Richmond Dispatch.

WEDNESDAY MORNING...JULY 3, 1861.

Kentucky—Mr. Crittenden.

It is impossible that Kentucky can accommodate herself to the views and demands of the LINCOLN dynasty without utterly degrading and enslaving herself. GREELEY, the MARAT of the Northern reign of terror, has plainly told the people of that State that the Government will not be trifled with, that Kentucky must take one side or the other.—And GREELEY has been the most accurate oracle of the Washington despotism in the whole Northern empire. Mr. CRITTENDEN may well despair when GREELEY launches his thunders against his impotent and drivelling efforts to keep Kentucky out of the strife and re-construct the Union! He goes to Washington with a plan utterly derided by the powers that be, and, if he be sincere in his professions and not in collusion with LINCOLN, the object himself of the general contempt of the Black Republican party. He goes there, moreover, with a plan which contemplates a humiliation of the Southern States should they show it favor. A plan which would place them in the attitude of once more approaching the footstool of LINCOLN with *propositions for peace!* How Mr. CRITTENDEN can suppose this possible, we cannot imagine. The Southern States that have united in the Southern Confederacy have taken a stand from which there is no shadow of reason to suppose for a moment that they will retreat. The never will propose, nor can they ever accept, terms of re-union with the Northern States. Mr. CRITTENDEN is enlisted in a gratuitous task—a work of supererogation when he proposes again to introduce them into his fumbling efforts to reconstruct the dismembered Union that is never to be restored.

Let Mr. CRITTENDEN give up his proposition of last winter as one utterly past its time, if it ever had appropriateness, as we believe it never had—just as much as we believe there was never any propriety in the vote of thanks by our Convention to the venerable Kentucky Senator. In endeavoring to pull on the mantle of the immortal CLAY, as the Union saver, he most signally failed, and rendered himself the object of commiseration, if not of ridicule, of all sides. Let Mr. CRITTENDEN take care of Kentucky, if he can. Let him, if he prefers the North, endeavor to bind her to the car of the beast of the Northwest; or, if he prefers the South, let him use his declining days in a gallant effort to place his proud State of other days in a position where she indeed may be proud once more. The South thanks him not for any officiousness of his which looks to any terms of re-construction; and the tyrants of the North will hardly listen to his weak appeals, which, like the womanly reproofs vented upon RICHARD, are to be drowned by the drums and trumpets of war!

Kentucky cannot remain in her anomalous position. Delay but increases the gloomy prospect for her, no matter which side she takes. Delay but embitters the two parties into which she is being divided and which will be thrown into hot and bloody conflict, no matter which side she takes. This might have been avoided. Her people might have been comparatively united had Mr. CRITTENDEN died or gone to the shades of retirement two years since, and had there been no such men as GUTHRIE, GARRETT DAVIS, and that unscrupulous editor, PRENTICE. Providence has otherwise ordered it: and a day of woe, we fear, is in store for Kentucky should the war last long. That she will go with the South, we believe is inevitable. Every argument, every interest, every honest sympathy of her's, plainly force her to that position. But the mismanagement, if not treachery, of some of her leaders have so obstructed her course, so imbued her public mind with conflicting views and bitter animosities, that we deeply apprehend that there is yet to be in her history added proofs of her title to the name of the "dark and bloody ground!" May such a turn in her affairs be averted, is our heartfelt wish.

North Carolina.

The gallant and true-hearted son of North Carolina who writes to us from Tallahassee, and who calls himself an old man, is altogether mistaken in his idea that any remarks in this paper were ever intended to ridicule North Carolinians. On the contrary, we have bestowed upon them the highest encomiums. If any line or paragraph seemed to chime in with any sentiment ever uttered in disparagement of their State, it was altogether ironical. For North Carolinians we have always had an especial liking. We know them well. There is no more sincere, open-hearted, open-handed and manly race on the globe. They are not yet corrupted by railroads; their State having been so slow to introduce an institution which we have long thought impairs rather than improves the morality of a people. They are so straight-forward, so devoid of dissimulation and trickery, that they are hardly a remove from the political and moral status of our revolutionary fathers. They are not over-impulsive; but proceed with deliberation, determination and coolness to perform whatever they undertake. These characteristics were so clearly mirrored in the countenances of Col. HILL's men that were ordered to charge upon the New York Zouaves—they looked so bent on what they were told to do, and their demeanor so utterly precluded all conjecture as to the possibility of their turning to the right or the left, or doing anything else until they charged as they were ordered, that the scamps upon whom they were advancing incontinently fled as the only way of escape from such determined men! It was well for the flying ragamuffins; but all the worse for society. Had the North Carolinians reached them they would have relieved the world of many a scape-gallows. Ridicule North Carolina! After Virginia, no State stands higher in our respect and affections.

Extortion.

