

# THE COLUMBIA SPY.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, Editor and Proprietor.

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\$1.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; \$2.00 IF NOT IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXXIII, NUMBER '36.]

COLUMBIA, PENNSYLVANIA, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1862.

[WHOLE NUMBER 1,650.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Office in Carpent Street, North-west corner of Front and Locust streets.

Terms of Subscription.

One Copy per annum in advance, \$1.50

Three months in advance, 50 cents

One month in advance, 15 cents

4 CENTS A COPY.

No subscription received for less than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless the option of the publisher is taken.

Money may be remitted by mail at the publisher's risk.

Rates of Advertising.

Quarterly (10 lines) one week, \$0.39

Each subsequent insertion, 10

[12 lines] one week, 1.00

Each subsequent insertion, 25

Larger advertisements made to order, and at a liberal discount, will be made to quarterly half-price, or nearly as low, if they are strictly confined to their business.

## Poetry.

### The Strasburg Clock.

Many and many a year ago—  
To say how many I scarcely dare—  
Three of us stood in Strasburg streets,  
In the wide and open square,  
Where, quaint and old and touched with the gold  
Of a summer morn', a steeple of noon  
The tongue of the great Cathedral tolled,  
And into the church with the crowd we strode  
To see their wonder, the famous clock.  
Well, my love, there are clocks a many,  
As big as a house, as small as a penny;  
And clocks there be with voices as queer  
As any that torture human ears;  
Clocks that grunt, and clocks that growl,  
That wheeze like a pump, and look like an owl,  
From the coffin shape with its brooding face  
That stands on the stair, (you know the place)  
Saying, "Click, clack," like an ancient hen,  
As gathering the minutes home again,  
To the kitchen clave with its wooden statter,  
Doing equal work with double splatter,  
Yelping, "Click, clack," with a vulgar jerk,  
As much as to say, "Just see me work!"  
And the clock that ticks like a watch,  
"There are none like this in the old Cathedral,  
Never a one so bide you stand  
While it denials the minutes with even hand:  
For clocks, like men, are better and worse,  
And some you do on and some you curse;  
And clock and man are both alike in way  
Of telling the truth that you can't say.  
So in we went and stood in the crowd  
To hear the old clock as it crooned aloud,  
With sound and symbol, the only tongue  
The maker taught it while yet it was young  
And we saw Saint Peter clap his hands,  
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands,  
And the Twelve Apostles come and lay  
And the solemn choir pass sadly and slow;  
And strange that iron-legged procession,  
And odd to us the whole impression,  
As the crowd heeded, in silence pressing,  
Hent to that odd mechanical blessing:  
But I alone thought for in my soul,  
What a lot of genius was in the whole,  
And felt how great had been the handi-  
Which for the signs of the mouth had sought,  
Sweetest of symbols, Christ's chosen train,  
And much I pondered, if he whose brain  
Had built this clock with labor and pain  
Did only think, twelve months there are,  
And the Bible verses come and lay  
Or did he say, with a heart in tune,  
Well-loved John is the sign of John,  
And changeful Peter hath April hours,  
And Paul the stately October bowers,  
And sweet, or faithful, or bold, or strong,  
Unto each one shall a month belong.  
But beside the thought that under it lurks,  
Pray, do you think clocks are saved by their works?  
[Atlantic Monthly.]

## April.

BY ED. SPRAGUE RAND.

