The New Orleans Bee.

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NEW ORLEANS,
MONDAY MORNING, MAY 12, 1862.

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY THE WEEK.

The carriers of the BEE are authorized to receive subscriptions to our paper at the rate of 25 cents a week, payable in all cases to the carriers themselves.

THE SITUATION.

Since our last publication matters of considerable interest have occurred. On Saturday a file of soldiers, commanded by a U. S. officer, repaired to the building on Canal street, occupied as the Hope Insurance Company, and as the Consulate of the Netherlands. The flag was floating at the time from the edifice. The Federal officer demanded the key of the vault, but was told by Mr. COUTURIE, the Dutch Consul, that the vault was the property of the Consulate, that the key was in his possession, and would not be given up—also that he protested against the military occupation of his Consular apartments. At the command of the Federal officer Mr. COUTURIE was searched, the key taken from him, the vault opened, and the specie carried off. At half past six o'clock Mr. COUTURIE was informed that he was at liberty. His first act on recovering his freedom was to strike his flag, and to draw up an account of the proceedings. The money held by the Consul belonged to the banking house of HOPE, of Amsterdam, and had been deposited with the Consul as the property of a subject of Holland. Mr. COUTURIE himself is a Frenchman.

In the meanwhile a detachment of soldiers was stationed at the doors of the Canal Bank, corner of Camp and Gravier streets, and at the private banking-house of SAM SMITH & Co., next door to the Canal Bank. At about half-past three o'clock, P. M., a Federal picquet was placed under the porch and at the doors of the building situated corner Magazine and Natchez streets, occupied by the French and Spanish Consuls, with their respective flags floating from it. Soon after the Federal sentinels were withdrawn by order of General BUTLER. The foreign population, though somewhat excited by this unexpected event, refrained, as we learn, from all untoward or intemperate demonstrations. Notes have been exchanged between the French and Spanish Consuls on the one hand, and the Commander-in-Chief on the other, but of their contents we are not advised. All the foreign Consuls have had a conference in reference to the circumstances above narrated. We have stated the facts to the best of our knowledge, and refrain from all comment for obvious reasons.

General BUTLER publishes in the Sunday papers a lengthy notice, the main object of which is to announce his intention to distribute among the poor and destitute of our city a quantity of beef and sugar captured by the United States forces. The work will be commenced this day at the Custom-House, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., where all applicants for aid, who are provided with proper credentials, will be entitled to a share of the provisions. In the official notice it is intimated that the poor of New Orleans have been wholly neglected by the "rebels." We have only to call General BUTLER'S attention to the fact that since the month of August there has been in regular operation in this city a "Free Market," supplied exclusively from voluntary contributions, and which is still in existence. Twice a week between 1700 and 1900 persons have had their baskets filled with meat, vegetables and other articles of food. It is estimated that between five and six thousand individuals are thus nurtured through the liberality of the city and country.

A change has taken place in the military government of our city. GEO. F. SHEPLEY, in a special notice marked No. 21 of General Orders, announces the appointment of Acting Brigadier-General GEO. F. SHEPLEY, Colonel Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, as Military Commandant of New Orleans. It is rumored that Gen. B contemplates establishing his headquarters at some point across the lake. A residence at any of the watering places would be far more agreeable than exposure to the heat, dust and unhealthiness of New Orleans during the perilous months of summer.

The Mississippi is still extraordinarily high, and has broken through the levee in various places, both above and below. We have not heard whether the crevasse in the parish of Iberville has been closed. That at STORY'S plantation, in Plaquemine, is stopped, but another has taken place on the right bank of the river, in the same parish. We anticipate, however, a speedy fall in the pretensions of the "Father of Waters."

The attention of buyers is called to the auction sale of groceries, wines, liquors, &c., advertised by D. E. Morphy, auctioneer, for Monday, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

NEW MUSIC.—Our thanks are due Messrs. A. E. Blackmar & Brother for the following music:

Forest Leaf—a brilliant polka, by H. L. Bohreiner.

Nobody Hurt—a grand march by the same author. Both these compositions evince decided merit.

