



The new church on the land of Jacob Dibert in Bedford township, will be dedicated to the service of the Triune God, on Sabbath, the 25th, inst. The public are respectfully invited to attend.

Popular Sovereignty.

When the "Republicans" wanted to make political capital out of the Kansas troubles, they were great sticklers for a fair vote of the people of that Territory upon the question of slavery. According to their doctrine it was a most heinous outrage upon the liberties of the people for the Territorial Convention to withhold the Constitution from the test of the popular will, and the howl they set up when the whole Constitution was not submitted to the people, still rings in the ears of the citizens of the North. For years, if a Democrat dared to open his mouth in advocacy of the principles of his party, he was invariably met with the cry of "Lecompton Scoundrel!" that alone being then deemed by the "Republicans" sufficient to answer every plea in favor of Democracy. But now these political charlatans are guilty of the same species of crime which they once so vigorously denounced, the grade of the offence in their case being still higher in the scale of infamy than that of the alleged fraud upon the voters of Kansas. We refer to the recent forcible abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. At one fell swoop a "Republican" Congress and a "Republican" President have swept away the property of the people of the District, forcing them to part with it for a sum fixed by Congress and the President, without giving those people any opportunity to express their wishes or feelings in regard to the measure. Now, if it was an outrage in 1858 not to submit the pro-slavery Constitution of Kansas to the people of that Territory for ratification, then it is a tenfold greater outrage in 1862 to withhold the anti-slavery code for the District of Columbia from the judgment of the people of the District; for, the Lecompton Constitution did not propose to take away any property from the citizens of Kansas, whilst the black code for the District of Columbia, compels the citizens of the District to yield up their property for such remuneration as the powers that be see fit to give. Thus has Republicanism stultified itself. Thus has Mr. Lincoln's administration shown how little it cares for the will of the people, when the people are in its power.

Broad Top Coal Trade.

We give below the amount of coal transported over the Huntington and Broad Top Mountain Railroad during the week ending Wednesday, April 30, and since Jan. 1, 1862. We also give the shipments of the corresponding periods of last year. For this information we are indebted to the "U. S. Railroad and Mining Register," a copy of which has been kindly furnished us by Hon. W. T. Daugherty, of this place.

Table with 3 columns: Week, Previously, Year. Data for 1862 and 1861.

Yorktown.

Another bloodless victory and one of transcendent importance, attests the strategic abilities of Gen. McClellan. Yorktown has been evacuated by the rebels and is now in possession of McClellan's army. This is the kind of victory in which we glory. Let blood thirsty Abolitionism howl!

Auditor General.

A number of our exchanges have mentioned the name of Hon. W. P. Schell, of this place, in connexion with the office of Auditor General. Although we have often expressed to Mr. S. our desire to urge his nomination, he has uniformly requested us not to do so, as he felt no inclination to be a candidate.

The Mercersburg Classis will convene in the German Reformed Church of this place, on Friday evening, the 16th inst., at half past seven o'clock. The opening sermon will be preached by the Rev. J. Hasler, of Martinsburg, Blair co., Pa.

The house of Augustus Ahlborn, of Juniata tp., was destroyed by fire, a short time ago. It is not known how the fire originated. The loss, we believe, is covered by insurance.

The latest accounts from McClellan's army place it near Williamsburg, which it was about to occupy and near which a sharp skirmish had taken place.

There is no important news from the Army of the South West. The evacuation of New Orleans is confirmed, and the city is occupied by Federal troops.

Court has been in session during the present week. The attendance is not very full.

We are compelled to defer a number of articles intended for publication this week, among them some interesting local correspondence.

Our old friend, Valentine Steckman, formerly of the Mengel House, has become proprietor of the Union Hotel. "Trix" keeps a good house and deserves a fair share of public patronage.

Track-laying has been commenced on the Bedford Railroad. We understand that \$10,000 has been recently obtained in the East for the benefit of the road.

Friends and families of members of Capt. Lyons' company, are referred to the communication of Lieut. Metzger, on our third page.

Latest From McClellan!

By telegraph we learn that Williamsburg has been taken by McClellan's forces, after a severe fight, in which the Federal loss was heavy. McClellan took a number of cannon and about 1000 prisoners.

"The Irrepressible Conflict."

