

We must ask indulgence of our readers this week for neglect of local matter in our columns. We have been compelled to omit several items of interest, but hope our copious correspondence will be read with interest.

**AN ERROR.**—We apologize to Esquire Hunter for figuring the wrong blue last week. It was the left and not the right shoulder, and the left and not the right side, which suffered. We understand this is a tender point with the justice just now. We are glad to learn that the "Squire" is rapidly improving.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in another column, of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, under the head of "Sea-Bathing Near Philadelphia." Nothing can be more delightful nor more healthful than a few weeks passed at the sea-shore, and no sea side resort that we know of is more attractive than Atlantic City.

**SECRET.**—We are glad to learn that our fellow townsman, A. M. Rambo, of the "Family Grocery," has received the appointment of Settler to the Second Regiment of Penna. Volunteers. He has previously before now entered on his duties. He is the man for the place, eminently, and we wish him success.

**TAX FORUM.**—We are sorry to record that thus far nothing has been done towards a legitimate celebration of the approaching anniversary, in Columbia. We have been requested by a number of citizens to call a meeting at the Town Hall for this (Saturday) evening at eight o'clock, to take measures for a general celebration, in which all may join. We hope all interested in and anxious for a creditable observance of the day will be present.

**Col. Meigs.**—On Saturday Lieut. Col. Welsh paid an unexpected visit to his family, and was most cordially welcomed by his happy friends in Columbia. He looks the soldier every hair's breadth, and hearty withal. He represents the boys as well, and making a name for good conduct. It was a rare pleasure to shake our old friend by the hand. We hope he may soon again return, covered with honor and glory. Col. Welsh remained over Sunday, leaving on Monday in the mail west for Hagerstown. He was surrounded at the cars with a crowd of enthusiastic friends.

**PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL.**—COLUMBIA, June 21, 1861.—Council met. The roll was called and T. Welsh, Pres., reported absent; Mr. Eippy was called to the chair. Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Board Committee reported the expenses for last month \$63.25.

The Finance Committee reported a balance of \$440.19 in the Treasury.

The Special Committee on the Volunteer fund made a report which was referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. Bruner moved that a special committee of three be appointed to have an ordinance drawn up relative to objections on parades and streets to report at next meeting of Council, which was agreed to and the President appointed Messrs. Bruner, Brennan and Appold the committee.

Mr. Appold moved that the High Constable be requested not to lock up any more vagrants at the expense of the Borough until the expiration of ninety days from this time, which was disagreed to.

The following bills were ordered to be paid: P. Gardner, \$1.25; H. Rupp, \$2.50; P. S. McTigue, \$1.38; Jno. Shentzer, \$18.50; D. C. Chalfant, \$23.12; W. Timony, \$23.00; J. W. Cottrell, \$2.58; Geo. Boyle, \$3.77; T. J. Bishop, \$3.25; S. Waites, \$9.61; Sun. Fire Co., \$20.00; Columbia Fire Co., \$20.00; Vigilant Fire Co., \$20.00.

On motion Council adjourned.

Attest: Wm. F. LLOYD, Clerk.

**"Our Special Artist" on the Wing.**—Notes of Travel in the Track of the Army.

DEAR SPY.—I believe we journeyed together last week as far as the city of Wheeling. Now I propose to push ahead with you into the enemy's country, taking notes of men and things notable.

