THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

FROM THE LEFT WING OF McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ALEXANDRIA, Nov. 2, 1861.

A ride of two miles from this city, on a hard-trotting horse, brought me to Gen. Heintzleman's quarters, on the summit of one of the loftiest hights overlooking the Potomac. I found the General and his Adjutant in the occupancy of a very comfortable house, full of business, which, however, was suspended long enough to give me a courteous welcome, and to satisfy any desire I might have to obtain information as to that part of our army under their command. Two men, claiming to be deserters, had left the General's quarters for Washington, in charge of a squad, a few moments before my arrival. They had been three nights threading their way through the forest, from the Rebel encampment at Centreville. They said the Rebels were in great force near Centreville and at Manassas, where they designed awaiting the attack of our army. They also confirmed the report of the precipitate flight of the Rebels from Fairfax a fortnight ago, and of the burning of their tents and provisions preparatory thereto. Of all kinds of provisions, except sugar, they had a plentiful supply, but many had suffered for want of blankets and suitable clothing to protect them from the inclement nights of the preceding week. The Rebel army had suffered greatly from sickness, but the troops were in good spirits generally, and anxious for a conflict upon the same field where their first great battle was fought.

Gen. Heintzleman's quarters are within the parapets of Fort Lyon—one of the largest and most important fortifications in the vicinity of the capital. This fort embraces fourteen acres, and commands the Potomac in two directions, and all the territory in rear of it within range of the immense siege guns and columbiads that frown from its battlements. It is rapidly approaching completion—there being at least a thousand men at work upon it. The work on this, as well as on all the other forts built for the defense of the capital, is not of a temporary character, but it is done in the best possible manner, and will remain as a model of castrametation long after the present contest is over.

Leaving Fort Lyon, I descended the hill in the direction of, Alexandria, my eyes taking in at a glance the magnificent panorama of the Potomac from that city to Georgetown. It was a delightful morning—the sun shone brightly, and the air was fresh and balmy. I only regret that I am wanting in powers needful to a more adequate description of one of the finest landscapes in our country.

Near Fairfax Seminary I again encountered the dwellers in tents, and though I found them surrounded with every necessary, I felt that it was difficult to imagine a more monotonous life than that of a soldier in camp. I have visited most of the encampments of the regiments composing the left wing of the army of the Potomac, and have witnessed camp life in many of its agreeable and some of its disagreeable phases, and I do not wonder that the prevailing desire among officers and privates is for an onward movement. There is little to diversify the unvarying round of camp life. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," but neither work nor play, and uncertainty as to any change, makes the American Volunteer about as undemonstrative, uncomfortable a biped, as any that wears the "human form divine." It is hardly credible that throughout a range of encampments comprising sixty thousand men, and spreading over an extent of at least fifteen miles, there should not something of interest or importance occur every twenty-four hours; but, alas! for you, poor news mongers, I assure you, that in this division of the army, not an incident of the slightest consequence, has marked the hybernation of our troops since Monday. One meets the same taciturnity and immobility of feature every day. The soldiers wonder why they are not ordered to march. Occasionally one enumerates the reasons which urge a speedy movement—such as the fine condition of the roads, the nakedness of the trees, and the dryness of the timber, and contrasts these advantages with the embarrassments incident to deep mud; roads incrusted by frost, heavy rains and freezing nights. As Winter approaches, and the prospect of its being spent in camp grows daily more apparent, it is not surprising that the soldier should feel some little concern respecting the movements of the army. Our soldiers thought in the same channel 80 years ago, at Valley Forge. It would puzzle the wisest among us perhaps to determine, whether the army would suffer more by an immediate and decisive battle at Bull Run, than by exposure to the long and gloomy months of Winter on the Potomac Hills. These questions have not probably escaped the consideration of the commanders of the army, and so we say no more about them.

The rumored retiracy of Gen. Scott has produced a profound impression upon the army. Accustomed to lean upon him, and to regard him as the first military Captain of the age, although they have long felt that he was only a nominal chief, our soldiers, now that he has really withdrawn, feel and express a regret, which circumstances of greater practical importance would fail to excite. They express entire confidence in Gen. McClellan, and will stand by him for weal or woe to the last; but some of them think that Gen. McClellan delays a march through want of confidence in them. This feeling grows out of the jealousy existing between regular and volunteer troops, and doubtless has no stronger foundation in fact than that. Gen. McClellan is understood, on all occasions latterly, to have expressed the highest admiration for the proficiency and improvement of his volunteer forces. "We shall never run again, Sir," said a soldier to me to-day, while conversing of the retreat from Manassas. "Gen. McClellan may trust every man in this division, for it is the sentiment of every camp in it—Death before surrender or retreat." The discipline to which our troops have been subjected since the Bull Run affair, has prepared them for success in the approaching conflict. Not a man among them contemplates the possibility of defeat—not a man, who is not eager for a battle before the approach of Winter.