Correspondents complain of the extortion of many tradesmen and retailers of Richmond in disposing of outfits and camp equipages to soldiers. It would be extraordinary if some men in this city were not to avail themselves of the opportunity for extravagant charges.—It is the nature of man, and especially in the commercial life, to profit by the necessities of his fellow. It is only by proper education that he is indoctrinated with that refined and discriminating sensibility which would regard with reprobation and abhorrence the levying of extravagant prices upon the articles demanded by the exigencies and necessities of fellow-men; and of all men else, the soldier on his march to peril his life in the defence of his country and of the very men who prey upon his necessities! It is diabolical. Such men can have no hope of happiness in this world, or the world to come.

While we are sure there are such extortioners in this city, we feel a satisfaction in believing that they are greatly less in number than they would be were Richmond further North. And while we are pained that there is one, we are gratified to know that the great body of our merchants and people have exhibited the noblest spirit of generous patriotism and self-sacrifice.

Prince Alfred is expected to return to England during the ensuing month.

Missouri.

We conversed yesterday with a citizen of Missouri who left St. Louis on Thursday last. He represents the condition of things in that State as very bad, but states that the great body of the people are determined on resistance. They only want arms, of which there is a great scarcity. The U. S. Commissioner in St. Louis had issued a warrant for the arrest of Gov. JACKSON on the charge of treason, and this warrant was taken up to Booneville when LYON went up to attack the State troops there. Unfortunately, the Governor's forces were very partially armed, and they had just begun to throw up their breastworks when LYON's boats were announced. The Governor and Gen. PRICE, after consultation, decided that it was best to retreat, and the main body did so, proceeding towards Lexington. About 300 Missourians, however, determined to take a shot at the Federal troops, and for that purpose remained behind, sheltered by a wood on the side of a wheat field. LYON's forces landed below Booneville, and as they marched through the field, the 300 took two deliberate shots at them, killing as our informant is satisfied, one hundred and fifty.—The Federal troops then charged upon the small body of Missourians, who fled, losing some three killed and seventeen prisoners.

MCCULLOCH was in the State with a strong force, but was, it was understood, awaiting orders before assuming the offensive. If he was attacked, however, he would defend himself. Col. BOWEN, an officer of experience, was at the head of some 2,000 men, ready to give LYON battle; and there were other bodies of volunteers besides those with Gov. JACKSON. Volunteers in large numbers were ready to take the field, but for the want of arms.

The Federal Government was carrying things after its own way in St. Louis and along the river, with a high hand. Missouri, however, our informant says, will not submit.

A Gentle Check to the Terrorists.

A Scotch merchant of note in New York, who had expressed his views on the National troubles, and declared his belief in the justice of the Southern cause, was visited some weeks since by the mob of New York and ordered to hoist the Federal flag and subscribe to the war. He would do neither. They threatened to pull his house down over his head. He then appealed to the police for protection, who expressed a doubt whether they could prevent the mob from doing what they threatened.—The Scotchman, who was not an adopted citizen, coolly remarked, "Well, then, if you cannot protect me, I will apply to the British Consul; may be he can." The brave policemen immediately said, "we will try." They did try, and the mob did not pull down the house. Indeed, the bare introduction of the British Lion by name terrified the cowardly dogs of the mob—always cruel, always cowardly—and they retired like whipped curs. The disciples of DOGBERRY of course remained very valiant protectors of what was no longer menaced. There are none more easily terrified than the Terrorists, as we shall abundantly see in this war—especially those in the Northwestern part of our own State!

One Good of the Separation.

We were in a bookstore the other day when a lady inquired of the bookseller if he had any of the monthlies. He replied, "no madam, we cannot get them now." The answer was one delightful to hear. It is a blessing that the whole tribe of Northern periodicals are shut out from the South. A more perfect deluge of abominable trash never spread over a nation. They were poisoning alike the morals and the taste of our people. We trust never to see one of them South of Mason and Dixon's line. It is one of the most decided blessings of the war that we are rid of them at least for the time, and, we trust, forever. Pandora's box never let loose a greater evil than the detestable Northern periodicals from these issued by the rascally HARPERS ("harpies") to "Ned Buntline's Own." Let us be thankful that they are shut out, and let our literary men and publishers get up some really good and enterprising works to take their places.

Spicy Correspondence.

We had heard that a sharp correspondence had passed between our gallant General MAGRUDER and General PICAYUNE BUTLER, shortly after the fight at Bethel. The New Orleans *Delta* received here yesterday, contained the whole of it as furnished by its correspondent. We copy the letters this morning. The miserable pretence of BUTLER, that he is endeavoring to protect private property, has not even deceived the Northern press. A correspondent of the New York *Tribune* denounces the outrages committed by his troops on private property as a disgrace to them and to the age. What barbarities indeed must they not have perpetrated, when the brutal and fiendish New York *Tribune* complains of them! We conversed a day or two since with J. BARRON HOPE, of Hampton, who detailed some of the enormities committed in that town by the vandals of Fortress Monroe. Not to speak of destruction of houses, gardens, farms, etc., they have destroyed and carried off books from valuable libraries, and even marred and mutilated the churches.

