Richmond Dispatch.

THURSDAY MORNING....SEPT. 5, 1861

The Post-Office.

The delays and the inconveniences in the opening and the delivery of the mails at the post-office in this city are without precedent in any post-office that we have ever seen or heard of. These matters of complaint are not attributable to any want of the spirit of accommodation or industry in the Postmaster or his assistants and clerks; but to a want of sufficient force to perform the work of the office, and to some necessary improvement in the arrangement of the general delivery department.

Owing to the want of sufficient force, the most important mails are not opened and delivered until the day after their arrival. Thousands who have relatives and friends in the armies of the Potomac, and those of the West and the Northwest, are anxious to hear from them. The wants and necessities of the army and the interests of the public service, constantly demand the prompt transmission of information and the prompt response to orders and appeals for every kind of necessity, comfort and assistance. But the mail that comes at 3 o'clock P. M., or sometime in the afternoon, is often not opened and delivered before 8 o'clock next morning, after every morning train has left, and twenty-four hours must elapse and all the dangers of delay be incurred before the orders and requests the mail of the day previous brings can be attended to.

The general delivery system, which was ample at the time it was established, is altogether unsuited to the present increased business of the office. The crowd upon the opening of the office is oppressive, and the time that many have to wait before they can reach the delivery aperture is exceedingly trying to the patience of the most patient of men. The number of places of delivery should be multiplied and alphabetically arranged. This would at once, with an increase of force, remedy this serious evil.

The business community of this city is not very much concerned by this last-named subject of complaint, as they are supplied from the private boxes, which are abundant, and admirably arranged. They are, however, interested in having the mails promptly opened.

These evils are serious, and ought not to be imposed upon any enlightened or commercial community, nor ought they to be endured by any such community. All the press can do is to speak of them and represent them in their true light. But the community ought to act upon them. They ought to petition the department; if that fails, the President, and if that, too, *Congress*. Such delays and inconveniences are unendurable. We trust that the proper authorities will take early measures to apply proper remedies.

The Situation.

In some of the Northern accounts of matters about Washington, it is said that old SCOTT is at the bottom of the predatory incursions upon the Southern coast which have been inaugurated by the capture of Fort Hatteras. He hopes by such expeditions to direct attention to the South, and thereby to produce a stampede among the troops now assembled in front of Arlington Heights. He thinks they will all leave to defend their firesides, and that their absence will leave the road to Richmond entirely clear. The first passion of his heart is doubtless to get to Richmond. He hates Richmond above all other spots of the earth. He lived here in early youth. The people here understand him perfectly. They know him when he was only "Fuss," and had no "Feathers" to hide his native deformity. They never flattered him—never listened to his long-winded rattlesnake stories—never feasted him—never consented to regard him as anything but plain "WINGFIELD" (not "WINFIELD") SCOTT. They perfectly comprehend all the littleness, and all the meanness of his character. When old ZAC. TAYLOR came here to lay the corner-stone of the WASHINGTON monument, all the State turned out to meet him and to greet him.—The enthusiasm was greater, even, than it was when LAFAYETTE visited the city. When old SCOTT came here—swelling and puffing from his MEXICAN campaign—not a hundred people turned out to welcome him. For a small mind like his, this was an offence never to be forgiven, and Virginia, afterwards, voted against him. Hence his insane and insatiate desire to march to Richmond. He ought, however, to know the Southern people better than he seems to know them. He will find the attempt to divert the eyes of the Southern troops from Washington and Maryland, perfectly hopeless. There they are, and there they mean to stay. Not a man will leave his post on account of any invasion that may be made to the South of us.—JOHNSTON knows, BEAUREGARD knows, every officer and soldier in the two armies knows, Old SCOTT *ought* to know, that there are men enough left at home to eat up every man that LINCOLN can spare for his piratical enterprises, not only without diminishing the number of men before the lines at Arlington, but without lessening the reinforcements, which are every day arriving, so sensibly that it can be perceived. Our troops are investing the South side of the Potomac more closely every day.—They cannot be driven away, and the enemy will not attempt it. Our Generals are aware that the heart of Yankeedom is there—that if they can pierce it, all these miserable little piratical expeditions will be paralyzed—that the plunderers will fall off instantly from the body upon which they have fastened, as barnacles drop from the galvanized bottom of a ship. Let not Old SCOTT flatter himself that by any amount of murder, pillage, and fire-raising, he can disturb the determined purpose of our Generals. They mean to drive the Yankees out of Washington and *they will do it.*

There can be no stronger evidence of the utter absence of everything like military spirit among a people than the habit of making a vast parade about a small success. The Chinese, in the late war, happened to capture a dozen or two Frenchmen and Englishmen who had ventured too near the lines, and forthwith all Pekin was in blaze of fire-works, crackers and military enthusiasm. Our American Chinese stick closely to the Oriental pattern.—Nothing can exceed their exultation at having captured two little forts on a sand bank in North Carolina, manned by five or six hundred men, with a naval force of one hundred guns and a land force of 4,500 men. PICAYUNE BUTLER becomes forthwith one of the greatest Generals of the age, and old WOOL announces his exploits in tones that would become a victory such as Austerlitz or Jena. Success is a novelty to them, even on the most limited scale. Can such a people hope to hold Arlington Heights and Washington, and Maryland, when our Generals choose to advance? They cannot. Their General is well aware that they cannot stand the flash of the cold steel. He is busy preparing his means to keep them at long taw. He dare not depend on their manhood. He knows that they will never cross bayonets with our men, and hence his enormous accumulation of artillery, which, after all his labor, is destined at no distant period to add strength to our own already formidable armaments.

