toll house I came upon others horses, upon dead men, our own and of the enemy. There had been a partial cessation of hostilities, through a mutual understanding, although no flag of truce had been formally agreed upon, and both parties were bearing off the wounded. Continuing down to Roulet's I found that the pickets were keeping up a desultory fire also in front of Burnside.—This finally ceased and the work of humanity went on.

A hard shower in the afternoon made it certain that hostilities would not be renewed during the day. Taking once more a look at the enemy at sunset, when the sun threw its light low down upon the hills, I could see signs that the enemy was fleeing As night came on, I could see the smoke of thousands of fires rising from the forests and fields in the direction of Shepherdstown. They were going—slipping through our fingers—reenacting the siege of Corinth.

FRIDAY

So it proved. They were gone—all gone into Virginia, except a few stragglers—three hundred—some of whom confessed that they did not care about going back. They had quite enough of secession. The retreating foe had taken everything—artillery, suplies, wagons, ammunition—everything except his wounded.

Riding once more to the right I reached the ground occupied by the enemy. The dead were as thickly strewn as autumn leaves in the forest, where Hooker had pushed the enemy to his extreme defensive lines.

There were our own fallen, their pockets rifled. On the breast of one was a well-worn Testament and a letter. I thought it no desecration to look for a moment at the document. It was from a fond father to his son, with words of affection—"We hope and pray you may be permited by a kind Providence, after the war is over, to return." So has prayed many a father, many a mother.

All around were evidences of the terrible strife—of the long continued contest—such as I do not like to dwell upon. The enemy had buried many dead. There were many long trenches, where they had laid their fallen, thrown a few inches of earth upon them, and covered them with fence rails.—The slaughter on their side must of have been terific.—Horses were thickly strewn where our artillery had plowed the ground, cut down the tall forest trees, and hurled destruction in their ranks. The enemy had strengthened the ridge liy constructing rifle pits of rocks, logs and loose stones, gathered from the ledges, passing down to the spot where through the day they had held the ground. It was easy to see why they clung to it with such tenacity; if they had been driven from the spot they would have been forced out into a large open field, and the place would have been equally strong to Gen. McClellan. So long as they held it they could hope to keep McClellan at bay but it once lost there could be for them but little hope of success. Behind it was our force of artillery, a twenty-four pound iron howitzer, its carriage broken by shot from one of our guns. This was all the spoil of the field, with the exception of the small arms which were thickley strewn where the soldiers had fallen.

Continuing on, I reached the line where French and Richardson had moved up the road leading to the farm house of Mr. Roulet. The enemy had held it as a rifle pit, and there across the fences fifteen thousand muskets had blazed—there the shells had fallen like thunder-bolts from heaven.—Some had fallen upon their faces toward our advancing columns; some in the act of leaping the fence behind them; some while loadning their guns; one while tearing a cartridge with his teeth had received a bullet through his heart, and had fallen with all his features fixed to that end. There was an officer with his face toward heaven, bald headed, yet not far advanced in years, his insignia of rank cut from his gray frock coat. He fell while cheering his men, with all his muscles set, his system under tension, nerved up to the great exigencies of the moment.

It was a fearful sight along the road way, in the corn-fields. Thousands of dead were there.

The army was moving on through Sharpsburg. There our shells had fallen in a continuous shower, tearing houses to pieces, killing one young child, and driving from the place all but a few persons who took refuge in the cellar of a strong stone house.

General McClellan was there, with a careworn, troubled countinence. The people greeted him loyally. Nearly every house had its Union banner out, and there was a general rejoicing that the enemy was gone.

The roar of artillery came from the west. Spurring on I found a half dozen of our batteries in position opposite Shepherdstown throwing shot and shell across the Potomac and receiving shots in return from the enemy.

All the houses were filled with rebel wounded, who conversed freely of the fight. One said he was in all of the battles in front of Richmond, but none equalled in intensity the fires of Wednesday on our side. It cut down their ranks faster than they could be closed up. He wondered we did not renew the attack on Thursday. He belonged to Walker's command, was a native of Georgia and tired of the war. Walker's Corps marched from Harper's Ferry Tuesday night, reached the lines just as the fight commenced. They had no supper, no breakfast, except some green corn, and fought till two-thirds of their regiment was killed or wounded in front of Sedgwick's Division. He estimated the Rebel force at one hundred and fifty thousand, but admited it was a guess at the number.

CONCLUSION.

Such are the main features of this great contest—the mightiest ever fought on the continent, in which it is believed that twenty five to thirty thousand men have fallen. It is a battle-field which will be much visited and studied. Lee's intentions, his plans, his positions will be inquired into and criticised in years to come, and so the battle as fought by General McClellan will be studied by those who admire and those who do not accept him as a great General.

Wether you can, to use General McClellan's words, "safely call it a victory," or wether it will be considered a drawn battle, is not for this generation to determine.

