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The Agitator is the Official paper of Tioga Co., and circulates in every neighborhood therein. Subscribers being sent the Advance Copy, it circulates among a large number of the laboring classes of the county, and is read by a large number of those of the same class in adjoining counties.

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Wellsboro, Pa., June 29, 1864.

THE AGITATOR.

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

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

VOL. X. WELLSBORO, TIOGA COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1864. NO. 50.

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.

Prince's Metallic Paint, Thaddeus David's Inks, Concentrated Medicines, Cincinnati Wines and Brandy, Whiskey, Brandy, White-wine-Lime, Kerosene Lamps, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Wyoming Mills Wrapping Paper, Furnished at Wholesale Prices by W. D. TERRELL, Corning, N. Y.

Zimmermann & Co's. NATIVE BRANDY & WINES, FOR MEDICAL & COMMUNION PURPOSES.

THIS BRANDY has been analyzed by the Medical Director of the Naval Laboratory at Brooklyn, and substituted for French Brandy for use in the United States Navy. It is also used and recommended by Dr. Satterlee, Medical Purveyor in New York of U. S. Army, in the Hospital of his Department.

CATAWBA BRANDY.

THIS BRANDY has all the properties of Dry Sherry Wine.

SWEET CATAWBA WINE.

THIS WINE for its mildness is adapted for Invalids and for communion purposes.

MESSRS. ZIMMERMANN & CO., of Cincinnati, Ohio, and New York, have formed a partnership with N. Longworth of Cincinnati, the wealthy Native Wine producer, and therefore enable them to furnish the best of American production, at moderate prices.

Farmer's Catechism.

Question. What is the best kind of Wooden beam? Answer. The WIARD PLOW.

Question. What does it excel all others? Answer. In ease of draft, in being less liable to clog, and in fact it excels in every particular.

Question. Where is this Plow to be found? Answer. At the KNOXVILLE FOUNDRY, where they are made, and at various agencies around the country.

Question. Are there any other plows made at that Foundry? Answer. Yes! Biles makes various kinds of wooden and iron beam plows, both for flat land and side hill, and he keeps ahead of all other establishments in making the BEST PATENTED and improved plows without regard to the COST.

Question. Are Plows all that Biles makes? Answer. By no means. He also makes HORSE HOES, a superior article for corn, potatoes, &c. ROAD SCRAPERS that beat the world. Cast-iron Teeth of a very superior pattern. Shovel Plow Castings for new land, and indeed almost every thing that is ever made at a Foundry, from a Boat Jack to a Steam Engine.

Question. Would you then advise me to buy there? Answer. Most certainly you do, for besides making the best KIND of every thing Biles makes, they are the most DURABLE, and it is a common expression where his Plows have been introduced, that they last as long as from two to four got at any other shop; he has always been at the business from a small time, and he knows how it is done, and if you try his wares once, you will be ready with me to tell all wanting anything in that line to go, send, or in some other way procure them of J. P. BILES, at the Knoxville Foundry, Knoxville, March 30, 1863-tf.

New Millinery Goods.

MRS. A. J. SOFIELD desires to call the attention of the Ladies of Wellsboro, and vicinity, to her New Stock of Spring Millinery Goods, consisting of the latest styles of Bonnets, Hats, Head Dresses, Caps, &c., and a variety of French Follies, Shell and Straw Ornaments, for the latest styles in the way of Trimmings. Infant's Hats and Caps, Old Lady Dress Caps, Grenadine Veils of the newest shades. Mrs. S. feels particularly grateful for the patronage of her friends, and would say that she has engaged one of the best Milliners for the season, and is prepared to repair Straws in the best manner. She is receiving Goods constantly from New York, and will keep a good assortment. Her rooms will be found hereafter opposite Roy's Drug Store, in the building lately occupied by Miss Smith. Wellsboro, April 13, 1864-tf.

REMOVAL.

MISS PAULINE SMITH has removed to the house (late the residence of Chas. Williams,) opposite the United States Hotel. I wish to inform my customers that I have just received my SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, and can be found at the above place, ready to do work in the best manner for all who may favor me with a call. Wellsboro, April 13, 1864-tf.

COWANESQUE HOUSE.

