the speakers in the "copperhead meeting," is known to have given more money to the cause, say, than any other man in town!

But not to go further with these misrepresentations, we now call the attention of the Democrats of this County to one other fact, proving still more, the depths to which these men will descend. In his speech, you will recollect that Mr. L called public attention to those indecent, false, insolent, and indelicate hand bills, that come to the night, from that Printing office, and were posted and scattered in the night, so as to meet you every where, when you came to your own meeting. Does the paper analyze, retrace, or condemn? Not a word. Did one of those Montrose politicians say a word in discontinuance of it? Not one. They therefore countenance and adopt it for future use, see a studied and malignant insult upon every one of you! Ponder it, till you take its full meaning and import! These are the men and the means you have to deal with! The next time you appoint a meeting at Montrose, we suppose a similar insult will be prepared to meet you there. Nay, they threaten, in every form of threat! Unable to meet, argument with argument; they fly at once to epithets, and threats, full of slang and malice. They lay aside all the amenities and decencies of life, and bristle all over with hate. They talk and act upon the assumption that you, Democrats, have no rights in this country, and no interests in its government! You have no right to hold a meeting, especially in Montrose; you have no right to a press; you have no right to speak or think; nay, your very silence is treason! By and by, your voting will be a crime; and this is American Freedom!

But they will yet learn that a Democrat knows no fear—the scorn alike their epithets and their threats. Cool and determined, he will battle with the storm of revolution and anarchy, while a plank or a spar is left. Nor let any man be deceived, by the epithets of a copperhead or traitor. In all this darkness and confusion, there is one simple test by which every man can distinguish the false from the true. That test is the Constitution of your country! Try every man, and every party by that. No traitor ever loves that; no patriot ever hates it. Your country; your Constitution, they are both one! Treason to one, is treason to the other. To day the issue is between the Democracy and the Constitution on the one hand, and revolution and anarchy on the other. Choose, ye, therefore, this day, which ye will serve.

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