THE NEW ORLEANS BEE.

Office 73 Chartres street. NEW ORLEANS FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1864. Vol. XVII—New Series. Vol. XXVI—Whole No. 13,168

NEW ORLEANS:
FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 15.

On our second page will be found the List of Letters remaining in the Post Office, auction sales, sheriffs' sales and other miscellaneous advertisements.

We have received from the Mayor's office a neat little volume containing the ceremonies and addresses at the late City Celebration of the Anniversary of the National Independence at Lafayette square, phonographically reported by S. W. Burnham and A. L. Hartlett, and printed at the *Era* steam book and job office.

INSTITUTION LOCQUET.—A distribution of prizes and diplomas from this institution is announced to take place this evening at 6 o'clock, in St. Alphonsus Hall, St. Andrew street, between Magazine and Constance streets, Fourth District. We acknowledge an invitation to attend this interesting occasion.

We are indebted to the politeness of Capt. J. Johnson, of the Cahawba, for valuable favors.

REPORT OF THE CAHAWBA.—The U. S. transport steamship Cahawba, Captain J. Johnson, arrived at half past 8 P. M. from New York on the 9th. July 9th, 1 P. M., lat. 32 deg. 31 min., long. 78 deg. 44 min., passed U. S. transport steamship Cassandra steering S. W.

Additional from the North by the Steamship Cahawba.

By the arrival, last night, of the U. S transport steamship Cahawba, Captain J. Johnson, we obtained a New-York journal of the 6th, from which we take the following:

Passengers Lost and Saved on the Locust Point.

The following passengers are reported as lost on the Locust Point in her collision with the Matanzas:

Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. R. L. Samuels, Miss Samuels, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. Demarest, J. Hoffman, J. F. Zimmerman and wife.

And the following passengers were saved: Felix Larco, H. Marix, Dr. G. H. Blake, J. Bodfish and wife, Miss E. Doble, Mrs. Jane Brooks, J. Bazilios S. Leblanc, Capt. Powers.

Among the crew were lost: H. Ruby, 1st officer, Sterkins, 2d engineer, August Strobeck, 3d engineer, Jas. Whistle, fireman.

Fuller Particulars of the Fight Between the Kearsarge and the Alabama.

On the morning of Sunday, June 19th, at half past 9 the Alabama was observed steaming out of Cherbourg harbor toward the steamer Kearsarge. At 11:10 the Alabama commenced the action by firing with her starboard battery at a distance of about a mile. The Kearsage also opened fire immediately with her starboard gun, and a sharp engagement, with a rapid firing from both ships, was kept up, both shot and shell been discharged. In the maneuvring the vessels made seven complete circles at a distance of from a quarter to half a mile.

At twelve o'clock the firing from the Alabama was observed to slacken, and she appeared to be making head sail and shaping her course for England, which was distant about nine miles.

At 12:30 the Confederate vessel was in a disabled and sinking state.

The encounter was witnessed by the English steam yacht Deerhound, which made toward the Alabama at the moment, and in passing the Kearsage was requested to assist in saving the crew of the Alabama. When the Deerhound was still at a distance of two hundred yards, the Alabama sank, and the Deerhound then lowered her boats, and with the assistance of those from the sinking vessel, succeeded in saving about forty men, including Captain Semmes and thirteen officers.

The Kearsage was apparently much disabled. The Alabama's loss in killed and wounded is as follows: Drowned, one officer and one man; killed, six men; wounded, one officer, and six seamen. Total, eight killed and seventeen wounded.

Captain Semmes is slightly wounded in the hand.

The Kearsage's boats were lowered, and with the assistance of the French pilot, succeeded in picking up the remainder of the crew.

Before going out to fight Captain Semmes confided to a gentleman on shore his journals, so that the documents connected with the cruise of the Alabama.

The London *Morning Herald* says the Alabama was terribly in want of repair. Her copper was so weakened in such an extent as to deprive her of her only advantage, superiority of speed, while the Kearsage was fresh from port, and kept purposely in order for the contingency of an encounter with the Alabama.

The Alabama was, however, from the first overmatched. The crew of the Kearsage consisted of one hundred and fifty to her one hundred and twenty, and the Kearsage carried two one hundred pounders, the Alabama carrying no guns of that calibre.