Now with the whistling rush of stormy wind,  
Mid weeping skies and falling spray of rain,  
Comes the young spring, and scatters, from the pines,  
O'er the brown woodland soft, balsamic showers.  
Wake, azure squirrel-cups, on grassy hills!  
Peep forth, blue violets, from beneath the leaves!  
The spigets from the withered leaves  
Send out the greeting of her perfumed breath.  
Nodding anemones within the wood  
Shake off the winter's dews in brightest day;  
Where in the autumn the blue aster stood,  
The saffrage creeps out with dainty feet.  
Nature is waking! from a wreath of snow  
Close by the window walls, the snow-drop springs;  
And the air rings with tender melodies,  
Where thro' the dark ferns flash the blue-bird's wings.  
A few days hence, and 'er the distant hills  
A tender robe of verdure shall be spread;  
And life in myriad forms be manifest,  
Where all seemed desolate, and dark, and dead.  
Even now, upon the sunny woodland slopes,  
The fair vernal fits with downy wings;  
And in the marshes, with the night's approach,  
The merry larks in full chorus sing.  
Patience and Faith, all will be bright again,  
Take from the present, for the future hours,  
The tender promise, in the storm and rain,  
Remember such things brighter for the showers.  
To us, my countrymen, the lesson comes:  
One night of winter's dews in brightest day;  
The storm is passing, and the rising sun  
Depels our doubts, drives cloudy fears away.  
The sun of freedom, veiled in clouds too long,  
Sheds o'er our land its rays of quickening life,  
And liberty, our starry banner waves,  
Proclaiming freedom 'mid the battle's strife.  
[Continental Monthly.]

## Selections.

### A Lady's Adventure on the Atlantic.

A singular adventure once befell me on the wild coast of the north of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against that giant barrier of black rock, which seems in stern defiance to say to the invader: "Here shall thy proud waves be stayed." It brings a shudder to my heart to reflect in calmness on the only time in which I saw that threatening coast. I was a total stranger in that part of the world, and wanted to get to Scotland. I was told a Glasgow steamer called at a small town or village on the coast; and I took an Irish car, and set off on a journey of about twenty miles to meet the said steamer. I am not going to record any witty sayings of my droll Irish driver; they say wretchedness in Ireland has greatly

passed away, and somehow, it appears to have passed away with it. Years ago, when the road I was traveling over was very bad, and the Irish miles were nearly half as long again as they are made now to measure, an Englishman, borne along on the same singular kind of conveyance as I was, complained to the driver most bitterly concerning the state of the roads and the length of miles in his unfortunate country. "Ah! sure, then, your honor, that's the very reason the miles be so long," was the answer; "because they're bad, we give you good measure." But now the roads are made better, and the miles shortened, so that travelers do not so much require to be kept in good humor.

Arrived at a poor looking small town, lying flat on the sea-shore, my driver announced the object of that arrival to a man, who at once informed me I must "go round the corner" in a boat, to get to the steamer. Seeing a white wall in the direction he pointed out, I concluded that that wall concealed the steamer from sight, and only took the precaution of bargaining for the sum to be paid for putting me on board of it. That, indeed, was speedily settled, it was not a great sum. An autumn afternoon was drawing on, and I had no inclination to check the hurried departure which the man seemed anxious to make. Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men, and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

"When we got 'round the corner' the aspect of matters began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea; and on it went, whither bound I knew not, nor do I believe the man himself did. The wind had been high all day, though the sun was bright; it rose higher and higher; the black wall of rock was seen at a distance, chased by the white surge that tossed against it. The waves lifted our fragile skiff, and from their summit we looked into gulfs from which it seemed impossible we could ever re-ascend. Seriously alarmed I called to the boatman, entreating him to put back. I pointed landward—perhaps towards the rocks and the breakers—and begged him to land us over there. His answer was: "We will keep her about as long as we can." But his perplexed look, his wandering, anxious eye frightened me more than his words. The storm increased—land disappeared—the autumn afternoon drew on. No sign of a steamer in sight. Terror took hold of our souls; the men were white with fear. Beside me sat the little old Scotchwoman, her widow's cap closely circling her small face, her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes looking neither at the sea nor sky, but irresistibly directed straight before her; her lips incessantly repeating, in a clear, steady voice, heard distinctly amid the roar of wind and waters, an accumulation of texts which it seems surprising that her mind could on any collect on the same subject. "The voice of the Lord is on many waters." Such words came calmly sounding out amid the roar of the elements with a wonderful power, at least on my own troubled mind. When our heaving boat rode on the crest of a mighty billow, and the valley of the shadow of death seemed to open to us from below it, that calm, devout voice brought me that sense of relief which one feels when knowing that you are not in danger of meeting death in the midst of godless companions. "He holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand: . . . Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou passest, through the waters, I will be with thee."

