

JAS. LOWREY & S. F. WILSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS at LAW, will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. Wellsboro, Jan. 1, 1863.

JOHN H. MANN, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Conduitsport, Pa., will attend the several Courts in Potter and McKean counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. He has the agency of large tracts of good settling land and will attend to the payment of taxes on any lands in said counties. Jan. 28, 1863.

J. CAMPBELL, JR., ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Knoxville, Tioga County, Pa., will attend the Courts of Tioga, Potter and McKean counties. Prompt attention given to the procuring of Penalties, Back Pay of Soldiers, &c. Jan. 7, 1863.

DICKINSON HOUSE, CORNING, N. Y. Proprietor. GUESTS taken to and from the Depot free of charge. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE, CORNER OF MAIN STREET AND THE AVENUE, Wellsboro, Pa. Proprietor. THIS popular Hotel having been re-fitted and re-furnished throughout, is now open to the public as a first-class house. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

IZAAK WALKTON HOUSE, Galax, Tioga County, Pa. Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel, located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

H. C. VERMILYEA, Proprietor. THIS is a new hotel, located within easy access of the best fishing and hunting grounds in Northern Pennsylvania. No pains will be spared for the accommodation of pleasure seekers and the traveling public. (Jan. 1, 1863.)

EAGLE HOUSE, THOMAS GRAVES, Proprietor. (Formerly of the Covington Hotel.) THIS Hotel, kept for a long time by David Hart, is being repaired and refurnished. The proprietor has leased it for a term of years, where he may be found ready to wait upon his old customers and the traveling public generally. His table will be provided with the best of the market affords. At his bar may be found the choicest brands of liquors and cigars. (Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.)

WELLSBORO HOTEL, B. B. HOLIDAY, Proprietor. THE Proprietor having again taken possession of the above Hotel, will spare no pains to insure the comfort of guests and the traveling public. Attentive waiters always on hand. Terms reasonable. Wellsboro, Jan. 21, 1863.

A. F. LEXY, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c., &c., REPAIRED AT OLD PRICES. POST OFFICE BUILDING, NO. 5, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, May 20, 1863.

E. E. MEACK, BARBER & HAIR-DRESSER, SHOP OVER C. L. WILCOX'S STORE, NO. 4, UNION BLOCK. Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

MARBLE SHOP, I AM now receiving a STOCK OF ITALIAN and RUTLAND MARBLE, (bought with cash) and am prepared to manufacture all kinds of TOMB-STONES and MONUMENTS at the lowest prices. HARVEY ADAMS is by authorized agent and will sell Stone at the same prices as at the shop. WE HAVE BUY ONE PRICE. A. D. COLE, Tioga, May 20, 1863.

FLOUR AND FEED STORE, WRIGHT & BAILEY. HAVE had their mill thoroughly repaired and are receiving fresh ground flour, feed, meal, &c., every day at their store in town. Cash paid for all kinds of grain. WRIGHT & BAILEY. Wellsboro, April 29, 1863.

Q. W. WELLINGTON & CO.'S BANK, CORNING, N. Y. (Located in the Dickinson House.) American Gold and Silver Coins bought and sold. New York Exchange, do. Uncurrent Money, do. United States Demand Notes, "old issue" bought. Collections made in all parts of the Union at Current rates of Exchange. Particular pains will be taken to accommodate our patrons from the Times. Our Office will be open at 7 A. M., and to 7 P. M., giving parties passing over the Tioga, Hill Road ample time to transact their business before the departure of the train in the morning, and after its arrival in the evening. Q. W. WELLINGTON, President. Corning, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1862.

HOME-STEAD, A NEW STOVE AND TIN SHOP HAS just been opened in Tioga, Penna., where may be found a good assortment of Cooking, Parlor and Box Stoves, of the most improved patterns, and from the best manufacturers. The HOME-STEAD is admitted to be the best Enameled Oven Stove in the market. The GOLDEN AGE and GOOD HOPE, are square, flat top tight stoves, with large ovens, with many advantages at any other stove before made. Parlor Stoves, and Cast-iron and Capstan are both very neat and superior stoves. Also Tin, Copper, and Sheet-Iron work, kept constantly on hand and made to order of the best material and workmanship, all of which will be sold at the lowest figure for cash or ready pay. Job work of all kinds attended to on call. Tioga, Jan. 14, 1863. CURTIS & SNEAD.

