Richmond Dispatch.

MONDAY MORNING.....OCT. 14, 1861.

OUR SUCCESS AT NEW ORLEANS.—We congratulate our readers upon the splendid success of Capt. HOLLINS, at New Orleans. We hope it is but the beginning of the end, and that a few months will see our ports freed from the presence of the blockading fleets. If Capt. HOLLINS shall have succeeded in destroying the whole squadron of the Yankees, as it seems possible that he may have done, we hardly think any other attempt will be made to blockade New Orleans at least. The Yankees will then confine themselves to lying off the port and capturing vessels that go to sea. But they will not be allowed to exact duties from vessels going in, as the London *Times* has already announced. We conceive then that the blockade will be given up as a bad job.

GREED FOR GAIN AND OFFICE.—Whilst the Southern people in general have exhibited the most disinterested love of country, and the manifestations of individual liberality and generosity transcend everything that we have ever heard of in the history of nations, there have been displays on the part of individuals of a disposition to enrich themselves out of the needs of the country which are positively disgraceful to human nature. Whatever may be said of Yankee devotion to the Almighty Dollar, if any Yankee can be found who will kneel lower and in dirtier places, in his worship of the yellow god, than some of our own monopolists, land-sharks, and speculators, we hope the creature may be caught by our Generals as speedily as possible, and forwarded here to save the reputation of his countrymen for being the most hard-hearted and unscrupulous traders in the world.

The base and sordid passions of fallen man never appear in more repulsive contrast to virtue than in a war like this, when all that is good and chivalrous in human nature is developed; when heroes with lofty port are performing deeds which future generations will record with wonder; when martyrs are consecrating a hundred battle-fields with their generous blood; when demigods are treading the stage of public action, and upon every household altar mothers, wives, and sisters are offering sacrifices of all that makes life precious and happy. JONNY HOOK bawling "Beef! beef!" amid the grand scenes of the old Revolution was a type of the selfish and covetous traders of the present day, who do not seem to know or care what exhibition they make of themselves, so that they put money in their purse. Whilst the ship of State is buffeting the mountain waves, and the gale is howling for her destruction, these greedy wretches are plundering the lockers of the mariners who, at the very moment, are exposed to the peltings of the storms and risking their lives for the common salvation. Scarcely an article of use and necessity which has not been quadrupled in price by grasping speculators, when there is no earthly reason for the unnatural inflation. Individual instances of extortion practiced upon soldiers have become as frequent as they are disgraceful. Patriotic and honorable traders, who have contented themselves with reasonable profits, seem to compose a respectable minority, whilst speculative combinations give the price to articles of prime necessity, and by the monopoly which they create, throw obstacles in the exercise of that unexampled private liberality which is struggling to furnish supplies to the army. If our forces were able to advance as fast as our prices, the Confederate flag would be now waving in triumph over Niagara falls.

The avidity for office exhibits another phase of human selfishness not less disgusting at such a time as this than the vulgar greed of gold. There seems to be a disposition not only to have office, but to monopolize as many posts of honor and profit as can be possibly clutched and carried by a single individual. Whilst the great mass of the people are surrendering the ordinary comforts of life, even giving up their children, and giving them up cheerfully; whilst many men have lost all, and others a large portion of their means of support, and submit with readiness to the sacrifice; whilst women are surrendering the very blankets from their beds, the food from their tables, and dressing in homespun, to help on the glorious cause; whilst a quarter of a million of Southern gentlemen are encountering not only the perils of the battle, but the more trying privations and discomforts of the camp, sleeping often on the damp earth, exposed to the blazing sun by day and the sickening dew at night, it is most wonderful and intolerable that the hunger for office, instead of feeling rebuked by these majestic exhibitions of a nation's free will offerings, should only become more ravenous for spoils, and seek to stuff itself to repletion with every description and every variety of official patronage. The people ought to burn the brand of their indignant reprobation deep into this selfish greed for gain and office wherever it is to be found. The money changers and other birds of prey who are endeavoring to make a lodgment in the temple of our new Government should be driven out with a lash of scorpions.

JAMES BUCHANAN.—The editor of the Monmouth (N. J.) *Democrat* has been on a visit to ex-President BUCHANAN. He writes back to his paper as follows:

"I visited Wheatland, the residence of ex-President Buchanan. I had never seen him, and gladly embraced the present opportunity. As we approached the house we saw the stars and stripes floating from a fine flag-staff in front. He received us in the library. He had just recovered from a fit of sickness, the first, he says, he had ever had. He looked well, but complained that his former strength of body was gone. He entertained us for an hour in conversation, which principally turned upon the rebellion. He related many personal anecdotes of the leading military men now before the country, North and South. He was emphatically of the opinion that there is no way to get out of our difficulties but to fight it out. I came away well satisfied that, for weal or woe, James Buchanan stands firmly for the Union, and that, whether mistaken or not, he has always acted from the highest motives of patriotism."