The invasion of the North is ended. The dreams indulged in of an uprising of the people of Maryland in favor of Secesion have proved delusive. Henceforth the State will rise in her majesty and might more strongly than ever before to perpetuate the blessings of the Union.

I have no time to give incidents of the fight—the heroism—the bravery—the glory. It is but a faint outline I have given of one of the sublimest battle-fields the world ever saw—indecisive, apparently, of present issue, but, for aught we know, a great turning point of history. CARLETON.

"My gracious," said Ike, "If some fairy would give me wings, wouldn't I go round among the planets, though; I'd go to Mars, and Venus, and Jupiter, and all the rest of them."

And Satan," said Mrs Partington, striking in: "and I'm afraid you will go there whether you have wings or not."

Ike whistled and turned the subject to an orange the old lady had.

What a poor world this would be without women and newspapers! How would the news get about.

The Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, PA.
SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1862.

"Washington Pennsylvania Soldiers' Relief Association."

THIS Association, having opened an office at No. 1 Washington Buildings, corner of 7th street and Pennsylvania avenue, where will be found a register of all Pennsylvania soldiers in or around this city in hospital, invite the friends of the same to call, assuring them that all possible aid will be extended in finding their sons.

MR. CHAS. L. WELLS, the Register, will be found in the office.

The Corresponding Secretary, Mr. S. TODD PERLEY will answer all letters in regard to sick and wounded Pennsylvania soldiers, whether in or around this city, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, or New Haven. Address, care Box 241, Washington, D. C.

J. K. MOREHEAD, Pres't.

J. M. SELLIVAN, Sec'y.

The Monthlies.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The most charming paper in the "Atlantic" for October is Hawthorne's "Leamington Spa." In it some delightful English scenery is painted, and English watering-place manners striking ly drawn. There is good poetry in the number by Whittier and Bayard Taylor There is a seasonable article from the pen of the late Henry C. Thoreau, entitled "Autumn Tints," which should be read among our beautiful hills in the course of a week or two, when the trees have their "Fall Opening," and put on their new millinery. The serials "David Gaunt" and "Mr. Axtell" are continued.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—Harper's pages are largely filled with the serials republishing from English periodicals. The October number has installments of Miss Muloch's "Mistress and Maid," Miss Evans' "Romola," and Trollopes "Orley Farm" and "Small House," the latter just opening in the Cornhill Magazine. Notwithstanding this pressure we find a couple of good short stories, and the usual illustrated articles, with Editorial Gossip, &c

CONTINENTAL MONTHLY.—The Continental continues to hammer away vigorously and without gloves at the Rebels and their northern sympathizers. A large portion of its space is given up to political writing, and of the most unpalatified kind. Spite of our prejudice for purely literary features in a periodical claiming literary place, it is refreshing to meet with a monthly so utterly free from all influences (past or prospective) of Southern patronage as to let plain truths in plain language without regard to the sensitive feelings of our "southern readers." In all departments the magazine shows life.

FRANK LESLIE'S MONTHLY.—Frank Leslie, with its accustomed variety, has been received It has a budget of unsurpassed entertainment, between its covers, both literary and pictorial. The tales are numerous and good—and after all they constitute the feature most generally sought after in a monthly publication. We can recommend the October number of the Magazine as first-rate.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST.—The October number of the Agriculturist contains over one hundred and fifty articles relating to the Farm, Garden and Household, and, as usual, all prepared with special care to make them reliable and instructive. The engravings are good. This is the last time to subscribe, as each new subscriber gets the paper for a dollar from now until the end of the next year, (Vol. 22) or 14 month for the price of 12; and in addition each subscriber gets a splendid map of Virginia, covering more than 10 square feet—just the thing wanted now.

GENESEE FARMER.—This Agricultural monthly is well fitted with everything seasonable for the month of October. It is one of the best magazines of the kind published and deserves general patronage.

We must once more ask patience on the part of our Chiques friends. Their list of contributions shall be published. The great press of correspondence this week crowds it out again.

The pressure of correspondence and contributed matter will, we trust, be sufficient excuse for the entire absence of news. There is nothing startling, however, from any quarter. We take up the entire outside with the most graphic account we have met with, of the great battle of Antetam.

MONEY FROM THE TWENTY-THIRD.—The members of Co. I, 23d Regt., Capt. Haldeman, have forwarded a portion of their pay to G. W. Haldeman, Esq., for distribution to their friends, who are requested to call at Haldeman's store for their respective shares.

SWORD PRESENTATION.—A communication will be found in another column, giving an account of a presentation of Sword, sash, belt and pistol to Capt. Geo. H. Erisman, by the members of his company "K" of the 135th Regiment P. V. The Captain is an immense favorite with the members of his company, and they have shown their appreciation of him by their handsome gift.

