Richmond Dispatch.

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SATURDAY MORNING.....AUGUST 2, 1862.

DAILY DISPATCH.

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Richmond Dispatch.

McClellan's Losses.

We stated, some time ago, our belief that McClellan had lost, since he landed in Virginia, at least 30,000 men. That we made a good guess, we are now enabled to prove from the showing of the Yankees themselves.

1st. Chandler, in his speech, says that, first and last, 158,000 men had been sent to him. This information he obtained from the War office. It cannot, therefore, be called in question.

2d. "Agate," the correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette—a thorough war paper—says that President Lincoln, after his visit to McClellan at Berkley, said to four gentlemen, only the Friday before the day on which he was writing, "with marked emphasis:" "I can't tell where the men have gone in that army. I have sent there, at one time and another, one hundred and ——, (perhaps prudence requires that I should leave the next two places for figures blank,) one hundred and —— thousand men, and I can only find just half that many now. Where can they have gone? Burnside accounts to me for every man he has taken—so many killed in battle, so many wounded; so many sick in the hospital; so many absent on furlough. So does Mitchell, so does Buell, and so do others. But I can't tell what has become of half the army I sent down to the Peninsula."

Now, the half of 158,000 is 79,000, and this is the actual loss of McClellan's army, according to Lincoln's estimate. As we may be sure he did not exaggerate his own losses, we shall assume 1,000 more, and put these losses at 80,000, our own estimate. As the Yankee President can get no account of these men from McClellan, who is constantly writing that he defeated our army in every battle, in which he himself was beaten into a jelly, we take the liberty of relieving his perplexity.

They lost, say, 3,000 men before York. They lost 5,000 at Williamsburg. They lost 2,000 at Barhamsville. They lost, according to Chandler, 10,000 by digging on the Chickahominy. They lost 15,000 at Seven Pines. The remaining 45,000 they lost either in the battles of the last of June and 1st of July, from disease or straggling off and perishing in the swamps. Thus we account for the whole eighty thousand, and thus it appears that when we placed their entire loss in the last-named battles, at between 40,000 and 50,000, we did not miss the mark very far.

This loss we believe to be unparalleled in the history of any modern besieging army. The French did not sustain the fourth part of it in the siege of Saragossa; the allies did not sustain a greater in the siege of Sebastopol. When we take these facts into consideration, and add to them that the army which has undergone this tremendous loss has abandoned a line of entrenchments unequalled in strength, and is now twenty-five miles off from the lately beleaguered city, whereas it was before only five, we stand in utter amazement at the impudence which claims a victory! Still more are we astounded at the effrontery which supports a man who can tell soldiers thus beaten and demoralized that they have earned the right of inscribing on their banners the names of the fields on which they had been signally and ignominiously routed! Surely those soldiers must have known that they had been beaten, and all the inscriptions in the world could not have made them believe themselves victories.

The Markets.

We have more than once taken occasion to allude to the exorbitant prices demanded for the necessaries of life in our markets, particularly the products of the soil. A gentleman who has devoted a number of years to the cultivation of these articles furnishes us with the following startling facts as to what the products of one acre of ground are worth at the ruling rates: "Green corn, $1 per dozen, $40 per barrel, allowing 500 ears to the barrel (eight barrels to the acre is considered a good crop, hence once acre of roasting-ears in our market would be worth $400); onions, 10 cents a piece, $3,000 per acre, allowing them to be planted in rows three by six inches, besides a large margin for walks; beets, about the same; cabbage, $1 per head, $5,000 per acre, planted three feet apart; Irish potatoes, $8 to $16 per bushel—one hundred bushels to the acre would be worth $800 to $1,600 per acre; tomatoes, $1 per dozen, allowing 100 to the hill, the hills nearly three feet apart, $40,000 per acre. At four cents per hill, one acre in tomatoes would produce $200 worth." These are really startling figures, and, without making the calculation to determine their accuracy, we submit them to the public. At ordinary prices, from $300 to $400 worth of vegetables is considered a good yield per acre. Cotton planting, the most profitable species of land cultivation, does not average more than $100 to $200 per acre.

Crops in the South.

A gentleman from Georgia, who arrived in this city within the last two days, informs us that the corn, pea, potato, and vegetable crops in that State, and along the route to Richmond, promise to be the most abundant ever known in those districts. In lower Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, the corn is already matured, and the work of gathering the fodder has been commenced. An unusually large breadth of land has been planted in potatoes and peas, and every effort is being made to raise and save all the bacon possible. Very little cotton had been planted anywhere in the South.

A hundred spinning-wheels and domestic looms are now in motion where one had been used before. The women are busily engaged in knitting sock, and preparing winter clothing for friends in the army, while the old men say they will wear cotton and sit by the fire. No sacrifice is so great that they do not readily submit to it; and but for the heartless speculator, the Government and patriotic men and women of the land would find but little difficulty in clothing and feeding the army.

