THE NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE,
DUFOUR & LIMET, PUBLISHERS.
Office, No. 73 Chartres Street.

TERMS OF THE BEE:
Rates of Subscription—Daily, per annum, in advance, $36; half-yearly, $18; quarterly, $9.
Price of Single Copies—Single copies, 10 cents.
The Bee, Weekly is published every Tuesday and Saturday. Subscription, $5 per annum, invariably in advance.
Rates of Advertising—Transient advertisements inserting the run of the paper, first insertion $1 50 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.
Plain, or Editorial Page Transient Advertisements, each insertion, $2 50 per square.
Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new each insertion.
Plain or Editorial Page, Monthly Advertisements, each square, $30 net per month.
Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from the above named transient rates as may be agreed upon. In no case shall such discount exceed 25 per cent.
All business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 20 cents net per line, each insertion.
All Transient Advertisements must be paid for in advance.
All bills with regular advertisers shall be rendered monthly.

NEW ORLEANS:
FRIDAY MORNING, NOV. 2, 1866.

MR. JUST. COMES is our Agent for all the river parishes between New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

COAL.—Mr. David Sickney offers for sale in quantities to suit families or large purchasers the best quality of Pittsburg coal, at $1 per barrel; also, Anthracite and English cannel, at lowest market prices. Orders can be left at his office, No. 6 Carondelet street, or his coal yard corner of Louisa and Levee streets, Third District. No charge for cartage.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.—Messrs. Stafford & Wilson, 66 Magazine street, offer for sale at remarkably low terms, a lot of books, stationery, and other articles. They will also sell at the lowest price a lot of crockery ware and coal oil of the finest quality.

CHEERFUL POLITICS—THE PHILLIPS-BUTLER PROGRAMME.

The reports in the New York papers of Mr. Wendell Phillips' harangue on the political situation, at Cooper's Institute, on the 25th ult., are richly interlarded with parenthetical "cheers and laughter," "applause and laughter," "cheers," "applause," with rare variations of some "applause," and "hisses and applause." Seeing the published discourse thus blossoming, so to speak, with evidences of rhetorical good cheer, one would conclude from a superficial glance that it must be in matter no less than in manner an extremely cheerful production. Where laughing and cheering marked the predominant tone of the audience, it might naturally be inferred that the whole drift of the speech was such as to touch gaily on subjects of general felicitation, and that its politics could have no other tendency than to inaugurate a period of national festivity and merry making. But a further investigation would dash all such inferences and preconceptions to the ground. It would be seen that the entertainment which he is ambitious to offer to the country, and over the anticipatory allusions to which he and his cheering auditors so hugely chuckle, is the contemptuous repudiation of the Constitution, the revolutionary deposition of the President, the annihilation of a distinct Executive authority, the assumption of all power by a Congressional faction, the abolition of ten or eleven States, and the exercise of war power over their territory for a period of indefinite continuance. Something to make still more ghastly merriment would appear looming up in the background of the picture, coming dimly, but not the less portentiously, from the deep shadows of the future, as some beast of prey, with lurid eyes and ravenous jaws, from jungle or from cavernous fastness. This feature is no less than the delivery into the hands of Benjamin F. Butler of the sword of the new dispensation according to the Gospel of New England. We have heretofore compared Butler and Phillips as the complements of each other. The latter having laid it down and adhered to it for the year past, as an indispensable item of the Radical programme, that the President is an obstacle that must be removed, the former has put the item into the form of a "true bill" by a "grand inquest," served notice on the accused, and announced his readiness to summon a posse of faithful Radicals, "Boys in Blue," "Loyal Leaguers," and others, already organized for the business of dragging the Presidential incumbent from the White House to the bar of a Senatorial Court, and to do as they may be otherwise ordered by the Grand Constable and Military Protector of the new dispensation. How highly he is appreciated by Phillips, his great oratorical and ideological counterpart, may be judged by the following references to him in the harangue at Cooper's Institute. The language occurs at the close of a violent tirade against Gen. Grant for not resigning his office as military subordinate to the President and virtually pronouncing against the latter in the style of the Selecting Mexican Generals when they turn against an existing Government. Mr. Phillips said:

