

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS AND SUFFERER.

PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1864. About 3 o'clock of Friday afternoon, July 29th, Gen. Couch informed us that the enemy were advancing in force from Mercersburg, that they could reach Chambersburg in three hours, and yet they might not come at all. We were also informed that the rebels were too strong to be successfully resisted. Our cavalry force of twenty-four men disputed, with their five hundred, every inch of the road from Mercersburg to within a mile and a half of Chambersburg, where they were reinforced at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, (30th,) by one cannon and seventy-two men. Here, on the brow of a high hill, the last stand was made by the handful of brave men. When the enemy had advanced within four hundred yards of the cannon, they being entirely unconscious of our having one) five shots were fired in rapid succession, producing a marked effect upon their compact body, after which they made a rapid retreat through the streets of the town, unpursued by the enemy, who were afraid to enter till daylight. In the meantime Averill's train had been passing through the town for hours, together with a large body of farm horses and cattle. It was justly thought by the officers in command, to be of great importance that this train should not be captured, and on this account the last desperate stand was made outside of the town. The train was saved, and Major Meneely and Captain Swearingen, of Gen. Couch's staff, were among the very last to leave, Major Schultze having left but a short time before. Here permit me to express my personal regard and admiration for Gen. Couch and his staff, who certainly did all they could with the limited force at their command. About this time I heard the singing of three shells thrown into or over the town. At daylight the enemy advanced into the town, taking possession. As soon as they had had their breakfast, Gen. McCausland demanded \$500,000 in currency, and was peremptorily refused. On the instant the town was fired in some fifty places, without a word of warning to any one. The very citizens whom McCausland had arrested, and from whom he had made the demand, found their houses fired before they reached their homes. Pending the negotiation, stores and dwellings were broken open, the robbers helping themselves to whatever pleased their fancy. I was in my house with my wife and two children, and also a lady whose husband was taken to Richmond last summer, her little boy, and sister. The earliest warning we received was from the stifling smoke that poured through the house, and from some one knocking at the door and crying: "If there is any one in this house, for God's sake leave, for it is all on fire." I gathered my family together, and left with nothing but the clothes I had upon my person; two of the ladies not having time even to get their bonnets. Having gotten them out of the house, I ascended the stairs to see if any had been left behind, in the haste. After having examined all the rooms, I met two of the infuriated wretches rushing up the stairs as I hurried down. At this time the house was filled with blinding smoke. I locked the front door, hoping that the unwelcome visitors would not be able to find their way out. Immediately hurried after my charge, and found them struggling their way through the streets thronged with homeless women and children, the pavements blocked up by the rebels, who had ridden their horses in every imaginable way to hinder the course of the fugitives. The streets were filled with smoke and flame, and almost impassable. After we had reached a temporary shelter, my wife returned to the scene of destruction, as a bird to its nest, and on her way was stopped before a burning house, in which a corpse was lying, and a little child at the point of death. The dead woman was gotten out with difficulty, and buried in the garden without shroud or coffin, and the child was barely rescued and placed in her arms, when an officer in front of the house called out to his men: "Boys, remember Hunter!" She ran up to him, uncovered the child and said: "Here is a dying baby we saved from the house you have fired—Is your revenge sweet?" Shocked, the fellow burst into tears, and answered, "No, madam." He followed her some distance, and leaning down, asked her earnestly: "Madam, can't I save something for you?" Her answer was: "No, it is too late, I have lost all!" Warned to leave the house in which we had taken refuge, a party of us left, but soon became separated; and I lost my little boy, aged about ten, and did not find him till the next day, at Shippensburg, whither he had walked, a distance of twelve miles. The rest of us kept upon the edge of the burning town, and for three or four hours, watched the progress of the flames. One of the saddest sights I witnessed, was the burning of the old Academy. I watched it burn, timber by timber. Fifteen years of associations as scholar and teacher were annihilated in the course of one short hour. My attention was then drawn to the flag-staff, in the centre of the public square, and we all of our party as well as others, expressed an ardent hope that it might stand from which the American flag might wave even, over the ruins of the town. At noon we returned to the uninjured house of a friend, and spent the night in gazing upon the ruins of our once happy and beautiful town. The conduct of the rebel soldiers was barbarous in the extreme, though there were many honorable exceptions. Ladies were fired upon when their backs, ladies were forced to carry back into the houses articles of clothing that had saved from the flames, drunken who