A CARD FROM DR. PLUMER—HE DEFINES HIS POSITION.—The Pittsburg *Dispatch* publishes the following card from Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer, who for many years was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Richmond:

By God's good providence I was born under the Government of the United States. Under the flag which floats over the Capitol I have always lived. Of my own free choice I expect to live and die under its noble Constitution. I have never thought it a better, nor desired a different form of fundamental law.

I religiously believe, and I have uniformly held and taught, that civil government is the ordinance of God. I believe the Government of the United States is the ordinance of God to me and to my children, as it was to my parents before me. When any man is chosen our Chief Magistrate I accept him as the minister of God to me in civil affairs. I regard it as my solemn duty and my high privilege to sustain this Government; to stand against any and every attempt to destroy it. I intend to sustain it in word and deed—by precept and example—with my prayers; with the little worldly goods I possess; and if called thereto, with my life. I would not live under it if I could not cheerfully do these things. I have often spoken and written for it, but never against it. For better and for worse, I own no other Government than that under which I now enjoy all my temporal blessings. I have long ago written, and I still maintain, that there is no provision in our form of Government for secession, and that secession is revolution.

Of these things I have so long and familiarly spoken, both publicly and privately, and they have for many years entered so fully into the very elements of my principles, that I was surprised when I was told that any one thought it would be proper that I should avow them any more publicly than I had already done, in order to prevent a misunderstanding of my true position.

BITTER FRUIT.—From an interesting letter, published in one of our exchanges, we copy the following:

"Have you ever tasted any Confederate fruit?" asked one Yankee of another, at City Point two or three days ago. "No, I have not," was the reply, "but I should like very much to get some just now." "I have tasted some Confederate fruit," spoke an emaciated fellow lying on the ground, whose countenance betokened a system racked with pain; "yes, and it is too. Confederate fruit, and d——d bitter fruit, too!" He raised the blanket from his leg and pointing to his knee, added: "And here is the evidence." It was a painful wound he had received, and its fruit was indeed bitter to him. And to how many thousands of others has the "Confederate fruit," alias bullets, proved equally if not more bitter!

The 1st, 2d, and 5th regiments United States regulars, paraded in Texas, but recently guarding Confederate prisoners on Governor's Island, N. Y., were turned down their arms and refused to do duty, on the ground that they were violating their oath.

FROM THE NORTH.

The subjoined summary is made up from late Northern papers received at this office:

NEGRO EQUALITY IN CHICAGO—A NEGRO EJECTED FROM AN OMNIBUS—INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN CONSEQUENCE.

A Chicago paper gives the following account of a row which recently occurred in that city, at the bottom of which is to be found the everlasting negro:

The doctrine of negro equality was practically illustrated in this city, by an affair which happened at the corner of Clark and Randolph streets, yesterday forenoon. Two negroes, laboring under the impression that the good time of equality had really come, entered one of the Clark street omnibuses, standing at the locality mentioned, and took seats for a ride up town. One of the darkeys was smoking a cheap cigar, while the other was guffawing loudly at his own coarse jokes, which were not of the most refined sort. Two ladies were the other occupants of the omnibus, and these sat in the front of the vehicle, waiting for its departure.

The shades, however, continued smoking and grinning, until one of the women, annoyed by the smoke and disagreeable odor of the cigar, complained of the nuisance to the driver, Richard Kelly. The latter immediately opened the door, and, stating the causes of the lady's complaint, mildly requested the negroes to leave the omnibus. One of the shades very properly complied with the request, but the other, indignantly remarking that he had "as many rights as any one," utterly refused. The driver repeated his request, adding that smoking in the omnibus was prohibited, and intimating that, unless his orders was obeyed he should proceed to eject the negro. The latter, however, was firm in his refusal, and insolent, too, for he not only reiterated his assertion about his rights, but also took the liberty of telling the driver that he might "be d—d." This last remark provoked the rage of Kelly, who, without further ado, entered the 'bus and collared the impertinent darkey. Not only collared him, but prepared to eject him from the vehicle, and, upon meeting with resistance, administered two or three fist blows upon the nigger's face, which latter had the effect of entirely cowing his insubordination, and causing a summary departure. The time of starting of the omnibus had now arrived, and the driver, having mounted his box, drove away.