The Officer's Funeral—words and music by the Hon. MR. PERRIN; a very touching melody.

Improvisation on the "My Maryland," by that clever composer, T. Val LaHache.

The Nun's Prayer—a charming morceau, by Nordmann.

MILITARY COMMANDANT.—Among the General orders will be noticed one appointing Acting Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, Military Commandant of New Orleans. Gen. Butler will probably establish his headquarters at one of the watering places on the lake shore. Of Col. Shepley the *Picayune* says:

Col. Shepley is a son of Hon. Ether Shepley, for many years Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, who also held the office of U. S. District Attorney for that district, and for many years in the Senate of the United States. Col S., a lawyer of eminence in the same State, has also held several offices there, legal and legislative. He is of the old Democratic school in politics.

The proclamation of Gov. LETCHER announces that the amended constitution of the State of Virginia has been rejected by 676 majority.

GEN. BOELL AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.—The Louisville *Journal* publishes a correspondence between Gen. Boell and Judge Underwood, of Warren county, Ky., on the subject of fugitive slaves within the lines of the Federal army. The letter of Gen. Boell, which we have not before seen in print, is as follows:

Headquarters Department of the Ohio,
Nashville, March 5, 1862.

Hon. J. R. Underwood, Chairman of Military Committee, Frankfort, Ky.:

DEAR SIR—I have had the honor to receive your communication of the 1st instant, on the subject of fugitive slaves in the camps of the army.

It has come to my knowledge that slaves sometimes make their way improperly into our lines, and in some instances they may be enticed there, but I think the number has been magnified by report. Several applications have been made to me by persons whose servants have been found in our camps, and in every instance that I knew of the master has received his servant and taken him away.

I need hardly remind you that there will always be found some lawless and mischievous persons in every army; but I assure you that it is neither its disposition nor its policy to violate in w or the rights of individuals in any particular.

With great respect, your obedient servant,
D. C. BOELL,
Brig.-Gen. Com'g Department.

"ARE THE NEGROES IN CHAIN-GANGS AT PORT ROYAL?"—The New York *Herald* asks the above question, and comments upon it thus:

We observe it is stated in a New York journal, "on authority," that the negroes at Port Royal are chained together in gangs, in order to compel them to work, as their minds were so perverted by the false teachings of fanatical missionaries that they thought they would have to work no more, and that in future the white men would work for them, and spoon-feed them besides. This only proves what we have often said—that the negro will only work on compulsion. If the legal owners of these lazy blacks had chained them in the manner described there would be a loud outcry against their inhumanity. We do not believe there are any examples of the kind—as evidence that the Southern planter knows better how to manage the negro, and can make him work with less severity, than Northern men, who do not understand his nature, and are less kindly to him. If the statement be true, nothing can more clearly demonstrate the impossibility of giving freedom to the negroes of the South without such coercive laws as will force them to work. The negro's idea of freedom and of Paradise is to have nothing to do.

HOW LONG SHALL YOU LIVE?—You will live forever. There are no dead. The blow which struck asunder body and spirit did not end the spirit's life. And on the countless myriads of the past, whose dust has long since mingled with the soil, "still live." The men, women and children of Noah's days, and Abraham's and David's—the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian prophet, the swarms of Goth and Hun, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the eastern world—the red men that roamed the forests of the western world, and left its mounds and tree-grown ruins the dim history of their earthly existence—all these are yet alive. They cannot die. Immortality is their birthright and inheritance. With the first breath of life they inhale immortality.

You, too, are henceforth eternal. The life you have begun is an endless life. You have only crossed the threshold. The countless ages before you stretch out in immeasurable distance. When you have trod the path of those years or millions of years which you can reckon up, there will still be before you as many more, fresh and new like the first, and so on forever and ever.

As the traveler can discern his pathway winding among the hills still far off on the horizon, it seems to end, but when he reaches the place, there stretches the path again away to the hill beyond—so will the years of your endless life before you ever the same, age following age, cycle following cycle, till all your powers of computation and measurement have been baffled and confused—and yet you have scarcely begun. The never-ending eternity stretches out just as far ahead as when you took the first step of the journey.

