

Our War Correspondence.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD—THE BATTLE—DREADFUL SCENES—BEHAVIOR OF COL. GORMAN AND LIEUT. COL. MILLER—DEFEAT OF THE REGIMENT, &c. &c.

From our Regular Correspondent.

CAMP GORMAN, ALEXANDRIA, July 23, 1861. I returned here last night with sore feet, lame limbs, wet through, indescribably exhausted, and a heart beating with rapid pulsations for our losses and reverses in the battle at Bull's Run.

I will begin with the beginning. On Saturday last we were all encamped at Centerville, and at noon we had orders to prepare for march at 6 p. m. At this hour we had our three days' rations in our haversacks, our muskets discharged and reloaded, and standing in our ranks, when the orders were countermanded so far as to extend the time till 2 o'clock next morning, when after a good rest we rose and accoutred and equipped as usual for march.

The morning was bright and the moon cast its silvery rays over a beautiful landscape; the atmosphere cool and pleasant, and every thing around us calculated to make us buoyant and hopeful. The column formed in line and passing through Centerville, and we were at once upon our march for the battle field. The sun rose on Sunday in all its glory, and all nature, as we progressed through woodland and fields, seemed aglow with fragrance and beauty.

On arriving into an open field, the occasional reports of artillery which we had heard at intervals grew louder and more frequent; and in the distance we descried the smoke that arose from the battle field. Here we halted a little to fill our canteens with water—a highly commendable move as the day grew warm and sultry. Here we shook hands with some of Company "C" Second Infantry Regulars, which we relieved at Fort Ripley just as they were about to proceed in advance to the battle field, then three miles distant. Instantly we were again ordered to fall in, and in quick and double quick time, under the burning rays of a July sun, over a rough rocky road, over hills and through valleys, we approached the battle field, the roar of artillery and musketry growing louder and louder every moment. We were first brought into a field in the rear of the battle, and afterwards under the lead of Col. Heintzleman brought right up into the battle, passing regiment after regiment, or rather remnants of them, after they were cut up under the destructive fire of the enemy; and as we passed along the edge of the hill where the battle had for hours before been raging with fury, and cannon balls and shells still scattered about, we saw the field covered with dead horses, and men carrying away the dead, dying and wounded. It was a terrible sight to see, but at that time it made little or no impression on us. Our brigade was marched over a little ravine and up a hill, where we were formed into a line of battle, our regiment on the extreme right, and the Fire Zouaves on our left, with Rickett's battery in the centre. Here the battle raged with fury for upwards of two hours, in the course of which two other regiments were brought to our aid; but the once retreating enemy was reinforced with fifteen thousand of a reserve force, and they became too formidable for our shattered ranks. Yet our brave men did not yield before an aid of General Heintzleman came up to order us to retreat into the woods, with the words, "Why do you stand there to be slaughtered by the enemy?" Simultaneously with our retreat the whole column began to move to the rear, and a precipitous retreat of an unorganized army was the result, the enemy pursuing to harass us in the rear. Rickett's battery was left on the battle field. The sight that met every eye for a moment, when retreating down the hill, miraculously escaping from the stream of musketry, artillery and shells, which formed the parting salute from the enemy, was horrible beyond description. There lay the dead, riddled with musket balls, in every conceivable condition, some with the skull pierced and brains scattered on the ground; others severed in pieces with cannon balls, and the wounded and dying suffering intense agonies, who called in vain for succor from those who could but save themselves by flight. It was a sad picture, and will carry sadness and sorrow to the hearts and homes of thousands throughout the North, who have lost a father, a son, a husband, a brother or a friend, at the battle of Bull's Run.

In the rear of the battle field the woods and fields were strewn with knapsacks, haversacks, blankets and other garments, thrown aside in the hurried march into the battle and in the hasty retreat. Broken wagons, provisions, and implements of war lined the road from Bull's Run to Alexandria—a distance of forty or fifty miles. Boxes of crackers, barrels of bacon and other provisions, and useless garments thrown off to facilitate the hasty retreat of an army of exhausted and fatigued men, will furnish the colored population along the line—who were busily appropriating them to their own use—clothing and provision for years, while the Federal Treasury will lose thousands.

