

The Bedford Gazette.

BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1865.

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BY MEYERS & MENGEL.

The Bedford Gazette.

OUR LOCAL HISTORY.

Stockades at Juniata Crossings and Stony Creek: Garrison of Volunteers for Fort Bedford; Col. Boquet against Bedford; Desperate condition of the settlers; Massacre by the Indians in Morrison's Cove; Kings Shingas and Beaver; John Martin; Bedford troops succor Fort Ligonier.

Some time subsequent to Forbes' expedition against Fort Duquesne, there were small stockades at Juniata Crossings and at Stony Creek (now in Somerset county). When the Indians began to be troublesome in 1762 and 1763, these stockades were abandoned and their garrisons concentrated at Fort Bedford. Two full companies were thus raised as a garrison for that fort, which was a place of refuge for the families of all the settlers living within a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. These troops were all volunteers. During the year 1763, Col. Boquet halted at Fort Bedford, having been sent, with two regiments of regulars and a large quantity of military stores, to relieve Fort Pitt, then in a state of siege. The Colonel writes that he found matters in a desperate condition at Fort Bedford. The Indians had attacked the families living on the frontier and had killed or captured some eighteen persons, whilst all who had not fallen into their hands, had escaped by flight. The country was in a state of intense alarm, and the troops in the fort feared greatly for its safety. To remedy this condition of affairs, Col. Boquet strengthened the garrison by adding to its number two companies of his army, which saved the fort from attack. It was during this outbreak of the Indians, that a terrible massacre took place in Morrison's Cove. The savages under the lead of King Shingas (a powerful chief of the Delawares) and King Beaver, attacked the settlements in that country with great fury. Nearly all the inhabitants were "non-resistants," many of them religious convictions, and many of them fell beneath the ruthless tomahawk and scalping knife, without lifting a hand in self-defence. Numbers were taken prisoners, among them the family of one John Martin, who followed the Indians on their retreat to their town of Tuscarawas, beyond the Ohio river, with the hope of recovering his wife and children from captivity. He succeeded in seeing his daughter, who was in possession of King Shingas, but the latter refused to give her up to the father, promising, however, that he would surrender her and the rest of the captives to the provincial authorities. Mr. Martin then drew up and sent to the Council, the following petition, but whether his family was ever restored to him, we are not informed:

Dr. BACHMAN'S VINDICATION.
The following is an extract from a letter written by the venerable Dr. John Bachman, of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, in reply to some charges published against him by Rev. E. W. Hutter, of Philadelphia. Dr. Bachman's letter is published in full in the Philadelphia *Lutheran and Missionary*, of October 26.

When Sherman's army came sweeping through Carolina, leaving a broad track of desolation for hundreds of miles, whose steps were accompanied with fire, and sword, and blood, reminding us of the tender mercies of the Duke of Alva, I happened to be at Cash's Depot, six miles from Cheraw. The owner was a widow, Mrs. Ellerbe, 71 years of age. Her son, Colonel Cash was absent. I witnessed the barbarities inflicted on the aged, the widow, and young and delicate females. Officers, high in command, were engaged tearing from the ladies their watches, their ear and wedding rings, the daguerreotypes of those they loved and cherished. A lady of delicacy and refinement, a personal friend, was compelled to strip before them, that they might find concealed watches and other valuables under her dress. A system of torture was practiced towards the weak, unarmed and defenseless, which as far as I know and believe, was universal throughout the whole course of that invading army. Before they arrived at a plantation, they inquired the names of the most faithful and trustworthy family servants; these were immediately seized, pistols were presented at their heads: with the most terrific curses, they were threatened to be shot, if they did not assist them in finding buried treasures. If this did not succeed, they were tied up and cruelly beaten. Several poor creatures died under the infliction. The last resort was that of hanging, and the officers and men of the triumphant army of Gen. Sherman, were engaged in erecting gallows, and hanging up these faithful and devoted servants. They were strung up until life was nearly extinct, when they were let down, suffered to rest awhile, then threatened and hung up again. It is not surprising that some should have been left hanging so long that they were taken down dead. Coolly and deliberately these hardened men proceeded on their way, as if they had perpetrated no crime, and as if the God of Heaven would not pursue them with His vengeance. But it was not alone the poor blacks (to whom they professed to be liberators) that were thus subjected to torture and death. Gentlemen of high character, pure and honorable and gray-headed, unconnected with the military were dragged from their fields, or their beds, and subjected to this process of threats, beating and hanging. Along the whole track of Sherman's army, traces remain of the cruelty and inhumanity practiced on the aged and the defenseless. Some of those who were hung up, died under the rope, while their cruel murderers, have not only been left unapproached and unhung, but have been hailed as heroes and patriots. The list of those martyrs whom the cupidity of the officers and men of Sherman's army sacrificed to their thirst for gold and silver, is large and most revolting. If the editors of this paper will give their consent to publish it, I will give it in full, attested by the names of the purest and best men and women of our Southern land.