How long will you live? You will live forever. And your life there will depend on your life here. Every day of you complete it, will reappear in the years to come. Every hour, every moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to be read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of your heart records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets. You are writing your life for eternity.

FEARFUL WAR MISSILE.—For many days past, says a late English paper, a sharp look out has been kept upon the movements of the Stork screw boat, tender to the Excellent, Captain Richard S. Hawkes, C. B. We stated some time since that the Stork screw gunboat tender was fitting at Portsmouth, England, with a furnace for firing hollow shot with molten iron, and that the Undaunted, 46 guns, had been prepared with iron plates of such thickness as to render her proof against 68 pound shot at 400 yards range.

On Wednesday evening the Stork went up the harbor and moored on from the starboard side of the Undaunted, 400 yards. A little before 12 at noon she hoisted the red flag, another being also placed on board the frigate, to warn all boats off. At 12.30 the hollow shot, filled with molten iron, was discharged from the Stork and went clean through both iron plates and wood into the body of the ship about four feet above water line. A second shot was fired at a short interval, when smoke was perceived to burst through the ports and hatchway, and in a few minutes more a body of flame. The ship was on fire. As soon as the fire was observed, the Stork slipped her mooring, and steaming up to the head of the Undaunted, set the fire engine to work. Signals were also made to send a body of men from the Excellent to man the large floating fire engine, and to the Comet, Government tug, to tow up with all haste to the rescue. Such, however, was the destructive nature of molten iron, that the doomed vessel was soon one solid mass of flames, and it was considered by Capt. Hewlett expedient to scuttle and sink the ship. This was accordingly done. After firing six rounds into her between wind and water, down she went at her mooring, leaving only the top sail of her forecastle deck and poop visible. The wind being fresh from the S. E. caused poop to take fire, but by this time the powerful floating engine, worked by 100 hands, poured tons and tons of water upon the burning timbers, and in twenty minutes the fire was subdued. It is impossible to attach too much importance to this undoubted proof of what a gunboat, fitted out like the Stork, can do against the enemy's line-of-battle ships.

DO INDIANS SWEAR?—This is a curious question, and the answer, by Mr. Schoolcraft, should put the white man to the blush. This gentleman, who has for many years studied the characteristics of the race, says: "The language of Indians may be accused of, but the practice of swearing they cannot. I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and nothing is more true than the supposed fact. *Sauick ammonosh*, which simply indicates bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler; but I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms used in oaths or for purposes of profanity. It is the result of the observation of others as well as my own, to say that an Indian cannot curse."

THE IDENTIFICATION;
A NARRATIVE OF FACTS, BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

[Continued.]

PART II.

The weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the court; and having made arrangements with his brother Judge, (who had nothing to do in the record court) he left for the next town on the circuit by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late, and, as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on in a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half slept, I know not—at least I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double-knock at the hall-door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and, jumping up, I put my head out of the window and asked, "Who was there?"

"Oh, come down, sir; come down as fast as you can," said Ferrie, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

"Why, what is the matter now, Ferrie?" said I.

"Oh, come down, sir; dress yourself smart, and come down, sir, and I'll tell you."

Of course I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the landing-place I saw that it was not far from two o'clock. Something serious, I was certain, had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferrie's news was that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment when I opened the hall-door and his first words were that Tom Courtney had made his escape from the jail, and that he had again arrested him in a public house in the town.

"Quite and entirely impossible, Ferrie," said I. "On every account impossible, out of the question."

"Quite true, nevertheless, sir," he replied. "I have him in the police-barrack, not forty yards from where you stand; and, what's more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow's house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that King swore she'd know again."

"You're dreaming, Ferrie; 'tis, I say, quite impossible. I can't, and I don't believe it."

"And why not, sir? Why wouldn't he, if he could? And, faith, if it wasn't for Edmund Ferrie, he'd be a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, sir, yourself, and see him; maybe you'll believe your eyesight."

"Scarcely," said I. "What did he say, Ferrie, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?"