LARGE TOBACCO.—We have been shown a specimen of "Kentuckey Seed Leaf" Tobacco, grown by Mr. Levi S. Shuman, of Manor townspip which is gigantic. The leaf in question measured 36 inches in length, by 20 inches across the broadest part.—It has been in exhibition on the window of J. C. Bucher, opposite the *Spy* Office. If Mr. Shuman's crop turns out like this specimen he may congratulate himself on having planted the weed.

RECRUITS FOR THE FORTY-FIFTH.—The following have been recruited for Col. Welsh's Forty-Fifth Regiment P. V. by Capt. H. A. Haines, at this place, since our last publication of his list, Aug. 16th. Most of these are from Columbia, but we cannot distinguish, as in the roll from which we copy the place of nativity only is given, not the place of residence at the time of enlistment:

James Mullen,	Chas. E. Hager,
Henry Felix,	Frederick Hoffman,
Nathaniel Given,	Cornelius V. Lanigan,
George Sheets,	Jacob Wolf,
Samuel B. Swartz,	Samuel M. Napshker,
Washington Hershey,	James Dougherty,
Jacob B. Eshleman,	John Nevin,
Wm. L. Carter,	Geo. A. Hammaker,
Henry D. Arnold,	James Robeson,
Benjamin Eshleman,	Joseph Douglas,
Andrew J. Nearer,	Henry Boyle,
Samuel Myers,	Wm. H. Depuy,
Edward Myers,	John Lewis.

READING AND COLUMBIA RAILROAD.—We copy the following from the Reading *Daily Times*, of Sept. 10th. We are glad that our friends at the other end of the line are becoming awake to the importance of this road. We hope soon to have direct communication with the city of Reading, and think the citizens of both places should be looking out for mutual advantage in the way of trade. The track laying is being pushed steadily forward by Messrs. Green and McGovern, and the graded portion of the road will soon be entirely laid.

PROGRESSING.—Our citizens will learn with pleasure that the Reading and Columbia Railroad is progessing finely. part of the road is now in running order, while that portion between Litiz and Ephrata, is ready to receive the rails, which are in fact being put down. The balance of the road, from Epharta to Reading, is fast undergoing the process of grading, and an early day will witness the "Iron Horse" traversing the space between this city and Columbia.—The manifold advantages of this road as a connecting link between the Eastern Cities and Washington, have so often been set forth, that it is not necessary to recapitulate them here. The road will almost be an air-line, without perceptible grades, and for the transportation of troops and supplies will stand unrivaled. The President of the road, Mr. Cass, deserves the highest credit for the manner in which he has fought this enterprise through, against the weighty opposition of other roads interested in the same trade; and will have a proportionate satisfaction in seeing it completed and in successful operation.

THE "PURE CORN."—It is sufficient for us to call attention to the new advertisements of C. C. Himes &Co. Their Vinegar has made for itself a reputation wherever it has been used, and needs no labored puffing. We may be allowed, however, in all sincerity, to recommend it as the best article we have been able to procure for years, both for table use and for pickling.

A word in regard to Messrs. Himes &Co's enterprise. They have established a new business in our town, which, although in its infancy, bids fair to add materially to the trade of the borough. Already every encouragement, both at home and abroad, has been extended to the new firm; and with the establishment of a solid reputation for their manufacture will come a demand for a heavy supply of the Vinegar. Any manufactures sent out of a town adds to its name abroad, and we have always desired to see Columbia a centre from which should radiate manufactures of every description. The tendency of late has been in the right direction, and we are always ready to welcome every new enterprise of an industrial nature. We are not prepared to predict for the manufacture of the new Vinegar, an amazing growth, but we can see in it promise of increase, and with this increase, of course addition to the trade of Columbia. We see no reason why Messers. Himes &Co shall not find use for many barrels; nor why these barrels shall not be of home manufacture. The material consumed will also come from the immediate neighborhood.

The consciencious exclusion of any hartful ingredient from the Vinegar, may, from the known characters of the manufacturers, be relied upon. From scientific analysis it has been found to be of more than standard strength and of approved quality and constituents. We can safely endorse it, and wish Messers. Himes & Co. all success in their enterprise.

A DOLLAR THAT PAYS WELL.—One of the best seasonable enterprises, now before the public, is that of the Publisher of the *American Agriculturist*. He has secured for his Subscribers fine colored editions of two splendid Maps of localities of great interest. One of these covering a space of more than *ten square feet*, shows the entire State of VIRGINIA so completely that every county, town, city, village, river, brook, mountain, hill, and principal road, is readily found.—It also embraces the principal parts of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The other Map, covering about 15 square feet, gives all the Southern or Slave States, inclucing Missouri, Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland Delaware, and all south of them. Though not so minute as the Map of Virginia, this shows all the counties, principal towns, rivers, etc., of the Southern States. Any person subscribing now for the *Agriculturist*, is presented with a choice of the above two Maps. In addition to this, every new subscriber for 1863. (Vol. 22) receives the *Agriculturist* for the rest of the year *without charge*. We have long received the *Agriculturist*, and can testify to its real merits.—Every number is well illustrated, and contains a very large amount of really useful, practical, reliable information for the Farm, the Garden, and the Household, including a very interesting department for the little ones. No one can fail to get many dollars worth of the useful hints from a volume of the *Agriculturist*, while the maps now are so much extra. We have sent for two copies of the paper so as to get both maps.—Send for the paper on our recommendation, or if you prefer, send a dime for a single copy, and examine it for yourself. The address of the Publisher is ORANGE JUDD, 41 Park Row, New-York.

