

THE AGITATOR.

HUGH YOUNG, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR. WELLSBOROUGH, PA. WEDNESDAY-MORNING, JULY 2, 1862.

PEOPLE'S STATE CONVENTION.

THE PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA, who cordially unite in sustaining the National Administration in its patriotic efforts to suppress a sectional and unwholesome rebellion against the Union of the Republic, and who desire to support, by every power of the Government, one hundred thousand heroic brethren in arms, braving disease and the perils of the field to preserve the Union of our Fathers, are requested to select the number of Delegates equal to the Legislative Representation of the State, at such times and in such manner as will best respond to the spirit of this call, to meet in State Convention at Harrisburg, on THURSDAY, the Seventeenth Day of July next, at eleven o'clock, on said day to nominate Candidates for the offices of Auditor General and Surveyor General, and to take such measures as may be deemed necessary to strengthen the Government in this season of common peril to a common country.

A. K. McCLURE, Chairman People's State Committee. G. W. HAMMERSLEY, Secretary. JOHN M. SULLIVAN, Sec'y.

Our letters from South Carolina, and the news from before Richmond, crowd out nearly all the editorial prepared for this week's paper.

It is quite fashionable for Democratic newspapers to denounce all criticisms on Gen. McClellan, or any other general who posts his soldiers to protect the springs of water of the enemy he was sent to fight. For ourselves, we have criticized no generals thus far, but it is quite amusing to read the howls of the Democratic papers at those who do criticize them. These writers seem to think it is all wrong to find fault with a democratic general, but all right to find fault with a general who believes (as we do) that the war and slavery ought to end together, and as soon as possible. Here is a specimen of that kind of thing from the Lycoming Gazette, a paper usually considerate and sensible:

"The political friends and personal admirers of Gen. Fremont profess to have great confidence in his military ability. 'Give him a chance,' they exclaimed, 'and he will show himself the equal, if not the superior of Napoleon the Great.'"

It is not the province of newspaper writers or mere civilians, without military education or knowledge, to criticize the qualifications and doings of military men. Suffice it to say, we hope Gen. Fremont is a great man, and just such a magnificent officer as his friends imagine him to be. But unless we are greatly mistaken, it will turn out that he has been greatly overrated. He has failed—utterly failed so far—in every position in which President Lincoln has placed him."

Will the Gazette please to state specifically who made the exclamation it quotes in its first paragraph above quoted, where it was made, and when? We are among Gen. Fremont's "political friends and personal admirers," but we never heard any body—never read of any body making such claims for him. The Gazette will also very much oblige us, and perhaps a number of its readers, by stating specifically where, when and how Gen. Fremont "utterly failed" in any "position in which President Lincoln has placed him?" Until these questions are answered at length, the Gazette had better confine itself to the study of the first proposition in the second paragraph, quoted above from its own columns—a proposition which it can yet ponder over with profit to itself.

THE BATTLES AT RICHMOND.

The first indication of "something in the wind" was observed at White House; one of the main depots for commissary stores—on Wednesday last, when a fleet of boats began to remove the stores down the York River toward City Point. This was done very privately, all inquiring correspondents and civilians being kept off. The sick and wounded were also safely removed, and the few troops at White House ordered to be ready any moment to leave. During the morning there was a report abroad that a division of the Rebels, the forces of Stonewall Jackson and Gen. Ewell, were approaching and threatening to open the way by the right flank for a raid on the White House. Meantime, the trains on the railroad were kept running night and day, carrying forward nothing but ammunition and munitions of war, and siege and rocket trains, and field pieces. The last event of Wednesday night was the arrival of nearly a hundred wounded men of Hooker's division, who had participated in the mysterious movements of Gen. McClellan on that morning, securing Tavern Hill (the "important point" in General McClellan's dispatches), which commands Richmond. Nothing of great importance occurred on Thursday morning; the removal of stores and munitions of war continued. About noon the enemy made their first attack in a feint upon Gen. Stoneman's forces, near Hanover Court House, but about 2 p. m. arising the Chickahominy, and making a desperate attempt to drive back our men. The only forces engaged here were McClellan's division, who were located on the opposite side of a swampy ravine, about a mile and a half back from the Chickahominy River. The battle lasted from about 2 until 9 p. m., when the enemy drew off, renewing the attack at the break of day on Friday, and after several hours of hard fighting, Gen. McClellan's division were ordered to fall back.