Adopted Citizens in the Army.

A warm-hearted and impulsive correspondent of the gallant "Emerald Isle," takes exception to our application of the term "mercenary" to the foreign soldiers fighting in LINCOLN'S pay, as the words, he thinks, might be applied with equal justice to foreigners fighting in the ranks of the Southern army.

We beg leave to differ from our respected correspondent. The term "mercenary," viz., "*serving for pay*," is accurately descriptive of the great mass of the Northern foreign soldiery, who have entered the ranks for pay and nothing else; whereas, the Southern soldiers of foreign birth have volunteered, like all our other soldiers, not for pay, but to defend their homes, their altars and their country. This makes the difference between the two classes, and it is all the difference in the world. Our correspondent cannot say more in praise of the gallantry and generous qualities of Irishmen than we have said a hundred times. On every battle-field of the world, her children have fought and bled. Genius, eloquence, poetry, statesmanship, courage, energy, generosity, chivalry, sensibility, form a peculiar combination of Irish characteristics which we have always delighted to contemplate and eulogize. In the war of the Revolution, many of our best and bravest leaders were of foreign birth. The very empire with which we were at war gave us a PAUL JONES, a MONTGOMERY, a Lord STERLING; Germany, her heroic STEUBEN, DE KALB, and others; and in the last war with England, and the contest with Mexico, the sons of Ireland and of Germany fought side by side with other citizen soldiers of America. We have often referred with pride and gratitude to these facts, and to the vast contributions to American labor and enterprise by those same industrious and valuable races. Who can calculate the addition to the wealth and power of the old United States, by the foreign emigration?—Conceding these immense benefits, the principal portion of which, however, enured to the benefit of the North, clearing her forests, manning her mines, building up her cities, and swelling her population, whilst the Southern coast has scarcely been touched by the broad-tide of foreign immigration, what was the return which the foreign population received from the two sections? The North, which had monopolized the foreign emigration and its benefits, hunted down foreigners like wild beasts, burned their churches, insulted and murdered their people, whilst the South, which had but a small foreign element in its population, spread the shield of its protection before them, and rolled back the tide of intolerance and persecution. It was the North which inaugurated a vast secret association pledged to political and religious proscription of the very men whose toil and energy had built up its wealth and prosperity. This association, with its subordinate branches, ramifying through every county, city and village in the land, took the field in a "Grand Army," more numerous and as thoroughly organized as that which was lately routed at Manassa, and everywhere, throughout the North, it was triumphant. If that religious and political crusade had been successful in both North and South, no foreigner and no Roman Catholic would have been permitted to vote or hold office in America; they would have become a degraded caste, and, in course of time, the rack and the faggot would have been added to the torture of political and social humiliation. At this most critical point in the destiny of the foreign population of the United States, VIRGINIA came to their rescue. In the most excited political contest ever known in the State, she tore down the black flag of Know-Nothingism, spiked its whole artillery, annihilated its secret organization, and drove it back crest-fallen, discomfited and dying, to its birth-place in New England. It was VIRGINIA which rescued the Irish and the Germans of America from the horrible fate impending over their heads, and, in so doing, added to the fanatical hate and thirst for revenge which is inspiring the present atrocious and bloody invasion of her borders.

After all this, to see foreigners marching under the banners and fighting the battles of that North which had repaid their obligations with remorseless persecution against the South which had interposed as their friend and their champion and deliverer; to see Irishmen advancing over the ruins of Catholic churches and convents to plant their bayonets in Virginia breasts, and Germans in the West crossing swords with HENRY A. WISE, what phrase milder than that of "mercenaries" could be employed to designate the conduct of men whose only apology is, that they had no alternative between joining the United States Army and starvation—in one word, that they "served for pay?"

