

A WEEK'S NEWS SUMMARY.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has given the following decision in reply to a query propounded by E. T. Foster, the collector at March...

GOVERNOR OLDEN has determined that no substitutes for drafted men in other States shall be obtained in New Jersey. The most rigid and summary measures will be taken by the police to detect and arrest any person engaged in the work of procuring substitutes.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY of the Treasury states that the principal of the loan of 1862, due in December next, will probably be paid in legal currency, the interest accrued to that time will be paid in gold.

THE 135th Pennsylvania Regiment is encamped at Washington, where it has been doing provost duty for some time.

GEORGE BRIGGS, a brother of the expelled Indiana Senator, is a resident of Shelbyville, Kentucky. It was he who, when the rebels made a raid into that town, informed them of the trap which was laid for them.

A FIRE broke out on a freight train, on one of the new sidings on the Pennsylvania Railroad, opposite the Marine Hospital, on Saturday, destroying ten thousand dollars' worth of property.

COL. JAMES GURNEY died of apoplexy on the 23d inst., at Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. He was one of the most prominent citizens of that place, and served them as a member of the Legislature in the session of 1850-1.

D. B. NICHOLS, superintendent of contrabands, Washington, in a letter to Governor Yates, denies that the contrabands are a burden to the Government, and states that ten times the number in his charge could be employed by the Government.

A CANADIAN gentleman, now in Washington, says that the number of soldiers in our army who come hither from Canada for the express purpose of enlisting is much larger than is generally supposed.

We understand that seventeen of the men drafted in Lycoming county were discharged at Harrisburg. If so, about forty in all have been discharged there and here.

THE NEW YORK CITY Trust Society has, during the last year, distributed 78,046 tracts and 602 bound volumes.

THE runaway servant of a rebel artillery officer, from Charlottesville, says that Hill's and Jackson's whole force have moved from Bunker Hill to Charlottesville, occupying the whole of the village and a mile this side of it. General A. P. Hill has occupied the declivity half a mile beyond the village, on the Winchester road, with another large force.

THE wife of George H. Manchester, of Portsmouth, R. I., wandered down by the shore on Monday last, in the storm, and when found several hours after, was lying dead upon the beach.

IRON MAKING, at Marquette, Michigan, appears to be very profitable at present. The Pioneer furnace is to be run under contract, for three years, the contractor furnishing all the material and labor, and delivering the iron free on board, at Marquette, for seventeen dollars per ton. The iron sells readily, for twenty seven dollars per ton, and considerable profit can be realized at that figure, in shipping it below.

THE Milwaukee Wisconsin of Monday states that it was Mrs. Anna Bishop, the operative singer who was lately burned to death in that city, but another lady of the same name—the wife of the proprietor of the City Hotel, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

THE Louisville Democrat says that Smith's division of Crittenden's corps, Buell's army, continued the pursuit of Bragg's army beyond Camp Wild Cat, and to within forty miles of Cumberland Gap. The 1st and 20th Regts. of the 17th Pennsylvania, which had the advance of Crutcher's brigade, came up with the rear guard of the rebels in the vicinity of Goose Creek Salt Works, where a skirmish commenced. The rebels lay in ambush, and waited until our advance was within about twenty-five paces of them, when 700 or 800 opened a fire of musketry.

REV. J. S. LANE, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Middletown, Lancaster county, has been appointed chaplain of the 82d Pennsylvania Regiment (Col. Carter's), and has entered upon the duties of his new position.

MAJOR JACOB FORNEY, of the 107th Pennsylvania (Colonel Ziegler's) Regiment, died at Water-street, Huntingdon county, lately, from disease brought on by exposure during General Pope's campaign. In 1851 he was appointed by Mr. Buchanan as superintendent of Indian affairs for the Territory of Utah, and remained in that position until the present Administration attained power. He was soon after appointed major of the 107th Regiment, and, in that capacity, participated in all the engagements the regiment was in under General Pope.

GEN. McCOOK in his official report of the battle of Chancellorsville, Kentucky, says that it was the bloodiest battle of modern times for the number engaged on our side. Rousseau had present on the field 7,000 men, and Jackson 5,400. The brigade of Gooding amounted to about 1,500. And yet back the army corps of Poik and Hardee, commanded by Bragg in person.