Kentucky.

We learn from a gentleman just from Louisville, that Federal officials are getting more and more arrogant and insulting there. He thinks they will take possession of the Louisville Railroad in a few days. Leading Kentuckians were acquiescing in and facilitating Federal usurpations. The streets of the city were full of Federal flags, which almost swept the ground as they waved in the breeze. The sight and the Federal usurpations were galling to many Kentuckians, and he thinks they will be pressed to resistance before long. The next thing we hear will be probably that a writ has been issued against Gov. MCGOFFIN for treason.

The Captures in the Bay.

An officer of the expedition informs us that after the bold and masterly seizure of the St. Nicholas, which was accomplished in such admirable style by Col. THOMAS and his Zouaves, the steamer was placed under command of Capt. HOLLINS, of the Confederate Navy.—Capt. H. was joined by Lieuts. SIMS and MINOR, of the C. S. N., and Lieut. THORBURN, of the Virginia Navy, with fifteen sailors from the steamer Yorktown. Lieut. SIMS boarded the brig, and Lieuts. MINOR and THORBURN the schooners. These gentlemen brought in the vessels and anchored them.

The Federal Prisoners in Richmond.

Some of the lying purveyors of news for the Northern press have deceived the New York *News*—a paper which has manfully stood by the rights of the South—with the idea that the prisoners taken by our troops and brought to this city have been cruelly treated. There is no truth in the statement. They are treated kindly, and as considerately as the necessity of their imprisonment will allow. Indeed, a number of them are permitted to roam about at will on their parole.

EPISCOPAL ACTION.—The Episcopal Convention of South Carolina adopted resolutions sustaining the action of the Confederate Government, expressing "surprise and mortification" at the course of the churches North, and recommending measures for effecting an early separation.

☞ A correspondent communicates the following detailed account of the trials of a Baltimore lady in making her way to her husband. How war brings out the noblest traits of human nature! Constancy, fidelity, integrity—how they shine amidst the disturbances and troubles of hostilities! If we got nothing else out of it but these proofs of the life and vitality of the better part of our natures, war would go far in them to compensate for all its discomforts and afflictions:

ANOTHER HEROINE.

A lady who accompanied the party of Baltimoreans to this place in order to join her husband, who is now in Richmond, has had a journey of as many adventures and hair-breadth escapes as any of those our ancestors encountered in days of yore.

She left Baltimore in the steamer for Patuxent river, where she landed, and traveled 25 miles in a carriage to a farm-house near the shores of the Potomac, where, being joined by her friends, who had arrived by another route, they hoped to find means to cross the river. A small boat was engaged, with two free negroes to row it across. Just as they were about to embark, three Yankee ships hove in sight, and away scampered the party up the beach, and breathlessly watched the enemy from their hiding places. But it was too late to start that night, and the farm-house again received them. Being but a small tenement, it could not accommodate the party of five; nevertheless, the good hostess used every persuasion to induce our heroine to repose on her bed; the latter, however, had happened to find out that for three nights the kind lady had patriotically given up her room to travelers, and she firmly declined, sitting up and resting herself as well as might be upon chairs.

The next morning the negroes could not be persuaded to cross the Potomac for any inducement. The poor foolish fellows had been so "scared" at the Yankee guns, that the highest bribe could not tempt them across to run the second risk of returning alone. "Cross we must," said the party; "you must sell us the boat and let us row ourselves." But they were unwilling to part with their boat. A raft was then thought of, but the slowness of passage and immense risk was too great to be tempted. "We will cross on a plank rather than turn back now," exclaimed our heroine. What was to be done, they were at a loss to conceive. At last, however, by dint of urging, bribing and threatening, the two negroes consented to sell their boat, and were told to name their price, when the poor cowards positively named a sum far beneath that which they could have obtained for rowing the party over, when, with a little caution and courage, they would have realized a handsome sum and kept their boat into the bargain. Therefore the four gentlemen (whose names prudence forbids to make public) agreed to take turns, two at a time, and pull for dear lives. Just one hour were they on those devoted waters, and five miles across! The perspiration poured from their brow and rolled down their faces, their hands were blistered and bleeding, for they were unaccustomed to the work; never was such energy put into force, with straining eyes gazing in every direction, thinking every minute might be their last. This little craft dashed over those dangerous waters, and the five were safely landed! With what feeling of gratitude they stepped on shore, may be better imagined than described. And oh, what a lifetime of alarm had happened in that hour.

