Both of the men—who, by the way, were armed—escaped. We brought away her sails and found a letter which gave some information.

Having embarked, we pulled up, and when off Prudat's wharf we espied a six-pounder lying on the wharf. We seized this and put it into the launch and stood on. On reaching the point above Biloxi we espied several fishermen, two of whom we "brought to," purchasing their oysters and paying them in silver, and at their own valuation. We overhauled several craft, and in one found papers directed to John Eagan, P. M., Ocean Springs. Of course we took the papers and let the poor fisherman go.

We now steered for Ocean Springs, and on landing we found that we were on Eagan's wharf, which is well built, and is several hundred yards in length. On it is a railroad track, used for transporting goods from the boats which land there. We seated ourselves on the car, and the marines were our steam, or rather motive power. Here we met but one sore faced creole. Of course we let him go; but he followed us. On leaving "the cars" we passed through a dilapidated building, by another, and we were in Ocean Springs, and were the first landing party of Union men who have been here since the war. Our footsteps were directed to the Post Office, where we found Mrs. J. Eagan in charge. Mrs. E. is a good looking lady from the Emerald Isle, of a fiery temper, and with finger nails long enough to do some tall scratching with. Her better half, John, arrived soon after we entered the domains of the Confederate States of America Post Office Department. He wore an angry look and a seedy coat; was tall in stature and in his speech; had a contemptuous air and an air of onions; was not a Northerner or a Southerner, but was born in Ireland; was a postmaster under Buck, who illthrated him, and now he was one of Mr. Davis' postmasters. He had returned all his stamps, but kept his letter balance to balance his accounts. Col. Jones could not see the balance in that light, and after weighing the thing in his mind came to the conclusion not to be found wanting in the scales of duty, and carried off Eagan's balance because it bore these significant characters—P. O. D. U. S. Eagan was mad; but Mrs. Eagan was madder, and she gave us a little bit of Irish advice. Ocean Springs is a beautiful place and well adapted for a watering place. It is smaller than Biloxi, which place was built up under the influence of one of the Southern land excitements. Ocean Springs is almost entirely deserted, and we did not see over ten persons there. The object of our visit being eminently successful, and having taken about fifty New Orleans papers, we prepared to return. Bidding Eagan & Co. goodbye, we "took the cars" for the end of the wharf, where we found that the Hartford's launch crew had made a seizure of quite a number of guns, rifles and muskets, all of them in a dilapidated condition. They were probably brought there for the purpose of complying with an order to the citizens to send their old arms to New Orleans to be repaired. We put them in the boat and started for the New London. As I said before, the papers gave us very valuable information, and we felt assured that it would be worth the time spent to go again, perhaps, to some other locality. We returned to the Roads, and by eight o'clock I was again on board of the flagship. I will forward you papers of the latest dates we captured. During my absence from the ship I found the ship National Guard had arrived, and we had taken two more nine-inch guns on board. The Pensacola had also come in. Her engines are about ruined, owing to her stranding on the Florida coast, the details of which were forwarded to you from Key West.

MARCH 2.—To-day being Sunday, and the first one of the month, the Articles of War were read to the crew. In one of the papers seized we found that one of the two men who were taken in one of the New London's prizes was brutally murdered by his captors, and the other is now a prisoner in the hands of the rebels. Sailors are proverbially careless, and it appears that when they got on board the prize they laid down their arms, when the rebels seized them, shot one man, and drove the other below. There is great rejoicing over this great victory. There are no signs of our moving to-day; the weather looked threatening, and before midnight a heavy norther was blowing. During the night our tender, the Gipsy, parted her cable and went ashore.

MARCH 3.—This morning the gale moderated, and the weather has cleared up; but a heavy sea is rolling in the harbor. The island is half flooded, and the weather is more wintry than we have seen since leaving Hampton Roads. The Niagara probably leaves to-day for Key West, *en route* for home. We expect the Richmond hourly, and her arrival will, I trust, furnish us with late news from home. Steam was raised in our boilers to-day, and, should the weather moderate, we may go to sea in a few hours thereafter.

I would say here that a light is nightly exhibited in the tower on Ship Island—it can be seen about ten miles—and it will be kept burning until further notice.

OPERATIONS ON THE FLORIDA COAST.

Our Fernandina Correspondence.

FERNANDINA, FLA., March 11, 1862.

Capture and Return of a Rebel Colonel—News from Georgia—Progress of the Drafting System—Unwilling Rebels in Arms—Reconnoissance of St. Mary's River—A Bold Dash—Futile Attempt to Capture the United States Gunboat Ottawa—Ignominious Flight of the Enemy—Coolness and Bravery of a Gun-Captain—Names of the Wounded—Green Peas, Strawberries, Fresh Shad and Other Luxuries—Thanks to the Captains of the McClellan and Pembina—The Armed Cutter Henrietta, &c., &c.