OUR BOYS IN BATTLE.—Columbia may well be proud of her sons who have gone forth in arms for the great cause. Heretofore they have always, when tried, nobly done their duty; but in the late terrible battles in Maryland the men of the 5th Reserve under Col. Fisher, and of the 45th under Col. Welsh, have immortalized themselves. The two Regiments were in the thick of the battles on Sunday (South Mountain) and Wednesday (Antietam)—in the latter, the 5th on the extreme right and the 45th on the extreme left. Yet what word of praise have they received in the published reports? Fortunately for Col. Fisher's regiment it belongs to a distinct Division, and under the general head of Penna. Reserves it obtains its share of glory. All agree that the Reserves immortalized themselves. But we see every regiment around the 5th lauded, while this noble body of men, who carried the Mountain on Sunday in a charge in unbroken line, which is regarded by all who saw it as unparalleled, is not named. Col. Welsh's splendid old 45th fared even worse than the 5th. His loss in the fight of Sunday—137 killed and wounded—shows that he was in the heaviest of the battle; and we hear that at Sharpsburg he carried his regiment into the very town, far in advance of every other regiment, and only fell back when ordered by General Burnside—and how have these services been recognized? The 45th is never mentioned. The fact is, the reporters for city papers have their own friends to look after, and see to their receiving every credit, merited or not, and outsiders must look out for themselves.

If home praise and exultation can in any measure compensate our gallant fellows for this neglect, they have it without stint. We were a proud people when we learned how nobly our boys had borne themselves in the fight, and our triumph is not lessened day by day, as we hear more and more of their actions.

Col. Fisher left home with only a civilian's knowledge of his new duties. He now heads as noble a regiment of men as is in the service, not only with credit but distinction—and this too as the successor of an officer who had no superior in the army. When a commander is loved and trusted under such circumstances it is sure that the genuine stuff is in him.

Col. Welsh made his reputation as a soldier long since, but as a commander he was untried. He has proved true metal, and now has under him a brigade in McClellan's great army. In the late battles his command consisted of his own 45th Penna., the 100th Penna. (Roundhead), 46th New York, and 8th Michigan; the 20th Michigan is yet to join. His is the 2d Brigade, Wilcox's Division, Burnside's Corps. Colonel Welsh's worth is fully appreciated by his Division and Corps commanders, and we hope to see his shoulder straps ornamented with a star for the good work he did at South Mountain and Sharpsburg.

God bless our noble Columbians in arms, and carry them safely through all that may come before this accursed rebellion is crushed out!

THE BRAVE MEN WHO FELL.—Mingled with our pride and exultation over the conduct of our gallant soldiers on the late battles, is a heartfelt sorrow for those heroes who gave their lives for the good cause at South Mountain. From the ranks of Co. K, Fifth Reserve, have fallen two as good soldiers as the army knew. John A. Hogentogler, although not a Columbian by birth, was learning his trade here, and enlisted here at the breaking out of the war. He was one of the quiet, steady soldiers who always do their duty without bluster. He was always at his post, and never flinched from any danger. He is elsewhere fittingly spoken of by one who knew him well. His resting place near the field of battle is known, and his body will probably be brought home.

Thomas Bennett, an old Columbian, known to all our citizens, died in the hospital at Frederick, from wounds through both legs. The particulars of his death we have not learned. An attempt was made last week to recover the body, but from some confusion in the burial of the dead it was unsuccessful. We hope the remains will yet be found, and receive fitting funeral honors at the hands of his fellow townsmen. Previous to this fatal termination of his brave career we had frequently heard Sergeant Bennett praised as one of the best and most reliable soldiers in the ranks of Co. K. His officers placed every confidence in him, and as regards his courage—he know no fear, and no give up. His family have the sympathy of the entire community.

James McCann, of Co. K, 45th Regt, was also among our noblest Columbia soldiers. We have always heard him praised by every officer, from Colonel, down, as a model soldier. Sergeant McCann fell when Col. Welsh's regiment met with such heavy loss, and performed such gallant deeds, at the battle of South Mountain. He died the same evening, with words of patriotic devotion on his lips. His memory will be cherished by all who love to honor true heroism.