Wool Carding and Cloth Dressing. THE subscriber informs his old customers and the public generally that he is prepared to card wool and dress cloth at the old stand, the coming season, having secured the services of Mr. J. PEET, a competent and experienced workman, and also intending to give his personal attention to the business, he will warrant all work done at his shop. Wool carded at five cents per pound, and Cloth dressed at from ten to twenty cents per yard as per color and finish. J. I. JACKSON. Wellsboro, May 6, 1863.

JOHN A. ROY, DEALER IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Chemicals, Varieties, Balms, Blyes, Soaps, Perfumery, Brushes, Glass, Putty, Etc., Fancy Goods, Pure Wines, Brandies, &c., and other Liquors for medicinal use. Agent for the sale of all the best Patent Medicines of the Day. Medicines warranted genuine and of the BEST QUALITY. Physician's Prescription accurately compounded. The best Petroleum Oil which is superior to any other for burning in Kerosene Lamps. Also, all other kinds of Oils usually kept in a first-class Drug Store. FANCY DYE COLOGNS in packages all ready compounded, for the use of private families. Also Pure Leaf Sugar for medicinal compounds. Wellsboro, June 24, 1863.

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL 'MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN' SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

VOL. IX. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1863. NO. 47.

Select Poetry.

SONG OF THE 171ST. TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne."

We have a gallant regiment, One hundred and seventy-first; We think they are the best of men, And sure they are not the worst. We are all Pennsylvanians, And fond of our home; But when our country calls on us, We're very sure to come.

The Sixteenth day of October We were drafted for nine months, A. Curtin gave us notice then, We started off at once. He paid our way to Harrisburg, And dressed us up in style, Caved Colonel Bierer to command, One thousand rank and file.

He took us down to Washington, And there old "Honest Abe" Sent us on to Rebelem. To stop the Rebel's raid. We did through mud and water wade, For victory, life or death; Spinnies marched on us, they said, Till his horse got out of breath.

The boys oft call our Colonel "Dad," This only goes to show That when he cries "Attention, boys!" We know we have got to go. And when he is along with us, We'll never be outdone; He says he thinks too much of us To keep us on the run.

Lieutenant Colonel Humphrey Oft takes the Colonel's place; He drills us much on double-quick And right about face. And when he gets us into line, And thinks we're nearly right, He'll sing to that one eye, And with the other sight.

Next comes our Major, R. C. Cox, Brings up the rear, you know; He does some pretty show. He often tells his tired men To get on his horse and ride; While he himself doth never scorn To take the soldier's stride.

Then we have a Chaplain too, For so some people say, He preaches once a month or two, And asks some one to pray; But he is not so very dumb, He understands the game, For preach or pray at all or none, His pay goes on the same.

I most forgot the Doctors sure, Lashells and Hull by name, For if a case they cannot cure, I'm sure they're not to blame. I have no fault to find with ours, They're just as good as any; They're very well booked up I guess, They've saved the lives of many.

Let Northern traitors now beware, We are a loyal band; We did our hands together swear To stand them from the land. They send you firm your loyal friends; Do not let traitors dread again, For they have brained us in the new, We'll turn and bruise their head.

But when our time is out, my boys, If we are spared so kind, We will return once more, my boys, To the girls we left behind. And if they will but Union prove, Be it Union then forever; If Uncle Sam don't make a draft We'll part no more—no, never!

But never mind the draft, my boys, Like men we will prove true, To fight for our forefathers' gift, The red, the white and blue. Should our colors in twain be rent, We'll patch them up again, And wave them over traitors when They are all caught or slain.

And now our time is nearly out, And our truce yet untrung, I wish to tell you what we'll do, And then my song is done. We'll go up straight to our old State, And tell our friends at home, We'll take care of traitors there, And let them take their turn. G. M. B.

Desultory.

