The Globe.

WILLIAM LEWIS, Editor and Proprietor. —PERSEVERE.— TERMS, $1,50 a year in advance.

VOL. XVIII. HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1862. NO. 24.

THE GLOBE JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

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Advertisements not marked with the number of insertions desired, will be continued till forbid and charged according to these terms.

The Globe.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

Friday, November 14, 1862.

NOTICE.

We have not the time nor the inclination, to dun personally, a large number of persons who have unsettled accounts upon our books of several years standing. We shall, therefore, from day to day, without respect to persons, place into the hands of a Justice for collection, all accounts of over two years standing. All those who wish to save expense, will do well to give us a call.

Thanksgiving Day in Pennsylvania.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 21.—The Governor has issued the following proclamation:

In the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the said Commonwealth.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, It is a good thing to render thanks unto God for all his mercy and loving kindness; therefore,

I, Andrew G. Curtin, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do recommend that Thursday, the 27th day of November next, be set apart by the people of this Commonwealth as a day of solemn Prayer and Thanksgiving to the Almighty—giving Him humble thanks that he has been graciously pleased to protect our free institutions and Government, and to keep us from sickness and pestilence—and to cause the earth to bring forth her increase, so that our garners are choked with the harvest—and to look so favorably on the toil of His children, that industry has thriven among us, and labor has its reward; and also that He has delivered us from the hands of our enemies, and filled our officers and men in the field with a loyal and intrepid spirit, and given them victory—and that he has poured out upon us (albeit unworthy) other great and manifold blessings.

Beseeching Him to help and govern us in his steadfast fear and love, and to put into our minds good desires, so that by his continual help we may have a right judgment in all things; and especially, praying him to give to Christian Churches grace to hate the thing which is evil, and to utter the teachings of truth and righteousness, declaring openly the whole counsel of God; and most heartily entreating Him to bestow upon our civil rulers wisdom, and earnestness, and counsel, and upon our military leaders zeal and vigor in action, that the fires of rebellion may be quenched—that we, being armed with His defence, may be preserved from all perils, and that hereafter our people, living in peace and quietness, may, from generation to generation, reap the abundant fruits of His mercy, and with joy and thankfulness praise and magnify His holy name.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State, at Harrisburg, this twentieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Commonwealth, the eighty-seventh.

ANDREW G. CURTIN.

By the Governor.
ELI SLIFER, Sec'y of Commonwealth.

WASHINGTON DICTATOR.—Some reference has been made to the dictatorial powers conferred upon General Washington during the War of the Revolution. They are contained and enumerated in a resolve of Congress, dated the 27th of December, 1776, (to be found in Spark's edition of the Writings of Washington, Vol. IV., page 550,) and were limited to the term of six months. With a single exception they relate exclusively to the organization and control and support of the army and confer no civil authority.—The exception alluded to is of a character to deserve attention at this moment. It is the last enumerated power and reads thus: "To arrest and confine persons who refuse to take the Continental currency, or are otherwise disaffected to the American cause; and return to the States, of which they are citizens, their names, and the nature of their offences, together with the witnesses to prove them."

The Damage to the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.—The breaking up of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad is one of the sad results of reducing our armies last spring. The cause of the rebel hate in the premises was the fact that the General Pope's army was greatly served in its exigency by the rapid transport of Gen. Cox's Division from Western Virginia. The rebels know the value of railroads in military operations, and hence, while they keep on building them in the South, they do their best to destroy ours in the North.

☞ The National Tax-Law embodying the organic sections; the general and specific provisions; provisions for the appointment and governance of collectors, assessors and their assistants; alphabetical schedule-list of articles taxed, with rates, etc., etc.

For sale at Lewis' Book Store

☞ Fine Cigars and Tobacco for sale at Lewis' Book Store.

The Fight at Chaplin Hills—the Heroism and Horrors of a Battle-Field.

[Correspondence of the Louisville Journal.]

HARRODSBURG, Ky., Oct. 11, 1862.—I purpose to relate, as an eye-witness, the modern incidents of this "Dark and Bloody Ground," which I am confident will surpass, both in heroism and horror, those of the old "Indian days" of Harrod and Boone, or of any other stricken field, at this, our battle of "Chaplin Hills," fought on Oct. 8, 1862.