There is really nothing in the movements of the army to indicate an early march. The different regiments composing the left wing are constantly changing their encampments, doubtless with a view to increase their topographical information. Our scouting expeditions, foraging parties, and *petit* reconnoissances will furnish material for another Lossing after this generation has passed away. While the Southern army is mainly indebted for its information of our movements to traitors in our midst, our army has become similarly possessed by the nobler but more hazardous means known and recognized as belonging to civilized warfare. The men who have braved the Rebel pickets and batteries are not the men to be distrusted in any greater engagement.

The different commanders of this wing of the army are constantly in the saddle. I meet them daily, and take pleasure in bearing testimony to their energy and faithfulness. Heintzleman, Franklin, Kearney, Sedgwick, Jamieson, are all favorites—deservedly so—for their kindness and accessibility.

The devastation committed by our troops, though truly deplorable, is not as extensive as that which has usually marked the history of large armies of occupation. Fences have been removed, a few dwellings have been burned, some cattle and poultry taken; but these acts have been committed upon property abandoned by its owners, and supposed to belong to rebels. Our troops have not despoiled the property of Unionists knowingly, except, perhaps, in the appropriation of fence timber, in a few cases of absolute necessity. It is true some Unionists have suffered, under a misapprehension by our troops of their sentiments, and to such our Government can hereafter afford to be generous. Some allowance must be made for military ardor, and while we regret its effects, may we not recognize in it evidence of a spirit which will tell fearfully against our enemies on the battle-field.

Judge Freese is daily sequestrating the property of absconding rebels for the payment of their debts, to New-York and Philadelphia merchants, greatly to the disgust of those who believe that rebellion justifies dishonesty and fraud.

FROM MISSOURI.

Arrival of Gen. Sigel's Division and Gen. Fremont in Springfield—Enthusiastic Reception—How the Rebel Army has Treated Union Men—Sigel's March—Visit to the Hospital—The Charge of the Fremont Body Guard—Its Loss—Incidents of the Fight—Visit to the Battle-Ground—Major White—Funeral of the Dead Soldiers—The Rebel Loss—Why the Attack was Made.

From Our Special Correspondent.

CAMP LYON, Springfield, Mo., Tuesday, Oct. 29, 1861.

On Sunday evening, after a march of thirty miles, Gen. Sigel's advance division of the army, and Gen. Fremont and staff, entered this city. Their arrival was greeted by the inhabitants with the most genuine and unmistakable demonstrations of joy. Flags which had been concealed since the mournful Sunday, eleven weeks before, when, after the battle of Wilson's Creek and the death of the brave Lyon, the stricken remnant of our army evacuated Springfield, now suddenly came to light, and were flung triumphant to the breeze; Union men, who for that long period had been exiles from home, came pouring in; the streets and porches were crowded with people, whose glad faces, waving handkerchiefs, swinging hats, and loud huzzas, again gave a hearty welcome to the army of the Union.

Springfield, the most important point in South-West Missouri, is an incorporated city, containing, in ordinary times, a population of about 3,000. The Court-House, bank, and principal trading houses are built around a hollow square, in the ordinary Southern mode; but the dwellings, many of which are neat and inviting, are scattered over a large area, among cool groves and shaded lanes. Enough of them have balconies and verandahs to show that we are approaching a warm climate; but one tall church spire "points its taper finger to heaven," and the general aspect of Springfield is more like a New-England town than any other city as far South. Scores of the houses are now deserted—some of them belonging to Union men who fled after the death of Lyon, and others to Secession families, who, with their cattle, horses, and negroes, have gone South in anticipation of the approach of our army.

The Rebel army, during the eleven weeks it has had possession here, has almost literally "eaten out" the country. Horses, mules, cattle, wagons, wheat, and goods of every description, have been taken, mainly from Union men, without giving any equivalent in return. The Rebels have acted upon the principle of living upon the enemy in this vicinity, as well as in all other parts of Missouri; hence every Union trading house in Springfield has been robbed of everything which could be of service to them, and nearly every Union farmer in this large and wealthy county (Green) has been compelled to contribute to the subsistence of the enemies of the Union. As there are some wealthy Secessionists remaining in the county, probably an opportunity will now be afforded them to see how *they* like it. When Gen. Lyon's army was here, and on its march from Booneville, it refrained punctiliously from interfering with the property even of the most active and bitter Secessionists; but as they have inaugurated a different system, it is to be hoped that Gen. Fremont will meet them upon their own ground, and fight the devil with fire.

In spite of the severe trials and temptations to which they have been subjected, the people of Springfield have kept the faith and vindicated their claim to being the stanchest Union citizens in the State, outside of St. Louis.

