THE DAILY BEE
PUBLISHED DAILY (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) AT
No. 73 Chartres street.

Subscriptions taken by the week, at the rate of Twenty-five cents per week. Single numbers, payable on delivery.

Daily (in advance).....$6 00
Country (in advance).....4 00

Subscribers will please give one week's notice in advance before they can be allowed to discontinue.

Any person receiving the paper through error of the carrier or otherwise, will be considered as a subscriber and will be held responsible for the subscription, unless notice is given of the fact at the office.

NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1863.

Sales at Auction To-Day.

By R. T. Montgomery, at 11 o'clock, at No. 254 Roman street, near Esplanade, elegant household furniture; at 12 o'clock, at No. 11 Gravier street, office of Attorney; at 10 o'clock, on Apollo street, corner of Erato, household furniture.

By Hoffman & Marks, at 10 o'clock, at No. 41 Chartres street, dry goods, hosiery, boots, shoes, &c.

By McCerren & Landry, at 11 o'clock, at their mart furniture.

DEATH OF AN OLD PRINTER.—An old and worthy member of the craft has passed from among us. Joseph E. Allison, for many years attached to various printing offices in this city, in the different capacities of journeyman printer and foreman, died in this city yesterday in the prime of manhood and manly dignity. A gentleman of fine social traits, and worthy and upright man, he leaves among a large circle of acquaintances many true and sincere friends who will mourn in his death the loss of that best handiwork of God—an honest man. May he rest in peace!

All of the elegant furniture, consisting of splendid rosewood parlor and chamber suits, elegantly carved oak dining suits, and other articles of good household furniture, to be sold by R. T. Montgomery, this day, (Monday,) the 11th instant, at 11 o'clock, at the residence 254 Roman street, near Esplanade, should attract the attendance of all wishing to obtain elegant and substantial articles specified in the above sale. This furniture is all in excellent condition and very desirable.

At auction to-day, (Monday,) at 11 o'clock, fine furniture, parlor sets, &c., &c., at their mart, by McCerren & Landry.

The Horrors of War.

A Murfreesboro' correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing under date of April 12, after detailing the recent battle between Gens. Stanley and Van Dorn, says:

Among the prisoners captured at and near Snow Hill were two men who wore the national uniform, and who according to the orders of the War Department, were subject to the penalty of death by hanging. In accordance with the authority vested in him, the Colonel had the two executed. At the same time, he had suspended to the nearest limb, until dead, a prisoner who was represented as having been, as captain of a guerrilla band, ordered the execution of an old man whose only crime was in the countenance the desperate resistance of the people in the first instance. These gentlemen have been here for some days, organizing their business, preparatory to joining the insurgents. Expressing my astonishment at their resolution, I received the following answer:

"The war that we wage against Russia has, besides its political character, where the right is on our side, another phase, which it has only lately assumed. The burning of our towns and villages, the massacres, the pillage and the general devastation show too plainly that the Russians desire to exterminate us. The Muscovite authorities say, it is true, that they cannot check the excesses of the soldiery, but it is quite certain that a large number of superior officers have not only not executed the troops to pillage, but have rewarded the guilty.

"There is, however, nothing more easy than to stop these massacres by having the principal criminals shot. Not only has the Grand Duke given no orders of this kind, but he has, on the contrary, thanked the soldiers for their brilliant services in the name of the Emperor. If, then, the authorities do nothing to check these atrocities, it becomes the duty of each citizen to rush to arms to defend the honor of his wife, to protect the life of his family, and to prevent his property and their homes from falling a prey to these savage and ferocious hordes. The Government, desirous of frightening us, announces the arrival of fresh regiments of Cossacks from the Don—troops of bandits, who serve only for the prosecution of war itself for devastation, robbery and murder. We must, therefore, anticipate them, if we wish to defend our homes and firesides, and if the Russian Government does not hesitate to have recourse to such means, we also will do our best to forestall it in its sanguinary projects."

These are the words of men who are moderate, periods, considerate and decided. Picture to yourself, then, the future in store for us. The peaceful, cultivated by the Russians, are leading the insurgents to the most horrible excesses. The merchants are determined to sacrifice their all for the welfare of the country, and the least wealthy among them give 500 and 1000 roubles on the first appeal.