In the neighborhood of Chicago lived old Uncle John Johnson. He came from the land of steady habits a long time ago, and would be right glad to see the friends he had left behind. But it was a long way to go and he was old and stiff in the joints. He sent his son Tom to visit and bring him a full report of all the folks he once knew. Tom was right glad to make the trip, and when he got to Norwich he soon found girls so agreeable that he forgot all about the old cronies his father wanted him to hunt up, and went back after a month's visit. His father asked him about his old neighbor Berkin, but Tom didn't recollect the name. "Well, how is Deacon Huntington?" but Tom hadn't seen the Deacon. "Did you see Mr. Rockwell?" "No," Tom had missed seeing him. And so the old man went on with his questions till he saw that Tom had been fooling him; and to try him once more he asked: "Did you see old Parson Noyes?" Tom thought it about time to have seen somebody, and answered promptly. "Oh, yes; he's first rate—sent lots of love—wants to see you badly."

"Oh, murder!" gasped the old man. "You pesky liar, Parson Noyes has been dead these forty years!" Tom took a candle and went to bed.

An exquisitely-dressed young gentleman, after buying another seal to dangle about his person, said to the jeweler that "he would-ab, like to have-a-h something engraved on it-ab, to denote what he was." "Certainly, certainly, I will put a cipher on it," said the tradesman.

It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their clothes. A good reputation is better than a fine coat in almost any kind of business, except wooing a fashionable lady.

A country editor comes to the conclusion that there are two things that were made to be lost, sinners and umbrellas.

NEVER marry a man because he is handsome. He will think too much of his own beauty to take an interest in yours.

Select Miscellany.

A POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

In one of the oldest houses; in one of the oldest streets in the ancient city of Worms, dwelt the worthy burger Philip Dorn. "Der Meister Philip" was one of that numerous class who would not, perhaps, go out of their way very far, to cheat you; but who when a young and inexperienced customer is sent them by Providence, are very careful to make the most of the blessing by means of wearing a grave face, going to church, and carrying a gold-headed cane. Philip Dorn was universally considered a very respectable personage; but, as all is not gold that glitters, so neither was Philip quite so respectable as was commonly supposed, as will be seen hereafter.

Our hero was a jeweler, and a cunning workman in gold and silver. It happened that one day a countryman came to his house, with a stone which he had found in the neighboring mountains, and had brought to Philip as an honest man, and one whom he could trust. The jeweler took the stone, and after examining it attentively, said, with a careless air, that it was of small value; but that he would give him twenty thalers for it. The countryman, who knew nothing of the value of precious stones, instantly agreed, and Philip paid him the money. As soon as he was gone our jeweler took the gem, which was a jacinth of great value, and regarded it with a well-satisfied smile. "This," said he, "is the very thing which the princess has so long desired. Ah! Philip, thou art a lucky fellow, thy fortune is made; who will now be able to stand against the jeweler, Philip Dorn?" So, after again surveying his bargain, he put it into a case, in which he was wont to keep his most precious things.

In a short time another visitor came to Philip; he was a little man of well-faded appearance, with enormous green spectacles, a high-crowned hat, and high-heeled shoes. This person demanded a stone proper for a ring, such as a diamond or an amethyst. Philip took down the case in which he had deposited his precious jacinth, and exhibited its contents to the stranger, who selected a fine diamond, for which Philip took care to ask double what it was worth; but the stranger paid him, his demand without grudging, and went away, saying that he would see him again.

Philip replaced his case, and set out to inform his patroness, the princess, of his newly-acquired jacinth. He went to the palace, and with many bows, informed her highness of his good fortune, and was desired to return next day, and to bring the gem with him. After dispatching this business, he returned home, and again took down the case to fasten his eyes upon the jewel, when, on opening it, to Philip's consternation, no jacinth was to be seen; it had been searched every corner—the gem was flown.

In great distress of mind Philip went out, and was pondering an apology for the morrow when on turning a corner, he felt some one tap him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw the gentleman, in the green spectacles, who, with a knowing wink, asked him what was become of his jacinth. The jeweler was rather surprised, as he did not remember having seen the stranger examine it; so very naturally asked him if he knew anything about it. "That I do, Herr Philip," replied our expectant friend, "and will perhaps help you to it if you behave well." Our hero eagerly asked where it was, but was told, that there were a few conditions he must agree to before getting it. On this Philip said something about "robbery," "justice," and "a prison;" but a vision of the poor countryman and his twenty thalers, floated before his eyes so he, held his tongue, merely asked what conditions the gentleman spoke of, and said he would agree to any whatever to regain his lost jewel.