The fighting, especially on Friday, is said to have been terrible. The Rebels had overwhelming forces, and as soon as they met ours repulse, they returned doubly strong. They came in such dense masses that the shell and grape poured into them made great gaps in their lines, which were immediately filled up, and they moved forward most determinedly. Their artillery was so poorly served that the damage to our ranks, was light in proportion. They still more on, and exchanged showers of Minié balls; but when Gen. Porter ordered a bayonet charge, they retreated in double quick, though

he pursued them but a short distance. The enemy again rallied and approached our lines, when the same terrible slaughter ensued. This time their artillery was more effective. On coming to close quarters they were again repulsed, and driven back a still greater distance, the fought-over battle-ground being literally strewn with the dead and the dying. Gen. Porter a second time fell back to his position, and waited nearly an hour for the enemy to renew the assault. They finally came on in increased numbers, having been largely reinforced, and were again received with shell and grape, causing great chasms in their ranks. A third time they bore down most determinedly on our lines, and this conflict was the most severely contested of the whole, but when the bayonet was brought to bear he fell back, and was pressed toward Richmond fully a mile beyond our original lines. Again, for a fourth time, General Porter fell back to his first position, when an order was received from General McClellan to continue his retrograde movement slowly and in order. The enemy again pushed forward boldly, when their advance was checked by the entire reserve force. This fresh force held the enemy in check, while the force which had previously borne the brunt of the battle moved back in good order, carrying with them their wounded and dead. The enemy made a fierce attack on the reserve, but cannon were posted at various points of the route by which they were retreating toward the Chickahominy, which occasionally poured in shot and shell upon them, and checked their movements, and enabled the troops to move back in order. At one time this retrograde movement, the reserve force of Gen. Sykes charged on the enemy with the bayonet and drove him back nearly a mile. This is about the substance of the fighting, which closed on Friday night. Our loss is estimated at 1,200. The loss in officers is heavy. There are many wild rumors afloat, but we place little reliance upon them. A letter writer, who ought to be well informed not only of results but of plan, comes to the following gratifying conclusions: That the object of Gen. McClellan, long before the battle on Friday, was to abandon the White House, and also draw in his right wing across the Chickahominy. That he has accomplished this most masterly movement with but little loss in comparison with his punishment of the enemy, there can be no doubt, and that he has strengthened his position by contracting his lines, and changing the base of his operations to the James River, is equally self-evident. There he will have the co-operation of the gunboats, and if the enemy attempts to interrupt his supplies by making a dash on the James River, they will meet with prompt punishment from the gunboats, and so weaken their forces in front that the city will fall into his possession with but a slight struggle.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA. IN CAMP ON JAMES ISLAND, S. C., JUNE 14, 1862. FRIEND AGITATOR—Being aware that you have had few correspondents among the Tioga boys now in South Carolina, and as important movements have been made by them of late, I will venture to attempt to narrate as best I can for the benefit of the friends at home, and the other boys who were in other parts of the army.

On the 19th of May we received orders to march. By 10 o'clock A. M., May 21, we were on board the steamer Potomac. The whistle blew and amid cheers and strains of music we bade adieu to Otter Island. After a pleasant voyage we made North Edisto Island about 2 o'clock P. M. For good reasons it was thought prudent not to land until the next morning. Early next morning we landed. After marching perhaps a quarter of a mile we encamped on a beautiful plain or plantation. The morning was clear and beautiful, and the scenery around us was charming and picturesque when compared to that on Otter Island. North Edisto seemed to have been chosen as a point for concentrating troops from that to make a forward movement. In a few days from 12,000 to 15,000 troops were there, ready to march at six hours notice. While there a squad of us got permission to visit the headquarters of Gen. Wright about one and a half miles from our camp. We were disappointed in finding the place so beautiful. The mansion itself was nothing extraordinary; but the trees, both ornamental and productive, the flowers in full bloom, out houses &c., for variety and beauty, even in that neglected state seemed almost incomparable.