Gen. Fremont's first act upon his arrival was to visit the new Court House, now used as a hospital for the members of his Body Guard, who were wounded in the brilliant, but terrible fight—the Balaklava of our war for the Union—on Friday night. There are about twenty of these wounded in the hospital, and the General visited the couch of each man, and said to him a few words of encouragement and praise. He then established his headquarters in a house on the west side of town, which Gen. Lyon occupied for the same purpose while he was here.

Gen. Sigel's men came in, apparently quite fresh, after their march of thirty miles; none of our other commanders seems to push his troops fogward as rapidly as Sigel, and he deserves to be as famous for brilliant advances as he is for masterly retreats. Before he left the railroad, he found himself, like the other Generals, greatly cramped for want of transportation, but he pressed farm-wagons, stage coaches, carriages, oxen, horses and mules, until he was amply supplied, and came on far in advance of the other divisions.

After our arrival on Sunday night, I visited the hospital to learn the fate of an old friend who now belongs to the Body Guard—Mr. Edward L. Dean. His name did not prove to be in the list of the dead, and upon searching among the wounded, I found him, at last, stretched upon a cot. His eye brightened as he recognized me, and grasped my hand. "Is your wound serious?" I asked. "Painful, but not fatal," was his reply. "I am fortunate in not being with those poor fellows who are stretched out down stairs. O, it was a glorious fight!"

His comrades beside him all seemed to share the same spirit. They are right; it *was* a glorious fight; there is nothing more brilliant known to our history—perhaps to any history. Wilson's Creek is doubly historic ground; upon it, on the 10th of August, occurred the terrible battle in which a thousand of our brave men poured out their blood like water; and the heroic Lyon laid down his life for the country which shall ever cherish his name in green and grateful remembrance; and eleven weeks after, on the head waters of the same stream, was made that charge of the Fremont Body Guard, under the gallant Zagonyi, which will ever be coupled hereafter with that of the Light Brigade of Balaklava—

"Into the jaws of death,
Into the gates of hell."

Time will not permit me to record, before the mail closes, anything more than a few incidents of the battle, if battle it can be called; but it is clear beyond dispute that 150 raw men, who had never been under fire before, after a wearying ride of 50 miles, deliberately rode through a galling fire for more than a quarter of a mile, dismounted, tore down a fence, remounted and formed, all while the bullets were flying about them like hail, and then, with enthusiastic shouts for "Fremont and the Union," charged through and through a body of more than 1,000 cavalry and infantry, completely routing and dispersing them; that they then dashed into the city and chased the remainder of the flying Rebels through the streets for an hour and a half, until the last man of them was driven out of Springfield—in short, that 150 men defeated and drove 2,000 away so effectually that the little guard left behind was able to hold the town for two days, until the remainder of the army came up.

The loss of the Body Guard, as far as can be ascertained at this time, amounts to 16 killed, 25 wounded, and 10 missing. Only those who are seriously wounded are included in these figures. Many more received slight injuries, but are now able to be on duty. Major Zagonyi, who rode at the head of his men through the whole fight, did not receive a single scratch, though one bullet cut his clothing across the breast. One of his sergeants had three horses shot under him. Another of his men received one ball in a blacking-box, which he carried in his pocket; and a second bullet passed through his coat, vest, and shirts, but did not break the skin. Sergeant Hunter, of Company C, had his horse shot in seven places; and more than two-thirds of all the horses were wounded.

Yesterday morning I visited the field, on the west side of town, where the first charge was made. The dead horses are still lying upon the ground; the trees in the vicinity are cut and torn with balls; thirty-six bullet-holes have been found in a single fence rail; and the ground, in many places, is still red with blood.

There were three companies of the Body Guard in the engagement—A, B, and C. The latter was armed with Beal's revolvers (six shots), and sabers, and the two former, in addition to these weapons, carried Colt's revolving carbines (six shots.) After they had once given all their fire, there was no time to re-load, and the most effective work of the day was done with the sabers. At the close of it, almost every saber in the command was streaked and stained with blood.

It is claimed that Major Frank J. White's battalion of "Prairie Scouts," though it did not participate in the charge, rendered effective service by attacking the rebels in the rear, as they were retreating in confusion. Major White himself, who was so ill that he was unfit to be out of his bed, was taken prisoner by the rebels, while riding in a buggy four or five miles in the rear of his command; but afterward rescued by a party of Home Guards, who took not only himself, but the twelve rebels who were carrying him away, and those rebels are still prisoners in our camp. Major White then took command of the town, and held it until our reenforcements came up, on Sunday morning. He will probably make an official report in a day or two, of the part which his command took in the affair; and until then I refrain from giving any account, of it, as there is some conflict of testimony upon the subject. Major White and his men however enjoy a well-earned reputation, for their dash into Lexington and rescue of our prisoners there, a few days before.

