

The Battle of Lone Jack.

Correspondence of the St. Louis Republican.

STEAMER WARNER, Aug. 18.

Colonel Houston sent out Major Foster, with 500 men and two cannon, to the southwest, where they were cut up at Lone Jack. I have conversed with several of the men engaged in that fight, and learn the particulars, as follows: The force, 500 strong, arrived at Lone Jack—a small town, divided into two parts (Old Town and New Town), surrounded by corn-fields. They passed through it. At 11 o'clock at night, just beyond, they had a small skirmish, driving off an equal force.

They fell back to Old Town and encamped. In the morning the pickets of the northwest quarter found they had been all night within 200 yards of the pickets of the enemy. Quantrell's men soon swarmed up towards the cannon, posted in a lane, under cover of the corn. The Texas Rangers shot down the cannoneers and horses. Captain Brownell led company F and charged them in flank. They finched; he was shot and fell; five men rushed on him. He drew his revolver and shot one; the rest ran. His men came and took him to a barn. Here another bushwhacker peeped in, poked his rifle in to shoot, when he drew his pistol, shot backward, and killed him.

The fight raged around the two cannon till it became too hot, and they were abandoned for the time, to enable the men to take refuge under a hedge. Major Foster rallied the militia, rushed in and took the guns.

Coffee and Hughes were in command of the enemy, and say that the militia fought like devils. On retaking the cannon, fire was directed on the Old Town and the enemy driven off.

Lientenant Anderson was a very prominent in this fight. His coat shows four bullet holes; his shoulder straps cut away, and himself wounded slightly by the leaden hail. Major Foster was shot, but kept his seat till struck in the spine, when he fell. All concur that Major Foster was a second Lyon. His father was shot by a secessionist; his brother killed the murderer. He has been very active in this war. His brother is a Captain and equally energetic.

The rebels took several prisoners. Our men were scattered in the retreat order, but drew off their cannon for a mile, when they had to abandon it for the lack of ropes, harness or horses, and it was spiked. The other cannon was dismounted and taken to pieces by the rebels when it was captured, so that it could not be taken off.

Fat Adams, a private, was taken prisoner and put under command of a private with a double-barreled gun. He edged up to him, caught the barrel, wrested it away, sunk the lock of the gun in his skull and escaped.

Some sixty of the cowards escaped in the early part of the fight, fled to Lexington with news that the whole eight hundred men were lost. Col. Houston made preparations thereupon to evacuate. But now I learn that our loss is but fifty five; that of the enemy over two hundred. The prisoners taken by the rebels were released on parole, and say that they were treated well.