It was but a retired nook where they landed; no public conveyance was at hand—no vehicle could be obtained. Another hospitable farmer again received them. Their tale was told, and an ox-cart provided, and in this tight and luxurious vehicle they were tossed and tumbled over twenty-eight miles of rough country road. Another night was passed in the woods. A log for a seat, their poor wearied frames found but little repose, reclining against the side of an old school-house. By day dawn they were on their way again, and when the ox-cart had pitched and rolled them to its destination, a farm-wagon took up the march for eighteen more miles, this mode of conveyance being little, if at all, superior to the ox team. It, however, brought them safely to the banks of the Rappahannock, over which they were ferried in danger scarcely less than that on the Potomac; but Providence again favored them, and not a Yankee ship appeared. Yet, on reaching the Essex shore they were in greater jeopardy from true friends than they had hitherto been from their acknowledged enemies. Bullets and bayonets were in threatening array to receive them. They had forgotten the password, or were ignorant that it had been changed; but after repeating various names and signs they were permitted to land, yet not without suspicion, and were marched up the street through ranks of armed men, conducted to an under guard to their hotel, and even to their rooms. Soon Captain Thomas arrived with his train of prizes. All was now clear and promising, and under the Confederate flag they sailed up the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg, whence they arrived on Monday, per train.

On leaving Baltimore the lady had scarcely dared to take leave of her father, who is a known Secessionist, and her party traveled in twos and threes, meeting at various points as strangers to avoid suspicion. Our heroine could hear no tidings of her husband, therefore she came to visit him. Two sweet infants are left in Baltimore, to whom this brave and noble woman intends shortly to return. Such a heart sees no danger, and may God speed her on her mission and avert calamities from her devoted head.

PROVIDENTIAL.—So many wonderful escapes and preservations seem to be vouchsafed to our people, that to describe them seems like romance. Can any three cargoes be more acceptable just now than coffee, ice and coal? As for the latter, so much was it needed that the Captain of the St. Nicholas was very fearful of getting to the end of his run for want of it, and already a good deal of wood work was torn away to keep up the fires, when lo! a ship full of coal arrives in time of need.—And can anything be more Providential than that all down the Potomac and up the Rappahannock not a trace of Yankee ships was to be seen? Where are all these overpowering blockades just now?

RECAPTURE.—Lieutenant Crossan, of the steamer Winslow, N. C. Navy, has recaptured the hermaphrodite brig Hannah Balch, from Cardenas, laden with 150 barrels molasses. This vessel had been captured by the Yankees off Savannah and was on her way to a Northern port in charge of the Yankees when the Lieutenant overhauled her. This is the second prize captured by the Lieutenant, the former being the schooner Transit, of New London, empty and just returning from a trip to Key West with Government prisoners. She was valued at $10,000. Of course the Hannah Balch is more valuable.

THE ENGAGEMENT AT MATHIAS' POINT.—A correspondent gives some further information of the fight at Mathias' Point, on Thursday evening last. The Sparta Guard, Capt. Goulding, and the King George Greys, Capt. Bladen Tayloe, drove the Yankees off, killing a number on shore, besides Capt. Ward of the Freeborn. Our men secured a large quantity of rope, several Sharpe's rifles, a fine spy-glass and a thousand sand bags.

NUCLEUS OF A NAVY.—Fredericksburg will feel greatly exalted as a port of *import*-ance. Four vessels all at once at her wharves!—Now, the next thing will be to mount a few guns and in company see what can be done towards adding to this young navy, or at least in keeping off the marauders from the waters of the Rappahannock in future.

IMPORTANT FROM OUR COMMISSIONERS.—We are reliably informed (says the Montgomery Post,) that a letter has been received in this city from the Hon. Wm. L. Yancey, in which he states that our independence will certainly be recognized by England during the month of August, and that he expects to be at home in September.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ST. NICHOLAS.—The intelligence of the capture of the St. Nicholas and the three vessels, was telegraphed to New Orleans from Baltimore on Monday.

EAST TENNESSEE.—The Memphis Appeal, of Sunday last, says:

Notwithstanding the efforts of the few conspirators who met at Greenville a few days since, to disturb the peace and take steps to avoid the execution of the will of the people of Tennessee, the indications are that a general acquiescence in the popular decision will obtain.

And the Knoxville Register says:

We have had the pleasure of receiving in our sanctum within a few days past several intelligent and influential Union men, who, up to the late election, were considered the most ultra. They assured us that in voting against separation, they had no thought in sanctioning either the lunatic scheme of separating East Tennessee from the rest of the State, or of giving countenance to the still more wicked design of Andy Johnson, to have the State invaded by the minions of Lincoln. They are for acquiescing in the will of the majority of the voters of the State, as expressing at the ballot box, without qualification or reserve. This we have no doubt is the sentiment of the majority of the intelligent Union men of East Tennessee.

A Dublin paper intimates that Lever, the neck-or-nothing novelist, is not dead—only playing "old soldier" to avoid his creditors.

A few Days' Sojourn with the Army of the Potomac.

[By our Correspondent.]

HEADQUARTERS, July 1.

