New Orleans Bee.

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THE DAILY BEE

WEEKLY BEE (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED) AT No. 78 Chartres street.

NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 12.

GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.—Mr. Jacques Olivieri, so well known in this city as an accomplished violinist, is to give a grand vocal and instrumental concert at the Opera House on the evening of Tuesday, the 15th inst. He will be assisted by a number of amateur artists of approved merit in their several lines of execution. Among such contributors to the occasion, will be the fine soprano, Mrs. M. P., and charming mezzo-soprano, Miss A. P. The programme of this entertainment is rich, various and attractive.

We are under many obligations to the clerk of the steamer Mary E. Forsyth, for late St. Louis papers.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

The Fung Shuey Reported from S. W. Pass.

Her Dates from New York to the 3d Instant.

S. W. Pass, September 11th, 10 o'clock, P. M.—The U. S. mail steamer Fung Shuey, crossed the bar at half-past 9 this evening.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMER JULIA AT MORGANZA.

St. Louis Dates of the 8th.—Washington and North York of the 3d.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

More Details of Sherman's Late Successful Operations.

GREAT EXULTATION IN WASHINGTON OVER THE FALL OF ATLANTA.

The Confidence of the Rebel Leaders Regarded as Desperate in Consequence.

ROSSEAU SAID TO HAVE DISLODGED FORREST AND WHEELER.

From the Shenandoah.

Three Attempts Made on Early to Recapture his Strength on the Charlestown and Georgetown Railroad.

NO RESULTS GIVEN.

Gold on the 3d in New York 245, Cotton 230.

BY TELEGRAPH.

To the New Orleans Associated Press.

Morganza, September 11th.—The steamer Julia passed down this morning from St. Louis. She brings New York and Washington dates to the 3d. The following is from the Missouri *Democrat* of the 5th:

New York, September 3.—The *Herald's* Falling Water special, dated August 31st, evening, says: For two days past Averill has been demonstrating against the enemy and carrying out orders of Sheridan. To-day we attacked the enemy three different times, for the purpose of making him develope his strength on the Charleston and Georgetown railroad.

New York, September 3.—Gold closed at 245.

Cotton, F. M.—Unsettled and 5c. lower, at 180 for middling uplands.

General McClellan Held not to be Responsible for the Execution of Superior Orders.

The St. Louis *Republican*, defending General McClellan in relation to his agency in suppressing the Maryland Legislature in 1861, says these arguments:

The violent expressions used at Chicago against General McClellan's order to General Banks, in 1861, proceed from a mistake of facts and of principles.

The facts are, briefly, that a number of the members of the Maryland Legislature were believed, on what seemed reliable evidence, to be about to meet for the purpose of carrying out a treasonable conspiracy, previously matured by them. They were already with hostile and treasonable communications with the rebel General then threatening the invasion of Maryland and Washington City, and to be planning schemes, after consultation with him, to aid his military movements.

The President, Secretary of State and Secretary of War, being convinced, on what they deemed sufficient testimony, that such a design existed, and that certain members of the Maryland Legislature would meet on a day named to execute the treasonable purpose, ordered General McClellan to cause their arrest.

General McClellan thereupon issued his order to General Banks. He had neither the right nor power to decide what *policy* should be adopted. As an "officer of the Government it was his duty to obey all *lawful* orders of his superior officers.

It is evident that the *similarity* of General McClellan did not approve, or if they *did*, sought to observe the distinction between arrests and detention or imprisonment. The right to arrest and the right to imprison are essentially different. Any one may, under given circumstances, arrest; but the arrested person should be turned over to the civil magistrate for examination, trial and punishment, if the alleged offence be against the civil law, and there are any magistrates who can take cognizance of the case. Military offences are only triable by military tribunals, all others by civil authority.

The custody or disposal of the prisoners was not left to Gen. McClellan; who, if the matter had been entrusted entirely to him, would probably have adopted a different course. As it was, he had only one right path to pursue, viz: to obey lawful commands. He had no right to inquire into the mere policy or impolicy of the act; but only into the lawfulness of the command issued to him. Were it otherwise, each officer and soldier in the army, and each petty officeholder in civil life, would constitute himself a judge over his superiors in position, to whom all measures of war or peace, produce universal wrangling and discord, and plunge the country into hopeless anarchy.