I, who have been a witness to these acts of barbarity that are revolting to every feeling of humanity and mercy, was doomed to feel in my own person the effects of the avarice, cruelty and despotism which characterized the men of that army. I was the only male guardian of the refined and delicate females who had fled there for shelter and protection. I soon ascertained the plan that was adopted in this wholesale system of plunder, insult, blasphemy and brutality. The first party that came was headed by officers, from a Colonel to a lieutenant, who acted with seeming politeness and told me that they only came to secure our fire-arms, and when these were delivered up, nothing in the house should be touched. Out of the house, they said they were authorized to press forage for their large army. I told them that along the whole line of the march of Sherman's army, from Columbia to Cheraw, it had been ascertained that ladies had been robbed and personally insulted. I asked for a guard to protect the females. They said that there was no necessity for this, as the men dare not act contrary to orders. If any did not treat the ladies with proper respect, I might blow their brains out. "But," said I, "you have taken away our arms, and we are defenseless." They did not blush much, and made no reply. Shortly after this, came the second party, before the first had left. They demanded the keys of the ladies' drawers—took away such articles as they wanted, then locked the drawers and put the keys in their pockets. In the meantime, they gathered up the spoons, knives, forks, towels, table-cloths, &c. As they were carrying them off, I appealed to the officers of the first party—they ordered the men to put back the things; the officer of the second party said he would see them do it first; and without further ado, packed them up, and they glanced at each other and smiled. The elegant carriage and all the vehicles on the premises were seized and filled with bacon and other plunder. The smoke houses were emptied of their contents and carried off.

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Mr. Hutter, allow me to ask you who are the most criminal? the men who are rejoicing that a house was to be burned, and women and children be deprived of a shelter and a home, and driven into the woods, or he who slanders an aged clergyman of his own Church, and would bring down upon him the odium of all good men, when he had it fully in his power to ascertain that the whole invention was an infamous slander, concocted by the mean, the worthless, and the malicious, for the purpose of getting office and money?

My trials, however, were not yet over. I had already suffered much in a pecuniary point of view. I had been collecting a library on Natural History during a long life. The most valuable of these books had been presented by various Societies in England, France, Germany, Russia, &c., who had honored me with membership, and they or the authors presented me with these works which had never been for sale, and could not be purchased. My herbarium, the labor of myself and the ladies of my house for many years, was also among these books. I had left them as a legacy to the library of the Newbury College, and concluded to send them at once. They were detained in Columbia, and there the torch was applied, and all were burned. The stealing and burning of books appeared to be one of the programmes on which the army acted. I had assisted in laying the foundation and dedicating the Lutheran Church at Columbia, and there, near its walls, had recently been laid the remains of one who was dearer to me than life itself. To see that brick church on fire from below was impossible. The building stood by itself on a square but little built up. One of Sherman's burners was sent up to the roof. He was seen applying the torch to the cupola. The church was burned to the ground, and the grave of my loved one desecrated. The story circulated that the citizens had set their own city on fire, is utterly untrue, and only reflects dishonor on those who vilely perpetrated it. General Sherman had his army under control. The burning was by his orders, and ceased when he gave the command.

