

The Bedford Journal

A LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO POLITICS, EDUCATION, LITERATURE AND MORALS.

BEDFORD, Pa., FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1864.

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B. F. McNEIL, Editor and Proprietor.

The Bedford Inquirer

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One Column, 3 Months, 6 Months, 1 Year
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PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARDS.

U. H. AKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Military claims especially collected. Office on Juliana street, two doors north of the Inquirer office.
April 1, 1864-17.

ESPEN, M. AINSIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Military claims, Pensions, back pay, Bounty, &c. especially collected.
Office with Mrs. S. Spang, on Juliana street, 2 doors south of the Mendel House.
April 1, 1864-17.

J. A. DURBIN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Military claims especially collected. Office on Juliana street, two doors north of the Inquirer office.
April 1, 1864-17.

ALEX. KING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
And agent for procuring a variety of Pay and Bounty money. Office on Juliana street, Bedford, Pa.
April 1, 1864-17.

SHIMMEL & LINGENFELTER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Have formed a partnership in the practice of the law. Office on Juliana street, two doors south of the Mendel House.
April 1, 1864-17.

JOHN HAZEN,
JUDGE OF THE PEACE, BEDFORD COUNTY, PA.
Collection of all business pertaining to his office will be attended to promptly. Will also collect for the county the real estate. Instruments of writing carefully prepared. Also setting up partnerships and other accounts.
April 1, 1864-17.

JNO. KOWAL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864-17.

JOSEPH W. TATE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, BEDFORD, PA.
Will promptly attend to collections and all business entrusted to his care in Bedford and adjoining counties. Money advanced on Judgments, Notes and other claims. Has for sale Town Lots, in Lewisville, and St. Joseph, on Bedford Railroad. Farms and unimproved land in quantities to suit purchasers. Office opposite the Banking House of Reed & Schell.
Apr. 15, 1864-17.

RUPP, SHANNON & CO., BANKERS,
BEDFORD, PA.
BANK OF DISCOUNT AND DEPOSIT.
COLLECTIONS made for the East, West, North and South, and all general business of Exchange, Transfers, Notes and Accounts Collected, and Remittances promptly made. REAL ESTATE bought and sold.
O. W. RUPP, G. E. SHANNON, F. DEMAREST.
Apr. 15, 1864-17.

DANIEL BORDER,
FIVE SEVEN, TWO DOORS WEST OF THE BEDFORD HOTEL, BEDFORD, PA.
Watchmaker & Dealer in Jewellery, Spectacles, &c.
H. K. REED, OF HANCOCK & STRICK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, SPECTACLES OR BRILLIANT Double Reflected Glasses, also Scotch Pebble Glasses. Gold Watch Chains, Breast Pins, Finger Rings, best quality of Gold Pens, &c.
He will supply to order any thing in his line not on hand.
Apr. 8, 1864-17.

PHYSICIANS, &c.
DENTISTRY.
J. K. BOWSER, Resident Dentist of Woodbury.
WILL spend the second Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of each month at Woodbury, the remaining three days at Bloody Run, attending to the duties of his profession. At all other times he can be found in his office at Woodbury, excepting the last Monday and Tuesday of the same month, which he will spend in Martinsburg, Blair county, Penna. Persons having operations should call early, as time is limited. All operations warranted.
Aug. 1, 1864-17.

C. N. HICKOK,
DENTIST.
OFFICE IN BANK BUILDING, BEDFORD, PA.
April 1, 1864-17.

DR. B. F. HARRY,
Respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office and residence on Pitt Street, in the building formerly occupied by Dr. J. H. Hodges.
April 1, 1864-17.

J. L. MARBOURG, M. D.
Having permanently located, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Bedford and vicinity. Office on Juliana street, opposite the Bank, on corner north of Hall & Talmer's office.
April 7, 1864-17.

HOTELS.
EXCHANGE HOTEL,
HUNTINGDON, PA.
JOHN S. MILLER, Proprietor.
April 20th, 1864-17.

UNION HOTEL.
VALENTINE STECKMAN, PROPRIETOR,
West Pitt Street, Bedford, Pa.
(Formerly the Globe Hotel.)
This public house is situated in the most desirable location in Bedford, and is well adapted for the accommodation of the traveling public. A splendid Livery Stable attached.
April 20th, 1864-17.