You are easily "satisfied" then. JAMES BUCHANAN acting from "the highest motives of patriotism," which are, of course, the five loaves and two fishes, the only motives which ever operated upon the mind of any of his tribe! Of all the office-seeking pack, of all the sinister, sinuous, slimy politicians that have bedaubed every avenue to public confidence, and betrayed every party and every individual credulous enough to believe in them, commend us to BUCHANAN. If he "stands firmly for the Union," it is the only thing he ever stood firmly for. It will not take much of a SAMSON to pull down a temple that rests upon such pillars.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.—The *Southern Literary Messenger* for October contains a number of well written and interesting articles.

FIRING AT FORT MORGAN.—There were many rumors afloat yesterday morning in relation to the reported firing on some workmen near Fort Morgan. From all the information we could gather, the facts are that on Friday the United States steamer Mississippi ran in within about two miles of the beach, about five miles east of Fort Morgan, where there were a number of laborers erecting sand batteries, and threw some seventeen shot and shells at them, which caused the workmen to disperse. No damage was done. We learn that Brigadier General Withers was immediately dispatched for, and he left the city for the Fort late on Friday night.—*Mobile paper.*

HIGH WATERS.—The papers of East Tennessee and Georgia speak of the streams having been greatly swollen by the rains of the 26th and 27th ult., and great damage done to the crops all along the bottoms.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Welcome Arrival.—A train arrived at the Petersburg depot on Saturday evening, from the South, with the most valuable lot of freight which it has been our good fortune to see since the commencement of the war. It includes a large number of cases well packed with Enfield rifles; bales of blankets; kegs and boxes of cartridges, and many other articles unnecessary to enumerate. It matters not whence this valuable supply was obtained—whether from England, France, or elsewhere; but the style of packing is as unlike anything we have been accustomed to see in America as a hawk is to a handsaw. We consider the arrival a very important event in the campaign. The arms, munitions, and stores will be transported to the point where they are most needed, and we expect to hear a good account of them hereafter.

Burglary.—The residence of Mr. John M. Francisco, on 23d street, between Main and Franklin, was burglariously entered on Friday night, and robbed of a large number of articles, including 2 yards of black cloth, 4 yards checked linsey, 2 yards light brown cassimere, 8 large sheets, marked with the owner's name, a lot of table covers, shawls, and various articles of wearing apparel; 5 silver table spoons, 6 silver teaspoons, salt spoons, silver plated candlesticks, albata forks, &c., &c. The spoons were old family relics, some of them marked with the letter "D." The thieves effected an entrance by removing one of the slats, and unfastening a blind. Two new bonnets were thrown into the yard and trampled upon, and the key of the front door was carried away. These losses fall heavily upon Mr. Francisco, and we hope the police will use every exertion to apprehend the rogues.

Mayor's Court.—The transactions on Saturday were very limited. If the police record be an index of the moral *status* of this community, we ought to rejoice and be exceeding glad, for surely the millenium is not far distant. But we know not what a day may bring forth, and therefore avoid all premature congratulations.

Gustavus Lyon was fined $1 for shooting his gun at a bat within the limits of the corporation.

Patrick Shay, arrested for the larceny of a small quantity of wood, was discharged from custody.

Joseph Bryan, Philip Brown, and James Wilson, for fighting in the street, were committed in default of surety to keep the peace.

Fuel.—The difficulty of obtaining adequate supplies of coal would not be a source of extreme annoyance to our people, if it were possible to obtain wood in sufficient quantities to make up the deficiency. The country about Richmond is rich in coal deposits, yet we lack enterprise to bring it to market, and even at the advance of $1.50 on the usual price, we hear citizens lamenting that they have to plead, almost with tears in their eyes, to persuade the dealers to send them a scanty supply for immediate wants. There is also wood enough in our forests; indeed, the quantity is vast beyond computation. The price has gone up in this market in greater ratio than the circumstances justify, and if some enterprising men would devote their energies to the business, we feel confident that not only Richmond, but the camps in the neighborhood, might be furnished with a plenty of fuel at a reasonable, yet compensating rate. The plantations on the borders of James river are accessible, and steam tugs and lighters could be profitably employed in transporting wood from thence to Richmond.

Hustings Court.—The October term of the Hustings Court commences to day. Besides a large number of misdemeanors on the docket, the following cases of felony have been sent on for examination: John A. H. Armistead, William P. Armistead, and Charles Pendergrast, (alias Williams,) for stealing a $20 Confederate note from George A. Rouse; George Black, for stealing a watch from James Broderick; James M. Tyler, for obtaining the sum of $1.50 from J. W. Kiser by false pretences; Auguste Zahn, for stabbing Augustus Miller.

Shinplasters.—The people of Memphis have taken a stand in reference to the circulation of shinplasters, which others would do well to imitate. They have concluded that their issue by the city authorities would be calamitous, and that their importation from any other place is a nuisance, intolerable, and not to be borne. In Richmond, the citizens meekly submit to the infliction, of which they might relieve themselves by prompt, determined, decisive action.