"Put our Ben Butler in this position. Give him command of the forces of the United States! Do you believe New Orleans would have been deserted? [Cries of "no," "yes," and continued merriment.] But if by some unfortunate accident it had taken place, do you suppose that Mayor Monroe would have lived to-day to boast that he had defied the Government of the United States and pointed out in the streets of New Orleans the blood of its most loyal citizens? Men say Grant stays in his position lest the President should put a worse man in it. Do you suppose that Congress would permit this if Grant should resign? Do you suppose the army of the United States could be led by any one against Sheridan and Grant with Congress behind them? It is the idlest falsehood in the world.

Nor is the Presidency closed to Gen. Butler in such a contingency as Phillips and his cheerers delight to contemplate, in case the head of the Radical posse, the captain in chief of the army of Radical Jamizaries, should desire to wear along with more substantial jewels acquired in his remarkable military career, the bauble of the Presidential office. The Constitution as it now stands, or less as it may be, provides that when the office is vacated by the removal, for any reason, of both the President and the Vice President, Congress by law may appoint a successor. By an existing law, it is provided that the President of the Senate, in such an event, shall act as President. But Congress has only to repeal this law to make room for Butler. Hence it can not be doubted that when Phillips declares that "the war is not ended," and that "the fight begins on the 5th day of December, 1866, and from that four, we will run the machine, there shall be no mere division at the 36th," Massachusetts shall remodel Louisiana, "and that "Louisiana and South Carolina shall be made over again in the likeness of New England," it is in his contemplation that his model man of action, Butler, shall be duly commissioned to carve out that portion of the work of reconstruction which must be done with the sword, and without either heart or conscience. We can, therefore, agree with the New York *Times* when it says:

His putting forward of Butler as the national headsman shows the passions he would like to see aroused, and from what direction he looks for support. Phillips rarely speaks well of any individual, and never before has taken the enmity for any public man. Now he has found his man, and the work to be done he lays down. Butler himself has doubtless been looking over the ground in his travels through the Middle and Western States. To him the matter is clear enough, and he is at it, it would appear in a different manner from the public than now when they consider it.

When Phillips "means" in earnest, then, as predicted by the *Times*, it can hardly be other wise, if the Radical organization remains at all true in its relations to the President, than that Butler while Congress is taking steps to depose Johnson, will be taking steps to depose Grant.

Paris Universal Exhibition—Encouraging Determination to Exhibitors.

Some months ago, when we noticed the appointment of Mr. Edward Cuthbert as Commissioner from our State to the Paris Exhibition, we predicted that much good would arise from the appointment. To day we have the satisfaction of publishing a letter from Mr. Derby, U. S Agent, to Mr. Gotthelf, which we consider of paramount importance to those who desire to be exhibitors and who have addressed their applications for space through the medium of our Commissioner, to whom they are indebted for his indefatigable services in procuring the allotment of space at the palace.

From Mr. Gotthelf himself we learn that Louisiana will be represented in every article of her rich produce, if our planters do not withhold their promises. The following is a copy of the letter on the subject:

U. S. Agency FOR THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, }
New York, October 23d, 1866. }

Edward Gotthelf, Esq., Louisiana State Commissioner.
Dear Sir—Years of the 11th inst. at hand. Articles for groups 5 and 7 from your State will be exhibited, but it is too late to enter any more articles in group 6.

All the applications forwarded and recommended by yourself have been accepted.

Respectfully,
JOHN F. DERBY,
U. S. Agent.

Coroner's Statistics.