THE UNDERGROUND ASSOCIATION has been formed in the Mercantile Building, his brother George, D. Williams, general manager, and is now ready for settlement. Persons having accounts standing thereon, will please call and settle the same without delay.
J. B. WILLIAMS.

Select Poetry.

THE SELFISH MAN'S PRAYER ON THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

[The author of the following poem was St. John Hawley, a member of the bar of this State, and at one time clerk of Washington county. He lived and died on the first of September, 1798, in the thirty-fourth year of his age, in that county. It is copied from a volume of his poems, published in 1801. We learn from the preface of this volume that just before his death he issued proposals for the publication of his works, and endeavored to transcribe and arrange them for that purpose, and had proceeded no further, than this poem when he died.]—N. Y. Evening Post.

Again the clouds of battle lower,
With terror and dismay;
Protect me, All-Disposing power,
In this disastrous day!
As in the camp the soldiers learn
To riot, curse and swear,
I would give my pious soul concern
To have my boys go there!
Then while my neighbors and their sons
Are called to war and arms,
Grant that my boys, secure from guns,
May cultivate my farms!
And while with taxes and expense
My kindred are distressed,
O grant that all my hard earned pence
May mingle in the chest!
And should the Rebel's leg gain day,
And all their lives consume,
Then may I wash my hands and say
I ne'er opposed them.
Yet, if by thy disposing will
My kindred gains the cause,
O may I stand still!
In my judgment laws!
And should she disoblige my word,
To witness I ne'er drew my sword,
Or fired a gun at all.
For since from frailty and mistake
No mortal mind is free,
I wish no active part to take,
But leave the whole to thee!
Though impious pirates in the east
Our merchant ships depose;
Yet shall my spirit rest in ease
Thy foes invade the shore.
Then let the friends of battle rave,
My peaceful vale shall sing;
And oxen, turn and all I have,
Shall theirs, their souls bring.
O may my lands yield twenty-fold,
The army to supply;
May no contractors, fraught with gold,
My oxen's harness buy!
My casual gains no more
Bury the place of coin;
But crown my basket and my store
With blessings from the mine.
What though the fig-tree shall not bloom,
Or fig-wood seek the stall;
What though the fig-tree shall not bloom,
That half our youth should fall;
Yet, if thou wilt thy servant bless,
And my posterity,
I'll joy in my own righteousness
To perpetuity.
"Fidelity" is the original.

PUSHING ON.
When I was a boy about your age,
My boy-checked John! my boy-checked John!
I look as my own foot comes off my page,
"Pushing on."
I wish it all over my books and date,
All over them, John! I over them, John!
And thought of it ever both early and late,
"Pushing on."
At work or at play, at home or at school,
Think of it, John! think of it, John!
At work or at play, at home or at school,
"Pushing on."
I pushed out of boy, and I pushed into man,
That I did, John! that I did, John!
I pushed out of "boy" and I pushed into "man"
"Pushing on."
Whenever an obstacle in my path lay,
And many did, John! many did, John!
I pushed and I pushed, till I pushed it away,
"Pushing on."
I pushed through the world with an honest heart,
Think of it, John! think of it, John!
Than many a man with a fair start;
"Pushing on."
And now I've a good wife, children well taught,
Very well, John! very well, John!
A snug little fortune, honestly got,
"Pushing on."
I've pushed a large place in the hearts of the poor,
That is good, John! very good, John!
And down the bright valley together we go,
"Pushing on."
I'm now an old man, my head white as snow,
And mother's too, John! mother's too, John!
And down the bright valley together we go,
"Pushing on."
I am still pushing on for a happier land,
Trusting, John! trusting, John!
Teasingly holding my Father's hand—
"Pushing on."