The Ownership of Land.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures, or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe, and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you, and you walk over it and call it your own, it seems as if you had come into partnership with the Original Proprietor of the earth. Nothing removes your property from its firm foundation. No wind can wreck it, nor rains dissolve it, nor decay take it down. The sills will never rot, and nothing will ever away with your title-deed. Its lines, firm, deep, (as they must deal deeper than you will ever care to go down) inexpugnable to summer or winter, with all their silent forces or boisterous storms. And it is yours. Since the planet set up for itself, your land has been preparing. Innumerable myriads of leaves have grown and fallen, to enrich the soil. Grasses and roots, for whose numbers there can be no arithmetic, have helped on the culture. Rocks have slowly crumbled to form its loam. Insects have made laboratories of themselves, secreting and elaborating various qualities, which, at their autumnal death, have gone back to the soil to enrich it. Worms have bored and dug air passages through it for ages before a plow was known on earth. Winter frosts have locked and unlocked its clay; rains have brought down up it from the air much which has been added upon a history without a record. You own that which, if you could trace back its changes, would carry you beyond the flood, beyond the Garden of Eden, and a good deal farther on than that. God has had millions and millions of hundred, but not unpaid laborers at work on this soil. It is burial ground for minute atoms of former swarms and tribes beyond all stretch of numbers. Ages have shaken down their dust here. And my foot treads upon ten thousand buried years.—*Beecher.*

Cotton and Sugar in Illinois.

The New York *Post*, under the above heading, makes the following speculations upon the growth of cotton and sugar in Illinois:

It is not at all improbable that cotton and sugar will soon rank among the staple productions of Illinois. A large quantity of cotton seed brought from the South has been disposed of in Southern Illinois this spring, and during last week no less than six car loads were sent out of Cairo and distributed at stations on the Illinois Central Railroad south of Centralia. The experimental planting of last year proves most satisfactorily that the southern portion of Illinois is well adapted to cotton growing, and the present high price will stimulate its production immensely.

Still even more attention is directed to the cultivation of the sugar beet and sorghum. At Chatsworth a factory, 75 feet by 150 feet, has been erected, and machinery adapted especially to the refining of beet sugar is now going in. We read a statement that all Chatsworth, in the neighborhood of the refinery, fifteen hundred acres will be planted for beet root this spring. Sorghum was a very important crop last year, supplying enough syrup for home use, and furnishing some for exportation to other States; and now that the production has passed through the experimental stages, we may reasonably expect to see its production doubled in the coming season.

[From the Courrier des Etats Unis.]

The Trials of Poland.

A letter from Warsaw, dated March 24th, to the *Gazette*, says:

Prince Gortschakoff's check has not in the slightest degree calmed the country, and it does not seem to any one to regard these latter events as the cause of the insurrection. I will communicate a conversation I had yesterday with one of the proprietors, whom I know to be a man of moderate ideas, and one who did not countenance the desperate resistance of the people in the first instance. These gentlemen have been here for some days, organizing their business, preparatory to joining the insurgents. Expressing my astonishment at their resolution, I received the following answer:

"The war that we wage against Russia has, besides its political character, where the right is on our side, another phase, which it has only lately assumed. The burning of our towns and villages, the massacres, the pillage and the general devastation show too plainly that the Russians desire to exterminate us. The Muscovite authorities say, it is true, that they cannot check the excesses of the soldiery, but it is quite certain that a large number of superior officers have not only not executed the troops to pillage, but have rewarded the guilty.

"There is, however, nothing more easy than to stop these massacres by having the principal criminals shot. Not only has the Grand Duke given no orders of this kind, but he has, on the contrary, thanked the soldiers for their brilliant services in the name of the Emperor. If, then, the authorities do nothing to check these atrocities, it becomes the duty of each citizen to rush to arms to defend the honor of his wife, to protect the life of his family, and to prevent his property and their homes from falling a prey to these savage and ferocious hordes. The Government, desirous of frightening us, announces the arrival of fresh regiments of Cossacks from the Don—troops of bandits, who serve only for the prosecution of war itself for devastation, robbery and murder. We must, therefore, anticipate them, if we wish to defend our homes and firesides, and if the Russian Government does not hesitate to have recourse to such means, we also will do our best to forestall it in its sanguinary projects."

These are the words of men who are moderate, periods, considerate and decided. Picture to yourself, then, the future in store for us. The peasants, cultivated by the Russians, are leading the insurgents to the most horrible excesses. The merchants are determined to sacrifice their all for the welfare of the country, and the least wealthy among them give 500 and 1000 roubles on the first appeal.

The Trials of Poland.

A letter from Warsaw, dated March 24th, to the *Gazette*, says:

Prince Gortschakoff's check has not in the slightest degree calmed the country, and it does not seem to any one to regard these latter events as the cause of the insurrection. I will communicate a conversation I had yesterday with one of the proprietors, whom I know to be a man of moderate ideas, and one who did not countenance the desperate resistance of the people in the first instance. These gentlemen have been here for some days, organizing their business, preparatory to joining the insurgents. Expressing my astonishment at their resolution, I received the following answer:

"The war that we wage against Russia has, besides its political character, where the right is on our side, another phase, which it has only lately assumed. The burning of our towns and villages, the massacres, the pillage and the general devastation show too plainly that the Russians desire to exterminate us. The Muscovite authorities say, it is true, that they cannot check the excesses of the soldiery, but it is quite certain that a large number of superior officers have not only not executed the troops to pillage, but have rewarded the guilty.