The Concert.—The first of the series of concerts by the Torriani Musical Amateurs, from South Carolina, takes place to-night.—From opinions expressed of their talent by competent judges, and from the brilliant selection of pieces in the programme, we can confidently assure the public of a delightful entertainment. The object is a patriotic one, and we hope a generous contribution will be made to the soldiers through this medium.

Robbery.—The laundry on the premises of James K. Caskie, Esq., was robbed last Friday night of several articles of wearing apparel. It is evident that the city is invested by a gang of thieves, who are operating with a view to lay in winter supplies, or to furnish certain dealers in second hand goods with stock. The latter view is the most probable.

The Promenade.—The charming weather on Saturday had a most enlivening effect upon the fair sex generally, and Main street never presented a more brilliant spectacle, even in those days when we knew not what it was to confront grim-visaged war. There is, it is true, less display of feathers and finery now, but the deficiency is more than supplied by the presence of many Southern ladies, whose personal and domestic attractions inspire "the boys" with a determination to drive back the Yankee invaders, whose motto is "beauty and booty."

Not Going North.—Arnold Harris, Esq., whose departure from the city was announced on Saturday, has not yet gone, nor is he going North. His sympathies, we are informed, are decidedly with the South, and it is said that the Lincolnites have booked him for Fort Lafayette, if they catch him within their borders.

Counterfeit Note.—A counterfeit note, of the denomination of fifty dollars, on a Louisiana Bank, was passed upon the proprietors of a bar-room in this city last Friday. The *chevalier d'industrie*, who was dressed in soldier clothes, purchased 75 cents' worth at the bar, and received $49.25 in change. A pretty good speculation, if the operator is lucky enough to escape arrest.

Set at Liberty.—Jos. G. Taylor, a Tennessee Volunteer, who shot Lieut. Davidson in Lynchburg last summer, and was afterwards brought to Richmond, where he was *not* court-martialed, has been discharged from custody. It appears that he was carried to Tennessee, and there liberated by an examining Court, the witnesses having failed to appear.

Locomotive Stock.—Five more locomotives, formerly employed upon the Northern border of the State, have arrived in Richmond, and are now undergoing some necessary repairs. The rescue of these engines from the hands of the Lincolnites was a good work, and they will henceforth be made to subserve a good cause.

Return of Convicts.—Handy, alias Nutts, and Sam, two negroes who lately made their escape from the fortifications and were recaptured by our pickets near Bull Run, returned to this city yesterday, in custody of special officer Richard Beach, and were deposited in the Penitentiary.

Sudden Death.—A negro man, aged about forty years, belonging to Robert Farrar, blacksmith, dropped dead in Seventeenth street, between Main and Cary, last Saturday evening, while on the way home from market.

Mississippi Riflemen.—The "King Cotton Guards," Captain Crutcher, from Vicksburg, Miss., arrived yesterday, and went into camp near the city. They are armed with Mississippi rifles, and the men look as though they were familiar with their use.

Deceased.—The obsequies of Carrol Jenkins, late of Capt. Lyle Clarke's company, Maryland Volunteers, took place yesterday afternoon at St. Peter's Cathedral. The deceased was a young man of highly respectable connexions in Baltimore.

Horses and Mules.—Upwards of a hundred horses and mules, for the Confederate service, arrived yesterday by the Danville Railroad. They were purchased in Middle Tennessee.

City Council.—The monthly meeting of the City Council will be held this evening at 4 o'clock.

Coffee.—Two car-loads of coffee have just reached this city, by the Southern route.

Richmond Mechanism.—We have examined a beautiful brass padlock, made by Mr. Wm. W. Snead, of this city, which, in point of ingenuity and finish, is the best work of the sort we ever saw. This lock is designed chiefly for railroad purposes, though it will answer as well for any fastening where complete security is an object. We take pleasure in noticing every fresh evidence of the skill of Richmond mechanics, on whom we have to depend henceforth for all the useful fabrications of iron, brass, and other metals. Already the war has had a most beneficial effect in bringing out the latent energies of our people, and we confidently look forward to the time when the useful arts will have their representatives in every branch; when Southern men will make the four-cylinder press, or the delicate machinery of a watch, with as much facility as they now do the steam-engine and the deadly rifled-cannon.

Personal.—Among the arrivals in Richmond yesterday were Hon. W. Porcher Miles, S. C.; Hon. A. W. Venable, N. C.; Hons. W. Ballard Preston and W. C. Rives, Va.; Sir Jas. Ferguson and Hon. Robert Rourke, England; Judge Daniel, Va.; J. D. Darden, California.

FROM NORFOLK.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

The Weather—Federal Aliens—The Courtesies of War—Arrests—General Court-Martial—Presidential Ticket—Candidates for Congress—Theatricals.