General Buell having completed his preparation of the Federal army, had been pressing General Bragg of the rebel army invading Kentucky, from within ten miles of Louisville, by the different roads leading toward Frankfort, Taylorsville, Bardstown, and Shepherdsville, since the 1st of October, driving in the rear of his army and cannonading on each of the roads, with more or less skirmishing each day, as we marched forward for seventy miles.

Bragg moved his main army from Bardstown to Springfield, and as Buell's troops converged near that place on the 6th, Bragg made a stand to check us east of the town. Heavy cannonading and shelling took place, and the fruits were several slaughtered men and horses, some prisoners and a devastated country—barns and houses, hay-stacks and fences being swept away by the fire enkindled by bursting shells. Bragg was compelled to fall back.

Again that day he made a stand on the precipitous eastern bank of Pleasant Run. Another engagement took place, Bragg being compelled to recede, leaving the same desolating marks—the face of the dried-up country being again swept far and wide as by the besom of destruction He tried to burn the bridge after passing, but was pressed too hard to effect it.

On the morning of the 7th, Bragg's rear guard made a stand and prepared for battle, at an almost impracticable hill for our cavalry and infantry, east of Lick Run. A few field pieces of ours proved the position to be untenable, and Bragg drew off his pieces and men. On the afternoon of the 7th, he made another stand, with his rear on the crescent-shaped hills of Chaplin's branch of Salt river, and planted his artillery, shelling us. Our battery dismounted one of his pieces by our fire, and we forced them over the hill. The rebel troops gave it up, (I presume in a mistake) and a *great* mistake it proved to be for them, as it was the central stronghold and very key of the whole position, proven by the obstinacy with which it was fought for the whole of the next day.

Our army had been marching since October 1st, through a country that afforded but little water for man or beast, and that of a very impure quality. There having been no rain for many weeks (I may say months), rivulets and creeks were dried up. I saw not one drop of running water on the road from Louisville to the battle-field, 70 miles, except a little trickling among the loose gravel south of Bloomfield, twenty miles distant. In the lowest places of the beds of streams, were larger or smaller pools of impure water, tasting and smelling of the ordure of the cattle of the country, and our horses and mules that had been ridden in to drink the filthy compound frantic to get that as they would be in the deserts of Arabia. Where the shallow pools were rocky, the soldiers were fain to fill their canteens far in the night after the cavalry horses had done stirring it. Where there was a gravel bottom, the poor fellows made a natural filter by scraping holes with their hands near the edge of the water, and you would see a long, dark line waiting patiently through the long hours of the night for it to trickle in, and, filling their canteens, carry it two and three miles to camp. I paid one poor soldier a quarter of a dollar for a drink of his cow ordure and water, and felt that he had done me an inestimable favor. The rebel army had drained all the wells on their march, and we could only get the slow trickllings into them; as we marched along crowds of our men were waiting around them all the day and night. Not one Federal soldier uttering a complaint that I heard, or was there a single quarrel for that which was so precious to cool the tip of the tongue. It will be understood that on this march of two great armies over the same road, the horrors of thirst were aggravated by the condition of it. Each column of troops could be traced many miles away, by the clouds rising from their march at least half a mile high in the air. The dust was instep deep to the infantry. You could not see the semblance of a man on the march in the road, but it all flitted by like a great phantasmagoria or a horrid nightmare dream, day and night, continuously in one stream of cavalry, artillery and infantry, with a score of miles of ammunition and baggage wagons. Our front moved in day and encamped as far as the eye could see the fires on the hill sides and in the valleys at night; the rear moved on at night to encamp in the day. Men and horses were choked and strangled, and dust! dust!! dust!!! and no relief of rain or water to check the suffering.

It is over now, but I have a recollection of it that will last me to my grave. The enemy knew they had us in the "dry valley," and were determined to keep us there at any expense of blood and men. They boasted at Harrodsburg on the 7th and on the day of the fight, that water was fifteen miles in our rear, and that thirst would be our destruction; that they had the springs in front and would hold them. They proved to be not pertinacious enough to make good their boast.

At 2 A. M. on the 8th the rebel army forced back on our cavalry pickets on the central crescent-shaped hill; the cavalry sending for reinforcements, two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery were sent to make the positions good during the night. Rifle firing continued until day dawn, when "flashed forth the red artillery" on the enemy advancing to re-take the position he *should* have kept the evening before. Battery was opposed to battery as they threw themselves back on the roads from Perryville to flank us toward Lebanon on our right and toward Bloomfield on our left, and crush out our advance before the centre or rear could come up, until the line of battle was extended one mile on our right, and four miles on our left, in shape like a gigantic reaping-hook.