President Lincoln and Premier Seward are determined to have slaves enough emancipated and sent North, to bring about a black conflict with free white labor, now begging in our streets. If Mr. Lincoln intended to do what his high position and the Constitution, common sense and justice demand at the hands of an honest, patriotic American President, he would long since have had no Cameron, no Welles, nor any of their hangers-on about him. Their touch is pollution, their example corruption and all who sanction or sustain their conduct, have a fearful account to settle with the people.

I have remarked as above to show how suggestive of wickedness has been the course of Mr. Lincoln. Every example, every precept, of all the fathers of the Republic, he ignores, if it be found in the way of abolishing slavery. Mr. Lincoln was elected for that purpose and he is determined to fulfill it to the fullest extent in his power. If it never has yet occurred to the President, in his reflections on Niggers, and their superior qualifications for citizenship, their claims to a distinct nationality, enlarged liberty, &c., &c., he would do well now to overlook the fact that such men and patriots as Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson and Madison, failed to do their duty towards the poor niggers at a time when the white and black races of N. America became alike free from the bondage of that vile old harlot, the would-be dictress of the world. Mr. Lincoln, no doubt, looks back with regret to the day when this poor, miserable constitution of ours was formed and adopted by an ignorant rabble as must have been the Revolutionists of '76, who forgetful of every dictate of justice, failed to elevate the African to his proper social and political status. What a pity that Lincoln, Greeley, Cheever, Garrison, Wendell Phillips and "Glorious John Brown," of Harper's Ferry notoriety, were not then upon the stage! Had they stood in the shoes of the conscript fathers all would have been well. But, alas! for the good name and the welfare of the Republic, we then had only such mediocres as dough-faces as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and that ilk, and the reformation of their badly contrived work, remains for the magi of Abolitionism to perform. To this end the poor, miserable old Constitution must be amended by cutting and carving at it with the sword, might give semblance of right, and necessity gives excuse for any act of tyranny the Executive may see fit to do. To this end the dark principles of the Chicago Platform must be carried out, though the effect would be to abrogate the Constitution; for the crowned heads of Europe must be made to know that we have a despotism as thorough and absolute as any that exists on transatlantic shores, and that an Abolition President of the U. S. is superior to the Constitution and can do that which not even Napoleon of the French, nor Alexander of Russia would dare to do.

Now, Mr. Ed., to close for the present, I have but to say that the Democrats of this county are "loyal" to and earnest supporters of our glorious old time-honored Constitution, the opinion of President Lincoln and Forrest Foreney for the necessity of its abrogation, notwithstanding. "It must and shall be preserved." And Foreney, the apologist and chief trumpeter of Mr. Lincoln's diminishing host, is now too well understood, to enable him to palm off any libelous sentiment against the honest democratic soldiers, whom, after fighting the battle for the Constitution, he would ask to pay the slave-owners for their blind Niggers and take them home with them to their fresheries in the North.

Huntingdon co., May 11, '62.

A DISUNION SLANDERER DENOUNCED.—In the House of Representatives, a few days since, Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, thus spoke of and denounced that arch-traitor, Senator Wade of Ohio. Wade belonged to the Phillips school of politicians, and is one of the most unblushing disunionists and traitors that ever held a seat in Congress. He has worked for twenty years for a dissolution of the Union, and now glories in his treason and laughs at our calamities. Had justice been done him, he and all infamous traitors like him would have stretched hemp ten years ago.

Mr. Vallandigham (O.) said that in a speech delivered in this city the other day, not in this House certainly, nor in the Senate, for no such speeches would have been tolerated there, the following appeared: "I accuse them, the Democratic party, of a deliberate purpose to assail, through the judicial tribunal and through the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, and to overawe, intimidate and trample underfoot, if they can, the men who boldly stand forth in defence of their country now imperilled by this gigantic rebellion. I have watched it long. I have seen it in secret session. I have seen its movements ever since that party got together with a colleague of mine in the other House as Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. A man who never had any sympathy with this Republic, but whose every breath is devoted to its destruction, just as far as his heart dare permit him to go."

Mr. Vallandigham (O.) Here in my place, in this House, and as a Representative, I denounce, and I speak it advisedly, the author of that speech as a liar, a scoundrel and coward. His name is Benjamin F. Wade. This produced a personal discussion between Mr. Blake and Vallandigham, the latter calling his (Mr. Blake's) declaration false.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Clairsville, May 5th, '62.