It is stated that a formal challenge to fight was given by the Kearsage, and accepted by Captain Semmes.

According to some accounts the Kearsage had sustained considerable damage, her sides being torn open, showing the chain plating. A dispatch, however, from Cherbourg (where it is presumed the Kearsage has arrived,) says that she had suffered no damage of importance, and that none of her officers were killed or wounded.

The Kearsage captured sixty-eight of the officers and crew of the Alabama.

Official Report of Captain Semmes.

Mr. Mason, the representative of the Confederate Government, has sent a copy of this report to the *Times*. Captain Semmes say that in an hour and ten minutes the Alabama was found to be in a sinking state, the enemy's shells having exploded on her sides and between decks. For a few minutes he had hopes of reaching the French coast, but the ship filled rapidly, and the furnace fires were extinguished.

Captain Semmes says: I now hauled down colors to prevent the further destruction of life, and dispatched a boat to inform the enemy of our condition, although we were now but 400 yards from each other. The enemy fired about five times after colors had been struck. It is charitable to suppose that a ship of war of a Christian nation could not have done this intentionally. Some twenty minutes after my fires had been extinguished, and the ship being on the point of sinking, every man, in obedience to a previous order which had been given to the crew, jumped overboard and endeavored to save himself. There was no appearance of any boats coming from the enemy after the ship went down. It was fortunate (my off this escape) to the shelter of the neutral flag on board Mr. Lecomster's yacht Deerhound, with about forty others.

Proclamation of Martial Law in Kentucky.

The President has issued a Proclamation in which, after citing the law of 1863 he declares that the operation of the writ of habeas corpus is suspended and martial law declared throughout the State of Kentucky. The ground for this action, according to President Lincoln, is the hostility to the Government in that State.

COTTON SPECULATION IN LEFOURCHE.—We read in the Thibodeaux *Sentinel* of the 9th:

Notwithstanding the dark appearance of the crop, speculation is still thriving and carried on with great vivacity in our Parish. We have heard of cotton selling at $60 an arpent without guarantee of the planter as to quantity or quality. Persons desirous of purchasing cotton at the above mentioned price can call for information at our office and we will indicate to them places where they will be able to amply their desire.

HOW TREATIES ARE OBSERVED BY RUSSIA. A Polish journal published at Dresden says that Russia has forty-two war vessels upon the Black Sea, besides thirty-two gunboats in course of construction. In order to keep within the letter of the treaty, all these craft are called merchant ships, and the official phraseology are made to belong to the Black Sea Steam Navigation Company. To prevent the fleet sharing the fate of that of 1855, Russia has constructed a fortress at Kertsch, which commands the entrance to the Sea of Azof, and which will provide a safe shelter for the Russian vessels in that sea. At Nicholaieff the arsenal and the dockyards have been restored." According to the same journal Russia has built some new fortifications upon the island of Alaska, but with similation she is thus increasing her officials and her navy. "And it was to obtain such results as these," adds the Polish journal, "that so many brave English and French soldiers found a grave at Sebastopol."

A young man being asked by his sweetheart what photography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was photography: "U R A B U T L E M."

The Threatened European War.

It is with a sort of melancholy relief, perhaps with a degree of selfish satisfaction, such as a sick man finds in objects that distract his thoughts from the presence of disease, that the minds turns from the vexed questions and the sanguinary events of the war in America, to contemplate the vivid prospect of a general war among the nations of Europe. It is hard to conceive the possibility, judging from last advices, that such a war can be long deferred. Hostilities were fully expected to recommence between Denmark and Prussia and Austria—Arbitration had been rejected, the London Conference was a confessed failure—nothing remained but to renew the appeal to the *ultima ratio regis*, the last argument of kings and nations. By the expiration of the armistice, Denmark must of course resume that attitude, but, upon the word of the London *Post*, organ of the English Premier, this time she will not be left to stand alone in that attitude against stupendous odds. In the words of the *Post*, "the arm of England, when the war begins again, will be put forward in the defence of Denmark," in which event, the *Post* observes, "we shall enter upon a European war of which the ultimate consequences will be greater than are contemplated by the slow-thinking imaginations of Berlin and Vienna." With bitter regret, but with firm determinations it is also declared, this step will be taken.

