

The Fulton County News.

VOLUME 1.

McCONNELLSBURG, PA., MAY 3, 1900.

NUMBER 33.

UNRECORDED BATTLE.

Defiance Accepted and Fought to a Finish Without Gloves.

BATTLE OF McCONNELLSBURG.

Description of One of the Few Battles Fought on Pennsylvania Soil During the War.

When a great battle between two armies is fought, it is made up of a multitude of movements and events obscured by the confusion, of which no man sees but a very small part. The historian draws on his imagination for most of his details, and more or less uncertainty surrounds his narration. He describes it as he thinks it has occurred. But the actual battle between two armies, the encounter between two bodies of belligerents—these are witnessed sometimes beginning to end and can truthfully be portrayed. Lately I met with a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the Battle of McConnellsburg.

McConnellsburg is said to be the only city in Pennsylvania which does not have within its borders a single mile of railroad. It is one of the few counties, however, which can boast of a real battle during the late war. Although the forces engaged were not equal, it was a pitched battle—a cavalry combat, and fought to a finish without gloves.

McConnellsburg, the county seat, is a village of six or eight hundred inhabitants, situated in the midst of a beautiful limestone region. The Tuscarora or North Mountain bounds it on the east, separating it from Franklin county, and on the west of the Allegheny ridge. As you pass over the mountains on the turnpike road on a fair day, the view from the summits are beautiful and well rewarded.

The whole valley, from the Big Cove, stretches before you in full view, with its cultivated surface of farm buildings and fields and patches of woodland, with the shadows of the rolling clouds chasing each other across the plains and up the mountain sides. The village is the most part built on both sides of the turnpike, and is probably three-fourths of a mile long. Near the center of it, in the latter part of June, 1863, the time of Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, was a stone tavern owned by Henry Hoke. Part of General Milroy's force, which retreated from Winchester, Virginia, lay at Bloody Run in Harrison county, twenty-six miles west of McConnellsburg.

This force was Captain Jones, of the First New York Cavalry, which regiment, otherwise known as the "Lincoln Cavalry," was the first volunteer cavalry of the war, and remained in service till its close, and has a record of many a brilliant exploit.

When Jones, with a part of his company, was out on a scout, and ridden into McConnellsburg, and dismounted at the tavern. He and most of his men were hitched along the side of the house and their horses were coming down the mountain. A part of Imboden's force, which was moving on the left flank of Lee's advance, had been encamped in McConnellsburg for a day or two. A small detachment of his force, which was appointed by Captain Jones' said to give them a brush, and he examined his pistol and put it into the log of his boot, and then they mounted and their sabers and retreated,

at a slow walk toward the bridge at the west end of the village. The street was the turnpike—a long, straight road. The rebels came on at a lunge. A uniformed company of homeguards from the neighborhood of Orbisonia, in Huntingdon county, under Dr. Winthode, about fifty strong, on good fat farm horses, was there also. Jones said all he asked of them was to fall in the rear and make a show. As Jones went west, these men were in front. They were to go on west to the bridge, and when Jones wheeled to charge, were to fall behind to swell the apparent numbers. Captain Jones seems to have realized from the first that the Orbisonia farmers were more for ornament than for use, like Goldsmith's "broker china wisely for show."

When he got down near the bridge, Jones, who was riding slowly behind his men, in a loud voice ordered them to wheel and charge. They did it promptly, Jones leading the van. They came up the street like a whirlwind, every fellow for himself, with their horses at a full run. The rebels had slackened their pace nearly to a walk before Jones ordered his charge. Their manner was irresolute. Defeat seemed hovering over them in advance of the battle. As soon as Jones got cleverly started on the charge, the rebels turned and fled. The distance between the forces at that time was about one hundred yards. The Huntingdon militia came on in the rear in fine style until they reached the street which leads toward the courthouse up which they turned—all of them—not an exception. They may be going yet, my informant said, for ought he knew. None of them ever came back to see the result. Discretion struck them as the better part of valor. However, they served a good purpose. Their presence had helped to intimidate the foe.