As a preliminary to a successful advance my first care on Monday morning was to present my credentials to Joseph B. Ford, Agent at Wheeling for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The announcement of my errand was sufficient to procure for me every courtesy from this staunch Union man and most gentlemanly official. Owing to his kind attention my trip to and from Grafton over the B. & O. R. R. was rendered very pleasant. The journey to that place, ninety miles in length, was an interesting one, being through country entirely new to me. The railroad is a splendid one, most substantially built and admirably worked, in spite of the interruptions of the secessionists. Considering the constant occupation of the trains in carrying troops they run with astonishing regularity. The tunnels—they are many—of splendid engineering of railroad workmanship, arched through a whole length with either brick or dressed stone. The conductor, Mr. Wiley, pointed out every object of interest, as we passed along; among others one of the curious iron mounds. It was about ninety feet high and covered with an immense growth of splendid forest trees. At almost every stopping place I was reminded that I had left the land of peace behind me when I invaded the mother of Commonwealth; squads of soldiers were detailed along the line to guard the bridges and the property of loyal citizens from the torch and the thief's fingers of the rebels. At Cameron we took up a pleasant addition to our freight in the fair girls of twenty-five or thirty young ladies, bound for Greig to make glad the brothers and lovers in the army, by their presence and smiles, and a general general arrangement of provender. Many a brave boy's face was rejoiced that day by so powerful an appeal to the heart and the stomach.

We arrived at Grafton at about 3 P. M., and your correspondent, after getting rid of as much of the "sacred soil" as would set up a Chestnut Hill farmer in a goodly estate, made straight and undeviating advance upon the dining room, where he did credit to his Union blood and breeding. This sacred duty performed, merrymaking in mouth, I sought Grafton. This is a railroad town, of some 1,000 inhabitants, built very irregularly on a stiff hill-side. The Railroad Company's shops make the town a more important point than its natural advantages. The mill-ponds are Union to a man. Here I began more fully to realize the state of war existing. You see no man out of uniform, and every man apparently in "active duty"—drill or what-not—while martial music takes the place of the songs of the birds, and never ceases. Sentinels are paraded the locality that I grew fairly tired of drawing out and exhibiting my pipe.

On the route from Wheeling I was introduced to the son of Col. Kelley who was wounded at Phillipi. With letters of introduction to the Colonel himself, procured me an interview with the wounded commander the afternoon of my arrival. I found him propped in his bed, showing plainly the effects of his terrible wound. He received me kindly and courteously, offering his services in forwarding my object. Of course his weak state precluded much conversation. I judged from my interview, however, that there was niter and back bone in the desperately shattered frame, stretched on that sick couch. The Union material of Virginia is very genuine. At Col. Kelley's request I made, whilst in his room, sketches of three secession flags captured at Phillipi, June 21, by Col. Siedman's Fourteenth Ohio Regiment. One of the three was a very handsome banner of blue silk, with heavy silver fringe; on one side the coat of arms of Virginia; on the reverse—"PRESERVED BY THE HEROES OF BATH. GOD PROTECT THE RIGHT."

Next morning was devoted to sketching. I obtained a fair view of Grafton, with the camp, &c. In the afternoon I was kindly afforded an opportunity of making the journey to Phillipi—this place is off all lines of travel, and you have to "catch your chance" to get there—in company, through the politeness of Quartermaster Poinfrey, of the Virginia Regiment. He was about making the trip with a lot of army provisions. I gladly availed myself of his offer of a seat, and took an early supper at 4 o'clock, thinking to start immediately. Of course Uncle Samuel's servant-men were on hand, and it was fully six o'clock when we got off. Four miles of the route was by car, via the North Western Virginia Railroad, to Webster. Here the provisions were re-shipped in wagons, and it was 9 o'clock before we took the road for Phillipi. The night was beautifully clear, but chilly. The various loads distributed I found myself perched on the front wagon, in company with Lieut. McNeely, First Virginia Regiment, and Assistant Quartermaster Thomas Singleton—good fellows, both. I made myself a bed, and rode two or three miles with as much comfort as was compatible with a flour barrel couch and a furry-ber rosin soap pillow.

On the whole, at the expiration of above stretch of territory, I concluded I would encourage a little healthy circulation, so proposed to try an evening stroll. My suggestion met with general approval, and we accordingly alighted. The comparative advantages of the two modes of transit may be judged from the fact that your special footed the intervening nine miles between himself and Phillipi without a murmur.