We may add to this sad roll the name of Capt. George A. Brooks, of the 46th Regt. who, although of late years a resident of Harrisburg, and leading a Harrisburg company in the fight, was none the less a Columbian. His experience was disastrous. His Regiment was in all the unfortunate affairs of the Shenandoah Valley, and in every encounter was almost annihilated. Capt. Brooks was wounded at Cross Keys, (or under Shields) and had just recovered and joined his regiment previous to the fight in which he met a glorious death. We first learned his death at Hagerstown, where some of our Columbia boys were asked to help lift a number of coffins into a car. One of these was marked "Capt. George A. Brooks, 46th Pa., Harrisburg." It was a sad shock. Poor fellow; he was a noble soldier, and died a soldiers death.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY REPORT.—Since the date of the last report, Sept. 6th, the Society have received contributions in dry goods, groceries, provisions, lint and bandages, pillows, arm slings, socks, cushions, and partly worn clothing, from the following ladies:

Mrs. John Leaman, Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Kehler, Ida Rich, Mrs. John Stehman, Mrs. C Kauffman, Mrs. D. Bruner, Miss Louisa Dellett, Mrs. Lowry, Miss Ellen Houston, Mrs. Free Hoover, Miss Miranda Mentzer, Mrs. Mathiot, a Friend, Mrs. P. McTague, Mrs. Fondersmith, Mrs. J. D. Wright, Mrs. Strine, Mrs. Himes, Miss Lizzie Hess, Mrs. Johns, Miss Bertie Johns, Miss Elmira Evans, Mrs. Case, Miss Alice Grey, two Friends, Miss Smith, Miss Anna Erisman, Miss Mary Reynolds, Miss Lizzie Yerkes, Miss Mary Tyson, Miss Annie Gilbert, Miss Alice Lightheiser, Miss Patton, Mrs. Boice, Miss Krady, Mrs. Crownshield, Miss Betsy Wright, Mrs. Shreiner, Miss Lindsay, Miss Mary Hershey, Mrs. Robinson, Master Joseph Righter, Mrs. Kinzer, Miss Eshleman, Mrs. Rumple, Miss Matilda Beverage, Milton Kimburg, Miss Ella Minnich, Mrs. James Richards, Mary, Amelia and Florence Findlay, Mrs. Bruner Mrs. Leamon.

The Society furnished the companies of State Militia from Columbia and vicinity with a large supply of flannel shirts, haversacks and camphor bags; but owing to the haste with which these articles were supplied the number given out from the room cannot be ascertained. After the troops had marched, two boxes containing 80 shirts, 14 haversacks and 167 camphor bags, where sent to Col. Wright for those who failed to get them before they left.

A box containing hospital supplies was sent to Gen. Hale, at Harrisburg, on the 18th of September.

HANNAH W. MIFFLIN, Sec'y.

For the Columbia Spy.

COLUMBIA, Sept. 27, 1862.

DEAR SPY:—On last Monday at noon, in company with two others, I started in search of the body of John A. Hogentogler, who was shot at the top of South Mountain, in the bloody engagement which occurred there on Sunday, the 14th inst. Reaching Hagerstown late in the evening, it was with difficulty we found something to eat and shelter for the night. In the morning we learned to our joy that we could reach the regiment to which our dead soldier belonged. So getting into a rough spring wagon, we were soon on our way to the Penna. Reserves. Soon after leaving Hagerstown we began to meet ambulances filled with our wounded, and scores upon scores of sick and wounded soldiers on foot, seeking, sadly and slowly, the towns and villages where they expected to find better attendance and more comfortable quarters than they could get in the improvised hospitals of the battle-field. The number of wounded must have been enormous; for over a space of forty miles we met them every day and at all times—hundreds on foot, and thousands in ambulances.

At ten o'clock we reached that part of the battle-field of Sharpsburg, where the Reserves fought. On every side could be seen the evidences of the terrible slaughter of that awful day—houses riddled, trees cut off by cannon shot, fences removed, dead horses lying about unburied, filling the air with an unbearable stench; thousands of graves; knapsacks, cartridge boxes, shot and shell; in many places the woods thickly strewn with large and small limbs shot from the standing timber; broken gun carriages, &c., &c. Two dead rebels still lay unburied on the field. Lifting the blanket which covered the face of one we were horrified to find every avenue into the head filled with swarming and disgusting life. Just beyond the little brick Meeting House, on the Sharpsburg, road of which so much has been written, there is a piece of woods, within which, for a space of several acres, there is not a tree standing which is not scarred by shot or shell.

Leaving this place we soon found the immortal Penna. Reserves. Passing through these war-worn veterans, we soon found the celebrated 5th regiment encamped near by the renowned Bucktails; between these two regiments there exists the warmest friendship, they having assisted and sustained each other in nearly all the battles they have fought. Their losses have been nearly equal—say two men out of every three; each Regiment numbers but little over 300 men.—All of the Reserves together number about 4,500; they originally numbered nearly 15,000. How terrible their conflicts must have been to have produced such results! Considering that these men had just passed through the most terrible part of the most sanguinary battle ever fought on this continent, they were looking remarkably well and cheerful. Our gallant townsman, Col. Fisher of the 5th, welcomed us in his genial and gentlemanly way. Dinner being ready we partook of his hospitality and did full justice to the meal. All the Columbians seemed to be as glad to see us as we were to see them. We mingled freely with them and heard many tales of hair-breadth escapes and mighty deeds. The Col. is very much beloved among them; they say he is brave as a lion, and withal cautious and kind. McClellan is their Deity. Put down McClellan and that moment our army is demoralized. He is their only hope. Col. Fisher speaks proudly of his men—he thinks them fully equal to the Bucktails, and regards every one a hero. At 9 o'clock I hunted a soft place on the ground near by, and wrapping my blanket about me went to sleep.