The negroes have cultivated a considerable portion of the Island, but the greater part remains uncultivated and overgrown with blackberry vines covered with the luscious fruit. The darkies say they can by moderate labor, raise enough in one season to last them four. They seemed to be more industrious and less slothly in that vicinity than any others I have seen. We returned completely filled with plums and blackberries, and a few of us had the "collie" on dress parade that night to pay for our indulgence in eating of the new fruit. Cotton was then about four inches high. Corn could be found of any length from three inches to eight feet.

On the first of June troops commenced to cross the river to Johns Island. The 45th landed about 9 P. M. Next morning as early as 8 o'clock we took up our line of march towards the interior of the island. The weather was intensely hot and suffocating, and as we could find no water to fill our canteens we suffered much from thirst. After walking about five miles we encamped near a cluster of houses where there was a good well of which we made good use. Our forces was about 15,000 strong, including the 45th P. V., the 97th P. V., the 47th N. Y. V., the 3d Rhode Island Reg't, the 5th Connecticut, a New Hampshire Reg't, Sherman's Battery of Flying Artillery and some cavalry &c. As we had no tents with us we made good use of our gum blankets, making tents of them. Next morning, June 3d, it commenced raining, and as we lay down at night with a single blanket for a bed and a night or a cartridge box for a pillow, many of us thought of the home we had left and compared the luxuries of even an humble home to the hardships and dangers which we have to endure; but as we thought of the future, our spirits arose above the gloom which seemed to surround us, and we tranquilly slept the sleep of the soldier. On the eve of the 4th, we passed

in review before Gen. Wright. Next morn by 3 o'clock, we, that is the whole division, were marching in the direction of Charleston—the rain still falling thick and fast. We traveled thirteen miles, mostly through the woods through a dreaching rain and mud from ankle to knee deep we arrived at the southern extremity of the island. About noon our feet and bodies being galled to a sore from the effects of the rain. We tranquilly occupied a little town called Negroville which is situated there off Stono Inlet. While there our pickets captured two rebels. Our gunboats in the meantime were busy scouring the opposite shore, preparatory to landing our troops across the inlet. On Sunday June 8th, our troops commenced crossing. Monday afternoon the 45th crossed in the Matano. From the time we landed the rebels commenced throwing shells towards us. We encamped in a field of beans. As the boys had no bedding we went to pulling beans and making beds of them. The rebels fired an occasional shot during the night but did not reach us. They kept firing until about 11 o'clock next day, every shot coming nearer to us, when one struck plumb over our camp. All the time the old Pawnee had been watching them and arranging her guns to bear on the rebel battery. A little after 11 o'clock she opened fire on them, the second shot dismounting their best gun. About 4 P. M., the enemy attacked our pickets, they were bravely repulsed by our gallant boys, who killed and wounded nearly 200 of them and captured 8 or 10 prisoners. Our force consisted of the 47th N. Y., three companies of the 97th P. V., and two companies of the 45th and two pieces of artillery. (Co. H and L.) It is acknowledged by all the officers that the Tioga boys did the best fighting of any. Our whole loss was four killed and eight wounded. Company H, lost but man, (Thos. Jobe.) Co. I, lost none, the rebels appeared to be poor marksmen, nearly always shouting too high. They had three regiments engaged, and at first threatened to surround us, but a few discharges of grape and a few shells from the gunboats soon put them to rout. We expect they will attack us again in a few days, but our position is being well fortified, and supported by the gunboats we have no reason to be afraid of them. An occasional shell goes whistling over our head from the gunboats to the Rebel battery, to which they reply by shelling our pickets, occasionally wounding one. Rebel deserters are coming in daily. They say the Rebels acknowledge themselves whipped but say they will fight us to the last.