"There is, however, nothing more easy than to stop these massacres by having the principal criminals shot. Not only has the Grand Duke given no orders of this kind, but he has, on the contrary, thanked the soldiers for their brilliant services in the name of the Emperor. If, then, the authorities do nothing to check these atrocities, it becomes the duty of each citizen to rush to arms to defend the honor of his wife, to protect the life of his family, and to prevent his property and their homes from falling a prey to these savage and ferocious hordes. The Government, desirous of frightening us, announces the arrival of fresh regiments of Cossacks from the Don—troops of bandits, who serve only for the prosecution of war itself for devastation, robbery and murder. We must, therefore, anticipate them, if we wish to defend our homes and firesides, and if the Russian Government does not hesitate to have recourse to such means, we also will do our best to forestall it in its sanguinary projects."

These are the words of men who are moderate, periods, considerate and decided. Picture to yourself, then, the future in store for us. The peasants, cultivated by the Russians, are leading the insurgents to the most horrible excesses. The merchants are determined to sacrifice their all for the welfare of the country, and the least wealthy among them give 500 and 1000 roubles on the first appeal.

The Ownership of Land.

There is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures, or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe, and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you, and you walk over it and call it your own, it seems as if you had come into partnership with the Original Proprietor of the earth. Nothing removes your property from its firm foundation. No wind can wreck it, nor rains dissolve it, nor decay take it down. The sills will never rot, and nothing will ever away with your title-deed. Its lines, firm, deep, (as they must deal deeper than you will ever care to go down) inexpugnable to summer or winter, with all their silent forces or boisterous storms. And it is yours. Since the planet set up for itself, your land has been preparing. Innumerable myriads of leaves have grown and fallen, to enrich the soil. Grasses and roots, for whose numbers there can be no arithmetic, have helped on the culture. Rocks have slowly crumbled to form its loam. Insects have made laboratories of themselves, secreting and elaborating various qualities, which, at their autumnal death, have gone back to the soil to enrich it. Worms have bored and dug air passages through it for ages before a plow was known on earth. Winter frosts have locked and unlocked its clay; rains have brought down up it from the air much which has been added upon a history without a record. You own that which, if you could trace back its changes, would carry you beyond the flood, beyond the Garden of Eden, and a good deal farther on than that. God has had millions and millions of hundred, but not unpaid laborers at work on this soil. It is burial ground for minute atoms of former swarms and tribes beyond all stretch of numbers. Ages have shaken down their dust here. And my foot treads upon ten thousand buried years.—*Beecher.*

Cotton and Sugar in Illinois.

The New York *Post*, under the above heading, makes the following speculations upon the growth of cotton and sugar in Illinois:

It is not at all improbable that cotton and sugar will soon rank among the staple productions of Illinois. A large quantity of cotton seed brought from the South has been disposed of in Southern Illinois this spring, and during last week no less than six car loads were sent out of Cairo and distributed at stations on the Illinois Central Railroad south of Centralia. The experimental planting of last year proves most satisfactorily that the southern portion of Illinois is well adapted to cotton growing, and the present high price will stimulate its production immensely.

Still even more attention is directed to the cultivation of the sugar beet and sorghum. At Chatsworth a factory, 75 feet by 150 feet, has been erected, and machinery adapted especially to the refining of beet sugar is now going in. We read a statement that all Chatsworth, in the neighborhood of the refinery, fifteen hundred acres will be planted for beet root this spring. Sorghum was a very important crop last year, supplying enough syrup for home use, and furnishing some for exportation to other States; and now that the production has passed through the experimental stages, we may reasonably expect to see its production doubled in the coming season.

Office 73 Chartres street.

NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1863. Vol. XVII—New Series. Vol. XXXVI—Whole No. 12,687.

[From the Courrier des Etats Unis.]

A Parisian Sketch—The Lady Tailor.

After teaching woman to parade themselves, fashion is now fast tending to deprive her of all sentiment of modesty. The fair women of 1863 over rigid virtue of the Regency ended by choosing their dressing-maids from among their lackeys. Their valets laced their corsets and tied their neck ribbons.

But, would you believe it, now in the middle of the nineteenth century, we have seamstresses wearing beards, men, real nubs, men like Zouaves or Turcos, at their heavy blades, take the exact measure of the most titled women in Paris; dress them, undress them, and make them turn before them as if they were busts of wax in a hair-dresser's window?

You recollect, of course, the Rue de la Paix. Some where about there, is an Englishman who enjoys a reputation almost fabulous. It must be acknowledged that this man has invented a new art, that of shaping the female figure with a skill heretofore unknown. He has the sacred fire of the scissor and the genius of the slope. He knows to a nicety where the dress should fit closely and where it should hang loosely. He sees at the first glance at a woman's figure what may be exposed and what may be hidden. Providence has created him to invest the law of crinoline and to mark the curve of the underskirt.