In noble contrast to this shocking ingratitude, is the high-minded and gallant course of the foreigners in the South, not one of whom can be called a mercenary, for the simple reason that patriotism, and not pay, is their principle of action. The Irish, the Germans—all the adopted citizens of the South, whether of American or European birth—have rallied gallantly to the rescue of the land which has received them as her children. We have, on various occasions, acknowledged the alacrity and courage of our Irish fellow-citizens; nor have the Germans of the South fallen behind any other people. They have nobly redeemed the obloquy cast upon the great German name by the course of their countrymen in the North. They come of a grand, heroic race, which knows how to defend home and freedom, and which has proved itself as great in war as in the arts and sciences of peaceful life. They are, moreover, among the most industrious, sober, and thrifty people in the world. We learn that their military representatives in the army rank among our choicest troops, and that one of the German companies from our own city, now at the seat of war, is probably unsurpassed in its drill and discipline by any company either in the Confederate or United States Army. We rejoice to pay this tribute to the adopted citizens of the South, and we shall never fail to do justice to their patriotism and courage.

General Floyd.

Gen. FLOYD, upon the first opportunity afforded him, has vindicated his claim to that military talent which is the inheritance of his family on both sides of the house—PRESTON and FLOYD. All the older PRESTONS were warriors. Gen. FRANCIS and Gen. JOHN PRESTON both fought bravely in the revolutionary war, and Col. JAMES (afterwards Governor of the State and Postmaster of this city) distinguished himself highly in the war of 1812.—In the Mexican war, the present Col. JAMES PRESTON marched through Christiansburg with a company of mountain boys bound for the scene of strife, when an aged citizen remarked that he had seen his father and grandfather do the same thing before him, in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. Gen. FLOYD's grandfather, on the father's side, was one of the most successful officers that fought the Indians in the early days of Kentucky history. His father, though he had no opportunity of putting his military talent to the test, was a man of a strong military bias, and would have shown his capacity for command had the chance presented itself. We believe Gov. FLOYD, of Georgia, who defeated the Cherokees in a great battle during the war of 1812, was a first cousin of the present General FLOYD's father. At any rate, he was a near relation.

The present General FLOYD has probably much more military genius than any of his martial ancestry on either side of the house.—We have often wondered that he did not go to West Point, when a boy, so decidedly military is his turn of mind. He has a clear perception of all the great military events which occurred during the great French wars, and seems to have studied the battles and sieges of that period with much assiduity. We felt convinced that he would make his mark if he ever got an opportunity. And he has done it, no doubt the enemy think, with a vengeance. It is not mere bravery that is needed in a General. The talent and the courage, NAPOLEON thought, must be equally balanced, or the man will never make a General. If the courage be too great for the understanding, he will be rash; and, though capable of being made useful when under the direction of a superior mind, will surely get himself cut up if left alone. On the other hand, if the talent be too great for the courage, the officer will be too cautious in his operations. A nice equilibrium is the thing desired; and General FLOYD seems to possess it in a remarkable degree. The affair of Cross Lanes was on a small scale, but a HERCULES can be discovered from the foot. It was perfect in all its parts; conception and execution were alike faultless. General FLOYD has shown himself capable of much greater things.

Health of Soldiers.

The perils of the battle-field to armies are literally nothing in comparison with those of disease. It is not more essential that military movements should be guided and controlled by the highest order of genius than it is that the daily life of the camp and the hospital service should be directed and regulated by the highest intelligence, experience and system. It is not more important that the minutest details of discipline and drill should be enforced upon the soldier, than that the minutest detail of everything which affects his health or tends to his restoration when sick, should be diligently observed. Bethel, Bull Run, Manassa and Springfield have proved that, in military skill and fighting qualities, our Southern army is ahead of any other on this continent, but we have a more dangerous enemy than bayonets and bullets to contend with, in disease. Although the enemy suffers as much in this respect as we do, and probably more, yet a thorough attention to details in the methods of providing for the sick may tend to lessen greatly his losses from this cause.

We have before called attention to the fact that, where such a disease as measles is prevalent, great care should be taken to quarter fresh troops, who have just arrived, heated and exhausted after a long march, and sometimes perhaps in a pelting rain, in dry and comfortable quarters, such as are afforded by some of the large and numerous tobacco factories and public buildings, which may be found in our own and other cities. To march men in such a condition to a wet camp would be as reckless and destructive to human life as to order an unarmed regiment to storm Old Point. Of course, to march patients suffering from measles or any other disease from a railroad station to a hospital, through a driving rain, instead of conveying them in the easiest carriages, and most perfectly protected from the weather, that can be found, would prove almost certain death to the victims of such treatment. Measles is a comparatively innocent disease when the patient is not exposed to cold; but, when thus exposed, dangerous in the extreme. Another rule that ought to be uniformly observed, is to keep patients who are suffering from contagious diseases in rooms or wards by themselves, and carefully isolated from those whose diseases are not of that character. Nor should any encampment of healthy soldiery be ever posted in the neighborhood of a hospital. It is also desirable that, as soon as the men in a hospital become convalescent, the fact should be made known to citizens who are willing to receive them into their houses—and everybody is willing—and they should be at once removed.