Lieutenant Colonel Holland, of the First Florida battalion, was brought in to-day by the Onward. It seems that he went off with a flag of truce to her while she was lying off shore, blockading a little south of this, and while she was flying a French flag as a decoy. He was deceived thereby, and put himself into our hands. General Wright will send him back to-day or to-morrow, respecting the flag of truce which he bore. The Colonel expresses himself under great obligations for the courtesies received at our hands. He is not inclined to be very communicative on topics relating to rebel affairs, but gives as his decided opinion that the rebels were damned fools for deserting this place without first offering a fight, and testing their ability to hold it—an opinion which we all concur in.

Since our advent upon the Georgia coast Governor Brown has issued a proclamation ordering the military authorities to resort to drafting if the twelve thousand men called for by Jeff. Davis from the State were not recruited by the 4th of March. From their papers and the reports of deserters and refugees we learn that recruiting was extremely slow, in spite of the threats of the authorities and the appeals of the press. Not half the number required was forthcoming by the 4th, and drafting began on that day. It met with great opposition from the people, but the order was carried out most rigorously and to the letter. The quota is undoubtedly made up, but from men unwilling to take up arms. Torn from their families to take the field under officers placed over them by the Governor, it cannot be expected that they will become brave and efficient soldiers. Their hearts are not in the work, and we are not at all surprised to learn of a wide spread dissatisfaction among them, of insubordination and desertion. They are not supplied with uniforms, horses or much food, and the officers find it most arduous and discouraging to attempt to get them into shape. It was a body of four hundred of these drafted men that rode from Jefferson, a post town of eight or nine hundred inhabitants, about fifteen miles from St. Marys, to one of the river bluffs the other night, to take the gunboat Ottawa. The first design was to retake St. Marys, but learning that the Ottawa had gone up the river they relinquished their first idea, and concluded to intercept us on our return from up country. So they marched bravely down to the bluff, and, having picketed their horses, took a position in short rifle shot of the river, ready on our approach to clear our decks with rifle balls, and then—well, they were to capture the steamer. They spent a long night very uncomfortably, without shelter, when ice was forming nearly half an inch thick on the Ottawa's deck. Much to their disappointment we did not appear during the night, and they waited until ten o'clock the next day, when we came in sight. As we had got a new idea from the affair we had just passed through, on becoming aware of their presence at that point the Ottawa's compliments were sent to them in the form of an eleven inch shell, and a second was immediately afterwards thrown, both of which exploded near their retreat, kicking up a terrible dust, and filling the woods with their bellowings. Two or three Parrott projectiles also served to make known to them that we were not unconscious of their presence and their intentions. The shells did the business. Secesh took to horse, and the brave four hundred retreated in a most confused order, each one for himself, and expecting the devil to take the hindmost. They scampered home at a rate faster than they came, not deigning to give us a shot or choosing to attempt the recapture of St. Marys.

In the affair with the Mississippi riflemen the men working the eleven-inch gun forward, and those working the Parrott gun on the forecastle, were greatly exposed, and one or two incidents that occurred in the hottest of the fire will illustrate the character of our seamen for bravery, coolness and self-possession. Maroney, the captain of the forecastle gun, during the heat of the contest, served his gun as beautifully as if it had been a salute he was firing. Two men had been wounded by his side, and a storm of rifle balls was sweeping over the exposed forecastle deck, when, his gun being loaded, he was about to fire, but before he could pull the lock string a rifle ball carried away the lock. He instantly seized a hatchet and struck the cap once, but, failing to explode it, raised the hatchet again, when a rifle ball struck the handle, split it and sent a stinging sensation up his hand. He glanced at it, then at the rebels, and brought the hatchet down quickly upon the cap, exploding it and discharging the gun. The shell did its work, and Maroney began to load the piece alone, as all the rest had retired from the forecastle for a moment. The firing from the rifled gun was uninterrupted thereafter.

One rifle ball passed through the caps of two men on the forecastle, who happened to be in line, barely grazing their heads. Nearly every one of the gun's crew was wounded, or showed the marks of rifle balls. The lookouts at the masthead seemed to be a target for the enemy's fire, but they escaped unscathed. Certainly the escape from loss of life was almost miraculous.

The following are the names of those wounded, all doing very well:—John De Cordy, Master's Mate, rifle shot, left arm, through below the shoulder; J. S. Roberts, ordinary seaman, rifle shot, right wrist—slight; Michael Cray, ordinary seaman, rifle shot, calf of right leg; Benjamin F. Ripley, rifle shot, left thumb—not serious. Dr. C. O. Carpenter, Surgeon of the Ottawa, dressed their wounds in a skilful manner, and all will soon be well under his treatment. Midshipman, Acting Master, R. K. Duer suffered a contusion in the left groin from a rifle shot, which fortunately was stopped by a copper cent in his pocket. This saved him from a very painful not a very dangerous wound.