Meanwhile a crowd had been gathering on the corner, blocking up the street and walk, and causing considerable noise and confusion. The negro was howling with rage, and was indulging in all manner of curses and imprecations on the head of the driver, from whom he had received so undesirable a worsting. Yet in all that crowd he found little sympathy, until Sheriff Anthony C. Hesing, of Cook county, had arrived and inquired into the row. It is usually considered the duty of the constabulary force to preserve order, to quell riots, and disperse crowds or mobs, but Sheriff Anthony C. Hesing had this time a different idea of his responsibilities. Without taking any measure to restore the peace of the neighborhood he at once consulted the darkey, examined his injuries, and then prepared to act. Another omnibus had taken up its position at the corner, and into this he bade the darkey go. They, taking two other niggers, he disposed of them in the same manner, while he himself entered the omnibus, and, remarking, "I make no distinction between a negro and a white man," took a seat by the side of his Ethiopian freight. The crowd was still increasing, and the confusion had reached its utmost, when the omnibus started up the street. The majority of the crowd favored the driver, and it was easy to see that "negro equality" was decidedly at a discount.

Sheriff Hesing, with his three black companions, proceeded as far up as the Southern cattle yards, when the omnibus was halted and the four got out. At this place Hesing took his negroes into a saloon and treated them to whiskey and ale. This proceeding attracted a crowd, the Sheriff meanwhile protecting the darkeys from violence. After spending several minutes in this vicinity, the party started down Clark street, and halted at Liberty street. In a few minutes the first omnibus, driven by a new driver, approached, having made its trip, and being now on its return to the stand at the corner of Clark and Randolph streets, the Sheriff signaled the driver to stop, which had the desired effect, and the omnibus was halted. Hesing having ordered the negroes to enter, got in himself, and bade the driver proceed. The driver was not disposed to obey, and told the Sheriff that he "didn't propose to drive that crowd."

The order was repeated, but the driver again refused to drive unless the negroes got out.—The Sheriff grew excited, and became more and more peremptory, but each time met with a decided refusal. The stoppage of the omnibus and the angry conversation between Hesing and the driver had now gathered a crowd of men, some of whom comprehended the origin of the difficulty and were quite willing to sustain the driver against the niggers and their companion, Hesing. The latter, fearing, doubtless, the gathering of a still larger crowd, and thinking it unsafe to insist on a further display of his folly, deserted his sable friends and proceeded down the street. Thereupon the crowd interfered and at once compelled the negroes to come out, which they did with prudent alacrity, taking to their heels and running away, thoroughly convinced that "negro equality" was a humbug.

During all this time people were gathering in masses at the corner of Clark and Randolph streets, bent on venting their anger on the darkeys and the Sheriff in case they should again make their appearance. It is fortunate for all that the Sheriff did not crown with success his scheme to bring the darkeys down the street to the omnibus, as a triumph over the driver, else there might have been a row equal in dimensions to the never-to-be-forgotten riots of two or three years since. There was certainly indignation enough at the insolent conduct of the darkey to have broken out in acts of violence, had he again appeared in the omnibus. Indeed, during the course of the afternoon, there were several fights in different parts of the city, in all of which negroes were the prominent actors and sufferers. The affair became a fertile and almost universal topic of conversation throughout the city, and it was some time even before the excitement of the event had subsided.

The negro who caused the row is a porter for M. O. Walker, on Dearborn street. After Hesing, the Sheriff, had reached the Court-House, he caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of Kelly, the driver, but up to the present writing the latter has not been taken into custody.

A MORE VINDICTIVE WAR DEMANDED.

The Northern papers are getting tremulous about the prospect of a "thirty years war," and demand that the rebellion shall be crushed out in "the remaining months of the present year." The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:

Is it to be lingering, fruitless and exhausting, or short, decisive and triumphant to the national arms? These are questions which not only press upon the Executive, but which come home with emphatic force to the business and bosoms of all the people. And the Executive and the people must awake and act upon their stern reality. The whole theory of the war must be changed. We have been reminded that in dealing with the rebels we were dealing with our "misguided brethren," and under a noble but delusive impulse, we have been gentle, tender, forbearing and forgiving, even to the verge of romance. Our "misguided brethren" have indulged in no such sentiment. They regard us only as foes, enemies, oppressors, invaders, Hessians, Vandals, and they strike at all Union men, not alone with the true energy of war, but with the malignity which inspires the above opprobrious names. We must, therefore, cease to treat them with the tenderness of brethren.—Our kindness is wasted, our generosity thrown away, our forbearance contemned. Wanton destroyers of peace and prosperity of their country, treacherous assailants and armed foes of a Government against which they have no just complaint; enemies of the best interests of mankind, here and everywhere throughout the world; they must be held and pursued as such, and be punished with a severity commensurate with the magnitude and wantonness of their crimes. We must have bold and decisive councils in the Cabinet, followed by prompt action; we must have rapid movements in the field, and swift, hard, stunning blows struck at the enemy wherever found. *We must take risks.* Insurgents, rebels, traitors, passive as well as active, must be made to know and feel the difference between loyalty and treason.