We throw out from time to time these crude suggestions by way of stirring up those who have such matters in charge to the most thorough, intelligent, and energetic provision for the health of our men. The daily food of those who are well, their cookery, their protection against the weather, and everything connected with ensuring to our army the highest degree of physical and moral efficiency; the treatment of those who are sick, and the management of hospitals in all their details, deserve the most profound consideration and energy of the departments to which they are entrusted. We are sure that numerous defects and causes of complaint must be found in the beginning of great military operations in a country and among a generation wholly unused to war, and we refer to this subject in no fault-finding mood. We know that a vast deal has been accomplished in those branches of the service which are responsible for the health and comfort of the soldiers; more, perhaps, than could have been reasonably expected. But there is abundant room for improvement yet, and we have no intention of losing sight of the subject till we have attained perfection as nearly as possible. There is no lack of officers charged with these duties, and the co-operation of the public with them, in every way and to any extent that may be required, is a thing they may calculate upon as surely as the rising of to-morrow's sun. As a correspondent of the Wilmington *Herald* observes in relation to another branch of the service, the people, who furnish the sinews of war and fight the battles, have a right to demand of their officials the most faithful, intelligent, and efficient service. "The widow's mite and the widow's only son are being laid on the altar of freedom. A people bringing such sacrifices, not grudgingly, but with cheerfulness and alacrity, have a right to scrutinize and criticise the public acts of their servants. They have a right to demand that their free-will offerings be applied to the best purposes, at the right time, and at the proper place."

No subject connected with Southern military operations is of more practical importance than this, and none appeals more powerfully to the sensibilities of every humane and generous heart. To neglect any detail, no matter how insignificant, by which the health and lives of our soldiers may be preserved, is as criminal and ruinous as to neglect any of those precautions in camp which are employed against sudden surprise or midnight massacre by an enemy. Disease may decimate, cut to pieces, and even rout an army more effectually than bayonets or bullets. It is, therefore, the dictate of patriotism, loyalty, and common sense, to say nothing of common humanity, to use as unsleeping vigilance and energy in protecting our army from disease, and all that is calculated to produce it, as from the stratagems, ambuscades and assaults of the enemy. The fate of the soldier who suffers, and perhaps dies at last, from lingering disease, presents one of the most melancholy features of war. Far from home, deprived of the domestic sympathies which are often more powerful than medicine in arresting the progress of disease, disappointed in his aspirations for glory, condemned to lie still and feel that he is useless, whilst his country, whom he would rejoice to aid, needs his help, and closing his eyes at last amongst strangers, what is there in a glorious death upon the battle-field to compare with the sadness of such a fate?—who can do enough to prevent such distress, or to alleviate and assuage it?

National Airs.

"God save the King" was composed by Dr. JOHN BULL, Professor of Music in Gresham College, and first sung at a banquet given to JAMES the First and Prince HENRY, at Merchant Tailor's Hall, in 1606. The music is very grand. The celebrated Colonel JAMES INNES used to say that nobody was worthy to write the words for it but MILTON.

"Hail Columbia" was originally called "Prince Ferdinand's March," it having been composed in honor of that General when he commanded the British and Hanoverian armies during the seven years' war.

The old song "When Bibo went down to the regions below," was much in vogue about the time of the last war. FRANCIS S. KEY wrote the words of the "Star Spangled Banner" and set them to that tune.

The Marseillaise Hymn, or, as the French call it, "march," was written and composed by ROUGET DE L'ISLE, a young French officer of a family attached to the royal cause. LAMARTINE gives a very romantic account of the origin of the song, and of ROUGET himself. It was not written, as its name would seem to imply, at Marseilles, but at Strasburg, in an opposite quarter of France. A large body of Marseilleis, who went up to Paris to assist the Jacobins, passed through the country singing it as they went; hence its name. How they got hold of it, since it had not before been sung or published, as far as we know, is a mystery. It soon became the national anthem, and is the most widely known and most famous musical production of which there is any account. It is the great revolutionary anthem—the song that addresses itself above all others to the heart of the multitude. There is no country in Europe, except England, in which it is allowed to be sung. It always has the effect of arousing the crowd to a pitch of frenzy which a military force is often necessary to suppress. There is something inexpressibly wild and animating in the strain. We recollect to have been present, some years ago, at an exhibition in which the exhibitor exposed to view the Northern shore of the Mediterranean. As each coast appeared, a band of music played the national air of the particular country. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to the music, until the coast of France came in view and the band struck up the Marseillaise. It acted like electricity, and the house instantly resounded with thunders of applause. LAMARTINE'S narrative of the circumstances attending the composition of the Marseillaise, and of the author's personal history, are exceedingly interesting.—His mother (an old royalist) wrote him from Paris that they were singing an awful bloody-minded song about the streets, and that it was said he wrote it. She begged him to contradict the charge. He was soon proscribed as an aristocrat, and fled for his life. As he was passing over the Alps, the muleteer who walked by his side commenced singing the Marseillaise Hymn. He asked him who composed the song, and he replied, a royalist and a traitor, named ROUGET DE LILE, adding a strong wish that he had to deal with him. ROUGET lived until 1830, when, after the Revolution, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies.