The reconnoissance up the St. Marys by the Ottawa is pronounced the boldest, most brilliant and most successful of the war. The idea of penetrating fifty miles into the heart of an enemy's country, with a single gunboat, was so bold that the very dash of the movement took the rebels by surprise, which they managed to recover from, however, while we were lying aground in the swamp.

They employed the same tactics that proved so disastrous to the British in the last war. Several English officers and many men were killed by the riflemen while the English ships were ascending and descending this very river. But steam and improved cannon have changed all this. Nevertheless, it would not be perfectly safe for one gunboat to try the experiment again. I am quite well satisfied of this myself, and I do not propose to accompany the next gunboat up the river.

The weather is very warm and pleasant here at present. No June day in New York could be more delightful. In St. Marys I saw roses, japonicas, &c., in full bloom; and I enjoyed a fine mess of green peas, picked in a garden in that village. Strawberries are rapidly ripening, and will soon be fit to eat. Last week we had two severe frosts, which have probably killed the peaches and injured the oranges, lemons and figs. Peach trees are in blossom, and I have seen several orange trees white with blossoms. Fine shad throng the St. Marys river, but we have no nets to take them. Altogether this is quite a desirable country to live in at this season of the year; but we dread the summer's heat. Then, if Yellow Jack does not visit us, we shall be agreeably disappointed. However, we hope the necessity of our occupying the place will have passed away before the sickly season comes, and then farewell to the land of flowers.

Commodore Dupont has expressed his thanks in a note to Captain Gray, of the McClellan, for the efficient manner in which he aided in the success of the late expedition. Capt. Gray's services were exceedingly valuable, and he is entitled to great praise for the handsome manner in which he rendered them.

Capt. Bankhead, of the Pembina, rendered service in towing the Henrietta to Fernandina from St. Andrews, and managed his vessel with his usual good tact and skill.

The Bienville goes North in a few days for repairs. She sustained some damage by getting on the bar while coming into this harbor last Monday week.

OPERATIONS ON THE LOWER POTOMAC.

Explorations in Quantico Creek—Clever Dodge of the Rebels Discovered—The Grave of John Smith—A Unionist Cuts His Throat to Escape the Horrors of a Richmond Prison—Mortality Among the Rebel Troops—Trophies Carried Away, &c.

Our explorations were mainly confined to the north side of Quantico creek, where we came upon the site of the First Texas regiment. A red flag was flying on each of the two hospitals, and a black flag on Company K's house. Also a grave, with a board at the head bearing the following inscription, cut in with a knife:—"John Smith. Arkansas. Died Feby. 23d. Peace to his ashes. Disturb not the dead." Capt. Ward's suspicions were aroused by the fact that the grave was located directly among the huts, and he caused the grave to be opened, when lo! John Smith was found to be nothing more nor less than a large number of canvass tents. Seven of them, being new wall tents, were brought away; the balance were quite old and nearly worthless. Just beyond we came to the residence of a Union man named Talbot, who has been secreted for a week past to avoid impressment. Hearing the rebels had left he returned and started for Dumfries to get a load of corn ground. On entering the town, his two mules were seized by a squad of rebel cavalry, and he was allowed to return to his home. Still farther towards Dumfries, at a small house, was found an old man of sixty who had been seized by the rebels and thrown in the guardhouse, on suspicion of being a Union man and having given information to our people. So terrible were his fears of a Richmond prison that to avoid it he had cut his own throat. The wound was dressed soon after, and he sent to his own house. Owing to the want of proper medical attention subsequently, the wound had not healed. Drs. Monroe and Foys, of the First and Eleventh Massachusetts regiments, dressed it, and express the opinion that, although neglect has rendered his case critical, he will probably recover.

On reaching an eminence a mile and a half from Dumfries, five four horse ambulances were seen, apparently removing the sick from that place. Mr. Talbot says he understood yesterday, when at Dumfries, that the sick had not been removed. He also confirms the statements in regard to the mortality there, having been told that the rebels had buried seven hundred men at that place.

Five male contrabands made their appearance in this vicinity. They came out of the woods upon the road, bearing as a flag of truce a white cotton shirt, tied upon a tremendously long pole. They state that they are from Fauquier county, and that their master has three sons in the rebel army and was about to join it himself. They were told that the Yankees would catch and sell them—that they must go South. Hearing of the evacuation of Manassas and the occupation of the Potomac batteries by our troops on Sunday, they started that night, and, by lying hid during the day, and avoiding highways and towns, succeeded in reaching our camps. They are quite likely and intelligent looking darkeys.

An elaborate explanation of the map, spoken of a day or two since, was found to-day, from which I make an extract. Referring to the single gun on the northernmost point of Aquia creek, and which seems to have been called "Long Tom," he says:—

Long Tom, the reader will recollect, was taken from the Yankees at Manassas, on the 21st of July. She is an elegant shot, and renders good service at this point and elsewhere.

This is the 30-pounder Parrot gun left by our troops in their retreat from Bull run. What service she has done seems a question, as the rebels have injured nothing since the batteries have been established.