The suddenness with which a people can change their national character was perhaps never more strikingly illustrated than in our own times, and amongst our own citizens.—Although accustomed to the use, we have not hitherto found it necessary to cultivate the profession of arms, and therefore have had no military organization, such as the great Powers of Europe find it necessary to sustain. Notwithstanding this deficiency, no sooner are our rights, liberties, and even territory threatened by Northern despotism than we show to the world that, without being soldiers, we can, in an emergency, become such. So sudden a transformation is, to my mind, one of the most remarkable events in modern history, and doubtless will not be passed over by the future chronicler of this unfortunate internecine war that now wages between the Northern and Southern sections of the American States.

Although the tramp of troops rarely ceases in our city, keeping it alive with commotion, and familiarizing the public mind to the din of war, yet it is only by visiting one of our huge encampments that this idea can be fully realized. Such, at least, has been my experience during a few days' sojourn with the army of the Potomac.

As you are aware, it has been my fortune (good, bad or indifferent,) to have seen large armies in hostile array, and to have been a daily spectator of war-discipline and bearing and even of hostile combat. Before I observed the Southern volunteers in the field, though I could not question their valor, yet I was somewhat doubtful of their efficiency. Nothing, indeed, short of ocular demonstration could have hitherto convinced me that citizen soldiers can be made to comport themselves like unto trained troops. This particular trait of the Southern character, which so readily adapts itself to circumstances, struck me as most remarkable. Perhaps it may appear invidious for a casual observer to particularize one or more corps; but being brought more closely and continuously in contact with the First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers and the Washington Artillery, I had the better opportunity of witnessing their deportment and of forming accordingly an estimate of their character. Perhaps a brief sketch of each may not be uninteresting.

The Virginia Regiment of which I speak was first organized some fifteen years ago, and has since that period been regarded as a crack corps, only inferior to the Seventh Regiment of New York. It has also "seen service"—I believe that is the military phrase—during what is designated the "John Brown war," which you will remember our connection with, and which was occasioned by the Abolitionist attack on Harper's Ferry, two years since. This regiment is now largely composed of the young gentlemen of Richmond, who perform all the arduous and sometimes distasteful duties of the camp with the alacrity and celerity of practiced veterans. I was not only impressed but pleased with their general appearance, the performance of their military exercises, and their ordinary bearing. The commandant, Col. P. T. Moore, and the other officers, appear to be especial favorites with the men—a very favorable omen, I conceive. Col. Moore knows seemingly how to combine kindness with firmness—the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*—and to obtain and retain the good opinion and confidence of those under his command. This regiment possesses a fine band and drum corps, owns its own camp equipage, &c., &c., and was one of the first that volunteered its services and took the field on the commencement of hostilities.

The Washington Artillery, of New Orleans, are now encamped in a very picturesque spot, called Mitchell's Ford, three miles from Manassas Junction. The *locale* is open, elevated and salubrious, bordered by dense woods, so that you can see the tops of the stately pines in the distance, forming, as it were, a magic circle around the camp. In 1839 the Washington Artillery became formally incorporated; but since 1850, when its present commander, Major J. B. Walton, identified himself with it, this military body has grown in numbers and reputation, so as to become the just pride of Louisiana, and a powerful force in the Southern army. To the efforts of this body is owing the Louisiana Polytechnic Academy, from which military school have sprung general and field officers now in the army of the Potomac. Indeed, from its own ranks have emanated well educated military men, who have obtained distinguished posts of command in other organizations. Especially is this the case in the volunteer and regular troops of Louisiana. As an example of the experience and efficiency of this artillery battalion, I need but allude to the cannoneer firing, for which it has become distinguished. From a light battery 6-pounder, thirty-three shots were fired in the remarkably rapid time of four minutes and seven seconds. This circumstance itself, as well as the incidents attending it, has been duly recorded in the War Office at Washington, and in the Military Departments of Paris and Woolwich. Rapidity of firing was not so much achieved on the occasion referred to, as excellent mark shots.

This battalion numbers 500 men, rank and file, 325 of whom are now in Virginia, the remainder being in New Orleans. Its force of ordnance consists of fourteen field-pieces, composed of rifled cannon, howitzers and six-pounders, the last of which are from the original Ringgold Battery. The *status* of the Washington Artillery is very high. In its ranks are young men of liberal education, high-toned character, social position, and occasionally of considerable wealth. In leaving their distant and peaceable homes for the turmoil of war, these young braves have made large and noble sacrifices. Lucrative professions, extensive business, and commercial appointments, have been readily and cheerfully relinquished. The strong ties of kindred have been rigorously snapped asunder, and the relation of blood all but forgotten in the holy cause of country and duty. Patriotism has taken the place of every minor consideration, and now the Washington Artillery may, indeed, like numerous other corps, proudly point to its position in the field. This battalion has been very inexpensive to the Confederate treasury, as it has equipped, and I believe partially, if not solely, maintains itself. The Washington Artillery, it may be well to observe, was the principal means of relieving Louisiana of the United States forces in January last, when it took possession of the Arsenal at Baton Rouge and seized all the excellent arms and war material there contained. Thus was the State relieved in twelve hours of the U. S. troops, and enriched by the possession of the largest ordnance buildings in the country—the property and military *debris* of which has been estimated at three millions of dollars. The artillery are excellently officered—Major Walton, who is greatly and deservedly estimated by his men, having been engaged in the Mexican war, while Capt. Rosser and Lieuts. Dearing and Garnet are graduates of West Point Military School. Capt. Rosser is highly appreciated for his thorough and practical acquaintance with military science. The standard of the Washington Artillery is very magnificent, and cost $1,000. It was presented by the ladies of New Orleans on the 22d of February last in presence of three thousand troops.—The flag itself is of fine yellow silk, richly embroidered on either side with State and military emblems. The fringe is deep and elegant, and of various colors, while the staff is composed of native oak, surmounted with cross cannon and bursting shell of solid silver. The socket is also of silver, and bears an appropriate inscription. The color-bearer is Serg't Louis Montgomery, co-editor of the New Orleans *Delta*, and certainly one of the finest looking men in the battalion.