THIS HOUSE which has been open for convenience of the traveling public for a number of years, has lately been newly furnished throughout and fitted up in as good style as can be found in any country or city Hotel. The proprietor does not hesitate in saying that there will be no pains spared to add to the comfort of his guests, and make it a home for them. The best of stabling for teams; and a good leader always in attendance, all of which can be found one mile east of Knoxville, Pa. M. V. PURPLE, Proprietor. Deerfield, May 25, 1864-tf.

Robbed from the Safe of the Tioga Co. Bank.

On Wednesday night, May 25, 1864, the following described bonds and notes:

1 U. S. 5-20 coupon bond, 4th series, letter F, No. 14,719, for \$500.

3 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter C, Nos. 36,150, \$1.22, each \$500.

12 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter E, Nos. 73,879 to 73,895, each \$100.

14 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 4th series, letter M, Nos. 19,824 to 19,837, each \$50.

3 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 3d series, letter A, Nos. 8,804-5, 8, and \$1000.

4 U. S. 5-20 coupon bonds, 3d series, letter A, Nos. 4050-51-52-53, each \$500.

Tioga County Bank notes, old issue, 5's, 10's and 20's—\$5,000. Signed by former officers of the bank, all punched through for terms; and a good leader retired for three years. No other notes of this bank had ever been punched. The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing or taking any of the said bonds and notes. A. S. TURNER, Cashier. Tioga, May 25, 1864.

Executor's Notice.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to me on the estate of a Miller of Barre, late of Sullivan township, 6th & 7th, notice is hereby given to those indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them properly authenticated for settlement. HENRY B. CARD, Executor. June 22, 1864-6\*

Select Poetry.

The Standard-Bearer of Company K. BY HIRSH RICH.

I see him at night on his crickets looking up to the old King's arm; I see him fatherless, later—like a man he managed the farm; And now he has gone to the war, O dear, God keep my boy from harm!

That is, O Father, protect him, if it be thy heavenly will; The rest of my pathway lies along the shady side of the hill; But his good and will give to my feet a little sunshine still.

The blossoms upon the apple-tree have come and gone; Since the morning he went hurrying out with a color down the lane; And the last I saw was a waving hand in the city ward flying train.

He was only a sergeant when he went, but I think he could command; Like a general, or an admiral, on the sea or on the land; He was ever so bright as a scholar, and wrote a mass of his hand.

I saw a wounded officer at the bridge the other day; "Have you seen the Widow Millman's son?" my lips said scarcely say; "I cannot remember the regiment, but the company's letter is."

"Was he," I said, "a handsome fellow and nearly six feet high?" "Oh, yes," I said, "was joy to look in the face of his broad blue eyes."

"Your son was a hero, the order read; 'twas his general who said, 'good-bye.'"

I wish he had told what a hero he is, I think it would do me good; Perhaps where the place was hardest, my Willie the longest stood; Or divided his bread with a comrade—Oh! that any soldier would.

Well, the farm is needing him badly, the fences are overgrown; I know by the parching weather it is time our meadow was mown—When he comes won't it please him to see how the little black coat has grown?"

May Bennett was here to see me for an hour yesterday; I am thinking her cheek is thinner, and her step a touch less light; But the bloom would come back to her sweetly if Willie would only write.

Strange the neighbors never inquire now, Have you heard from Willie of late? And the mothers, though ever so weary, go hurriedly to the mill; Even the lad from the mill looks down and goes when I tell him to wait.

But they will join in the gladness when the village with flags is gay; When the trumpet and bugle are blowing—it will be my happiest day—And Willie comes bearing home the banner of Company K.

Till then, O Father, protect him, if it accord with Thy will; I thought the rest of my pathway lay by the shady side of the hill; But bright as ever the sunshine comes and sleeps upon the mill.

A stranger is winning the heart back into the loamy land; The wide vista in the promised light in the mansions of the free; And Willie was buried at Gettysburg in the summer of sixty-three.

Miscellany.

Captain Gordon, the Highwayman.

The Scottish Highlands, which, in the fierce and turbulent days of old, sent our armed clans of brave warriors to every battle, now, in this weak and piping time of peace, pour forth innumerable herds of cattle to perish between the insatiable jaws of the proud Southron.