NORFOLK, Oct. 12, 1861.

Contrary to general expectation, the stormy and gloomy weather which has prevailed during almost the entire week, continued to-day. There were signs of clearing off yesterday, but it has thickened up again this morning, as if the wire-pullers of the winds intended to get up a sea scene with effect against Yankee blockading ships and those that man them. You will hear of trading vessels running the gauntlet in this spell, but the less you publish of such details the better.

About mid-day, yesterday, some eighty odd of our "alien enemies" left for the land of Yankee despotism, under the usual flag of truce. I saw some of them moving down Main street towards the steamer, carpet-bag in hand. Their cast of countenance was mostly melancholy, but of neither the proud nor the fantastical sort. They wore a solemnity of appearance not free from the tincture of apprehension, but they passed on without molestation, and with little notice.

Orders were out for the arrest of two other suspected persons, who would have been nabbed had they made their appearance on the boat; but they wisely kept out of the way.

There have been objections made to the frequent interchange of flags of truce between the Federal squadron in our waters and the Confederate authorities, but they do not appear to be well founded. The only object and effect of such flags is to mitigate, as far as possible, the horrors of war; and, when they are used in a timely manner, they are promotive of civilization. All history shows that humane nations continually resort to them. I am a believer in the courtesies of war; and would willingly revive the mutual bearing of the brave "Hotspur Rix" and the polished Saladin in that respect.

Three arrests were made among the "aliens" by Captain J. F. Milligan, before the boat left for the enemy's coast, viz: One of W. P. Montague and his wife, and a third customer by the name of Lukins. Montague was arrested at the request of Lieutenant Fairfax, Confederate States Navy, through Commodore Forrest, by order of General Huger. It is alleged that he had taken an oath of fidelity to the Confederate States, at the Gosport Navy-Yard, where he was employed as a workman, and it was not deemed allowable for so flexible a citizen to carry information into the enemy's country. The parties arrested were sent to the Navy-Yard under guard, and are now in custody at the yard.

The general court-martial, which convened at the Tanner's Creek encampment last month, has reassembled in our city and is now proceeding with the various subjects proper for its action. The following is a list of the officers composing the court:

Col. Chambliss, 41st regiment Virginia volunteers; Lieut. Col. Cantwell, 20 regiment North Carolina volunteers; Major Lumsday, 6th regiment Virginia volunteers; Major Brockett, 12th regiment Virginia volunteers; Major Forsyth, 34 regiment Alabama volunteers; Captain Bonham, 3d regiment Alabama volunteers; Capt. McKenny, 6th regiment Virginia volunteers; Capt. Nash, 41st regiment Virginia volunteers; Capt. Lyons, 12th regiment Virginia volunteers. Judge Advocate.

The ticket of Presidential electors which has been suggested by the editorial corps of Richmond contains the name of Cincinnatus W. Newton, Esq., of this city, as the candidate for this (second) district. Mr. Newton is a son of the venerable Thomas Newton, deceased, who in times gone by represented our people for so many years in the United States House of Representatives, and earned the appellation of "father of the House." Mr. Newton has himself represented this city in the Virginia Legislature with credit and efficiency. He was an "old-line Whig" at the time when that very respectable party had existence; but of late years has kept out of the political arena. Since our civil troubles commenced he has been a warm supporter of the cause of Southern rights. As he is understood to advocate the election of Davis and Stephens, I presume there will be no opposition to him in the district.

There will be a second performance of the "Amateur Histrionic Association" of the 12th Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, at the New Opera House to-night. The programme is a rich and varied one. The first performance, on Thursday night was largely attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the city. There have been quite a number of public performances by amateurs in the several regiments stationed here, given for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid Society; and I am glad to say that in every instance a considerable sum has been realized and contributed for the wants of volunteers and their families. God speed the ladies in their noble work!

A large number of candidates are in the field for Congress in this district, some of them stalwart champions and well worthy of honor; but it is certain that all of them cannot be elected. It would be well for the Southern Rights men to hold a convention, and agree to concentrate upon some one nominee of true and tried qualities, and elect him to a seat by what would be really the voice of the people.

P. S.—As I close my letter, the clouds seem to be getting thinner. They may break away during the day.

WHAT IS BEAUREGARD ABOUT?—This question is the ruling topic of the day. It puzzles military critics, and politicians who can see through a millstone. The general idea is that Beauregard is falling back again to repeat the old ruse of Bull Run. But that trick is played out. Then, again, it is supposed that the rebel army of the Potomac is undergoing a division into two grand columns—the one to ford the river above the Great Falls, and the other to ferry it below Washington, somewhere between Occoquan and Matthias Point. But as this plan of operations would, if seriously attempted, almost certainly result in the destruction or capture of both these columns, we have no idea that it will be tried. But, again, it is supposed that Beauregard is falling back in order to send a heavy detachment of his troops into Kentucky, to capture that State and its vast army supplies before Gen. Anderson is strong enough to resist a body of twenty or thirty thousand men. This is a plausible conjecture, at first sight, but it ceases to be admissible when we come to consider the distances and difficulties of army transportation between Manassa and even the southern border of Kentucky. The transfer in the South by rail of so small an army column as ten thousand men a distance of six or seven hundred miles is not a trifling task, nor one to be accomplished in two or three days; but it is a serious undertaking of two or three weeks, supplies and all included.