danced upon the furniture and articles of value and ornament, women's persons were searched in the most indecent manner, oaths and foul language abounded, aged women were locked in their rooms, while their houses were on fire, trunks were rifled after being dragged by the owners from the ruins, promises of protection were made to be instantly broken. Everything was done to add to the terror and confusion of the panic-stricken women and children. Soon the hunger of the little ones added new horror to the scene. Families were separated, and distracted fathers and mothers could be seen everywhere, seeking amid the confusion for those that were missing; and yet no selfishness was apparent. Every one was willing to aid and sympathize with his neighbor. No one complained, no one lost hope; stern defiance of the accursed crew was the prominent feeling. A rebel officer stopped me, saying: "Sir, cannot a little money be raised to satisfy that brute, McCausland, a very little money would save this end of the town." My answer was: "If ten cents would do it, it would not be forthcoming." One rebel came running towards me, wringing his hands, saying: "Horrible, horrible—I did not think it could be so bad as this!" Another one told me that they had received orders before they entered the town, to burn every house in it; and yet another informed me that their object was to effect an entrance during the night, and then burn it. In some cases, the women attempted to extinguish the fire, and were always prevented by threats and personal violence. Some were thrust from their houses, others were struck; and in some instances pistols were drawn upon them. One lady had a bucket of water which she had brought to extinguish the fire, thrown in her face. In almost every case, the sick and the infirm were hindered from leaving their homes. There appeared to be a desire, on the part of these fiends, to have some burned, if possible, by accident. One rebel who helped a lady to save some of her clothing, was seen led out of the town handcuffed. An officer who suffered himself to be persuaded to save some property, said, as he left the house that he refused to fire; "Madam, you have saved your house, but have cost me my commission, and perhaps my life." A negro saved his life by dressing himself in woman's clothes, and carrying on his head a feather bed, thereby hiding his face and hands. Little children cried to "go home"—the home that was destroyed, old men wept over the town in which they had lived for three quarters of a century; citizens looked on with dismay upon the destruction of their life-long labor and industry. Many fled to the cemetery for refuge, and there, in the midst of death, was one little life added to the wretched throng. The words of our Saviour, with regard to the foretelling of the destruction of Jerusalem, was forced upon us, "Let him which is on the house-top, not come down to take anything out of his house: neither let him which is in the field, return back to take his clothes. And woe unto them that are with child, and to them that give suck in those days!" The town soon became one mass of smoke and flame, which ascended straight up to heaven, as if to call down the vengeance of God upon the incendiaries—not a breath of air was stirring, and there was scarce an instance of one dwelling catching fire from another, unless adjoining. Here and there, whirlwinds went up like gigantic corkscrews, carrying paper and clothing high into the air, and miles into the surrounding country, as if to bear witness of the foul outrage. I saw more than one rebel soldier weeping like a child, over the desolation he had made. Hardened as they were, to the horrors of war, this was far too terrible for even them to bear. One cried out to me in an agony of remorse: "Oh, I never enlisted for this!" For miles around, the frightened inhabitants fled, they knew not whither; some continuing their flight until they dropped to the ground with exhaustion. Pocket-books and watches were taken by wholesale; bundles, shawls and valises were snatched out of women's and children's hands, to be thrown away. Cows and dogs and cats were burned to death, and the death-cries of the poor dumb brutes sounded like the groans of human beings. It is a picture that may be misrepresented, but cannot be heightened. One young girl was crying; but, meeting a squad of the marauders she controlled her tears, saying: "They shan't see me cry." Old men in the morning were in their dotage by night, and many a youth became a man, a revengeful man, ere the day had closed. Strong minds wavered in the balance, and to the loss of worldly possessions was added the irreparable loss of reason. Full grown men; forgetful of themselves, sobbed over the destitution of those they loved, and self-sacrificing women strove to comfort those of weaker hearts, who had lost no more than themselves. We know of instances where persons had saved money and valuables of others, with which they had in the excitement, been intrusted to the exclusion of their own. In the midst of this awful scene, the sympathy and encouragement we had all along received from our loyal friends of a sister state, though the columns of the Tribune, Times, and Independent, arose before us like a dense cloud, and, for the time, we hesitated which was most our enemy—New York or Virginia. Three hundred of the enemy in our streets, two hundred as guard outside, three thousand within supporting distance; this, too, with two thousand effective United States cavalry only nine miles off, for hours. Oh, for one-half of the brave Franklin County boys, that were then far away from their homes, fighting the battles of the Union! We blame no one. Our loyalty, as strong as ever, forbids us; but there is an awful responsibility