At the proper season on a set day, the stock is driven in from all the surrounding region to some appointed place—the foot of a mountain, or the side of a lake, or near a castle, or in the neighborhood of a battle-field—and herdsmen are selected to accompany the different portions into which the drove is divided. So far all is plain, sailing, calling for the display of no considerable amount of skill; but when the cattle from a thousand hills are gathered together, a competent chief is required to conduct the four-footed army on its weary march across the border. This person must be a man.

"All are not men who wear human form," etc. He must be one in whom the owners have the utmost confidence—honest, brave, and skillful. The "topman," as he is called, is responsible for everything he directs all the movements, gives the signal when to move or when to halt; is always busy, now in the front, and then in the rear; and is consulted by his subordinate in all difficulties. He knows the safe road over all the wildest tracts; the mountains and the moors are as familiar to him as the beaten path; he prefers the green sward way; it is pleasant to the hoofs of his charge, and affords them a mouthful; to the hard and dusty public road which distress the feet of his cattle, and has little in the way of food.

English parties, on their way to the north to look at the wild deer and the wild hills, and to trace the scenes of Scott or Ossian, are often startled by a drove emerging from a glen or rounding the base of a mountain, come lowing along, urged or directed by drivers, who, with wallet on back, and staff in hand, are conducting them to the South.

Beside these the cares and duties, while on the march, the topman has to make all the bargains, dispose of all the cattle, and be responsible for their value to their owners.—Such a person must evidently be a wise man, and just exactly such a man was Kenneth Mardock, the hero of our sketch.

It was a bright cloudless autumn day, that Kenneth astride a powerful horse, with a big broadsword clanking against his saddle, and a strong force well bound by his side, was pushing his way northward to the border. He had just disposed, in one of the English markets, of one of the largest droves that ever left the Highlands, and with the proceeds of the sale in his pocket, was hastening homeward in advance of his companions, for besides his desire to account to his employers, there was a certain Maggie that he had promised in case his cattle sold readily and well, to transfer to Mrs. Mardock, and he was, therefore, very anxious to get on as fast as possible, for he knew that Maggie was equally impatient to behold him, as well as she might be, for a handsomer broad-shouldered, curler-whiskered young fellow is not often seen.

His way lay across a solitary part of the country, and for several hours he had seen no other creature than his dog and horse; but as he emerged from a little wood that bordered the highway, he perceived a short distance before him a well-dressed, aristocratic looking gentleman, upon a noble black charger, advancing in the same direction with himself. "A fine dog, master drover," said the gentleman, as he drew abreast of him. "Fine as a fiddle," returned Kenneth. "A lonesome road this," said the stranger, "and I am by no means sorry to have met with a companion."

"It is a solitary bit of a travel for a social lad," assented Kenneth, and they fell into a pleasant conversation that continued some time. At length the stranger who had been talking of the martial spirits of the Highlanders, remarked: "As brave as you Highlanders are, I wonder how you dare to traverse the country alone with so much English gold as you drovers generally have in your pockets."

"Pooh!" ejaculated Kenneth contemptuously, "if we have Scottish steel in the sheath."

"A good broadsword is a friend said the stranger, "but a pistol is far quicker."

"Aye, but a pistol may miss fire—the flint may slip, or the ball go wide, and then what is the good of it! No, no; give me the good steel that's always ready, and I am afraid of no highwayman in the land."

"Not even the renowned Captain Gordon, who is said to be somewhere in this vicinity," said the stranger in a bantering tone.

"That for Captain Gordon," returned Kenneth snapping his fingers, and touching the hilt of his sword; with Andrew Ferrara here and Bran there, 'I'd not fear to meet him this minute, or to spit in his face anywhere."

"What!" exclaimed the other, in a tone so expressive of doubt as to be offensive, "is your sword a real Ferrara? such blades are scarce."

"Do you doubt my sword?" asked Kenneth sharply.

"No, only as I before remarked, such blades are not common."

"By Jupiter, I'll convince you then," said Kenneth, unsheathing his sword, and pointing to the maker's name and date.

"It is as you say," replied the other, pointing in his hand, as though to weigh the weapon, rather than to admire it.

"Take it by the hilt, man," said Kenneth, "that's no way to try a sword."