We incline to the opinion that Beauregard has definitely abandoned the programme of the conquest of Washington; that he is preparing to move his troops back to Richmond for their winter quarters, and that in due time, if not interrupted in his movements, his vast army will be concentrated from the Chesapeake Bay along the York and James rivers up to and around Richmond, leaving only small detachments to hold or dispute the strategic positions in his rear, including those of the lower Potomac. The tide on the Potomac has turned; it is on the ebb to the rebels, and it will inevitably carry them off. They have eaten out the country around Manassa; winter is closing upon them, and if they cannot march forward into Washington, they must march backward to Richmond. This is our explanation of Beauregard's late mysterious movements. If Washington is impregnable, he must look to the defences of Richmond; for if the one place is secure the other is in danger.—*N. Y. Herald, Oct. 2.*

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ST. LOUIS.—The whole city of St. Louis, on every side save the river, is well fortified with heavy earthwork defences, surmounted by huge columbiads, rifled guns and howitzers. There are guns on redoubts, guns on boats, guns at the arsenal, guns at the various departments—in fact, guns every where. Approaching St. Louis in a boat from below, you see our glorious Union colors every where. The white tents of soldiers dot the hills around. Soldiers are on duty everywhere, but soldiers off duty are in camp, not lounging in the streets. An immense force is encamped near the arsenal, and out at the fair grounds, and the defences may be considered impregnable. Troops arrive silently, and depart silently daily, and the influence of a mighty military intellect is felt everywhere where Fremont's mysterious hand and mind guides the destiny of the West. Down the river are the formidable gun-boats, which will soon be ready to open their iron hail upon the enemy's forces.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[*OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.*]

FAIRFAX, Oct. 10, 1861.

Desertions are becoming very frequent from the Federal army. Yesterday three men came into our lines. Through the courtesy of Col. S. B. Paul, the popular Provost-Marshal of this post, I was allowed to converse with them. Having been for some time on the out-posts this side of the river, they were not well acquainted with the state of affairs in Washington, and knew comparatively nothing beyond what could be gleaned from the newspapers. From a young man of much intelligence, from New Jersey, I succeeded in getting a few facts that may be interesting.

His name is Wm. S. Clark, of Newark, belongs to the 3d New Jersey regiment, and has been five months in the service. While on picket near Bailey's cross roads, he was detected in giving papers to our men, and was ordered under arrest. He was court-martialed, but the result of the trial was not known to him, and he was immediately returned to the guard-house. As there had been so much shooting going on for trivial offences, (I give his own words,) he concluded the safest way was to "slope for the land of Dixie." The easy business was to obtain an opportunity, and Clark says:

"I wanted to wash, and got permission from the officer of the guard to go to the stream and return in three hours. A guard was sent with me, but we procured some liquor, and in a short time he got very drunk, and, while I was washing, fell asleep under a tree. I took advantage of the chance, and ran to where I had seen some of your pickets. I waved my haversack to them, and said I surrendered and was a deserter. They brought me here.

"Soldiers are coming this side the river every day. They are fresh arrivals, but are nearly all drilled. There is a great deal of cavalry—some say as many as fifteen thousand, and some more. It is generally thought that Geo. B. McClellan has 95,000 men under him. General McDowell has command of a division of the army now in Alexandria.—Brigadier Generals Kearney and Franklin have command of the advance.

"They are responsible for everything outside the fortifications as far as the pickets go. General Kearney's command consists of the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th infantry regiments of New Jersey, battery A of Hoboken, seven brass pieces, and three or four companies of Colonel Young's Kentucky cavalry. General Franklin commands the first division of the army of the Potomac. His own brigade is composed of four New York regiments, a light battery of more pieces than the Hoboken battery, and some cavalry. These generals have been made responsible for all property embraced in their lines. If any man is caught firing any house, barn, out-building or hay-rick, he is to be shot.

"I cannot notice any diminution in the war feeling, judging from the papers, but I know of many brigades that are opposed to the war. All the New Jersey papers that spoke against it have been destroyed. I recollect three now that have been mobbed, the 'Newark *Evening Journal*,' the 'Burlington *Democrat*,' the 'Trenton *Journal*,' and some others, but the names have escaped me. The general impression among the men is that they are going to whip in the next fight, and that it will settle the war. All believe they will be at home by the Christmas holidays.

"The excuse offered by those men who are ashamed of the whipping they got at Manassa is that the troops were all enlisted for three months, and as their time was out, or nearly so, they did not care to fight.