In the morning early after breakfasting, we visited some of the improvised Rebel hospitals, where we saw more misery than I can tell. The horrors which I there witnessed will never be effaced from my memory. Leaving the last hospital we struck out eastwardly for Boonsboro, which we passed at 12 o'clock noon. Passing on three miles further, by way of the Hagerstown and Frederick turnpike, we turned into a road to the left, running northward, and skirting the base of the celebrated South Mountain. After advancing a mile we again struck a road to the left, running to the westward up a hollow in the mountain side. We advanced up this road to where it terminates in a ravine in which there is a small log house occupied by an old man and his family. A young man belonging to the 5th of the name of Rees, detailed by Col. Fisher to act as guide, here pointed out the track of the 5th regiment as they charged up the side of the mountain, driving the Rebels before them. The ground they passed over is precipitous and very much broken by large masses of rocks and fallen timber. To our whole party and the inhabitants of the hollow it was a matter of perfect astonishment how our brave fellows ever managed, in the face of a determined foe, strongly posted behind rocks and trees, to advance up this mountain side driving everything before them. Here it was, that, after driving the Rebels from the top, and while our men were exulting over their hard-earned victory, a villain, jumping from an ambush, took deliberate aim at our friend and shot him through the breast from side to side, killing him instantly, and wounding seriously another. Our guide took us to the grave, which we found in an enclosure near the little log house in the ravine. He had been buried as carefully as the circumstances would permit; the only implements used were bayonets. We uncovered a part of the body and found the corpse carefully wrapped in a gum blanket, and his cap placed over his face. Lifting the cap we found the body too much decomposed to remove. Gathering a few locks of his hair we again replaced his cap, and after building a little wall of stones about his body, covered it with heavy slabs, on one of which we inscribed his name. Covering the whole with earth we left him to rest till winter, when he will be brought home to his mourning friends. Poor fellow, I knew him well. At the beginning of the war he entered the service of his country with enthusiasm. Unweariedly and uncomplainingly he pursued his way onward, winning the esteem of all by his modesty and affability—according to the testimony of his Colonel and comrades he was among the bravest of the brave. Sorrowfully we turned our steps homeward, and reached Boonsboro the same night. At 3 o'clock in the morning we started for Hagerstown and got home safe the same evening.

Yours, Respectfully, P. F.

For the Columbia Spy.

Presentation.

The members of Co. K, 135th Regiment, (Capt. Erisman's Company, of Columbia,) were drawn in line, in front of the Central Station, at Washington, D. C., when a beautiful sword, belt, sash and pistol, valued at $100, was presented to their worthy and noble-hearted Capt. Geo. H. Erisman—the same being presented on behalf of the company by private Donald Knox, in a few appropriate and patriotic remarks, and received by the Captain in person in a short, yet beautiful response, to suit the occasion, stating that he was not prepared to make a long speech, and entirely taken by surprise, yet he would assure the donors of this most beautiful gift, that it should never be used and the sword never be drawn from its scabbard, unless in the protection of our glorious cause, to put down rebellion wherever it may be found, and in the support of the constition, and re-union of our beloved country. The present is truly most beautiful, and never were a set of men more devoted to their captain than that of Company K; and at the conclusion three hearty cheers were given for their patriotic captain.

OBSERVER.

Our Army Correspondence.

BANKS OF POTOMAC, MD. Sept. 20.

DEAR SPY:—A short breathing spell is mine at last, between the dodging of shot and shell, parrying bayonet thrust, shooting and sticking at "gray backs," double quicking over the country between Fredericksburg and Acquia Creek, and Washington and Sharpsburg. We were brought up suddenly last night on the banks of the Potomac by the almost forgotten order, "in place rest." I actually slept till after daybreak this morning, and am even yet wondering at my good luck.