If the English language in the months of contemporary Englishmen has not utterly lost its meaning, words like these mean war, in a precisely expressed contingency, just as soon as that contingency shall arrive. Nor could the threatened war well be one of a pudding, light-headed, narrowly conditioned character.

In the war in prospect all questions would look for a solution. On every hand, smothered vengeances would leap to the notes, slumbering hopes would awake to action, buried nationalities would rise again amid the desperate struggle to recover their places on the political map of Europe.

In the very beginning it would involve, besides Denmark, three of the great powers, England, Austria and Prussia, and possibly Russia and Sweden, which would make six nations introduced at once into the bloody arena. But this would be only the prelude to the grand drama, whose scenes and catastrophies stretched away beyond and lost themselves in the mysterious vista of the future.

The moment Austria was engaged with a first class power, Italy, which has only been waiting for such an opportunity, would enter the contest in order to obtain Venetia and more firmly consolidate the Italian kingdom. France is traditionally, it is at the moment specifically, pledged to assist Italy in the struggle that would surely follow on the memorable battle field lying at the foot of the Alps. Great Britain would light the torch of revolution in Poland would take new hope at the sight of the beacon, and Hungary, so dim and cheerless, would rekindle at the blaze.

By that time Austria would be in need of extraordinary help, and extraordinary help would be expected from but one power in Europe. Russia. And then, doubtless, the war would begin to approach its last analysis—to solve the final problem—to try the ultimate question between Czarism in Western and Southern Europe and despotism in Northern and Eastern Europe.

It was such a day of dread to Napoleon, a prisoner in Helena, foresaw, when he said that "in fifty years Europe would be either Cossack or Republican." Ten fifty years have elapsed. The Cossack has been staggering ready for the trial. He has never were more greedy for it. The Wolf he were richer brighter, his fierce and impatient steed stuffed the battle afar off, and large to fave the victorious limbs in the Rhine, the Po, and even the Seine. Nevertheless the Cossack might suffer tremendous disaster in the conflict. The heart of Asia beneath the European mask of Russia is not so invulnerable, that some fatal wound in it not reach it. Time will tell.

Official Report of the Crops in the Eastern and Western States.

The *National Intelligencer* gives the following summary of the footing-up reports of the Department of Agriculture on the condition of the crops in June:

Apples—A good crop in the Eastern and Middle States, but no good in the Western much of the bloom having fallen of without setting the fruit.

Peaches—In the Eastern States the crop promises well; in the Western it is almost totally destroyed, with many of the trees.

Grapes—Many were killed to the ground on the 1st day of January, others have fine beds more or less injured in the West, but a fair crop is anticipated.

Wheat (Winter)—The growing condition of this crop is most excellent except in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, where drouth has prevailed, and in one or two other localities, but it was severely injured by the cold weather of February, where there was but little snow on the ground. The general injury from this cause is estimated at not less than fifty per cent. As the time approaches for harvesting the crop in the Eastern and Middle States, however, bids fair to be a superlative.

Spring Wheat—In almost this crop is not quite an average on account of the lateness of the spring and the scarcity of labor, but it is in a very favorable growing condition.

Corn—The lateness of the spring kept back planting, but the wet warm weather has brought this crop forward very rapidly, and it promises well at this time. It is nearly an average crop in the number of acres planted, many injured wheat fields having been put in corn.

Oats—Universally spoken of as the finest and most promising crop of the kind ever sown in our country.

Clover and Grasses—These are in excellent condition, and the expectation is that the hay crop will be unusually large.

Maple Sugar and Molasses—Almost in every State where made there has been a large increase; the quality is spoken of as excellent.

(From the New York Herald, July 1.)

Shoddy in Dressmaking and Millinery.

We have heard a great deal of the ravages of large numbers of foreign *modistes* and milliners who have recently descended upon our shores. They are one of the incidents of this cruel war—part of the age of shoddy. Attracted hither by the news of the large amounts of money that contractors' wives and daughters spend, they have devoted themselves to extortion, and spread terror and dismay in countless families. They suppose that we are all contractors. France is the glorious land of shiftlessness. In Paris it is the custom for the dressmakers and milliners to make out their bills for twice the amount that they agree to take or expect to get. But there the custom is understood, and merely gives piquancy to the interviews between Madame and the *modiste*. But here the custom is not understood, and therefore has caused trouble.