We have to mourn the loss of our First Lieut. W. T. Fitzgerald. Lieut. F. was a brave and accomplished young officer, and had the good will of the whole company, and it was with the greatest regret that we parted with him. He resigned on account of ill health.

We are before the enemy's fortifications about five miles from Charleston, and with a magnificent glass Fort Sumter can be plainly seen. The weather here is very warm at present. All the boys are in fine spirits and full of hope and fight. Col. Welch is acting Brigadier General. Generals Bonham, Wright, Williams and Stevens, are on the island, Stevens' Brigade is a short distance to the right of us. C. R.

FROM THE CHARLESTON RANGERS. JAMES ISLAND, S. C., JUNE 11, 1862.

FRIEND AGITATOR—We have at last bid adieu to our old encampment on Otter Island, and are now marching onward in quick time to the scene of action.

On the 21st day of May our battalion was greeted with the command, "prepare to march at an hour's warning, and at 9 A. M., of the next day, we were on board the steamer Potomac bound for North Edisto Island. On the morning of the 22d, we got ashore, securing ourselves as much as possible from the rebels, who were in possession of the other side of the river. On the afternoon of the 24th, we were reviewed by Brig. Gen. Wright. Here we remained until the 28th, when our Co. (G) got on board the transport Honduras with sealed orders bound for Otter Island. We arrived there in the afternoon. We dismounted the guns on Fort Drayton and shipped a large quantity of stores on board the transport— from there we sailed to Port Royal where we remained until the afternoon of the 31st, when we returned to North Edisto on board the May Flower, and arrived there June 1st, at 4 P. M. We remained on board until 9 o'clock, when we received orders to land on the opposite shore. In the meanwhile Capt. Whitney went ashore and sent his company some coffee, which, indeed, tasted good, having been without anything to drink but warm water during the last 48 hours. After landing we stacked our arms on the beach and laid down to rest wrapped in our blankets, (a soldier's feather bed.) The night was very beautiful; the moon was in its full, the stars like so many diamonds made beautiful the vault of Heaven—what an hour for meditation—fond recollection like the bird of morn' wafts itself to the scenes of childhood, and lingers around every little spot of kindness bestowed by those whose care it was to watch the welfare of the objects of their affections.

Troops were landing all night so that by morning our force was increased to about 15,000 men including the 1st Mass. Cavalry, (Col. Williams) and by the celebrated Sherman's Battery commanded by Capt. Hamilton. At 8 o'clock next morning we took up our line of march. The morning was a little foggy, but soon the mist disappeared and the sun came out very bright; its heat grew more intense until about midday it became almost unendurable; but the greatest misfortune was the scarcity of water, the men would give almost anything in their possession for a drink of cold water. At one o'clock P. M., we came to a halt, stacked our arms and rested until four; we then marched a mile and a half further where we bivouaced over night in an open field, it rained a little the next day and about 9 at night, the wind arose so that all we could do was to keep our blankets from blowing away, at the same time it was quite chilly and the rain fell in torrents, our eyes bled but little sleep during the night, cold and wet we got up the next morning; it was often remarked by the men, "this is a soldier's life."

On the morning of the 5th, we again took up our line of march through dreaching rains and muddy roads until we arrived at Legreeville on Johns Island, south of Stono Inlet after marching fifteen miles. On the 9th we were shipped to the other side on James Island within eight of the enemy's fortifications about five miles from the city of Charleston. In the afternoon Co. H and I were sent on picket with 'three' companies of the 97th P. V. and the N. Y. V. About four P. M. of the 10th, our men were attacked by three Regiments of the enemy, the 47th Georgia Legion being their advance guard, the enemy came within a few rods of our men, when they received 'a volley that told them the Yankees were near by.