Two miles beyond Centerville the retreating column was again thrown into confusion by shells falling into their midst, and the artillery and cavalry accelerating their speed, heedlessly rushed through, and no doubt over, our own men—leaving a cloud of dust to mark their rapid progress. Our column scattered again into the woods, and an engagement took place with our rear, which lasted but a short time, and resulted in the death of one man on our side. The enemy did not pursue us farther, as we ascertained next morning after passing the night in the woods. The main body marched on and halted at their encampments in and around Centerville for a couple of hours. Here Col. Gorman was seen for the first time after marching us into the battle field, his boasted bravery not being observed by any one—and his voice, so bold and commanding on dress parade, was either drowned in the roar and noise of the battle field, or else he must have kept himself at a safe distance. I have good authority for this statement—authority that can be substantiated by evidence. Lieut. Col. Miller, however, was very active in rallying us, pointing to the Stars and Stripes, and calling on us to justify the fond expectations which Minnesotians have placed in our Regiment. He was in the thickest of the fight, and Minnesota should justly acknowledge his bravery.

After a lapse of about two hours, the retreating column again took up the line of march through Fairfax to their former encampments in Alexandria and Georgetown. A part of our regiment is encamped in Washington. Most of those who were left exhausted along the line, have come here. Stragglers still continue to come in—yesterday quite a number arrived. I learn that four hundred of the Minnesota First are encamped at Washington. A few of our men are in the Alexandria Hospital. It is impossible to give you any reliable information as to the number of our dead and wounded, as yet; but as soon as I can ascertain it, to any degree of certainty, the statistics shall be immediately forwarded to you.

The telegraph makes some disparaging and unjust statements about our regiment, which I presume some reporter innocently made up from unreliable camp rumors—which are as numerous as they are unreliable. Thus I find in this morning's Baltimore Clipper the following: The panic was commenced in a light battery commanded by a fat lieutenant. He was proceeding under orders to flank one of the enemy's batteries, when a detachment of their cavalry made a dash at them. Instead of unlimbering and essaying to receive the charge with grape or canister, he turned and fled, leaving two of his pieces on the field. The Second Connecticut and the Minnesota (of Gen. Schenck's brigade, which were exposed to the fire of the battery which the fat lieutenant had started to flank) then broke and ran into the bushes. Instantaneously it seemed that the panic was communicated in all directions. The above is but a concatenation of mis-statements. The first statement about the battery is an evident absurdity. If the "fat lieutenant" was not "unlimbering to receive the charge with grape or canister," how could he "leave two pieces on the field." Secondly, the Minnesota regiment does not belong to Gen. Schenck's brigade, and we did not "break and run into the bushes" before the proper order was communicated through the proper officers, and then simultaneously with the Fire Zouaves (who always receive so much praise) and the whole column. It is a base slander on the Minnesota First, every man of which fought side by side with the Zouaves, whose bravery is universally acknowledged.

According to the telegraph reports, the enemy's force at Bull's Run was 120,000, while ours is set down at 25,000, which latter number is by many considered exaggerated. I learned from some volunteers who formed the reserve force that there were a number of regiments not called into the field at all; and when taken into consideration that the enemy had the advantages of strong fortifications and masked batteries, acting as they did on the defensive, how could we look for any other result than a disgraceful rout, acting as we did on the aggressive. There is considerable talk among the boys of trophies taken during the engagement, while some have taken prisoners, some secession flags, some pistols, revolvers and other implements of war, &c., &c. Considerable excitement exists among the soldiers and others as to the probable attack on Washington, or retaking Alexandria, but I rather think the enemy will have enough to do to bury their dead and nurse their wounded. If they had not force enough to send out from Bull's Run to head us off our retreat, how could they dare an attempt on the offensive when their policy thus far has been on the defensive? We are safe enough here; and the movement to concentrate troops at Washington and on the Potomac is only to organize a strong force for another advance on the rebels.

LATER—July 24th.—Mail facilities were cut off to Alexandria yesterday, and I send by a messenger to day. We are ordered to Washington to day, and once there with our regiment, I shall collect further details for you. Captain Wilkin is with us: He estimates the killed and wounded of the company at twenty. PRIVATE.

From the Chaplain of the Regiment. WASHINGTON CITY, July 26, 1861. The telegraph before this reaches you, no doubt, will flash before a saddened people the list of our killed and wounded, in the never to be forgotten conflict of last Sunday.