"He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh then what a sweet tongue he had, Sir. Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded at one time, in spite of every thing, that he was innocent."

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room, I there beheld Tom Courtney sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to comb his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether, in the expression of his countenance, I had never before seen, and which I did not suppose he was capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said,

"God help you, Tom Courtney; what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferrie with me to Mr. ——, the magistrate, whom I roused up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferrie gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest:

He and his companions had retired to their lodgings rather tired and harrassed after the duties of the day. Their room was of a long, narrow one, which was used as a tap-room. There was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage, up three flights of steps—a second door, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the tap-room; but on this occasion it was very late, and as there were no persons in it, Ferrie and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed. There was a chink of the door between the two rooms open. Ferrie's companions had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it; and he saw a light. Now Ferrie was a cautious, sensible man, who bore business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow where it was not. He never did any thing in a hurry, and therefore seldom did it wrong; and in this instance he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed. But Ferrie did not go to bed that night, nor as he went to doing so; for as he looked out, if ever he saw a man in a new Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table directly opposite him. The candle shone right upon him—full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sitting sideways to the table, but turned round toward Courtney, so that he could not see his face. But it was no matter; he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt; nay, if a doubt could have existed—which, under the circumstances, might have been natural—it was dispelled by the following conversation, every word of which Ferrie drank in, *erectis auribus*, with more than his ordinary surgacity:

"Well, Tom, my boy—for I can't help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now, at least, on your escape from the halter, eh? Don't you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy."

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Ferrie says he's curl all over—and letting him take his hand rather than giving it to him, replied:

"Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but remember, Martin, there are other things to the fall as bad, if not worse, than the widow's; and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better. My heart misgives me that there may be some unpleasance yet."

"Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events," thought Ferrie; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more. "He was," as he said himself, "in the receipt of a legal information of the right sort."

"Don't be down-hearted, man," continued Martin; "here's the girl with the whisky."

It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and she left the room.

"Martin, you have no right to call me down-hearted. Recollect to-day, didn't I stand it like a man? I would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward; you were very near scolding all."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn't help it. The recollection of the poor Widow Murphy's screams, and the blood upon her gray hairs and face, and the way that *you* spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back, that I might be seen, was too much for me; and the place was so hot, and, altogether, I could not help it; but it's all over now, and you promised you would not bring it up again; so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom; what is it?"

"Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe, and be the best half of the way to Galway by daylight! I'm used to it, you know."

"Right well: here's to you and me; there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferrie was stealing into his jacket and trowsers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad to know—what was new to him—how Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was cute and apples to Ferrie: it was his time for business, and of all men in the force he was not likely to spoil a job in a hurry. He therefore stole over, and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them:

"For their life not to open their lips or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible. And," he added, "our fortunes are made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'-feet*, but with their brogues, through the little door of which I spoke to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until there heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say, what next? Ferrie, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney and gripped him by the throat; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—'twas for life or death—and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be; but Ferrie and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favor, but as to numbers and being armed, (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets) Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and handcuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferrie had finished the recital from which I have put the above into the form of detail, he pulled out an isle of Man half-penny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, Sir?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight.

I did; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that half-penny; I never won a kiss but the one I won with that, and it was the means of my taking Tom Courtney; for the Tubbercullen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town—we were for Hannigan's, and they were for M'Coy's, if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coys, and Courtney was clean gone forever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was, indeed, a villain and a hypocrite; that he had made his escape from the jail, with the assistance of an accomplice; that Ferrie had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped; but was fortunately he had been watched, with the assistance of his comrades to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. —— of the fact as Ferrie had found it to persuade me; but he came up to the barrack, and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined, then, to remain up all night till the jail should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferrie back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him, in writing, of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man; and if a person could enjoy any thing at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the governor's distraction, when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and the face again, when we should inform him that he had been retaken. Musing and thinking on these things, we turned our steps toward the jail long before the usual hour for its being open, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black velvet jacket pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet," said I.

"Oh, he must," said Mr. ——, "look at him."