Thick and fast were the volleys that passed between them, but the enemy was soon repulsed— on again they came at a charge, the woods echoing with their shrieks, one Captain was heard cheering his men, saying, "on boys, on, a Yankee bullet was never run for me," but seven of our bullets soon found him breathing his last. Our men upon their knees with their muskets at an aim waiting until the enemy were within three rods of them, when a volley was poured into their ranks, that struck terror to their hearts when they retreated in confusion. Our loss was but four killed and eight wounded. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was estimated at 200. An officer who was present, remarked to our Colonel—the two Co's. of the 45th have covered themselves with glory.

On the 11th inst., our friend Maj. Kilbourn arrived here, welcomed by the whole battalion. He is highly respected by the Regiment, their confidence in him is immovable. On the 16th inst., we witnessed a heavy battle, our forces were commanded by Gen. B-nham consisting of 8,000 men. We attacked 20,000 of the enemy who were supported by several strong fortifications. Our Regt. was held in reserve to cover our retreat if necessary, and was commanded by Maj. Kilbourn. For five long hours our boys fought nobly, the fortifications were silenced; the enemy was made to retreat before our forces. After gaining the information sought for, which was to know their strength and position, our men returned in good order, there has not a gun been fired from their fortifications since the battle, which goes to prove conclusively that they were glad to have the scene closed. Our loss is estimated at 700 in killed and wounded, their loss is undoubtedly much greater. Our men who were on the parapet assert that the ground within the Fort was completely covered with the dead and wounded. We expect soon to be at Charleston after striking a blow that will make this unholy rebellion tremble to its foundation.

R. G. R.

FROM THE 45TH PA. REGIMENT. JONES ISLAND, S. C., JUNE 11, 1862.

MR. EDITOR—Since you last heard from me some important moves have been made by the 45th Pa. V. When I last wrote I (or we) was at North Edisto, where we lived in easy circumstances until the 1st of June, which was Sunday, we were ordered to take blankets and twenty-four hours rations and march to the wharf. These orders were quickly obeyed of course, there we went aboard of the steamer Planter, after a short ride we were landed on Johns Island as pickets. We marched about five miles to the further end of the island on the side toward Charleston, where we stood our twenty-four hours when we received marching orders. Our Regiment soon came up with us and we were off in the direction of Sumter. We went about three miles and laid in for the night. The next morning it was raining, so we staid in camp that day and the next. June 5th, we were in line, and at two in the morning were soon off. Just after starting one of the severest storms set in that the 45th ever witnessed in South Carolina, but notwithstanding the rain we kept on our march at a Keystone quickstep or double walk after racing some ten miles we came to a dead halt. Scouts were sent out, our guns were loaded and we were off once more to the east end of the island at a town called Legreeville a very pleasant place for a R-bel town, not quite so large as Wellsboro and not half so pleasant. We staid at this place until the 9th, when we went on board the Matano and staid off to Jones Island.

At Legry, our Col. Hayes made commander of a Brigade, and Capt. Hayes took command of the 45th, all very well. We landed at this place at about 4 o'clock P. M., at 10 we were called up and marched outside of our pickets to within half a mile of the enemy's battery for the purpose of cutting off Rebel Cavalry, although we were on the alert no rebels were seen. I should have mentioned that only Co. H, was with us of this Regiment. In the morning we were posted close under cover of a dense woods only half a mile of the enemy. The enemy kept up a slow but steady cannonading with solid and rotten balls, several of their shells burst directly over our heads, the pieces cutting the trees over our heads but injuring none of our men. About 4 o'clock P. M., twenty men from each company were deployed as skirmishers, they were soon driven in when three regiments of rebels came upon us at a rapid rate, the Georgia Legion leading the advance, the other two acting as reserves. A detachment of the 97th supporting our right, a company of the 47th N. Y. V. the left, as our company had something to do with these Georgians at Buckingham Ferry in taking four of them to Hilton Head, they had determined to give us our just deserts. We were under fire about half an hour when they were repulsed with a loss in a few minutes, they came on as rough as ever, they were three rods off the first we saw of them, this time they were 40 feet of us in the hottest of it, but courage and freedom triumphed after holding them at bay a half an hour longer, they retreated with a heavy loss; they did not trouble us more that night. Our loss as near as can be determined was four killed and wounded, three in the 97th, one in Co. H of the 45th. Co. I lost none killed or wounded, although the hottest of the fire that could well be directed upon our troops, they faced it nobly and boldly, not faltering to do their duty, none fished or even scorched as the enemy's balls flew about us, but they faced the music to a man. Our officers did the thing in cheering us on to the work. Our men have buried twenty-seven, the rebels have buried many more; they had possession of the woods all of last night and of course they carried off many dead and wounded. We have seven rebels in our hospital. We killed one Colonel, three Captains, and others a wording. Col. Guas, of the 97th P. V., commanded the troops on our side, Gen. White the Rebels. The 45th have made one mark and if they do as well every time as they have this, they need not be alarmed as to their valor. We will probably see more fun in a few days, perhaps a few hours, but whatever comes we are determined to do our duty as well as we have this time. Friends at home need not think their friends in the 45th are cowards. Time forbids my writing more.