The first firing was at the brow of the little ascent or hill toward the east end of the village. A number of shots were interchanged. The rebels fired an occasional shot backward as they fled. When they reached the forks of the pike east of the village, they halted and made a kind of a stand for a minute or two; but they soon broke and retreated headlong up the Mercersburg pike, with Jones in close and hot pursuit.

My informant continued: "I had run out to the east of town and sat on the fence. As soon as they disappeared up the Mercersburg pike I followed and saw a wounded rebel lying in the middle of the road who was living. I got him to the side of the road. He was shot in the back between the shoulders, and the ball could be seen just beneath the skin in his breast. He lived about fifteen minutes and gave me his name which was William Shelton, of Bath, Morgan county Virginia. He said his wife's name was Mary. I wrote to her but got no reply. About one hundred yards east of this man another rebel lay; but he was dead when I got to him.

"Jones came back before long with some thirty prisoners, which was more than his own entire force. He took them on west to Bloody Run. The fight was at noon. That same day in the afternoon, the entire rebel regiment came on, and divided their forces as they came down the mountain and sent one-half to the southward, who wound around and approached the town from the west, while the other half came in from the east. They met in the town and searched all the houses; but Jones had departed with his prisoners, and they found nobody, and in the evening they went over the mountain and we saw no more of them. The two dead soldiers were buried by the citizens just inside of Daniel Fore's meadow, alongside of the Mercersburg pike, and there they lie yet, in unmarked graves.

"I guess I was the only man who saw it all. At any rate I was the only person on the street.

"The rebels were encumbered with store goods, which they had strapped behind their saddles. They seemed to have plundered some store. They had shoes and calicoes, and I saw one hooped skirt. Jones, when he brought back his prisoners, took these goods from them and scattered them on the pavements of the town for the use of the citizens."

In the great magnitude of the war, this little battle is a mere drop in the bucket; but it was well managed and bravely fought by Captain Jones who was a cavalry officer of great merit. A few days after this he captured a large section of a wagon train of rebels wounded who were retreating from Gettysburg and took them into Chambersburg. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the regular army previous to the war, and had the experience, and courage, and tact, and confidence of his men necessary to success.

WM. M. HALL,
Bedford, Pa., March 19, 1888.

PLEASANT EVENING.

At her home in New York City, last Friday evening, Mrs. P. R. McIntyre gave a very pleasant surprise party in honor of her sisters, Mrs. Alvah Pittman and Miss Nettie Knauff.

Those present were among the most intimate friends of Miss Knauff, namely, Mr. John and Miss Mamie McCue; Miss Tresa Merritt; Mr. Allen Golden; Dr. L. A. Wood; Mr. and Miss McElvay, of Denver, Colorado; Mr. and Mrs. Hermann, of Brooklyn; Rev. M. L. Powers, of Rye, N.Y., and Mr. Henry Reese.

At the close of the entertainment, the merry company accompanied Mrs. Pittman to the R. R. depot, where at 12.30 a. m., she boarded a train and departed for her home near McConnellsburg.

AMARANTH.

Dr. R. W. McKibbin, of McConnellsburg, passed through this place last Monday.

Jacob F. Spade and son, Walter Roy, made a business trip to Everett last week.

Charley Rice and Miss Jessie F. Crawford were the guests of Miss Minnie Spade, last Sunday.

Mr. Geo. McKibbin and son Marshall, of Buck Valley, spent Sabbath with Dr. W. L. McKibbin and family.

James Carson spent Sabbath with his sister, Mrs. Daniel Straightiff, at Robinsonville.

Albert Deneen and wife spent Sabbath with the family of Ludwig Fisher.

H. S. Daniels, Esq., of Harrisonville, was in our valley, Friday, on business.

Miss Sarah McKibbin, of Buck Valley, was the guest of Miss Annie R. Hixson part of last week.

Mr. Nathan Spade and wife left Wednesday, for Clearfield, where they will make their future home.

John Hammann, of Lashley, was seen in our community, last Saturday.