Every one feels that bad generalship was displayed on our side, and an improper day chosen to begin a battle, which, from the first, has been sustained by the religious sentiment of the world, at the same time all praise the heroism of the volunteers engaged in the conflict. Yesterday the regiment left its quarters at the Assembly Rooms, and encamped about half a mile east of the Capitol, just beyond the spot where it was previous to our departure for Alexandria.

A despatch came from St. Paul to day stating that my friend, Dr. Hand, had been appointed Assistant Surgeon in the place of Le Boutillier, deceased. It is true that Dr. Le Boutillier has not been seen since the battle, but we have no authentic information of his decease, and we still hope that we may see him alive. The last I saw of him was just as we entered on the battle field, when he told me to go and tell Dr. Stewart to bring the litters and hospital assistants.

Dr. Stewart is also missing, but we all feel that he is in the old church, near the battle ground, attending to our wounded, although he may be a prisoner, as the enemy have taken possession of that portion of the country.

I would have been with the Doctor had the hospital not been so full that I was obliged to hurry on with some wounded I picked up in an ambulance toward Centerville. The only loss your correspondent sustained was his entire wardrobe, down to tooth brush, comb and brush, amounting to about \$200. All that I can wish is that my clothes may be given to some Southern Chaplain, the sermons in the trunk perished by the captors.

Javan Irvine, of St. Paul, arrived at our camp on last Thursday evening, and shouldering a musket went forth to battle on Sunday morning, and after fighting valiantly succeeded in capturing a gentleman by the name of Lieut. Col. Boone, of Mississippi, who is a prisoner of war now in the old Capitol.

Ever since yesterday we have been in tents, and I notice that all of the St. Paul men are busy writing to their friends. I have no doubt that extracts from their letters would be interesting to your readers, and that their friends would furnish them if requested.

LIST OF KILLED, ETC. COMPANY "A," CAPT. WILKIN. Killed—Sergeant Henry C. Wright, of Pine Bend shot in the thigh, and carried into the bushes, where he received other wounds. Private Ernst Dresher and Chas. F. Clark, Benton county. Since the latter's death, a daguerreotype of a lady supposed to be one to whom he was engaged has arrived. Killed—James Malory in the foot; Robert Stephens in the arm and back; William Kramer in the face; David McWilliams slightly, and John T. Halsted in the hand. Wounded and missing—Frederick Braun, W. Dorley, Wm. Butcher. Missing—Wm. Schmieder and Louis Keifer. COMPANY "C," CAPTAIN ACKER. Killed—Sergeant John Renshaw, Eugene Wilmer, and Corporal Sam Waterhouse. Privates Cunningham, Randolph, Robertson, Cyrus Smith, Julius Smith and Thompson. Wounded and missing—Corporal Geo. McMiller. Privates Twitchell, Haskell, Hough, Marr, Ladd, Richardson, McNally, Combs, and Mayence. Recapitulation of killed and wounded in the whole regiment.

Table with columns: Killed, Wounded and missing, Total. Rows: A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K.

From Another Regular Correspondent. CAMP GORMAN, ALEXANDRIA, July 26, 1861. To the Editors of the Pioneer and Democrat: Day before yesterday that part of the regiment under command of Captain Wilkin, at Alexandria, broke camp and on the afternoon marched in obedience to orders to Washington, leaving Camp Gorman, made familiar to us by many interesting incidents of camp life. There we had been vigorously engaged in quick and double-quick battalion drill, before the august eyes of distinguished military officers and civilians; and there we had been lazily enjoying the cool shade during the hottest days; and there we had mixed with the profanity incident to every trifling difficulty, so unavoidable in camp life, with the hurrahs and pledges of friendship and undisturbed mag-