A SINGULAR case of suicide occurred in Pitt township, Allegheny county. It would seem that a man named Winters, residing near the copper works, got into a difficulty with one of his neighbors on Friday, and his wife, fearing that it might terminate in something serious, hurried to the spot where the parties stood, and begged her husband to quit quarrelling and accompany her into the house. He refused, stating that he would not go in until he was ready, or words to that effect, whereupon she left, and, returning to the house, seized a bottle of laudanum, and swallowing its contents, was soon afterwards seized with a stupor, which, on Saturday evening, terminated in her death.

Ten citizens of San Francisco have contributed one hundred thousand dollars to the United States Sanitary Commission for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers. They contributed one hundred thousand dollars several weeks before. Throughout the State of California still further collections are being made.

THE new Monitor-battery Pacific made a trial trip on East river, New York, on Tuesday. The vessel worked admirably, steering without any trouble, and minding her helm like a pilot boat. Her armament, consisting of one 11-inch Dahlgren, and one 15-inch gun were next tried, but these were not so successful. Several defects were noticed, which will be remedied in a short time, and at a trifling expense.

THE 75th Illinois Regiment contains twenty-five Methodist clergymen, among whom are included the colonel and seven chaplains.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

(Correspondence of The Press.) GRESHAM'S HOTEL, Dublin, October 10, 1862. DEAR PRESS: The condition of Ireland, changed as it has been within late years by the Encumbered Estates Act and other legislation, is well worth the attention of philosophers, of the practical class, in the United States. More especially as with the strongest predilection for the United States, the starving population of Ireland is now on the wing for New South Wales and New Zealand, the main expense of emigration to these Colonies being paid by the British Government. To go from an Irish port—Dublin, Waterford, Cork, Limerick, Galway, Sligo, Londonderry, or Belfast—to New York or Philadelphia, the principal American termini of Irish emigration, costs only a fourth of what it costs the British Government to take an Irish emigrant to New South Wales or New Zealand. The Irish would greatly prefer going to America, where the form of Government is very much to their taste, besides the voyage being so much shorter, but they are not sufficiently "posted up" as regards the United States, and they are the dupes of misrepresentations in favor of the British Colonies, cunningly made with the consent and by the agents of the British Government.

The rapid declension in the population of Ireland has attracted the attention of political economists. The Census Return shows it as follows: In 1821 Ireland had 6,801,827 inhabitants; 7,784,536 in 1831; 8,175,124 in 1841; 6,515,794 in 1851; and 5,792,025 in 1861. Thus, contrary to all known examples in modern times, Ireland had a million more inhabitants forty years ago than it has at present.

This is explained, statisticians say, by the great famine and pestilence of 1847, which swept away vast numbers of the people, and certainly impelled many of the survivors to emigrate, as soon as they could scrape together the passage-money. Starvation, sickness, and emigration have reduced the population of Ireland to its present low ebb. But emigration has been steady for the last half century, until the breaking out of the rebellion which has caused your present war. Then it received a check, and then the British Government stepped in with its inducements to emigrate to the British Colonies, the premium being free passage and the promise of small patches of land, at prices small in comparison with what they are at home.

The transfer of Irish property, by auction, under order of the new Encumbered Estates Act, and the wholesale ejection of numerous small tenants who paid little or no rent, and exhausted the land by perpetually growing potatoes upon it, without using any manure to restore to the soil what its produce took from it, has deprived thousands and tens of thousands of food. These poor people must remain and starve, or emigrate and live. The law of population is, that people increase more rapidly than the means of subsistence can increase. Population doubles in twenty or twenty-five years, as a general rule, but subsistence very rarely increases in anything like this ratio. In Ireland, since 1845, when the potato crop first failed, subsistence has so much diminished that emigration has been had recourse to, as a necessity for prolonging or maintaining life. The question is, whether shall that destination be directed. The Colonial Secretary says to New South Wales and New Zealand, (as Canada is in disgrace, on account of presumed American tendencies), but poor Paddy would himself say to America, the great receptacle of his race, the great refuge of the poor, the great home of the homeless, the great field for the adventurous. He is too poor to go to America at his own cost, and is now being deported to New South Wales and New Zealand at the public cost. You see, then, one cause why emigration to the United States has been checked of late. The present war is another—that I shall speak of by and by.