CHARLEY.

FROM THE 45TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT. ST. JAMES ISLAND, FOUR MILES FROM CHARLESTON, JUNE 12, 1862.

FRIEND AGITATOR—I did not know but you would like to know where the 45th was, as there is a good many of the Tioga boys here. We are now on the march to Charleston, (the mother of this rebellion) either to take it or get dreadfully whipped. We started for this place the first day of June and have had some pretty hard marching through mud and rain. It has rained nearly all the time since the first of

June. The old adage, "it never rains, but it pours," is applicable to this place, for I never saw it rain as it does here. Companies H and I were out on picket yesterday (or company H was there was twenty out of each company was camp guard) when they were attacked by about six thousand of the enemy, Infantry, Cavalry, and artillery, after a hard fight of about one hour, our boys advancing a little all the time. They completely routed the enemy killing and wounding a large number of them. Our boys fought nobly, they deserved and received the thanks of the commanding General. There has been about two hundred of the rebels found dead and wounded. There was one man wounded in Co. H. His name was Thomas K. Jobe, no one else hurt. Two more were wounded in Co. K last night on picket.

I have endeavored to give you a short account of our doings for the last few days.

Respectfully yours, CHATMAN SOLON.

FROM SOUTH CAROLINA. JAMES ISLAND, JUNE 11, 1862.

I wrote to you two or three days ago, while on Johns Island, that we were ready to come over here on the boat. We did not come over until next day. We arrived here in the afternoon, and were drawn up in line of battle. At night, twenty-five men were detailed for guard, and the remainder of the company laid down for the night. At ten o'clock, our company, and company H, were called up to go on picket. We went on the road about a mile, in the direction of the seashore. Company I, took position next to the woods, the right side of a road leading through the woods, and company H, of the 45th, and one company of the 97th Pennsylvania, on the left of the road. We expected some rebel activity would come along through the woods, and we were ready to surround them. We watched all night, but no cavalry appeared. At daylight, we were moved to the left of the road, and camped in the woods. The rebels threw shells from their batteries at our gunboats all the forenoon, but did not do any harm.

In the afternoon, they discovered our position, and let drive with shell. The first few passed to our right, but pretty quick they began to burst directly over our heads, making the limbs fly in all directions, but fortunately doing no harm. We moved a little to the left, out of the way of their shells. About this time, our gunboats commenced to return their fire, the shells passing over our heads. The fire was kept up between the boats and batteries for about an hour, and then ceased for a time. About this time, the skirmishers, which were out in the woods, between us and the seashore, commenced firing. We jumped for our guns, which were stacked just on the edge of the woods, fell in, and formed in line, a little to the right, dropped on our knees, and came to a "ready." We waited till the rebels got within one hundred feet of us, and then we poured a telling fire into their ranks, loading and firing at will. We fired about twenty rounds, which completely routed them. They retreated back to the other side of the woods. By this time we had a regiment on the right, along the road to prevent their flanking us, and to pour in a cross-fire. The brush was so thick that we could not see fifty feet in front. In a few moments, they came through the woods, crying out, "here are our boys, don't fire on your own men," but we discovered them before they fired, and poured another storm of leaden hail into them, and kept up a continual fire, until they were again routed and driven back.