Hey-ho! this, quite a gentleman, always close shaved, his hair curled, with black coat, white cravat, and his wristbands of finest cambric, fastened with buttons of gold, he officiates with all the gravity of a diplomatist, who carries the fate of the world in a compartment of his brain.

When about to fit a dress on one of the live lay figures of the Chaussee d'Antin, he brings all the powers of his mind to bear upon the subject. With profounded delicacy he places the stuff, lays a pin, pulls it, pinches a rib or marks with chalk the fold that does not give satisfaction. From time to time he steps back, looks through the hole of his opera glass, and then, with inspired hand, takes up again the unfinished model of the dress on the body of his subject. Now he plants a flower here, a ribbon there, to judge better of the general harmony of the toilet. Meanwhile the new Eve, in process of formation, motionless and resigned, silently permits her creator to complete her creation. At last, when he has moulded the silk, as if it were clay, and fashioned it according to his ideal, he seats himself at the end of the saloon, and, with his head thrown back and stick in hand, puts them through their drill:

Right, madam!—She makes a quarter turn.

Left!—She turns the opposite way.

Front!—She faces the artist.

Rear!—She shows her rear to the master.

It is thus that a German Princess acclimated at Paris exercises, at the order of the man, a complete manual. Then he dismisses her with a sovereign gesture: Enough! madam.

I never was present at the Eleusinian mysteries. I only know of them through the indiscretion of the initiated, and this is what a passage in Lucian has breathed into my ear. I only repeat in confidence, and with all reserve. The belles of Paris, wonderstruck at the elegant fashions of their pantaloon sequestress, have come to believe that the man who makes a dress so splendidly, should of course himself assist at the mysteries—that is to say at the undressing. Thus of an evening, when there is a ball at the Court, or the Hotel de Ville, or a reception at the Palais Royal or Luxembourg, a long file of carriages may be seen, with their insensibly couched occupants, rolling slowly through the seven o'clock, before the house of this foreign tailor. Their mistresses mount the staircase of the temple of the toilette; they receive, on entering, a number, and pass into a waiting room. As they can only appear one at a time before the points of the pedestal, and wait for their respective turn, the last comers are sometimes kept a long time. But a delicate attention of the master of the house has sought as far as possible to relieve the fatigues of the ante chamber. A sideboard, richly loaded, offers its choice fare. Waiting the positive completion of waists and poetry, the etherial belles of the saloons of Paris lay in a good provision for the polka by eating *pate de foie gras* without stint, and washing it down with *madere sec*. Thus refreshed at the expense of the artist and his purse, they sojourn with tranquil front the operation of the toilette. The master expedites them one after another, and dispatches them rapidly. He looks, he observes, he gives a last touch, sticks a pin, and my lady has realized the protype of elegance. But like all great artists, this one, the Alfred de Musset of dress-makers all women, of course, but he prefers the rounded forms already padded by nature. He finds that they do more justice to his skill. He reserves for them all the ingenious attentions and inferiors of his art. To these beauties of lighter frame and less pretensions, he consents to dress them, it is true, but without a spirit and only as a conscientious duty.

God forbid that I should wish to cast any disfavor on the talent of the English artist, and still less upon his person. He has a profession, and he exercises it in all honor. he has a place of business, where he seeks his pratique, which is his right and his duty. But what shall I say of his customers—of the aristocracy of wealth—virtuous I grant you, perhaps clothed with sanctity, but still sufficiently forgetful of themselves and their husbands to discuss, in a box, of an evening, with a male mantua-maker, the perilous problem of the lacing of the bodice, and to abandon to this laborer of the vine the power to decree sovereignty to what degree the foliage shall conceal the fruit? And yet we say that in England shall never reign in France. But it does reign precisely over the finest flowers of France, and at the foot of the column of the Place Vendome.

Physical Characteristics of Americans

It has been a frequent subject of remark in the newspapers, and particularly in the English journals, that the physical man in America is deteriorating, the body is short and growing less, and the bodily stamina weakening. English travelers, whose opportunities for observation are comprised in a few week's residence in New York, where sedentary occupation and early dissipation are not the most favorable to vigorous constitutions, hastily conclude that the dwellers of the city here are fairly representative by the exceptional cases, and that the race in America is physically degenerating. A few facts upset whole volumes of crude speculation. The west has enabled the mind to be tried, tested, and instead of the race here physically becoming inferior, those of American birth are found to be physically superior to any other race. In no country, perhaps, could this matter be so well determined as here, where representatives of all nations are found.