In a paper, read before the British Association by Mr. Herman Merriam, he proves that every sixth child born in England and Wales has now a probability of being transported. This is shown by the fact that, in the last ten years, 100,000 persons have annually emigrated from England and Wales alone. In the same time, a like number (a million in all) has emigrated to the United States from Germany.

In the same ten years Ireland has sent 2,000,000 people to the United States. In the thirty years from 1825 to 1855, 1,500,000 British subjects went to the Colonies from the United Kingdom, while 2,500,000 went to the United States, of whom four-fifths were Irish. It cost England at least \$100,000,000 to plant her million and a half in Australia and Canada, but the placing of the two million and a half of hardy emigrants in the United States cost not one shilling to John Bull, who lost, or Uncle Sam who received them.

England wants, especially just now, to get rid of her surplus Irish population just now. Since the war commenced, the great safety-valve of emigration to America has been nearly closed. In England, it provided for one child in six; in Ireland, for one child in three. Besides, since the Irish exodus to America has stopped, a lowering and discontented humor has broken out, on the surface, in a large portion of the Irish population. Agrarian disturbances have recommenced—shooting landlords and stewards, burning houses and threatening tenants, have become common—and, to crown all, the old bad feeling between Catholic and Protestant has been renewed, displaying itself in riots in Tralee and Belfast. It has become a necessity for England, under such an aspect of affairs, to carry away, at a national cost, the surplus population of Ireland. They are leaving in thousands, but they would prefer going to America.

It is obvious that the United States cannot compete with England, by pecuniary means, in a case like this. But it is a pity that at least one hundred and fifty thousand able-bodied Irish who want to go to the United States, and would go within the next six months, if they could pay for their passage, must either remain to starve or yield to the temptation of being carried for nothing to the British Colonies of New South Wales and New Zealand. I am as certain as that I sit and write in this room, with the hubbub and noise of Sackville street faintly sounding in my ears, that with little management, as many as 200,000 able-bodied Irish emigrants may be induced to make America their home between January and August, 1863. This is always assuming that they are required, or would be received there with the old hospitality. In the first place, the voyage is short; next, the Irish are free, republican, and generally in favor of the principle of Government which has so long prevailed in the United States; then their best wishes are with the Union; and, last, though not least, they look upon America as the promised land, in which they are to exchange want for plenty, and poverty for wealth.

The misfortune is that Paddy has only vague ideas of the details. What is wanted, and perhaps the U. S. Consuls might do it, is this—to let Irish men know the nature of the advantages which they may gain by going to the United States. Constant man gain by those who will labor. Wages greatly better than what they have ever received at home, free education for their children. Free instruction. Unbiased administration of equal laws, and full enjoyment of the Homestead Bill, which the South have always resisted, which Mr. Buchanan finished off, which Congress lately passed, every Irish man who lands there, and declares his intention of citizenship, is entitled to land at the mere cost of its survey. As for the difference in food, clothing, and lodging, I presume I need not say a word.

Now, these are advantages which the Irish, best suited to emigrate, know only vaguely, seeing them in a glass daily. If there were an office of information, say at each consul's, whence full information on these matters might be communicated to the public—read, reliable facts—Emigration to the United States from Ireland would speedily be resumed. Publication in the most popular journals here would, perhaps, be the better plan. To show you what the ignorance is, I shall add that a few days ago one of the waiters at this hotel, an active, "likely boy" as ever struck with a blackthorn at a fair or pattern, asked me whether,

during the present war, every Irishman who landed in America was not immediately "listed" and marched off to join the army? He was much surprised at my answer in the negative, and more so when I added that none but a naturalized citizen, which it took five years to convert an emigrant into, was even liable to be drafted or balloted for, when a large increase to the army was immediately wanted.

In conclusion, I say, there are a couple of hundred thousand hardy Irishmen, discontented with hard fortune at home, who will probably be seduced into going to the British Colonies, and who would greatly prefer emigrating to the United States.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

LETTER FROM PARSON BROWNLOW.

WRONGS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE EAST TENNESSEE TROOPS.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 23, 1862.

