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The Press.

VOL. 6.—NO. 179. PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1863. THREE CENTS.

The Press.

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1863.

"Fun" versus "Punch."

The reign of *Punch* is nearly over. From its commencement, in July 1841, until November 1850, that publication, which had pen and pencil for its weapons, was a power indeed. At the latter date, the leaven of intolerance got into it. Dr. Wiseman was made Cardinal and wrote a not very wise letter on the occasion, in which he claimed that, because of some Puseyite apostacies, the whole of England had returned to the Catholic faith and the Papal subserviency. The writers in *Punch*, most of whom had not been inside of any church for years, (except on the occasions of marriage and baptism,) took up the cudgels for the Church of England and commenced such a series of written and engraved attacks upon the Catholics, that most of them declined receiving the paper into their houses. In this *Punch* evidently took the impulse from Lord John Russell, who, when Prime Minister, wrote a feeble epistle to the Bishop of Durham, in which, with equal delicacy and discretion, he spoke of the rites of the Catholic Church as the "mummeries of superstition." *Punch* lost not only most of its circulation among the English Catholics, but Richard Doyle, its best artist, who was himself a Catholic, felt that he could not consistently remain connected with a publication which ridiculed his faith, and withdrew from it. Since then it has occasionally exhibited more malignity than wit. Its attacks upon Louis Napoleon have been frequent and savage, and, later still, *Punch* has acted in the meanest and most insolent manner ever since the commencement of Civil War in this country. This has been so much overdone as to excite contempt even in England. Its American circulation is not one-fourth of what it was five years ago.

It is a mistake to say of *Punch*, as a pictorial satirist,

> "It was the first
> That ever burst
> Into that silent sea."

It was preceded, as far back as 1830, by a small weekly sheet, edited by the late Gilbert A. A'Becket, and called *Figaro in London*. At that time A'Becket was "a young man about town," of the ripe age of twenty, with a large amount of animal spirits, a vein of lively satire, and a great deal of occasional industry. Neither ill-natured nor malicious, he could not resist the temptation of putting persons and occurrences in a ludicrous point of view. He was satirical, from the mere love of fun, whereas Douglas Jerrold said and wrote better things, from his overruling desire of annoying people. A'Becket was good-natured and witty. Jerrold was malignant and savage. When *Punch* was commenced, A'Becket, whose own little speculation had long since gone to the tomb of all the Capulets, became one of its staff of writers, and continued on it for nearly fifteen years,—in fact from July 1841, to his death in April 1856. In his latter years, A'Becket rose into distinction. His Comic Histories of England and of Rome, and his Comic Blackstone, won him so much reputation, that he was invited to write leaders for *The Times*, and, being qualified for the office, as a barrister-at-law, though he never had held a brief, he finally was made one of stipendiary police magistrates of London, and discharged the duties of that responsible office in an able and irreproachable manner.

The success of *Punch* called up various imitations. We cannot recall the titles of all these defunct rivals. The best of them were *The Man-in-the-Moon*, *The British Lion*, and *Diogenes*. None of these lived long. About eighteen months ago, there was published the first number of *Punch*, almost a fac-simile of *Punch* in size, typography, and engravings, but far more gentlemanly in tone, more independent in principle, and above all, more courteous in its allusions to public affairs and public men in France and the United States. *Fun*, which is written with spirit, edited with tact, and illustrated with humor, has the further advantage of being cheaper than *Punch*, the English price of which is *six* cents, while *Fun*, containing the same number of pages and of engravings, sells for *two cents*. The rivalry is so close that the publication offices in Fleet street here near to each other. At all events, *Fun* is a formidable rival, for it circulates 200,000 copies weekly, while the sale of *Punch* has declined to about 20,000. This is a great falling-off, seeing that, at one time, its circulation was close on 75,000 copies weekly. *Fun* may be considered as fully established now, for it has a large and increasing circulation, and has nearly completed its third half-yearly volume. It is difficult, by mere description, to convey any thing like an adequate idea of a literary and pictorial journal of fun and satire, and we shall not attempt it. Yet, from the last number of *Fun*, we give a biographical sketch of an English Parliament-man who has mixed himself up in American affairs. The curiosity of the sketch is that its leading incidents are true.