Heretofore our policy in the enemy's country has been a premium to rebellion. Pains and penalties, privation and loss, have been the lot of the Union people alone; gain, advantage, security, impunity, have been the fortune of none but rebels. When *their* troops occupy a tract of country all men who are not open and avowed Secessionists are hounded from their homes, robbed of their crops, provisions, cattle, cast into prison, or forced to serve in their battalions. When our armies occupy that same country we make no difference between loyal men and traitors. We pay the rebel as full prices and as good money as we give the Union man. We carefully protect his forfeited property, and are scrupulously tender of his Confederate conscience. He, therefore, is safe under all circumstances. It is only the Union man who suffers. Is it then, wonderful that we find no more loyal people as our armies advance? Should we be astonished at the apparent perfect unanimity which prevails in the South? Can we be surprised that the rebels are always surrounded by friends while our lines are constantly infested by spies? By our past policy the inhabitants of the seceded States have everything to gain by being rebels and everything to fear and lose by adhering faithfully to the Union.

All this—unless we would have the rebellion flourish until we are impoverished, bankrupt and exhausted—all this must be radically changed. As we have remarked, we must have such action as will make the rebel marauders and traitors—passive as well as active—know and feel the difference between loyalty and treason. This policy must come from the Executive. Better from him, upon whom the people rely as a true patriot, than from a factious and partisan Congress. Better from him, the Commander-in Chief of the Army, as a legitimate exercise of war power, than from the agitators in Congress or elsewhere. When this policy is laid down by the Executive it must be enforced. There should be no faltering in its execution, and no more paltering in a double sense between ourselves or with the foe. Rigid obedience should be everywhere exacted. If a Cabinet Minister is hostile he must be removed. If a General is contumacious he must be deprived of his command.—The crisis demands not only a severe policy and vigorous action, but unfaltering obedience and hearty co-operation in all departments and arms of the Government. And the people—all the people—must see the vital necessity of giving a cordial and unanimous support to the execution of such a policy, if we would have the war brought promptly to a close.

The New York *Tribune* fully agrees in these views of "a fierce and short war," but don't think anything can be accomplished until the slaves shall be liberated. It seems to overlook the fact that the Federal troops can't get at the "four millions" to liberate them. It says:

The rebellion will endure in the South until the extinction of its parent and source, slavery. And so long as the four millions of slaves shall grow the food, weave the homespun cloth, dig the trenches, and carry the baggage of the rebels, enabling Jeff. Davis, by his inexorable conscription, to sweep the whole able-bodied male white population of the South into his armies, it will be very difficult even to overrun the South. We do not say it cannot be done; we *do* say it will not *stay* done. Gen. Curtis's army has triumphantly held and traversed North Arkansas for the last six months—to what purpose? The waters open before and close behind him; and we doubt that the rebellion has one less soldier in the field than if he had never entered the State. Had he been authorized to put an end to slavery wherever he marched, it would have been very different. The robust slaves would have vanished in his track, and the whites now in the rebel armies must have been called home to grow food for their families or left them to starve.

All this is so plain that we presume every man who is at once as loyal and as clear sighted as Judge Holt must perceive it. Prejudice, interest, habit, party affinities, cherished catch-words, may blind even wise men for a season to the most obvious truths, still, they must steadily make their way. There may be still a few truly loyal men who keep up the parrot cry, "Don't sacrifice the Union to the negro;" but the larger portion of the original chorus have given it up. The great majority of those who still talk in that absurd way do not mean, and never did mean, that the rebellion shall be suppressed. They are not exactly disunionists—they still cherish a muddled hope that by hanging a few abolitionists, making it a crime to speak ill of slavery anywhere, and perhaps kicking the New England States out of the Union, they could somehow bribe or coax Jeff. Davis and his crew to resume their old seats in the Cabinet and in Congress, and magnanimously forgive the pro-slavery Unionists for not receiving the seizure of the national armories, arsenals, forts, mints, sub-treasuries, &c., with due meekness, and for getting excited over the bombardment of Fort Sumter. It is in vain that Jeff. tells these creatures in every conceivable way, and with every variety of contemptuous gesture, that he loaths and spurns them—that their abasement only increases his scorn—that he and his will never, never be reconciled to the Union under any circumstances—they are so accustomed to be kicked by the Slave Power that they fairly covet the exercise, and cannot comprehend his avowals of detestation as other than a playful way he has of asserting his conceded superiority. He may kick them till doomsday without kicking the inborn servility out of them.

For our own part, we have long been unable to see how the Union and its deadly foe, Slavery, could both be conserved. It has seemed so plain to us that one or the other must be thrown in their death-grapple, that we have been willing to wait, through suffering and disaster, for other Unionists to reach the same conclusion. The President has waited for the Border States; the nation has waited perforce for the President. When Border-State patriots like Judge Holt shall be ready to say decisively, "Save the nation, though Slavery perish," the aspects of the struggle will be radically changed. We only entreat that they do not hesitate too long, and that, when the Government *does* speak, it shall so clearly express itself as to leave no slave of a Rebel in doubt that, by openly adhering to and serving the Republic, he will earn its protection and secure his own freedom.