We approached him; there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him; rather a melancholy sadness, as he returned our "Goodmorning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. ——; "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, sir; my God, how could it be worse? The poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! How so? He might have escaped himself, but he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off! what do you mean? Sure, not the poor fellow! I am quite certain he would not have moved a step if large guns were open all night, and that it was to save his life."

Mr. —— and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow! I have but just left him, and, notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentlemen, my opinion is, that if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What," cried Mr. —— and myself, in a breath, "do you, indeed, say that he is here? that he has not made his escape?"

"Oh, gentlemen, this is no time for joking; I am not able to bear it—indeed, I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah! poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature. He says, but for his mother he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him!"

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking it would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you seem to be mistaken, for, beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night and has been retaken, with one of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferrie—even heard him confess the whole business, while talking to his accomplice.

[To be continued.]

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Wounded and Killed—It was reported on Saturday that Mr. John Crickerd, a teller in the Bank of New Orleans, had been wounded severely in the hip on Monday by the Federal pickets on the Jackson Railroad, while coming to the city on a hand car. We entertained yesterday that there were several persons on the car, and that a young man named Jones, formerly of one of our hotels, was also dangerously wounded, and that one or two other persons were killed. It appears that the party did not bear the call of the pickets, owing to the noise of the car, and the sad consequences followed. The affair occurred beyond Kenner, we believe, and the soldiers express regrets about it, but they say they had no other choice than obey orders. Mr. Crickerd's wound is not serious, being in the fleshy part of the "gluteal" muscle.

The City the Weather the River.—We have a moderate report only of these three sources of local interest. The crowds here and there—where the Federal bayonet gleams, particularly—still persist in obstructing some thoroughfares; and we actually saw four young ladies the other day, in a Prytania street car, get a good look at a poor solitary Federal officer passing along Canal street. From the number of large buildings which are being seized by the military power, and dedicated to hospital uses, we infer that the increasing warmth of the weather has some effect on the health of the army in our midst. We regret to see that these hospitals are mostly established in the business thoroughfares of the city.

Yesterday the weather was decidedly alkaline and pleasant. The ardency of the sun was mercifully tempered by gentle breezes and hospitably interfering clouds from time to time during the day. According to appearances the river opposite the city front is in *statu quo*, though we hear of some crevassing at no great distance hence. The street commissioner, though aware of his helping deputies are absent "to the wars," we believe, is putting a large force to work on the filth and slunch of the streets and gutters, and we expect to see a change soon in their condition.

Police Yesterday.—Up to evening some twenty-five or, thirty negroes were brought to the First District Station as runaways. One large party was caught in a boat on the river, and a smaller one on a skiff.

In the Second District Pierre LaGeorge was taken up at the request of Mrs. Ellen Pairis, for threatening her with a pistol on St. Philip street Saturday night with murderous purpose. Dominique Daveisse was arrested in the market for re using to sell W. H. Smith meat for "current money." Thomas Jones was arrested in his conduct, was charged with larceny at the same market—a piece of beef was found in his basket. Tom Whalen was arrested for stealing wagon on the levee—he had a bag of ice—and two negroes, for the same offence, and supposed runaways, were also calaboosed.

Police Matters.—Saturday was a dry day in the police line of news. The records told their story in a manner. Only a few drunk and disturbing the peace—whisky the main author of almost every muss, which seems to constitute most and bread to quite a large class of our unfortunates. The soft planks of the calaboose relieving them from the cost of lodgings.

It should be noted, however, that Rev. Dr. Holloway makes a statement that Mr. H. L. Kauffman, at whose house, in the Second District, quite a quantity of stolen goods were found a day or two ago and so reported, is entirely innocent of complicity in the matter. It seems there is "a family quarrel" involved, but its merits are not stated.

The Markets.—Our domestic markets look a little greener and bloodier. Beef has fallen to 40 cents, and the money changers are about as ugly as ever.

Free Market.—This institution on Saturday did its wicks duty as usual, and supplied 1725 families with wholesome food.