The funeral of fourteen of the Body Guard, and two men of Maj. White's command, occurred yesterday, and was attended by the Major-General and staff, a portion of the army, and many of the people of Springfield. The bodies were inclosed in plain, unpainted coffins, and all interred in one grave, with military honors. The services were conducted by the Rev. C. M. Blake, the Staff-Chaplain. The sixteen riderless horses, which followed the remains to the grave, told the cost at which the victory was won; and while the dust was being committed to dust, with the solemn and impressive Episcopalian service, there were few dry eyes among the stricken band who had gathered to do the last earthly honors to their fallen comrades.

It is impossible to arrive at anything like knowledge of the loss of the Rebels. We *know*, however, of 27 who were killed on the ground; and while I would rather err on the safe side than fall into the almost universal error of overstating the loss of the enemy, I am convinced that their killed, wounded and missing are at least double ours. The Rebels had sent their entire baggage southward in the morning, and were designing to march that evening, knowing that our army was within fifty or sixty miles of them; but they were utterly astounded by the firmness and impetuosity of the attack, and some of their infantry were so confused that they dropped their arms and ran to and fro like men distracted. Their cavalry did very little service beyond enabling the riders, who had fresh horses, to escape from ours, which were thoroughly jaded when the fight began. As much as the Rebels boasted of their superior equestrianism before the war broke out, it has not, in a single instance, in the Western Department proved efficient, when put to the test.

When Major Zagonyi was sent out to reconnoiter the country and, if practicable, take possession of Springfield, it was not supposed that there were more than three or four hundred rebels here (that was actually the case only a few days before). When he reached this vicinity and learned of their overwhelming numbers, it would doubtless have been good generalship for him to fall back and wait for reenforcements. But the idea had been so industriously given out by those who seem to hate the Commanding-General of this Department more than they love the Union, that the Body-Guard was a sort of kid-glove, ornamental corps, intended only to swell the retinue and add to the display of Gen. Fremont, and not fit for hard service, that every man in it was eager to remove the unjust and ungenerous imputation. That they have accomplished it, their bitterest foe cannot deny; and if any think the cost too great, let them remember where the blame lies.

As Maj. Zagonyi's first account of the affair was read to the various regiments, in pursuance of an order from Gen. Fremont, every man seemed to regard it with personal pride and gratification; and in spite of the damaging reports which come to us by the precarious mails, that in pursuance of Gen. Cameron's order all work upon the St. Louis fortifications has been stopped, though the guns were ready for mounting, that the officers whom Gen. Fremont has appointed are not to be paid, and that the General's removal has been resolved upon, even while he is in the field in hot pursuit of the foe, I venture to predict that if his army does meet the enemy, it will do fighting that will not only vindicate the love which the men bear Fremont, but will cause every loyal heart in the land to swell with pride and exultation.

The rear divisions of our army are pressing rapidly forward, by forced marches, to join us; and the general impression here is that Price will give us battle near the Arkansas line.

Martial Law in St. Joseph—Treason of a Jailor—Dodging the Confiscation Act—Murders by the Rebels—What Have the Rebels Gained in Missouri—Jim Lane.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Oct. 29, 1861.

This city remains under strict martial law. Soldiers, with loaded muskets, stand on the street corners, and give to the city a decidedly French appearance. On Friday evening last, a Hibernian, named John S. Leonard, while crazed with rum, rushed on the guards with a drawn saber, and gave proof of his skill in cavalry exercise by threatening the heads of the sentinels with sundry ugly cuts and thrusts. Being twice told to desist, he was finally checked by two musket-balls, which pierced his right side, and from which he died the next day. Mr. Leonard was a very competent Civil Engineer, an ardent Union man, and, when sober, a gentleman; but of a most violent and ungovernable temper when frenzied with liquor. Before dying, he acknowledged the justice of his fate, and expressed a regret that, in these times, he should be shot in a street brawl, rather than to have perilled and lost his life in defense of the liberties of his adopted country.

The Provost Marshal has issued an order strictly forbidding all fast riding and driving through the streets. Last Sunday, Dr. Forsee, a Secessionist, was riding down Second street at a furious rate, when a sentinel commanded him to halt. The indignant doctor, with more energy than politeness, invited him to the regions made classic by Dante. Again, the word "halt," was given, and at the same time a musket was leveled. The disciple of Esculapius again directed all Abolitionists, and especially all Black Republican *gens d'armes*, to the infernal regions; but the sentence, and his Sunday gallop, were finished at the same instant. The crack of a musket, the whiz of a Minié, and the tumble of an infuriated physician, were simultaneous occurrences, tending at once to break the Sabbath, and the thigh bone of one who "wants his rights" It is feared that others will learn that the guns of the guards are not loaded with blank cartridges.