The road passes through a wild and hilly country, and the soldiers as they toiled along, complained that such a patch of land was not particularly worth fighting for; though they were perfectly willing to fight the secessionists at any rate. We were frequently stopped by the picket guards, who were thrown out for about a mile from Webster and two miles from Phillipi. Most of the houses along the route seemed deserted. Their secession owners thinking a change of air beneficial, and conducive to long life. I noticed one very snug house, the property of a Union man, which had been completely sacked by the rebels; and, a short distance farther we came to the handsome place on the route, belonging to a notorious secessionist, which had been gutted by the Union men in revenge. The war is conducted very bitterly in this region.

We plodded on, and arrived at Phillipi about daylight. I spare your gentle nature the shock attending the perusal of your special's woes: he was literally "in a state" by the time the march ended. He had as time for rest, but bestirred himself—first in the cause of breakfast; second in pursuit of information and sketches.

Phillipi is a small town, claiming 1,200 inhabitants, with a court house, &c. It is the county seat of Barbour county. It is among a nest of hills, and you have read long ago in the venacious dailies how our boys pounced down from all sides on the secessionists, and drove them forth in the fresh morning but scantily protected from the mountain breezes. Most of the inhabitants have left, the few remaining, having taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government. I roused through this "deserted village"—plenty of troops around, however—taking sketches. In the afternoon I made the return trip with a portion of my fellow sufferers of the night before, reaching Grafton about dark. Whilst here I saw two of the desperate secession prisoners, under guard: Col. Wiley the bridge burner—a desperate looking old devil—and Simms, the would be assassin of Col. Kelley. Simms is a herculean fellow. He seemed to be taking things coolly, with the aid of a pipe and a little whisky and water. I had another interview with Col. Kelley, whom I found much better, and mending fast.

I reserve my return to Wheeling, and presence in the Convention, for next week. Yours, &c.

**Our Army Correspondence.**  
HEADQUARTERS, 2ND BRIGADE, P. V.,  
PUNKETOWN, MD., JUNE 21, 1861.  
DEAR SPY.—Again we are in Maryland, (not at Cockeyville this time) fully prepared for the enemy—2,000 of us, completely armed, and supplied with forty rounds of ball and buck shot cartridge—the boys eager for a fight and confident of victory.

Our brigade (Gen. Wynkoop) consisting of the First, Second, Third and Twenty-fourth regiments broke camp (near Chambersburg) on Saturday morning, 15th inst., moving by railway to Hagerstown. Thence we marched three miles by turnpike to Funkstown when the whole brigade pitched tents in a pig-sty field, adjoining the village. Other brigades were moved simultaneously and on Sunday morning General Patterson's Division, 20,000 strong, mostly Pennsylvania regiments, crossed the line into Maryland, prepared to compel the enemy to fight or fall back from Harper's Ferry. Our regiment under command of Lieut. Col. Welsh was the second to enter Hagerstown, the men in fine condition and fully believing in the certainty of a fight. You may imagine the disappointment on learning the evacuation of Harper's Ferry. Some glorious visions of Fame with her trumpet were quietly dispersed, and the high aspirations of many a warrior disappointed by this news.

What will be our next move is more than I can imagine, but all hope it may be over upon the sacred soil, where the chivalry are welcome to grin at our rags if they will only give us a chance of verifying the wise saw—"He laughs best who laughs last."

Col. Thomas' brigade has already crossed the Potomac at Williamsport. We are near Harper's Ferry and may possibly be ordered there direct. We expected to be among the first in the fray. Lieut. Col. Welsh had offered to lead the way with part of the Second Regiment, and of course F. would have been one of the companies selected. We should have had a chance for distinction, had the fight come off as expected, and I really think we should not have disgraced ourselves or friends.