The same is due to sound principles, and furnishes a full vindication for Gen. McClellan's conduct. There is no occasion for excuses or apologies. His friends make none. If his conduct cannot be vindicated on sound principles, then he has committed one error in his life, a responsibility of which no one will be more anxious to avoid. We insist, however, that the discharge of a simple duty in the premises, and as mere representation of the facts or perversion of legal principles can make it appear otherwise.

As and McClellan says not in the foregoing concedes it to be a plausible argument—perhaps the best to be made in the case—but quite insufficient, inasmuch as it conflicts with the accepted principle in law as well as ethics, that wherever there is intelligent and voluntary action there is individual responsibility—a principle which forbids the idea that the same act which is unlawful and mischievous on the part of a superior who orders it may be innocent and legal on the part of the inferior intrusted with its execution.

THE TALLAHASSEE.—The Mobile *Register* of the 6th inst., has the under lines from the Goldsboro N. C. *Journal* confirming the Northern account of the steamer of the Tallahassee into Wilmington:

While the "eternal Yankee nation" is organizing its strength in running after the "pirate Tallahassee," and the lumbering steamer Chickamauga a few hours very pleasantly with her fellow commander, Capt. John Taylor Wood. We have not learned the particulars of their visit. Wood is safe and sound, and that his vessel is in good trim no ever. She entered Wilmington Friday morning last, on Saturday sleepy headed Federal gunboat knew, after destroying from thirty to forty Federal vessels, and in the best possible trim for fighting. By time this reaches the enemy's eye, let them look out for her again.

The Parisians are trying the system of paving with sheets of iron a few paces, which was found in London to be a failure.

General McClellan's West Point Speech.

The Republican journals, assuming that Gen. McClellan is associated as a prospective platform that contemplates a provisional recognition of the Confederacy, and a contingent separation of the Union, make haste to quote this passage from his speech at West Point, June 15:

To efface the issues inflicted to our flag, to secure ourselves from the fate of the divided Republics of Italy and South America, to preserve our Government from destruction, to enforce its just power and laws, to maintain our very existence as a nation, these were the causes which impelled us to draw the sword. Rebellion against a Government like ours, which contained the means of self-adjustment, and a pacific remedy for evils, should never be confounded with a revolution against despotic power which refuses redress of wrongs. Such a rebellion cannot be justified upon political grounds, and the only alternatives for our choice are its suppression or the destruction of our nationality. At such a time as this, and in such a struggle, political partisanship should be merged in a true and brave patriotism which thinks only of the good of the whole country. It was in this cause and with these motives that so many of our comrades have given their lives, and to this we are all, personally pledged in all honor and fidelity. Shall such devotion as that of our dead comrades be of no avail? Shall it be said in after ages that we looked the vigor to complete the work thus begun? That after all these noble lives freely given we hesitated and failed to keep straight in until our land was saved. Forbid it, Heaven, and give us firmer, truer hearts than that.

The Great Juggernaut Saturnalia.—Revolting Details.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times*, on the 8th of July, gives a long and graphic description of scenes at the Soan Jatra and the Rath Jatra—the two great festivals of Juggernaut, which are so widely celebrated in Hindostan. Commencing on Sunday, the 19th June, by the priests bringing forth the god to be bathed, it terminated on the 5th July, when the cars were drawn back by thousands of people and the god was replaced in his home. The writer attended both these ceremonies. Passing over the loathing feeling of the business, which seems to have partaken of the character of a farce, we will come at once to the closing part of the festival, which is said to have been a most sickening and revolting tragedy, and one which it was impossible to witness without horror and disgust.

The crowd seemed infinitely more dense than it had ever been on the former occasion, and all along the road were booths filled with sweetmeats, holy water, &c., and many thousands of images of Juggernaut, Krishna, and other deities of the Hindoo mythology. It was a barbarous display of wealth, all wrought in silver and jewels. The cars were constructed in four stories, so to speak, and upon each of these a crowd of the rebel leaders and priests were collected. Large idols were placed at each corner, and two ropes of great length were attached to the front of the car. They passed on upon as many wheels, and the entire weight of the ponderous fabric must have been enormous.