GENRAL TWIGGS'S SWORDS RETURNED BY GEN. BUTLER.

Gen. Butler has sent to Lincoln the following characteristic letter, giving the history of the seizure of the swords of Gen. Twiggs:

HEADQ'RS, DEPARTM'T OF THE GULF, NEW ORLEANS, July 1, 1862.

To the President:

Sir—I have the honor to send you with this note three swords, with the equipments, formerly belonging to David E. Twiggs, late General in the army of the United States. They are all presentation swords; one given him by resolution of Congress, which bears the following legend:

"Presented by the President of the United States, agreeable to a resolution of Congress, to Brigadier General David E. Twiggs, in testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his gallantry and good conduct in storming Monterey.

"Resolution approved March 2, 1847."

Another was presented by the State of Georgia, and bears the following legend and inscription:

"CONSTITUTION.—The State of Georgia to Major General David E. Twiggs, United States Army, as a tribute to his gallantry in Mexico. 1847, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Chepultepec, Molino del Rey, Mexico."

The third was presented by his native city, Augusta, Georgia, and has the following legend:

"TEXAS—8TH AND 9TH OF MAY, 1846.
"MONTEREY, VERA CRUZ, CERRO GORDO.
"To General David E. Twiggs, from the city of Augusta, Georgia."

General Twiggs left these swords with a young woman, on the evening before he fled from New Orleans, and in his flight on the day of the approach of the fleet he wrote, in his carriage, while *en route*, this extraordinary paper:

"I leave my swords to Miss ——, and box of silver. D. E. TWIGGS.

"*New Orleans*, April 25, 1862."

This paper was claimed as a deed of gift of these very valuable weapons by the young woman named; but as she had neglected to inform her father of this singular donation—*causa fugæ*—and as the girl's mother caused them to be given to a negro, to be sent back to General Twiggs's house, I ventured to interfere with this testamentary disposition. A more lamentable instance of the degradation to which this rebellion has reduced its votaries can hardly be imagined. Swords given to a General for courage and good conduct in the armies of the Union—tokens of admiration by his fellow citizens, and of the gratitude of a State and the nation—voluntarily bequeathed for safe-keeping to a woman, as a more proper custodian than himself, by that same General, when, flying at the approach of the armies of that country which he had renounced and betrayed, at last find a depository with a negro, for the sake of conferring whose race the double crime of treachery and rebellion has been consummated.

Now that the weapon given by the United States is returned to the Executive, and the others placed at his disposal, might I take leave to suggest a proper disposition of them? Might not the first be presented to some officer as a token of appreciation of loyalty and devotion to the country? The qualities of courage and good conduct in the battle-field have never been found wanting in our armies, but loyalty and entire devotion to the country have failed in so many examples, of which General Twiggs is a shining one, that some tangible respect for those qualities bestowed in this manner might not be inappropriate.

The sword from the State of Georgia might be deposited in the library at West-Point with an appropriate inscription, as a perpetual memento to the youth there how worse than useless are all education and military training, even when allied to gallantry and courage, if heartfelt patriotism and undying fealty to the Constitution and the flag are wanting.

That given by the city of Augusta might be deposited in the Patent Office, as a warning against the folly and recklessness of such an invention as secession.

Pardon the freedom of these suggestions, and believe me, most respectfully, your ob'dt servant, BENJ. F. BUTLER.

NO UNION FEELING YET.

A letter from Nashville to the St. Louis *Democrat* gives the following account of the "uprising of the love for the Union," which has been experienced by the Federals there:

Disguise the fact as they may, there is a deep, bitter determination among the people to "go South;" to sing Secesh songs; to buy no goods of the "Northmen;" to be let alone.—The preachers preach up and pray over the wrongs of the South; follow women and boys to pour the story of oppression into their ears; prayer to God to annihilate "Lincoln's hordes," and eulogize each rebel and traitor slain in battle as a patriot to the holiest of causes, as a defender of the firesides and homes of the oppressed and down trodden.

The presence alone of the strong arm of the military keeps in check the traitorous words and acts of a half nation of people, maddened and exasperated by their own suicidal acts verifying the old adage,

"Whom the gods would destroy,
They first make mad."

Gen. Grant, and Col. Hillyer, his Aid, with affability and urbanity, are rigidly enforcing the laws—holding men and women responsible for treason, and while under the excellent "regime" of such officers, we may hope for a change in the sentiment and a return to loyalty from the simple dictates of reason and common sense. Yet the evidences are, that "conquered against their will, they are of the same opinion still"—simply submitting because they cannot help it—looking, hoping, expecting, praying, for a consummation by them devoutly wished for, that the Confederates with a strong force may soon retake the city.

The Arkansas.