The stranger seized it by the hilt, and making his horse leap suddenly forward, struck such a ferocious blow at poor Bran that his head fell at least ten paces from his body; then turning upon the petrified drover he said: "Your money or your life! you see that even a Highlander may be matched."

"Who in Satan's name are you?" gasped Kenneth, bewildered at the unexpected turn affairs had taken.

"I am the Captain Gordon, whose face you promised to spit into, and I have sworn to take you with your own weapon. So now dismount, and she'll that drove of cattle out of your pockets, before I spit your head open."

Refusal was death, resistance was hopeless, and he was forced to deliver up the gold.

"Who will believe in the Bredal-band," said he as he cast mournful glances at Bran, "that with such a dog, and such an arm at sword, an English foot-pad robbed me?"

"Oh rest at ease on that band," said the robber, sarcastically, for I have bolted better men than you; besides, I intended for your insolence, to bestow a token on you to show that you were robbed by main force. Lay down your right hand upon the tree-stump."

To lose his right hand was horrible, and he hesitated and recoiled.

"Down with it!" roared the robber, waving the bright blade in the sun. "Down with it, or you are a dead man."

Life is sweet even unto the bravest, and Kenneth reluctantly placed his hand across the stump. Drawing all his strength into the blow, the robber swung the heavy sword round his head till it whistled in the air. At the last moment a brilliant thought occurred unto the unlucky Highlander. As the sharp steel came rushing down, he suddenly jerked his arm away, and the blade buried itself into the tough, green wood. Before he could release the weapon or recover himself from the blow, Kenneth was upon him like a whirlwind. A short but terrific struggle ensued, which resulted so much to the disadvantage of the robber, that with a sudden effort of desperation he broke away, leaped upon Kenneth's horse, which was the nearest, and fled away with the spirit of the wind.

Our hero knew his horse to well to think of following; so recovering his sword, and gathering up the gold he had so nearly lost, he bestrode the robber's saddle—which he subsequently discovered to be stuffed with a large amount of treasure—and again pushed forward to the residence of the future Mrs. Kenneth.

Not long after, he had the satisfaction of hearing that the renowned Captain Gordon had been run through the body by some lucky traveler.

SAVE US SOMETHING.—It unfortunately happens that as no man believes he is likely to die soon, every one is much disposed to defer the consideration of what ought to be done at once. The determination to lay by often creates the power to lay by, and the first effort is the most difficult. Let it always be remembered that in putting by something for a rainy day, a man purchases a certain amount of mental tranquillity, and thus he may actually extend his life by providing against the result of his death.

LITTLE PRESENTS.—"I will give you my head," said Montague, "if every word of the story I have related is not true."

"I accept your offer," said the president, "resents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

Letters from the Army.

FROM THE 45TH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT. BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., Aug. 5, 1864.

FRIEND COBB: The apparent inactivity that for six long weeks had rested on the Army of the Potomac, has at last been broken by the terrible din of battle, and its attendant deplorable circumstances. Since the 18th of June, when the unsuccessful assault by our army on the rebel lines proved that the enemy's works were too formidable to be carried in that way, Gen. Grant determined to try the mining process. Accordingly, the fort in front of the position held by our brigade, being located on favorable ground, was chosen for the experiment, and the work of digging commenced at once, and in earnest. Up to the time of its completion, the miners, belonging to the 48th Pa., Veteran Volunteers, under the supervision of Lt. Col. Pleasant, of that regiment, were constant and indefatigable in their work. This accounts for the unusual picket firing which has been in progress along our front, its object being to keep the "Johnnies" from peeping over our breastworks and discovering the mine.

Notwithstanding our vigilance, the matter leaked into the rebel lines, probably through some of the pickets of other parts of the line, where firing had, by mutual consent, been suspended. Yet the rebels were slow to believe that their fort could be blown up by any digging that Grant's men could do; and, until the explosion took place, had strong faith in its failure. This they acknowledged after the battle. At 4 1/2 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of July, everything being ready, the troops consisting of the 9th corps, supported by the 10th and 18th corps, massed in front ready to take advantage of the breach, and confusion which the explosion might produce in the rebel line, the match was applied. After the lapse of a few moments, a sheet of flame and dust, cannon carriage wheels, pieces of timber, sand bags, and human beings, arose from the rebel fort, and after quivering a few seconds in mid air, fell back into the yawning chasm beneath. The shock was very great, jarring the earth for miles around, and fearfully in the near vicinity—some of the videttes saying that it actually caused them to turn summersaults in their pits. It is estimated that from 200 to 300 rebels were buried in the ruins, some of whom afterward dug their way out with spoons, and many others were dug out by our pioneers and sent to the rear as prisoners.