Our brigade was reviewed on Sunday by Major General Patterson and Governor Hicks, of Maryland. After passing in review, the battalions were closed in mass by divisions, when General Patterson introduced the Governor, who looked amiable but said nothing. He seemed pleased with the glitter of the 2,000 bayonets and the sight of so many men together who dared to call their souls their own, and who cared not one snap for all the secession corn-bread and hogging gentry, of the State. We gave him three cheers which seemed to gratify him.

The citizens here, union-loving and rebellious, are astounded by the sudden irruption of such a host of armed men. They begin to realize, however, that they are in the hands of loyal Pennsylvania soldiers, and behave accordingly. The fools who attempted to rush Maryland out of the Union are headed off, and secession has had its head crushed in the State, as will soon be its fate in Virginia.

On receiving orders to march from Camp Chambers we felt sorry that our sick must be left behind—as we thought. Judge of our astonishment in finding that a single dose of forward march had effected miraculous cures—the blind saw and the lame walked. John Tyler and Timothy Sullivan, both prostrated by severe rheumatic affections, appeared in camp soon after learning the orders, fully equipped for the road. John R. Richards (one of the *Spy* boys) was seriously ill, but would not be denied—he insisted on being with us. Poor fellows, they suffered severely, and received the sympathy and earned the admiration and praise of all of us. They are of the right kind of stuff—no back down. At roll call before starting every man of the seventy-seven belonging to company F was in ranks, except Charles K. Hambright and Edward Miller—the former detailed for telegraph duty at Cockeyville, the latter on sick leave.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, June 19.  
Since writing the above we have had some stirring movements. On Monday night about midnight, General Wynkoop received order from Gen. Patterson to march immediately with his brigade to Williamsport. Rumors of war and battle soon filled the camp, and everything was astir. We were soon ready and in line when we took up our march. We reached Williamsport at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, in good condition and high spirits, expecting to cross the Potomac into Virginia at once. Other brigades arriving soon after filled the village and neighborhood with troops. At 9 A. M., all 15,000 men were assembled on the bank of the river, under command of General Cadwallader. Later in the day General Patterson arrived and assumed the command. Orders were then issued for the different brigades to retrace their steps and re-occupy their respective camps, so recent ly deserted. We reached our camp at about 11 o'clock last night, having marched about twenty miles. We do not complain of the march, but did expect to have a fight for our trouble. The Second Regiment was divided, one battalion of five companies, F included, being under Lieut. Col. Welsh.

We left our camp, during our brief absence, with tents standing, under command of Major Given, of the Second, assisted by Quartermaster Guist, of F, and the invalids. To-day is quiet, the boys resting after their tramp.

On Monday the messenger of the Adams Express Co., arrived in camp with a box of provisions for the boys of our company, directed to Col. Welsh, on which was the moderate freight of \$2.50. After payment of the "swindle," on opening the box it was found but half full, with evidences of violence about its person. The boys weighed it and found box and contents to reach 103 lbs., against 165 lbs. marked at Columbia. The Col. despatched Corporal Mullen with a squad, who captured the messenger and brought him up for a hearing. He was relieved of the freight and admonished to quit Camp Cameron. I watched Col. Welsh during the proceedings and if necessary expressed

"thirty days at hard labor, with costs," his did at that moment. The box contained three bags of provisions—very acceptable, with no letter or mark to distinguish the donor. Your correspondent would advise a little attention to Adams Co., they must not be permitted to make common cause with the swindling contractors.

Whilst complaining, let me say a word of the Post Office regulations. We have a hard time in getting our letters after removing from one point to another. Papers are not forwarded at all—letters burthened with three six and nine cents additional postage, which taxes the pocket of the soldier severely—some of the Post Masters, too, are disposed to act the beast (not he of Columbia, who has been unremittent—or rather punctually remittent—in his duties and kindness) and should be complained of to the Department. Old campaigners tell me that during the Mexican war soldiers' letters were delivered promptly and without charge. John Richards is again sick, but not seriously. Yours.