I would tire yourself, and more especially your readers, if in one letter I were to enter into similar particulars regarding the other troops who compose the numerous army of the Potomac. Taking them as a whole, I never beheld finer bodies of men, or men who enter with more heartiness and willingness into the habits and spirit of true soldiers—Perhaps their only fault lies in an impetuous wish to meet the enemy. In no other respect does the least rivalry exist. The strictest discipline is maintained, but the *material* of which the various regiments is composed render the duties of commanding officers comparatively light. Very few black sheep are to be found, and where they are discovered means are taken to prevent their corrupting others. One day a person of a notoriously bad character was drummed out of the regiment. He happened, however, to be only a driver in the artillery, who was casually picked up in Richmond.

The engineering skill and military ability of General Beauregard, in command here, are plainly perceivable. The inhabitants of Richmond have no cause to fear the threatened invasion of their city, and of course they do not. The Southern army, it strikes me, has a much easier task before it, should it be commanded to march upon Washington.

[For the Richmond Dispatch.]

RICHMOND, July 2, 1861.

To the Editors of the Dispatch: You publish this morning what you justly term a highly interesting account of the chief one of the series of cannonades which have transpired at Aquia Creek. The writer omits to mention, however, what I have hardly seen hinted at in any of the numerous accounts of the same occurrences—that, with the exception of a few men from Fredericksburg, the guns were worked by the "Stafford Guards," Capt. J. Douglas Bruce. Rarely have new troops shown equal steadiness, and that displayed in these, the first artillery actions of the war, has not yet been surpassed.

I am sure these few lines of justice to brave men will be welcome to your well stored columns. E.

IS IT A COMET?—A gentleman mentioned to us this morning the fact that last night, about nine o'clock, the weather being somewhat cloudy, with occasional lightning, he saw in a break between the clouds, somewhat West of North, and near the horizon, a broad and steady luminous streak, and as the sky further cleared, he plainly saw a head or nucleus, looking like a large red star. We mention this to direct attention.—*Wilmington Journal, 1st.*

Gen. Butler and Col. Magruder.

The Yorktown correspondent of the New Orleans Delta furnishes the correspondence between Butler and Magruder, in relation to an exchange of prisoners, after the victory at Bethel. It is so interesting that we give it in full. It will be seen that our gallant officer handles the pen as well as his artillery:

[*Gen. Butler to Col. Magruder.*]

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS, June 11, 1861.

To the Officer Commanding the Forces at County Bridge:

SIR: Capt. Davies and Lieut. Potter, of the 6th Regiment New York Volunteers, are about to proceed to the scene of the late engagement, near County Bridge, for the purpose of bringing away any dead or wounded that may have been left behind. I trust the courtesies of civilized warfare will be extended to these gentlemen, as I have no doubt they will be.—I have some prisoners, taken with arms in their hands, whom you might desire, or be willing to exchange for any persons that might have been so unfortunate as to have fallen into your hands. If you deem such a course desirable, a flag of truce, with a proper cartel, might be arranged, through the bearer of this note, Capt. Davies.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

[*Col. Magruder to Gen. Butler.*]

HEADQUARTERS, YORKTOWN, June 12, 1861.

Major-General *B. F. Butler*, Commanding Fort Monroe:

SIR: Our people had orders to bring any communications intended for the commander of the forces at County Bridge or Bethel, to this place, and by a particular route—hence the delay.

I understand from Capt. Davies, the bearer of the flag, that you had four prisoners, to wit: one trooper and three citizens, Messrs. Cooper, Whiting, Lively and Merriam, the last being a citizen of Virginia, in your possession. And you state that you are desirous to exchange them for a corresponding number of Federal troops, who are prisoners with me. I accept your offer, so far as the trooper (who is a vidette) is in question, and will send tomorrow, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, if it will be convenient, a Federal soldier in exchange for him.

With respect to the wounded, my first care was to have them attended to. Medical advice and careful nursing have been provided.