"McClellan is very generally liked by the men. He is so kind to everybody and does not only bow and touch his hat, but will converse familiarly with his men. He often rides about amongst them examining the tents and provisions. The morning that your men left Munson's hill we heard that McClellan had slept in Fairfax Court-House, and there was great cheering at the news. I have heard it said that McClellan is not ready to advance and will not be for two months, and that he will resign if the Administration insists upon it. He wishes to drill his cavalry.

"Our men are well provided with all kinds of equipments, and of the best quality. Our tents have floors. We are not allowed straw, but have our heavy over-coats and the large army blankets. The men grumble most at the meat. We have nothing but salt junk, that appears to have made several voyages around Cape Horn and back. Occasionally we get fresh beef. Most of the brigades have a bakery. The companies are allowed three cooks each. The messes are variously divided, but some regiments have company messes. The living is not very good. We get but little liquor. If any person is caught selling it in Alexandria he is banished—that is a new mode of punishment they have adopted. Negroes are at once put to work as cooks, officers' servants or teamsters. They are generally very hard upon them, and are less merciful, I believe, than their Southern masters. The privates get thirteen dollars a month, and get it in gold every two months. I do not know of anything else that would be interesting to you.—I may say, however, that the fortifications around Washington and on this side are very strong. Heavy guns are mounted on them. Some are mined. I assisted in digging about one hundred feet under Fort Ellsworth.—There is now a whole brigade of Fire Zouaves. The New York men now seem the most rabid for the war. Our men are getting a little sick of it."

Some time ago, while the 12th Mississippi regiment were on picket near Springfield, they were fired at from Fort Ellsworth. At the same time a portion of Col. Seibal's rifles, the 6th Alabama, both in Gen. Ewell's brigade, were attacked while on a foraging expedition. Several shells were fired at them, but all fell short, or burst in the air, missing their mark by at least half a mile. These shots were fired by McClellan in person, and did not reflect great credit upon his skill as an artilleryman. The accuracy with which our officers use their pieces is truly remarkable; for, from the time my friend Colquitt sent his rifle balls whizzing through the Monticello from his battery at Sewell's Point, in every engagement up to the present the enemy have vanished to the wonderful manner in which our guns have been handled. Of the above firing Mr. Clark says:

"I was standing on the parapet of the fort when Geo. B. McClellan and his staff came by. He said to me, 'Young man, do you see any men down there?' I replied that I did not. He examined with his glasses and said he saw several. 'Yes,' says he, 'there's a party getting hay. Man the guns, boys; I'm d—d if I don't give them a shot.' I rammed the piece, and McClellan aimed and fired. We all saw the shells fell short or burst in the air. The piece was elevated, and the last shot fired at Mason's hill, but we could not see the effect of it."

Since I have been writing the above another man has arrived from Washington. He says McClellan has near 25,000 cavalry. The Federals are expecting an advance from us. They do not understand the evacuation of the line of hills by Falls Church.

A day or two ago a party of our pickets was wounded by the enemy. Some scouts crept upon them, and succeeded in capturing two and wounding two others. One of them was shot through the arm, the other through the chest. The men were from Shepherdstown, I believe, and belonged to Stuart's Cavalry.

Yesterday, for the first time, the mail was carried to Fairfax Station, and thence to Manassa, on the cars. The contract has been awarded, and hereafter letters mailed here before 5 o'clock in the evening will leave for the Station at 3 the next morning, and arrive in Richmond the same evening. This will be a great convenience to the public.

The breaking of a bridge somewhere below Manassa has interrupted the mails, and for two days we have had none. The papers have been brought through by couriers. I understand it will be repaired to-day.

Three hundred and fifty copies of the *Dispatch* were sold here yesterday morning in half an hour after they were offered to the public. When all were gone, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five cents were offered for a single copy.

A British nobleman is now the guest of General Beauregard. He is Sir James Ferguson, of Scotland, a young man of prepossessing appearance, agreeable manners, a member of Parliament, has a fine military education, and, I learn, distinguished himself in the Crimean war. His object is to gain a knowledge of the American war in all its phases, by personal observation. Yesterday evening General Beauregard, his staff, and Sir J. Ferguson, visited the Washington Artillery. They mingled freely with the men, and seemed to have a good time generally. Sir James expresses himself well pleased with our artillery, and says it has more celerity in its movements than the English. The encampments also are laid out in better style. The infantry he thinks exceedingly good for volunteers. The stalwart Kentuckians drew his especial attention, and he spoke highly of the men from that State he had seen in a recent visit. Prince Polignac seemed to enjoy himself, conversing freely in his own language.

As I write, the 16th Mississippi Regiment, one of the largest and finest in the service, is passing by on the road to Annandale. They go down for five days' picket duty.