To the Editor of The Press: SIR: I have returned from Portland, on the line of the Ohio river, say one hundred and fifty miles distant from this city, where I have been for the last three days. I saw the last of the ten thousand gallant troops, under General Morgan, take up the line of march for Gallipoli, where they will come under the command of Major General Cox, whose force will be more than thirty thousand strong. Where their destination will be I am not able to say, but I hope it will be through Western Virginia to the great Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and thence west to East Tennessee. They will certainly not be needed in the Kanawha valley, as the rebels have gone out of that quarter towards Manassas and Richmond. Their late raid into the Kanawha valley seems to have been for the purpose of getting salt, an article for which the Confederacy is suffering more than for anything else. But I learn from a wealthy and sensible Union lawyer residing in that valley, that, after all their efforts, they only carried off one thousand five hundred barrels, and proper vigilance on our part would have prevented even that much falling into their hands.

When I arrived on the ground among these gallant but down-trodden East Tennesseans, and found them naked, destitute of blankets, and without tents, sleeping in the woods, on the ground by their camp fires, without even cooking utensils; and when I remembered that I had induced hundreds of them to leave their homes, cross into Kentucky and join the Federal army, how does the reader suppose I felt? I felt mortified, disappointed, insulted, and further, that an apology was due from me to the men, and I made it to the best of my power. I made them a speech, advised them to obey the command to march, and to go cheerfully, and trust a while longer to the generosity, humanity, and honesty of the Federal Government. They shouted for the "stars and stripes," said they would go, fight and die in the cause if need be, and trust to Brownlow, Gov. Johnson, and Horace Maynard, to see that justice is done them and their suffering families, should they lose their lives.

They received one suit of light clothes, sufficient to hide their nakedness, and to see an entire regiment at one time stripped of their filthy rags and throwing them aside, and to hear them relate their sufferings from hunger, nakedness, and exposure, it moved me to tears; and in shaking hands with them I found myself too full to speak, and only manifested my regard by a cordial shake of the hand. For more than a month before they left the Gap they were upon half rations, and for ten days before they left they had not tasted bread, but subsisted upon beans and rice, and only half rations of those. During the sixteen-day march to the Ohio river they lived by grazing new corn and killing such hogs and sheep as they could find on the road. It is greatly to be regretted that the men composing this army have been so shamefully neglected, and treated with such cruelty. If ever a set of men deserved consideration at the hands of the Government, those who held the Gap, without ammunition or provisions, and made this successful and hazardous march, bringing their artillery and small arms, and supply trains in safety, and repulsing and fighting 2,500 guerrillas, who beset them on all sides, deserve that consideration. And if they are not provided with new clothing, including overcoats, blankets, tents, and all the essentials to the comfort and health of the command, I hope that Congress will look into the matter, ferret out, expose, and denounce, the weakness, mismanagement, and culpable remissness of those who are justly chargeable with the guilt. Sink or swim, survive or perish, live or die, I will stand by these East Tennesseans, in opposition to all the Governments on earth, and all the army officers in America. They have seen too much hardship, endured too much privation, to be thus treated, and I do not complain for them unnecessarily, or grumble over minor deprivations and sufferings. There is great wrong somewhere, and a fearful reckoning awaits those at whose door the blame properly rests.

The brigade of General Spears is alone composed of East Tennesseans, who have now been in the United States service more than nine months. They were the men who, together with General Curtis' East Tennessee regiments, who took Cumberland Gap, have done the fighting, scouting, and foraging services of that army, killing many rebels, and never have been paid one dollar, and but one suit of clothes. It now turns out that, having served more than nine months without any pay, there is a sort of informality in the manner in which they were mustered into the service; there is a sort of red-tape quibble raised, because some regularly authorized officer of the regular army, a West Pointer, with shoulder-strap, and a large stock of self-conceit, did not muster them into service. The curse of the United States army, in this war, is West Point, and I wish, most heartily, as a friend of the Union, that there could be a ton of powder placed under that concern, and let it be tumbled pell-mell into the Hudson river! West Point generals, as a general thing, don't desire a victory, unless they can account for it according to their Tactics. What we want, as a nation, and what we lack, are able and daring men for the times, men of audacity and quick decision, in this revolutionary war—men who are willing to risk their lives and reputations, as the rebel generals do. Military education and talents are great matters, but energy and promptitude are greater, and of the first importance. The men who come up to my standard, in these respects, are Pinesy, Butler, Rosecrans, Fremont, Mitchell, Sigel, and Lew Wallace. They are dashing and fighting men, and consequently dangerous men. They have something of the Jackson about them, and if let alone, would either make a spoon or spit a horn.