naminity when under orders to march; and here we had found an asylum to rest our wearied and lame limbs, after returning from the battle of Bull's Run, and the consequent march of about fifty miles, through a rainy day, subsisting on nothing but crackers and dirty water for forty-eight hours; and here, too, we found the first opportunity to calmly reflect on the struggles at Bull's Run, and the loss of many a brave comrade, endeared to us by many acts of kindness. Who, then, could leave Camp Gorman, at Alexandria, without emotions of mingled pain and pleasure? Leaving Camp Gorman, we marched up to the Railroad bridge, where we had formerly guarded, and proceeded up on the Virginia side of the Potomac to Fort Remyan, located a few rods back from the Long Bridge; and here we made a short pause to review the fort with its 22-pounders, with the usual supply of canister and grape, and talk with members of various regiments stationed there. The bridge was crowded with government wagons and troops passing both ways. Several New York regiments passed over to the Virginia side while we waited for an opportunity to pass over; and the question who we were and where we came from were usually answered by our boys with, "We are Minnesota First, from Bull's Run!" We did not enter Washington City before it was dark, when we proceeded up various streets to the Old Representative Hall, where we had learned our regiment was stationed; but on arriving there we learned that Companies A, E and I were then quartered in an old church about two squares distant; and once there we were received by the cordial grasp and friendly greeting of our comrades of company A, with many mutual exclamations of surprise that we escaped safe from Bull's Run when many of us had been reported victims of the bullets and shells of the enemy and left on the battle field; and we squatted on the steps forming the entrance of the church or on the pews inside to talk over the incidents of the battle field and the adventures on the retreat, and all uniting in praise of the bravery displayed by our cherished Lieutenant Colonel, and our gallant company officers in the stirring scenes on Sunday. Many were the expressions of sincere regret at the fall of Sergeant Wright, so universally esteemed in our company, as well as our other comrades who fell by our side.

That night companies A, E and I, were scattered in the pews, aisles, galleries and hall, and on the steps of the church, resting from days of extreme exertion. Yesterday morning we arose to partake of breakfast and prepare for moving to camping grounds where a Vermont regiment formerly camped, and about two squares back of our previous encampment in Washington—and once here we pitched our tents and passed the balance of the day in blissful idleness—our only duty here is to fall in ranks to answer to our names at reveille and tattoo.

Yesterday a report of the casualties in our regiment at Bull's Run was made up, and I learn that it will be telegraphed and reach you long before my letter will be received in St. Paul; hence I will not recapitulate them here. I will conclude this letter with a few incidents as they presented themselves to my own observation, or gathered from unquestionable authority, carefully avoiding any mention of such as are enshrouded in doubt. Incidents here related are perfectly reliable.

Among three prisoners taken by company A, was a Lieutenant Colonel in the rebel army, who dashed out of the woods to order us to stop firing, mistaking us for rebels. J. B. Irvine of St. Paul, who came into our camp at Centerville, when Lieut. Coates joined us, having shouldered a musket in the morning and joined with us to share in the struggles of the day, then approached him and asked him if he was a "secesh," to which he replied that he belonged to the Southern army. Irvine then asked him if he was a Major, and seeing his mistake and his position as prisoner at once, he frankly but reluctantly replied, "No sir, you have better game than that; I am a Lieut. Col. in a Georgia Regiment." This is no less a person than Lieut. Boone, now a prisoner in Washington. Others have claimed the honor of taking him prisoner, but yesterday Lieut. Coates and J. B. Irvine visited him, when a mutual recognition took place, settling the disputed point beyond a doubt.

When Col. Heintzleman ordered our Regiment to fall back into the woods, his Aid dunning us for remaining in the open field to be slaughtered, our men rallied again under our flag and Lieut. Col. Miller, and a fierce struggle ensued to save our colors, which the enemy desperately assailed, but which resulted in saving our colors, none of which were lost during the engagement. Our ever-gallant Captain commanding the Regiment once made a brilliant charge, repulsing the advancing Georgians, just as Lieut. Welch of the Red Wing company fell on the field. Captains Putnam and

Acker also distinguished themselves on the field. Downie of company B, on the left, besides the Fire Zouaves, rallying with a few of them in addition to his own command, made three distinct and successive charges on the enemy, with an energy that but for superior force would have routed them. Dr. Stewart remained at the hospital about one mile in the rear of the battle ground, and is no doubt taken prisoner; while the reports of the fate of the Assistant Surgeon and the Hospital are contradictory and their fate enshrouded in uncertainty. A cannon ball struck the musket of one member of company "A" breaking it in two pieces, but without inflicting any injury to him. Many of the boys exhibit bullet holes through various parts of their garments, and if we ever live to see our friends at home, after peace is restored to our country, we can bring with us flags, guns, revolvers, swords, sashes, &c., as trophies of the late battle field. No doubt many incidents of interest transpired on the eventful day, and will reach you through other sources. I am not in possession of any more at present.