Dyed and Dying.—Capt. Huyghe died yesterday of his wounds, received at the battle of the forts, and we learned also that Col. McIntosh was in a very low condition.

Reopening of our Post-Office.—The military authorities have made arrangements to reopen the Post-office on Wednesday next. Hereafter, however, the mails will come and go only through the medium of the Federal sources.

Military Commandant.—Acting Brigadier-General Geo. F. Shepley, Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, is announced in General Orders No. 24 as Military Commandant of the city of New Orleans.

The Strong Hand.—We learn that the residence of Gen. Twiggs and Col. Adams, in Prytania street, have both been taken for occupancy by the Federal forces.

Cattle Market,
SATURDAY GUT, May 12 1862

At and Saturday, and yesterday, 191 Texas Beeves, and 66 Yoke. Almost of stock sold was 9 Texas Beeves and 66 Yoke. Stock remaining on sale is 82 Texas Beeves and 32 Yoke. We quote:

Western Beef Cattle,	₩ 100 lbs. net,	1st qy.	—@—	
" "	" "	2d "	3 00@3 50	
Texas "	" "	1st "	3 00@3 50	
" "	" "	2d "	—@—	
" "	" "	3d "	—@—	
Yoke Cattle,	₩ head,	1st "	85@—	
" "	" "	2d "	70@—	
" "	" lower grades, ₩ head,		6@7	
" "	nett, ₩ lb.,		—@—	
Sheep,	"	1st "	6 00@7 00	
"	"	2d "	5 00@6 00	
Hogs,	₩ 100 lbs., gross,	1st "	6 00@6 50	
"	"	2d "	5 00@6 00	
Milch Cows,	₩ head,	1st "	50 00@60 00	
" "	"	2d "	40 00@50 00	
Goats,	₩ head		3 00@4 00	

MAN AWAY

FROM the Bonne Grand Plantation on the 29th inst., the negro

BENJAMIN, 25 years old,
PRIMUS, 20 years old,
FRIDAY, 20 years old,
JOHN ALLEN, 30 years old,
JOE TEXAS, 40 years old,
RICHARD, 43 years old,
ROBERT, 36 years old,
ROBERT, 18 years old.

A liberal reward is offered for their recovery. Apply to W. S. D. Hebert, 57 Carondelet street.

Also, my JOHN MAKER ran away from Bohrette Plantation, Terrebonne, eight miles below the city. This boy has served in the

NOTICE.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 9, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 28.

The deplorable state of destitution and hunger of the Acadians and Teeling classes in this city has been brought to the knowledge of the Commanding General.

He has yielded to every suggestion made by the city government, and ordered every method of furnishing food to the people of New Orleans that the government deemed. No relief by these officials has yet been afforded. This hunger does not pinch the wealthy and influential, the leaders of the rebellion, who have gotten us this war, and are now endeavoring to prosecute it, without regard to the starving poor, the working man, his wife and child. Unmindful of their suffering fellow-citizens at home, they have caused or suffered provisions to be carried out of the city for Confederate service above the occupation of the United States forces.

Lafayette Square, their base of offensive, was made the depot of stores and munitions of war for the rebel armies, and not of provisions for their poor neighbors. Striking hands with the vile, the gambler, the idler and the ruffian, they have destroyed the sugar and cotton which might have been exchanged for food for the industrious and good, and regaled the price of that which is left, by discrediting the very currency they had fostered while they obeyed with the speed; as well that stolen from the United States as the Banks, the property of the good people of New Orleans, thus leaving them to ruin and starvation.

Fugitives from justice, many of them, and others, their associates, saying because too guerile and insignificant to be objects of punishment by the clement Government of the United States

They have betrayed their country.

They have been false to every trust.

They have shown themselves incapable of defending the State they have mined upon, although they have forced every poor man's child into the service as soldiers for that purpose, while they made their command negroes officers.

They cannot protect those whom they have ruined, but have left them to the mercies and commissariat of a chronic mob.

They will not feed those whom they are starving.

Mostly without property themselves, they have plundered, stolen and destroyed the means of those who had property, leaving ruthless promises and old age hopeless.