Dr. Thomas, the State examining Surgeon of New York, at the opening of the war, determined to ascertain the fact in regard to the physical characteristics of the different races as represented in the recruits. From the middle of July to the 1st of October, 8700 recruits presented themselves to him to be inspected. Of this whole number, 4238 were Americans, 1694 were Irish, 1153 were Germans 345 English or Scotch, 135 French, and 545 belonged to twenty-six other nations. From this it will be seen that the native American exceed by about a hundred the sum total of all other nationalities. The proportion of foreigners is naturally greater in recruits from New York than any other city, perhaps, in the country; and these figures, therefore, confirm the estimates already made, which show that a great majority of the army is composed of American born recruits. Of the Americans, 2038 were from the country districts, and 2200 were recruited from New York city and Brooklyn. In stature the American born ranked the highest, the English the next, the Irish next, the Germans next, and the French last. In regard to their physical conformation, he divided the recruits into four classes, and found the American to possess the highest rate of primal physique. Of American born recruits 47.5 per cent. had a prime physique; the Irish 35 per cent, and the Germans 40.75 per cent. The per centage of good physique was, Americans 36, Irish 33, Germans 38.5. The per centage of bad, Americans 3 per cent, Irish 7, Germans 3 per cent. The proportion of prime, among the city Americans is 42 per cent; country 58 per cent. The conclusions which the doctor comes to in regard to the American born are as follows:

"With the exception of a general loss of fat, I do not believe that there is another race that can show a larger proportion of the average physique of each individual. There is room for development. This I would ascribe almost wholely to the widely diffused blessings of meat and drink, and to comforts of life possessed by nearly all. Least of all would I set it down to the score of race, for it is doubtful if there is such a thing as a mixed race in America. No sooner does one nation-lity reach the shore, where all the political, social and religious separatives of the old world fall to survive the sea voyage, than it rapidly merges into another, and all the elements of Europe soon become utterly dissolved in a well stirred mixture of Anglo Saxons, Hollanders, Celts, Germans and Norwegians.

ENGLISH AID FOR POLAND—*An English Vessel with a Cargo of Arms and Volunteers Stopped in Sweden*—The *Smalipost*, a Swedish journal published at Malmo, reports the seizure at that port of the English steamer Ward Jackson, which, with a cargo of arms, ammunition and one hundred and thirty volunteers, had left England to aid the Poles.

The ship belongs to the Hartlepool Steam Navigation Company, and was chartered from that company. The commander was Colonel Lapinski, who has fought against Russia in Hungary and the Caucasus. The corps was composed of about one hundred and ninety persons, of whom three-fourths were Poles, the others being French, Italian and Hungarian volunteers. It included twenty-six officers and engineers, and a cargo of arms and munitions. According to a statement in the *Kolnische Zeitung*, the expenses of the vessel and expedition were defrayed by an association in London, under the patronage of the Duchess of Sutherland and other ladies of the highest English aristocracy. This is corroborated by the English papers, which state that the expedition is fitted out by the Polish National Government, which pays all the expenses, and has no connection with that Ladies' Committee.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—Some very interesting particulars of this vast undertaking have just been furnished to the Lower House of the Italian Parliament by the Minister for Public Works. The length of the tunnel is over eight miles. The northern opening is some 4,500 feet above sea level from this point it rises gradually up to a distance of 20,000 feet to the middle of the gallery, where it slopes gradually to its northern opening at a height of about 4000 feet above the sea. This tunnel was begun in 1857, and at the present time has attained a length of nearly 9000 feet. The engineer thinks the whole undertaking will be achieved in about twelve and a half years. The total expenses will be 65,000,000 francs. One thousand six hundred and twenty workmen are now employed on the work.

Tupper's Welcome to Alexandra.

The New York *Express*, in its column of Foreign Chit-Chat, makes the following review of Martin Farquhar Tupper's "Welcome to Alexandra." Truly, as says the *Express*, the poet laureate must "pale his ineffectual fires," in other words, "hide his diminished head," before those dazzling consecrations of the genius of the Proverbial Philosopher:

Martin Farquhar Tupper, the Proverbial Philosopher, sent a special greeting, on his own proper and individual account, to the Princess Alexandra, and also a copy of it, on the finest folio paper, in splendid type, to Messrs. Morris & Willis, as a present to the readers of the *Home Journal*. Happy readers!

This is one of the most characteristic emanations from the Tupperian muse we have seen for a long time. Tennyson, the laureate, must look to his laurels, or there may be supersession. We have not room for the whole of the "Greeting," but we give a few lines, here and there, from it. It commences thus:

A hundred thousand welcomes!
A hundred thousand welcomes!
And a hundred thousand more!

—and ends thus:

One hundred thousand welcomes!
Or fifty millions welcomes,
And a hundred millions more!

There are two or three couplets which we give by way of showing the wondrous ingenuity of Tupper, in the matter of rhyme:

O happy heart of England,
Shout aloud and sing laud,

Let flattering hearts confess it,
And streaming cheeks express it,
And prayers in silence pick it!

("Streaming cheeks" is good!)

And thou most welcome wand'rer
Across the stormy water,
Our England's Alexander.