So, here followeth

WILLIAM SHAW LINDSAY, M. P.

Lindsay, like Wolsey, was born of humble parents, and rose by the force of his mind and the energy of his disposition to a distinguished place among his contemporaries. Beyond that, however, the Lindsay-Wolsey parallel cannot be carried; for the one, which the former made his fortune by, is not the same one whence the latter enriched himself, and, whereas the cardinal lorded it over all the monks in Great Britain, the capitalist only rules South Uriam.

William Shaw Lindsay first saw the light in Ayr, but was heir to no possessions—unless they were coates in an. He came into this property at the early age of six, when he was left an orphan, but not a well-off'un. At fifteen he left home to turn sailor, and entered the world, which gave him only a cold reception—the office of looking after the fuel in a Liverpool steamer. For some time he had a hard struggle with poverty in the streets of that great city, but at length obtained a cabin-boy's place on board a West Indiaman. In three years he became second mate, then first mate, and shortly after captain, having gone through many hardships and suffered many privations, besides wounds, accidents, and shipwrecks. In 1841 he left the waves for the Wallsend, becoming agent for the Castle Eden Coal Company. Four years after, he started in London that immense shipping agency on which his fortune is founded.

He commenced his political career in 1852 by being defeated in his desire to become the mouthpiece first of Plymouth and then of Dartmouth. But he had already made himself observed, and had published several works, which had a great sale, on maritime affairs—notably one, "Our Navigation and Mercantile Marine Laws." Though the two mouths we have mentioned eschewed him as their representative, another mouth, Tynemouth, presented him with an opening of which he availed himself.

His principles are most unmistakably free trade. As a consequence he found himself in the wrong boat, when he opposed, as a city meeting held two or three years ago by the shipowners, a resolution which seemed to point to our system of maritime commerce, and the rise in the rates of insurance, as the origin of the distress of the shipping interest.

As a speaker, he is not very effective. The force of his oratory is scotched, not killed, by a strong North British accent. Nevertheless, although he knows more about seamanship, merchant-ship, and any other ship than statesmanship, he is listened to with attention. The secret is, that he seldom speaks on subjects that are not connected with the shipping interest, which he has so thoroughly at heart—and by heart.

In 1859 he allowed himself to be separated from Tynemouth by Sunderland, which place still gives him its undivided allegiance. At the time of the Crimean war, he achieved a world-wide fame by exposing the blunders and jobbery of the Government. Since then, like a prudent sailor, he has lain on his oars to a considerable extent; for it is not very likely that Lord Palmerston will ever have an opportunity of aiming *se autor ultra crepidam* at Mr. Lindsay. He is not at all the man to talk about things which he does not understand, and when he takes a line with regard to our maritime commerce, they are wise who find themselves in the same boat with him.

It is not very probable that he will ever sit on the Treasury benches. His early training would lead him to take a place below the gangway. Yet he would be as useful a man at the Board of Trade as whom is a trader.

His career is one of which England may be proud. He began life with an "Ayry nothing," and he has made himself a "local habitation" in Portland place, and a "name" in Parliament, as well as in Austin Friars.

The following letter is from a gallant soldier who enlisted in the ranks at the breaking out of the rebellion, from patriotic motives, leaving a happy home and a lucrative business, to discharge his duty as a citizen, and is a type of thousands in the field whose letters breathe the same spirit:

CAMP NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, Va.,
February 27, 1863.