The usual mode of firing the houses was, to chop up the furniture with axes, and pile it upon opened beds, or in ward-ropes, and then apply a lighted match. Lighted paper, torches, turpentine-balls and straw were also used. One scoundrel accepted five dollars from a frightened female, to carry her trunk to a place of safety where he coolly broke it open, and helped himself to the most valuable part of its contents. The officer who was sent to burn Col. McClure's property had received orders to retain his wife to witness the burning. The officers carried lists in their hands, from which they seemed to receive exact information as to the locality of every man's property. A little dead child was inclosed in a chest, and buried by the terrified parents in their garden, for fear it would be burned in their house. A lady in delicate health, was watched by one of the robbers, and allowed to drag her trunk outside of the town; after which he searched it, and appropriated the valuables it contained. She asked, whether that was Southern chivalry, and received for reply: "Take that back or I'll blow your brains out." She did not retract, and did not have her brains blown out. It was sad to see ladies escaping from their houses with nothing but a few photographs or an album. In many instances, they rode into the parlors on horseback, doing all the damage they could. About two hundred and sixty houses in the heart of the town, were burned to the ground, the part left comparing with that destroyed as the rind does with the orange. The loss is moderately estimated at one and a half million of dollars. In the evening of that dreadful day, it was overpowering to witness the change in circumstances. One of our prominent citizens went, with his family to the house of his hostler; another to the residence of his negro servant. On the next day it was a still more sorrowful sight to see refined ladies flock to the church to draw Government rations, and receive articles of second hand clothing, sent up by the spontaneous charity of persons residing along the line of the C. V. Rail Road. It was hard to eat the bitter bread of charity, but this mortification was borne with the same heroism with which they looked upon the sacking and burning of the dear old town. To see the grey-haired men and women, the middle-aged, the youthful, and childhood, all represented in the destitute but uncomplaining throng, was one of the most solemn sights the world ever saw. Wyoming and Chambersburg will live in the history of Pennsylvania, and the infamous names of Butler and McCausland, will be handed down to posterity, as the types of savage barbarity. About noon these modern savages were compelled to leave, with their hellish work unfinished, on account of the approach of Averill. At 3 P. M., the Union forces advanced through the town. The citizens cheered the dusty and jaded warriors, but no soldierly huzzas came from their parched and suffocated throats, as they rode through smoke and flame, and the intense heat of the smouldering ruins. One repeated exclamation of, "My God!" was all that was heard, and then, as they passed the flag-staff, each one shouted, "Remember Chambersburg!" And so they exclaimed, and so they shouted, as they dashed at a trot through the town, and after the inhuman hell-hounds, as McCausland, himself, termed his men. I may live to be an old man, but never, never shall I see such sights again, as I saw that day in the stricken town of Chambersburg. THE SEVEN-THIRTIES—WHAT ARE THEY. We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the Appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent, annual interest payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect what every man, unless he be a traitor at heart, it not in act, is solemnly pledged. The appeal is addressed not only to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked is from \$50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this. It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before. No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war. The cost of the war may be set down at 2000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1000 millions richer to-day than they were when the war broke out. No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for \$50, or \$100, or \$1000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or interest tickets, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money. Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings' Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over \$500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits \$1000 in a private Savings' Bank receives 50 dollars a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives 75 dollars. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan. It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five or more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect. For six months past these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (Aug. 12) thus making the real rate of interest over ten per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from state and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?—Harper's Magazine. Advertisements. SAMUEL WORK, WILLIAM MCCOUGH, KRAMER & RAHM, Pittsburgh. BANKING HOUSE OF WORK, MCCOUGH & CO. NO. 36 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA. DEALERS IN UNCURRENT BANK NOTES AND COINS. Southern and Western Funds bought on the most favorable terms. Bills of Exchange on New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Cincinnati, St. Louis, etc. etc., constantly for sale. Collections promptly made on all accessible points in the United States and Canada. Deposits received payable on demand, and interest allowed as per agreement. Stocks and Loans bought and sold on commission, and Business Paper negotiated. Refer to Philadelphia and Commercial Banks, Philadelphia; Read, Drexel & Co., Winstlow, Lanier & Co., New York; and Citizens' and Exchange Bank, Pittsburgh. READY-MADE CLOTHING. Wanamaker & Brown, Fine Clothing, Oak Hall, S. E. cor. Sixth & Market. Custom Department, No. 1 South Sixth Street. CHARLES STOKES & CO'S FIRST-CLASS "ONE PRICE" READY-MADE CLOTHING STORE. NO. 524 CHESTNUT STREET, (Under the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.) DIAGRAM FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT. For Coat—Length of back from top of shoulders to waist, and around the waist. For Vest—Length of back from top of shoulders to waist, and around the waist. For Pants—Inside seam, and outside from hip, around the waist and hip. A good fit guaranteed. Officers' Uniforms ready-made, always on hand, made to order in the best manner, and on the most reasonable terms. Having finished many hundred uniforms for the past year for Staff, Field and Line Officers, as well as for the Navy, we are prepared to execute orders in this line with correctness and dispatch. The largest and most desirable stock of Ready-made Clothing in Philadelphia always on hand. (The price marked in plain figures on all of the goods.) A department for Boys' Clothing is also maintained at this establishment, and superintended by experienced hands. Parents and others will find here a most desirable assortment of Boys' Clothing at low prices. Sole Agent for the "Famous Bull's Head" Brand. CHARLES STOKES & CO. CHARLES STOKES, E. T. TAYLOR, W. J. STOKES. P. & E. H. WILLIAMSON, Scriveners and Conveyancers, 101 N. 3rd St.

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