The stranger informed Philip, that he could not tell him at present, but that, if he came that night to the forest, at the foot of the Schneberg mountain, he would see, and perhaps regain his jacinth; Philip promised to be punctual, on which the gentleman said adieu, telling him, that he had some business to transact at Ratisbon, but he would be back in time.—Philip thought this rather odd, as that city is at a considerable distance from Worms, but he said nothing; so making a polite bow, he returned home.

He waited, with the utmost impatience for the appointed time, and when at length it began to grow dark, he set out with a beating heart for the rendezvous; soon he approached the forest, and saw the clouds eddying around the summit of the Schneberg. He went on his way rejoicing; and although at the first step in the wood, he plunged up to the neck in a morass, so immersed was he in his delight at the prospect of regaining his jacinth, that he scarcely noticed his immersion in the water.—On he passed, through bush, through brake, frequently coming in contact with the trunks of trees, to the utter discomposure of his sedate and sober wig; the bushes seemed to get thicker, and the pools deeper, the farther he proceeded, and at length he was fairly brought to a stand by a broad sheet of water, the leaping of which was out of the question, even to a much better leaper than our friend Philip. Whilst he was standing, considering what was to be done, he heard a voice, crying, "Here comes my worthy friend, Philip Dorn; prepare the way for him," and shouts of laughter rang through the forest. At this Philip was sore amazed; but, seeing the pool disappear, he stepped boldly forward and found himself at the rock appointed as the place of meeting.

The gentleman in the green spectacles made his appearance on the top of it, and greeted Philip with great politeness; and, although the rock was very precipitous, he walked down with the greatest ease, and stood at Philip's side. "Now," said he, "Herr Dorn, you will be good enough to follow me a little farther;" to which Philip bowed assent, though he would rather have been excused. On they went for a considerable time, through a part of the forest that Philip had never seen before, till at length they reached a wilderness of rocks, which appeared broken from the mountain. They still proceeded, between two high walls of rock,

till they came to a wide cavern, brilliantly lighted, in which Philip saw his jacinth suspended by a gold chain, which seemed to ascend to an immense height, as its other end was lost in the darkness. "Now," said his companion, "there is your jacinth; you have but to stretch out your hand and it is yours." Philip stepped forward and laid hold of his jewel, and attempted to take it from the chain, when suddenly he felt the earth sinking beneath his feet, and, attempting, to withdraw his hand, found it firmly fixed to the jacinth. He turned round in agony to his conductor, and saw him standing laughing immoderately, with his spectacles in one hand and his eyes flaming like burning coals.

"Hold fast, friend Philip!" he cried; "hold fast!" and instantly vanished in the darkness. The cavern closed up with fearful noise; and shouts of laughter, mingled with cries of "Hold fast! hold fast!" were the last sounds that were ever heard by the jeweler of Worms.

(For the Agitator.) THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION. Shaker Method of Canning Fruits and Vegetables.

SHAKER VILLAGE, N. H., June 26, 1862. (To L. BARTLEY, Warren N. H.) ESTERED COUSIN LEVI: Agreeably to your request, I write to inform you of the manner in which we have preserved fruit and vegetables for several years past, with a good degree of success.

First. When the fruit is well ripened it should be gathered and dressed while fresh, carefully avoiding all that is imperfect, soft or decaying. Apples, pears &c., should be quartered and cooked in water as for immediate use, with care that the quarters are kept as whole as is consistent. The same should be regarded with other fruit. When the fruit is nearly cooked, if you wish to sweeten, add sugar or molasses to the taste, and let boil till thoroughly scalded together, then put into the vessel boiling hot.

We use tin cans, of sizes from a pint to a gallon, stone jars of various dimensions, and glass jars made on purpose for preserving fruit. Glass bottles of any description answer a good purpose for preserving small berries, if completely filled and hermetically sealed; but we prefer vessels with an aperture or mouth sufficiently large, at least, to admit a table-spoon.

The cans, jars or bottles should be perfectly clean and sweet, and before they are used should be filled with boiling water, which should be emptied immediately before being filled with sauce. Care should be used to have the vessel completely filled with fruit to prevent the admission of air.

Glass bottles should be first placed in cold water (a handful of hay in bottom of pot) and gradually brought to the boiling point; an easier way is to lay the bottles or cans in a dripping pan, or a coarse cloth, and heat them in the oven, use a dry towel to handle them, and you avoid the danger of scalding by steam or hot water.—S. E. M.