The following inquests were held by the Coroner from the 1st to the 31st of October, 1866:

Decedents, dead without medical assistance (including 10 deaths on the way to the hospitals)	5
Accidental deaths	3
Killed by a fall	1
Killed by a falling chimney of a tidy cooper	1
Suicide by hanging	1
Children (whites)	4
Yellow fever	1
Various diseases	27
Total	43

CHS. DELERY, Coroner.

THE MISSISSIPPI LEGISLATURE.—Governor Humphreys, says the Vicksburg *Herald* of the 30th, is dangerously ill, and the Legislature adjourned over till Monday in consequence of his inability to sign bills. We learn the Governor has approved the bill to regulate final process in certain cases, and it is now a law. The bills for leasing the penitentiary, for repairs on the capitol and the Governor's house, and for supplying additional counsel in the cotton fraud cases, were passed. The county court question has been referred back to the committee, and is, therefore, passed over to January, as is also the bill for spending more money on the State University.

The New Orleans Bee.

OFFICE 73 CHARTRES STREET. NEW ORLEANS, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 2, 1866. Vol. XXVII—New Series. Vol. XVII—Whole—13,963.

BY TELEGRAPH.

[To the New Orleans Bee.]

The Georgia Legislature.

The Governor Opposes the Constitutional Amendments.

Large Cotton Crop in Egypt.

The Old and New Baltimore Commissioners.

Significant Action of the Military.

Fenian Trials Postponed.

Cotton Firmer—Gold 147 in New York.

U. S. Court Met at Norfolk, Va.

Excitement and Violence in Baltimore.

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

From the Balize.

Washington, Nov. 1.—The work of removing the archives and documents of the State Department to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, building on fourteenth street, which has been leased by the Government for five years was commenced to-day, preparatory to tearing down the Old State Department building to make room for the treasury extension.

New York, Nov. 1.—The steamship Australia sian from Queenstown on the 21st, has arrived. The steamer Medway, connected with the Atlantic Telegraph expedition, arrived at Queenstown on the 30th with her propeller broken.

The steamship Europa is said to be very large. The cattle plague has almost died out in England.

A Paris correspondent says the Empress Carlotta is suddenly commenced on her voyage, from Vera Cruz to St. Nazaire, when she is talked about the immense responsibility she had assumed.

The famine continued in India and the cholera has appeared in the famine districts.

New York, Nov. 1.—Cotton closed firmer on the reports of frosts in Georgia; sales 3580 bales; Middlings at 39 to 41c. Flour quiet at $12 80 to $17 for Southern; sales 3000 bbls. Wheat quiet. Corn 2 to 3c lower; sales 74,000 bush. Pork lower; sales 5000 bbls. Lard at 23¼ to 23¾c. Lard lower. Sugar firm. Coffee quiet. Turpentine 85 to 87c. Rosin $5 62 to $13 50. Gold closed at 147. U. S. 5-20's 110¾; 10-40's 100¾. Treasuries 100.

Millidgeville, Nov. 1.—The Legislature met to day. The Governor's message strongly opposes the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment. It says the amendment is unjust, computes the funded debt of the State at $5,849,000, says the planting interest in Georgia can never be what it once was, and places the responsibility of the debtor class by creditors. The message is very long and mostly devoted to State topics. The Speaker of the House opened the session with a speech opposing the Constitutional amendment.

Baltimore, Nov. 1.—It is not yet ascertained who are the new Commissioners. It is rumored that a new force has already been organized and will make their appearance in the course of the day. The old Commissioners have given their reference to him in the harangue at Cooper's Institute. The language occurs at the close of a violent tirade against Gen. Grant for not resigning his office as military subordinate to the President and virtually pronouncing against the latter in the style of the Selecting Mexican Generals when they turn against an existing Government. Mr. Phillips said:

"Put our Ben Butler in this position. Give him command of the forces of the United States! Do you believe New Orleans would have been deserted? [Cries of "no," "yes," and continued merriment.] But if by some unfortunate accident it had taken place, do you suppose that Mayor Monroe would have lived to-day to boast that he had defied the Government of the United States and pointed out in the streets of New Orleans the blood of its most loyal citizens? Men say Grant stays in his position lest the President should put a worse man in it. Do you suppose that Congress would permit this if Grant should resign? Do you suppose the army of the United States could be led by any one against Sheridan and Grant with Congress behind them? It is the idlest falsehood in the world.