AN OLD PORTRAIT.
BY MRS. AKERS.
This time-worn canvas bears a pictured face
Which once beamed, comes back to thought again,
Fascinated proud, yet touched with tender grace,
And marked with wrinkles which all hidden pain.
O noble face, in whose compelling eyes,
There burns a glory which shines on my way,
Which thrills me always with a new surprise,
And holds me gazing half the live-long day—
Strange eyes, whose earthly task of smiles and tears
Was finished long ago, and sealed in night,
Eyes which were closed in death a hundred years
Before mine own had opened to the light.
Why do you haunt me so? Some bitter days,
When all my rose-tints vanish from my sky,
And I go stumbling down life's darkest ways,
I can but think perhaps the reason why.
My life has been so barren and forlorn,
So full of tears and losses, that I find
Made some bright smile, and I was born
An age too early, or an age too late.
And when I read in those strange wistful eyes
The yearning lack of something which I know
They never found in life, I think with sighs
A century too late—an, sure the soul
Perhaps I am the one for whom he sought
"Waking the earth-dry places out and in,"
Calling for help, that I might answer not,
And never finding, looked for evermore!
Perhaps I might have had a nobler life,
If but those marvelous eyes had held me dear:
Perhaps I might have sought the proud son's strife
And looked for them in darkness deep and clear—
"Perhaps," who knows? O sad and tender eyes,
Made some bright smile, and I was born
Shed bitterly my soul forever free,
"Oh, cruel Love, that did not wait for me!"
—Washington Globe.

THE BURNING OF THE TOWN.
The order for the burning of the town was given by General McCausland, at nine o'clock, and the flames were seen from the windows of the houses in the Diamond. The Rebels, breaking into the drug-stores, procured turpentine, and making fireballs, threw them into the houses indiscriminately. The men were sent around in squads, plundering and burning every house they saw fit to enter, before they had time to remove their valuables. A considerable sum of money from the wealthy citizens to protect their property. Their promises were ample until the money was in their hands, but after it was received they entirely disregarded them.
One of these squads, entering a house, gave the inmates five minutes to remove their effects before the building was to be burnt. The Rebels, at ten o'clock, were in the Diamond. A large open space in the center of the town. The flames from either side of the streets met each other, forming an arch of fire, above which the black smoke rolled in thick and heavy volumes, obscuring the heavens. Homeless and homeless women and children fleeing, and the outcasts of maddened Rebels, completes this picture of horrors, a scene that will never be forgotten by the citizens of Chambersburg. Nothing, comparatively, was saved—an old painting, the family Bible, a change of clothing, that was the only thing saved, and came in the hands of a young man of Col. Stough's regiment, the 15th Ohio Cavalry, who was in the town at the time. The Rebels, although the greater part went into the work with childish delight, some were greatly

DESTRUCTION OF CHAMBERSBURG.

Additional Incidents—How the Southern Part of the Town was Saved.

CHAMBERSBURG, August 4th, 1864.

History repeats itself wonderfully in the Cumberland Valley, at least so far as Rebel cavalry advances and citizen cavalry retreats are concerned. For the last few weeks a vague rumor has been circulating among the friends of the Rebels, would again pay their respects to the town and the denizens thereof. No reason was assigned for their apprehensions, but they persisted in their belief of the approach of the enemy. A few of the merchants removed their goods weeks since to places of safety, and subscriptions were made to purchase arms, and at least this prudent step was taken.

On last Friday afternoon the first definite report of the Rebel advance was received. Scouts coming in reported the enemy advancing via Mercersburg, and hastening onward. At this intelligence the usual stampede of farmers, contractors and stock owners, horses, cattle and sheep, it must be confessed, wagons, contrabands filled the road in confusion indescribable. During the afternoon the citizens were busily engaged in packing their valuables, and storing them away in the ill-fated houses. The Cumberland Valley Railroad, running extra trains, carried good goods for many of the merchants. Arriving at Chambersburg at about five o'clock, the Rebels passed through at a rate of speed that betokened no little danger. It was now evident that the town was given up. General Couch paced restlessly up and down in front of his house, and in answer to the appeals of the citizens, stated that he was unable to do anything. "I have no man in my hands," he said. "I have no man in the train which had been fired up, all night left Chambersburg, having on board the General and his staff, together with those citizens who were fortunate enough to know of his departure at five o'clock.