In the last number of the Bedford Inquirer there is a letter purporting to be from Schellsburg; and I have no doubt the citizens of that place feel very much honored by it. For my part, I have some doubts as to whether the writer of that wonderful production is now, or ever was, a resident of that delectable village; and if he is, the natives had better pray God to defend them from their friends.

But resident, or no resident, he has taken occasion to make some statements about this place which might perhaps be of some disadvantage (!) to it, if people of sense could not readily see that the editor of the Inquirer seems to think that Woodberry is the "hub of the universe" itself, to the indefinite exclusion of every other place in the county.—According to his notions even Bedford is behind the age—and, of course, behind Woodberry in "civilization." And why not St. Clairsville?—To be sure, this is not even a "one horse town," but it has one advantage over both Woodberry and Schellsburg, never the less—it most assuredly never produced such an ass-tute genius as the editor of the Inquirer, or his Schellsburg correspondent.

As to the correspondent of the Inquirer from this place, I will only remark that it is more than probable that he never resided here more than a week in his life—residents of this place do not call it "Pucktown." They know better. But whoever he is he has more sense than the Schellsburg man, in every way, excepting that he is fool enough to write for the Inquirer. Schellsburg is as fine a village as there is in the county (not even excepting Woodberry) but it has the misfortune to have a fool for its Inquirer correspondent, although he may not have been educated in a "dilapidated school house, among the stables!" But what if he had?—A man's being born in a hake-oven does not make him a loaf of bread, anymore than being educated in Woodberry, or Schellsburg, makes an able editor, or a sensible newspaper correspondent.

I think, now, Mr. Editor, that I have given about as much news of things here, as "Hans" gives of Schellsburg, and, therefore, we are about even. Yours, &c.,

NATIVE.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

From the Field of Shiloh.

The following letter from the pen of T. R. Smith, son of John Smith, Esq., of Schellsburg, gives a graphic description of the terrible battle of Shiloh, the writer having been in the thickest of the fight:

PITTSBURG LANDING, April 10, 1862.

My Dear Parents:—

Another battle has been fought and another victory won, and I came out unharmed, while thousands were killed and wounded. When I last wrote, little did I think we would so soon make the enemies of our flag. We expected to make the attack, but were much mistaken. Last Saturday evening, at dress parade, the orders were read for marching in camps at eleven o'clock, Sabbath morning, by the captain of the Eighth Iowa Regt. We had just eaten our breakfast and were preparing for the services, when we heard heavy firing some three miles West of our camps. The enemy had surprised our pickets, cut them off and come on the camp near the lines before they were up. A great many were killed in their beds, some before they could get their guns, some taken prisoners and some escaped and gave the alarm. It was but a short time until we were ordered to prepare for action. The long roll was heard all around us. Officers were hurrying to and fro, giving orders. All was excitement. Our division was formed and marched about a mile, and then formed into line of battle. We had not long to wait. Very soon we saw them coming skulking from tree to tree and watching for an opportunity to pick off a Yankee. We left them come close enough to see the whites of their eyes, when the order was given to fire. You may rest assured the order was instantly obeyed. The bullets whizzed around us thick and fast. Our men immediately fell flat and reloaded. We held our position three or four hours. The enemy came pouring in by thousands. As fast as one fell another took his place. Our men were falling fast. We soon found they had three or four to one of us. We were about the centre. They tried to break our centre several times but were each time repulsed. They then bore toward the left wing and succeeded in breaking through. We were then forced to fall back or be taken prisoners. Our men fought like demons. Loaded and fired as we fell back. In doing so we were almost surrounded and finally had to run for our lives. A great many of our regiment fell in that retreat. We passed over our camp through a cross fire from the enemy. Our tents were lying down and they had fired on them. Our captain fell, also four or five more of our company. One was shot within five feet of his own tent. About this time we concluded it was going to be another Bull Run affair and were in full retreat toward the river. Gen. Grant was in command of our forces, and as far as I can learn, acted a most disgraceful part. He was intoxicated all day and it was owing to his carelessness that we were surprised. We had been looking for Gen. Buell for two or three days before we were attacked, and fortunately for us he was within eight miles of us on Sunday and heard the firing. He made a forced march, but owing to the bad roads, did not reach us till about four o'clock, but still in time to prevent us all from being taken prisoners. He ran his men on a hill, planted some heavy siege guns and drove the enemy back from their position, when they were shelling us. By this time it was almost dark. The firing had almost ceased. The gunboats had gone up the river and got within range of their line, and from what the prisoners we took on Monday morning, said, cut their right wing all to pieces. We rested on our arms all night. General Buell formed his line of battle and planted his artillery during the night. The enemy took possession of our tents and had a high time, eating our provisions, which were left in abundance. Some of them said afterward they had the first coffee they had tasted since they had been in the service. During the night we had a heavy shower of rain. We took it all, but not in as pleasant a mood as we might have done. We had not even a blanket or coat, and, of course, got wet through. Monday morning, at day break, we commenced the action, and then the fight began in earnest. The enemy had been reinforced the night before and were led on by Beauregard, Bragg, Brockbridge, and