The Yankees want a National hymn. True to their instincts, they offer a sum of money for it. Money is, to them, enthusiasm, patriotism, genius, everything. Of course, they will never get a National anthem. What subject could it treat of in order to interest the Yankees? The "Almighty Dollar" is everything with them. If that is left out, there is nothing to make a song about.

Official Register.

"The Little Red Book or Department Directory, for the use of the public in the Confederate States of America," is the title of a pamphlet by C. A. VANPELSON, which gives the names of the officials in the various departments, civil and military, of the Confederate service. For sale at WHITE's, WOODHOUSE's, and the Mechanics' Institute.

The Battle of Cross Lanes.

We give below a letter from a gentleman who was in the engagement at Cross Lanes:

CAMP GAULEY, Gen. FLOYD'S BRIGADE, August 28, 1861.

General Floyd met the enemy in position at Cross Lanes, within two miles of Camp Gauley, on the 26th, under command of Col. Tyler. Col. McCausland's regiment encountered the enemy on the left, breaking the centre, and Col. Heth's regiment attacking the enemy on the left. Capt. R. B. Linkous, with his company, belonging to Col. McCausland's regiment, was stationed in a ravine in a most exposed position between the right and left wings of the enemy, and thus encountering front and rear fire. The Captain had three men badly and two slightly wounded. Three companies of the enemy retreated on the rear of Captain Linkous, Captain F. P. Tanner's and Captain Fife's companies giving fire as they passed, taking one man a prisoner, with the flag of the "Boone Rangers." The man who was taken was waving the flag to his company, and unarmed—a trophy without any honor attaching to its capture. The "Boone Rangers" were on the right of Captain Linkous' company, firing on the enemy at a church.

The residue of the enemy fled in disorder and were pursued by Col. McCausland's regiment, on the 26th, some eight miles, and some were captured. The pursuit has been continued for several days, and the enemy taken in squads, the number now amounting to nearly two hundred. The enemy lost in killed between fifty and seventy-five.—We lost four killed, seven badly, and three slightly wounded. Several of the Hessians are yet scattered in the woods, and will probably be taken. We captured four wagons, with some stores and one surgeon's carriage. Among the captured of the enemy, we have a free negro, a Massachusetts mulatto by birth, recently a resident of Cleveland, Ohio.

Col. Tyler ordered his men to a "double quick" and then fled by a bridle path, leaving his regiment under the command of Captain Shurtliff, who was taken prisoner.

General Floyd was greatly exposed, and the gallant officer was delighted at our success, and showed his gratitude to his men. C. L.

The Ladies of Charlottesville.

To the Editors of the Dispatch:—You will confer a favor by inserting the following in your paper:

HEADQUARTERS, WISE LEGION, Office Medical Director, W. L., White Sulphur Springs, Va., Aug. 9, '61.

To *Miss Julia De Lagnel, Mrs. T. L. Farish*, and other Ladies of Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va.:

Dear Ladies: It is the privilege of one who, as a private in the ranks, has known the thrill of gratitude for the kind remembrances of the ladies, to acknowledge the receipt of four boxes of medicine and stores for the sick, through Col. Farish. As the hand unrolled a bottle of cologne, the perfumed soap, the comb and the linen, (not to speak of the happy selection of medicines,) the vision of a fond mother arose, and audibly and in sweet accession was expressed the thought, only the delicate sensibilities of woman could suggest the comforts and need of these articles to the sick and weary soldiers. That happy and long may be the lives of the kind ladies of Charlottesville, protected and far from the carnage of war, will ever be the prayer of the grateful soldiers of the Wise Legion.

Very respectfully,
A. CRESPINE, V. A. C. S.,
Medical Director, W. L.

DISASTER.—The Nashville Gazette, of the 30th ult., says:

An unfortunate accident occurred about 7 o'clock last evening to the Rio Mills of Mr. Wm. Spence, at Martreesboro', Tenn. The flooring in the storage rooms, from the great weight of wheat and meal, gave way and fell with a terrible crash. The mills contained 30,000 bushels of wheat and 3,000 bushels of corn. Loss estimated at $15,000.

LOCAL MATTERS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF THE DISPATCH.

After the 1st of September, the following will be the rates of publication of the *Dispatch:*

DAILY PAPER.—*Two cents* per copy at the counter and from the regular carriers of the city. Per annum, $5. Six months, $3. Three months, $1.75.

SEMI-WEEKLY.—$3 per annum.

WEEKLY.—$2 per annum.

Neither the Semi-Weekly nor Weekly paper will be sent for a less term than twelve months.