Mrs. Bessie Oakman and sons, James N. and William H. of Lashley, visited the family of Moses True, Thursday.

John D. Smith, of Emmaville, was looking after his political interests in Union, last week.

S. Edward McKee and family spent Sabbath in Whips Cove visiting relatives.

OVER THE EAST BROADTOP.

A Day in Altoona.

Last Friday we drove up to Three Springs; and after partaking of a good dinner at the Park House, and leaving our "gray" in the landlord's care, we boarded a train on the East Broadtop for a ride out to the "main line." The East Broadtop people do not put on any airs with their narrow gauge accommodations; they just operate their road for business. Our train was made up of a string of loaded coal cars, baggage car, miners' cars, and a passenger coach, while the interior finish and furnishing of their coaches does not present quite as luxurious an appearance as a Pullman on the "Limited" yet you get there just the same, and McConnellsburgers wish they had just as good railroad facilities.

As we stopped at Rockhill, our attention was drawn toward a crowd of people who seemed to have been awaiting the arrival of the train. In a few moments we saw taken carefully from the baggage car, a stretcher, upon which was a corpse hidden from view by a sheet.

Upon inquiry, we found that it was the body of John Ruby, a young man whose home had been in Orbisonia. He had been working in the mines up at Robertsdale, but had quit to go to Clearfield. For some reason he had decided to go back to work at Robertsdale, and had done so that morning. After working about two hours in a mine, and while digging away, a large lump of coal dropped from the top of the drift striking him on the back of the head and neck and crushing him down. After a few convulsive quivers his body was still and life had gone.

In a few minutes there was the conductor's "aw-board" and we were speeding away. There were not many passengers and the conductor Mr. O. W. Moore found time to exchange a word now and then with a passenger. Moore is a great big good natured fellow who has been on that road for twenty-five years, and whose vest is now not too little for him.

"I guess you didn't know you were riding on the train with a corpse," he said in response to some question about the unfortunate young man.

"No; I do not care to have passengers know about such things," said he, "I have had one or two lessons."

"One day after pulling out from Mount Union, I started to take up the tickets, when a lady said—'Anything strange in Orbisonia?' 'O no,' I said, 'only Mrs. Blank died this morning.' Just then a young lady sitting near, threw up her hands with a scream, and said, 'O that's my mother! that's my mother!' The young lady fainted and our trip to Orbisonia was anything but a pleasant one. I found afterward that this young lady had been away at school, and had been summoned to return home on account of her mother's illness, but she was not prepared for the shock which came from my careless remark."

"I had," continued the conductor, "almost as unpleasant a trip with another young lady. She was returning from a distant town to her home along the line of our road, and as soon as she met me on my train inquired, 'How is mother?' Her mother had died just a few hours before, and so I made the young lady no answer. She asked again and I turned and walked out of the coach. My silence answered her question as effectually as any words could have done, and her ravings from that time until we reached the station where she left us was most piteous."

But time flies and so does a mixed train on the East Broadtop, and the stories were abruptly ended when the train pulled up to the station at Mt. Union and

the conductor shouted, "All passengers change!"

After a wait of three hours, part of which time we spent very pleasantly up at the Mt. Union Times office, we boarded a west bound train and about an hour and a half's ride brought us to Altoona.

Altoona is quite a town as you know, and there are a number of Fulton county people residing there.

The limited time we had to stay in the city made it impossible to see many of them.

We met William B. Hershey, formerly from near Knobsville, Mr. Hershey went to Altoona thirty-one years ago, and owns a nice home in the city now, and has a nice position. We met S. Elwood Hedding a brother-in-law of Harry Markley of Warfordsburg. Mr. Hedding is a prosperous business man and has been there twenty years. At Mr. Hedding's we saw Harry Truax of Wells Valley. Harry is taking a commercial course at an Altoona business college. Down at the clerical department in the freight depot, we met C. H. Kendall, formerly of the Cove. Mr. Kendall has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad company for fifteen years and has recently had a change of work at increased pay. Through the courtesy of Mr. Kendall we were permitted to learn something of the business handled there.