In the battle of South Mountain, of Sept. 14th, 1862, our Regiment had to bear the brunt of the battle. We remained under a terrible fire from the Rebel artillery and infantry for five hours on that day, and after having charged up a hill, we succeeded in driving them away in total confusion. After we had shot away all our cartridges we went at them with the bayonet, and soon had great heaps of dead Rebels in our front. Our own loss was terrible. Behind us lay our dead and wounded, literally covering the ground. Not a man in this great old Regiment faltered. Our wounded comrades fell shouting "Forward!"—not even a man left the ranks to bear off the wounded; all felt the great responsibility resting on them, and determined to conquer or die. Officers and men alike were heroes! You should have heard the shouts of victory echoing through the old mountain as the Rebels fled in terror down the hill! Our Regiment did the work. The 45th Penna. and the 17th Michigan turned the tide, and we are entitled to the credit of winning the great victory of South Mountain—the most brilliant victory of the war—the only battle field left entirely in our possession. Gen. Wilcox praised us; Gen. Reno rode forward to witness the battle and was killed near us; Gen, Burnside said that "the 45th Pennsylvania had covered itself all over with glory." Old and new regiments cheered us as we passed. Officers, soldiers, citizens collected by thousands to see the gorge where the 45th Pennsylvania and 17th Michigan had made great heaps of dead Rebels.

During the night we slept on our arms ready to renew the conflict. Our dead and wounded comrades were gathered in—the wounded carried to the rear. In the morning our dead were buried, 24 of our Regiment in one grave. 113 are wounded; some of our best men are gone; some are frightfully mangled, still living; many will recover. Our total loss in killed and wounded of the 45th in the battle of South Mountain is 137. My poor comrade Sergt. James McCann fell in the heat of the conflict, mortally wounded, and died during the night. He grasped my hand and bid me farewell, regretting only that he could not longer pull a trigger on the enemies of our country. Chambers, too, a mere youth, a perfect hero, bid me good bye and died.

Our dead are buried near where they fell; our wounded fill the hospitals in our rear. Our thinned ranks are closed up and early on the morning of the 15th we are again on the march in pursuit of the enemy. On the 17th we are again up with the Rebels. Early in the morning we could plainly discern his immense masses of cavalry and infantry taking position for battle near Sharpsburg. His huge parks of artillery seemed ready to open in all directions. The artillery of both armies opened fire and it soon became evident that the Antetam Creek would be desperately contested. Fresh troops were sent to the front; our old brigade was placed in reserve. A dreadful struggle ensued at the Stone Bridge; the enemy were repulsed after great slaughter on both sides. Our brigade was then ordered forward over the bridge to relieve our comrades from a new onslaught by a fresh force of the enemy. We moved to the front with rapid steps—our exhausted Regiments laid down—we marched over them, up the hill, and straight at the enemy. Our own Regiment made directly for Sharpsburg. Behind every fence lay lines of the Rebel sharp shooters. We never halted, but charged one line after another, driving them like chaff before the wind. Battery after battery was run to our right and to our left, but our movement was too rapid for the aim of their artillerists. Shower after shower of grape, canister and shell fell in our rear, committing great havoc in the Regiments following in our wake to support us. Soon we reached the edge of the village, when the frightened rebels threw away their arms and retreated. We captured some prisoners; among them was Capt. Twiggs, of Georgia, a nephew of the old traitor. Our old Colonel (on foot) kept up with us. His horse could not ascend the first steep hill, when he dismounted and came with us on foot. He seemed to bear a charmed life. The rest of the brigade was too slow—he had confidence in his own 45th and well they merited it.

The enemy were making terrible havoc in our rear and to the left. Our infantry were giving way before a furious onset of fresh forces of the enemy. Discovering their movement our Colonel withdrew our Regiment to an orchard, a few hundred yards in the rear of the town, where we lay until an order from General Burnside withdrew us to protect the Bridge, which was then being threatened by the enemy. Darkness now ensued and the firing ceased. I have not yet learned the casualities in our Regiment during the last fight, but think it will not exceed fifty.

If time permits I will in a few days give you a list of the killed and wounded, and some incidents of interest to your readers, occurring on the last battle field.

Yours, &c. "45."

ANTETAM CREEK, MD., Sept. 23d. '62.

DEAR SPY:—A calm after a storm. After the terrible excitement and fatigues incident to two great battles, with the accompanying marching, picketing, starving, &c., we have been halted for rest and food, and are now lying in camp within two miles of the now classic village of Sharpsburg. We have but few duties to perform. Our wounded comrades having been sent back for *ill* treatment in hospitals, we are troubled with nothing but poor rations. Having no papers to read we have all taken to the scriptures: nearly the whole army are reading about Lot's wife, which seems to be the most interesting subject for this crowd. Our Commisary General at Washington, having exhausted his supply of pickled hog, concluded to feed the army on fresh beef. Immense herds of cattle are following in the wake of the army; but lol the kind old gentleman omitted to forward a supply of salt. Salt! the very article for want of which the Confederacy is suffering and likely to go down, is now our cry. When it was determined at Washington to feed the army on fresh beef, salt should have been supplied; it was neglected, consequently the army that has gained two great victories, is suffering terribly for the want of salt. On march we are deprived of all rations except a very few hard crackers, coffee, sugar and fresh *beef. After the victory at Sharpsburg, our* Generals discovered that the men were becoming sick by scores, yea by thousands, by reason of beef and no salt. We could not pursue the Rebels until we were supplied with salt; thus, Mr. *Spy*, you will perceive the reason why the great Rebel army was not destroyed this side of the Potomac.