Commonwealth vs. Charles Murphy, charged with feloniously causing the death of Albert, a slave.—This case came up before the Mayor again yesterday morning. As it is an important one, we give a synopsis of the evidence. Seth Mack testified, that having heard several persons in the Central Railroad machine shop say that Murphy was whipping Albert, he went to the place, and saw Murphy beating him with a short leather strap or paddle. Murphy occasionally ceased, and sat down. The whipping continued for half or three-quarters of an hour after Mack reached the scene. The negro, who was handcuffed, was whipped upon every part of his body, but the whipping was at intervals and not continuous. Richard Smith gave, almost *verbatim*, the same testimony, adding that he heard the negro call for water, which Murphy gave him, and offer to tell M. the truth about the stolen goods, but M. replied that he had told him lies enough, yet listened to his story. When the whipping was over, the negro called another slave to help him put on his clothes. Martin Alley was present for some twenty minutes while the whipping was going on. Patrick Callahan testified, that Murphy said on Sunday he was going to whip Albert, and get the truth out of him. Saw Murphy and the negro Monday after the whipping. The negro asked for water. It was given to him, and he drank twice in a short time. The negro and the prisoner started up the hill; the former went about a square and then sat down. Prisoner pinched him, and started him again, but he had not gone far before he a second time sat down. Prisoner pinched him again. The negro got up, started, staggered against the fence, and sat down. When he had remained there some five or ten minutes, prisoner said Albert was dying, and he would go and surrender himself to the officers, and requested witness to take care of the negro, who soon afterwards breathed his last. S. D. Lowry was present at the whipping, but didn't then think the negro was seriously hurt, and saw none of his skin broken. Robert James went to the scene of the whipping; saw the negro lying on some straw groaning, but supposed he was "putting on;" no handcuffs on the negro then. Marcellus Lane heard and saw the prisoner whipping Albert. Officer Chalkley said he had taken the negro to jail Sunday in good health apparently. Officer Bibb said he on Monday, by order of the Court, had given Albert thirty lashes; Murphy was present, and said that was nothing to what he would give him; that he would make him see hell before night. Dr. Thomas, Deputy Coroner, testified that there were no evidences of unusual violence upon the negro's body; the skin was excoriated. His Honor remanded the prisoner to jail to answer an indictment in the Hustings Court next Monday, deciding that the case was not a bailable one, and recognized the witnesses in the sum of $300 each to appear and give evidence at the same time.

Mayor's Court, Yesterday.—Fannie Taylor was sent to jail, for being drunk and disorderly in the streets.—Anne Kearns, charged with assault and battery, committed upon her lawful spouse, Michael Kearns, was discharged with a few admonitory remarks.—Samuel Schwartz, Charles Sauntry, Miles Talley, and Theodore Frick, were arraigned on the charge of fighting and using obscene language in the Second Market. Mr. Frick was discharged as entirely innocent. Talley was fined $5, for which he offered to give a note payable in 60 days, declaring at the same time that he would never interpose in a fight again, even if he saw one man killing another. Schwartz and Sauntry will be before the Mayor again this morning, for a further hearing.—Stephen Hunter was fined $3 for driving his cart across the sidewalk of 8th street.—Patrick Brannon was ready with his witnesses, after three days' efforts. He was required to give surety in $150 for his good behavior.

Four of the Hospitals in this city occupied by sick and wounded Confederate soldiers, were visited by us yesterday. In the first, a very small one, we found a lady ministering to the wants of the patients with gentle hands and tender carefulness, unassisted at the moment by any of the other sex. In the second one, were several ladies and a clergyman, relieving the wants of those under their charge, entitling themselves to the grateful remembrance of the soldiers and the approbation of the public. In the third were numerous patients and a well-trained corps of attendants engaged in the same praiseworthy "labor of love." The fourth was the St. Charles Hospital, where is the well-known Henry Myers, whose natural element is where suffering humanity craves assistance. This hospital has on an average three hundred patients always in its wards, and since the 27th of July, when it went into operation, there have arrived fourteen hundred patients at its doors. The deaths in all this time and out of this large number, have been only twenty-one. Here, too, we saw the soft hand of woman pressed upon the brow of feverish patients, and heard her gentle voice uttering words of kindness.—This hospital is well supplied with nurses and attendants, who keep everything in order and guard against all uncleanliness that can possibly be avoided. We learn, however, that the physician in charge has by no means a sufficient number of medical assistants—a fact which we mention in the hope that, if they can possibly do so, the authorities will supply the deficiency. Verily, our people are ennobled by the war. Hard-visaged selfishness has been transformed into bright-faced beneficence; avarice has been exchanged for generosity; the love of "filthy lucre" gives place to philanthropy, and we may truly say that, in a different sense from that which the poet had in mind, "Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front."

Between us and the reader there is a "great gulf fixed"—a sort of "Plutonian region," wherein dwells a devil, with various assistants, engaged in the Syzphian—or we should say, rather, Penelopean—labor of undoing at one moment what they had just done a short time before. Over this mysterious brotherhood presides a grim, gaunt, and gloomy spectre, who greedily gulps down our laudatory notices of the gentlemen who send us presents, and smacks his lips exultingly, much as the Cornish giant did when revelling in anticipations of making his breakfast upon Jack the Giant-Killer. If, therefore, any of our friends send us tobacco, cigars, or what not, and see no acknowledgment of their reception in this column, they must lay the blame upon our president aforesaid.