Your readers will remember that a soldier was murdered in this city last June, by a deputy constable named Burns. A correspondent writes in THE TRIBUNE, of Sept. 27, that "Burns was arrested by the Kansas boys, and turned over to the civil authorities, which is equivalent to his discharge." That prediction was verified. A jailer, with Rebel tendencies, was appointed by the Court, and the Provost Marshal, fearing the Secession Grand Jury then in session, would ignore a bill in his case, though there are four men here who will swear positively that they saw him shoot poor Ryan, gave the jury express orders not to investigate the case, as he desired the matter to be heard before him. The jailer was promptly told to pay no attention to orders from the jury relative to the prisoner, but to hold him at all hazards. The next morning the bird had flown, and to-day, in letters to his family, he hails from "Price's Headquarters." The jailer says, Mr. Burns was sick, and requested to be transferred from his damp cell to a more comfortable room occupied by the jailer's family, which request was complied with. At night he leaped from an open window and made surprising progress, for an invalid, toward the Rebel army. The jailer was forced to take his place in the cell for a few days, but was finally discharged.

Our citizens have a decidedly sharp plan for overcoming the difficulties of Gen. Fremont's famous proclamation. Several Secessionists, before leaving for Price's army, effected sales of their drug-stores and household furniture to their more moderate friends and allies, and thus avoid confiscation.

Two young men from this vicinity, named Early and Harris, were inhumanly murdered in Platte County on the 22d inst. On the 21st, they went to Weston, a city 28 miles south of this place, and the next morning two farmers missed their horses from their stables. Hurrying to the ferry-landing at Rialto, near Weston, they intercepted the two young men, in possession of the missing horses. They were taken before a Justice, examined, and ordered to be committed for trial. They were placed in a hack, and sent to Platte City, the county seat of Platte County, to be delivered to the Sheriff. A gentleman who accompanied the prisoners informs me that, while on the road, near their destination, a gang of Secessionists, under the lead of the desperate scoundrel Si. Gordon, stopped the horses and demanded the prisoners; but those having them in charge refused to deliver them, and drove rapidly forward. When arriving at Platte City, Gordon and his band were standing near, and the moment the prisoners and papers were delivered to the Sheriff, Gordon gave the command "forward," and his men sprang like tigers toward the young men, seized them, hurried them to the woods two miles distant, shot them, dragged their bodies to the river's brink, and hurled them into Platte River. Messrs. Early and Harris were quiet, respectable, Union men—the latter being the son of a clergyman living near Cameron, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. Their story is a short, and, I think, truthful one. They were recruiting for a New-Mexico regiment. They say that on their arrival at Weston a man made application to enlist in their regiment. He was accepted, and that night they slept in his house. In the morning, their host advised them to ride to the ferry, it being dangerous to travel otherwise in that region; and, leading to the door two horses, saddled and bridled, for their convenience, prevailed on them to accept further of his hospitality. They did so, were arrested for stealing those identical horses, and, when taken from the Sheriff, discovered, foremost in Gordon's gang, their hospitable recruit! Two companies of cavalry were immediately sent in pursuit of the murderers, but returned unsuccessful.

Though many Union men have very little confidence in Gen. Fremont's ability to meet and conquer Price, one thing is certain: Union citizens in Northern Missouri are more safe now than they have been since the gallant Lyon fell at Springfield. Gen. Fremont has, by his prestige and energy, gathered about him a magnificent army in a remarkably short time. True, Lexington was captured, and the grand army of the Union did not intercept the rebels in their ignominious flight from their dearly-bought victory; but now that the army is in motion, Secessionists flee before it like chaff before a hurricane. The less guilty are returning to their homes, and voluntarily taking the oath of allegiance. With all their victories, what have the rebels in Missouri gained? When they commenced the work of swinging this State from its loyalty, they had a Governor, the choice of the people, and a State Government in complete working order, with military companies well armed, and drilling in almost every county in the State. Union families were hourly fleeing for their lives into Kansas and Nebraska. To-day, their State Government is crushed to powder, and their Governor is hunted from field and hill to copse and river, a miserable fugitive, with "none so poor to do him reverence." Their military companies are dispersed, the loyal members now doing yeoman service under the Stars and Stripes; the others, violating their oaths and fleeing, with the hero of the cholera-morbus brigade, to the land of the bowie and scalping-knife. The citizens who were driven from their homes have returned, and are gallantly defending their liberties under Fremont, Lane, and Sigel.

Now, what benefits have accrued to the Rebels in this State, from all their boasted victories? Steadily and constantly, demoralization and despair creep on them apace. Having, in every engagement, lost two men for every man slain in the Union ranks, the moral effect of every victory gained by them has been to strengthen the Union cause.

From an intelligent acquaintance with the peculiarities of the Missourians, I can say positively that no man in the Union creates such a wholesome terror and dread in their ranks as Gen. Lane. Those who know, say that the burning of Osceola was a righteous punishment inflicted on a nest of unmitigated traitors. That Gen. Lane is more competent to meet Missouri rebels, in their own toils, than any other officer in the field, every man conversant with his mode of fighting attests. The patriotism of Gen. Fremont, Col. Blair, and Lane and Sturgis, is not doubted. Why cannot all differences be dropped, and each and all buckle on their armor, and fight no foe but rebellion till peace again lights up our land?