But I return to the case of the East Tennesseans. The authority to muster them into service was delegated to Colonel Byrd and Spears by the War Department, when their letters of appointment were issued to them, and these colonies, assisted by Gen. Carter, mustered in these very East Tennesseans. Now it is proposed to muster them by a West Pointer, and by the new muster, the two hundred men who have died out of the six regiments, and the four hundred who are sick and have become disabled in the actual service of the United States, must be thrown aside, and never receive one dollar for their services. The sick and disabled—exile from home, strangers in a strange land—East Tennesseans of the Government to cross into Kentucky and enlist, are to be turned loose without thanks, without money to pay their way out of the woods, after nine months of military ass and hard service. And by a pack of military asses and speculating paymasters, an act of cruelty and injustice is to be perpetrated, that has never yet disgraced Jeff Davis' corrupt Government! I disgrace Jeff Davis' Government! If they can, and they are sure to do so, they will disgrace the service of the United States, and the Government which upholds the villainous outrage upon humanity and common decency!

Now, these East Tennessee regiments are either

in the United States service or they are out of it. If in the service, let them be clothed, fed, and paid; if out of it, let them no longer be forced to undergo hard service; let them be set at liberty, and allowed to work for some honest men, who will give them their victuals and clothes, until the war is ended! But, if the United States authorities regard these East Tennesseans as white slaves, or as Southern contrabands, let President Lincoln issue an Emancipation Proclamation, and declare them FREE, as they have escaped into the loyal State of Ohio! And for God's sake, and the sake of the credit of the Government, treat these men with as much consideration as we treat Southern negroes! Thus far it has not been done.

I have canvassed the entire North in defence of the Union cause, and in vindication of the present Administration, and I now propose to canvass the whole, in order to expose the villainies of its army officers, paymasters, swindlers, and upstarts, who are eating up the substance of the Government!

I am, &c., W. G. BROWNLOW.

FROM McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

(Special Correspondence of The Press.)

HEADQUARTERS GEN. McCLELLAN, BERLIN, October 29, 1862.

THE MOVEMENT OF BURNSIDE.

Part of Sloum's army corps, with that of Wilcox, having moved from Pleasant Valley by Monday night, early yesterday morning Burnside broke camp, and, mounting his old horse, "Colonel," moved his headquarters to the neighborhood of Lovettsville, four miles from the Potomac, on the Virginia side, and about six miles southeasterly from Harper's Ferry.

BURNSIDE'S WAR-HORSE.

As all relating to this ideal soldier is of interest, "Colonel," an ideal war-horse, deserves a passing mention. He is a bay, with a compact, heavy body, and short, stumpy legs, being thus well calculated for the weight of his doughty rider. "Colonel" is twenty years old, and carried his master during the Mexican war, immediately after he graduated, in 1847. He is still full of spirit, but tranquil as a stone under fire, which he eyes with supreme indifference. His dignified composure is ruffled only by any attempt at familiarity on the part of a stranger. With kindled eyes, he then starts back and strikes at him horizontally with his foreleg. McClellan rides a dark-brown animal of lithic and railless proportions, called "Daniel Webster." This embodied compliment to the "great expounder" and advocate of the Fugitive Slave law, deserves, like his master, uncontrolled adulation, and kicks his heels frantically in a field adjoining the camp, each night as he returns from water. The groom respects his aspirations when he's ready, and he returns to his stable "enlarged freedom." General Marcy has a horse of circus proportions that kneels and lies down when desired. What can I do but talk nonsense at this quiet moment?

THE SENDING OF NEWS.

There is little use in sending the meagre news afforded, by my letters, through brilliant post office arrangements, reach you two days after they are written, and are, therefore, anticipated a day beforehand, by the telegraph. A train leaves Harper's Ferry at 2 P. M., which connects in Baltimore at seven o'clock with that for the North. Another train leaves at 3.30 P. M., which connects with no train at all, and leaves all letters to be forwarded the next day. The post office selects the latter. May I again ask why? Twice have I already adverted to this glaring mismanagement, which in convenience many thousands for no apparent object.