A correspondent of the Mobile (Ala.) *Register and Advertiser*, writing from Vicksburg, Miss., under date of July 16th, in an account of the doings of the ram Arkansas, after announcing her arrival in front of Vicksburg, says:

In about half an hour a rascally gunboat crept up within range, and the first thing the crowd on board and lining the shore knew of it was the whiz of a rifle shell in most unpleasant proximity, followed instantly by others and a regular shower of shells from the remaining mortar boats. Then, oh then, you should have seen the gallant southrons skedaddle! For my own part, I suddenly discovered I had pressing business elsewhere, and a shell just then falling and exploding in an old frame building a few yards distant, and sending the whole concern high in the air, as though a small whirlwind had got into a lumber yard, my business became urgent.

Thus rested matters until late in the afternoon, the enemy having gradually slackened fire—when a furious bombardment commenced on the lower batteries, and was maintained without intermission until dusk, at which time a movement in the upper squadron was apparent, and presently a number of vessels were dimly seen turning the point above. Just then fast and furious grew the bombardment from below, and our upper batteries and the moving enemy became engaged. The ships, some eight or ten in number, moved slowly down stream, all the while throwing shot and shell by broadsides at our batteries, into the town and at the Arkansas, which returned the salutation most heartily. You may conceive the din when I assure you that an entire brigade of our infantry, a few hundred yards distant from my position, were pouring volleys into the enemy's rigging. I had no idea any musketry had been fired until the affair was over. For near an hour and a half the roar was deafening and incessant; yet, strange to relate, the cheering and contending hosts could at times be distinctly heard. During the height of the engagement a conflagration broke out in the town, and several houses were destroyed, which added to the grandeur of the scene.

As the vessels were passing our lower batteries I again sallied forth, being anxious to learn the fate of the Arkansas. I reached her just after she had ceased firing, and found she had changed her position a few hundred feet, having gotten under way to fight to greater advantage, but found it impossible to generate sufficient steam. Boarding her, I joyfully discovered her to be yet comparatively unhurt; but a solid 11-inch shot had penetrated her side and killed the head pilot and another, whilst the splinters from the timbers had slightly wounded several more, including a lieutenant and an engineer. Captain Brown assured me that, with the exception of this unlucky shot, all the others rattled against his sides like hailstones. On his part, he brought five guns to bear on the enemy, and feels confident to have struck them all but two; for, said he, "I heard my shot crashing through their timbers above the roar of the guns." By the way, the sound a heavy shot makes in going through a ship or a house is prodigious and exceedingly unpleasant.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING SODA.—We publish the following directions for making what, in the country, is generally called home-made "soda." The preparation thus made is more nearly saleratus than soda, and is a very good substitute for that. The use of all these drugs in the preparation of bread is generally condemned by the medical faculty, but as the people still continue to use them, and as the so-called "soda" is a very impure article, as prepared by the soda-loving housewives, it would probably be rendering a service to them and to bread eaters generally to give a simple method of making a comparatively pure article. It is more valuable in view of the scarcity and high prices of soda in our drug stores:

After making a strong lye from ashes and boiling down to dryness, and burning till white, take the residue and add its own weight of cold water, and set in a cool place for several days, say a week, stirring frequently; then strain through a fine cloth, and boil down again to dryness, stirring frequently, and finally cork up the powder so obtained in a bottle. These operations should all be conducted in an iron vessel, not in glass or stoneware.

ADMIRAL PROTET, OF FRANCE, SHOT IN ACTION IN CHINA.—A letter from Shanghae, of the 22d of May, informs us that Rear Admiral Protet, who commanded the French squadron in the China Seas, has been killed before Ningpo in a battle between the Allies and the Rebels. Admiral Protet was at the head of the French soldiers and marines when he received his death wound. He had on his right Admiral Hope, the commander of the English forces, and with whom he had always been on the most friendly terms. Admiral Protet was a brave and distinguished officer, and his heroic death has produced an immense sensation at Shanghae.—*Paris Patrie.*

The French Occupation of Rome.

The official correspondence in relation to the French occupation of Rome has been laid before Parliament. It appears that M. Thouvenel said to Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris: "Why are we to be asked to give up Rome and the patrimony of St Peter to the King of Italy? The utmost that can be expected of us would be the restoration of Rome to the Romans."

Lord Cowley sent a report of this conversation to Earl Russell, whose reply is pointed:

"Thouvenel asks: 'Why are we to be asked to give up Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter to the King of Italy? The utmost that can be expected of us would be the restoration of Rome to the Romans.' This is an objection rather captious than conclusive. The grand objection made to the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, as stated frequently by M. Billault, as the parliamentary organ of the French Government, is that anarchy would prevail."