It may look to you like a joke; it is nevertheless a grave one. The Commissary General, or his *under thieves* should be hung as high as Haman was. Truly a good joke for our friends of the London Times: "The great Federal army checked in its hour of complete victory for the want of salt!" I am all right on the salt question. I paid a Sutler two dollars for a pint of coarse salt, and I hope ere our mess exhausts the stock, a supply train will reach us.

I have no news from our wounded comrades, but I heard that they were well cared for at Frederick and Middletown. We are now under marching orders, and expect to reach Harper's Ferry this evening. A large Rebel force is still manœuvering near there: perhaps we will have the honor of thrashing them. I believe that if old Burnside could only be relieved from the Red Tape and magnificent tactics of the *New York Herald attachees*, he would soon make short work of Jackson and the Rbeellion. In him the army has the most unbounded confidence, and in my opinion he could and would do more with an army of fifty thousand men than any other of our Generals could or would do with double that number.

I heve never had an opportunity to speak the thanks of our Regiment for the many good things sent us to Acquia Creek, by the ladies of Columbia. We have been on the trot ever since, either chasing the enemy or being chased by them. We enjoyed the fruits, vegetables, tobacco and other good things very much. You Home Guards can't realize our unbounded happiness in the reception of such presents—and coming from the ladies. We will fight for them and their children; we will marry all the widows and maids, and vote the old men into good offices. Only publish the names, and they will be cherished evermore. We consider it a privilege to fight for a country full of such people. To all of this the whole 45th says *amen*.

I had almost forgotten to say that Alfred T. Meyers has been appointed Hospital Steward of the 45th. William Pfahler is serving as Clerk on Col. Welsh's staff.

Yours truly, "45."

MARRIED.

On the 30th ult., by the Rev. L. Peters, Mr. JACOB C. FORNY, to Miss ELIZABETH ANN EHLEMAN, both of West Hempfield township, Lancaster county.

NOTICE.

AN Election for Thirteen Directors of the Columbia Bank, will be held at the Banking House, in Columbia, on WEDNESDAY, the 12th day of Nov., 1862, between the hours of ten and three o'clock.

BARTON EVANS, President.

October 4, 1862-3d

THE SECOND INVOICE OF

FALL & WINTER GOODS,

NOW OPENING AT H. F. BRUNER'S

Cheap Cash Dry Goods and Grocery Store,

Corner of Third and Union Streets.

THE undersigned having just returned from Philadelphia with his second invoice of Fall Goods, begs leave to call the attention of the citizens of Columbia and vicinity, to his extensive and varied assortment of Fancy and Staple Dry Goods Groceries, &c.; consisting in part of Delaines, Coburgs, Calicoes, Muslins, Tickings, Checks, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, Boots and Shoes, Coffee, Sugar Hams, &c., &c.

He hopes by close attention to business and strict integrity to continue to receive a share of public patronage. H. F. BRUNER.

Columbia, October 4, 1862.

Fall & Winter Goods,

AT HALDEMAN'S STORE.

OUR STOCK IS AS LARGE,

OUR ASSORTMENT AS COMPLETE,

As in former years.

HAVING made VERY HEAVY PURCHASES FOR CASH more than A MONTH SINCE, we are able to offer all kinds of goods at less than present city prices.

Muslins	from 12 cts.	up.
Calicoes	" 10	"
All Wool Flannels	" 25	"
Canton Flannels	" 15	"
Satinetts	" 50	"

Rich Delaines at 25 cents.
All the New Dress Goods.
Best Kid Gloves.
Cloths and Cassimeres at old prices.
Super. Hoop Skirts, cheap.

We invite our customers to examine our splendid assortment, and secure the bargains at our present low prices.

HALDEMAN'S
Cheap Cash Store.

Columbia, Oct. 4, 1862.

ANOTHER ARRIVAL OF

CHEAP DRY GOODS,

Opened this Week at

H. C. Fondersmith's Old Stand, Adjoining Bank.

NEW style Printed Delaines, new style Merinoes and Cashmeres, Rich Figured and Plain Poplins, Plaid Goods in variety, New Colors in Duster Cloths, Gray and Fancy Colored Flannels, Choice Balmoral Skirts! Hooped Skirts, all sizes. A full line of choice Cassimeres, Satinetts and Jeans Bleached and Brown Muslins, Checks, Ginghams, Drills, Flannels, &c; at the lowest market prices FOR CASH, to which we respectfully asks the attention of our customers and the public generally. H. C. FONDERSMITH'S

Oct. 4, 1862. Cash Store.

EMPTY CASKS.

A LARGE lot of Iron Bound Casks and Hogsheads, for sale by R. J. HALDEMAN.

October 4, 1862.

CORN VINEGAR!

THE very best article of Vinegar in the market is "HIMES & CO'S "PURE CORN VINEGAR," which may be had at the Man