Johnson, and it was victory or death. Our artillery did terrible execution. We drove them back inch by inch. Fresh men came pouring in and by noon we had driven them almost out of our lines. Our men were taking prisoners by scores. After they commenced retreating, Buell sent for the cavalry. They gave a yell and started on the gallop. I think there were nearly five thousand cavalry started out at one time. As soon as they got near, the enemy threw their guns, knapsacks and canteens. Such a panic was never seen. The slaughter was dreadful. After two days hard fighting and one as good as whipped, we were victorious and the enemy flying in every direction. Buell is still after them and it is reported has them surrounded, but we are not certain that it is correct. We are now in our old camp, as usual, but not with the same feeling as before. Many of our old companions are missing, never to be seen on earth. Our regiment suffered severely. Our Col. had his horse shot from under him, in the beginning of the action, by a cannon ball. The shock knocked him senseless and he was carried off the field. Our Captain was mortally wounded and has since died. One of our boys was killed, three missing and twenty wounded.—several, I am afraid mortally. My friend and mess-mate was severely wounded in the right arm, but I think will recover. I received a bullet shot through my coat. They whizzed past me in every direction by hundreds. I have since been over part of the battle field and such sights I never want to witness again. Hundreds of men and horses lying all over the field. In one place I saw five scotch lying side by side, all killed by one cannonball. At another place in about half an acre of ground, were thirty. It was quite a thick and was cut off as though it had been done with an axe. Large trees two feet thick were cut off clean. It is impossible to give a full description of the raking fire of our artillery. For miles around you can see the effect of it. We had about sixty thousand men engaged the first day. The enemy had about ninety. The second day we had more and they also. I talked to a prisoner on Monday evening. He said they intended to take us before Gen. Buell would arrive, but were sadly disappointed. He also said their loss would reach eighteen thousand killed and wounded. Our loss, I do not think will exceed one thousand killed; how many wounded I can not say, but a great many. The loss in our regiment will reach about two hundred and sixty killed and wounded. The general of our division said the Iowa third fought like devils. Rather a hard expression, but nearly true.

A great many of our men were taken prisoners the first day, but the most of them have since been retaken. The excitement is so high that it is impossible for me to give you any thing like a description of the affairs. I will write soon again.

Your affectionate Son,

T. R. SMITH.

NORTH EDISTO ISLAND, S. C., April 18th, 1862.

FRIEND HARRY:

Knowing that you feel an interest in every thing connected with the movements of our army and that you take a deep interest in the welfare of the troops from your county, I take this opportunity to give you some of our doings in this, the garden island of the South Carolina Coast. The 47th New York, Col. Moore, and the 55th Penna. Regiment, had camps adjoining near the steam boat landing, having in their rear Capt. Keefer's company of 1st Massachusetts Cavalry; these were kept all the time on the alert and thereby valuable information as to the enemy's movements on the island, was ascertained. Frequent rumors of the enemy having been seen on the island were heard. But when Lieut. Col. Bennet, Lieut. Kirby, of the 47th N. Y., and a Mr. Wills, U. S. agent, were taken prisoners by the rebels, the fact of their presence was placed beyond doubt. To prevent the recurrence of another such case, and the better to ensure us the possession of the island, Col. White's regiment was ordered from camp and quartered in planter's houses, by company, having for a centre the quarters of co. G, Capt. Waterbury, where the whole force of the regiment could be concentrated in a short time in case of attack from any quarter. Each company had to do its share of picketing at the points most easy of access to the enemy. Opposite this island is that of Jehose, owned by Governor Aikin, the wealthiest man in Carolina. After our regiment had been thus disposed of, the most dangerous points were found to be Little Edisto Island and the Ferry of Jehose Island at the Humion Plantation, some three miles distant. To the latter place were assigned Capt. Bennet's co. E and Capt. Nesbit's co. F, this company occupying the Hancheva house on the river bank opposite Jehose. The Little Edisto separates North and Little Edisto Islands, which is spanned by a bridge 60 feet span. The former point being the more distant, was guarded by pickets taken from each company in turn. For the first two nights it was the pickets of A and C who were there. They were attacked and driven back. A piece of ordnance was then brought out and on the evening of the 28th of March, Lieut. Bedell, Sergeant Leach, Corporals Detwiler and Herring, with 16 men were detailed for picket at that post. Corp. Detwiler and 5 men had one post and Corp. Herring and 5 men another, distance from the house about the 8th of a mile. Every thing was very quiet until about 2 1/2 o'clock A. M., (previous to which red and blue lights had been thrown up) when a volley was heard followed by the report of 2 rifles. This was sufficient to justify the supposition that the enemy was coming. So the Lieut. hastily collecting his reserve awaited the coming in of the out-post pickets. Presently one came without his gun or cap, then another, and reported the enemy approaching with a large force of infantry and cavalry. Then came Herring and his five men, all safe, it having been the road pickets that were attacked, and on mustering the men, Corporal Detwiler and privates Ernest, Ritchey and Saupp were missing. Dark as it was, without moonlight, the darkness became more intense by the increasing fog. As the little party stood there taking counsel how to proceed, you could hear the commands of the rebel officers distinctly: "1st company, forward!" "2d company, right wheel, march," &c. It was hard to leave missing comrades, but what could a handful do in such an emergency but make a safe retreat as possible. This was done, and the party got over the fence through the cotton field, gained the road, and halted at a circular clump of bushes which was the picket's quarters in daytime; then fired alarms and retreated still further down the road to the gate; halted and fired signals again. It was then thought better to retreat still further to another gate on the road side, leading to the quarters of Cos. A and C. There they were determined to

await the issue. Soon was heard the tramp of cavalry at the first gate; Sergeant Leach halted them. Halt they did. "Who goes there?" they answered "Friends!" (God preserve us from such). "Advances one with the counter-signal!" No answer returned. Commotion visible as if they determined to advance in a body. Sergeant Leach again said "only one"—no word returned, when it was observed they were wheeling in retreat. Lieut. said "Fire!"—This was followed up by a charge, but the fleetness of their steeds deprived the boys of another glimpse of the mounted chivalry of the South. The party then retreated to their former position at the side gate. Nor were they long there until voices were heard in the direction of the woods bordering on the quarters of Cos. A and C. The Lieut. and Sergeant supposed it to be our own men, coming to reinforce us, the Lieutenant thinking he heard Lieut. Fox, of Co. H, giving the command. They then saw approaching through the fog what was at first supposed to be cavalry, which afterwards proved to be two companies of the enemy in line of skirmish, with one company in reserve, coming over the cotton rows for 1/4 of a mile, with intention of cutting us off, having sent out their cavalry as a decoy. Lieut. Bedell placed his men in position to pick them off as they advanced, and told Sergt. Leach to halt them, to make sure it was not our own men. The Sergeant stepped in the gateway and allowed them to come close enough to distinguish their uniform. He called, "Halt! who goes there?" "Carolina!" spoken in a shrill voice. "Who?" "Carolina!" "Speak it out louder and plainer!" "Carolina! you —" Said Leach, "Then here goes Pennsylvania, you —" A discharge along the whole line of their skirmishers was the return, which was as promptly replied to by the remaining rifles of the brave little band of Co. K. The enemy's line was broken. They rallied by sections and then formed line of battle at some distance from our party's position. Three of Co. G's men had come up and participated in the affair. The Lieutenant and party then made good their way to head quarters, having been engaged 2 1/2 hours. By this time it was a little past daylight. On arriving there they found a piece of artillery in the road, Cos. G, A, C and H drawn up in line of battle under command of Col. White and Major Miller. While our party were checking one body of the enemy, another force had penetrated, by a path through the woods, on the other side of the road and opposite Co. G. From there down the road to the bridge, where was Sergeant Gallipher with 10 men of Co. H, they supposed it to be their own men, halted them, never dreaming of an enemy in that direction. But they received for answer a volley which scattered the little gallant few, wounding the Sergeant in the arm, who, with 7 men is yet missing. The rebels then burned the bridge and proceeded to capture, as they thought, Co. F. They were met on the way by a platoon of Co. E, who gave them a volley, when they disappeared in the fog, only to turn up again in an attack from their whole force on Co. F. The brave Nesbit, with his equally brave 2d Lieut. Stewart, waited to receive them behind a bank and fought them for one hour, killing 15 of the rebels, with only the loss of Corporal Cunningham on his side. His 1st Lieut. McElhenny and command were less fortunate. In going to take up a position, they fell in with the whole force, and he and his party were captured. The enemy then gathered up their dead and making a raft returned across the river to Jehose. The fact of their having so many killed is attested by a prisoner of Co. F, who escaped, and who had been compelled to assist in their interment. The body of Cunningham was recovered the same evening. So ended the fight of Edisto.