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent that those who have ever witnessed such can imagine what a strange sublimity was added, by such a visible commentary, to words in themselves so sublime. Never did I at all fully conceive the weight of those expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow saying: "Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our souls in life. He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Be still." That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and indeed at his wife's end, (which, I believe, it was not hard to reach,) became quite evident; and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave us additional cause of fear, as we gathered from it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way. A murmur of horror, and from the two male passengers, of rage against him, broke forth as the fearful doubt arose; but on my part it was somewhat quieted by the voice beside me: "He maketh a path in the waters. He rideth on the wings of the wind. His footsteps are not known."

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was perhaps silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer I do not know—she uttered the words—"For thine is the Kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen." How energetic, how real, seemed such an ascription of praise, such an acknowledgment of Divine power! But singular, almost unlike

reality, it seems, to add that almost simultaneously—at least, before they were well ended—there was a cry from the boatman: "There she is! Praised be the Lord!" Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke—then a white chimney—then the great dark bulk; and now the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spined, while still almost ready to perish. Now all our fear was that we should not be seen—be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our life-preserver passed us by. The men held red handkerchiefs aloft, and the boatman shouted. But the roar of the wind was louder than their shouts; and, as the means of safety approached, so did the torments of fear and suspense increase in intensity. I recollect holding up a white handkerchief, that was soon rent from my feeble hand, and borne away on the wings of the wind; and as I uttered a cry that had not escaped me before, the old Scotchwoman murmured: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard—theories are borne away with the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But Mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops; and amid and above the roar of wind and wave comes the deep-toned voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive: "Who the devil are you? and what are you doing there?" Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious objections is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board, full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. The firm voice of the captain and sailors above us, by offering safety, seemed to make each instant of danger more sensibly felt. But lo! the calm, pious, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half-way up the ladder, and there she sticks, flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreats, the sailors encourage; there she sticks as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death-clutch, to a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them, nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman urging me from below and the sailors urging her from above. The men were wise to save themselves first; they are looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures we were.

At last the words "Haul up the ladder!" are pronounced by the captain; comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling, god-natured sailors repeat the order, and up goes the rope-ladder. "Lay it flat on the deck," is the word, and ladder and clinging Scotch woman are laid prostrate there—she on her face, with hands clasped in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not, but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I heard a sailor's cheery voice: "Another woman in the boat!" Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on the deck," says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave these orders see that I had them in charge, and then said: "Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?" They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand, and drew me up on deck, saying: "You are a brave woman; your life is worth saving."

Ah, captain, you ought to be a good judge but not half so brave a man as that good Scotch woman whom you have just hauled up and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.

I did not say those words; undeserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and showed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or, indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by the side of a steamer rolling heavily on the billows of the Atlantic.

## WAR NEWS.

### FROM MISSOURI.

The Remnant of Van Dorn and Price's Army Retreated to Van Buren and Fort Smith—Pike's Indians Disbanded—The Texas Troops Disheartened—Rebel Reinforcement—Gen. Curtis's Army.

ROLLA, Mo., March 26.—Reliable persons, who have just arrived from our army in the Southwest, say the remnant of the rebel army, numbering some 3500 men, under Generals Van Dorn and Price, has retreated entirely across the Boston Mountains, and is at Van Buren and Fort Smith, receiving supplies from Memphis and Little Rock, via the Arkansas river, which is now at a high stage.

The Texas troops were much disheartened at the death of Gen. McCullough, and Arkansas feels the loss of Gen. McIntosh very severely. The rebels are badly off for clothing and shoes. Pike's Indians have returned to the Indian Nation. They were not found sufficiently formidable in battle, having become panic-stricken at the effect of our artillery.