Judge A. L. Lee of Elwood, son of the Hon. Mr. Lee, Member of Congress from the Empire State, started down the river last week with about 150 Kansas recruits, and is now Major in Col. Jennison's regiment of Lane's Brigade

Runaway Troops Arrested at Alton—Dissatisfaction at the Rumored Removal of Fremont.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

ALTON, ILL., Oct. 30, 1861.

Four hundred troops were arrested here yesterday, in an attempted escape from an Illinois encampment, to join some of the Missouri regiments at St. Louis, and so get earlier into active service. They had been encamped at Princeton on the Illinois river, and becoming tired of waiting for equipments, and dissatisfied, they started with their subordinate officers for St. Louis, on board the steamer Jacob Musselman. In breaking from their encampment, they had cut the telegraph wires communicating with Springfield, and got safely away. But a messenger was sent to the nearest telegraph station, and information sent to the Governor.

Yesterday morning, two hundred armed soldiers, under Col. Davis, were sent down from Springfield to the place to intercept the steamer, and take the runaways prisoners. They took possession of the Levee, and placed a cannon at a convenient point for bringing the steamer to. About 11 o'clock the expected boat came in sight, under full steam, with flags flying. Two blank shots were fired from the cannon, to which she paid no attention. A cannon ball was then fired, and hit her bow, upon which she rounded to and came along shore. The four hundred recruits were then surrounded, and were marched into the old State Prison yard, subject to the Governor's orders. Adjt.-Gen. Mather was also with Col. Davis, and the whole enterprise was conducted with promptness and success. Whether the prisoners will be treated as deserters or not is not known. They had no intention of going over to the enemy. It is rather a case of insubordination and mutiny. As they are but the fraction of a regiment, they may be added to some other Illinois regiment.

The Governor has prohibited any more recruiting in Illinois for regiments in other States. Many of the new Missouri regiments were using Illinois as recruiting ground, and 6,000 men have already joined the Missouri forces.

FREMONT.

The public feeling hereabout is growing stronger every day that Fremont is the object of political jealousy and persecution, and that his removal, while moving with his army to strike a blow at the Rebels under Price, would be a disastrous proceeding. Democrats share almost universally in this feeling. The sense of fair play, which is a predominant sentiment with all Americans, is being outraged by these constant rumors and threats of removal. There is with the masses an instinctive faith in Fremont's ability as a commander, in his fertility of resources, his promptness of judgment and his power of execution. I have seen and conversed with a great many soldiers, and this feeling obtains universally among them. They are all anxious to join his standard.

The recent brilliant achievement of his body-guard in driving the Rebels from Springfield is changing public sentiment in regard to those whom he has "gathered about him." His "Hungarian Body Guard," as it has been called, it is found can fight, and are ready to die for their commander.

The recent blundering disaster at Edwards's Ferry, on the Potomac, has given a new turn to the fault-finding and critical tendencies of our people. Our misfortunes at Springfield and Lexington are forgotten in view of this new disaster. It is thought here that the Eastern Department needs looking after as well as Fremont's. The general belief now is that Price and his army will be beaten and captured.

J. G. F.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

Special Correspondence of The London Times.

WASHINGTON, October 10.