Some of the conceits of Tupper are noteworthy. For example:

Sisters and brothers, like a sea,
Rippling their million smiles for thee—

She comes! the maid of Denmark,
The raven—no! The dove—
The royal maid of Denmark!
The darling child of Denmark,
To be our Queen of Love!

O deep magnetic birth-shock!
Ant yearning all as one!
O spirit stirring electric!
O hearts that burst in tears,
All sobbing in the sea!
And throbbing all as one,
O fuse, like metres gleaming,
In mad excitement streaming!

Oh let at last be declared it—
Let mines of shouting sever
In all the clefts of Fire
Disparalleled before!

—Astonishing genius, that same Martin Farquhar!

Remarkable Auroral Display.

The Newburyport *Herald* of the 9th ult. thus describes a remarkable auroral arch which appeared in that vicinity recently:

An auroral arch of intense brightness spanned the heavens last evening as the bell was ringing nine o'clock, equalled only during our remembrance by that of August, 1827. Starting from a point just above the horizon to you not far from due east, it enveloped the star in the right knee of Bootes, passed amid the stars in the Sickle, or the head and neck of Leo, thence enveloping the tail of the Great Bear, it continued in the form of the terrible fortification; and when the horrible jar of the collision caused him to look that way, he found six villainous horse-pistols so planted by the disrespectful Confederacies as to exactly command his left hand lot of 7'28 feet. You may also remember, my boy, how our glorious old Neptune subsequently caused the staunch "Secretary Welles" to run the blockade of the fort, to thoroughly test the infallibility of the iron clad principle, and to show the benefit of that test satisfactorily proved the iron clad principle to be entirely testaceous.

Since then, you have heard about the building of the new Mackerel iron plated squadron, the Shockingbadhat, with Rear Admiral Heads newly improved swivel gun; but you have not yet heard, my boy, any thing at all about the unique manufacture of six additional iron plated squadrons, to participate with the "Shockingbadhat" in the recent severe attack of Fort Fumo. You have not heard of these six squadrons before, my boy, and respect for the really decent families of the inventors forbids that I should tell you any thing descriptive about them now, save their names.

It was intended that the name of the first should be something full of significance to perfidious England, and, at the same time, something never used in England. Hence, she was christened the "Aitch."

The second was to bear a name signifying the power of bending without breaking, and so she was called after that a second.

In the name of the third, the Government wished to pay a complimentary tribute to Rear Admiral Head, and, in honor of his daughter, Emma, the squadron was named the "Em."

The fourth iron-plated invulnerable Mackerel monster it was deemed proper to christen with an name expressive of industry coupled with a power to sting, and so she was called the "Bee."

There was some discussion about the proper title for the fifth patent iron clad, such members of the generous Mackerel Naval Committee saying to the other: "Why can't she be named after you?" So, it was at length decided to happily compromise the matter by calling her the "You."

By the common consent the sixth invincible iron monster was adjudged to be known by the first of General George B McClellan's initials, and was entitled the "Gee."

Add these now national champions of the deep, my boy, to the "Shockingbadhat," and you will have some idea of the glorious naval regent prepared to administer wholesome correction to the irreverent Confederacies of Fort Pumo, and teach the world that worn out cooking stoves can be sold to the sagacious Government of the United States of America for something better than old iron.

The "Shockingbadhat" was the flagship, and, on the morning of the attack, the busy Rear Admiral Head repaired to the top of her turret with her umbrella, fishing-rod and pocket microscope, taking with him the faithful Bob, who, as you will recollect, received swivel gun, which was also up there, and giving orders to that unequarable Mackerel to locate himself amidships with a quart measure, for the purpose of measuring the number of bushels shot during the first two seconds of the approaching action.

Such being the case, and the European delegation having gone home with a view to shaking off their inclination to fall asleep, the stern old commander ordered a wet blanket to be thrown over his swivel-gun, and each of the six iron-plated squadron as had not sunk were immediately run ashore. The affair had been merely a preconsolenance.

Shortly after the conclusion of this terrible artillery duel, and a few minutes subsequent to the hooking exchange of congratulations between the unconquerable Rear-Admiral and his venerable grandmother, there hastily arrived from Paris an obese middle-aged chap in black cotton gloves and a scratch wig, and says he to the Admiral:

"Allow me to bless you, Sir—my name is Hunter, Sir—for your excellent iron clad conduct. We should all be grateful, Sir, that you have passed safely through a concentric fire that has never heretofore had a parallel in the history of warefare."

Never heretofore had a parallel! What could he have meant, my boy? How could a *concentric* fire have a *parallel* at any time?

Yours, questioningly,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Sacetiæ.

As to widows, some one says there is nothing like them. If they make up their mind, it's done. I knew one who was terribly afraid of thunder and lightning, and every time a storm came on she would run into Mr. Smith's house, (he was a widower,) and clasp her little hands and fly round till the little man was half distracted for fear she would be killed, and the consequence was that she was Mrs John Smith before three thunder storms rattled over her head. Wasn't that diplomatic?