GEN. McCLELLAN'S HEADQUARTERS MOVED.

General McClellan moved his headquarters yesterday, about eleven o'clock, to this neighborhood. Berlin is a pretty little collection of houses, bordering the Potomac on the Maryland side, which corresponds admirably with the many "Dogtowns" of the West. Its post office name is Barry, and thus all letters should be directed, else they are taken to another Berlin of more ancient date in Western Maryland. The headquarters rest in a delightful grove on the farm of an old gentleman over eighty years of age, named Graham. As cold weather approaches, camping having its objections. The human components arrive first, and after ascertaining the spots marked for their tents, stand uncomfortably, swearing at the wagons for being dilatory with the equipage.

THE SCENE ON PUTCHING TENTS.

These last finally arrive with all necessities, including the tents, which are speedily pitched, and a summary process ensues of cutting down all neighboring trees for firewood, which are sufficiently small to give little trouble in their felling and splitting. Cedars and young locusts, valuable for mechanical purposes, share the fate of the less costly oak and hickory, but as green wood is full of sap and burns slowly, kindling must be had. An idea suggests itself; there are fence rails near by, that are dry and will burn like paper. Never mind the farmer; he can present his claim for damages to the Government, if he likes. They must be had. And thus, vote to the farm on which a camp locates itself. Straw is very convenient for the men to lie on, and for a warm flooring to officers' tents. Without a "by your leave" the barn is attacked, and all taken that is needed. Hay and corn are good things in their way. To be sure, the Government furnishes forage, but one cannot have too much of a good thing, and it is shouldered accordingly, while the farmer looks on, with bewildered eyes. Fowls and hogs follow in their train. When he is pretty well cleaned out, a guard is posted over his premises. Outside, however, of the beat watched over by the guard, hungry men plentifully lurk. Apples are speedily seized, and any hapless chicken, calf, or sucking pig soon goes the way of all flesh.

THE TROUBLES OF A FARMER.

The farmer seeks redress at the tent of the first officer he meets, who tells him to call on some one else. Some one else sends him to the commissary, who refers him to the quartermaster. The quartermaster is away, and the victim, in despair, asks advice of the first private soldier he sees, who looks wise, and refers him to the commanding general. This latter, always a gentleman, affably recommends him to call on the chief of staff, who solemnly announces himself as exceedingly busy, and suggests a future visit. Sixteen calls are subsequently made, in half that number of days, but the chief of staff, who is referred, is absent on the point of departure, to the quartermaster, who is overwhelmed with business, and either attends to him or not, as circumstances allow. At the best, he gets but an order on Washington. On the only consolation of the nonplussed farmer is in selling bread, milk, butter, and eggs, at enormous prices, to soldiers and officers' servants, and in victimizing newspaper correspondents who may board with him.

THE CONDITION OF OUR ARMY.

Having moved five miles towards Richmond, we sit down to take a sense of our situation and admire what we have done. Joking apart, a delay of a few days appears very necessary, that additional forage and food may arrive, and especially clothing and shoes, in which a part of the army is yet deficient. The suffering through need of great coats and blankets is considerable, at night. Many men yet lie in their little shelter-tents simply in the clothing they wear during the day, while others beg a scanty corner of a comrade's blanket, or procure a corn cask as a partial protection. The severe rain and wind, of Saturday and Sunday nights, much increased colds throughout the different camps, and the many hospital houses, stretching from Sandy Hook to Knoxville, received immense accessions. In addition to the necessity for supplies, our delay perhaps springs from strategic causes, known only to the two commanding generals and their chiefs of staff.

A SKIRMISH WITH THE REBELS.

General Pleasonton, with his cavalry and artillery in the advance, had a skirmish yesterday with a party of the enemy at Snicker's Gap, losing one of his regulars and five horses, by an exploding shell. Gen. Hill's command he finds at Upper-

ville. Wagons being seen abundantly moving between Bunker Hill and Winchester, proves that the rebels have not altogether retreated south of the latter place, as has been supposed. What are the proceedings of Gen. Pleasanton to-day will be known only at a later hour.

THE POSITION OF VARIOUS CORPS.