The Rebel advance appeared on New England Hill, to the westward of Chambersburg. The advance guard was met here by Lieutenant Underhill, with a squad of thirty-five men and one gun. The effect produced upon the Rebels by this little band shows what indomitable bravery and pluck will do. The Rebels advanced in perfect abandon style, yelling, joking and laughing. At the first "blizzard" from the Lieutenant it was a matter of time before they were scattered pell-mell to the main body, and when these again advanced Lieutenant Underhill (all honor to him!) again opened on them, and actually with his handful of men held the whole Rebel column, 2,000 strong, at bay for one hour, killing and wounding several. The Lieutenant only withdrew his men when a messenger arrived from General Averill, ordering him to do so. The Rebels now outnumbered a piece and threw several shells over the town. To many of the citizens the peculiar whizzing of these shells was the first intimation of the proximity of the Rebels. The first shell struck a house in the western part of the town on an entrance, and a fine target of the Rebel cannoneers. A sick lad in this house hearing the firing had arisen from his bed and raised the window. Just at this time the shot took out the sick two feet above his head. The shell penetrated into the next bed-room and there exploded. That this was an intentional shot is attested by a Rebel canonier, who afterwards was ordered by General Averill to carry the Rebel cannon to the window and shoot at the sick lad. "I aimed lower down, and it's queer, to see, as I can handle that old long-tom just like a rifle." The advance into the town was one of the most systematic movements imaginable. A body took possession of each street and alley, and then proceeded to advance a certain distance and then halt. The clearing "forward" echoed from one end of the town to the other. Twenty paces at a time was their distance, and then again "forward" ran along the line. Simultaneously they came out on the principal streets. The Rebels were not two years ago on a wide charge, but creeping silently forth each man with his carbine unloading, and leaning forward on his horse like the wild Cananche, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The Rebels McCausland and Gilmore led the column up Market street. The Rebels, Henry Gilmore, and Bradley Johnson, were immediately rode up opposite the Court House and inquired with his peculiar pronunciation, "Whar's the Macca-2?" He was informed that the Mayor had left town. He then asked to see some prominent citizens. Dr. Richards and Messrs. McDaniel and Sharp were standing near by, consulting with each other. Dr. Richards, a friend of a friend of Dr. Richards in Baltimore, Gilmore coming up, demanded "one hundred thousand dollars in gold, or its equivalent, five hundred thousand in greenbacks," to be delivered to them instantly. To comply with this demand was, of course, actually impossible. Dr. Richards informed Gilmore that such was the case, and that the citizens could not furnish the amount asked for. The Rebels then told the gentlemen to consider themselves under arrest, called a guard, and cried out, "We'll burn your town and you with it, and send you to Libby." When the guard approached, Dr. Richards informed the Rebels that he would tell them they were free, but, said he, "they will burn your town," and bending down his head, he wept like a child.

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affected and many a strong man shed tears. When the fire consumed a Rebel Colonel, riding up to a burning building, three into the fire, he may say, "There goes my commission; it may cost me my life, but I can't stand this."

HOW THE SOUTHERN PORTION OF THE TOWN WAS SAVED.
Amidst the general apathy of the citizens it is referring to point out instances of individual bravery. Through the exertions of one gentleman the whole southern portion of the town was saved. After the flames had attained sufficient headway in other parts, the executive officers of General McCausland rode to the south of the town to see to the work of destruction there. Dismissing a crossing they were confronted by Dr. Richards, B. Rash Sweeney and invited into his residence to take a glass of wine. They gladly accepted his invitation, and entering the house imbibed freely. Whether the wine in question was specially adapted for the occasion or not, I am unable to say, but certain it is that it had a remarkable effect on the Rebel officers. They became remarkably communicative, and disclosed to the Doctor the entire plans, &c. of their raid. Having left, by request, their autographs on a sheet of paper, they departed. No sooner had the door closed behind them than the Doctor wrote out the names of the communicative gentlemen according to the Rebel orders, to spare the southern portion of the town. Armed with the "Special Order No. 14," the Doctor started out in time to see a squad of Rebels firing the buildings in the square above. Presenting the document, the officer in charge at once desisted.

It was ludicrous to see the Rebels working upon the Rebels engaged to save the south of the town. "By Special Order No. 14," the Rebels were ordered to spare the southern portion of the town. The Doctor evidently has faith in the old maxim, "The end justifies the means." This same gentleman afterwards, as the Rebels were retiring from the town, captured two of them, with their horses and equipments. The men were sent immediately down to Harrisburg. The Rebel Major who was killed shortly after the evacuation of the town by the citizens, and who was reported as the notorious Gilmore, turns out to be Major Bailey, 2d Independent Maryland Battalion.