Simultaneously with the report of the explosion, our batteries opened with great vigor along the whole line, and for a few minutes the cannonading was one continual roar from one end of the line to the other. It was some time before the rebel batteries replied, and then but feebly, evidently reserving their fire for closer work. As soon as the artillery opened, the infantry was ordered to charge into the breach. The first division of our corps took the advance and rushed over the rifle-pits into the breach with a wild hurrah, amid a terrible shower of grape and canister, and musketry. They were followed by the 3d, and subsequently by the 2d divisions. Our brigade, having stood its tour of picket, were relieved and marched to the rear, we began to think that we were not to participate in the assault; but we were soon put at rest on that score by an order to move forward at once, which we did, not stopping until we had passed all who had gone before, and taken a position in a traverse beyond the captured fort.

The 4th division (colored) was then ordered forward to charge the works, which since our entrance into the fort had been pouring a destructive fire of shot and shell, grape and canister, and musketry, into it, inflicting terrible carnage upon our massed battalions. At first the charge of the negroes was as steady and cool as that of veterans; but as they neared the works before them a galling fire of musketry, and grape and canister into their ranks from front and both flanks was more than they could stand. The sable column wavered a moment and fell back, its support, the 10th corps, giving away at the same time, when the rebel infantry, which had been secretly massing in our front, charged upon the negroes, turning their retreat into an ungovernable panic. On they came, heading over the white troops and into the fort—many not stopping until out of range of the rebel guns. This encouraged the enemy, and before our boys were aware of it, a line of graybacks with fixed bayonets was upon us, the officers swinging their swords and calling out—"Surrender, you Yankee sons of—!" They actually threw themselves upon our bayonets, and a terrible hand-to-hand conflict commenced all along the line. Swords and pistols were used with good execution, while personal encounters with the bayonet were frequent. The rebel officers, by their coolness and daring, did more execution with their pistols than the men, who seemed to care but little whether they fired or not. Many prisoners were made on both sides, but in the confusion a majority of them were lost. Many of our boys surrendered themselves, and afterward made their escape. As we were found near with the negroes, the rebels did not hesitate to butcher some of the prisoners before our eyes, especially the officers, against whom they seemed to entertain a peculiar spite. It is not to be supposed, however, that all their captives shared the same fate.

Capt. Gregg, commanding our regiment, was severely attacked by a rebel officer, when, seizing a pistol from the hand of his assailant, the Captain knocked his adversary down and ran him through with his sword. Corporal Bowed of our Company, took eight prisoners, but in marching them to the rear in the confusion, lost them all, but one. Instances of coolness and personal daring occurred in profusion, but with all the valor displayed by the disciplined regiments of the 9th corps, the confusion created by the colored division, together with the murderous enfilading fire from both flanks upon our huddled masses, soon made it apparent that the day was lost; and after having accomplished all that human endurance could stand, the line was withdrawn to the position we occupied before the assault. In the retreat

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged \$1 per square of 10 lines, one or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements of less than 10 lines considered as a square. The subjoined rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertisements:

Table with 4 columns: 1 Square, 3 Months, 6 Months, 12 Months. Rates range from \$4.00 to \$7.50.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions desired marked upon them, will be published until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill-Heads, Letter-Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables, and other BLANKS, constantly on hand.

From the fort we lost many men, the intervals, about 100 yards, being raked from both sides by rebel batteries. Brig. Gen. Bartlett, commanding a brigade in the 1st division, with between 100 and 200 men, black and white, still remained in the fort. The General had an artificial leg, which, in the melee, was broken, rendering escape impossible. The little garrison still presented a bold front, keeping the enemy at bay until about 2 p. m., when a final charge was made by the rebels, capturing all who were in the ruins.

Thus ended one of the bloodiest contests of the war. The ground between our lines and the destroyed fort was literally strewn with the dead and wounded who had to be abandoned in the retreat.