A portion of General Sloum's army corps yet lingers in Pleasant Valley, while the rest are taking a position on Bolivar Heights, to remain there at present for the defence of Harper's Ferry, while that locality, will, it is said, move forward as the centre of our forces. I give this on report, not knowing anything about it. One lie is as good as another, and I claim similar privileges in that respect with correspondents of other papers. To indulge to an equal extent in these privileges, I, however, by no means design.

It, as is said, Sloum's army corps remains for the defence of Harper's Ferry, sweethearts, wives, and mothers interested in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey regiments, may desire to know which remain behind screened from the perils of battle. I therefore give them: The 66th, 124th, 125th, 128th, 23d, 11th, 109th, with Knapp's and Hampton's batteries, from Pennsylvania; the 3d Delaware, 13th New Jersey, 3d Maryland, and Parnell Legion from that State.

A visit to Pleasant Valley to-day revealed a delightful change. Where yesterday the air rang with the sound of drums, trumpets, and rumbling wagons, nothing disturbed the stillness of the delicious morning but the tinkling cow-bell and the twitter of birds. Nature lay nestling in the smile of heaven, and peace reigned supreme.

(Special Correspondence of The Press.)

ADVANCE OF THE ARMY, WHEATLAND, VA., October 30.

Wheatland, but not Wheatland, Pennsylvania, is our present location. We have gained this point by slow marches, and are awaiting reinforcements, that are coming up. From the appearance of this section of the country it has been heretofore visited by but small parties of either force. The condition of the fences, and the well-filled barns and stacks of the farmers, attest to that fact. It is an old saying, "that where the soldiers go the chickens cease crowing," and fences disappear, as if by magic.

The citizens in this locality are "Seeseh," from appearances, as any white person that asks and receives half a dollar for a small loaf of bread is, emphatically speaking, no friend to the Union or its supporters. A Union man rarely requests a guard upon his premises—a rebel always; and the worst feature of the case is they attain one. Wonders never cease.

The weather could not be finer for an advance, and the roads are in an excellent condition. The troops, enlivened by the cool, invigorating atmosphere, march up lively, and with a spirit we have as yet seen excelled. But few, if any, "stragglers" are to be noticed, though heavy rear guards follow each brigade to prevent falling to the rear. A complete "telegraph corps," with apparatus, are with the advance, while an "engineer corps" are "around in spots." You will see them repairing a bridge in one place, and filling up a rut, or leveling a steep bank in another. The pontoon train is still on the banks of the Potomac in charge of the three bridges they have constructed—one above and below Harper's Ferry and one at Berlin. Whether these bridges will remain at these points this winter is doubtful, as the ice will scarcely permit them to remain unmolested.

Will we have a fight? The probabilities are thought to be in favor of such a programme. One thing we are certain of: We came prepared for such an emergency, and, if the army comes in collision with some one's friends and sympathizers, the question to be decided will be, "Who whipped?" The men of "Antietam" were depended upon to decide the important issue on that hard-contested field; they will maintain their credit in future.

Some, if not many, of the Northern population are dreading to open a newspaper, for fear that the army will be noticed as going into "winter quarters." Now, for comfort, it's rather too cool approaching. The idea is to get as far South as possible before cold weather comes on. We therefore predict but a short delay in the advance movement, so auspiciously and quietly commenced. When next we write you, it will be from some point farther South than our present location. Considerable inconvenience is occasioned by the lack of paymasters honoring the camps with their presence. To a large portion of the troops four months' pay is now due, while some have received no pay for over six. The families of the men at home are in reduced circumstances thereby, and it occasions some great inconvenience, as they are in a great measure dependent on the "thirteen dollars a month" for their support. As the cold weather approaches, and their expenses become more heavy, it will be a source of anxiety to the families of the troops, and Government should do all in its power to lessen the evil. Though the pay is but small, some save money on the wages received, and support their families beside. Let the payrolls be squared up, and the army will advance with twice the animation.

The axes of the "pioneer corps" are busily engaged providing the material for fuel and shelter, as the weather at present has every appearance of a rain. In the shelter-tents this occasions considerable discomfort and long faces, and is never welcomed by soldiers. We are advancing, "Father Abraham," "six hundred thousand more."

JOHN PHOENIX, JR.

LETTER FROM JACKSON, TENN.

(Special Correspondence of The Press.)