CHAMBERSBURG AS IT IS.
It is rather inappropriate to head this letter with Chambersburg. The town proper is numbered among the have-beens. No one can realize the destruction until he has seen it. The new papers state that two hundred and seventy houses had been burned in Chambersburg. This gives an incorrect idea of the whole affair. I need only say that the town was in a horrid condition. The scene, the whole town, with the exception of the houses in the south, is one mass of ruins. Charred, blackened, dreary walls are all that now remain of the once beautiful Chambersburg. The fire is yet smoldering in the cellars, and when night shadows the ruins, the lurid light, glittering over the debris, gives an effect which is ghastly. Chambersburg now lies as an evidence of Rebel barbarity, and one cannot but think, if justice is meted out to men, that surely it will overtake the perpetrators of this horrible outrage against humanity and civilization.

THE FIGHT FOR CUMBERLAND.
RATTLES OF FOLK'S MILL AND OLDTOWN.
REPULSE OF THE ENEMY.
[From the Cumberland Union, of Saturday, August 6th.]
On Monday afternoon, August 5th, at 4 o'clock, the Rebels, 5,000 strong, under the command of General McCausland and Bradley T. Johnson, approached the city by the Baltimore turnpike, to the residence and mill of John Folk, three miles from town. Gen. Kelley had previously determined to give them battle, and made the proper disposition of his forces, which were not equal to the number of the enemy, in order to dispute their entrance into the town.

The Rebels brought three pieces of artillery, one 24-pounder, into the battle-field; Gen. Kelley used but two pieces.
McCausland and Bradley Johnson, were informed, addressing their troops previous to the attack, promising them a levy of \$250,000 on our citizens, \$150 in greenbacks to each soldier, and one hour's freedom in the city for pillage, all of which we have been spared from enduring by the energy and valor of General Kelley and the officers and men under his command. His command, the Rebels at Folk's Mill and Oldtown, was about 100 killed and wounded.

We append the report of General Kelley to Governor Boreman, of West Virginia:
CUMBERLAND, August 2.
The enemy attacked me yesterday at 4 P. M. We fought till dark. At 11 P. M., he retreated from my front, going by a mountain road toward Oldtown, on the Potomac, leaving his killed and wounded, two caissons, quite a quantity of ammunition, also many wagons, carriages, &c. His retreat was distinctly heard by our citizen volunteers, who had blockaded the Williams road, and were on picket duty all night, while hearing distance of the retreating column.

The residence, mill and out-houses of Mr. Folk were in the range of our guns, and were struck by several shots, two or three of which penetrated the dwelling-house, while others struck and set fire to the barn, which was totally consumed.

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He did so, and had not moved 20 paces to the rear before he received a mortal wound in the breast and fell, exclaiming to his comrades "I am going, boys. Good bye." Our men having crossed the river, were posted behind the railroad embankment, and held the Rebels back half an hour. The iron-dad train having been disabled, could give the infantry no assistance, and the fire became so deadly that the larger portion of our men were ordered to take the train and withdraw to Cumberland. Captain Cross, supporting Col. Stough to be on board, pushed off, to say the Colonel remained with a squad and repaired to the block-house, in which he had previously placed forty men, and held the block-house for over an hour and a half, notwithstanding the Rebels were knocking it to pieces over their heads.

Col. Stough at 11 o'clock, received the following message by a flag of truce:

"To the Com. of the forces in the Block-House: 'You will surrender the Block-House and your forces at once. If you do not, you will not receive any terms.'
BRADLEY T. JOHNSON,
"Brig. Gen. Confederate forces."

The Col. requested to see the force, which he discovered had entirely surrounded him, and one 24-pounder, one 12-pound howitzer and four 3-inch regulation guns, in such position as to knock the block-house into particles in five minutes, and on consulting with his men, returned answer to the effect that he would surrender only on these conditions:

1. That he and his men should be immediately paroled.
2. That private property should be respected.
3. That the men should retain canteens, haversacks, blankets and rations, and
4. That he should have a hand car with which to transport his wounded men to Cumberland.