In a concluding dispatch Earl Russell summarizes the result of the discussions, which he thinks have been attended with considerable advantages. He says:

"M. Thouvenel no longer speaks of the difficulty of persuading the Italian Government to accept of such conditions as her Majesty's Government had suggested. Nor is there any question of forcing the Pope to abandon his temporal power and remain in Italy as the subject of another sovereign. The whole question is, whether the Pope, having lost Romagna, the Marches, and Umbria, should retain the whole of the territory now occupied by France, or whether the French troops should occupy for the Pope only the Patrimony of St. Peter, including the Vatican. Setting aside all difference between a Protestant and Roman Catholic sovereign, it is manifest that the principle thus upheld is at variance with the principles maintained everywhere else by France as well as by Great Britain. Rome is foreign territory; the Romans are to have nothing, and foreign troops everything, to say to the form of its Government. This system can hardly be of long duration; it is too directly opposed to the maxims of international law and the wishes of the Italian people.

Earl Russell, deeming the information he has obtained all that can at present be had by discussion, does not wish it to be continued, but he sends an arrow into the French camp as he retires from the subject:

"On the other hand, the French Government must not make it a reproach to the Government of Italy that the Southern provinces are not in a state of tranquility, while the French flag protects the Pope in maintaining a sanctuary where every chief of brigands can find a refuge, and prepare his band for future incursions on peaceful provinces."

The Battles before Richmond.

[From the London Times, July 11.]

The "strategical motives" which have led a General to retire after an attack of the enemy from a position which he had occupied in order to make an assault upon his capital, are purely unintelligible. It is quite obvious that a retrograde movement on the part of a besieging army means an untenable position, a confession of weakness, a measure of safety.

If the English army before Delhi had thrown their right beyond the Subsee Mundee, and then had retired across it after two hard fights against a sortie of the Sepoys, so that their right was obliged to double back and cover itself behind the left on the Jumna, even our affection, our hopes, and our fears, could not deceive us into the belief that the retrograde movement was made in consequence of any premeditated strategy, and that the attack was an experiment result which must lead to the strengthening of the new position.

If for a moment we take the Thames as representing the James river, and then imagine a deep and sluggish stream sweeping round the city from the northeast, so as to fall into the Thames below Plais tow marshes, we may have a rough idea of the relation of the Chickahominy with the James river and Richmond. To the east of the Chickahominy, thus represented, let us conceive a river flowing from the northwest, at a distance of 12 miles from it, which is called the Pamunkey, and which turns off eastward into the sea at some point on the coast of Essex.

The Union General, having advanced between the James and the latter river finds himself with the Chickahominy in his front. He throws a portion of his army across the river, and, having thus established his left, proceeds to pivot upon it, and to extend his right by the right bank of the Pamunkey so as to get to the north of Richmond. Scarcely has he done so, when the enemy attack the left which had crossed the river Chickahominy, inflict on it a severe defeat, take guns and prisoners, and only retire when McClellan throws a large supporting force across the river.

A small cavalry razzia made by the enemy on his right sweeps round it, destroys commissariat vessels in the Pamunkey, and encircling his whole army, crosses the Chickahominy below his left, and returns to the "beleaguered city." The communications of the army so situated have been mainly dependent on the rivers and the sea, and while the General has been preparing for an assault on the enemy, the corps on which he has relied for some demonstration on his extreme right are suddenly attacked by the Confederates under "Stonewall" Jackson (so called from his tenacity in holding to an obstruction of that nature in his fight with Shields at Winchester last spring) and are chased across the Potomac.

An active offensive movement in combination with Fremont forces Jackson to fall back into the Valley of the Shenandoah, but, suddenly turning to the east, he crosses the mountains and marches straight, with his victorious little army "largely reinforced," whether by Beauregard's men or not it is impossible to say, and joins the Confederates at Richmond. The presence of this dashing leader and his men seems to invigorate the Southern leaders. On the 26th of June they direct an attack on the right wing of the Unionists between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey in heavy force.

Then comes official confusion. "The Federals, by order of Gen. McClellan, receded several miles, hotly pursued" (and therefore running very hard) "by the Confederates." Two days' hard fighting led to the retreat of the whole of the Union army to the other side of the Chickahominy, so that they now lie massed between that river on their right and James river on their left. Now, their retreat has left open the whole of the country between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey to the Confederates.

West Point and White House have fallen into the enemy's hands, and the head of the York river is once more their own. If McClellan had *proprio motu* suddenly transported his army across the river, after menacing Richmond on the north side, so as to lead the enemy to throw up works and to prepare for an attack on that quarter, leaving Richmond, at the side resting on the James river, comparatively weak, we might understand the strategy; but such a movement after a serious attack, hard fighting for two days or more, "heavy loss," "a hot pursuit" by the enemy, a contraction of lines is at least suspicious, strategically considered; and "making" for the James river looks like a severe reverse. The proximity to Richmond is gone—the menace of the lines is no more for if General McClellan or his successor makes the James river the base of operations the Union army must drop down lower than Fort Darling, unless the ir gunboats have worked through the obstructions, which has not yet been asserted.