Their artillery was of the best construction, and was handled in the most admirable manner, as witness the murderous precision of their fire; smoothbores, rifled guns, and the unerring and far-shooting "Parrott," of all calibres, from sixty to thirty-pounders, raining on our heads and around us storms of shot and shell, shrapnell, grape, canister, and every conceivable projectile invented by man to slay his fellow-man. The earth now is literally covered with iron and lead for miles upon miles that was thundered forth by both armies from before day-dawn until the second hour of the moonlight. The roar of artillery was incessant from centre to right and from centre to left, except a partial lull in the afternoon, when the enemy was marshaling his forces for his last desperate and fearful attack on our left. Then as he extended his lines, ours were extended; as he opened a battery we galloped one up in opposition, until the fire appeared to be interminable, when the artillery was all unmasked.

Our infantry regiments that were formed for the support of our artillery, were attacked by the rebels with the most desperate valor; charge after charge was made all day on our centre, but it was of no avail. The cheers of our men could be heard above the roar of battle a mile, as they repulsed him, and charging in turn drove him back. The roar of the cannon, the death-like shriek of the elongated shell, the whiz of the round shot, and the whir and rush of the many varieties of death-dealing rifle balls, the rattle lay writhing. A flock of sheep were in the field; the carcasses of the dead ones lay scattered about, and the wounded ones crept into the same fence corners with the men, and man and beast were roasted and charred together.

The terrible inhumanity of the commanders of this rebel army is proven by the fact that on the left they had driven us back on our second line of battle. They had possession of that part of the field, and held it until they retreated at day dawn. During that time their dead and living were literally roasted (it is the actual, horrible fact.) Our dead, and many of our wounded, lay there stripped by them of all their coats, hats, and shoes, and some of them of pants, and in the morning they raised their heads with ghastly chattering jaws, unable to speak, and fell back senseless. There was many a wounded man who was stripped, who had the life frozen out of him on that bleak hillside on the cold October night when it required blankets or a fire, to keep a sound, well-clothed man comfortable.

The enemy carried, through the day and night, his thousands upon thousands of wounded to his rear, crowding and crushing them into Perryville to overflowing, and into every farm house, shed, and stable within three miles of his line of battle. Gardens and orchards were strewn with them. As usual, the fierce cannonading brought on a rain; the evening of the 9th was cold and chilly—piercing to the very bone. I went to one of their hospitals on the morning of the 10th. The house, sheds, yard, and garden were crowded to overflowing with crushed and wounded Tennesseeans and Georgians strewn around on the cold wet straw and earth, with a poor tattered blanket for covering to keep off the peltings of the pitiless storm through that bitter night. Poor human nature could not withstand the chilling air that pressed the vitality out of them, and in the morning I saw two long rows of white corpses awaiting the soldier's hasty burial, and I was confident, as with chattering teeth the poor survivors begged to have their blankets dried at the fire, that the cold night air had slain as many as our bullets had done.

The miserably weak rebel hospital force left to cope with the awful work before them were totally unable to attend to their wants at *any* of their hospitals, but death was fast making their work less. The amputated legs and arms were lying piled up like cord wood.

The Federal dead were all buried by their comrades on the 9th and 10th. On the morning of the 10th I estimated *three thousand* dead rebel soldiers lying on the right, centre, and left, in an extent of six miles of the line of battle, their commanders marching off leaving them unburied—never even sending in a flag of truce asking us to give them sepulchre. They were then lying mangled and torn, festering and putrifying, and the hogs devouring them! It is the actual, horrible fact!

The citizens of Perryville then began to bury them to prevent a pestilence, but there are hundreds of them lying where they crawled to die, between the logs and in the ravines and bushes and ledges of rocks, that will never be found until the last trump will sound, when, if their conscience does not smite them before, these gaunt skeletons will rise up in judgment before these unchristian and inhuman men—the chiefs and leaders of this bloody rebellion, who turned their backs on their suffering and unburied men, and held high church at Harrodsburg next day, where, with backs well clothed and stomachs well filled, were congregated Bragg and Smith, Hardee and Cheatham, Buckner, Marshall, and Morgan, and last, but not least, on this list of names, Leonidas Polk, late Bishop, not even asking for their dead "a little earth for charity."