Twenty-four sick soldiers came down on the Central train yesterday—among them the brother of Vice-President Stephens, accompanied by that distinguished functionary, who has found time amid the engrossing cares of State to attend the sick couch of his brother. A constant interchange of sick and well soldiers is going on—the former coming to this city, and the latter returning to their various camps.

A hack driver drove up Main street yesterday afternoon at a furious pace, and when near Nineteenth street turned his horses around, and started them down street. Soon afterwards he achieved the remarkable feat of driving his carriage over himself as he lay sprawling in the mud, having tumbled out into the street.

Samuel Rich was arrested yesterday, and taken to the First Station-House, on the charge of stealing a $20 Confederate note from the pocket of Julius Sieps, on last Monday night.—Timothy McMahon was taken thither, on the charge of being drunk and disorderly in the streets.

Captain Marchly, whose name is mentioned by our Northern exchanges as a distinguished officer, (as witness our yesterday's news summary from Northern exchanges,) is among the prisoners now in this city, sent hither by Gen. Floyd.

A Lady, with two little Babes, living but a few paces below the Confederate States prison, (Harwood's Factory,) whose husband has long since "gone to the wars," to assist in driving back the ruthless savages of the North, is at this time quite indisposed. She is not entirely indigent, yet she lacks the aid of an assistant in procuring and preparing, while her sickness lasts, suitable food for herself and little ones. Our citizens, we know, will not allow them to suffer.

The Senate Chamber is being connected with the offices and the passages in the southern end of the Capitol, to make a larger hall for the meeting of the Confederate Congress.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN ENTERPRISE.—Our columns this morning contain an advertisement by Messrs. THOS. H. SHIELDS & Co., of the manufacture of Printing Ink at Amite, in this State, and for which they are the sole agents. They warrant the ink equal to any made, and what they guarantee, there can be no question as to merit. One of the firm is an experienced practical printer, and knows what he is about in this, as in all other respects; and we trust our contemporaries in town and country will patronize this Southern enterprise to the extent that it deserves. They also advertise a variety of paper for printing and wrapping purposes.—*N. O. Crescent, 20th Aug.*

SMOKING TOBACCO.—In times like these, when fine cigars are scarce and high, it is consoling to the puffers of the weed to know that superior SMOKING TOBACCO can be had in abundance and at small cost. Mr. JOHN H. JOHNSON is putting up a superb article in bales and boxes, and selling at moderate prices.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.—From the Louisville correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, of Aug. 12th:

"James Hewitt, Esq., of the firm of Hewitt, Norton & Co., of Liverpool, New York and New Orleans, has lately arrived here from Richmond, and is authority for the following strange statement, now rumored extensively about this city:

"Since the battle of Manassa the utmost demoralization and disorganization among the army, and financial distress among the people generally, have existed. The city was filled with men and women from the more distant States, hunting information of relatives—information which, owing to the secrecy maintained by the Government, they could not obtain. No report of the killed and wounded had been made up, nor was it likely that any ever would be. The greatest distress prevailed, and complaints were loud, deep and earnest. Soldiers were demanding their release and their pay, refusing to fight again, and expressing their determination to return home.—There was no money in the city except current notes of the state banks, coin, especially British, being a particularly scarce article. To these murmurings of the mob of Richmond city there were added other murmurs, not so loud nor so insolent, but murmurs distinctly uttered and distinctly heard, that were coming up from every part of the Confederacy, complaining of the lasting state of affairs. These complaints and the financial troubles of the Government were having their effect; and learning of a scheme it had on hand, Mr. Hewitt telegraphed to Richard Atkinson, of this city, his agent, to write by the first steamer to the house in Liverpool to sell all the cotton on hand at existing rates as soon as possible. Mr. Hewitt has since reached this city, and his agent has been hurriedly dispatched to New York. The plan of the Confederate Government, which had had such an effect on Mr. Hewitt, was that of reconstruction. A proposition is to be made in a few days to the United States Government for an armistice for sixty days, during which time it is proposed to hold a convention at Louisville, Ky., for the purpose of reconstructing the Union.

"I do not make this up from reports flying about the city. Mr. Hewitt is the head of the New Orleans house—a most uncompromising disunionist, but a shrewd and successful business man."

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 19, 1861.

Considering it best, preparatory to the operations of the next season, to realize amounts advanced on cotton, whilst the prices were fair, I recently sent from Richmond a telegram to R. Atkinson, at Louisville, to write to the Liverpool house to make sales of the cotton on hand at existing prices. I supposed this telegram upon my private business would be respected and held sacred, and did not resort to a cypher.

To my great surprise, the same steamer that took out my orders to my house in Liverpool, took out, also, in the New York Herald, a long letter purporting to be from its Louisville correspondent, saying that I had just returned to Louisville, and reported the army, and the finances, and the general condition of the Confederate states, in a most deplorable condition, and that I had, in consequence of this state of things, dispatched Mr. Atkinson to New York and ordered sales in Liverpool.