MEN OF LOUISIANA, WORKINGMEN, PROPERTY-HOLDERS, MERCHANTS AND CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES, of whatever nation we may have had birth, how long will you uphold these flagrant wrongs, and by inaction suffer yourselves to be made the serfs of these leaders?

The United States have sent land and naval forces here to fight and subdue rebellious enemies in arms against her authority. We find, unfortunately, a fugitive mammon, runaway property burners, a whisky-drinking mob, and starving citizens with their wives and children. It is our duty to call back the first, to punish the second, feed out the third, food and protect the last.

Ready only for war, we had not prepared ourselves to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed with provisions. Set to the gallant possible obtain the power of the Commanding General it shall be done.

He has captured a quantity of beef and sugar intended for the rebels in the field. A thousand barrels of those stores will be distributed among the deserving poor of this city, from whom the rebels had plundered it, even although some of the food will go to supply the gravid wants of the wives and children of the so now herding at "Camp Moore" and elsewhere, in arms against the United States.

Capt. John Clark, Acting Chief Commissary of Subsistence, will be charged with the execution of this order, and will give public notice of the place and manner of distribution, which will be arranged as to be possible, so that the unworthy and dissolute will not share its benefits.

By command of
MAJOR-GEN. BUTLER.
GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE,
Custom-house, New Orleans, May 10, 1862.

In compliance with the above order of the Commanding General, the Commissary announces that his office in the Custom-house will be open on MONDAY, and from day to day thereafter, from 9 o'clock, A. M., to 1 P. M., for the purpose of ascertaining the names of those who present themselves for assistance. Applicants for aid should bring such credentials from gentlemen in their respective Districts as shall guard against deception. The indorsement of a clergyman, a physician, or any gentleman known or knowing, will be sufficient.

On Monday, two hundred thrones of beef will be distributed.

JOHN CLARK,
Capt. and Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. A.
may12 2t

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 9, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 24.

Acting Brigadier-General George F. Shepley, Colonel Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, is hereby appointed Military Commandant of New Orleans.

All officers on duty in this city or in Algiers, except officers of the Division Staff, will report to him.

By command of
MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.
GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. General. may12

UNITED STATES ARMY.

RECRUITS! RECRUITS! RECRUITS!

A few ABLE-BODIED MEN are wanted to fill up the various Regiments U. S. A., in the Military Department, to the maximum standard. Pay, $13 per month. Clothing and Rations, and a Bounty of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS at the end of the war. Unless men! "forward, right into line, march."

Several applications having been made by persons loyal to the United States Government for leave to raise a regiment for the service, notice is hereby given that the written proposals of such persons to that end will be received at the General Recruiting Office and considered.

Office, No. 109 St. Charles street, New Orleans.
LOUIS A. SALOMON,
may9 1w Recruiting Officer.

Notice.

I HEREBY notify the public not to trust my husband, Kaufman Marx, on my account, as I shall not be responsible for any debt he may contract under
CAROLINE DEPAS,
may12 3t[16] wife of K. Marx.

For Confederate Notes.

FOR SALE—A SPLENDID PROPERTY on Canal street, between Esplanade and Bienville. Apply to
P. J. DUCROS,
may12 2t No. 119 Common street.

Ale and Porter
FOR CONFEDERATE NOTES.

ALE AND PORTER, approved brands, quarts and pints, in quantities to suit.
J. H. ADAMS, Broker,
may12 1w No. 32 Natchez street.

SULPHURIC ACID—5 carboys, for sale by
E. J. HART & CO.
may12 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st

SALERATUS, Saddles,
Boiled Meats, Fruits and Vegetables,
Oil and Choice Liquors,
Assorted Groceries,
Soaps and Chandelais.
For sale by E. J. HART & CO.,
may12 77 and 79 Tchoupitoulas st

For Sale for Confederate Notes,

A THREE-STORY BRICK STORE, with Granite front on Levee, between Esplanade and Elysian Fields streets, together with one hundred shares of 25 capital stock of the Orleans Bank, now reduced to 33. Apply on St. Louis street, No. 137, near Burgundy.
may9 2t

MACARONI, MACARONI.—200 boxes Macaroni for family use for sale by
E. PIAGGIO,
may9 6t Corner Royal and St. Louis streets.