Some of our people actually paid these newly imported persons the full amount of their first bills. Astonished at this, they claimed, on the next occasion, double what they were paid before, and so, increasing in geometrical ratio, they have gotten to stupendous figures. A gentleman from Chicago received a bill for four dresses. The dresses averaged in cost fifteen dollars each. Cut and ruffle and enhancement with a wilderness of flippery, the dressmaker's charge for each dress was one hundred dollars. It is singular what the result may be when, in case of this kind, a man sets out to find the original bill—that is, to find out what the price of the real labor done would have been if the French fashion monger had not, by the liberality of her customers, been induced to double her bill so many times. We are actually acquainted with an instance in which a milliner rent in a bill for eight hundred dollars, that, upon argument, was reduced to seventy five dollars, and the milliner was glad to get the seventy five.

—Says George Catlin: "Always sleep with your *mouth shut*." In order that people may be in the habit of keeping a close mouth in their sleep, his counsel extends to our working hours and employment:

"Keep your mouth shut when you *read*, when you *write*, when you *listen*, when you are in *press*, when you are *walking*, when you are running, when you are *riding*, and by all means, when you are *angry*. There is no person in society but who will find, and acknowledge, improvement in health and enjoyment from even a *temporary* attention to this advice."

He that is truly polite knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation, and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and a low familiarity.

Under the Cross.

I cannot, cannot say
Out of my bruised and breaking heart,
Storm driven along a thorn set way,
With blood drop stained
From every pore as I drag on,
Thy will, O God, be done.

I cannot in the wave
Of my struggle sorrow's fierce billows,
Look up to Heaven with spirit brave
With holy calmness
And while this wearining rite goes on,
Murmur, God's will be done.

I am not strong to bear
This sudden blast of overthrowing breath,
With heavenward hope in dark despair,
And life in death.
I can say, without the sigh,
My God, Thy will be done.

I thought but yesterday
My will was one with God's dear will,
And that it would be sweet to say,
Whatever lid
My happy state should smile upon,
Thy will, my God, be done.

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wisdom of heart,
And God in love let me run astray
With consoling art,
To chase me in the golden sun,
To say God's will be done.

Oh! shadow dimmed and cold,
That frightens me as I look in prophecy,
O God! let thy mercy be so
Its solitary tide,
I said till in your power was made known,
God's will, not mine, be done.

Now dark and wan afraid
Under my cross, heavy and cold,
My life in the ash stained,
Like ashes of wood,
The holy words my pale lips utter,
O God, Thy will be done.

Pity my weakness, O God
And touch my soul with Thy warm love,
Fill its dim chamber and Thy rod
That children doubting
And weak faith may feel Thy stay,
And say, "Thy will be done."

The Madman's Wit.

A gentleman of fortune visited a madhouse, say lately, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients stand in tubs of cold water—those slightly afflicted up to the knees, those whose cases were graver, up to the middle, while persons very seriously ill were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who seemed to have some curiosity to know how the stranger got past his keeper out of doors.

"I have horses and greyhounds fast outstripping, said the latter in reply to the others question. "And they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"I have a number of rooms."

"I have a pack of hounds for hunting foxes."

"And they cost a great deal, I know."

"A great deal. And I have birds for hawking."

"Yes, birds for hunting birds are the most expensive, I dare say."

"You are well informed, for they are not known in the country. And then I remember you have a gun, accompanied by a pistol which is perfect."

"Yes, these are expensive."

"Of course. After all the pains I have taken to ascertain the understanding that nothing can get by me undiscovered, I recognize you not as a madman, but as a fellow-lodger in this madhouse."

"Well, you know, we had a fine row about the bill, and I was obliged to leave in a hurry."

"Yes, I know it very well. I have seen your friends. They were, however, unable to catch me. I have not been in bed. We are now at least on equal terms, for I have not slept since I saw you."

"Well, I will be frank with you. My name is Napoleon Bonaparte, and I am the emperor of all Europe."

"Why, we had a fine row about that, too—they are getting tired of it, and I was obliged to leave in a hurry."

"Bosh!