On the day of the date of that letter I was in Yorktown, Va., and I did not return to Louisville till after this Herald letter had reached this place. The whole of the statements in it, purporting to come from me, were not only false, but sheer fabrications, without a particle of foundation, except that as my telegram passed the wires, it was foreseen by the author of this letter that its purpose and effect in England could not possibly be prevented. Its details were elaborated to give it credence, and my orders to my house to make sales would tend to corroborate its false statements.

As fifty such falsehoods can be fabricated and circulated all over the world sooner than one can be met and refuted, it would be idle for me to allow myself to be disconcerted or thrown into a passion by such an outrage. I have therefore not considered it worth my attention to seek out the author, or to ascertain whether this letter was written in Louisville or in New York.

There is no adequate remedy for the injury, and in these revolutionary times I am not so Quixotic as to attempt to stop the circulation of false news or to cure the licentiousness of the American press.

My sole object in this communication is to warn the friends of my house not to believe or give credit to any publications concerning it, except those authorized by it over its signature, and to advise merchants to be on their guard when they use the telegraph.

I am a mere merchant, and do not aspire to the knowledge or pursuits of the politician, and would be greatly obliged to editors and politicians to mind their own business and leave me to mine. JAMES HEWITT.

[Copy.]

RICHMOND, July, 1861.

R. ATKINSON, Louisville, Ky.:—Sell all cotton in Liverpool not under limit. One more Waterloo defeat and the war is ended. JAMES HEWITT.

se 5—1t

LOST, STRAYED, &c.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

Strayed or stolen, a small Red COW. A liberal reward will be paid to any one returning her to No. 219 Broad street. se 5—3t*

STRAYED—A RED COW, with very short horns, with white on her breast; probably she may have a calf left delivered to me, in Sidney, a liberal reward will be given. A. C. WOODSON.

P. S.—Her horns are loose. I live just in rear of Hubert's Foundry. A. C. W. se 5—3t*

$5 REWARD.—Strayed from my house, on the 22d of August, a Sorrel colored MULE. The above reward will be given if the Mule is delivered at my house, on 17th street, Butchertown. se 5—3t* CORNELIUS DONAHOE.

TAKEN UP—On yesterday, corner of 6th and Franklin streets, a bobtail Bay HORSE, left hind foot white, with a scar on his back. For information concerning him, call at "THE HALL," Bank street. se 5—1t*

NEW SOUTHERN MUSIC, Published and for sale by WEST & JOHNSTON, 145 Main st.

THE BEAUREGARD MANASSA QUICKSTEP.—50c.
GEN. BEAUREGARD'S GRAND MARCH. 25c.
THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG Song. 40c.
JEFF. DAVIS' GRAND MARCH. 50c.
OUR FIRST PRESIDENT'S QUICKSTEP. 50c.
THE PALMETTO STATE. Song. 50c.
THE SOUTHERN MARSEILLAISE. Song. 35c.
GOD AND OUR RIGHTS Song 35c.
NEW ORLEANS MILITARY POLKA. 25c.
I WISH I WAS IN DIXIE. Song. 25c.
LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER. Song.—25c.
CARRIE BELL. Song. 25c.
THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER. 20c.

Sent free of postage on receipt of the price.

Orders promptly attended to when addressed to WEST & JOHNSTON, se 5—1t 145 Main street, Richmond.

FOR SALE.—Will be sold low, a beautiful BAY MARE, four years old, at SUTHERLAND'S stable, se 5—3t* Opposite the Exchange.

FOR RENT—A FURNISHED ROOM—Located on the first floor, in the most pleasant part of the city, with fire and light, with or without board. Inquire on 3d street, one door above Clay, upper side, or address "J. H. B." care of Dispatch. se 5—1t*

FOR RENT—A large front ROOM, over the Clothing Store of A. S. SHAFER, se 5—3t* 110 Main street.

HOME ARTILLERY, CO. "A."—Attend DRILL every MONDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS, at 8 o'clock, until further notice. By order of the Captain se 5—1t* J. W. BARLOW, O. S.

MANCHESTER HOME GUARD.—Attend a meeting of your company at Pilkinton's Factory, this (THURSDAY) evening, at 8 o'clock. A full attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before the company. By order of the se 5—1t* CAPTAIN.

ATTENTION, JEFFERSON GUARD. Attend a regular drill of your company at Military Hall, (Old Market-House,) on THURSDAY evening, 5th inst., at 7½ o'clock, punctually, and every THURSDAY evening hereafter until further ordered. By order of se 5—1t* CAPT. T. J. MONCURE.

NEW FAMILY FLOUR.

Choice quality NEW FAMILY FLOUR; For sale by se 5—1t DUNLOP, MONCURE & CO.

LEATHER, LEATHER, LEATHER

1,000 Sides