Notice to Stockholders of the Star Insurance Company.

THE Commissioners of Liquidation of the Star Insurance Company have declared a dividend on the capital stock, payable on demand at their office, No. 14 Carondelet street.
may7 6t

Notice.

THE undersigned will redeem their Not between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock, at the Southern Mills, 121 and 123 Perdido street.
may6 6t D. J. HOCKERSMITH & CO.

Union Insurance Company
of New Orleans.
May 34, 1862.

NOTICE is hereby given to the holders of certificates of profits issued by the Union Insurance Company for the year 1858, and due this day, that the same will be paid on presentation and delivery of said certificates on and after this day.

Interest on all certificates of profits issued by said Company, up to the 30th April last, will also be paid on and after this day to the holders of said certificates, at the office of the Company, corner Canal and St. Charles streets.
may9 16d A. CHIAPELLA, President.

TO PLANTERS.

WE are compelled to give notice that we cannot at present receive further orders for goods. The orders received and registered up to this time, accompanied with cash, or with drafts, will receive all the goods we can make up to the first of September.

Planters are hereby notified that we cannot receive any more orders.

Public notice will be given in due time when process engagements will be completed.

S. M. HART & CO.

Lard.

LARD—50 tierces choice Western Lard, in store and for sale by
F. FOUJOL,
may9 1t No. 11 Toulouse street.

AUCTION SALES.

General Assortment of Fancy and other Groceries, Wines, Liquors &c., &c.

BY D. E. MORPHY, Auctioneer.

MONDAY, the 12th May, 1862, at 10 o'clock, A. M., will be sold in the store of Messrs. Pinchard & Co., corner of Gravier and Tchoupitoulas streets, A large and well-selected stock of Groceries, Liquors, Wines, &c., &c. For full details see catalogues which will be ready for inspection on Friday next.

Terms cash. myl

Peremptory Sale at Auction of all the Valuable and Elegant Furniture, Carpets, Mirrors, &c., of the St. James Hotel.

BY E. M. MONTGOMERY & BRO.,
E. M. MONTGOMERY, Auctioneer.

WILL be sold at the said auction mart, No 77 Camp street, in the hall, up stairs (the sale to commence on WEDNESDAY, the 14th instant, at 10 o'clock, and 12 lunches at the same hour from day to day until the whole stock is sold)—

The entire CONTENTS of the St. James Hotel (removed for the convenience of sale) consisting of valuable Parlor, Chamber, Reception and Dining-room Furniture, Elegant Mirrors, Superior Velvet, 3 ingle and Tapestry Carpets, Oil Cloth and Stair Carpets, Beds of solid Oak Furniture, Curtains, Hair and Moss Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Mosquito Nets, and all the Utensils of the Culinary and Dining Departments, all of which are completely and elegantly fitted, being a first-class Hotel. It is well known to the community that the Hotel has been very recently furnished entire with new and costly Furniture from the best manufactories, and consequently is in excellent condition, and very little depreciated in value by use. The sale will afford to purchasers good and profitable bargains, and to hotel keepers an excellent opportunity of selecting from a large and elegant stock. The articles sold each day will be delivered immediately after the sale.

Terms cash, in Confederate paper, at the time of purchase. myl1

Succession of Andrew Gorbrich.
Second District Court.—No. 18,014.

BY H. A. KINGSTON, Auctioneer.

WILL be sold on WEDNESDAY, the 14th May, 1862, at 11 o'clock, M., on the premises of the deceased, on Third street between Prytania and St. Philip streets, Second District of the city, by order of the Second District Court of New Orleans, the following movable property, viz:

Also, one valuable Saddle Horse and one Cart.

Terms cash on the spot. Confederate notes received. myl0

LEGAL NOTICES.

To the Editors of the Bee:

Please announce Mr. EUGENE STAES as a candidate for Recorder of the Second District. Election June next.

myl