My regiment forms a part of the 9th Army Corps, and have gone off with them on some expedition, either to North or South Carolina. I fancy I shall have some trouble in getting to them, and, when I do get there, shall see and participate in some hard fighting, and probably may be one of those sacrificed to the cause of liberty. Well, I came out with the expectation of fighting about three months, and singular it will be if I wind up a military career of two years by having the most in the last three months. At any rate, that is the present appearance of affairs. I am no novice, however, for I have been under fire often enough to be able to hear the shot and shell ringing about my ears, if not with indifference, at least without any great amount of visible trepidation, and that is about all the bravest can say with truth. General ——— has offered to take command of, and raise, a negro brigade, and I have offered to go with him. He has made the offer, and I have a strong belief the proposition will be accepted. It is the true way to fight them, and I trust there will be no delay in placing the negroes in the field as soldiers. I am heartily sick of hearing the canting traitors at the North talk about fighting for the niggers, and then when we propose to allow the nigger to fight for himself, show so tender a regard for him as to insist on refusing his services. I wish it was in my power to impress every one who objects to negro regiments, and place him in the ranks as a private. I know that a month's active campaign would so materially alter their opinions, that they would be perfectly satisfied to have one of the despised race take their place, and do their fighting for them. Any man who talks in that manner, and lives at the North, is a double-distilled traitor, and should meet with the traitor's fate. We remain here perfectly quiet, stuck in the mud, unable to make any movement. Our regiment was ordered last evening to go about five miles from here to make a corduroy road, which is being constructed to the river on our left. They were to relieve a regiment which has been there in three days' rations. The weather this morning was so stormy, that the order was countermanded. There is about six inches of snow already covering the mud, and no prospect of clearing up. Our boys would have had a very rough time had they been obliged to go. If the weather should clear up, they will probably go in the morning. They were ordered to take four days' rations with them, and a soldier's life is a rough one—he don't lie on a bed of roses. Just imagine being started out in a violent snow-storm, without tents or any protection from the elements, and having such a wooding, bucket affords, to take up one's quarters for four days out in the open fields, or may be fortunate enough to be allotted the hospitality of a rail fence, log, and nothing to eat but the inevitable pork and hard tack—all this our regiment expected to undertake this morning.

The wretches who inaugurated this unholy war should be crucified. Jeff Davis and his villainous associates deserve the tortures of the damned in this life and that to come; and we have wretches at the North who sympathize with him, and advise us to let them alone and don't set the negroes loose upon the South, for fear some Southern brother may be hurt by a nigger. I would unchain the fiends of hell and let them loose to ravage and destroy if necessary, to put them down and bring them into subjection. We must teach them that we are their masters, their superiors, and if necessary, annihilate the whole white population in every rebel State sooner than abandon the enterprise. Our Administration are weeding the army of traitorous sympathizers and emasculators, who have heretofore thwarted our best laid projects, by the weak and tardy support they have given them. Old Joe Hooker is a warm and decided Republican, and will be allowed to command the army. Such men like no half measures; their soul is in their work, and with sufficient means, they almost invariably achieve success. Burnside is a splendid officer, but the army have avoided politics as a forbidden subject; we have feared, by discussing the matter, we might create dissensions in the army, as there would have been mistaken. Traitors have been allowed to talk and use their influence to demoralize the men. Now we have concluded to have it out, let our principles be known and made public, argue, talk, and if necessary, fight for our principles. We have the right upon our side, and the best of the argument.

A.

NEW YORK CITY.

[Special Correspondence of The Press.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 27, 1863.

THE McCLELLAN LETTER

of General Scott is a fresh bone of contention between the friends and foes of the young Napoleon. The former strenuously assert that the epistle reflects rather upon the Administration, for instituting a special correspondence with McClellan, than upon the Potomac commander for communicating directly with the Government without regard to his superior officer. But this hackneied perversion of meaning has not a grain of sense to stale it to any such conviction, and the ruling sentiment of the community is against the General, whose repeated military failures have not even the redeeming palliative of soldierly obedience to orders. Of course, such sheets as the *Herald*, *Express*, and *World* are clamorous to vindicate the young Napoleon, who probably relates that much "good-natured friends," as Sidney Smith said, would let him alone. Such friendship as theirs puts him in the attitude of constantly inviting a strong suspicion of his loyalty; and while this suspicion is logically nurtured by the extravagant laudation of known enemies to the Union, the hapless little Mac will have no more chance of negotiating committees. The more I see of McClellan as he appears in every-day life, the more firmly am I convinced that he is a victim, rather than a specious abettor, in all this nonsensical clamor for him. He is a common-place, good-natured, ordinary sort of little man, with not as much egotism as you might reasonably expect to find in one so much talked about. Under no possible circumstance could he rise to greatness without violating every law of physiognomy, for his face does not contain one feature, line, or curve indicative of anything above the commonest order of intelligence. His is not the head to live in marble, or illustrate history on heroic canvas, and it must be palpable to all who have conversed with him that he lacks every intellectual qualification necessary to the leader in a deep revolutionary scheme, or the successful manager of the caprices of a peculiar people. In other words, he is being unscrupulously used as a mere temporary cat's-paw by the Disunion faction of the North; as a mere blind to be used as a curtain only until a gang of organized conspirators are ready to cast him aside, and reveal themselves from behind him in their true rebel characters. The idea that the Democratic party could select any such man of straw for their Presidential candidate in 1864 is the most egregious folly. They are all too sharp for that. He is simply a temporary convenience with them; but while he *is* that convenience, they will, of course, war for him without stint, and extract the laurels of patriot martyrdom even from the reproving letter of his superior officer.