Nor is the Presidency closed to Gen. Butler in such a contingency as Phillips and his cheerers delight to contemplate, in case the head of the Radical posse, the captain in chief of the army of Radical Janizaries, should desire to wear along with more substantial jewels acquired in his remarkable military career, the bauble of the Presidential office. The Constitution as it now stands, or less as it may be, provides that when the office is vacated by the removal, for any reason, of both the President and the Vice President, Congress by law may appoint a successor. By an existing law, it is provided that the President of the Senate, in such an event, shall act as President. But Congress has only to repeal this law to make room for Butler. Hence it can not be doubted that when Phillips declares that "the war is not ended," and that "the fight begins on the 5th day of December, 1866, and from that four, we will run the machine, there shall be no mere division at the 36th," Massachusetts shall remodel Louisiana, "and that "Louisiana and South Carolina shall be made over again in the likeness of New England," it is in his contemplation that his model man of action, Butler, shall be duly commissioned to carve out that portion of the work of reconstruction which must be done with the sword, and without either heart or conscience. We can, therefore, agree with the New York *Times* when it says:

His putting forward of Butler as the national headsman shows the passions he would like to see aroused, and from what direction he looks for support. Phillips rarely speaks well of any individual, and never before has taken the enmity for any public man. Now he has found his man, and the work to be done he lays down. Butler himself has doubtless been looking over the ground in his travels through the Middle and Western States. To him the matter is clear enough, and he is at it, it would appear in a different manner from the public than now when they consider it.

When Phillips "means" in earnest, then, as predicted by the *Times*, it can hardly be other wise, if the Radical organization remains at all true in its relations to the President, than that Butler while Congress is taking steps to depose Johnson, will be taking steps to depose Grant.

Paris Universal Exhibition—Encouraging Determination to Exhibitors.

Some months ago, when we noticed the appointment of Mr. Edward Cuthbert as Commissioner from our State to the Paris Exhibition, we predicted that much good would arise from the appointment. To day we have the satisfaction of publishing a letter from Mr. Derby, U. S Agent, to Mr. Gotthelf, which we consider of paramount importance to those who desire to be exhibitors and who have addressed their applications for space through the medium of our Commissioner, to whom they are indebted for his indefatigable services in procuring the allotment of space at the palace.

From Mr. Gotthelf himself we learn that Louisiana will be represented in every article of her rich produce, if our planters do not withhold their promises. The following is a copy of the letter on the subject:

U. S. Agency FOR THE PARIS UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, }
New York, October 23d, 1866. }

Edward Gotthelf, Esq., Louisiana State Commissioner.
Dear Sir—Years of the 11th inst. at hand. Articles for groups 5 and 7 from your State will be exhibited, but it is too late to enter any more articles in group 6.

All the applications forwarded and recommended by yourself have been accepted.

Respectfully,
JOHN F. DERBY,
U. S. Agent.

The Unfortunate Sovereigns.

(Paris Correspondence New York World.)

PARIS, October 12.