I was now doomed to experience in person the effects of avarice and barbarous cruelty. These robbers had been informed in the neighborhood that the family which I was protecting had buried \$100,000 in gold and silver. They first demanded my watch, which I had effectually secured from their grasp. They then asked me where the money had been hid. I told them I knew nothing about it, and did not believe that there was a thousand dollars worth in all—and what there was had been carried off by the owner, Col. Cash. All this was literally true. They then concluded to try an experiment on me which had proved so successful in hundreds of other instances. Coolly and deliberately they prepared to inflict torture on a defenseless, gray-headed old man. They carried me behind a stable, and once again demanded where the money was buried, or "I should be sent to hell in five minutes." They cocked their pistols and held them to my head. I told them to fire away. One of them, a square-built, broad-faced, large-mouthed clumsy Lieutenant, who had the face of a demon, and who did not utter five words without an awful blasphemy, now kicked me in the stomach, until I fell breathless and prostrate. As soon as I was able, I rose again. He once more asked me where the silver was. I answered as before, "I do not know." With his heavy, elephant foot, he now kicked me on my back until I fell again. Once more I arose, and he put the same question to me. I was nearly breathless, but answered as before. Thus was I either kicked or knocked down seven or eight times. I then told him it was perfectly useless for him to continue his threats or his blows. He might shoot me if he chose. I was ready and would not budge an inch—but requested him not to bruise and batter an unarmed, defenseless old man. "Now," said he, "I will try a new plan. How would you like to have both arms cut off?" He did not wait for an answer, but, with his heavy sheathed sword, struck me on my left arm, near the shoulder. I heard it crack; it hung powerless by my side, and I supposed it was broken. He then repeated the blow on the other arm. The pain was excruciating, and it was several days before I could carve my food or take my arm out of a sling—and it was black and blue for weeks. (I refer to Dr. Kollock, of Cheraw.) At that moment the ladies, headed by my daughter, who had only then been made aware of the brutality being practiced upon me, rushed from the house, and came flying to the rescue. "You dare not murder my father," said my child; "he has been a minister in the same church for fifty years, and God has always protected and will protect him." Do you believe in a God, Miss? said one of the brutal wretches; "I don't believe in a God, a heaven or hell." Carry me," said I, "to your

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General Sherman, who was at Cheraw, from whom, I was informed, no redress could be obtained, but to a general in the neighborhood, said to be a religious man. Our horses and carriages had all been taken away, and I was too much bruised to be able to walk. The other young officers came crowding around me, very officiously, telling me that they would represent the case to the General, and that they would have him shot by ten o'clock next morning. I saw the winks and glances that were interchanged between them. Every one gave a different name to the officers. The brute remained unpunished, as I saw him on the day following, as insolent and as profane as he had been on the preceding day.