General Price received a Major General's commission in the Confederate service on the 16th. One regiment of Texas troops reached Van Buren on the 10th, to reinforce Van Dorn and were expected to arrive from Louisiana. The whole rebel reinforcements will not exceed five thousand in the next six weeks.

Lieutenant Colonel Barron, of the Ninth Iowa Regiment, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Pea Ridge, was in the hands of the rebels for two weeks. They were badly frightened, after the battle, and retreated very rapidly, and for the first three days of their flight had nothing to eat; and it now appears that their cannon and baggage train might have been easily captured.

Gen. Curtis's army fell back to Keokuk, in order to secure forage, Arkansas, north of Fayetteville, having been entirely eaten out. Our forces are now camped where water and forage are plenty. Our pickets extend into Arkansas, and the rebel pickets come north to the top of the Boston Mountains.

Fayetteville, Arkansas, is unoccupied. Very little Union sentiment has been developed in Arkansas. Skirmish at Warrensburg, Mo. Quantrell's Rebel Bandit Whipped—Capture of Powder, etc.

SEDALIA, Mo., March 29.—The notorious rebel brigand, Quantrell, with two hundred of his guerrilla band, made a sudden and unexpected attack on a detachment of Col. Phillips's Regiment of the Missouri militia, under command of Major Foster, at Warrensburg, on Wednesday last, but after a spirited skirmish they were driven from the town, with a loss of nine killed and seven teen wounded, and twenty-seven of their horses captured.

Our loss was two killed and nine wounded. Quantrell made another attack on the town on the following day, the result of which is unknown. Lieutenant Colonel Crittenden had left Georgetown with reinforcements for Major Foster.

Scouting parties from this regiment have captured over two hundred bags of rebel powder in Pettis county, within the past two days.

### FROM ISLAND NO. 10.

The Fight being renewed with vigor—Supplies of Ordnance Commissary Stores—Rebel Gunboats and Batteries.

St. Louis, March 29.—The Democrat's Cairo dispatch says: The steamer Dickey went down to the fleet yesterday, heavily laden with ordnance and commissary stores. Four fifty-pound navy cannon were taken down for the gunboat Benton; also, hand grenades, to repel boarding parties.

Persons from New Madrid report that several rebel transports and gunboats came up within range of our Riddle Point batteries on Wednesday and opened fire; but they were compelled to retreat after a short engagement.

The Grampus is the only rebel gunboat above our blockade, which is constantly on the alert, watching our movements at New Madrid. It is also said the rebels have erected batteries on the opposite side of the river to prevent Gen. Pope's command from crossing to attack their rear.

CAIRO, March 29.—The bombardment of Island No. 10 was renewed vigorously by Comm. Foote's fleet yesterday, and the replies of the rebels seem to indicate that they have received and put in position new guns of longer range than those they hitherto used during the temporary cessation of active hostilities.

LETTER FROM ISLAND NO. 10. Destructive Effect of Our Mortar Shells—Enemy on the Alert—Tug Fleet—Steiner's Balloon Floating Machine and Blacksmith Shops, &c.

UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP BENTON. Tuesday, March 25, 12 M. 1862. 3 miles above Island No. 10.—

From army officers who visited the Benton, we learn that our mortar shells have, in several instances, proved very disastrous to the enemy. One shell fired from a mortar moored low down on the Missouri Point, yesterday afternoon, was seen to burst over

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### FROM MISSOURI.

one of their camps on the main (Kentucky) shore. Limbs of the dead and wounded could be seen flying in the air, while the enemy carried off several of their unfortunate. During last night they likewise moved many of their tents further back from the shore, evidently to get out of the range of our mortar shells, if possible. A little more elevation, however, will reach their new quarters.

The enemy nightly send scouts or pickets to the sunken steamer Winchester, lying in the point chute, or the Missouri shore, to observe our movements and to give the alarm in case our gunboats attempt to run their blockade.