When it is stated that no movement of any importance has taken place lately, the remark must be supposed to refer to active operations calculated to bring the war to a close or to a definite issue. The Confederates have ostensibly retired along the whole of their line, and General McClellan is out to-day in the drizzling rain with a strong column in the neighborhood of Lewinsville, which is on the road from the Chain-bridge to Fairfax Court-house, to pierce, if he can, the great mystery of their position. It would be a strange thing—almost, I believe, unprecedented—if two battles were to be fought on the same ground. But if the Federalists advance toward Manassas there seems no alternative, and if they advance at all they can take no road but that which will lead them to Manassas, unless a stroke of inventive daring discovers another not now visible. The Southern army has obviously drawn in its horns and its feelers, and McClellan is putting out his in the places they occupied. What a mortification it would be to a mere ambitious soldier if, after all his studies at West Point and his investigation of military science, he found himself, as McClellan does, at the head of an immense army, which is, however, not fit to work out and to carry into practice the movements he has wrought out on paper, wherewith to surprise the enemy and the world, and to earn the favor and gratitude of his country. But the General does not appear to be the man who for mere glory would run the risk of losing all at stake by failure, and he is actuated, doubtless, by sounder, more solid, and nobler motives than the desire to achieve victories. He knows that the very magnitude of the mass is one of the foremost difficulties in the way of managing it. But irregulars and indisciplined men will not fight against odds as a general rule, although the Federalists established a theory from the defeats of poor Lyon and of Sigel, that because they had faced odds and been beaten, therefore they could conquer against odds, or, as their writers said, that "one Union man was equal to three rebels." As a similar belief is said to exist among the men on the other side, it is likely the fact will never be tested, as each will make sure of being tolerably even in all encounters. As it requires the very highest sort of military confidence and veteran resolution to induce men to attack superior forces, or to receive their attack unless very strongly posted, it becomes an absolute necessity for General McClellan to show a front equal to that of his opponents. Hence the large army massed in front of Washington, when a small one in well-constructed works would answer as well for defense, aided by a manageable army in the field. The only point on which the Federalists are threatened in any way at present is Leesburg, on the Virginia side, about thirty miles in a straight line from Washington, at the end of the railway from Alexandria, on which a portion of the Northern army is resting. This force is in observation on the Potomac, on a ridge at the end of a spur of the Blue Mountain chain, and lies on the right flank of the Federalists in any advance to Manassas. It is watched by the columns under Banks and Stone at the other side of the river between Point of Rocks and Darnestown. The communication between this force of 25,000 men and the main body at Manassas is not difficult, and may be effected in part by the rail and by good roads over an undulating country. It is quite possible that Beauregard has been able to reenforce the Confederates at Norfolk, and to strengthen his right as well as the corps in observation on the Potomac, and that he has now made up his mind to await the march of events and of his adversary in his present position. In Western Virginia Rosecrans on the one side, and Floyd and Lee on the other, seem to be in intrenched positions, from and on which they advance without any material result gained on either side. The country does not belong to either Federalists or Confederate. The skirmishers of one day are followed by the skirmishers of the next, and one march from a place unmarked on maps is succeeded by another equally difficult to follow. These positions and fights at such places as Big Springs and Big Sewell are, no doubt, of consequence, but it is not possible to appreciate them without better knowledge of the country, and the Federalists in being able to keep these forces in the State have the better part of the ground, because they are protecting Union men in Virginia, which professes to belong to the Confederation. There has been no doubt of the fact that Beauregard has concentrated his army—I use his name for that of the Confederate Generals, whoever they may be—at Manassas once more, and that he has been merely advancing and retiring to amuse his troops and induce the enemy to attack him; but it is also the fact that he maintained an irruption into Maryland, and an attack, either to screen the attempt or to be converted into a real demonstration in event of any unexpected success, on the lines between Alexandria and the hights in front of Georgetown, and that, finding the strength of the Federalist position in ground, men, and works, he abandoned the plan, at least for the time. The Indian Summer will soon arrive, but in January the rainy season, alternating with frost and snow, begins, and there is but little time left for active operations between this month and the American Winter, which renders it, at all events, not easy to move troops and guns in the open country. If Gen. McClellan can see his way to a battle to clear his front, with a reasonable chance of success, he no doubt will fight it. He must defend the Capital against all chances, and prevent a Confederate army getting into Maryland; but with these conditions always in view, it will surprise us if he does not strike the blow from the river side, on the enemy's right flank. There was every reason to make Fortress Monroe a base of operations, but for the difficulty of procuring provisions, and the delay and notoriety of collecting an army there by the rivers.

Notwithstanding the strong bodies and serviceable qualities of the men, there was an unsteadiness about the artillery and cavalry at the review the other day which did not speak for their thorough control as yet by their officers or of themselves. There were about 3,200 or 3,400 sabers of all sorts together and 18 batteries of artillery on the ground. Many of the latter were composed of different calibers—Parrott guns, ordinary 6's and 12's, long and short, rifled and smooth; howitzers of 12 and 24 of various patterns; licornes, or reamed out Napoleon guns. The Parrott gun, made by the eminent founder at West Point, is a simple, workmanlike-looking piece of artillery, with a thick iron band shrank on over the breech, and its range is nearly as great as that of the Armstrong, and its cost very much less. The force of field artillery under McClellan is now very considerable, and it will surprise me very much if the Confederates have anything like equal metal. The General has exerted himself greatly to advance this arm of his service toward efficiency, and he has been much assisted by his chief of field ordnance, Brigadier-Gen. Barry, of the regular United States artillery. Unquestionably, if these guns are well handled, there will be some thirty batteries in support of an advance on narrow point, which, considerable as the number may be, will leave field batteries still available for the flanks, and for coöperation with detached columns. It is asserted most positively that, though there is no outcry in the public press against the delay which is taking place, individuals of weight and position are again urging on the President and his Government the necessity of an advance for political reasons, and that pressure has been placed upon the authorities to try the fate of another battle. The mercantile interests are in great anxiety, and wish for some certain solution of their embarrassments as to the future. The great demand for war supplies has given an artificial activity to trade in certain cities and districts, which is supplied out of the public purse generally. Short harvests in Europe may pour a flood of gold into the Western States, but it is out of the question that foreign commerce can resume its usual course while the States are distracted by civil war. The Customs' returns under this tariff are beginning to tell their own tale, but nothing else could be expected, for imports surely cannot be supposed to maintain their usual average when one half of the country cannot receive them and the other half is carrying on a war with its rebellious remainder. It is true that the South must be badly off also, but there passion does its work; the pride of the fierce aristocracy, their superiority in the field, in strategy, in political skill, the terrors of their slave volcano, sustain them. They are short of clothing and certain articles of food. Coffee at Richmond is 2s. 6d. per pound, and the Southerners must have it; blankets are most costly, shoes are scarce; but energy, determination and martial ardor abound.