**THIRTY SEVEN.**  
[\*Since the above was written we are pained to learn that John R. Richards has been very ill—so as to compel his return.—He reached here on Monday. We hope he may recover rapidly, under care of his friends.—Ed.]

**CAMP CAMERON, June 19, '61.**  
DEAR SPY.—Since mailing my letter we have received three large boxes by express filled with good things from home. We were busy cooking bean soup, &c., but on opening the boxes the soup went to the wall and we dined instead on the luxuries supplied by our kind friends. We spared a share to our hungry comrades of other companies. The boys are now rejoicing over their good luck, and brimful of gratitude to our good, kind friends of Columbia—may they never want the bit nor the sup. Several packages were for myself. You should have seen my spread, with cake and wine for dessert. The girls I left behind me shall ever be most gratefully remembered. If I can't marry them all myself when I get back I will bring a "friend of mine" for each one.

**THIRTY SEVEN.**  
BEDFORD, June 24, '61.  
DEAR SPY.—Behold the Rangers fairly afoot here. We are at Bedford, after a severe ride and a very devil of a march (for green hands) on Saturday and Sunday.—On Friday, at 2 P. M., we received orders to prepare to equip, and to march at 9 o'clock the same evening. You are aware that we lost our Captain by promotion to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the regiment.—On receipt of orders we immediately held an election and Lieut. Collins was chosen Captain. Lieut. Wright advanced to the First Lieutenantcy, and Sergeant Evans chosen Second Lieutenant. The Sergeants and Corporals were respectively promoted and Henry Mullen appointed Fourth Corporal. You must wait until next week for a correct list of Regimental and Company officers.—Ours is, however, the SECOND REGIMENT PENNA. RESERVE VOLUNTEERS. Our company is company K—second post of honor in the regiment.

But to take leave of our snug quarters in Camp Curtin. We got off about 3 o'clock Saturday morning, and departed along the Penna. Railroad, arriving at Huntingdon at 1 P. M., all safe. Unfortunately one of the brakemen of the train was killed at Lewistown, by striking a telegraph pole.—At Huntingdon we were hospitably received by the citizens who most liberally supplied us with provender and flowers. About this point your correspondent began to be at home. At 2:30 P. M. we left Huntingdon over the Broad Top Railroad, every part of which (in its ungraded condition) was old stamping ground to you, old *Spy*, and the subscriber. The familiar localities loomed up as we whizzed along, reminding me of a thousand engineering scenes and incidents.—Len Weaver's apple-jack; Mike Stone's fried "middlings" apple-butter and huge slices of bread (good bread, mind you); Bill Fisher's maple molasses and neat (!) children; "Old-man" Cypher's god pig and his home daughter, and John Cypher's honest face and friendly grin.—But I must not go on old times, or I shall forget that "Johnny's gone for a soldier." At Marklesburg a company of "Rangers" was drawn up by the roadside with any amount of grub; but owing to a stiff grade ahead we were reluctantly compelled to pass on merely going through the motions with our ever ready jaws. At Stonerstown we again baited, being amply supplied with everything we needed. The road terminating at Hopewell then terminated our day's journey, to our no small satisfaction. Here we "camped out" all night, fortifying ourselves with a "cold check" consisting of cast iron pies and cold boiled shoulder—State rations.

[In the course of this brief correspondence you will find occasional mention of "feed." It is serious unavoidable, as the general flow of patriotism, and sympathy for the volunteer is towards his stomach; and I am bound to say that—from severe exercise, or what not—the way is ever open. Your genuine volunteer, like "Iffrah Jolnsing, "nebbler fills."]