Your dead I had buried on the field of battle, and this was done within sight of the conflagrations which were devastating the homes of our citizens. The citizens in your possession are men who doubtless defended their homes against a foe who, to their certain knowledge, had, with or without authority of the Federal Government, destroyed the private property of their neighbors, breaking up even the pianos of the ladies, and committing depredations numberless and of every description. The Federal prisoner, if it be agreeable to you, will be sent to or near Hampton by a sergeant, who will receive the vidette, Carter, who was captured by your troops before the battle commenced. I do not think a more formal proceeding necessary. You have but one prisoner of mine, and he was not taken in battle. If my proposition to deliver one Federal prisoner at or near Hampton, by a sergeant, to be exchanged for private Carter, be accepted, please inform me, or the officer in command at Bethel Church, and it shall be done. It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the gentlemen who bore your flag have been received with every courtesy by our citizens, as well as by ourselves. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, &c.,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER, Col. Com'g.

Gen. Butler to Col. Magruder.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VA., Fortress Monroe, June 13, '61.

Col. J. B. Magruder, Comd'g Forces at Yorktown:

SIR: Your favor of June 12th, by Captain Davies, with a flag of truce, was this morning received. I desire first to thank you for the courtesy shown to the flag and its messengers. I will accept the exchange for private Carter. The two citizens, Whiting and Lively, were taken with arms in their hands, one of which was discharged from the house of Whiting upon the column of our troops, when all resistance was useless, and when his attack was as simply an assassination, and when no offence had been committed against him.—The house from which the shot was fired, and a building which formed a part of your outposts, are the only conflagrations caused by the troops under my command, and the light of these had ceased hours before your men ventured out from under their earthworks and ditches to do us the courtesy of burying our dead—for which act you have my sincerest thanks. After our troops returned from the field—hours after—a building was burned which furnished our wounded some shelter, and from which we had moved them, but was not burned by our men. For your kind treatment of any of our wounded you may have, please accept my assurances of deep obligation, and with the certainty that at any and every opportunity, each courtesy and kindness will be reciprocated.

I am sorry that an officer so distinguished in the service of the United States as yourself could, for a moment, suppose that the wanton destruction of private property would in any way be authorized or tolerated by the Federal Government and its officers, many of whom are your late associates. Even now, while your letter is being answered, and this is on its way to you, a most ignominious and severe punishment, in the presence of all the troops near this post, is being inflicted on men who have enlisted in the service of the United States, (not soldiers,) for plundering private property. All the private property which could not, by the strictest construction, be considered contraband of war, or means of feeding or aiding the enemy, which has been brought within my line, or in any way has come into the hands of my troops, and discovered with the strictest examination, has been taken account of, collected together to be given up to those peaceable citizens who have come forward to make claim for it. A Board of Secretary has been organized, and has already reported indemnity for the property of peaceable citizens, necessarily destroyed. In order to convince you that no wrong has been done to private property by any one in authority in the service of the U. States, I do myself the honor to enclose a copy of a general order from this Department, which will sufficiently explain itself; and the most active measures have been taken rightly to enforce it, and to punish violations thereof. That there have been too many sporadic cases of wrong to private property, committed by bad men under my command, I admit, and most sincerely regret, and believe they will in the future be substantially prevented, and I mean they shall be repaired, in favor of all loyal citizens as far as lies in my power.

You have done me the honor to inform me that vidette Carter is not a prisoner taken in battle. That is quite true—he was asleep on his post, and informs me that his three companions left in such haste that they forgot to wake him up, and they being mounted and my men on foot, the race was a difficult one. If it is not the intention of your authorities to treat the citizens of Virginia, taken in actual conflict with the United States, as soldiers, in what light shall they be considered? Please inform me in what light you regard them. If not soldiers, must they not be assassins?

A sergeant of Capt. Davies' command will be charged to meet your sergeant, at 4 o'clk. at the village of Hampton, for the purpose of the exchange of private Carter.

I need not call your attention to the fact that there will be unauthorized acts of violence committed by those who are not sufficiently under the restraint of their commanding officers. My men complain that an ambulance having the wounded was fired into by your cavalry, and I am informed that if you have any prisoners they were taken while engaged in the pious duty to their wounded comrades, and not in battle. It has never occurred to my mind that either firing into the ambulance, or capturing persons in charge of the wounded men, was an act authorized, recognized or sanctioned by any gentleman in command of the forces in Virginia. Before this unhappy strife I had not been so accustomed to regard the acts of my late associate citizens of the United States, and I have seen nothing in the course of this contest, in the acts of those in authority, to lead me to a different conclusion.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

P. S.—Inclosed certificate, by Lively and Whiting, which will show you that they, at least, received no harm from the Federal troops. B. F. B.

[*Col. Magruder to Gen. Butler.*]

SIR: I have just received yours of the 13th inst. With respect to the firing on the ambulance by my cavalry, I have simply to say that the statement of your informant is entirely untrue. My cavalry was never ahead of your column, whose retreat was so rapid as to cause many of your wounded to be left on the field, while others were carried off in the rear instead of in the front of your column (as they ought to have been,) and over bridges which were immediately broken down to prevent pursuit.