The top of the vessel should be wiped perfectly dry before sealing, that the wax may adhere to every part of the groove and cover. If glass bottles, stone or earthen jugs are used, the corks should be driven into the necks thereof even with the mouth, and tightly sealed to exclude every particle of air.

The sealing wax is made of rosin 4 oz., to 1 oz. of beef or mutton tallow melted together, and after the cover is placed on the fruit can as close as it can be, turned into grooves made for the purpose, when hot, but not boiling. Let stand till cool, then place the vessels in a cellar or cool room where, if undisturbed the fruit may remain for years in a state of preservation, if not exposed to frost.

When a can or bottle is opened for use there is frequently, even with the best-preserved fruit, a scum of mold on the surface, which should be carefully removed with a spoon, or in bottles, a corkcrew or wire hooked at one end, before the fruit is taken out care should be taken to remove every particle—also not to let crumbs of the sealing-wax be mixed with the sauce, which would cause a bad taste.

We preserve in this way, hundreds of gallons of fruit and berries, for our own consumption and for market. Apples, pears, quinces, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, grapes, tomatoes, garden-rhubarb—may be equally well preserved with or without sweetening. We have tried green corn, peas and beans but without success: green currants may be easily preserved. We are careful not to put the most acid fruits into tin cans—such as gooseberries, currants &c., as being likely to corrode the tin, and injure the flavor of the fruit.

If you desire a very nice article of pears, peaches, or apples, stew the fruit in small quantities in tin, sweeten with white sugar and put into glass jars as quick as possible. Respectfully yours, HARRIET HASTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR TIOGA AGITATOR: I have copied the above somewhat lengthy, but valuable recipe for canning fruits, for the information of those proposing to put up some of the abundant fruits of the season, for the sick and wounded soldiers. If every family will make a point to prepare some, more or less as they are able, and then make sure that none shall be lost, by entrusting it for distribution to the Sanitary Commission, which alone has facilities extending to the very front ranks, there will be, I am persuaded, much less complaint from returned soldiers that they "never received any delicacies in the hospital."

The published testimony of S. W. Shankland, of Oberlin Ohio, a soldier, wounded at the battle of Stone River, the last day of last December, should go far to convince the skeptical, willing to be convinced.

He says, "I have run the gauntlet of the hospitals, from Murfreesboro to Cleveland, and at every stage of my painful progress, I was the grateful recipient of your priceless gifts. I owe the preservation of my life to a bottle of blackberry wine, sent me by Mr. Atwater, agent of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at

Murfreesboro. It came to me at a time when I had scarcely any vitality left. It restored my appetite, which I had lost by the too free use of Morphine. That wine could not have been bought with money; it was the priceless gift of some great-hearted country woman—God bless her!"

If testimony of this kind was only circulated, with half the zeal displayed by some, who seem to take a malignant pleasure in undermining the confidence of communities in the Sanitary Commission, we should feel its effects in the numerous Aid Societies, which are devoting time and means to the work of providing comforts of various kinds for our suffering soldiers.

That much valuable material has been lost, having been sent to irresponsible persons, to regiments, companies or individuals, we know too well. But we have gained wisdom by experience, and learned the good results of concentration. Henceforth let all make the U. S. Sanitary Commission the donee of their gifts to the Soldiers: which by its thorough organization, and its access to the most as well as the nearest regiments, can best know, and most readily supply the most urgent needs. Truly national in its action, it recognises: all our Soldiers, as having equal claims upon all their countrymen, and knows no distinction of State. (I enclose a slip out from a number of the Saturday Post which you will perhaps be so kind as to publish.) S. E. M.

Mansfield, July 1st. THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT.

We take the following thrilling description of the late great battle of Gettysburg, by an eye-witness, from the special correspondence of The Tribune. It is the best account yet written:

"Early on Thursday morning the enemy commenced feeling the lines of Gen. Meade's army. Skirmishing continued more or less severe until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly, at about this hour, the enemy opened a terrific fire on the Cemetery Hill held by the 12th Corps on the right—center held by the 2d Corps. The artillery in front of the enemy's fire replied vigorously, and for two hours the roar and thunder of flame and smoke of artillery, and the screech of shells, so completely filled the heavens that all else seemed forgotten.