We can't consistently publish all we know about contemplated movements, yet feel authorized to state that Flag Officer Foote's delay here will, in the end, prove to be sagacious. A few days longer and you will undoubtedly have good and sufficient cause to rejoice over another success of our arms.

From 6 to 8 o'clock P. M., yesterday, lights in the east and from camps on Island No. 10, indicates that the army were communicating. From 12 to 4 A. M., to-day, the firing of great guns in the direction of Point Pleasant was distinctly heard. The enemy were again, evidently, trying to run our battery at Point Pleasant with their gunboats.

Early this morning Capt. Allen, a scout, who had visited the first or upper rebel battery during the night, came on the Benton and reported to the Flag Officer. It is sufficient to add that his mission was a success. The mortars have been paying their respects to the enemy at intervals all day—a number of the shells, apparently, doing execution.

TUESDAY, March 25th, 7 P. M.—Last night the proprietor of a mill down on the Missouri Point, just above Island No. 10, came through in a canoe, and reported to Capt. Blodgett, U. S. N., that the enemy had taken possession of one of his flatboats, and removed three pieces of cannon from the head of the Island over to the main (Kentucky) shore. He went over after his flat in a skiff, when he was politely notified to leave, being informed that "man like him had been frequently sent down to Memphis."

He says he took the hint, and returned to his mill without further ceremony. We give this as his statement, but don't credit all the reports we hear on the warfare border lines, as the Secesh resort to all kinds of strategy to ascertain our movements.

The gunboat Louisville is still lying at Hickman, assisting in the protection of loyal citizens, and keeping a sharp look-out for the enemy. When we passed up it was rumored that the rebels were a few miles back of Hickman, and threatening a descent on the place. This, however, cannot be more than a mere sensational rumor, as they have no particular love for the grape, canister shot and shell of our gunboats. The Conestoga, as she passed by Hickman, was greeted by the waving of white handkerchiefs from many dwellings, by numerous Union ladies. Notwithstanding these demonstrations of kind greeting, we must incline to the opinion that the Secession element, although necessarily smothered just now, is in the ascendency in Hickman.

The Mississippi is very high—over its banks as far as the eye can reach, on both shores. Occasionally we see piles of sacked corn upon a bed of rails to save it from being swept off by the angry flood. Nearly all the farm houses on both shores from Island No. 10 to Cairo, and a number of houses in the lower part of Hickman, are completely surrounded by water and tenanted.

At an early hour this morning a log house of pretty fair dimensions, floated down the Mississippi, passed our gunboats, Island No. 10, and on to "Dixie." Several of the rebel batteries opened fire on it, without one of their shots hitting it. If the enemy can't do better shooting in broad daylight, we cannot see why our gunboats could not successfully run their blockade under the sable cover of night.

Edward J. Gay is the name of the rebel transport said to have been captured near Point Pleasant, a few days since, by Gen. Pope's batteries. She is an elegant steamer—a valuable prize.

### FROM ISLAND NO. TEN.

The Bombardment Renewed Vigorously. CAIRO, March 29.—After a lull, the bombardment of Island No. 10 was renewed vigorously yesterday. The Rebels appear to have received and put in position new guns; of longer range.

There is nothing important yet from Tennessee. An arrival from Memphis to-day reports a feeling of general despondency there. But little confidence is felt even in the ability of the large Rebel force concentrating in Corinth to stay the progress of the Federal arms.

LATER. St. Louis, March 30.—The army correspondent of the Republican, writing under date of Cairo, March 29, says the firing on Friday at Island No. 10 was quite heavy.—The Rebels are opening from a new battery mounting, it is supposed, 128-pounders.—They are cutting away trees and rapidly pushing forward their means of defence, with apparently no idea of evacuating the place at present. They are daily getting more cannon in position. Word reached the fleet last night that four Rebel gunboats, partly clad with railroad iron, had appeared

## THE MANASSAS ARMY.

### Victorious Advances of the Army in Virginia.

WASHINGTON, March 29.—The Washington Star of Saturday evening says: The Union troops advanced yesterday upon the Rebel out-posts beyond Warrenton Junction, twenty miles beyond Manassas, driving the enemy, estimated at ten thousand, and before them along the line of the Gordonsville Railroad.