As yet no punishment had fallen on the brutal hyena, and I strove to nurse my bruised body and heal my wounds, and forget the insults and injuries of the past. A few weeks after this I was sent for to perform a parochial duty, at Mars Bluff, some twenty miles distant. Arriving at Florence, in the vicinity, I was met by a crowd of young men connected with the militia. They were excited to the highest pitch of rage, and thirsted for revenge. They believed that among the prisoners that had just arrived on the railroad car, on their way to Sumpter, were the very men who committed such horrible outrages in the neighborhood. Many of their houses had been laid in ashes. They had been robbed of every means of support. Their horses had been seized; their cattle and hogs bayoneted; their mothers and sisters had been insulted, and robbed of their watches, ear and wedding rings. Some of their parents had been murdered in cold blood. The aged pastor, to whose voice they had so often listened, had been kicked and knocked down by repeated blows, and his hoary head had been dragged about in the sand. They entreated me to examine the prisoners and see whether I could identify the men that had inflicted such barbarities on me. I told them I would do so provided they would remain where they were and not follow me. The prisoners saw me at a distance—held down their guilty heads, and trembled like aspen leaves. All cruel men are cowards. One of my men was still in a sling. With the other I raised some of their hats. They all begged for mercy. I said to them, "The other day you were tigers—you are sheep now." But a hideous object soon arrested my attention. There sat my brutal enemy—the vulgar, swaggering lieutenant, who had rode up to the steps of the house, insulted the ladies, and beaten me most unmercifully. I approached him slowly, and in a whisper asked him, "Do you know me, sir—the old man whose pockets you first searched, to see whether he might not have a penknife to defend himself, and then kicked and knocked him down with your fist and heavy saberd?" He presented the picture of an ardent coward, and in a trembling voice, implored me to have mercy: "Don't let me be shot; have pity! Old man, beg for me! I won't do it again! For God's sake, save me! Oh, God, help me!" "Did you not tell my daughter there was no God? Why call on him now?" "Oh, I have changed my mind; I believe in a God now." I turned and saw the flushed and indignant crowd approaching. "What are they going to do with me?" said he. "Do you hear that sound, click, click?" "Yes," said he, "they are cocking their pistols." "True," said I; "and if I raise a finger you will have a dozen bullets through your brain." "Then I will go to hell; don't let them kill me. Oh! Lord, have mercy!" "Speak low," said I, "and don't open your lips." The men advanced. Already one had pulled me by the coat. "Show us the men," I gave no clew by which the guilty could be identified. I walked slowly through the car, sprang into the waiting carriage, and drove off.

Rev. E. W. Hutter, this is the way in which I have "gloated over the barbarities inflicted on the prisoners." This is the man whom you have wantonly and cruelly traduced. I defy you or any one else to produce a single instance to the contrary in my whole conduct, from the beginning to the close of the war.

I claim, as an act of justice, that you send me the name of your author, whom you call one of the most eminent citizens in Charleston—a native and life-long resident of that city, whom you have given as authority for the slanders which you have perpetrated against me. I defy you to produce the name of a single "eminent citizen" who will dare, in the face of this community, to make the assertion which you have in such a cowardly and unchristian manner published to the world. When that name shall be ferreted out, I will venture to predict that this "eminent citizen" of Charleston—a native and life-long resident—will be proved to be an unprincipled, time-serving demagogue—a spy, a political turncoat, a defamer of the reputation of others, to obtain notoriety, power and money—not many degrees removed from a drunkard—a man without credit or character, and who never had either.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that I have not sought this controversy, and only defend myself when grossly and unpromptly traduced. It should be remembered that we are here writing under surveillance, and are at the ten

time may come when men can speak freely. Under present circumstances, it is but a contemptible, cowardly act to drag men into a discussion where the freedom of the pen is restricted to one party, and given with unbridled license to another.

Yours, &c.,
JOHN BACHMAN.
Charleston, Sept. 14, 1865.

ST. TAMMANY.

Although the press have at present a good deal to say in relation to the order of St. Tammany, yet it may not be so generally known who Tammany was, or how he became popularly canonized as a saint and adopted as tutelary genius of one branch of the Democratic party. By some he is supposed to have been a Jesuit priest; others, though attributing to him an Indian origin, have no distinct idea in the matter; while again there are those who regard him as entirely a myth.