The depot itself extends the length of two entire squares, and has track space for loading or unloading forty-five cars at the same time. Three hundred and fifty tons of package freight are handled there every twenty-four hours.

Freight reaching that place from different parts of the country is distributed so as to place all the matter for a particular station in one car, and thus greatly reducing the necessity for delay in transmission.

From sixty to a hundred cars a day reach Altoona from the west, laden with hay, grain, feed, &c. The shipper may not have sold a single pound of it when it starts east but by the time it reaches Altoona, he is able to direct its re-consignment, and part of it is sent to one place, part to another, and so on.

The agent at this point is Mr. A. T. Heintzelman, who took charge of that depot eighteen years ago when two dozen men could handle all the business. It now requires 100 men even with greatly improved facilities. The chief clerk Mr. H. H. Bartlebugh has been there fifteen years and is altogether a very courteous gentleman.

Of the 100 men now employed but six have been there for a longer period than Mr. Kendall.

There was nothing unusual in the business handled last Saturday, but to carry it over the road, required 70 east bound trains of 40 cars each, and 45 west bound, of 55 cars each—a total of 2,800 cars east, and 2,475 west. Allowing an average length of forty feet to a car, the east bound cars alone, if run in one continuous train, would extend over twenty-two miles, or make a solid train longer than from McConnellsburg to Chambersburg or to Hancock.

To pull the freight trains from Altoona up the 12 miles of grade to reach the top of the mountain, requires three powerful locomotives to each train, and two are required to pull each passenger train. Fourteen passenger trains pass through Altoona each way on the main line each day.

WHIPS COVE.

Carey Layton accompanied Blanche McKee home from Sunday school last Sunday.

Nathan Mellott expects to make important improvements to his property this summer.

Sunday school at Whips Cove church every Sunday morning at 9:30 and at Jerusalem at 2:30 p. m.

THE WHOLE THING HIMSELF.

Gem is an enterprising village in Belfast township, ten miles southwest of McConnellsburg, and has not been in existence many years. It was founded by William H. Peck. It now contains a store, jewelry shop, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, a mason, a wagonmaker shop, a post office, a Justice's office and a steam saw mill. The merchant is W. H. Peck, the postmaster is W. H. Peck, in fact, he is the carpenter, the mason, the wagonmaker, the justice of the peace, the blacksmith, the jeweler and the sawmill man. He is an all around man, and indispensable to his neighborhood. With his own hands, he has done much of the work toward erecting the buildings—doing the carpenter work, building the chimneys, plastering the walls and doing the painting. He is equally at home in his blacksmith shop and doesn't consider it much of a trick to build a wagon. He has a complete jeweler's outfit and a watch or clock that will run a mile.

He is always willing to drop his work long enough to go to the office and perform the marriage ceremony for some bashful young couple, or try a case of assault and battery—in fact, he seems equally at home in any thing where skill is required from extracting a thorn from an elephant's toe to cutting a tire on the drive wheel of a traction engine.

LIME.

Considering the distance that they have to haul the stone, it is surprising the quantity of lime that is burned by the Licking Creek township farmers. Last week kilns were burned by Daniel Fix, Martin Everts, James Sharpe, H. S. Daniels, M. W. Lake, Cecil Sipes, Stillwell Deshong, Solomon Deshong, John Oakman and Elliott Barber. Farmers are beginning to realize that one dollar spent in lime is worth five spent in phosphate. Many farms that seemed to be so badly worn out a few years ago as not to be worth working, have been invigorated and reclaimed by intelligent methods of farming so that they now look like new. Fields that were brown and bare are now covered with a rich grass sod, and empty mows are again being filled with abundance of hay and grain. There is a "know how" about farming as in any other business.

HIGH POINT.

Farmers are busy planting corn and will finish this week.

Lots of work here and few hands to do it. Wages good.

There are several parties in our community gathering and hauling produce and are subject to license and revenue. Constables are bound to look over the mercantile list and see to anyone not having complied with the law.

There is a good deal of sickness in our vicinity at present.