The righteous Lord is long suffering, but for all these things these men will be called to judgment, leading these poor, misguided men to whiten this land with their bones and distributing whisky to them without stint on the morning of the battle. Truly this land is made a darker and a bloodier land than the inhuman Indian made it in days of yore.

Were these poor men dogs even, they should have been better cared for by their leaders and not have been left to the mercy of the elements, and the dead to be eaten up by the hogs roaming the woods. If this is the Southern chivalric idea of treating your fellow-man who has served you faithfully to the death, God save me from chivalric honors. I fear they would press me to perdition. Can it be wondered that on the stacks of arms they had piled up to be burned near their hospital we should find paper inscriptions of "home or hell," portending a mutiny in plain terms. That their common soldiers are brave, our own dead and wounded when the enemy was marshaling his forces for his last desperate and fearful attack on our left. Then as he extended his lines, ours were extended; as he opened a battery we galloped one up in opposition, until the fire appeared to be interminable, when the artillery was all unmasked.

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The standard of the 79th Pennsylvania Infantry was shot down *six times, and as often reared aloft*, and when forced from the field, the Colonel carried it off.

The 9th Pennsylvania Regiment of cavalry sent out three times in solid column to draw the fire of the different batteries of the enemy that were concealed—was rained upon by cross batteries with every conceivable artillery missile. With no orders to move, and unable to return the long range fire, they sat on their horses like statues, excepting those who were struck, and went to the rear. When ordered off the field each time, they went off at a slow parade walk, disdaining to strike a trot, after receiving fire for two hours.

One Federal regiment, the Sixteenth Michigan, and a Georgia rebel regiment, met in line of battle in open field; they deliberately planted their standards at 40 yards distance from each other, and stood and loaded, aimed and fired; both flags were shot down—the Georgia regiment almost totally destroyed, and their banner captured.

In front of the destroyed Illinois regiment was a worm fence, from which the rebel soldiers took such deadly aim; in nearly every fence corner lay a dead or wounded rebel soldier; the fence was fired by the bursting shells, and in the morning a fearful sight met our eyes—in the ashes of the fence lay a scorched and blackened mass of humanity, a roasted man, and to all appearances, from their struggles, many of them only wounded when the fire caught them. The death of our poor men, even with all the agonies of thirst on them, in the scorching sunshine and the dust and the chilling of the long, cold October night, was merciful compared with the tortures these men met in the slow but sure approach of the flames creeping along the fence to the spot where they lay writhing. A flock of sheep were in the field; the carcasses of the dead ones lay scattered about, and the wounded ones crept into the same fence corners with the men, and man and beast were roasted and charred together.

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How the Late Elections are Viewed in the Army.

A letter from General Milroy's command to the Cincinnati *Gazette*, says:

The feeling manifested by the best men in the army here, in reference to the late elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana, is very strong, and of a character which might readily be inferred from their opinion of the proclamation. Their freely expressed detestation of such men as Vallandigham, Vorhees, Cox, and the "lesser lights" of that school—of such papers as the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Columbus *Crisis*, Pittsburg *Post* and Wheeling *Press*—is such as to cause a thrill of joy in the heart of every patriot, whose love of country is greater than his party prejudice. However the people may be deceived and misled by the machinations of such men, striving under the sacred name of Democracy, to carry out the programme of that midnight conclave of traitorous cowards—the Knights of the Golden Circle—the army, at least, will prove true to the Constitution and the Union it is sworn to support; and after the war against *armed* rebels is done, will turn its attention to plotting, canting hypocrits, who are endeavoring to put a "fire in their rear" at home. Western Virginians express the most profound astonishment that such men are permitted to prate their rampant treason in Ohio. Here it would not be allowed for a moment; and the man who would dare to call this an "Abolition war" in the presence of Virginia soldiers, would do so at the peril of his life.

The conviction is very general that in the late election the rebels have received great encouragement by the evidences they *seem* to give of a "divided North." It is believed, also, to a very considerable extent, that the Northern Democratic leaders are in secret league with the heads of the Southern Confederacy; and that, in the event of a successful campaign, which will destroy all hopes of "independence" on the part of the South, peace will be offered by the rebels on something like the "Crittenden Compromise" basis; and then, by the aid of their Northern sympathizers and co-workers, Davis, Toombs, Wigfall, and the remainder of such "Southern Democrats," will be returned to their old places of "honor and profit" in the General Government, *that is* if, in view of the "horrors of war," the dread of "high taxes," and the most persistent howls about "niggers," the people of the North can be brought to set the seal upon their own eternal shame and degradation. The false pretences of peculiar love for the "Constitution as it is," by those Northern traitors, who were always ready to change it at the behests of the secession leaders, is thoroughly understood, and properly appreciated in the army.