One form, however, with mind intent on high purposes, stood on an eminence leaning slightly forward, and with eagle eyes pierced the wall of smoke, and saw and felt, and knew that an hour more terrible far than the present was going rapidly to be present. It was evident that a desperate charge was being prepared, what manner was unknown to the man who stood calmly, yet with anxious solicitude, regarding every pulsation of the battle.

On the left, through the woods, black masses were seen moving—larger, more frequent and nearer! Skirmishing in that part of the field becomes sharper. Gen. Sickles is ordered forward to develop the enemy's intentions. The black columns come out of the wood, and suddenly the thunder of the artillery ceases, and with cheers and yells, the roar of musketry and flash of bayonet, full 50,000 men from Longstreet's and Hill's corps, rushed against our lines. The 3d corps stood firm for awhile, but afterward gave way beneath the weight of the attacking column; and on they came ten-fold more furious than before.

Sickles fell severely wounded in the leg, and his corps was literally cut to pieces. The 2d corps was thrown into the breach from the right, and the 5th from the left. The 2d suffered fearfully. Hancock was severely wounded in the thigh, but would not leave the field. Gen. Gibbon was wounded in the shoulder. The terrible charge and fierce battle raged with unabated fury. The 5th corps, including the Regulars and the Pennsylvania Reserves, struggled in the heroic labor with the determination of men born to conquer.

The aid of the 12th corps, from the extreme right, was called for, and a division was ordered up, and about the same time Sedgwick came up with the 6th corps, after a march of 30 consecutive hours. The men were footsore and many shoeless, hungry, and ready to drop with exhaustion. When, however, the situation flashed into the minds of these weary soldiers, the fire and zeal for which this corps is celebrated, was kindled anew in their hearts. When the order came, they went down upon the foe like an avalanche. The rebel column staggered and reeled, and recoiled in confusion, leaving their dead lying against and across each other in the field of slaughter.

The sun went down. Suddenly the battle carnage ceased on the left. Equally sudden, a fierce charge dashed against the weakened lines of the right wing. The suddenness of the attack and the weight of Ewell's column gave some advantage to the enemy. Re-enforcements were promptly up, and the enemy checked in his advance.

The rebel general was determined to break through the right and gain control of the valley roads. The failure to turn the left, snatching the victory from their grasp, and hurling their broken columns back defeated, and confused on the left, made their case more desperate, and the attack on Slocum was furious even to madness. The 1st and 6th Corps came up promptly to the support of the 12th. From dark until 9 1/2 o'clock the battle raged with unabated fury. The lines moved to and fro, each in turn advancing and falling back. At this hour of the night the enemy made his final charge on the left of the right wing, held by Gen. Geary's division. He was repulsed with great slaughter, and refused to renew the attack. At 10 o'clock the battle ceased, and during the night all was quiet.

On Friday morning, at 4 o'clock, Slocum's line opened a terrific fire on Ewell's men. The enemy responded in a most furious charge, for which mode of fighting they are justly celebrated! The fighting on Thursday on the left, where Longstreet and Hill fought with most terrible desperation for three hours, and the subsequent battle on the right by Ewell, were

Table with 4 columns: Rates of Advertising, 1 Square, 2 do, 3 do, 4 do, 5 do, 6 do, 7 do, 8 do, 9 do, 10 do, 11 do, 12 do, 13 do, 14 do, 15 do, 16 do, 17 do, 18 do, 19 do, 20 do, 21 do, 22 do, 23 do, 24 do, 25 do, 26 do, 27 do, 28 do, 29 do, 30 do, 31 do, 32 do, 33 do, 34 do, 35 do, 36 do, 37 do, 38 do, 39 do, 40 do, 41 do, 42 do, 43 do, 44 do, 45 do, 46 do, 47 do, 48 do, 49 do, 50 do.

regarded by the oldest officers in the army as the most obstinate and deadly contest of the war. Officers and men lay dead in fearful numbers. But the enemy's charge in response to Slocum's fire seemed ten times more furious.

With splendid yell and such contempt of death during six full hours, they hurled their solid masses against the well-defended lines. The National troops stood like a wall of fire, whose flaming tongues enveloped in death whatever came near, whose foundations were firm with the primal rock on which it rested.