Fraker Bros. have given their bark job to D. H. Myers and Isaiah Bradnick.

Candidates are scarce. We think Dublin has about all, or has had its share for awhile. Give some other township a show.

We see nothing of the new railroad. When will we take a ride on it? If it is as long as the S. P. R. R. in building, we will get tired waiting. All is needed is the boodle. It will fall through after the election as the contractors cannot handle the money.

PERSONAL.

Judge Buckley, of Fort Littleton was in town yesterday.

S. K. Pittman, of Harrisonville, spent Wednesday in town.

Mr. Adam Long dropped in to see us a few minutes on Tuesday.

Nat Wishart of Harrisonville spent Wednesday in McConnellsburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan P. Peck, of Gem, spent Tuesday in town.

Morse Sloan, who has been absent for some time came home last Friday.

Mr. Aaron Layton, of Whips Cove, was a business visitor to the county seat on Tuesday.

B. H. Shaw goes to Pittsburg on the 14th inst., as a petit juror of the U. S. Circuit court.

D. R. Mumma, of Laidig, paid his respects to the News office while in town last Saturday.

D. Edward Fore, Knobsville's bustling merchant, called at our office while in town last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Rowe of Knobsville, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Unger of this place on Monday.

Prof. B. N. Palmer, of Needmore, accompanied by his sister Miss Mattie, spent last Thursday in McConnellsburg.

Dr. W. L. McKibbin and his brother, George McKibbin of Union township, spent a day or two in McConnellsburg this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Garland of Needmore spent a few hours in town last Thursday on their way home from a trip to Franklin county.

Mrs. Martha Smith, accompanied by her son Ira and daughter Miss Daisy, of Whips Cove, were called at the News office a few days ago.

Miss Lois A. Caldwell left last week for a visit among friends in Hollidaysburg, Altoona and Lock Haven. She expects to be absent several weeks.

Ex-Sheriff Frank Mason and daughter Miss Zoe spent a few days during the past week visiting friends in Buck Valley. They returned Tuesday evening.

Dr. J. A. West, of Hancock, assisted by Dr. L. S. Garthwaite, of Webster Mills, performed a very delicate operation on a patient at Berkeley Springs, Sunday.

Mr. Oliver D. Morris, of Whips Cove, dropped in to see us while in town Monday last week. Oliver, like the Editor, is a young man yet; but has not forgotten the pranks of the boys in the Editor's first school thirty-four years ago.

WEDDING BELLS.

On Wednesday, April 18, 1900, at 3 p. m., Mr. Harvey Blaine Hertzler, of Burnt Cabins, and Miss Carrie May Diven, of Knobsville, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, at the M. E. parsonage at McConnellsburg, by Rev. H. M. Ash. After the ceremony, they returned to the home of the bride, where a number of invited guests and an elaborate supper awaited them. Those present were: General John Pedden, Captain Dotterman, John Gunnels, wife, and son John, Lewis Cook and wife, Jackson Cook, Misses Maggie Hammit, Daisy Polk, Etta Polk, Virgie Hammit, Mr. Irvin Bradnick and wife, Mrs. Samuel Diven, Samuel Kelso, and Mr. Wible and wife. The bride was very becomingly attired in cream Henrietta, trimmed in lace and ribbon. The young couple received many beautiful, as well as, useful presents.

About 5 p. m., the calithumpian band appeared and furnished them with some fine music. On Thursday morning, they left for their future home at Burnt Cabins. The best wishes of their many friends go with them.

N. H. Peck, of Wilkinsburg, writes that he took a "day off" and last Saturday went down to Pittsburg, boarded a steamer, and took a ride of eleven miles, landing at the new town—Neville Island City, down the Ohio River. He says it is a beautiful spot—seven miles long by an average of two in width, and as level as a garden. It is the only township in Pennsylvania, that does not possess an elevation, sufficiently great to be called a hill. Lots are selling for from \$500 up; and \$100,000 worth were sold the first day they were put on the market.

Everything is booming about the "Iron City."