

was strewn with clothing, knapsacks, haversacks, tin-cups, and canteens, and at intervals the dead and wounded gathered into groups gave a melancholly aspect to the scene. The secession forces fled with such speed that the pursuit was abandoned, and the two regiments actively engaged returned. Captain McMullin's Rangers also participated in the engagement and behaved most daringly. The artillery engaged on the Union side was a portion of Capt. Perkins battery, and the manner in which it was controlled and used is deserving of all praise.

On the side of the Union troops one man was killed—a private in the Wisconsin Regiment, and some six or eight wounded—none dangerously. The loss on the part of the seceders was much greater. Two men were found dead along the road, and later intelligence states positively that the killed were hauled off by wagon loads. The number wounded on that side was large, but it is impossible to estimate it with any certainty. The firing was heard by the Second and Third Pennsylvania Regiments, commanded by Cols. Stumbaugh and Minier, and led by Gen Wynkoop, soon after they had crossed the river, and the news quickly reached them that an engagement was going on ahead. The blood of the men was up in a moment, and on they dashed at "double quick" in hopes of being able to take part in the conflict. For near three miles they marched at a speed that would have been impossible under ordinary circumstances, but they were unable to come up in time. Fast as they advanced, the retreating secessionists were still faster, and when they reached the scene of the conflict the victorious Union troops were returning from the pursuit.

The army under Gen. Patterson encamped in the afternoon on the road from Williamsport to Martinsburg at a point distant about six miles from the last named place. Early in the morning of the third the march was resumed, and about noon the forces entered Martinsburg, where tents were pitched, and the troops sought repose after a most fatiguing tramp beneath the burning sun.

Thus far the troops, without exception, have behaved nobly. They have endured fatigue and privations without complaint, and they have moved with a promptness that would not have disgraced Mad Anthony Wayne's "Light Brigade" in the days of the Revolution. From such men a good report can be expected; and we who know them, (because we are part of them,) promise our friends abroad that they will never disgrace the flag they fight under, or the Government they are sworn to defend and perpetuate

### THE ARMY IN VIRGINIA.

There are now in Virginia near one hundred thousand Union troops under the command of Gen. Mansfield, Gen. Patterson, Gen. McClelland, and Gen. Butler. A force equal to this is held in reserve, and can, at a brief notice, be brought into the field. Such an army as this, called from the ranks of private life and fully equipped in 60 days, shows that the Northern people are in earnest, and that they will rest satisfied with nothing less than the complete annihilation of the present unholy rebellion in the Southern States.

### For the "American Union." THE SECESSION CAVALRY.

AIR.—"Happy Land of Caanan."

On the soil of Old Virginia not very long ago,  
When the Union Volunteers crossed the border;  
They met the "gallant" cavalry dressed out for  
pomp and show,  
And they sent them o'er the country in  
disorder.

CHORUS.—Oh! ho! ho! You should have  
seen them go!  
Dashing, clashing, splashing o'er the ground!  
Such "chivalry" can't fight, but you'd better  
believe we're right,  
When we tell you that they know how to  
travel.

The Badger boys were there, and the Yankees,  
cute and true,  
Came out to fight the battles of the nation;  
And the Keystone State so gallant, sent her  
sons both brave and valiant,  
Who fear not all the traitors in creation.  
CHORUS.—Oh! ho! ho! &c.

These patriot soldiers true, met the wild Se-  
cession crew,  
And they let them have a touch of Northern  
fighting,  
They showed them Yankee Doodle with a can-  
non shot or two,  
And didn't they send the frightened rebels  
"kiting!"  
CHORUS.—Oh! ho! ho! &c.

The Union boys are true to the red white and  
blue,  
And true to the old Constitution;  
They will wipe out of the land Jeff Davis and  
his band,  
And save the great Republic from pollution.  
CHORUS.—Oh! ho! ho! &c.

### FOR THE UNION!

A far in a distant and southern clime,  
Where the feathery palm trees wave;  
Where the tropic breeze with its rich perfume,  
Floats amid bowers of evergreen bloom—  
Lies many a lonely grave.

Their tenants were buoyant with youthful hope,  
And burning with manly life,  
When they left their loved and distant home  
Afar in a hostile land to roam,  
And engage in a holy strife.

When traitors hands were lifted against  
That banner of ancient renown,  
Whose stripes and whose stars have floated on  
high,  
Over every sea, beneath every sky,  
And before which all others bow down.

Then from where Maine's pine trees tall and  
dark,  
Enveloped her hills in shade:  
From the mighty Atlantic's surf beat shore,  
To where the Pacific's billows roar,  
Our millions have sprung to its aid.

Tho' the cold remains of those that fall  
Shall long in silence repose,  
Let us hope that their spirits shall rest above,  
Where in the regions of peace and love  
They are freed from all earthly foes!

And now on our nations natal day,  
O! let us rally beneath  
This flag which has waved o'er land and on sea;  
And until again it shall float, the pride of the  
free,  
Let no patriot's sword find its sheath!

### WAR ITEMS.

While Gen Negly, of the Fifth Brigade, was advancing by the Hayes' road, towards Hainesville, on last Tuesday, the advance company, under the charge of Lieut. Smith, U. S. Army, were surprised near a wood while at a halt, by 5 companies of Rebel cavalry, commanded by Col. Steward. The advance guard thought the cavalry belonged to the Federal troops, and allowed them to surround them. The cavalry immediately commenced firing on them, and shot one soldier through the head, and captured 43—including Dr. Trip and a Mr. Palmer. The cavalry mounted the prisoners behind them and galloped off down a by road. In consequence of heavy firing on the left flank, Gen. Megly deemed it imprudent to advance his column too rapidly, but led off the cavalry company for a charge, but the enemy were too far off to be reached.

Company H. of the 23d Pennsylvania Regiment, yesterday captured in the jail of Berkly county twenty-three muskets belonging to the Rebels. They were found secreted under the beds and in other places. Detachments of troops are picking up arms in all directions, and judging from their motly appearance the Rebel army must, so far as equipments are concerned, rival Falstaff's recruits.

We have rumors of the advance of Gen. McClelland's column from the West, but nothing authentic. He has about 20,000 men under his command.

Precisely at twelve o'clock to-day an American flag was raised over the court house in this town in the presence of a large portion of the army and a numerous concourse of citizens. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and the cheers which greeted the stars and stripes as they floated to the breeze might have been heard for miles.

WE annex the following stanzas which were found in type in the "Republican" office, as specimens of secession war poetry:

### THE SOUTHERN WAGON.

AIR.—"Wait for the Wagon."

Come all ye sons of Freedom and join our South-  
ern band,  
We're going to fight the enemy and drive them  
from our land;  
JUSTICE is our motto, and PROVIDENCE our guide,  
So jump into the wagon and we'll all take a ride.

Chorus—Wait for the wagon—  
The DISSOLUTION wagon—  
The SOUTH is our wagon,  
And we'll all take a ride.

Our wagon's plenty big enough, the running  
gear is good,  
'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides and  
made of Southern wood;  
CAROLINA is the driver with GEORGIA by her side  
VIRGINIA'LL hold our flag up and we'll all take  
a ride.

Chorus—Wait for the wagon, &c.

MISSOURI, NORTH CAROLINA and ARKANSAS are  
slow,  
They must hurry or we'll leave 'em and then  
where would they go?  
There's "OLD KENTUCKY" and MARYLAND each  
won't make up their mind,  
So I reckon after all we'll have to take 'em up  
behind.

Chorus—Wait for the wagon, &c.