Our loss could not have been less than 2000 in killed, wounded, and missing, a large proportion being negroes, against whom the rebel artillery was chiefly directed. That of the enemy was, in all probability, fully equal to ours.

Though nothing substantial, save the destruction of the fort, was gained, the mining proved a complete success, and those acquainted with Gen. Grant have reason to believe that what would have proved a brilliant success but for a combination of unfortunate circumstances, will be repeated on a larger scale ere the siege of Petersburg is raised. Some are inclined to throw the whole blame on the negro troops. Had they kept their line intact instead of breaking into confusion, thereby endangering the whole line, the result might have been different; but too much should not have been expected of them, green as they were, it being the first time that many of them had been under fire. Their charge at first was gallant and magnificent as any in this war; but once broken, their retreat became a panic, as irresistible as their advance but a moment before. No impartial judge who witnessed the pressure brought to bear against them, the terribly destructive range of the rebel artillery and the fierce onset which met them in front, will say that the disaster of the day was wholly attributable to the conduct of the negroes, but rather to poor generalship.

During the afternoon we were relieved from the immediate front and marched into camp, parched with heat and thirst, the clothes of many of the boys besmeared with blood and dirt, our ranks fearfully thinned, having left many comrades in the deadly breach, and many more to drag out weary months in Southern prisons. Our regiment went in with less than 200, and lost 67, including 7 commissioned officers, in killed, wounded and missing. Co. G. lost 7 out of 13.

As night set in, the usual picket firing was resumed; and save the terrible spectacle of carnage in front of our corps, where the fighting had been done, nothing indicated that a battle had been fought. On the following day a flag of truce was sent in to the rebel commander in order to bury the dead. It was so late, however, before the requisite formalities were got over, that the truce was postponed to the next morning. From 7, to 9 a. m., were the hours designated.

At the appointed time all firing between pickets ceased, and details, with stretchers, picks and shovels, were set at work. The flag of truce was planted midway between the lines in the midst of a group of officers of both armies, who, a moment sooner could have met but in mortal strife. The men were not allowed to pass beyond a certain limit, except the details, which, under a rebel guard, were left to gather the dead wherever found. No arms or accoutrements were permitted to be taken off the field by either party. The ruins of the fort had been fixed up into a rifle-pit, and garrisoned with two lines of battle. Graybacks were thick as bees on the parapets. Rebel officers of all grades, from Lieut. General down to 2d Lieutenant were strutting about, some in their shirt sleeves, or careless undress, and others in full regimentals, including big boots and gaudy gloves. The men, as is usual with them, were variously dressed, mostly in gray, some decently, and others quite shoddily; none, however, appeared to be suffering. The dignified bearing of the officers could not but be noticed, while the promptness with which their orders were obeyed, spoke well for discipline in the rebel army.

The dead, as they lay in a row midway between the lines, where a pit was being dug for their reception, presented a ghastly and sickening spectacle. All were alike swollen, full of maggots, and totally disfigured, while the stench filled the air for miles around. At 9 o'clock the mournful task was hardly finished, but the truce had expired, and those who for a few moments under the white flag had been friends, were again mortal enemies. Both parties retired behind their respective lines of entrenchments and commenced popping away at each other as usual.

But little artillery firing has been in progress since the battle, and that chiefly on the part of the enemy. Last night they gave us quite a shelling, but did no harm beyond cutting down a few trees. Rumors are afloat about our corps being relieved from duty in the Potomac army, but are not credited. Having received no pay since our reenlistment, greenbacks are getting scarce with us, but as sutlers are permitted to follow their regiments again we are supplied with all the necessities from that source.

Capt. Gregg, of whom honorable mention is made in the beginning of this letter, has been commissioned Major of our regiment, the former Major having died of wounds. Nothing further having been heard from the "missing" and no authentic information having been received of their meeting a worse fate, we naturally conclude that they are prisoners of war.

"How do you do?" That's Englishman and American. "How do you carry yourself?" That's French. "How do you stand?" That's Dutch. "How can you?" That's Swedish. "How do you perspire?" That's Egyptian. "How is your stomach?" Have you eaten your rice?" That's Chinese. "How do you have yourself?" That's Polish. "How do you live on?" That's Russian. "May thy shadow never be less!" That's Persian; and all