Reveille turned us out on Sunday morning at 4 o'clock to pack and take up the march for Bedford. At 5 we were in line and commenced to pull foot, or vulgarly speaking to march. We had twenty-five miles ahead of us, but we snuffed the morning air and stepped out bravely. On the road we met with most cordial welcome from the farmers (at several places—pies, bread, milk, &c.). At several points the country people had assembled in the woods and hoisted the stars and stripes. You see the old banner so frequently in the towns that its presence is taken as a matter of course; but to come across it in the "open" set our boys wild, and if ever the glorious *drum* was cheered the Second did it on Sunday.

We were halted from time to time for rest and water, and made good progress. Within a quarter of a mile of Bloody Run we took in water, and were there met by a delegation of the patriotic citizens of that place who announced that the hospitalities of the town would be extended to us. Tables were ready laid and we were invited to march in

and partake of the liberal supply of provisions. As the boys say, "ask me if we did!" We were fairly overwhelmed, with kindness, receiving everything we could want, even to buckets for bathing our feet. Where all the people we met were so kind it is scarcely fair to give a larger amount of praise to one particular community than to another; but their buckets carried the day for the *Bloody Runners*. After our long, fatiguing tramp what could be more grateful than a cool foot bath! I desire you hereby, in the name of the company K, and of the Second Regiment, to thank the citizens of Bloody Run for their kindness. Nothing could have exceeded their warm-hearted liberality, and though we could only cheer them in return, we hope to be able to, in some wise repay a hospitality we shall ever most gratefully remember.

At 1 P. M., we again took up the march for Bedford, where we arrived at about 4 o'clock, foot-sore but cheerful. Some of the boys suffered considerably from chafed feet, but none gave out until we had pushed on through town (where the inhabitants greeted us most enthusiastically and had made ample preparation for our refreshment), to our camp ground, some three miles beyond, just above the Springs. This was the last feather's weight that broke the backs of some of the lads. They struggled a little, but soon came in. Company K stood the march on the whole remarkably well. It was a sight to behold the two Lieutenant's strapped each to an old rusty U. S. sabre, stepping gallantly out. (Where were you, my Hoyer?)

Cooked provisions (again) were sent out from town at once, by wagon loads and we dined sumptuously. We breakfasted on the fragments this morning. Thus far we have had occasion to resort to our rations but once.

Last night after the boys had taken to their blankets, a heavy shower came on and we had to take it, the thicket proving but poor shelter. Some of them invaded the officers' hut, and rather overflowed that snail for a time.

The boys have named our present camping ground "Camp Welcome," and a very appropriate title it is. Our destination is unknown to us. I rather suspect we shall regularly encamp here, however, until ordered forward for the sacred soil. All well in K. Yours, &c.

**The News.**  
Reliable intelligence has been received from Martinsburg of the destruction by the Secession troops of forty-eight locomotives, and a number of gondola cars and coal hoppers, the property of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This work was accomplished on Sunday, and when it was well known by them that the Company has still nearly two hundred locomotives in its service, it cannot be regarded as otherwise than an act of wanton vandalism, without the excuse of "military necessity." The troops at Martinsburg and in the vicinity are estimated at about five thousand five hundred.—The shops of the Company at Martinsburg have so far been spared, being used as barracks for the troops.

A building at Wyandotte, Kansas, in which a company of soldiers were drilling, fell on Saturday, killing a number of the soldiers and injuring others.

In the last two letters from Mr. Russell to the *Times*, received by the steamer Bremen, he describes his visit to the camp and defenses of the Confederates at Pensacola, and afterward to Fort Pickens. He gives a full and interesting description of both these localities. To his practised eye the batteries of the Confederates appeared defective and ill-constructed, whilst the number and calibre of the guns they have mounted is much less formidable than has been represented. He represents Fort Pickens in fine condition, well prepared, and expresses the opinion that at that time the Confederates were not in a condition to assail it with any chance of success.