All this time our batteries—the 3d B. I., and Sherman's, were pouring shell, canister, and grape, in the woods, mowing down trees, brush, &c. By this time our guns got so dry, and our sixty rounds of cartridges so low, that the General sent up company K, and B, to our relief, and we marched away to our camp. Everything remained quiet last night, after we drove them the second time.

We cannot tell certain how many we have killed, but not less than one hundred killed, besides the wounded. Our side lost three killed; one man in company H, named Thomas Job, and two in the 97th.

Every one of the Tioga boys stood up to the rack like men, not a man fished. Every man would rather have died, than to have been driven back. Take the thing all round, it was a sharp engagement for the time it lasted. One of our boys shot away one hundred and ten rounds, sixty of his own, and fifty of one of the sergeants. I had my rammer shot in three pieces, by a ball. It no sooner flew, than I jumped back and got the orderly's, and went to work again.

A Scotch Captain came up in front of us, about forty feet in the woods, crying, "come on boys," he no sooner spoke, than seven Yankee balls went into him. Seven men stepped out of the woods, fifteen rods to the left of our company, and fired, the balls whistling over our heads: Before they could get back, three of them bit the dust. After the battle, we could hear the wounded men calling for help, in the woods. One fellow cried out, "for God's sake give me a drink of water, I don't care whose hands I fall into."

Tioga County may well be proud of her boys, and rest assured they will fight well, wherever they are. We have some fighting to do yet—There are plenty of battles to be fought between here and Fort Sumter. Not a man of company I, was hurt. J. B. B.

Tioga County will be represented in the Republican State Convention by H. A. Williams and B. B. Strang, instructed to vote for Hon. Thomas E. Cochran for Auditor General. F. E. Smith, Esq., of Tioga County, is a prominent candidate for Congress in that district. He is an able lawyer an accomplished scholar. In 1856 he was a delegate to the Chicago Convention and one of the Presidential electors in that year. As a leading Republican in northern Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith wielded an immense influence, and would exercise equally as great a control for good, in the legislation of the country, if sent to Congress.—Harrisburg Telegraph, July 1, 1862.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the Court an Auditor for and distribute the estate of the real and personal estate of Stephen Mosier, dec'd., will attend to the duties of his appointment, where a hearing will be had in the office of A. P. Cone, Esq., in Wellsboro, on Wednesday, August 21st, at 1 o'clock p. m., to distribute the said fund. THOS. ALLEN, Auditor. Wellsboro, July 2, 1862.

the great and gifted of earth, where the Mecca of genius.

From Greece, across the blue waters of the Mediterranean, lies that land which rightly deserves to be called "Holy Palestine," the early home of Christ. Here He taught his disciples the principles of that beautiful religion which might be embraced by the lowliest of the land. Here there winds through the valley the silver current of the Jordan, sacred to the stream in whose pure waters the Savior was baptized. Sacred, alike, is Mount Tabor, the scene of his transfiguration, and Galvary, where he suffered death that a fallen race might be redeemed.

Now the footsteps of Moslems fall, where once walked the lowly Jesus, with his followers; and the voice of the Muezzin is heard, calling the Mussulmans to prayer, where once the Savior prayed with sublime submersion—"Not as I will, but as thou wilt." As the darkness of the night cannot destroy the remembrance of the noisday brightnes, neither can the Mussulmans destroy the sacred memories which linger around this Mecca.

In our own land, those places where the brave have fallen in defence of their country's rights, are cherished as Meccas, by every true American. How many there are, as records of the "War for Independence," and the "War of 1812." Trenton, Bunker's Hill, Saratoga Springs, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane, will never be forgotten; and of the heroes, who fell there, it will ever be said—

The brave die not! although the bodies perish, Their spirits walk our earth, and lead men forth To deeds of noble daring.