JACKSON, Tenn., Oct. 29, 1862.

In my last I wrote you of an expedition from Bolivar, commanded by Major Mudd, in which some of Jackson's cavalry had been captured. The whole number of prisoners taken by him was forty-five, mostly from Heywood's company, of Jackson's regiment. These men were raised in this immediate neighborhood, and had been engaged in hunting up and burning cotton. On receipt of the despatches from Major Mudd, Gen. Grant started on an expedition from this place to go over a portion of the same ground and capture the stragglers; for it is a custom of these flying warriors to cut through the woods and return to the rear of our column as we return from a scout, and continue their depredations. Gen. Grant has pursued the policy of sending out detachments of cavalry at unexpected times, and thus keeping the rebels in a constant state of alarm and uncertainty. In this way this department has been kept tolerably free from guerrillas, and the Union people have been tolerably secure in the possession of their property.

Anticipating some fun, and, perhaps, a little excitement, I obtained permission to accompany this expedition, and thought it very much, and I am inclined to think that a short account of what I saw and heard may interest your readers.

LEAVING JACKSON—A CAMP IN A GRAVE-YARD.

We left Jackson at two o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, with three days' rations. Our force consisted of Captain Foster's company of Ohio Cavalry, Gen. Grant's body-guard, and two companies of the 11th Illinois Cavalry, making a force of one hundred and eighty-six men, all under the command of Captain Foster. After a very hot and dusty ride, nightfall found us at the town of Denmark. The men picketed their horses in the church-yard and slept in the church, while the officers went to be held for supper. Our captain, who was well acquainted along the route, appeared to be a special favorite at this hostelry, and insured us a cordial reception. We washed the dust from our hands and faces, and then went into the parlor to wait until supper was prepared. I had tied my haversack to my saddle, and thought it would be safe, the first night anyhow, as I supposed every man would begin stealing his neighbor's food at least the next morning. But, alas for my faith in the virtue of Illinois cavalry! My haversack, with all its contents, was stolen from my saddle in less than ten minutes after my horse was tied to the fence. I was, therefore, reduced to the precarious resource of "living off the country," and I assure you that my forebodings were dismal enough. However, at supper my mind was relieved, for we had, in addition to the regular dish of ham and corn bread, chicken, sweet potatoes, butter, and eggs, which is, for soldier's fare, very luxurious.

The house was genuinely Southern in every respect. The floors were bare, except a straw rug or two on the parlor; the walls were bare, and arranged with express reference to ventilation; there was a bed in every room in the house except the dining room, and the whole concern was so rickety and dilapidated that if an ordinary-sized man sneezed pretty hard it shook from turret to foundation stone. There were two fixtures which contrasted oddly enough with the general appearance of equal—a piano forte and a very pretty young lady. One of our number happened to be quite a musician, and the moment he saw the piano opened it, and began to play the most astonishing variety of marches, waltzes, polkas, jig, satirical music, and songs, at the sound of which, the rooms speedily filled with auditors of all ages, sexes, and colors, including the young lady aforesaid. Our musician was something of a singer in his way, too, and, informing Miss Betty that he was going to sing an Abolition song, struck up "Kingdom coming." Miss Betty sat bolt upright in her chair, her eyes cast down, and her upper lip curled in rather an exaggerated expression of scorn and contempt, very firm, doubtless, in her own estimation, but rather too "set" for my taste. After the song was finished the old man fairly roared. "That, Bet," he said, "that there beats the 'Bonnie Blue Flag,' sho' (sure). 'No it don't, neither,' she snapped; but it was very easy to see that she was more pleased than she cared to express. These people, you see, were not *chives*. They had had few if any negroes to lose, and the vivid and laughable description of the reversed situation of master and slave, when the "Lunkum Gunboats" came along, brought up no unpleasant associations with it. A little while afterwards, while Miss Betty was up stairs, getting the beds into a fix, he struck up the same song again, and he had not sung two lines before the whole household, Betty included, were at the door listening with all their mights. Before we left Miss Betty was so far thawed, that she privately informed the captain that she would like to have the words of that song, which I call a Union victory, the first of our trip. You know what Branger said: "Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who makes their laws." You may hear him singing "John Brown" every day, who would have said a year ago, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" and I am quite surprised that the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," which runs in a very elevated