A Graphic Picture of a Southern Empire.

The *London Daily News* draws this picture of the character of the South and the probable consequences which would follow its achievement of "independence:"

"As far as England is concerned, we may judge from the past. Many people say, in excuse for their state of mind about the war, that they detest the Americans. Very well; and what does this mean? It means an association of ideas made up of troubles about search of slaves at sea, and brag about the Monroe doctrine, and threats of Canada, and slanders about our cruisers in the Gulf, and outrage on San Juan, and the bullying of the General Harneys, and the sharp practice of cabinets at Washington, and aggressions upon our seamen in port, and universal rudeness to our representatives in the States, and to our Government through American representatives in England.

"All this, with impressions of fillibustering, threats about Cuba, an unrepressed clandestine slave trade, lynch law, marauding in Kansas, brag about liberty, together with tar and feathers, cow hiding slave markets, human stock breeding, and all the rest of it—these impressions combine to make up the sentiment expressed by the avowal, "I detest the Americans." But for every element of this impression confederate society is answerable. It was the South resigning at Washington, the South importing negroes, the South sending Walker and Lopez into the territory of an ally to stir up insurrection, the South sending Gen. Harney to San Juan, the South getting up the Monroe doctrine, the South lynching clergymen, and burning alive travelers suspected of disapproving slavery—the South as universal aggressor, bully, braggart, traitor, mischief maker and thorough bore—that society was getting to detest more and more every year. What follows, if the same South, inflated with pride and revenge, could actually recover her dominion?

"The Dred Scott decision would be actively enforced, and the whole territory of the Union made slave soil.—The popular vote would be overruled, or practically precluded, as hitherto in the South; and rights of education, of free speech, and a free press would be extinguished. Labor being discredited by the extension of slavery, the pauperism and degradation of the free workers of the North would corrupt society to its core. The concubinage of the South would spread beyond the present dividing line, and the morals of the whole nation would be in danger of becoming like those of the slave States, which are grosser than can be conceived of in any other part of Christendom. Every other nation would be perpetually on the verge of war, or engaged in it, because the slave power cannot abstain from aggression, nor maintain its position by the arts of peace.

"We should see a retrograde period arrive more disastrous to civilization than the advent of the first Napoleon. We should see a buccaneering nation turning the progress of political liberty into a mockery; destroying the freedom of the seas, and the security of territory, and the prosperity of labor. We should see the natural laws of industry and trade tampered with, civilization turned back, a canting paganism set up in the name of Christianity, and the Old World, infested with the piracies of the New, in every department of politics, of business, of territorial possession, and of intellectual and moral intercourse. If the Confederates could prevail and reinstate the spirit and policy of the South at Washington, it would be the greatest calamity that has befallen the world for centuries. But it will not be.—The American people will not permit it; and the rest of the world, once aware of the danger, will not endure it."

Surrender of Harper's Ferry.

Report of the Investigating Committee.

The Commission, consisting of Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, U. S. A., of Vols., Pres.; Major General George Cadwalader, U. S. A., of Vols.; Brig. General C. C. Augur, U. S. A. of Vols.; Major Donn Piatt, A. A. General of Vols.; Captain F. Ball, A. D. C. of Vols.; Col. G. Holt, Judge Advocate General, called by the Government to investigate the conduct of certain officers connected with, and the circumstances attending the abandonment of Maryland Heights and the surrender of Harper's Ferry, have the honor to report the following:

On the 3d of September General White entered Harper's Ferry with his force from Winchester. The next day he was ordered to Martinsburg to take command of the forces there:—On the 12th of September he again returned to Harper's Ferry, where he remained until the surrender without assuming the command.

On the 7th of September General McClellan, the most of his forces having preceded him, left Washington under orders issued some days previously, to drive the enemy from Maryland. That night he established his headquarters at Rockville, from which place on the 11th of September, he telegraphed to General Halleck to have Colonel Miles ordered to join him at once.