The road beyond Warrenton Junction is utterly destroyed—bridges gone, the crosses burned, and the rails bent into every conceivable shape. The Union troops are in excellent health, and are pushing on after the retreating Rebel army as rapidly as circumstances will allow.

The telegraph lines follow the advancing army, and offices are established from day to day as exigencies require. Railroad Open to Manassas. Cars are now running to Manassas and the road is opened four miles beyond.

The excursion party went out on the Manassas Gap road about five miles beyond the junction, cutting away fallen trees and clearing other obstructions from the track. The road was otherwise in perfect order, and the water stations uninjured. They also proceed on the road to Gordonsville as far as Bristol's station, at which point the bridge over Broad run is destroyed. Mr. Jas. Crockett, who had been an engineer on the Manassas Gap road nine years, accompanied the party, and, fortunately, had the keys for unlocking the switches upon the route. He remained with the Rebels until their recent evacuation of Manassas, and brought down the reinforcements of Gen. Johnston when the Rebels were retreating at Bull Run last July.

He states that the Rebels commenced their evacuation of Manassas on the third of March, removing their ammunition first, then their cannon, and lastly their commissary stores. The troops moved off very hurriedly, and were in such great fear of being routed by the advancing Union troops that their officers threatened instant death to every man who fired a shot, alleging as a reason that the smoke would hasten the Federal advance. The Rebel cannon, he says, were of small calibre, and few in number, but their amount of stores was enormous, much of which could not be removed, and was burned after the main body of the army had left.

A great number of dead horses are strewn over the country, and a most nauseating stench pervades that whole section.

### THE ADVANCE IN VIRGINIA.

#### The Rebels Shelled and Driven Across the Rappahannock.

The Railroad Bridge Destroyed by the Enemy. WASHINGTON, March 29.—Yesterday the enemy in large force were driven from the Warrenton Railroad Junction by Gen. Sumner.

A reconnaissance was made yesterday by our forces beyond Warrenton Junction. A body of the enemy's cavalry retreated as our troops advanced.

The Union army shelled the Rebels at the railroad bridge over the Rappahannock.—The enemy retreated after blowing up the bridge.

There was some slight skirmishing, but no loss of life or wounded on our side. MANASSAS, March 20.—At the skirmish at the Rappahannock bridge, last evening, Captain Clarke's battery, of the Fourth Artillery, shelled the Rebels with remarkable rapidity and precision.

The enemy left, in their haste, a number of cars loaded with grain and other forage. We could have shelled them with terrible effect in the act of carrying off their sick and wounded, had it been desirable. A Rebel Lieutenant and four privates was taken prisoner.

The enemy, day before yesterday, captured six men of the Sixty-sixth New York Regiment. Heavy firing is still heard at intervals on the front.

The horse of Lieutenant King, of the Fourth Artillery, and nephew of General King, was poisoned last night. A bottle of strychnine was found among the Rebel forage abandoned in the vicinity of Warrenton Junction. A secret meeting of the Secessionists was held at Fairfax Court House last Wednesday night.

Several of the troops have been killed by the Rebel sympathizers in the neighborhood of the Court House during the week. Steps have been taken to detect the perpetrators, and to prevent a similar occurrence.

A drove of twenty-five cattle were captured from the enemy.

FROM WINCHESTER. The Federal Loss in the Recent Battle—Condition of the Wounded, &c.

WINCHESTER, March 30.—The following wounded died yesterday and to-day, and were buried by Captain Vanderman: Michael Martin, Jacob Wolfe, Sixty-seventh Ohio; Geo. Gardner, Fourteenth Indiana, and one unknown of the Twenty-ninth Ohio; Wm. Whitney, Thirtieth Indiana; Isaac Jackson, Twenty-seventh Ohio, died of fever; A. L. Brown and E. K. Bance, Eighth Ohio,

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and three privates of the Seventh Ohio.—James Gordon Evans, of the Rebel Company C, Twenty-first Virginia, also died yesterday.

