THE DAILY BEE.

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MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 14, 1862.

RAILROADS VIEWS.

Every one has heard of the individual who was so determined to see the elephant that he paid a V. to get a peep through a knot hole. We gotto pretend to this same curiosity, and have been at the trouble of endeavoring, by the aid of the telegraph, to get at the views of the Railroad Companies in regard to the present crisis. We have addressed letters to the Presidents of the Vicksburg, Jackson and Great Northern, Mississippi Central and Mississippi and Tennessee Railroads, and requested them to favor us with their views on the subject of the transportation of cotton, and the probable future of the roads. Up to the present time we have received but one answer, that from the Mississippi Central, which is given below. We are not surprised at the reticence of the Presidents of the other roads, as they are probably in doubt as to what course to pursue, and are unwilling to commit themselves. They are at a loss to know what the Confederate Government will do with the cotton, and how it will dispose of the vast amount of rolling stock which will be left on their hands, if the enemy should succeed in capturing the roads. We are not surprised at the reticence of the Presidents of the other roads, as they are probably in doubt as to what course to pursue, and are unwilling to commit themselves. They are at a loss to know what the Confederate Government will do with the cotton, and how it will dispose of the vast amount of rolling stock which will be left on their hands, if the enemy should succeed in capturing the roads.

The following is the letter of President Allen, of the Mississippi Central:

JACKSON, Miss., April 11, 1862.

Dear Sir: Your favor of the 9th inst. is received. I am sorry to say that I am not prepared to give you the information you desire. I am not sufficiently advised as to the intentions of the Government in regard to the cotton, and the future of the roads, to say what will be done. I am not prepared to say that I will not run the cars, but I am not prepared to say that I will. I am not prepared to say that I will not run the cars, but I am not prepared to say that I will. I am not prepared to say that I will not run the cars, but I am not prepared to say that I will.

Yours truly, J. M. ALLEN.

P. S.—Later.—I have just been taken a walk. I never go out, now, without a brass band to march ahead. My mind follows, the man in front of me. A pretty fellow, with light mustaches, whom I have mentioned heretofore. He wears green gloves, and leads a black-and-tan terrier.

My request is imposing.

Now, I am willing to bet that you think the brass band is sent to march ahead in my honor.

You are.

I permit the musicians to play in front of me, in order to honor *them*.

And, curiously, they deserve it.

They have assisted me in many pitched battles. They have assisted me in taking this place—

And whoever renders Marcus assistance becomes dear to me.

It was on a mild but effulgent day in February. The sun shone humidly upon the icy mountains, and showers that issued against the farm fences. Beautiful feathery frost-work was traced in the glasses of my telescope, and lately icicles depended from the eaves and shone that reminded upon a thousand hills.

I then sauntered into Greenville with a jingle bells on each horse's head.

The people welcomed me with coffee, and cakes, and fruits. Every man who had any thing to sell was enthusiastically loyal to the Union.

At Greenville an old man came up. He was a fine-limb. Some relative of Floyd, I believe.

"I want to pass," this old man said, "that fly graves gloomy overhead. The doubting Kilian is mighty spry."

"Get out of this," was the reply.

I then entered the town. At the corners many of rebels had a stormy position in a large hotel unless. They were determined to occupy and to die. We advanced in circular squares with a hole in the middle—a new manœuvre—and by all grand modern military movements, an invention of my own.

As we neared the fort, I saw, at a glance, my perceptions are marvelous—that they were all armed and saltcoon in the ditches. *Punch Express, and* have any cannon supposed Sumpterville Spirit?

So I directed the band to play. Music is my passion.

The band played. It played tolerable fine tunes, indeed.

Most times, my gentlemen would have to stop and dance. They could have stood the shock of cannon and the rattle of musketry. They could have stood a storm of grape and canister, but they couldn't stand the "Tennessee."

The "Battle of the Pawns" was too much for them. It was worse to their case than the cause of the Union.

They mustered and fled. Sumpterville was mine!

All the brass instruments of the band were seized, and they made tremendous noise. The guns were instantly routed. Which made it bad for the foe.

I have just learned a lesson. I thought I knew it before, but that, too, I was mistaken in, for the first time in my life.

For victory, I had imprisoned the rebel Generals Johnston, and some young prisoners.

Now, in an open lot near Fort Donelson. They were permitted to retain their honors by way of courtesy. Now, would you believe it, they let down the bars one night, a week or so ago, and escaped!

This teaches me never to imprison men in an open lot again.

I have drawn my square that the rebels intend to make a stand somewhere down the South. At any rate, they are all taking steps away in that direction.

But we shall see.

I am now about to take on this speculators who are experiencing a little disorder and confusion. They are about to run the large house, the fine brick and the steady hand.

It has been a busy day to-day.

But it will not disturb me. The master's hand. Greater than all others, my Home of Type. Work's forever, serene and far above the din of battle. Here, I can stand in the midst of the thickest shells, and not be disturbed. Here I can write my leaders and not be disturbed. Here I can write my leaders and not be disturbed.

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