The early days of Maximilian, under its Emperor and Empress, were pleasant enough. They were crowned with great joy; the place was beautiful. The priestly party, at any rate, was prolific of homage. Enough time-servers and office-seekers pressed around; recognition in quantity came, except from the great republic that fought out its essential fray, asking no aid nor forward to pay compliments to those with whom it meant one day to deal. Victory, in small show, followed, over the scattering bands of the republicans. But directly a change, great to discouragement, fell over the imperial counsels. The patience of the wild horsemen of the President tired out the too sanguine invaders. They were every day, according to the despatches, annihilated; but every day their shouts rose up anew. The army that was to drive them into the sea proved refractory subjects. Its marshals were not slow in manner, if in tone, to remind the court that their master paid for the pageant of an empire and meant to divide its direction. The money raised abroad on loans and lotteries disappeared as rashlessly as it was obtained; bondholders and lenders cried for their interest greedily; fears and scruples shook the new Emperor's sleep and were reflected in the sympathizing inquietudeness of his wife; the great Warwick blinked across the sea as if to make them doubt that his support was fair and generous as it had seemed. Then, at the last, the priests and cardinals drew back their smiles and showed the palms of avarice—the faces of distrust. So, with an army that was not his, a people that would not be his, a priesthood that was nobody's but its own, this late Archduke found himself a thing, an effigy, a crowned remorse.

Then the two contending giants dropped their hands, and showed more colossal and conquering than ever. The marshals grew insolent, the rebellion became a splendid belligerent, asking nor giving quarter. Money ceased to come from abroad. The new Emperor's credit was dishonored. He became less a worshipper and more a monarch, and he necessitated the chatter of the Church. They retorted with menace and conspiracy. The vanity of anticipation fell to poverty in his wife. She reigned in her widely love shape, and all the loyalty he received came in her fearful eyes. Stricken in this short dream, her prayers grew more frenzied; but now she prayed with God, because the holy Church in which her assurance lay, looked blackly at her. So she said at last: "I will go alone over the ocean, or with some few retainers, to ask help for you from the Emperor, and for both of us forgiveness from the greatest Priest."

The Emperor answered (and in this I speak from information well derived) "No! If it ever becomes necessary for you to quit, then I, also, shall retire."

They made arrangements to give up the land that never will acknowledge them, so long as it lies in the West under the shadow of an orderly and colossal freedom. But Marshal Bazaine said:

"To this enterprise you gave yourself. The honor of my master is in it. You shall not go to get him contempt, equal with your own. My troops are mine. I will hold you a prisoner in your palace as a hostage, but I will not consent. You shall stay, though you need not govern."

Then upon the minds of man and wife the terrible decent that had beguiled them became transparent. They saw themselves as victims for a sacrifice. And swift and condign upon all this, the power of that Austria they had quitted was stricken down, hurled out of Germany, well nigh out of Europe, made bankrupt, chaotic, inglorious. Ruin and shame locked in on every side. The Empress no longer delayed. She had found good counsel.

The long and now dangerous journey across the Cordilleras to Vera Cruz was made. It gave the fugitive Charlotte all vague alarms. She took common passage upon a packet steamship paying her fare and that of her friend; and all the way her sleep was broken and her days disquieted. She saw no guards in the ship, spies in the passengers, corsairs in every nearing sail. Now she got to her prayers, making long supplications, now she railed at the officers with a flushed, indignant face. The girl went out of her: she was an irascible, brain-addled, broken woman, conscious of disgrace before, disgrace behind, the loss of riches, the possible denunciation of the Pope. In the midst of the passage the papal gift, her blessed crucifix, was taken or stolen. They also cried that God was turned against her and her husband's house. The rest of the trip—nine days—was passed without sleep, almost without food. She spoke no more to one. Her presence was melancholy to all upon the steamer.

Arrived in France, no welcoming telegram came, nor any invitation to rest in the palace. Her sudden apparition made the low legged usurper wink and duped her uneasy. His wife, a different sort of woman from Charlotte, cared for seating out for Biarritz at once. The fugitive woman came to Paris, and stopped, like any shoddy American's wife, at the Grand Hotel, even paying for her own chamber. Then she threw herself at the cold Emperor's feet, and begged for assistance to save the throne and honor of her husband. He answered that he had done what he could.

"Who," said Napoleon, "loaned me money or men when I took charge of France. Your husband is not the man I believed him, else he could rule without aims."