Tammany, or Tamminund, however, was a veritable personage—a chief of the Delaware nation—living probably in middle of the seventeenth century. He resided in the country which is now Delaware until he was of age, when he moved beyond the Alleghenies, and settled on the banks of the Ohio. He became a chief sachem of his tribe, and being always a fast friend of the whites, often restrained his warriors from deeds of violence. His rule was always discreet, and he endeavored to induce his followers to cultivate agriculture and the arts of peace rather than those of war.—When he became old he called a council with a view to have a successor appointed; after which the residue of his life was spent in retirement; and tradition relates that "young and old repaired to his wigwag to hear him discourse wisdom." His great motto was, "United in peace for happiness, in war for defence." When and by whom he was first styled saint, or by what chance he was chosen to be the patron of the Democracy, does not appear.

Can any good come out of Nazareth? Yes, occasionally. We find the following in the Philadelphia *North American* of Monday. It is only what Democrats have been saying and urging for months past. When coming from Democrats, however, it is "disloyal" and "Copperhead doctrine." It was the truth, nevertheless. It is now uttered by a Republican chieftain. Still it is the truth—always the truth, even if uttered by Satan's lips. We quote: "Confiscation would be a source of endless trouble, as it has been in every country where it has ever been tried. Outrages of every kind and description would result from it, distracting the whole South for many years to come. In addition to this, the constitutional restriction would prevent the formation of any good title to lands sold under a confiscation act, and the consequent litigation would operate to prevent any improvement of the condition of the South for years to come."

A WIDOW'S CONSOLATION.—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Argus* tells of how a widow was consoled for the loss of husband No. 2 by husband No. 1 "turning up again." It seems that a fair young creature had been married but a few years when the war broke out, and her husband enlisted in the Confederate army. After being absent two years news arrived that he had been killed. After wearing the widow's weeds a short time she began to look around for consolation, and found it in a second love, and was married. After enjoying her happiness a few weeks husband No. 2 got killed. She again donned the weeds and mourned a second bereavement. A short time ago, having thrown off her mourning, after wearing it twelve months, she became gay and happy again, and began to look around for No. 3, when, to her great astonishment, husband No. 1 came back from the wars, and the twice bereaved fair one was enfolded in the embrace of her first love, her long lost lord, whom she had mourned as dead. She was consoled.

GEN. BANKS CAN'T TAKE THE OATH.—By a law of Congress, before any member can take his seat, he must swear that he has never, "directly or indirectly, given aid or comfort to the enemies of the Union." Now how can Gen. Banks, (if elected,) get over that point? Why, the "rebs" called him their chief quartermaster—and Stonewall Jackson, when short of provisions, always started for Banks' commissary. In Texas, he fed Dick Taylor's command, and supplied them with six months' food and clothing, four wagon loads of paper collars, and other dandified military stores. Perhaps Banks can get over this thing—but how?—N. H. Register.

TO KEEP WORMS OUT OF DRIED FRUIT.—It is said that a small quantity of sassafras bark mixed with dried fruit will keep it free from worms for years. The remedy is easily obtained in many localities, and is well worthy an experiment, as it will not injure the fruit in any manner, if it does not prevent the nuisance.

A correspondent entered an office, and accused the compositor of not having punctuated his communication, when the type replied, "I'm no pointer, I'm a setter."

A BOOZY fellow was observed the other day driving a porker up Broadway, holding on to its tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying geog-ography.

The skeptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it still more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

THERE are 714 female clerks in the

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE is published every Friday morning by MEYERS & MENGEL, at \$2.00 per annum, if paid strictly in advance; \$2.50 if paid within six months; \$3.00 if not paid within six months. All subscription accounts MUST be settled annually. No paper will be sent out of the State unless paid for in advance, and all such subscriptions will invariably be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS for a less term than three months TEN CENTS per line for each insertion. Special notices one-half additional. All resolutions of Associations; communications of limited or individual interest, and notices of marriages and deaths exceeding five lines, ten cents per line. Editorial notices fifteen cents per line.

All legal notices of every kind, and Orphans' Court and Judicial Sales, are required by law to be published in both papers published in this place.