It is generally thought we will remain here some time to recruit, get some dimes from Uncle Sam, and have a little good times, before we again advance in the rebel States to fight the battles of our country. PRIVATE. Interesting Letters from Lieut. Col. Miller and Rev. E. D. Neill. We give below extracts from a private letter received by Gov. Ramsey from Lieut. Col. MILLER, dated at Washington, July 25th. He says: I have just returned from one of the hardest fought and most disastrous battles in our history. Minnesota, with few exceptions, did her duty well. We took 900 of the regiment into action. We were led like sheep to the carnage—had about 20,000 to 25,000 men on the road, and did not fight more than 15,000 of them at any one time. The enemy had probably 100,000, and all our officers were perfectly ignorant of the locality of the ground, the numbers of the foe, and the position of the numerous masked batteries. So insane an attack by civilized men I never heard of. While our officers generally behaved well, of those under my notice, Captains Wilkin and Pell were specially brave and active. We left upwards of 100 with the baggage. My pistols (stated) were stolen out of my holsters, and one of my own I lost on the battle field. My men's chests, blankets, &c., were thrown away on the route as our panic stricken teamsters fled before the foe. Our soldiers laid their blankets, coats, &c., in a pile just previous to the battle, and have lost the whole of them.

MR. NEILL'S LETTER. From Chaplain NEILL'S letter, dated the 24th inst., we make the following extracts: * * * The conductors of the advance toward Richmond forgot the better part of valor, discretion. * * * Our regiment, as you have learned, was in the advance of Heintzleman's column, and I have never seen men behave with so much dignity and cheerfulness, with the entire absence of all shouting, as they descended into the battle field. Occupying the extreme right on the battle field, and in proximity to the Fire Zouaves, I have no doubt their red shirts led the rebels to suppose they were all of the same corps, and directed their fire upon our men with greater energy. It was painful, I assure you, to be on the battle field and have nothing to do but dodge cannon balls.

It was impossible for me to lag behind, as I felt that the soldiers ought to see me by their side as they entered the engagement; and yet, when they skirished around and left me near to the artillery, I felt a singular loneliness, and would have felt much better off, if I had had some distinct military duty to perform. As the battle ceased, however, I found my hands full, in dragging our wounded men to the hospital near by. Afterwards I succeeded in bringing Captain Acker, Lieutenant Harley, (of Captain Pell's company) and five other wounded men, in an ambulance to Centerville, near where we had camped before the battle. Hardly had I reached that place before we were ordered to retire to Washington. We reached Georgetown at 11 A. M. on Monday, having been on our feet, with the exception of a few halts, thirty hours. During that time I saw the battle; was in an ambulance and surrounded by thousands of panic-stricken men; forced to make a wounded man tear off his red flannel shirt, which I hung out of the ambulance on a sabre, as a hospital sign, so that the rebels, who were alleged to be in the rear, would not fire on the suffering; and witnessed the wreck of artillery wagons, baggage wagons, etc., on the road, which has been so fully told in all the papers.

All my luggage was thrown into the road to make way for the wounded, and I fear that the trunk may be captured. In that case I am left with only the clothes on my back. We were quite anxious for Drs. LeBoutillier and Stewart, fearing that they may have been captured; but to-night (Wednesday) the former arrived and we learn that the latter is out at the hospital not far from the battle field. The Field Officers behaved very well on the field, and all of them escaped without the slightest scratch.

—The Quincy (Ill.) Whig of the 29th, says the steamers Jeannie Deans and Warsaw fired up last night and went to St. Louis for the purpose of transporting all the troops to be spared at that point to Cairo. Col. Turchin went Friday night or Saturday morning. They leave in anticipation of a "brush," which we hope may be tremendous to the rebels, if it does come.

CONGRESSIONAL.

WASHINGTON, July 31. House.—Mr. Bingham, from the Committee on the Judiciary, reported back Senate bill transferring control over district attorneys and marshals from the Secretary of the Interior to the Attorney General. Passed.