A clergyman at an afternoon service was asked to read a notice for a woman's rights lecture, which he did in this wise: "At half-past six o'clock, at the school-house, in the first district, a hen will attempt to crow."

They have a man in Mississippi so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg six times in vain, and retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him, and when children meet him in the street, they run home crying for bread.

"Look here, printer, you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Well, sir, I am not a printer—I'm a setter.

An Amazon, out West, in describing her runaway husband, says: "Daniel may be known by a scar on the nose where I scratched him."

What is the difference between a church organist and the indigenes? One stops the nose and the other knows the stops.

A letter from Rudams II, King of Madagascar, which has been published in the *African Times*, states that it is his majesty's "earnest desire to encourage arts, science, commerce, education, and, above all, the religion of the Bible, among all classes of his subjects, as the most effectual means of promoting, with the blessing of God, the prosperity of his country."

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over $30,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch as his share of the profits thus far.

There is no paper money in California. The Constitution of the State prohibits "bunking" and the creation of paper to circulate as money. No bank notes have ever been current in California or on that coast; nor are bank notes used on any part of the coast between Acapulco and Sitka.

A woman's mission, as the world goes, is to make home happy; a man's, to find the means wherewith she may do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all labor. From her must come those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage shirred over with jessamine a palace of contentment.

Letter from Orpheus C. Kerr.

ATTACK ON FORT PIANO BY ADMIRAL HEAD.

[Correspondence of the New York Sunday Mercury.]

You may remember, my boy, that the construction of a pier on Duck Lake by some shameless Confederates, and the erection on the end thereof of a battery mounting one gun, aroused our noble old sea dog, Rear Admiral Head, while he sat on the quarter-deck of his original iron plated squadron fishing for bass, by the accidental knocking of his squadron against the end of one pier. Having hooked a fish at the time, he did not notice the building of the terrible fortification; and when the horrible jar of the collision caused him to look that way, he found six villainous horse-pistols so planted by the disrespectful Confederacies as to exactly command his left hand lot of 7'28 feet. You may also remember, my boy, how our glorious old Neptune subsequently caused the staunch "Secretary Welles" to run the blockade of the fort, to thoroughly test the infallibility of the iron clad principle, and to show the benefit of that test satisfactorily proved the iron clad principle to be entirely testaceous.

Since then, you have heard about the building of the new Mackerel iron plated squadron, the Shockingbadhat, with Rear Admiral Heads newly improved swivel gun; but you have not yet heard, my boy, any thing at all about the unique manufacture of six additional iron plated squadrons, to participate with the "Shockingbadhat" in the recent severe attack of Fort Fumo. You have not heard of these six squadrons before, my boy, and respect for the really decent families of the inventors forbids that I should tell you any thing descriptive about them now, save their names.

It was intended that the name of the first should be something full of significance to perfidious England, and, at the same time, something never used in England. Hence, she was christened the "Aitch."

The second was to bear a name signifying the power of bending without breaking, and so she was called after that a second.

In the name of the third, the Government wished to pay a complimentary tribute to Rear Admiral Head, and, in honor of his daughter, Emma, the squadron was named the "Em."

The fourth iron-plated invulnerable Mackerel monster it was deemed proper to christen with an name expressive of industry coupled with a power to sting, and so she was called the "Bee."

There was some discussion about the proper title for the fifth patent iron clad, such members of the generous Mackerel Naval Committee saying to the other: "Why can't she be named after you?" So, it was at length decided to happily compromise the matter by calling her the "You."

By the common consent the sixth invincible iron monster was adjudged to be known by the first of General George B McClellan's initials, and was entitled the "Gee."

Add these now national champions of the deep, my boy, to the "Shockingbadhat," and you will have some idea of the glorious naval regent prepared to administer wholesome correction to the irreverent Confederacies of Fort Pumo, and teach the world that worn out cooking stoves can be sold to the sagacious Government of the United States of America for something better than old iron.

The "Shockingbadhat" was the flagship, and, on the morning of the attack, the busy Rear Admiral Head repaired to the top of her turret with her umbrella, fishing-rod and pocket microscope, taking with him the faithful Bob, who, as you will recollect, received swivel gun, which was also up there, and giving orders to that unequarable Mackerel to locate himself amidships with a quart measure, for the purpose of measuring the number of bushels shot during the first two seconds of the approaching action.

Such being the case, and the European delegation having gone home with a view to shaking off their inclination to fall asleep, the stern old commander ordered a wet blanket to be thrown over his swivel-gun, and each of the six iron-plated squadron as had not sunk were immediately run ashore. The affair had been merely a preconsolenance.