The Union people on that side state that Mr. Evans, the owner of the property on which the Shipping Point and Evansport batteries are located, practised a little deceit upon the rebel government, by representing the river but a mile and three quarters wide, with the channel on the Virginia side. By this means he effected the sale of his land at a high figure—receiving Confederate scrip in payment. He is reported to be in disfavor with the rebels of late, who found the river much wider than he represented, and suspect him of deceiving them to obtain a high price for his land.

The diary of private J. D. Lumbig, of the Maryland artillery, records the passage of the Pensacola on the morning of January 13, to the bitter disappointment of the South.

January 14, he says, "I hear to-day that the officers and privates of the Shipping Point batteries are arrested for inattention to duty, the consequence of which was, that the Pensacola passed in safety, they not having fired a shot. They deserve it—even death."

Nothing of special interest occurred yesterday, the day being occupied in bringing away munitions from the deserted fortifications of the enemy. A large number of papers were found, including muster rolls, morning reports, medical requisitions, sick lists, &c. An abstract of provisions at Camp Carroll, Virginia, on the 4th, 13th and 17th of January shows 4,000 men, and the number of days' rations on hand for that force in each article. The following is the statement on the three days named:—

Bags' Rations.

Articles.	*Jan. 4.*	*Jan. 13.*	*Jan. 17.*
Beef	11½	16¾	24½
Bacon	6	5½	8
Flour	11¾	10⅞	13¾
Meal	2¾	1¾	5⅞
Rice	16¼	14½	19
Beans	15¾	12½	12½
Hard bread	3¼	3¼	3¼
*Coffee	20½	13¾	39½
Sugar	1¾	2	1¾
Vinegar	7	3⅞	3¾
†Candles	25	30⅞	28 1-5
Soap	None.	6	5½
Salt	7¾	6½	6¾
Molasses	2½	2¼	1⅞
Whiskey	5¼	‡4½	3¾

* A term applied to corn and wheat burned, mixed and ground.

† They used their tallow to manufacture their candles in camp. A large number of moulds and some camp-made candles were left behind.

‡ Five hundred and eighteen gallons.

The evidences of terrible mortality in their camps are abundant. Private letters, of which hundreds have been picked up, muster rolls, morning reports, sick lists, &c., all prove the ravages of disease among them to have been fearful. The muster roll of the Second Arkansas battalion shows as present in February:—

Company A, Captain Gregg, 43; company B, Captain Lacy, 57; Company C, Captain Beavers, 40—total 140. This includes the sick in camp.

Company A's sick list has the total, 62 enlisted men, of whom 37 are reported sick, present and absent.

Company B, Captain Lacy, 78 enlisted men; 23 sick, two dead and one detailed as nurse. There are in this company 22 men detailed from Captain Peatross' Company E, Colonel R. Milton Casy's regiment (Thirtieth Virginia), twelve of whom were reported sick.

Captain Peatross reports 13 out of 78 sick in his company.

Captain Groves' Company I, Thirty-fifth Georgia, has its captain, first lieutenant, orderly sergeant and 17 privates sick.

Captain White's Company B, —— regiment, morning report, has an average of 33 reported sick daily during the month of December—total force 460 men.

Captain Whitley's Company ——, Thirty-fifth Georgia, for December, averages 25 out of 65, and four died during the month.

About half way between Shipping Point and Dumfries there was a coffin warehouse, with several walnut coffins and ten or twelve plain pine coffins on hand, with quantities of lumber.

A list was left by the rebels, which shows the daily delivery of coffins from this place. The average during the month of February was about ten or twelve, and on the 17th of February it reached twenty-four.

There were three burying grounds found in the camps this side of Dumfries; and, as the reports nearly all refer to hospitals Nos. 1, 2 and 3, at Dumfries, it is reasonable to suppose a similar or greater mortality existed there.

There seem to be hospitals at Fredericksburg at which the soldiers are reported sick.

Captain Peatross, in his "Record of Events," accompanying his muster roll for July and August, says:—"My company has been most of the time at Marlboro Point. On the 20th of July we, along with the rest of the Thirtieth, were ordered to Manassas. We accomplished the march—a distance of fifty miles—in little more than thirty hours. After resting one day we took up the line of march back, and arrived at Brooks' station on the evening of the 24th, where we have remained ever since."

His record of events accompanying report, dated December 31, says:—"Stationed at battery No. 1, from October 21 to November 28, when ordered to battery No. 1, at this place. During the time we have been here we have been twenty-eight days under fire of the enemy's guns."

Among the trophies picked up was one of the shots fired by General Hooker from the Whitworth guns. The following inscription was written and pasted on the shot:—"February 27, the Yankees fired this shot through our hospital; no harm done." A large number of the Southern manufactured knives were picked up. They are large and clumsy looking things, and are more formidable to carry than to face. The rebel soldiers no doubt thought so, and accordingly threw them away.