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may as well prepare himself for a terrible "revelation," shortly, concerning his administration in New Orleans. There is stopping in this city at present a gentleman of New Orleans who was a lieutenant in the rebel army prior to the capture of the city, and did military duty at Fort Pillow. A short experience in camp life was sufficient to satisfy him, and he, in company with several others, resigned his commission and returned home. Shorty after Butler's capture of New Orleans, our Secession friend was tempted to utter certain Southern sentiments which procured for him a speedy visit to prison, where he was detained for some weeks. This portion of the programme was sharpened at his perceptive faculties that he was enabled very readily to see the shameless corruption of Gen. Butler's administration. Now that he is in this city, the principal editor of the *World* has solicited from him a written *exposé* of the much-dreaded General's frightful abuse of his office; and the aforesaid edifying sheet will probably frame with "Revelations" before long.

At the General make a note of this secret forewarning from me, and hurry to his new post before the storm bursts.

THE FUNERAL OF EMMA TAYLOR,

the actress, took place yesterday afternoon, from St. Mark's Church, and was largely attended by members of the dramatic profession. The pall-bearers were Messrs. G. F. Smith, Harvis Weed, E. P. Lasack, F. H. Finkney, L. J. Dobot, S. J. Peltock, E. M. Vought, and G. H. Williams. The officiating clergyman was Dr. Joseph H. Price, rector of St. Stephen's, and the solemn service for the dead was never more impressively intoned. Miss Emma Elizabeth Taylor was better known as an actress in your city than in New York, and during her short sojourn with us—at Niblo's and at Laura Keene's—she found ample appreciation for her professional grace and talent.

THE BURGLAR, GORDON,

who was arrested in Brooklyn, day before yesterday, for committing a series of nightly depredations upon the domestic valuables of the aristocracy whose ostentation he considered, it seems, to the tender passion. For some weeks before his real character was discovered, Gordon had been living like a prince in Brooklyn, spending money very lavishly, and gaining admission to the first circles by pretending to be a rebel officer converted to loyalty. It was his custom, on attending a party, to select any such man of straw for their Presidential candidate in 1864 is the most egregious folly. They are all too sharp for that. He is simply a temporary convenience with them; but while he *is* that convenience, they will, of course, war for him without stint, and extract the laurels of patriot martyrdom even from the reproving letter of his superior officer.

THE MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Our Gunboats Passing Through the Canal.

"Mosquito Fleet" in the Rear of the City.

PORT HUDSON TO BE ATTACKED.

A Batch of Startling Reports.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The *Mercury* has a special despatch from Cairo, of yesterday's date, containing the following items:

Cairo is full of startling rumors. It is said that, on the 26th, the Vicksburg cut-off was completed, the dredging machines having been at work for several days. It is asserted that the gunboats have all gone through, and the transports are preparing to follow, after the rebel batteries at Warrenton are reduced.

The whole force is to be sent against Port Hudson.

It is also stated that the small gunboat fleet have reached the Yazoo river, via Union Lake, and are playing mischief in the rear of Vicksburg.

It is also reported that the boats have got into Red river, via Lake Providence.

There are likewise reports of serious disasters to the Union troops, and of some of our forces and gunboats being captured, but these are not credited.