Mr. Blair, from the Military Committee, reported the bill providing for the monthly payment of troops. Passed. Mr. May asked leave to introduce a preamble setting forth the circumstances attending the arrest and imprisonment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners, asserting that the writ of habeas corpus had been treated with contempt, and that a military despotism had been established in Baltimore, and concluding with a resolution that their arrest and imprisonment were without warrant and flagrantly unconstitutional and illegal.

Mr. Bingham raised a point that this resolution was excluded under the rule for the government of the business of the session. The Speaker decided that the point was well taken.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1. House.—Mr. Sedgwick, from naval committee, reported a bill which was passed, authorizing additional enlistments for the navy for three years, or during the war. Mr. Stevens, from committee on ways and means, reported a bill which was passed, appropriating \$100,000 for field fortifications for defence of Washington.

Mr. Stevens made a report explaining that disagreements of the two Houses will be avoided by striking out nine per cent. in certain cases, and substituting six. Also, modifying sub-treasury; also, that instead of gold and silver being immediately paid into the treasury, as now required, money derived from the loan may remain out in pursuance of law.

Mr. Cookling inquired whether the committee retained duties from Virginia coffee, sugar, &c., as pledge for loan. Mr. Stevens replied that the Senate would not consent to that, and rather than lose the bill the committee had agreed to abandon that clause.

The report was adopted by 83 against 34. WASHINGTON, Aug. 1. House.—The Senate bill authorizing the appointment of aides-de-camp, in addition to those allowed by law, on recommendation of Lieutenant General Scott, and of Major Generals, was passed.

A bill was passed appropriating \$100,000 for purchase of ordnance for the use of the navy, &c. Mr. Blair, of Missouri, rising to a personal explanation, read some remarks of Thurlow Weed against his brother, Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster General, derogatory to him in connection with the war. As to the latter, (Montgomery Blair) he said that gentleman could take care of himself. Although his plans differed from General Scott's, with reference to the conduct of the war, their personal relations were of the kindest character. Mr. Blair continued at some length defending himself from a charge that he had counselled the late advance, and was therefore one of those who was responsible for the disaster at Bull's Run. A colloquy ensued between Messrs. Blair and Richardson, in reference to a conversation between General Scott and the President, as reported by Richardson, relative to the Bull's Run disaster. Adjourned.

Additional Foreign News.—Comments on Lincoln's Message. CAPE TOWN, July 29. The following is additional to the African's news, already telegraphed: The English journals criticize Mr. Lincoln's message. The London Times says it altogether confirms the impression produced by the first message, and thinks he has not weighed all chances of an interecne war. The Times foresees, as a bystander, that the recognition of Southern independence is the issue in which, after infinite loss and humiliation, the contest must result. The London Pilot says at this date it is idle to argue on the question of legal rights. It is for the Government to put down resistance as soon as possible. It predicts an obstinate and sanguinary struggle, and while professing personal sympathy for the opponents of slavery, rejoices at England's strict neutrality.

The Daily News eulogizes the message, and says it sets at rest the question of compromise, and the Government is now in a position to secure by its energetic action the sympathy of foreign powers. Late from St. Louis. ST. LOUIS, July 29. The steamer Maclay, bound to St. Louis, was fired into at the mills, half a mile above Cape Girardeau, last night. She having landed at the wharf and received her load, apprehended no trouble whatever. The firing caused surprise, as the 13th Illinois is located in that town, and it is hardly probable that they did it. One boy was killed, and two men wounded. About one hundred men of the 8th Illinois, three months' men, were on board. All escaped. Through a woman the discovery was made to day of a party of twenty-four secessionists who designed leaving here to night, by steamboat, to join the Southern army. Measures were taken for their arrest. The Captain is secured already.

The Second Iowa regiment, Lieut. Col. Tattle, (Col. Curtis absent) arrived here from Hannibal to day. Gen. Fremont has resolved to guard the telegraph between Boonville and Independence, and gave orders to shoot any person disturbing the wires. The line has been broken more than two weeks. —Gen. McClellan, it is said, is about issuing a general order, rendering it incumbent on all Brigadier Generals in Virginia to have "a division drill by trumpet" at least once a week, until further orders. The first drill is to commence on or about the 10th of next month. At present the men do not know a single call on the brazen instrument, as we have taken occasion to remark more than once.