Among other things brought away from the Virginia side is a litter of six bloodhound pups.

The Naval Fight in Hampton Roads.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

In the main, Mr. Editor, the account of the fight in your issue of the 10th inst. is substantially correct. There are some things, however, which have been omitted by your correspondent, not intentionally, I am persuaded, but because he had not the opportunity to make himself acquainted with the facts, which should be published, that justice may be done the gallant and meritorious officers and crew of the partially crippled frigate. It was a cause of deep and heartfelt regret to our noble tars, and also of the men who commanded them, that their noble ship could not get alongside the diabolical Virginia, alias Merrimac, to try a broadside of her nine-inch solid shot upon the iron monster. They were confident that, if they could get a shot at her at a short range, they could shake, and shatter, too, her iron roof as well as her wooden timbers. True and more devotedly attached men to the Stars and Stripes never graced the quarter deck of one of our national ships than the captain, officers and men of the beautiful Roanoke.

On the day of the memorable engagement which resulted in the destruction of the Congress and Cumberland, about one P. M., by signals and a smoke over Sewall's Point it was discovered that the long expected Merrimac was coming. Two small tugs immediately came off to take the Roanoke in tow, her steam power being entirely useless in consequence of her broken crank shaft. They were made fast, and the ship swung in a remarkably short space of time and headed for Newport's News. It was running flood tide at the time, and the ship being very large and the room to work her very contracted, became, as may be presumed, quite unmanageable. It was with the greatest care and most extraordinary management that, after some delay, we escaped running ashore on the Rip Raps, or fouling some of the smaller vessels lying near the fortress. After encountering these difficulties, and escaping the dangers to which we were exposed, we got under way, when the tide and wind turned against us. Such was the impediment to our progress, from the change of the wind and tide, that, although the small steamers which had us a tow were doing their best, it was scarcely discernable that we were moving. Each moment now seemed like an hour. As we neared Sewall's Point at our terribly slow pace, the battery situated there opened fire upon us. At first their shot fell wildly; but soon, getting our distance, almost every shot told, striking us in several places, cutting away two shrouds, passing through our foresail and bursting directly over the deck, scattering the pieces in all directions. Here the brave spirit of our gallant tars exhibited itself. Although not permitted to return this fire, except from the forward ten-inch pivot gun, it was a beautiful sight to behold the order and coolness displayed by the whole crew. Every man was at his proper station the same and as obedient as in every day drill. In consequence of the slowness of our movements we were subjected to this fire about three-quarters of an hour, with but an occasional return, as we were desirous to reserve all our solid shot for close quarters with the rebel monster.

As we approached Newport's News we discovered that the Cumberland was sunk, hull down, and careening to the port. The rebel steamers, the Merrimac, Yorktown and Jamestown, after sinking the Cumberland, turned their attention to the Congress.

It was now discovered that we had grounded, and the Minnesota was surely hard and fast. The Congress having been raked fore and aft, with her decks presenting the appearance of a slaughterhouse, realizing her helplessness and despairing of any help reaching her, struck her flag, but not, however, until her guns were dismounted, and the mangled remains of their crews lay scattered over the decks.

Every effort was made to get the Roanoke afloat, which was finally accomplished by the aid of the tugs and our sails. Seeing it was impossible for the Roanoke to reach the Minnesota, our tugs were sent to her assistance, while we drifted down, determined to anchor as soon as we reached a proper anchorage, and tender all assistance possible to the grounded Minnesota and prevent the passage of the rebel steamers to sea, should the attempt be made to run the blockade. While drifting down under sail the Sewall's Point battery again opened fire upon us with great precision, their shells bursting as before all around us, scattering their fragments over our decks. An effort was made now, while under this fire, to tack the Roanoke, and by trying another channel proceed to a position as near the Minnesota as possible; but our keel was so near the mud that she would not obey her helm, and, missing stays, we lay in irons, a target for the guns on Sewall's Point. A boat was now manned and despatched down to Fortress Monroe, begging that something might be sent to tow us into action. Night came on before any steamer arrived, and we came to anchor between Fortress Monroe and the Minnesota. Later, all being quiet, the Merrimac and the smaller rebel steamers having retreated for the night, we dropped down nearer the Fortress.

The darkness now covered us, and the firing had ceased at the scene of the terrible disasters of the afternoon. We were sad, but not entirely discouraged. Our confidence was in Him "who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." With a fixed purpose we had determined to meet the enemy in the morning and share the fate of the other ships in an attempt to rebuke the pride of our antagonist, who was now flushed with a partial victory. The moon flung down her silver light upon the placid waters of Hampton Roads, enabling us to witness the sad spectacle of the noble Congress, which had behaved so bravely during the fight, enveloped in flame. The Minnesota was still aground, without any probability of getting off. We expected she would be captured and destroyed, adding another disaster to the already insufferable defeat. Our indignation was now up to its highest point, and woe unto the Merrimac it would have been had she come at this time within reach of the guns and the desperation of the Roanoke.