NAVAL OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the outcast of the rebellion, when it became evident that the Southerners were seizing trading vessels by force, and constructing batteries on the shores of the river, the Government despatched Commodore Foote to the West, who had three of the stoutest of freighting boats converted into something as nearly like a man-of-war as the nature of the service required. These iron-clad trading vessels—the Lexington, Tyler, and Conestoga—the Ohio and Mississippi were patroled until the arrival of Commodore Foote, and during the time of Wheeler's A. A. General, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. I appealed to him; he was powerless from the fact that the whole gang was drunk. He, however, reported the facts to General Wheeler, who authorized him to parole the "Hastings" on condition that she carry no more supplies for the Rebel Government. I accepted the parole, and took on board the wounded of the steamer "Trio," also from the steamer "Parthenia," and had subsequently permission to pass on. Now, when they for the first time discovered that the deck of the Hastings was covered with bales of cotton, our wounded were lying. Wade instantly ordered me to put ashore all the wounded (over 400) that he might burn the cotton, it being their's by capture, and with them a contraband of war.

To move the men again was almost impossible. They had been previously moved from every thing—mattresses, clothing; we thirty-five miles from any military post, night coming on, no place of shelter, no place to put our wounded and dying men, save a muddy corn-field. A heavy mow had been built, and, in view of all this, and my sympathy for men who, for eighteen months, had done their duty as true soldiers, and who, for days, had fought, suffered you, and only ceased when borne from the field. I demanded other terms. I told him I would not move a soul from the boat. He then sent his adjutant (Lt. Wheeler, (at least they said so,) and he ordered that I should be held personally responsible for the burning of their cotton on reaching Vicksburg, and that one of my return to their lines as prisoner of war. I deemed the terms mild under the circumstances, and I immediately accepted them. Dr. Beard, Second Assistant Surgeon, Jos. Woodbury; Second Assistant Engineer (acting Chief), G. D. Emmons; other Engineers, George H. White, J. B. Finars, and N. B. Buckhout.

The paddle-wheel steamer Blenville dropped down off the Battery on Thursday evening, took her powder on board, and is now supposed to be on her way to sea. This vessel has undergone thorough overhauling at the navy yard since her return from the blockade. She is a purchased craft, and was bought in August, 1861, for $161,250. Being fast, she will join the fleet after the Alabama. The Blenville has been commanded twice recently by Com. J. B. M. Mullany. Her officers are:

Commander, J. B. M. Mullany; Lieutenant, Roderick S. Collins; Acting Masters, Frank H. Smith, Benjamin Whitmore, W. Bates, E. H. Sheffield; Assistant Surgeon, Isaac T. Coats; Acting Assistant Paymaster, W. W. Goodwin; Ensign, T. H. Wilkes; Chief Engineer, W. A. Wright; Acting 2d Engineer, J. Day; Assistants, J. Fountain, B. Kerley, H. B. Goodwin; Acting Masters' Mates, W. W. Estes, Jas. Kendall, E. F. De Beyne; Captain's Clerk, E. Devereaux; Paymaster's Clerk, T. B. Smith.

The new steamer E. B. Hale is to convoy the Catskill to Fortress Monroe, and probably further South. She is a small craft of 192 tons burden, and was purchased for $80,000, but has done considerable service on the blockade. A perfect overhauling at the navy yard has made her strong and efficient. Her officers are:

Commander, E. Broadhead, acting lieutenant-commanding; Acting Ensigns, George Edwards, George A. Smith, Jacob W. Vanderbeck; Acting Assistant Surgeon, Thomas S. Kerth; Acting Paymaster, O. B. Goodman; Engineers, James Fagan, George Taylor, and J. W. Harnett.

The steam transport, Fairchild, on was chartered yesterday from Adams Express Company to proceed at once to New Orleans, with stores, provisions, and officers for Gen. Farragut's fleet. She will go out to sea this afternoon.

THE STEVENS BATTERY.

LETTER FROM MR. STEVENS TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

HOBOKEN, Feb. 24, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I see by the public press that the Government is about to construct several large sea-going iron-clad ships-of-war. These vessels are intended, as I understand, to be about the same length and size as the Stevens battery; and one of them now under contract with Mr. Webb, of New York, it is said, will cost $4,000,000.

I propose to relieve the Government of all risk as to the success of at least one of these vessels by obligating myself to complete the Stevens Battery, and deliver her ready for service on the following terms—viz:

1. That she shall be impenetrable to the most destructive missile fired from the most powerful gun (with its ordinary service charge) now used in our own or in any European naval service, to be tried upon her at short range—say 220 yards.