All advertising done after first insertion. A liberal discount is made to persons advertising by the quarter, half year, or year, as follows: One square - - - \$ 4.50 6 months \$10.00 Two squares - - - 6.00 9 months 16.00 Three squares - - - 8.00 12 months 20.00 Quarter column - - - 3.00 20.00 Half column - - - 1.50 25.00 45.00 One column - - - 30.00 45.00 80.00

JOBS PRINTING, of every kind, done with neatness and dispatch. THE GAZETTE OFFICE has just been refitted with a Power Press and new type, and everything in the Printing line can be executed in the most artistic manner and at the lowest rates.—TERMS CASH.

All letters should be addressed to MEYERS & MENGEL, Publishers.

Attorneys at Law.

JOSEPH W. TATE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections of bounty, back pay, &c., and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Cash advanced on judgments, notes, military and other claims. Has for sale Town lots in Tateville, and St. Joseph's on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unimproved land, from one acre to 900 acres to suit purchasers. Office nearly opposite the "Mengel Hotel" and Bank of Bedford.

EDWARD F. KERR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will punctually and carefully attend to all business entrusted to his care. Soldiers' claims for bounty, back pay, &c., specially collected. Office with H. Nicodemus, Esq., on Juniata street, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.

J. R. BURBOROW & LUTZ, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Collections made on the shortest notice. They are also, regularly licensed Claim Agents and will give special attention to the prosecution of claims against the Government for Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty, Land, &c. Office on Juniata street, near the "Mengel House," and nearly opposite the Inquirer office.

JOHN P. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully tenders his services to the public. Office second door North of the Mengel House.

JOHN PALMER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care. Particular attention paid to the collection of Military claims. Office on Juniata Street, nearly opposite the Mengel House.

M. A. POINTS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Respectfully offers his professional services to the public. Office with J. W. Lingenfelter, Esq., on Juniata street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

ESPY M. ALSIP, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, back pay, bounty, &c., specially collected. Office with Mann & Spang, on Juniata street, two doors South of the Mengel House.

KIMMELL & LINGENFELTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Have formed a partnership in the practice of the Law. Office on Juniata street, two doors South of the "Mengel House."

G. H. SPANG, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Office on Juniata Street, three doors south of the "Mengel House," opposite the residence of Mrs. Tate.

JOHN T. KEAGY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA. Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care. Will give special attention to claims against the Government. Office on Juniata Street, formerly occupied by Henry King.

Physicians and Dentists.
F. M. MARBOURG, M. D., SCHELLSBURG, PA. Tenders his professional services to the people of that place and vicinity. Office immediately opposite the store of John E. Colvin, in the room formerly occupied by July J. Henry Schell.

D. J. L. MARBOURG, Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juniata street, east side, nearly opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.

DENTISTS.
J. G. MINNICH, JR., BEDFORD, PA. Office in the Bank Building, Juliata St. All operations pertaining to Surgical or Mechanical Dentistry carefully performed, and warranted.

Bankers.
J. J. SCHELL, REED AND SCHELL, Bankers and DEALERS IN EXCHANGE, BEDFORD, PA. DRAFTS bought and sold, collections made and money promptly remitted.

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS, BEDFORD, PA. BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT. COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and the general business of Exchange Transacted. Notes and Accounts Collected and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.

Miscellaneous.
DANIEL BORDER, PITT STREET, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA. WATCHMAKER AND DEALER IN JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, &c. He keeps on hand a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches, Spectacles of E. L. Doublet, French and Swiss, and all kinds of Gold and Silver Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings best quality of Gold Pens. He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.

H. F. IRVINE, ANDERSON'S ROW, BEDFORD, PA. Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Queensware, and Varieties. Orders from County Merchants respectfully solicited.

DAVID DEFIBAUGI, Gunsmith, Bedford, Pa. Shop same place formerly occupied by John Border, deceased. Having resumed work, he is now prepared to fill all orders for new guns at the shortest notice. Repairing done to order. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.