On the 5th of September, Colonel Thomas H. Ford, Thirty-Second Ohio, took command of the forces on Maryland Heights. Forces were placed at Solomon's Gap and at Sandy Hook.—Those at Sandy Hook, under Colonel Maulsby, retired by Col. Miles' order to the eastern slope of Maryland Heights two or three days previous to their evacuation by Colonel Ford. On the 11th of September the force at Solomon's Gap was driven in by the enemy. Colonel Ford called upon Col. Miles for reinforcements. The One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York and the Thirty-Ninth New York (Garibaldi Guards,) were sent him on Friday, the 12th of September, and on the morning of the 13th he was further reinforced by the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York and a portion of a Maryland regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Downey.

Col. Ford made requisition for axes and spades, to enable him to construct defences on the Heights, but obtained none, with the exception of ten axes belonging to some Maryland troops, hiring all that could be obtained, a slight breastwork of trees was constructed on the 12th near the crest of the Heights, and a slashing of timber made for a short distance in front of the breastwork.

The forces under Col. Ford were stationed at various points on the Maryland Heights, the principal force being on the crest of the hill near the breastwork and look out. Skirmishing commenced on Friday the 12th, on the crest of the hill.

Early on the morning of the 13th, the enemy made an attack on the crest of the hill, and after some time, the troops retired in some confusion to the breastwork, where they were rallied. About 9 o'clock, a second attack was made, which the troops behind the breastwork resisted for a short time, and until Col. Sherrill, of the One hundred and twenty-sixth N. Y. regiment, was wounded, and carried off the field, when the entire One hundred and twenty-sixth regiment, as some witnesses testify, all but two companies, Major Hewitt states, broke and fled in utter confusion. Men and most of the officers all fled together, no effort being made to rally the regiment, except by Colonel Ford, Lieut. Barras, Acting Adjutant, and some officers of other regiments, directed by Colonel Miles, then on the Heights.

Soon after, the remaining forces at the breastwork, fell back, under a supposed order from Major Hewitt, who himself says that he gave no such order; merely sent instructions to the Captains of his own regiment that, if they were compelled to retire to do so in good order. Orders were given by Colonel Ford for the troops to return to their position. They advanced some distance up the Heights, but did not regain the breastworks.

That evening Colonel Miles was on Maryland Heights for some hours, consulting with Col. Ford. He left between 11 and 12 o'clock, without directly ordering Colonel Ford to evacuate the Heights, but instructing him, in case he was compelled to do so, to spike his guns, and throw the heavy siege guns down the mountain.

About 2 o'clock, perhaps a little later, by the order of Colonel Ford, the Heights were abandoned, the guns being spiked according to instructions.

On Saturday, Col. D'Utassy sent over to the Maryland Heights four companies under Major Wood, who brought off, without opposition, four brass 12-pounders, two of which were imperfectly spiked, and a wagon load of ammunition.

General White, on his return to Harper's Ferry on the 12th of September, suggested to Colonel Miles the propriety of contracting his lines on Bolivar Heights so as to make a better defence, but Col. Miles adhered to his original line of defence, stating that he was determined to make his stand on Bolivar Heights. General White also urged the importance of holding Maryland Heights, even should it require taking the entire force over there from Harper's Ferry. Col. Miles, under his orders to hold Harper's Ferry to the last extremity, while admitting the importance of Maryland Heights, seemed to regard them as applying to the town of Harper's Ferry, and held that to leave Harper's Ferry even to go on Maryland Heights, would be disobeying his instructions.

General McClellan established his headquarters at Frederick City, on the 13th of September. On the night of the 13th, after the evacuation of Maryland Heights, Col. Miles directed Captain (now Major) Russell, of the Maryland cavalry, to take with him a few men and endeavor to get through the enemy's lines and reach some of our forces—General McClellan, if possible—and to report the condition of Harper's Ferry, that it could not hold out more than forty-eight hours unless reinforced, and to urge the sending of reinforcements. Captain Russell reached General McClellan's headquarters at Frederick, at 9, A. M., on Sunday, the 14th of September, and reported as directed by Colonel Miles. Immediately upon his arrival, General McClellan sent off a messenger, as Capt. Russell understood, to General Franklin.

At 10 A. M., Captain Russell left for General Franklin's command, with a communication to General Franklin from General McClellan. He reached General Franklin about 3 o'clock that afternoon, and found him engaged with the enemy at Crampton's Gap.—The enemy were driven from the Gap, and the next morning, the 15th, Gen.