The Sunday after the affair, Corporal Detwiler and Ernest turned up, the former having hid in the swamp; and the other having been taken prisoner, escaped before reaching the ferry and lay in the swamp two nights. I feel proud of the conduct of the officers and men of my company engaged in this first fight, as well as of the courage and coolness of Lieut. Saupp, Sergeants Martin, Dibert, Drenning and the men with me the next evening and the following morning. Little Josiah Haley, the pet drummer boy not only of Co. K, but of the Regiment, was with the Lieut. and party in the first skirmish. In the N. York Tribune of April 8th, is a letter from a Port Royal correspondent in which allusion is made to the affair on North Edisto Island. The whole concerning it is a fabrication of lies—an emanation from the brain of some outcast of New York society, who has turned up as an official scribbler at Port Royal, under the kindly auspices of the moral-reforming, negro-educating and cotton-planting society of some place in Maryland.

The above account of the affair on North Edisto is from one of my own company who was there, and whose veracity cannot be doubted. In the article alluded to in the Tribune, mention is made of Col. White and Lieut. Metzger being nearly taken asleep. Allow me to assure you the Col. and Adj. are too wide awake, too much on the alert, too attentive to all their duties, too watchful of the interests of the gallant 55th, to be caught napping in *Secessia*. All the boys are well. Yours as ever,

JOSEPH FILLER.

THE COST OF EMANCIPATION.—Pennsylvania's proportion of this "nigger trade," would be over \$25,000,000 MILLIONS of dollars, which would exceed forty dollars for every man, woman and child in the State! If when thus purchased, the slaves are to be colonized, they would have to be maintained, in part at least, by us; and this would involve an enormous annual expense. But if they are not to be colonized, they must be distributed over the Northern States, wherever the people of those States will permit. It is well known that they would not be tolerated in the West, and most of them would therefore be thrown upon the Middle and Eastern States. But supposing they are distributed over the North in proportion to population, Pennsylvania's share of the four million negroes, would be over three hundred thousand!

Do the people of this State want to pay ninety-two millions of dollars to free the slaves of the South, and then take three hundred thousand of them to be supported mainly as paupers? If so, let them support Republicans and they will probably be gratified in this.—*Lancaster Intelligencer*.

PRENTICE says if Gen. McClellan were to fall in his mighty enterprise, we know not which would exult most—his Southern or his Northern enemies.

Congress has passed a vote of censure upon Simon Cameron. McPHERSON, of this district, and 44 other Republicans voted to sustain Cameron!

J. B. Farquhar, at Mann's Corner, has opened out a fine lot of dry goods, groceries, &c. Call and see them.

FROM GEN. HALLECK'S COMMAND.

The Enemy Being Vigorously Pushed, RECONNOISSANCE TOWARDS CORINTH—A CAMP OF THE REBELS CAPTURED AND THE ENEMY ROUTED—FIVE BRIDGES ON THE MEMPHIS AND CHARLESTON RAILROAD DESTROYED.

PITTSBURG LANDING, May 3d, 9 P. M.