Shortly after the conclusion of this terrible artillery duel, and a few minutes subsequent to the hooking exchange of congratulations between the unconquerable Rear-Admiral and his venerable grandmother, there hastily arrived from Paris an obese middle-aged chap in black cotton gloves and a scratch wig, and says he to the Admiral:

"Allow me to bless you, Sir—my name is Hunter, Sir—for your excellent iron clad conduct. We should all be grateful, Sir, that you have passed safely through a concentric fire that has never heretofore had a parallel in the history of warefare."

Never heretofore had a parallel! What could he have meant, my boy? How could a *concentric* fire have a *parallel* at any time?

Yours, questioningly,

ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Life in Germany.

Mr. J. Ross Brown, in a letter from Frankfort-on-the Main thus summed up the peculiarities of old Europe:

Everything here has a spasmodic tendency. One week is the same as another, and so of months and years, allowing a small variety for the seasons. There is no progression as in California. People become stagnant at the age of thirty; at forty they become pussy and waddle like ducks; at fifty they become baldheaded and apoplectic, and carry their heads in their hands to keep their brains cool! At sixty an arm or leg gives way, or has to be dragged along or nursed; at seventy they take little hand carriages, and get rolled about the public promenades by servants in livery; and at eighty or ninety they get out of breath, and help to make vegetables for new generations. At this time the sun rises and sets exactly once a day, for 365 days in the year; the town clocks toll the quarter hours and hours; the police mount guards at the gates and salute the passing officers; the soldiers hug and kiss the servant girls every evening in the by-ways and the alleys; old burghers take their afternoon stroll around the glacis and drop in at their regular beer houses, where they sit for hours gossiping over the affairs of the city; children go to school and back again with their satchels on their back, and in the course of time go to business and finally merge into old fogies like the rest of the good citizens—and so wags the world in Germany.

THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE WAR REPORT. The Washington correspondent of the New York *World* says:

The first volume of the three to be issued of the report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War has just been issued from the Government printing office, making a book of 728 pages, including the journal of the committee. This volume comprises the Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Peninsula, Army of Virginia, and Burnside campaigns, but you have not yet heard, my boy, any thing at all about the unique manufacture of six additional iron plated squadrons, to participate with the "Shockingbadhat" in the recent severe attack of Fort Fumo. You have not heard of these six squadrons before, my boy, and respect for the really decent families of the inventors forbids that I should tell you any thing descriptive about them now, save their names.

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over $30,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch as his share of the profits thus far.

There is no paper money in California. The Constitution of the State prohibits "bunking" and the creation of paper to circulate as money. No bank notes have ever been current in California or on that coast; nor are bank notes used on any part of the coast between Acapulco and Sitka.

A woman's mission, as the world goes, is to make home happy; a man's, to find the means wherewith she may do it. Woman's work should be, as woman was herself, the completion of all labor. From her must come those final touches and culminating graces which make a dinner of herbs a pleasant banquet, and a cottage shirred over with jessamine a palace of contentment.

An old gentleman, for refusing to comply with Ordinance 544, because his tenants would not pay their rents, was fined $75.

A man who was arrested for driving a rag cart without a license, produced a license in the name of another for a market cart, which cost only about one-third the price. He stated that the reason he did not get the proper license was that he had lost his oath of allegiance. Fined $25.

A boy was charged with tearing up a plank from the levee; the accused denied it very emphatically, and said he was only sticking his fishing pole between the planks; besides, the officer had a grudge against him. The Court told the boy to stand aside a while.

John Poiney was arraigned on the charge of being drunk and abusing Union men. It appeared that the accused was himself a loyal citizen, and that it was old John Marlaycon who was talking so foolishly; but the affair cost the accused $20.

A poor unfortunate looking old woman was brought up at the instance of her son, who prayed that she might be sent to the Workhouse for a short period; her intemperate habits were such that he knew of no other way to break them up. It was a pitiable sight, and the Court, in its compassion, let the poor creature go, on her promise that she would drink no more.

Four young men were arraigned on the charge of holding an unlawful assemblage and refusing to disperse. They had been refused a license for a ball, and were hanging about the place threateningly until the officer ordered them away. Their defense was, that they had not been ordered away, and did not know the prosecutor was a police officer; also, that he treated them with unnecessary harshness. While the Court rebuked the officer, the accused were fined $5 each.

COMMERCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE BEE,
SATURDAY EVENING, May 9, 1863.

COTTON—The sale of 2 bales Strictly Good Middling reported yesterday at 51c, should have been at 52c @ 53c. To-day, we heard of the sales of 20 bales Middling at 45c., and 7 reams Sea Island at 90c. By auction 112 bales good ordinary sold at 43c.

SUGAR.—There have been some small sales to-day at previous prices; Common new at 2¾ @3c., Fair to Prime at 3¾ @4c., Fair to Choice at 4¼ @4¾c., and Clarified the latter grade, 10@10½c.

MOLASSES—About 500 bbls. sold, in several lots at 35