Returned to her hotel, visited by a few and only formal friends, the lonely woman began to take the symptoms of a wrecked brain. She cried aloud that her enemies meant to stab her. She saw people with daggers on stairs, in alcoves, in the shadow of her bed curtains. She locked herself almost obnoxious at the Grand Hotel by the altercations with the stewards, the noise-ess nature of her nights, the attitude of perpetual she meditated and stopped in the achievement. At last she telegraphed this desperate message to Mexico: "It is useless!"

A Great Actress.

THE PERFORMANCE OF A SPANISH GIPSEY.

Cumberland, the dramatist, has left us, in his memoirs, a description of an actress he saw in Spain, and in a piece which we should judge to be founded on the legend of Medea:

"I was not often tempted to the theatre," he writes, "which was, at that time, ill furnished and ill attended; yet, when the celebrated tragic actress, known by the title of the Duenna, played, it was a treat, which I should not forego to other stage then in Europe could compare with.

"That extraordinary woman, whose real name I do not remember, and whose reign might cannot be traced till it is settled from what particular nation or people we are to derive the earliest race of Gipsies, and here formed to strike beholders with the beauty and command ing majesty of her person, than to astonish all who heard her by the powers that nature and art had combined to bestow on her. My friend Count Pieter Sais, who had honorable access to this great stage heroine, intimated to her the very high expectations I had formed of her performances, and the eager desire I had to see her in one of her capital characters, telling her at the same time that she had been a writer for the stage in my own country. In consequence of this intimation, she sent me word that I should have notice from her when she wished me to come to her residence, till then, she desired I would not present myself in my own person any night, though her name might be in the bill; for it was only when she liked her part, and was in the humor to play well, that she wished me to be present. In obedience to her message, I waited several days, and at last received the looked for summons.

"I had not been many minutes in the theatre before she sent a mandate to me to go home, for that she was in no disposition that evening for playing well, and should neither do justice to her own talents, nor to my expectations. I instantly obeyed this whimsical injunction, knowing it to be so perfectly in character with the capricious humor of her tribe. When something more than a week had passed, I was again invited to the theatre, and permitted to sit out the whole representation. I had not then enough of the language to understand much more than the incidents and the action of the play, which, in the last scene, rose into tragedy, for, in the course of the plot, she murdered her infant children, and exhibited them dead on the stage, lying on the side of her, whilst she, sitting on the bare floor between them, ther attitude, action, features, tones, defying all description) presented such a high wrought picture of hysteric phrenzy, laughing and wild amidst soverest woe, as placed her in my judgment, at the moment, at the very summit of her art. In fact, I have no conception that the powers of acting can be raised higher, and such was the effect upon the audience that, whilst the spectators in the pit, having caught a kind of phrenzy from the scene, were rising up in a tumultuous manner, the word was given out by authority for letting fall the curtain, and a catastrophe probably too strong for exhibition was not allowed to be performed. A few minutes had passed when this wonderful creature, led in by Pietro Santa, entered my box, the artificial paleness of her cheeks, which she had dyed of a bright vermillion round the edges of the lids, her fine arms, bare to the shoulders, the wild magnificence of her attire, and the profusion of her disheveled locks, glossy black as the plumage of the raven, gave her the appearance of something so more than human, such a being, such an unearthly being, so awful, so impressive, that I was startled and chilled as she approached me—not to ask—but to claim my applause, demanding of me if I had ever seen an actress like her. She threw herself at the cold Emperor's feet, and begged for assistance to save the throne and honor of her husband. He answered that he had done what he could.

"Who," said Napoleon, "loaned me money or men when I took charge of France. Your husband is not the man I believed him, else he could rule without aims."

Returned to her hotel, visited by a few and only formal friends, the lonely woman began to take the symptoms of a wrecked brain. She cried aloud that her enemies meant to stab her. She saw people with daggers on stairs, in alcoves, in the shadow of her bed curtains. She locked herself almost obnoxious at the Grand Hotel by the altercations with the stewards, the noiseless