Previous to the foregoing deaths, our loss stood 103 killed and died of wounds; 441 wounded, and 24 missing. Only a few of the detailed regimental reports have yet been received, owing to the distance and scattered positions of the regiments. Three or four days will elapse before a full list can be received.

Dr. Kenney, Medical Inspector of the army, has been engaged looking into the condition of the wounded here, in connection with Medical Director Wm. S. King, of the Fifth Army Corps.

Notwithstanding the great scarcity at first of tinware, crockery and hardware for hospital purposes, the deficiency has been in a great measure supplied. The wounded are now contained in two hospitals, and are under the immediate charge of Dr. H. Bryant, Medical Director of General Shields' Division. About two hundred and thirty of the sick and wounded have been sent to Frederick. Six of the wounded Rebels have been taken from the hospital and placed in the houses of their friends on parole, to report on recovery to the nearest commanding officer. Our wounded are reported as generally doing well. The number here is about three hundred.

The statement that Major Perkins, of General Banks' Staff, was mainly instrumental in planning the recent battle is contradicted, although his presence and advice were of great service to Colonel Kimball, who commanded on the field under directions from General Shields. Medical Director King, of the Corps, and Surgeon Jackson, of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania Regiment, were present as volunteers, and rendered efficient aid in clearing the field of the wounded.

Gustave Arnheim, of the Zouaves d'Afrique, acted as Aid to Colonel Baum, Chief of General Shields' Artillery, and was severely wounded in the leg. Colonel Amisrael, of the First Virginia Cavalry, rendered great aid to Colonel Kimball, and was in the hottest of the fight.—He has just been informed of his acquittal of the charge of cowardice instigated by General Landor.

Our cavalry to-day brought in two guerrillas from Hampshire county, one of whom belonged to Sheets' mounted militia. To-day has been a most unpleasant day. A heavy fall of rain, and a most dreary aspect to the outer world. To-night the first thunder storm of the season passed over this region.

### LATER FROM THE GULF COAST.

#### Operations Against New Orleans.

Heavy Firing Heard From the Head of the Passes of the Mississippi River. New York, March 30.—The gunboat Huntville arrived this evening from Key West, which place she left on the 25th inst. The steamers Niagara, South Carolina, Mohawk, Water Witch, Marion, and eight other vessels were at Key West.

The prize Magnolia would sail for New York on the 26th instant. The ship Nightingale sailed on the 21st for Tortugas and the passes.

Advices from the Mississippi Passes state that heavy firing was heard from the head of the Passes, where some of our vessels had gone.

The remainder of Com. Porter's fleet had all left Key West, together with several of our gunboats.

Considerable cotton is stored at Apalachicola, and the place is defended by thirteen guns and a force of 3,000 Rebels.

The steamer Cuyler, at Key West from Havana, reports quite a number of Rebel vessels there.

A French man-of-war from Vera Cruz had twenty-seven cases of yellow fever aboard.

The health of our troops at Key West was good.

The small pnx had broken out in the New Hampshire regiment at Tortugas.

Two of the crew captured on the steamer Magnolia report great preparation making at New Orleans to resist the attack of the Federal forces. Several gunboats were building and martial law would soon be proclaimed.

The steamer South Carolina had been ordered to Boston.

The report of the capture of Yancey proves to have been incorrect. He had engaged passage in the schooner Mallory, which was captured, but (fortunately for him,) changed his mind, and was to sail from Havana on the schooner Break of Day.

The Huntville brings 200 bales of cotton and 237 bales of tobacco captured from Rebels.

All her officers and crew are well.

### FROM THE SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST.

Union Demonstration in East Florida—Proclamation of Gen. Sherman to the People of Florida. New York, March 30.—The steamer Empire City from Port Royal has arrived. The following is from the "New South" newspaper of the 22d inst.</