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War.—Gen. Palm's Division makes a reconnoissance to Farmington to-day and found about 4,500 of the enemy, and drove them in handsome style, killing 30 and wounding many; also capturing some prisoners and their tents, camp equipage, &c. At dark our cavalry was in pursuit of their artillery and a baggage train beyond Farmington, in the direction of Corinth. I witnessed the fight. Our men behaved splendidly. An artillery reconnoissance went to Glendale this morning and destroyed two trestle bridges and some of the tracks of the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

It has been a splendid day's work for the left wing.

The weather is clear and the roads are becoming good.

THOS. A. SCOTT, Assistant Secretary of War.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT NEWS.

Flight of the Rebels From Yorktown.

The Enemy's Entire Line of Defenses, with a Large Number of Guns, much Ammunition and Camp Equipage in the Federal Possession.

[Official Despatches.]

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, May 4—12. 30 P. M.—The following highly important announcement is just received from Fortress Mounroe:

"Yorktown was evacuated last night. Our troops now occupy the enemy's works. The enemy left a large amount of camp equipage and guns, which they could not destroy, for fear of being seen."

[Second Despatch.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, } May 4th, 9 A. M. }

Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—"We have the ramparts of the enemy. We have his gun s, ammunition, camp equipage, &c., and hold the entire line of his works, which the engineers report as being very strong.

"I have thrown all my cavalry and horse artillery in pursuit, supported by infantry.

"I move Franklin, and as much more as I can transport by water, up to West Point to-day. No time shall be lost.

"The gunboats have gone up York river.

"I omitted to state that Gloucester is also in our possession.

"I shall push the enemy to the wall.

"G. B. McCLELLAN, Major General."

[From the Army Correspondence of the Associated Press.]

PARTICULARS OF THE RETREAT OF THE ENEMY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, } May 4, 10 o'clock A. M. }

This morning at 5 o'clock, your correspondent had the pleasure of entering the enemy's works at Yorktown, which the rear of their army deserted four hours before.

Everything was found to be rather in confusion, as though they had fled in great haste. Between forty and fifty pieces of heavy artillery have been left in their works, after being spiked, together with a large amount of ammunition, medical stores, camp equipage, tents and private property of their officers.

The order was given to evacuate by Gen. Johnson on Thursday to commence the following morning, which was accordingly done.

Only one man was left in Yorktown, and he was a negro.

Gen. Jameson and Col. Samuel Black were the first to enter the enemy's works.

Inside the fortifications and all along the Williamsburg road on which they are retreating they have buried torpedoes and percussion shell, which are occasionally exploding and injuring people.

Announcement of Parson Brownlow's Book.

The subscriber is about publishing a narrative of the perils, adventures, and sufferings of the Rev. W. G. BROWNLOW among the secessionists of Tennessee. The manuscript is nearly complete, and will be put to press forthwith. The appearance and typography of the work will be of the first class; and it will be fully and handsomely illustrated with sketches of the scenes referred to, and a finely engraved steel portrait of the author.

As to its contents, we have no hesitation in saying that the public will be startled at this narrative of facts. It will lay bare the persecutions and cruelty which marked the development of the secession conspiracy in Tennessee, the disasters and the ruin with which it devastated communities once prosperous and undevoted families once happy; more than all, it will expose the bad and reckless ambition, and the relentless bloodthirstiness, by which the ringleaders of the conspiracy were stimulated to their work of crime and treason.

The narrative is one of personal experience. The author vouches for the accuracy of its statements. The public may therefore accept it as not only a reliable but a peculiar chapter in the general history of the times; and we are confident that no more significant, startling, or instructive memorial of the Rebellion, in its minute, personal and social bearings, is now accessible.

The public are well aware that Mr. Brownlow is a bold-speaking man. In this narrative of his sufferings, composed mostly while confined in the jail at Knoxville, he has uttered his thoughts in language of extraordinary force and fearlessness, scathing his adversaries even while in their power, and appealing to his countrymen even from his cell with the urgency of a martyr.

It will be published in one volume, 12mo., fully illustrated, of about 400 pages, at \$1 25.

GEORGE W. CHILDS, Publisher, 628 and 630 Chestnut st. Phila.

"The man who prates about and quotes the Constitution in this great crisis, is a traitor!"—Wade, of the United States Senate.