These propositions were sent to Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, commanding a Division of Rebels, and signed by Col. I. Stough, "commander of Squad of 15th Ohio," and they were immediately accepted as it is reported.

Col. Stough had a lock of hair taken off of his right temple by a Rebel ball which became twisted in it, leaving a bare spot the size of a dime on his scalp. He has also two bullet holes in the front of his blouse, near at his breast.

Generals Johnson and McCausland treated Col. Stough with great courtesy and commended him and his men for their bravery. Gen. Johnson admitted a loss of twenty-five men killed and forty wounded. Col. Stough lost two men killed and three wounded.

Attack on New Creek—Repulse of the Rebels.
On Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock General McCausland and Bradley T. Johnson attacked General Kelley's forces at New Creek, under the command of Col. Stevenson, Lieutenant Colonel Fox and Major Simpson. The fight continued until 6 o'clock, when the enemy were repulsed. During the night they retreated, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

Their loss was severe. Ours will not exceed twenty-five killed and fifty wounded. From all reports the defense was most gallant, and the officers and men deserve the gratitude of the country. The telegraph line was broken, but has since been repaired. No damage to the railroad.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.
The Repulse at Petersburg—The Negroes Defeated—Officers Responsible for the Failure.
HEADQUARTERS CO. "I," 21st PENN. CAVALRY,
Camp Potomac, August 4th, 1864.

MR. EDITOR.—The anxious friends at home, who so justly look for good news from our army, and who eagerly grasp the papers and scan their pages to learn of the weal or woe of the men who stand in front to oppose and conquer the foe, have been, as we soldiers believe, most seriously imposed upon by the statements given by some of the papers, of the battles in front of Petersburg, July 30th, 1864.

We have also anxiously sized those papers, and eagerly read what was related, by those who knew but little from hearing, and nothing by observation or experience,—I mean newspaper reporters. Our boys had a hearty laugh over the graphic description given of the great victory before Petersburg, on the above date, but were completely disgusted with the erroneous account which soon followed, of a great loss, and the defeat of our army. Now we would inform the anxious public that all the reports we have seen in the papers relating to that affair were far from being correct, knowing what we speak to be so—for we were there during the action, and engaged in it.

1. We did not gain a great victory.
2. We did not suffer a great defeat.
3. The cowardice of the negro troops was not the cause of our repulse.
4. What we had gained. We did not gain a great victory as we did not hold the position we took, and the taking of which cost us considerable time and men; but we did gain a victory in that we gave the enemy to understand that there is a power in the northern army which they never dreamed of, and that if we can neither go over or round their forts, we will go under them. The fire opened upon the rebel works was the most fearful, rapid and destructive they ever experienced, and silenced their works in less than one hour; so that the men abandoned their guns and we could see the infantry driving them back to their pieces at the point of the bayonet. We saw the most effective of their guns in our front blown out of their works by our well directed fire, and the fort almost demolished. We saw our shells drop into their works rapidly and could see them carrying away their dead and wounded all day Sunday and Monday. We saw their best and most powerful fort blown into the air and every soul in that fort destroyed; and although they drove our men out of it, they have not been able to place a single gun in position there since, and are yet engaged in excavating those buried by the blowing up of the fort. We have seen four white flags floating over those ruins requesting us not to fire on them until they searched for their dead, and not one shot has been fired from any of their guns in our front, since last Saturday; and we soldiers feel confident that if things had been managed a little better by officers in immediate command, our army would be to-night in Petersburg.

Again, the negroes are not to blame for not holding the works taken. We know something about those negroes. They were kept digging in the trenches until the action commenced; the greater portion of them had never been in action before; some of them had to march one-half mile from the river on a double quick and then charge upon the Rebels, and the Rebels fall back in confusion.

