The New Orleans Bee.

NEW ORLEANS, WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

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THE DAILY BEE.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 26, 1853.

TO OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS.

Advertisers are earnestly requested, to send in their favors, if possible, in the copy of the day. The long hours at which a large number of announcements are received, frequently prevent the possibility of their insertion, or compels us to delay the publication of our sheet.

☞ The Northern Mail came through yesterday, with the latest dates.

NEW EXPLORER.

We had the pleasure yesterday, of handling the huge skeleton of this singular animal—feeling its vast length along, for one hundred feet, and, at the same time, listening to a learned and interesting lecture on its discovery from the lips of Professor Koch. The Zeuglodon must have been equal in size to ten or twelve of the largest crocodiles that during the present period repose in the mud of the upper Nile. It was an amphibious animal, exceedingly voracious, armed with a tail capable of crushing an elephant at a blow, and with immense strength of jaw. From the geological strata in which the bones were found, the Zeuglodon must have lived anterior to the epoch of human existence. Dr. Koch obtained this magnificent skeleton in Washington county, Alabama. A large portion of the territory of that State imbedds the fossilized remains of antediluvian reptiles and other creatures. Dr. Koch's brief exposition of geological science and descriptions of the various strata, and the probable condition of animal life during the predominance of each, was exceedingly lucid and felicitous. The Zeuglodon, he maintains, is of comparatively recent formation, the specimen before him having lived but a few *thousands of years ago.*

By the way, in connection with this account, Dr. Koch related an anecdote highly creditable to a class of men usually presumed to be insensible enough to the attractions of science. It appears that the bones had been boxed up and sent to New York by sea. The Doctor, while in New York, learned that the gentlemen, who, that a Savant only can appreciate the arrival in distress at Key West of the vessel upon which his Zeuglodon had been placed, and that nothing had been saved except some boxes of bones. Imagining, of course, that the wreck of course have tossed them overboard as rubbish, he made up his mind to lose the fruits of many months of anxious toil. What was his astonishment and gratification, a week or two afterwards, to receive his darling Zeugl-don entire perfect and uninjured. The wreckers, it seems, had held a meeting, at which some of them explained the nature of these bones, and they had unanimously resolved to re-ship them in good order to Dr. Koch, and to pay all the expenses themselves. This was done, and we agree with the Doctor in regarding the conduct of the wreckers as a beautiful trait, evincing the deep respect which science creates even in the most untutored minds.

THE TWENTY-SECOND.

The celebration of the one hundred and twenty-th anniversary of WASHINGTON's birth day passed off with but little of that enthusiasm due to the memory of the Father of his Country. Beyond a military display—meager at that, and a salute from the public squares—this latter constitutes the entire programme of the celebration furnished by the Common Council—there was little or nothing to distinguish the day from any other. Offices, counting rooms, stores and shops were open. Merchants followed their usual pursuits, artisans toiled out their toil, and the mechanics plied their hammer with as little concern as if GEORGE WASHINGTON had never been born. Well, we suppose that this is a utilitarian age, and that the importance of business cannot stifled even to yield to a day in honor of the benefactor to the country, under Providence, we in great part owe our national existence, and the prosperity and happiness we now enjoy. But we cannot help regretting that the sacred memory of the past is allowed thus to fade away, and that year by year the observance of our national festivals is permitted to fall into disuse.

To our mind such increasing neglect argues a decreasing spirit of patriotic reverence. The ties that bind together the citizens of our wide spread but common country must become enfeebled, when they refuse to allow themselves a brief respite from the absorbing pursuits of gain, upon the recurrence of our great national holidays. We invariably feel disposed to rebuke the inevitable land shark on such occasions. However truly valuable are commerce and its results, labor and enterprise and their rich rewards, there are sentiments entwined in the heart of the nation, moved with its existence and associated with the brightest and most glorious pages of its history, that should at proper periods rise paramount to all mere pecuniary attractions. The birth-day of WASHINGTON is one of those sacred periods which every American citizen should rejoice to set apart, from the bustle and business of ordinary days, and dedicate to the memory of the Father of his Country. Beyond a military display—meager at that, and a salute from the public squares—this latter constitutes the entire programme furnished by the Common Council—there was little or nothing to distinguish the day from any other. Offices, counting rooms, stores and shops were open. Merchants followed their usual pursuits, artisans toiled out their toil, and the mechanics plied their hammer with as little concern as if GEORGE WASHINGTON had never been born. Well, we suppose that this is a utilitarian age, and that the importance of business cannot called even to yield to a day in honor reverence to the memory of the Father