2. That she shall have greater speed than any other iron-clad war steamer in the world.

3. That she shall be more manageable and more quickly turned and manœuvred than any other large-armed sea-going steamer.

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5. That she shall be delivered to the Government complete and ready for service within nine months from the time the order is given for the sum of $1,500,000, but no payments will be required until she shall be ready for delivery; provided, however, that the performance by me of these conditions is not to rest upon theoretical opinions, but (if desired) shall be brought to practical tests; the test of her sea-going qualities to be a voyage to Charleston bar and back to New York harbor.

The conditions attached to this offer, if fulfilled, would make the ship the most powerful and efficient war steamer in the world, at a cost to the Government far less than that of the Warrior or La Gloire, or than that of any other ship of the same size and quality. She could also be completed in less than half the time it would require to build a new ship. If she should prove a failure, the whole loss falls upon me, and not upon the Government.

Or I will transfer the vessel to the Government as she now stands—having her hull, boilers, engines, and machinery nearly all complete—for her cost to me, (say $250,000,) provided she is then finished by them on my general plan. I estimate she would then cost the Government, in all, $1,000,000.

This arrangement would give the Government the benefit of the $500,000 heretofore expended by them on the ship, and which was relinquished by the action of the last Congress. As will be seen from the last offer, I do not propose to make any profit out of the Government, but desire the completion of the vessel for the national good; and to protect the reputation of my brother and myself from the discredit of any failure, that she may be completed on our plans, that we may not be held responsible for the success of the plans of others. E. A. STEVENS.

P. S.—If time is of great importance to the Government, the vessel could be completed in much less time, but of course at an increased cost.

THE MONITOR NANTUCKET.

This iron-clad battery is now under orders for the Southern coast, and will leave Boston in a few days. The following is a list of her officers:

Commander, Donald N. Fairfax, Esq.; lieutenant commanding, first executive officer, L. A. Beardslee; acting assistant paymaster, Levi L. Brigham; assistant surgeon, E. Minor Weld; acting master, John E. Dalliet; acting ensigns, J. F. Otis, Colin C. Starr; second assistant engineer, G. H. White; third do., J. H. Lewars; third do., N. W. Buckhout; clerk, Charles C. Smedley. The steamer Charles Pearson will convoy the Nantucket.

THE SHIP ONWARD.

United States ship Onward, Lieut. J. F. Nichols commanding, Hadlock's wharf, is ordered at Boston on Saturday. The following is a list of her officers: H. J. Sleeper, executive officer; Thomas G. Greene, acting master; J. Bassett, acting assistant surgeon; John S. Allen, acting assistant paymaster; J. H. Bunting and R. C. McKenzie, acting masters' mates; Geo. F. Vincent, paymaster's steward; J. F. Powers, surgeon's steward.

THE MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

Our Gunboats Passing Through the Canal.

"Mosquito Fleet" in the Rear of the City.

PORT HUDSON TO BE ATTACKED.

A Batch of Startling Reports.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The *Mercury* has a special despatch from Cairo, of yesterday's date, containing the following items:

Cairo is full of startling rumors. It is said that, on the 26th, the Vicksburg cut-off was completed, the dredging machines having been at work for several days. It is asserted that the gunboats have all gone through, and the transports are preparing to follow, after the rebel batteries at Warrenton are reduced.

The whole force is to be sent against Port Hudson.

It is also stated that the small gunboat fleet have reached the Yazoo river, via Union Lake, and are playing mischief in the rear of Vicksburg.

It is also reported that the boats have got into Red river, via Lake Providence.

There are likewise reports of serious disasters to the Union troops, and of some of our forces and gunboats being captured, but these are not credited.