About ten o'clock P. M. the Monitor made all hands glad by her appearance in the Roads. Our hope of ultimate success, which had not forsaken us, was now strengthened. We retired to our bunks and hammocks and slept soundly, the excitement and fatigue of the day preparing us for the enjoyment of repose, confident in the expectation that we would arise in the morning and behold our defeat wiped out by a glorious and complete victory, won by the little Monitor—the glorious little Monitor. Thank God we realized our fond expectation.

During the whole of the proceedings narrated in the foregoing I had the opportunity—being privileged to go all over the ship—of witnessing everything that transpired. Every man, from the Captain down to the humblest position on board our gallant ship, showed by every act and every look that he was ready and anxious to do his duty.

It affords me much pleasure to pay this tribute of praise to my shipmates, the officers and crew of our ocean home, than whom a more brave set of jolly fellows never pointed a gun at the enemy. With Marston to lead them they will always give a good report of the Roanoke.

Captain Poor, who was on board at the time we got under way, volunteered his services, which were accepted by Captain Marston and acknowledged handsomely in his report to the Honorable Secretary of the Navy. Captain Poor, by his coolness and bravery, impressed us all with the fact that he was more than ordinary in his profession.

In conclusion, allow me to say that no one on board deserves more praise for having done his duty well than Mr. William Lingo, our pilot. Exposed, with the other officers on the bridge—the most exposed part of the ship during an action—he stood firmly at his post, manifesting the same spirit which characterized the whole ship's company.

Being a non combatant, and consequently yielding all claim to the military glory of the achievements and doings narrated and described in this letter, I feel justified, though an officer, and attached to the Roanoke, in giving this hasty composition to you for publication in your widely circulated paper. My object is simply to give, in some public manner, credit to a brave and meritorious ship's company of officers and men.

The following is a corrected list of the officers of the ship.

ROBERT GIVIN,
Chaplain U. S. Steam Frigate Roanoke.

Captain—John Marston.
First Lieutenant, Executive Officer—T. Scott Fillebrown.
Paymaster—Benjamin J. Cahoone.
Surgeon—Edward Gilchrist.
Lieutenant—Henry D. Todd.
Captain of Marines—M. R. Kintzing.
Chaplain—Robert Givin.
Assistant Surgeon—J. C. Spear and Ira W. Bragg.
Acting Masters—L. D. D. Voorhees, Edgar Van Slych, Abner West and James D. Ingraham.
Midshipman—G. K. Haswell.
Second Assistant Engineer—Thomas J. Griffin.
Third Assistant Engineers—George W. Burknap, William H. G. West, Albert Jackson and Alfred Hedrick.
Boatswain—Thomas Bennett.
Gunner—Thomas P. Venable.
Carpenter—Mark W. Paul.
Sailmaker—W. S. L. Brayton.
Captain's Clerk—W. H. Ennis.
Paymaster's Clerk—John J. McCormick.
Masters' Mates—Charles J. Rogers, J. M. Butler and Jas. McDonald.
Pilot—William H. Lingo.

Our Naval Correspondence.

UNITED STATES GUNBOAT MIDNIGHT,
OFF MATAGORDA, TEXAS, Feb. 26, 1862.

A Tilt with the Enemy's Batteries at Matagorda and Velasco—Uselessness of Sailing Vessels for Blockade, &c.

In the beginning of December we were ordered here to blockade the coast from Galveston to Matagorda, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, a distance of 105 miles, and comprising three ports of entry, with a strong battery at the entrance of each. On approaching the lighthouse of Matagorda we were almost becalmed, when the battery opened fire upon us, discharging eight heavy shot, which fell short only about 100 yards. We knew our guns could not reach, so we did not reply. A day or two after, on approaching the bar, it again fell calm, and we discovered a large steamer coming out towards us. We made up our minds we were going to have a hard fight, and so prepared for it. A little breeze sprung up, and we made sail, so as to draw him off his shore batteries; but after crossing the bar a few rods he put up helm and ran into the harbor again. We expect he will attack us some of these days when becalmed. A sailing vessel has a poor chance against a steamer in a calm. The Midnight is scarcely adequate to the work given her to do. Nothing but steamers should be employed in these calm latitudes on blockading service.

The regular business of the blockade has been somewhat diversified by a spirited little fight we had with the batteries of the enemy at Matagorda on the 11th ultimo, and again at Velasco on the 18th. We shelled them for about an hour on each occasion at seventeen hundred yards, or one mile distance, with what effect we are unable to say. The fire was returned with vigor, but did not hit us. The officers and men stood up to the work well, and desired nothing better than going in; but the prudent and discreet commander would not needlessly endanger his ship, whose proper business is to blockade the coast and not to fight with land batteries so much heavier than his own. He succeeded, however, in drawing the fire and ascertaining the range of the enemy.