Nothing during the war has equalled that six hours of carnage. In front of Geary's position were more Rebel dead than the number of the entire list of casualties in the 12th corps. The dead were lying literally in heaps, many hit in all manner of degrees, from a clean shot through the head to bodies torn to pieces by exploding shells.

At 10 o'clock Slocum had repulsed and driven back the enemy at every point, and reoccupied his original position. The battle ceased at 11 o'clock, and there was a pause like to the stillness of death rested for three hours on the living and dead.

No matter how long pressed by the enemy the Union troops felt even in the front rifle pits that the Commanding General was conversant with their situation, and would not suffer them to be overwhelmed. The officers would say to the men, and the men to each other, "Made will send you help—just hold on a little longer."

At 2 o'clock on Friday afternoon Lee opened a line of artillery fire from about one hundred guns, concentrated against Cemetery Hill and the position along the center held by the Second and a part of the First Corps.

The firing was responded to by all the batteries on the hill, and then ensued three hours of cannonading unsurpassed in incessant fierceness by any artillery battle on this continent. The sight and sound was awfully sublime. The hills trembled beneath the percussion. The sound filled the heavens, and Nature, as it were, stood still to contemplate the scene.

Horses were shot down by scores, gun-carriages were demolished, pieces dismounted, caissons exploded, whole batteries were swept away, and caissoniers and officers killed and wounded in numbers almost incredible. No less than fifteen caissons were exploded on the heights, and two regular batteries on the right were completely demolished.

The silent abode of the dead was made the theater of deadly conflict. Tombstones and beautiful monuments were demolished; great holes were torn in the earth by the explosion of shells, and the surface checkered with furrows.

The artillery fire continued till 4 o'clock, when the solid columns of Rebel infantry were again seen moving in the wood in front of the Cemetery Hill. During the fierce cannonading the men and officers were ordered to shelter themselves behind the hills and rocks. When, however, the Rebel infantry was seen in the woods, several officers came to Gen. Doubleday, volunteering to carry messages to Meade and ask that the center be strengthened.

Doubleday replied to the officers that they might trust to Gen. Meade; that he would keep his eye on movements of the enemy and have his forces ready to meet his attacks. Out they came, and rushed rapidly over the fields in a solid mass, but evidently with less fury than before.

The head of the column was directed against a position held by Gen. Webb, commanding 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 2d Corps. His troops were old, and steadily and bravely withstood the charge. The steady fire of the National troops staggered the enemy, and the Rebel Gen. Armistead, who led the charge, wishing to steady his column, halted it for a moment at a fence.

Gen. Webb seeing this, called out to his brigade, "Charge! the enemy is ours." And true enough he was. The commanding Gen. Armistead and 3,500 men were captured by the closing in of the Second Corps on the right and the First on the left.

The enemy was driven back over the fields with great slaughter. The enemy then withdrew from the field, and the battle ended.

(For the Agitator.) Mansfield C. S. and State Normal School. MANSFIELD, June 26th, 1893.

This institution is now brought into a position where a little more forbearance will enable it to meet the claims of its creditors and the expectations of its friends. Last week our Treasurer received \$5000, appropriated by the State. After using enough of this to get the building well insured, and to pay some incidental expenses accompanying the appropriation, the balance had to be paid on debts endangering the safety of the institution. This payment places it in a position of security very favorable for a loan, to pay the remaining debts.

The design is to consolidate the indebtedness into one. To enable us the better to accomplish this, creditors are earnestly desired not to sell their claims on any terms; but, having once been friends to the institution in trusting it, to be friends a little longer in settling their claims direct with the trustees. Some gentlemen of the Bar best acquainted with its affairs, has declined to act against the institution; and it is hoped that creditors will refrain from making any costs, thus acting for the institution and not against themselves. This communication is designed chiefly as a means of information to assure creditors that the trustees have done the best they could to protect them, whether their claims were outlawed or not; and that they will still do the best they can to serve them. In disbursing this appropriation we have employed the best counsel, and have placed our finances in better position than they have been for years. It is expected that a loan of about \$6000, will soon consolidate the indebtedness. W. COCKRAN, President of the Board of Trustees.

DASHER reduces everything to mathematics. He got married because kissing saved fifty per cent. on his sugar tax. Old scholars, please take notice.