No movements of importance are reported from Washington beyond the arrival of the troops and the movement of regiments on to the Virginia side. The Confederates are reported to be fortifying Fair-Fair Court House and obstructing the roads thereto by felling trees across them. Some excitement had been occasioned by the cutting of the telegraph cable between two of the camps, but it was discovered to have been done by the Captain of a newly arrived company, who entertained the suspicion that it was a "device of the enemy." From the upper Potomac we have nothing further than that Colonel Stone's column and the advance of General Patterson's army had formed a junction near the Monocacy. The whole line of the Potomac is thus under the surveillance of the Federal troops.

A special despatch to the New Orleans *Picayune* from Richmond, and coming this way via Louisville, states that the Virginia Convention had proposed an amendment to the Constitution of the Confederate States giving Virginia the right to secede in certain contingencies. We supposed that the right of secession in all or any contingency was the necessary result of a confederacy founded upon the exercise of that very right.

The Maryland Legislature adjourned on Tuesday to re-assemble again on the 30th of July. A proposition in the Senate to meet at Annapolis was negatived. Governor Hicks sent to the House a communication from Secretary Seward in relation to his application for the reclamation of fugitive slaves escaping from their masters and seeking refuge in the Federal camps.

The steamship Europa, from Liverpool via Queenstown, with dates to the 17th instant, arrived at Halifax on Tuesday. The news is not important. The London *Times*, referring to American affairs, says that Great Britain will do her duty and the Federalists must do theirs, knowing that Great Britain could not do them a greater injury than by taking their part. Sixteen British gunboats are to be sent to the North American coast. France is about to recognize the kingdom of Italy.

The Great Eastern was expected to leave Liverpool in about a fortnight, with three regiments of infantry, a field battery of artillery, and a number of horses—destination Quebec. This reinforcement of the troops stationed in Canada provoked much comment in England, and many characterized the proceedings as an insult to the United States. The annual meeting of the Cotton Supply Association had been held at Manchester, at which somewhat discouraging reports were made as to the results of exertions to procure a supply independent of America. Increased efforts in India and Western Africa were urged. The news of the settlement of the Syrian question is confirmed. A Christian Governor is to rule over Lebanon for over three years, under the protection of the Porte. Two more layers are reported to have been captured on the coast of Africa, one of which was a Boston vessel, with 900 negroes on board.

A fearful riot took place in Milwaukee on Monday, caused by the action of the bankers on Saturday, in throwing out the circulating notes of a large number of the banks of the State. Several of the Milwaukee banks were attacked, and furniture, books

and other property destroyed. The riot was quelled by military force, but the Mayor, fearing further disturbances, has sent to the neighboring cities for assistance. At last accounts order had been restored.

The Post Office Department informs the Philadelphia Postmaster that the carrying of letters by express companies over established post routes, in violation of law, must be stopped.

The captain and crew of the Confederate privateer arrived at New York on Tuesday in the Harriet Lane. They were immediately arrested on the charges of treason, piracy and robbery.

From Missouri we learn that Gen. Lyon was preparing for an expeditionary movement, probably toward the Southwest portion of the State, whither also the Confederate troops from Arkansas were supposed to be tending. The object of both parties is supposed to be to hold possession of the extensive lead mines in that portion of the State.

At a meeting of the members of the New York Seventh Regiment, held on Tuesday night, it was decided that they did not wish to again visit the seat of war as volunteers. They will be ready, however, when called for by the Government.

From Fortress Monroe there is nothing but the usual camp news. The gun boat Monticello, whilst on a reconnaissance upon the Rappahannock river, landed a small party who were fired upon by a company of Confederates. The party succeeded in getting off to the boat, with one man mortally wounded and several others less seriously injured. The Monticello opened with her guns on the shore and drove the Confederates back. The Quaker city also had a short engagement with a party on Lynn Haven Bay, who attacked her boat's crew that had been sent ashore to bring off a refugee.