War is again spreading desolation over the land, and each day some fire-side is made desolate by the fall of loved ones on the Southern plain. From our midst, brave men went forth with their lives in their hands, to sacrifice them if necessary, upon their country's altar, in defence of her laws. Before one year passed away, the sad news came back, "They have fallen!" It is a sacred spot where they sleep, and though no monument may mark their resting-places, to tell friends where they lie—upon that far-off morning, when the angel shall call forth the sleeping millions of earth, they will rise among those of the "first resurrection."

Others have fallen, but none fell in vain. A noble chieftain leads the Northernmen to battle and to victory, and though more must fall, the places watered by the blood of brave men, will ever be remembered as Meccas of self sacrifice in the cause of right.

Though we are students now, ere long our student career will close, and we must go forth to work out our destiny in life. [Another term has closed, and long weeks will pass before these walls will again resound to students' voices; even then, amid that band, many old familiar faces will be missed, and stranger ones be in their places. To-day, the last tie that binds us together as a school, will be broken, and when and where will we next meet?

It may be not until we have reached the summit of the mountain of life, and are slowly descending the western side; or, perhaps, chance may bring us together in the "Old World lands," ere yet, school-days lie far back in the memory.

But, if we should never again, in all the coming years of time, be brought together, let the remembrances of this place, where, so often, we have met with teachers and student friends, be among the bright jewels in the caskets of our memories. May this cherished spot, dedicated by earnest faithful teachers, as a nursery for science and religion, and as a home where love and affection shall ever bloom in rich profusion, be to us always, a bright oasis, a loved Mecca, for the clinging tendrils of our warmest affections. May the sacred teachings imparted here, be a golden link that shall draw our spirits heavenward, and lead us to the home of the blessed, for

Such spots as these are pilgrim shrines— Shrines to no creed, or sect confined; The Delphic graves—the Palestine— The Meccas of the mind."

The Pennsylvania Reserves in Action. Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Inquirer.

FAIR OAKS STATION, Va., June 27, 1862. Toward evening, yesterday, heavy and continued firing was heard, coming from the direction of the locality where are stationed Gens. McClellan and Fitz John Porter's division, on the west bank of the Chickahominy, indicating that a lively skirmish was progressing. This morning early we proceeded in that direction, in order to get the particulars, and learned that some time during the morning the enemy, numbering some 25,000, under command of Gen. Branch, crossed the above-named stream, over the meadow bridge; and, following down the west bank, they soon found themselves in the immediate vicinity of our troops under Gen. McClellan. He being apprised of their coming, had his men drawn up in line of battle, prepared to give them a hearty welcome.

During the afternoon, Gen. Fitz John Porter marched to the relief of Gen. McClellan, his reinforcement coming just as the nick of time, and enabling us to maintain our position during the night against an overwhelming force, even with the addition of these reinforcements.

This morning, however, the commands of Gens. McClellan and Porter fell back from the position they held during the night, and halted and formed a line of battle some three miles in the rear of and near to the house of the Rebel Gains. This retreat, if it may be so called, was by no means a forced one, but was done voluntarily, and in all probability to secure a better position, where they could be nearer the main body, and hence be more readily reinforced; should they need them.

This retirement was done in a quiet and orderly manner; the retreat being covered by the 1st, 2d, and 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, who promptly returned the fire of the Rebels, who were following.

These portions of the two armies are now face to face, and they may at any moment commence anew the engagement.

During the fight yesterday, one company of the 1st Pennsylvania Bucktail Reserve regiment was entirely surrounded, and all were taken prisoners. Some few however, managed to escape, but were compelled to leave their dead and wounded comrades in the hands of the enemy. Among the number in this regiment who were wounded we gather the following:

Capt. Irwin and Lieut. Welch of Co. K. Capt. Irwin, however, managed to effect his escape. This regiment covered themselves with glory, winning from their officers the highest meed of praise; from early in the afternoon until this morning, they were actively engaged and in the thickest of the fight.