PREPARED FOR SWINDLING.—Two men named John Jefferson and James Coley, who say they are from Washington county, and members of the 37th Va. regiment, were arrested yesterday with a large amount of bogus shinplasters in their possession, which they were endeavoring to pass. They had two sets of notes, one dated Petersburg, Va., signed "Jefferson & Daniel," promising to pay bearer in current funds two dollars, when presented in sums of ten dollars, and another dated Wytheville, signed "Banking Company," of the denomination of one and two dollars. They succeeded in passing six dollars of the Petersburg issue at the Cabell House, and one dollar at the Norvell House, and when arrested, were attempting to pass upon a negro marketman a two dollar note in the payment for a bunch of beets, for which the negro would have given them good money in change. These notes were dated Petersburg and Wytheville, July 24, but were printed in this city. A search of their persons and baggage showed the fact that they were going into the swindling operation upon an extensive scale, having about $2,000 of the bogus money in their possession. They were committed to jail for trial this morning.—*Lynchburg (Va.) Republican*, 25th.

THE BORDER STATE CONVENTION.—The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* intimates that the President has resolved on a war policy which will entirely satisfy the country, and adds this bit of information:

"It has leaked out that the majority reply of the border State men to the President's emancipation address was much toned down after they had found out the ground the minority were taking. As at first drafted their reply was positively seditious."

A PRECIOUS PET.—A letter from Atlanta, Ga., July 21st, says:

Col. Forrest, since the capture of Murfreesboro, has (it is said,) retired to Cumberland Mountain, back of McMinnville a few miles. The captured commissioned officers passed Knoxville, yesterday, en route for Richmond, including Gen. Tom. Crittenden, the same who twelve months ago gave E. M. Bruce a letter of introduction to President Davis, in which he said, "my prayers are constantly ascending for your success." One month later he accepted a commission of Brigadier-General, with a very large contract for cattle, from his majesty, Abraham the First.

DESERTERS.

SIXTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Deserted from camp, near Yanceyville, N. C., privates JOHN W. WOODS and CHAS. H. HOLT.

Said WOODS is 22 years old, 5 feet 10 inches high, black, short hair, dark eyes, slight Irish accent, dark complexion. He came to Richmond, and there is now reason to believe he was a deserter from a Georgia regiment when he substituted in my company, and will probably attempt to substitute again.

HOLT is about 36 years old, black hair, sprinkled with gray, dark eyes and complexion, and about 5 feet 11 inches high.

The usual reward of $30 will be given for the arrest and delivery of each of the above to General Winder or any officer so that I can get them.

H. W. RENSHART,
Captain Commanding Co. A,
au 1—3t* Edmondston's Batt. Light Horse.

HDQ'RS 1ST REG'T VA. ART'Y, RANDOLPH'S FARM.

DESERTED—JOHN BRASHERS.—Thirty dollars reward will be paid for the delivery of the above-named John Brashers to these headquarters, or $15 will be paid if confined in jail, so that I may get him. This deserter reported himself from Maryland, is 6 feet 3 or 4 inches high, black hair and eyes, and has lost his front teeth. When leaving he was dressed in citizens' clothes, and wore a straw hat. E. R. YOUNG, Captain,
au 1—3t* 1st reg't Va. artillery.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH VA. REGT. VOLS., Falling Creek, Chesterfield Co., Va.

DESERTERS.—THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD will be paid for the following named deserters, if delivered to me at these Headquarters, or $15 will be paid if confined in jail, that I may get them:

Lea M Bass,	James E Franklin,
Geo W Brooks,	Solomon Marks,
Andrew F Childress,	Wm S Smith,
Michael Foster,	B T Smith,
Wm Foster,	George A Thatford,
John Smoltings,	George W Tolby,
John H Thatford,	Robert Taylor,
Wm H Tolby,	J F Moore,
Thomas J Wamack,	E B Pearce,
	Henry W Franklin.

LOUIS F. BOSSIEUX, Captain,
jy 31—3t* 1 Co., 6th Va. Regt. Vols.

THIRTY DOLLARS REWARD—Will be paid for the apprehension and delivery at the Marine camp, near Drury's Bluff, of any of the following described deserters from the Marine Corps.

Private PATRICK LAMBERT, 30 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches high, hazel eyes, black hair, dark complexion.

Private MICHL F. POWERS, 22 years of age, 5 feet 7 inches high, hazel eyes, dark hair, dark complexion.

Private PATRICK McCARTY, 22 years of age, 5 feet 7½ inches high, blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion. A. S. TAYLOR,
jy 30—6t Major and Q. M. C. S. M. C.

SIXTY DOLLARS REWARD.—The above reward will be paid for the arrest of JNO. LARVIN, who deserted on the 19th of July, and HUGH GILLIAM, on the 6