Acting Master Alexander M. Smith, of Boston, has been dismissed the service.

The Rescue of the Crew of the Governor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

UNITED STATES STEAMER YOUNG ROVER,
OFF RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, March 12, 1862.

I have read in your paper of the 10th inst. the correspondence between Mr. T. Tileston, President of the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, and Captain Ringold, of the United States frigate Sabine, on the occasion of the presentation of a gold medal in commemoration of his efforts in rescuing the crew of the United States steamer Governor, in November last. While I would not in the least detract from the credit due Captain Ringold and his officers and crew, it seems but justice that the services rendered on that occasion by this vessel should not be ignored. The Young Rover, then commanded by Acting Volunteer Lieutenant John Humphrey, was employed in blockading Wilmington, N. C., and was driven off her station by the storm of Friday, November 1. Early on the morning of Saturday, November 2, we saw a large ship (which afterwards proved to be the United States frigate Sabine) lying to at a considerable distance to leeward; and on our weather bow two steamers, displaying flags, which, on account of the distance, we could not distinctly make out. Soon, however, we discovered that the ensign of one was displayed "Union down"—a signal of distress—and we immediately made all sail that the ship could carry, and stood on the wind. After standing on the port tack for two hours, she being then so far on our quarter that we could fetch her, we were ship and stood directly for her, and came up with her at noon. She proved to be the United States steamer Governor, in a disabled and sinking condition—which has already been described in your columns. The gunboat Isaac Smith was in company with her, but unable to render her any assistance. Our first impulse was to immediately get a hawser to her, and commence to embark her crew on board this vessel; but, on consultation with his officers (I being at that time his executive officer), Capt. Humphrey concluded that, as our boats were so small that they could carry but few at a time, and that with much danger, on account of the heavy sea, it would be best for us to run down to the ship we had seen in the morning, and, attracting her attention, bring her also to the rescue. This we accordingly did, with our ensigns set Union down and at half-mast at the fore and mizen masts, and with other signals set, indicating that "the vessel needed immediate assistance." It was at least an hour before we, running at full speed towards the ship, which was then standing along under easy sail, could get near enough for her to observe our signals and act accordingly. When she did see us she made sail, taking us, as they afterwards informed us, for a prize endeavoring to escape, as we wore ship again immediately on her making sail for us, and stood as fast as we could go for the Governor, clearing away our boats as we went, and making other preparations for aiding the distressed beings on board of her. We had reached her and hove to, and our boat, under the charge of Mr. J. H. Eldridge, our second officer, was alongside her to commence removing her crew, when the ship (which we then discovered to be the Sabine) came up and also hove to and sent a boat. Mr. Eldridge then proceeded on board the Sabine, the captain of which informed him that he would take charge of the Governor, and that our aid would not be necessary. We, however, laid in vicinity during the night in readiness to render any assistance which might be required. On Sunday morning, as the storm had subsided, Captain Humphrey concluded that, as our services were not required by the Sabine, duty required us to return to our station, which we accordingly did, arriving that afternoon. It is evident, from this plain statement of facts, that had we not discovered the Governor and brought the Sabine to her relief, in all human probability she would have been lost, with all hands on board, as the course which the Sabine was steering would not have brought her near enough to the distressed steamer to see her, especially with the darkness coming on so early as it does at that season. As it was, it was quite late in the afternoon when she arrived at the wreck; so much so that it was at first concluded to postpone the transfer of the unfortunates till the next morning, though, I believe, the rapid sinking of the Governor afterwards caused the removal to be attempted that night. Had we only consulted our own impulses, and not the best interests of the wrecked crew, by bringing the Sabine to their aid, we, instead of being obliged thus to claim a portion, would have had the whole credit of the rescue. I append a list of the officers of the Young Rover, which is now the same as in November last, with the exception that, Captain Humphrey having resigned from the service, I have succeeded to the command.

Yours, respectfully, IRA B. STUDLEY,
Acting Master com'ding United States st'r Young Rover.

OFFICERS OF UNITED STATES STEAMER YOUNG ROVER.

Acting Master Commanding—Ira B. Studley.
Acting Master and Executive Officer—Joshua H. Eldridge.
Acting Master—George Williams.
Acting Surgeon—E. D. G. Smith.
Acting Paymaster—Geo. W. Stone.
Acting Engineer—James Patterson.
Acting Masters' Mates—Thos. W. Dodge, E. N. Ryder, Geo. Howarth.

Hints and Suggestions from Correspondents.

In reference to the letter of Dr. T., published in the HERALD a few days ago, a correspondent asks why the Doctor did not inform the public how they are to procure their drinking water without the means of leaden pipes, or else acquaint them with the antidote against this dreaded enemy of human existence? Until some proper substitute for leaden water pipes is introduced, the writer thinks that these must continue in use.