In a former letter I expressed an opinion, which nothing I have seen or heard has induced me to alter or to modify, that the North could, if it put forth all its strength, overrun the South. It has never occurred to me for one moment that the North could hold the South as a military province if the people in the Confederate States were as unanimous in their resistance after their armies were overthrown as they are at present. It must not be forgotten that in a contest greater even than this, the fight for national life, the popular enthusiasm and support languished and diminished, so that Hamilton complained bitterly in *The Federalist* that the collection of taxes had been abandoned by the State Government in despair. The trading interests must suffer far more than the agricultural in a prolonged war; the South can afford to play the waiting game in the natural order of events longer than the North. Whichever lasts the longer wins the race, and the North, knowing it has strength, but not so confident perhaps of its lasting, is impatient for speedy success. The champion has not finished his training, and it would be dangerous to send him into the ring, however full of courage and mettle he may be. I am informed that the chiefs of the South are so confident, they say they would desire nothing better than to let a commission from Washington visit and report on the condition of their army. But if they could but visit Washington and see the magnitude of the preparations against them, they would, perhaps, be struck by the comparison. The intensity of feeling in the South is described to be greater than ever. Their resolution is adamant, and if they have, like the Federalists, Blair and Fremont controversies, they are kept in the dark. The discipline of both armies may be on a par, but I am inclined to think that in actual drill the Northern troops do not improve more rapidly, and are not better in hand than the Southerners.

October 8.—A review, or inspection, of cavalry and artillery going on. I cannot go—it is mail day—but I see the troops pass my windows; some few squadrons of cavalry and several batteries of artillery. Besides, I have two honorary aides, who go out and tell me all about the affair. One is an ex-officer of Austrian dragoons and an ex-Crimean cavalryman; the other is an infantry officer *en retraite*, both Englishmen. They report the artillery fair, horses light, batteries rather a mixture, longs and shorts, rifled and smooth bores, carriages heavy, harness not well kept or clean, but strong and serviceable; men strong and serviceable too, but not "well set up," head-dress condemned. Report on cavalry not so favorable. Men don't ride, no seats, no setting up—nothing clean; horses rather mixed, saddlery and equipments, including swords, scabbards, spurs, bits, and metal work, generally very dirty. As to bone and sinew, the men are as good as can be; the impression is, however, that they could not be relied on to stand or to make a charge in their present condition, and that they would do more harm than good if any attempt were made to handle them in the field. The Federalists seem to have increased their artillery force very much since their last advance, when they had only forty-nine pieces in the field. They have now more than three times as many guns, well horsed, and an enormous increment is still spoken of. With their founderies, iron-works, and resources in skilled labor, there is no reason why they should not be able to fight their battles with artillery principally, and make a Solferino or Goojerat of the affair.

THE BATTLE AT BALL'S BLUFF.

FURTHER ACCOUNTS FROM A REBEL SOURCE—THE UNION PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.

From The Richmond Dispatch, Oct. 25.

If the assertions of the prisoners that there were not more than 1,200 Unionists engaged in the battle near Leesburg, on Monday last, be entitled to any credence, it would follow that almost the entire force was either killed, drowned, or captured. The number of prisoners already arrived in Richmond is 657, and it is reported that more are on the way. The actual casualties to the enemy, on the field and in the river, will doubtless reach the number previously stated on good authority. We do not, however, place any confidence in the representations made by prisoners in regard to their numerical strength. Our own list of killed and wounded has not yet been accurately ascertained, but we learn from persons who were in the immediate vicinity of the fight that the first statement of 300 was an exaggeration.

Col. John E. Scruggs of Fauquier, who arrived yesterday from Leesburg, informs us that the fighting on both sides was terrific, and that the enemy contested every inch of ground with our forces. The opposing armies were at times brought into close proximity. The Yankees once charged upon our men, but were repulsed by a volley of musketry, which was followed up by a counter charge of great bravery and gallantry. The death of Gen. Baker, who commanded the Unionists in the battle, is confirmed by a statement of a prisoner, one of Baker's "California" regiment. He says that he was very near him when he fell, pierced through the head with a bullet. This man alludes to the circumstance with apparently sincere regret, and manifests considerable respect for his memory.

ARRIVAL OF THE UNION PRISONERS.

The announcement in the newspapers yesterday morning, that a large number of Union prisoners