You say the citizens who defended their homes must be considered either soldiers or assassins. They are neither; but men defending their firesides against piratical invasion, and are entitled to the respect of all good men. Messrs. Whiting and Lively, whose certificate you have obtained while in duress, were captured before Whiting's house was burned.

I stated that they knew the depredations which had been committed on their neighbors. These depredations are acknowledged by you, both in your order and in your letter to me.—The last paragraph of your order guaranteeing protection only to citizens at peace with the United States—that is, only to persons who think as you think, destroys whatever merit there may have been in the previous clauses. With respect to the vidette private Carter, I desire respectfully to inform you that when a picket of four is placed out for twenty-four hours, as in this case, at least one is permitted to sleep. This picket had orders to retreat before a large force of the enemy. Four men against five thousand constituted, however, such great odds as to have justified the retreat of the picket even without orders. Had private Carter been awake, perhaps a retreat would not have been necessary.

Reciprocating the kind expressions contained in your letter, I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully, your ob't serv't,

J. BANKHEAD MAGRUDER,
Colonel Commanding.

To Maj. Gen. *B. F. Butler*, Commanding Fort Monroe, &c., &c.

I may state, (says the correspondent,) as an incident tending to illustrate the sincerity of the Federalist officers in their protestations of a desire to put an end to the depredations and outrages committed by their soldiers, that Col. Stewart, whilst on a visit to Fortress Monroe under a flag of truce, recognized a mirror and other articles of furniture belonging to him, in Col. Duryea's quarters. He called that officer's attention to the fact, but the stolen property was never returned.

Details of the Mob at Milwaukie—Disgraceful Scenes.

We find in the Milwaukie (Wis.) papers full particulars of the mob which attacked the banks in that city, a few days ago, because they refused to redeem the bills of country banks, as had been previously promised. From the Daily Wisconsin's reports we take the following:

The mob first commenced at the Second Ward Bank, about ten o'clock, and we are informed that they gathered about there in large numbers, and soon cleaned out that institution, of which Wm. H. Jacobs is President. Then they came surging down East Water street, headed by a band of music, to Alex Mitchell's Bank, and gathered there by thousands. There were several individuals in the bank at the time, and they were unable to get out. First, they attempted to force open the doors, but the doors were barred, and entrance denied. Then the rocks began to fly into the windows of Mitchell's Bank, and also into the windows of offices above and beneath the bank. It was not long before the windows were completely honey-combed. Great boulders were dug up from the pavement, and hurled in with a violence that must have resulted in killing any person, had he been struck favorably by them. There was no particular noise during the riotous proceedings, except that there would be now and then a shout as the rocks flew through the windows, and there was that continued muttering, cursing and talking which always characterizes mobs of this kind. Occasionally, as some fright would arise, the crowd would retreat in confusion, and discovering it was a fright without cause, would advance again.

On the outskirts of the crowd were peaceable citizens, looking on in amazement, and not knowing what to do, nor what to look for next. The stairs to upper stories of buildings in the vicinity were crowded with men, women and children. The windows of the buildings in the vicinity were filled with heads of both sexes, looking on the scene in silence and wonder. Everybody seemed spell bound, although there were many and many a time their lips pressed and knit their brows, and we felt within themselves, and said to those next to them, that this outrage had gone too far; that the citizens must rise up and put it down.

Meanwhile the men had broke into Mitchell's Bank, and many of them rushed in. They were resisted by the few who were inside—among them was Mayor Brown; but the mob was too powerful for them. Now they went to work at the counters, tearing them down, cutting out the windows, seizing all the papers they could find, and tossing them out in the street. Property of all kinds was hurled in the street, and the bank was completely gutted. Luckily, however, a large proportion of the valuables were in the vault, into which the crowd were unable to enter. Mr. Mitchell got out in sight of the crowd and attempted to speak. But stones and clubs flew thicker and faster, the rabble roared, and he was obliged to retire.

Now came the turn of the State Bank, directly opposite. It only needed a start, and soon the windows of that institution were completely dashed in. A stone struck one of the clerks, Mr. Hayden, and injured him considerably. Mr. Inbusch, the President, barely escaped being struck on the head with a rock. The destruction at that bank was nearly as great as at Mitchell's. They entered and tore up all the counters, broke up the furniture, and gutted out everything. The same violence was used in the banking office of J. H. Martin, under the State Bank. They afterwards took all the furniture of these three institutions, and piling it into the streets, with all the paper and books they could get hold of, set them on fire. They also broke the windows of the banking office of Mr. Bellinger, under the State Bank, and gutted out his place of business. The same vandalism was practiced upon the loan and insurance agency office of Allis & McGregor. Rocks were thrown into the windows of the Bank of Milwaukie.

By this time Mayor Brown had ordered out the Montgomery Guards, but we understand (and if it is so, we regret to be compelled