Last night, as a battalion was passing through the streets, a horse became frightened at the drums, and throwing his rider heavily upon the ground, dashed off in a frightful manner. The street was filled with wagons and horses. Plunging through them, he knocked down a soldier, ran over several, and charged into the regiment. The men brought their bayonets to bear upon him, whereupon the frightened animal leaped over a horse, and falling between two, became entangled in the harness. He was relieved uninjured; but caused considerable excitement.

The day has been very dull and dreary, and at present a heavy mist, which lacks only the name to be called a shower, envelopes the town. There is every prospect of a heavy storm to-night. BOSSMAN.

THE SITUATION IN MISSOURI

Gen. Fremont's Position—His Action Contrasted with that of Gen. Lyon—Number of the National Forces—Movements of the Rebels, etc.

[From the New York Times, Oct. 8.]

JEFFERSON CITY, Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1861.

Notwithstanding the very small attention with which Western operations are regarded, (unless a defeat occur,) this place is just now one possessing military elements of the greatest interest. Not only is it a point at which Gen. Fremont is to demonstrate to an anxious public his fitness or unfitness for the tremendous responsibilities he has assumed, but it is also one at which are being created events and circumstances which ere long will decide the long-disputed question as to the fate of Missouri. Here are concentrating all the talent, the material, the energies, of the Department of the West—here are the actors rehearsing their parts preparatory to another drama, such as was shown at Springfield, Carthage, Booneville, Lexington.

One Thursday of some months ago, Jackson issued his treasonable proclamation from this very place. Friday Gen. Lyon drove him a fugitive from his Capital, and the next Monday dislodged him from Booneville and hunted him from the State. People who remember this are disposed to grumble as they reflect that two weeks have elapsed since the fall of Lexington—for two weeks has secession held high carnival over the spot rendered sacred by the gallant defence of Mulligan—for two weeks has it been permitted to rejoice, to fortify, to recover its breath—and as yet nothing more has been done than to transport an army to this point, which, in point of time and difficulty of travel, is not half way to Lexington. If two weeks are required to get a sufficient force to this point, how long will it take to get that same force over the balance of the route?

I believe that General Fremont is a hard worker; he labors incessantly to promote the cause in which he is engaged; he leaves nothing undone that can be done by personal effort, or advanced by personal sacrifice; yet, in spite of all this, things seem to advance with supernatural slowness. Never seemed there motions before, which looked so exactly like rest; but possibly, in view of the gigantic task before the national troops, it is well that nothing should be done hastily—that nothing should be adventured prematurely.

When one reviews the course of General Lyon—sees him routing secession from two distant and important points in less than a week—the rapidity of his march in the hottest months of summer from Boonville to Springfield—the wind-like velocity with which he swooped upon Forsyth, Bug Springs, and Curran—his omnipresence, his untiring vigilance, the facility with which he clapped his extinguisher upon every blaze of treason that broke out in or near the scene of his operations; when one remembers all this, he cannot but at least contrast the light, effectual movements of then with the ponderous slowness of those of to-day. May it not be that Gen. Fremont is too much embarrassed with the etiquette of war—with a cumbrous, unwieldly staff—with the panoply and externals of conflict? There may be use of private secretaries of private secretaries of private secretaries—of certain ceremonies, headquarters approachable through a pathway lined by glittering swords, bands making the air sick in languishing with the stirring music of silver instruments, redtape formalities, and a thousand other sprightly trappings and operations; but yet their effect, although brilliant to friend and observer, is of doubtful utility in routing the ragged Secessionists, who hide themselves and their shot guns behind every bush in Northern Missouri.

If our foe was a polite one, his appreciation might be moved, his loyalty excited, by witnessing the gallant efforts made on his account, were he to see the magnificent trappings and caparisons, hear the beautiful music, watch the admirable evolutions. But, unfortunately, our Secession friend is an unkempt blackguard—wrapped in the contemplation of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." His soul has no appreciation for the beautiful music of Hungarian airs, poured upon the resonant and delighted air from costly silver instruments. Clad in a shirt innocent of soap and water, he appreciates not at all the gilded trappings of our gallant array; sneaking in the recesses of the dim woods, and coolly priming his old flint-lock rifle, he cares absolutely nothing for the gleam of beautiful muskets, the clink of heavy sabres, or the intricate deadliness of improved revolvers.

To him, Lyon, with his old white hat, his stern countenance, his common every-day soldiers, was a dreaded reality—they feared him in life and respected him in death. One long roll from his battered old drums carried a more wholesome terror into the hearts of secession than will a thousand airs from Norma, or a concert at the Opera House, under the skillful Teutonic *artiste*. They knew he was never fettered by formalities, and only found courage to attack him when confident in the strength of an overwhelming force.

But it is to be hoped that ere long Gen. Fremont will demonstrate that, in spite of all these apparent drawbacks, he is competent to the position he has undertaken to fill—and that at once satisfy the earnest hopes of the country, and make good his own assertion to that effect.