Intelligence from Williamsport reports that the Confederate army, ten thousand strong, under command of General Johnson were marching from Winchester toward the Potomac. Their camp on Tuesday night was four miles this side of Martinsburg.—An active movement was making by the United States forces on this side of the Potomac, the destination of the advancing column is supposed being Sharpsburg, on the Maryland side, opposite to Shepherdstown.

The reinforcement of two regiments had reached Cumberland, where Gen. McClellan was hourly expected.

The Rawnee on Tuesday opened fire on a party of Confederate troops who were constructing a battery at Matthias Point on the Potomac. A party was landed and a reconnaissance made.

Mr. F. W. Seward, Assistant Secretary of State, makes through the Associated Press a semi-official denial of the announcement that a compromise had been proposed by Jefferson Davis.

Through the same source we also learn that General McClellan has sent to the Government a repudiation of the compact he was alleged to have made with General Buellner in relation to the neutrality of Kentucky. His only knowledge of the pretended compact is gathered from the newspaper statements.

**THE GREAT SAINT MERCHANT.**  
(True Villains and his Diab.)  
Uncle Sam getting tired of trying to please  
The rebels down South, in treason at ease,  
Called out his brave soldiers, determined that he  
Would bring the secessors back to their old duty.  
For snits are dried apples, dried apples are snits,  
They're made of green apples cut up into bits,  
These bits are all dried in the oven or sun,  
Then strung upon long strings, just so, every one.  
A gay grocer is sold at his store door one day,  
He says to himself this is chap heard to say—  
"We are going to have war, and as times will be dull  
At Uncle Sam's strong hold, I'll have a good pull."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.  
"Dried apples are cheap now, I'll buy up a lot,  
These'll sell Uncle Sam, for the cash on the spot,  
And by moving round briskly, I think I can bring,  
Out of southern dried apples, a very good thing."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

He went to the Governor, and to him he said—  
"I know that the soldiers have plenty of bread,  
But if you would fill them up brim full of snit,  
I have something far better, and cheaper than junk."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

"What is it I pray you, the gay Governor cried,  
"SNITS" SMILE, my dear Governor, the grocer replied,  
"If you ever expect to get the rebel's fire,  
You must give your brave soldiers abundance of snits."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

Pray how do you use them? the Governor enquired,  
Up rose the grocer gay as though heaven inspired,  
Said he, "for the army everybody admits,  
There's nothing prepared half so easy as snits."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

"You give to each soldier a pint in the morn,  
At noon you supply him with water that's warm,  
This causes the snits to expand and to swell,  
Which answers for supper, you see, very well."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

"On—on—on—on, by Jove, the brave Governor exclaimed,  
"For one of my children, you ought to be named."  
These snits for the troops of the State will suffice,  
Pray, tell me, my dear sir, what will be the price?"  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

"The price is so low, I'm afraid you will laugh;  
You shall have all you want at six cents and a half;  
A pint is a pound, so you see it will pay—  
You can feed the nine troops on just six cents a day."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

The bargain for snits was then closed on the spot;  
I sealed the grocer's just to a dollar,  
And as he walked home, he was glad to laugh,  
"Every pound of these snits pays five cents and a half."  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

When the soldiers came back, they sought ought the  
mean snit.  
Who sent them the snits while they staid in the camp,  
They made him eat two quarters; they warm water sip—  
The dried apples swell'd and the grocer burst up;  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

**THE MORAL READER.** READ! READ!  
Now all you gay grocer who have a desire,  
On your virtuous lads, like good men expire,  
Do'n't sell snits to the army for fear you'll be cursed,  
And made, like this grocer, to eat them and burst.  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

They're made of green apples cut up into bits,  
And when sold to the army of Uncle Sam,  
At double the price, they'll sell for a d—n.

**THE HEMPEY CRAVAT.**  
The Southern continue, have you heard of it, sir?  
It's a single shirt collar, and he good men expire,  
Do'n't sell snits to the army for fear you'll be cursed,  
And made, like this grocer, to eat them and burst.  
For snits are dried apples, &c.

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