Our men fought them until nine o'clock, when the Rebels flanked them in overwhelming force, and Col. Stough ordered them to fall back across the river. This they did gradually, in fine order, the men stopping occasionally to empty their rifles in the breasts of the advancing foe. One young man of Col. Stough's regiment, the 15th Ohio Cavalry, who was in the town at the time, the Rebels, although the greater part went into the work with childish delight, some were greatly

withstanding.
If you could march, as I have done, over the field of battle and gaze upon the dead, you would lift up your hands in horror at the dreadful scene, and cry shame on those who will not render just praise due to those who have there offered up their lives for their country. I cannot describe the awful sickening scene, of the dead, the dying and the wounded as they lay on that field, but suffice it to say, that they lay close to and upon the breast-works of the enemy, and not one white man did I see among them. The large number of negro dead should silence forever the mouths of those who keep themselves far back out of harm's way, and who say that the cowardly conduct of "the negroes" was the cause of the disaster. The army is in good spirits, and although a little disappointed at the result of Saturday's operations, but confident that what we failed to accomplish that day, will be fully completed at a time not far distant.

We feel sorry that property has been destroyed in Chambersburg, Pa., but I know I express the declared sentiments of this army when I say that when the people of a large town as Chambersburg, will allow, without making an effort to defend themselves, two hundred and fifty rebels to come and set fire to their dwellings, they are entitled to but little sympathy; and I know they have none from this army. Our soldiers down here feel that the rebel raiders are the worst scoundrels we could send North. I will close in the words of a schoolmaster to a parent who complained to him of the conduct of his children at home: "Do you keep your children in order at home and depend upon it I will keep them in awe of me at school." Do you at home in the North take care of the rebel when they come up there, and rest assured we will take care of them down here.
M. P. D.

THE LATE RAID.
Inasmuch as many reports of the late rebel raid into M. Chambersburg have gone forth, some of which are exaggerated and incorrect, we give the following information of our readers, a brief statement of the affair, which they can rely upon as true.

On Friday 20th July various rumors reached us placing the Rebels at Williamsport, Hagerstown, Mercersburg, and other points near us. Refugees with wagons, horses and cattle passed through our streets in an almost ceaseless stream, until midnight of Friday. Many of the citizens of M. Chambersburg made good their escape with their live stock and valuables. Saturday morning dawned and still many a rebel showed his face. That day until 3 o'clock was passed quietly, but in great suspense. There was a fearful looking for the invaders of our sacred soil, and great apprehensions of the evils we were to suffer when they came. Nearly the entire population of M. Chambersburg were in a state of indescribable agitation when Ben sounded the alarm bell. Sure enough the rebels were in sight. Down the turnpike they came like the rush of the wind, and the clatter of the flying feet of their horses was terrible to hear. Sheriff Fore, Mr. G. Fletcher and other gentlemen were in town with horses when the bell struck, and got a few seconds start of the rebels. The Sheriff took the Cove, and made good his escape, the others struck up the pike at full speed, and all escaped except Mr. Fletcher. His pursuer, who was mounted on a large and fleet horse, passed through the street at a terrific gait, swearing, yelling and shooting. The race only lasted for about a mile, when the rebel horse was declared the winner and Mr. Fletcher forfeited a good mare, saddle and bridle.

But a small squad, the advance guard, came in at first. They took possession of the town and took away everything in their power, as if they were burglars. Stores were opened, and what little of value remained in them was either taken or tramped under foot. Houses were ransacked, and money and clothes taken wherever they could get them, and everything else of a nature to suit them was appropriated without regard to cost. Money, hats and clothes were taken from the persons of citizens on the streets, and at every point except in the most public part of the town where the officers congregated, the men plundered at their will.

Mr. Miller, who was here, with his likeness card, suffered greater loss perhaps than any one else, having \$40 in money taken from his pocket, and from him, and nearly everything of value in his car broken up or destroyed.

J. W. Porter, Daniel Fore, Dr. Duffield, Messrs. Greathead, Saml. Baker, David Shoemaker and others lost heavily, and few if any in the town or adjacent neighborhood escaped without some loss.

The men seemed to be under some restraint in the immediate presence of their officers, and it is said that Gen. McCausland shot and slightly wounded one of his men for attempting to break open a store, contrary to his orders, but a few steps took them from under the eyes of their officers, and they acted as they pleased. No personal violence, however, or insult was offered to any one that we have heard of.

The Rebels encamped near town on Saturday night, McCausland's brigade in Mr. Porter's meadow, and Johnson's brigade down the Hancock road. Their actual number including all negroes was about