NAVAL OPERATIONS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In the outcast of the rebellion, when it became evident that the Southerners were seizing trading vessels by force, and constructing batteries on the shores of the river, the Government despatched Commodore Foote to the West, who had three of the stoutest of freighting boats converted into something as nearly like a man-of-war as the nature of the service required. These iron-clad trading vessels—the Lexington, Tyler, and Conestoga—the Ohio and Mississippi were patroled until the arrival of Commodore Foote, and during the time of Wheeler's A. A. General, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. I appealed to him; he was powerless from the fact that the whole gang was drunk. He, however, reported the facts to General Wheeler, who authorized him to parole the "Hastings" on condition that she carry no more supplies for the Rebel Government. I accepted the parole, and took on board the wounded of the steamer "Trio," also from the steamer "Parthenia," and had subsequently permission to pass on. Now, when they for the first time discovered that the deck of the Hastings was covered with bales of cotton, our wounded were lying. Wade instantly ordered me to put ashore all the wounded (over 400) that he might burn the cotton, it being their's by capture, and with them a contraband of war.

To move the men again was almost impossible. They had been previously moved from every thing—mattresses, clothing; we thirty-five miles from any military post, night coming on, no place of shelter, no place to put our wounded and dying men, save a muddy corn-field. A heavy mow had been built, and, in view of all this, and my sympathy for men who, for eighteen months, had done their duty as true soldiers, and who, for days, had fought, suffered you, and only ceased when borne from the field. I demanded other terms. I told him I would not move a soul from the boat. He then sent his adjutant (Lt. Wheeler, (at least they said so,) and he ordered that I should be held personally responsible for the burning of their cotton on reaching Vicksburg, and that one of my return to their lines as prisoner of war. I deemed the terms mild under the circumstances, and I immediately accepted them. Dr. Beard, Second Assistant Surgeon, Jos. Woodbury; Second Assistant Engineer (acting Chief), G. D. Emmons; other Engineers, George H. White, J. B. Finars, and N. B. Buckhout.

The paddle-wheel steamer Blenville dropped down off the Battery on Thursday evening, took her powder on board, and is now supposed to be on her way to sea. This vessel has undergone thorough overhauling at the navy yard since her return from the blockade. She is a purchased craft, and was bought in August, 1861, for $161,250. Being fast, she will join the fleet after the Alabama. The Blenville has been commanded twice recently by Com. J. B. M. Mullany. Her officers are:

Commander, J. B. M. Mullany; Lieutenant, Roderick S. Collins; Acting Masters, Frank H. Smith, Benjamin Whitmore, W. Bates, E. H. Sheffield; Assistant Surgeon, Isaac T. Coats; Acting Assistant Paymaster, W. W. Goodwin; Ensign, T. H. Wilkes; Chief Engineer, W. A. Wright; Acting 2d Engineer, J. Day; Assistants, J. Fountain, B. Kerley, H. B. Goodwin; Acting Masters' Mates, W. W. Estes, Jas. Kendall, E. F. De Beyne; Captain's Clerk, E. Devereaux; Paymaster's Clerk, T. B. Smith.

The new steamer E. B. Hale is to convoy the Catskill to Fortress Monroe, and probably further South. She is a small craft of 192 tons burden, and was purchased for $80,000, but has done considerable service on the blockade. A perfect overhauling at the navy yard has made her strong and efficient. Her officers are:

Commander, E. Broadhead, acting lieutenant-commanding; Acting Ensigns, George Edwards, George A. Smith, Jacob W. Vanderbeck; Acting Assistant Surgeon, Thomas S. Kerth; Acting Paymaster, O. B. Goodman; Engineers, James Fagan, George Taylor, and J. W. Harnett.

The steam transport, Fairchild, on was chartered yesterday from Adams Express Company to proceed at once to New Orleans, with stores, provisions, and officers for Gen. Farragut's fleet. She will go out to sea this afternoon.

THE STEVENS BATTERY.

LETTER FROM MR. STEVENS TO THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

HOBOKEN, Feb. 24, 1863.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR: I see by the public press that the Government is about to construct several large sea-going iron-clad ships-of-war. These vessels are intended, as I understand, to be about the same length and size as the Stevens battery; and one of them now under contract with Mr. Webb, of New York, it is said, will cost $4,000,000.

I propose to relieve the Government of all risk as to the success of at least one of these vessels by obligating myself to complete the Stevens Battery, and deliver her ready for service on the following terms—viz:

1. That she shall be impenetrable to the most destructive missile fired from the most powerful gun (with its ordinary service charge) now used in our own or in any European naval service, to be tried upon her at short range—say 220 yards.

2. That she shall have greater speed than any other iron-clad war steamer in the world.

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