"Two Constant Readers," referring to the late poisoning of soldiers in Arkansas, call attention to the practice of the Cossacks in 1814-'15, when the Russians occupied Paris and other French cities. The Russians adopted the simple rule of never tasting any food tendered them by the people, except those who brought it partook of the meal. This practice effectually prevented the use of poison as against them.

Our correspondent on board the United States steamer Mystic sends us a very lengthy account of the celebration of Washington's Birthday on board that war vessel. The scenes on board and the enthusiasm of the crew were most stirring and worthy of the occasion. The national songs were sung with great fervor, and everything was carried through with the patriotism of true tars.

A correspondent calls notice to the fact that a subscription is open at No. 32 Platt street, New York, for the erection of a monument to the memory of the gallant Colonel M. Vignier de Monteil, who died at Roanoke in defence of the Union.

An engineer in the Union service protests against any reduction of the salaries of naval officers. He says an assistant engineer gets $62 50 per month, and previous to sailing gets two months' pay, $125, out of which he has to pay—

For first undress uniform	$34
For cap	9
For flannel suit	16
For fourth mess	25
For necessary articles	10
Total	$94

—Leaving a surplus of $31, which he thinks totally inadequate for the support of an officer's family left behind him.

M. M. sends us a plan to deepen mud bars. Stern foremost, he says, was his favorite method of running through these obstacles in Florida during many years of successful navigation. He says that the Union fleet will meet with many such obstacles. His plan in such cases, he says, would be to tow a propeller stern foremost by a boat of light draught, the towboat using only sufficient power to keep the propeller in the desired channel. Other propellers of greater draught could follow in the same manner, and dispense with a towboat by towing a kedge anchor at the bow, which would enable them to steer straight and prevent clogging of the screws by retarding the motion of the boat, and causing it to take at each revolution a thinner layer of mud.

The citizens of Mount Vernon, Westchester county, N. Y., have purchased a handsome sword and a naval dress cap for Acting Master Aleck Allen, of the Mount Vernon, now attached to Commodore Dupont's fleet. This testimonial is for the gallantry of this officer in destroying a rebel gunboat under the guns of Fort Caswell, in December last.

A man-of-war's man on board the United States steam frigate Roanoke refers to the letter of a naval officer recently published in the HERALD, relative to the injustice of reducing the pay of officers in the naval service while they are doing such good work for the country. Our correspondent inquires whether it is the officers who are doing all the fighting, or whether the men do not perform some of it? He says that the sailors have families to support as well as their officers, and that their friends are just as susceptible of want and hunger. If the officers complain, with a salary of from $125 to $175 per month, he says he should like to know what is to become of poor Jack, with his paltry pittance of from $14 to $25?

Another correspondent complains of the great injustice done to meritorious officers of the navy in withholding their nominations to the higher grades of rank and pay. He says when an officer is slain his widow receives only the pension of the grade which he actually held at the time of his death, and not of that grade to which he was really entitled, and which he would have had at his death, if his nomination had been duly and promptly sent into the Senate and confirmed. He thinks this is an important question in time of war, as the families of officers killed in battle will in most cases have nothing but this pension to rely upon.

INTERESTING FROM MEXICO.

Financial Embarrassments of the Mexican Government.

What is Thought of the Peace Propositions,

&c., &c., &c.

Our Vera Cruz Correspondence.

VERA CRUZ, Feb. 25, 1862.

High Price of Provisions—Mexican Officials Opposed to the Treaty of Soledad—Sickness in the French Camp—Arrival of Spanish Troops—Two Thousand Invalids Sent to Havana—Spain Sympathizes with the United States—Visit of the Allied Officers to the United States Frigate Potomac—An Agent of the New Orleans Delta in Search of Printing Paper, &c., &c.

If the condition of things here at present don't make a man think of his distant relations, then I am no judge. The grand motive of this great allied expedition and niggardly show of national power, whose magnificent promises of happiness, peace and prosperity were so profusely showered upon this benighted people in the beginning, is still a profound mystery; but it their end was to starve out the few unfortunates that are obliged to remain here in durance vile, and deprive themselves and followers of all the necessaries of life, they have most happily accomplished their object. If any one wishes to see the Scripture passage "Man shall not live by bread alone" verified, let him come to Vera Cruz. Our market—which at present exists but in name—presents anything but a tempting appearance; but any one having money—which is not very plentiful here just now—can furnish his table at about the following rates:—

Meat, which would not exactly meet the desire or palate of an epicure, 37c. to 40c. per pound; sugar, 37c. to 50c. per pound; potatoes, 25c. per pound; butter, 75c. to 87c. per pound; eggs, 8c. each; beans, 20c. to 25c. per quart; coffee, 25c. to 37c. per pound.

Sometimes animals supposed to be, and what nature intended should be, chickens, are seen in the market; but they are mere shadows of former glory, and their appearance would seem to indicate that they too have felt the effects of the intervention. The prices of these specimens of animated nature vary according to the state of the owner's conscience; but, ordinarily,