The arrival of troops at this point is about the only event of importance. There are now here some ten thousand men, while probably from fifteen to twenty thousand more have gone forward, and are now located at Boonville, Glasgow, Georgetown, Lamine Bridge, and Sedalia. This force is, in all respects, the flower of Western troops. It includes some 2,500 cavalry, a formidable force of rifled and other artillery, and infantry armed in many cases with Colt's revolving rifles, sword bayonets, and other modern improvements. In addition to this, the material—the baggage, clothing, tents, &c.—is of a first-class character; rendering the present force in all respects one of the most efficient ever organized in the East or West. Whether the results to be accomplished will be important in proportion to this, is, of course, a question of time—one that will probably meet with solution some time within the next two or three weeks.

I have no doubt as to the efficiency of the organization now being constructed to war with secession. The troops of the enemy are all mounted—they move from point to point with incredible celerity. At the appearance of an equal or superior force, they scatter in a few hours in every direction, and in an equally short space of time concentrate at points miles away. Their agents extend to every point of the State—they know all our plans, and are able, at any moment, to hurl immense forces upon a point not sufficiently protected, but whose apparent remoteness from danger has been thought its security. Fighting under no rule, taking the ambuscade and shot-gun in preference to the open plain and the bayonet or cannon; Indians in attack, cavalry in retreat; present always when least expected, yet never found when hunted for, they are a peculiar, a subtile, dangerous foe, and one which requires different treatment from that of any other in the civilized world. Hence I permit myself to doubt the propriety of warring with them as we would with England or France. Columns of infantry and the heavy *impedimenta* of our troops cannot catch them unless they wish it; and they never wish it, unless satisfied that an immense superiority of numbers will give them an easy victory. To meet such men we want light cavalry, we want men that can travel as fast as they can, and who, when the moment for action comes, are equally ready to use their sabres as dragoons, or, dismounted, take to the trees and operate as infantry. We want light artillery, four and six pounders, and only such baggage as may readily be moved from point to point. When we have more of this force we can reasonably begin to hope upon one that will be able to hunt out and cope successfully with these secession guerillas, that now mock our efforts to bring them to a fair battle.

A gun-boat, built at St. Louis and designed to proceed up the river and clear out the masked batteries supposed to be located this side of Lexington, has not arrived as far as here yet; and probably, owing to her immense weight and great draught, will be unable to ascend at all. The plan of making a ball-proof boat, and loading her with heavy artillery to clear the Missouri of batteries, was a capital one—its only drawback is, that it can't be made practicable. She is yet in St. Louis, I believe, a model of immense strength and terrible destructive power; but at present is of no further use than to afford her friends the dubious satisfaction of thinking that she might do fearful execution if only able to get in the right position. However, if St. Louis be attacked, the *New Era* would be found to be of immense utility.

Yesterday all the commissioned officers who were captured at Lexington, with the exception of Col. Mulligan, reached this point under escort of Capt. Champion, of the Confederate service. They left there the day after I did, and bring no later intelligence from that point than that contained in my last letter. Some of them state that Gen. Price unearthed from the fortifications several hundred bombs, which had been buried there by his predecessors in treason, of whose existence the national troops were ignorant.

Major Tanner died to-day of his wounds, and as I write, a military *cortege*, with reverse arms, and step in accord with the movements of a solemn dirge, is passing my window to do honor to his remains.

A forward movement on the part of Fremont, in the direction of Lexington, is talked of for to-morrow. The whereabouts of McCulloch are still as mysterious as ever. I honestly believe him dead from the effects of a wound received at Springfield.

CANAL NAVIGATION INTERRUPTED.—The recent rains have damaged the canal from Lynchburg to Lexington so seriously as to break up the navigation entirely, with the exception of about ten miles of the line immediately above here. It will require, we understand, several weeks to make the necessary repairs.

☞ AUCTION NOTICE.—I ask attention THIS MORNING, to my sale of 32 hhds. of Bacon, on account of whom it may concern.
oc 14—1t R. CAUTHORN.

MARRIED,

By the Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., on Thursday, 8th October, 1861, Mr. W. H. F. WREN and Miss S. F. PYLE, both of this city.

DIED,

On Sunday, 13th instant, ELLEN ELIZABETH, second youngest child of William and Margaret Hutchison, aged 2 years and 6 months.

Her funeral will take place this afternoon at four o'clock from the residence of her parents, corner of St. Stephen and Duval streets.

At the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Elijah Tignor, in King and Queen county, after a long and protracted illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude, Mrs LUCY CARTER, in the 71th year of her age. She had been a member of the Baptist Church for thirty years, and in all her walks of life she was a kind parent and a true follower of Jesus.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of her fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
She is gathered unto God.
Lo! the pain of life is past,
All her warfare now is o'er;
Death and Hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

☞ The Religious Herald and Enquirer please copy.

FOR RENT.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.—I have for sale a FARM in Henrico county, lying about fifteen miles below Richmond, containing nearly 300