Hour after hour the multitude streamed past the car, which wearied on but distance from each other, or they turned aside to a shed beneath which were placed a number of indecently painted idols, after which proceeded with a little drapery and hoisted on to the car. It was not until four in the afternoon that a big-gong was heard, and the juggernaut, one of the first cars, and with a great shout Juggernaut himself, swathed in red cloth was brought to the spot. A rope was attached to him, and with much exertion he was hoisted from stage to stage by the Brahmins—for by himself the god seemed rather helpless. They dragged him up and uncovered his head, and the crowd prostrated before him in real fanatical fashion. A huge ugly thing he was, with enormous eyes, painted black with a broad white rim around them. Then another god was brought, and housed up in the same way, but to a lower division, and so on till all were full. The expert manœuvres kept throwing garlands and donations to the Brahmin-dirty, commonlooking men, with nothing whatever to distinguish them from the common mass except the white Brahminical thread over their shoulders.

When the gods were all in their places, two large wooden horses were brought out, one black and the other white. These, with a tall stick sticking up at an angle of ninety degrees. These gay steeds were fastened to the car, and a Brahmin stood upon the back of each, holding by a rope.

The road was quite impassable for the crowds of people, whose oily bodies and dirty ways did not improve the already fetid state of the sphere. Far as the eye could reach the throng extended, and when a thousand gongs were set beating and the Brahmins called upon the people a thrill of wild excitement ran through the enormous living mass. The ropes were fixed, and multitudes rushed to them, eager for the honor of pulling their deity's wooden car itself—there could scarcely have been less than 200 men. Perhaps there were one thousand pulling at the ropes, but they pulled for a long time in vain.

At last the mob happened to pull together instead of one after the other, and the huge mass moved forward a few yards, groaning as if it had been a living creature. It stopped, and for a few minutes the crowd stood in almost perfect silence. Then the Brahmins gave the signal, and the idol overhead was a thing to write every revolution of its hideous wheels, covered as they were with human flesh and gore. The vast multitude seemed suddenly possessed with a fit of delirium. They fought and raved with each other to get near the car, which had stopped until by magic. They stooped down and passed beneath the wheels, and the men with second faces to tell their friends of the sight. I made my way to the back of the car, and there saw upon the ground a mass of solid wood, all wrinkled and puckered up, with scarcely a lineament of her face recognisable for blood and dust. Her right foot was hanging by a thread, the wheels had passed over her left, and her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the crowd cared to move her, or raise her miserable gray head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares. While the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could well be seen upon a human countenance. The crowd cried that there were more under the car, and where I looked I perceived it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three choked-to-bare made their appearance and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheel I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels, and fastened itself like some insatiable monster in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the cars upon these poor victims, and with perfect unconcern, and were even signalling for the crowd to pull again, but the few policeman present made them drag the dead to one side, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels. The mob cried out, "*Apee, apee,*"—that they did it of their own accord, and, indeed, there was no appearance of an onslaught.

Railroads Feeding Richmond.

The Richmond correspondent of the London *Times*, describing the military situation of Richmond, remarks:

That the confidence reposed in General Lee's ability is reasonable no one disputes. Do the circumstances in which his army is placed, its *morale* and numbers inspire equal faith? In order to answer these questions I must premise that two railroads feed Richmond from the South—the Danville, which runs from Lynchburg to Weldon, Petersburg, and Richmond—the other, the railroad which comes up from Greensborough's through the south of North Carolina, enters Virginia at Danville, and, running through the heart of the State, reaches Richmond from the southwest. It may be at once conceded that there is very little likelihood that the first, the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad—can be kept open. Grant's army is so closely in its proximity, and his cavalry can strike it to so many points along the 50 miles of railroad between Weldon and Petersburg, as to negative its utility. It would be a waste of power for General Lee to try and keep it in operation. Upon the other railroad, or rather upon the 90 miles of it between Richmond and the Staunton River, General Lee's defensive ingenuity will be exhausted. This railroad is, at one point, distant about 25 miles from Grant's extreme left, and bends away from him into the interior of Virginia, so that its distance of 90 miles divides him from the bridge over the Staunton River. Can this railroad be kept sufficiently in operation?

It has already been destroyed at intervals for thirty-five miles north and from the Staunton River by a mingled body of Federal cavalry and infantry, but, inasmuch as no important bridge has been destroyed, the damage can be repaired in fourteen days. I will at once express my conviction that Grant is not strong enough either in cavalry or infantry to do more than detach to the railroad, and inflict from time to time light damage upon it. *Richmond can never be starved out until these two railroads from the Shenandoah, as well as the James River Canal and the* railroads from the North, can be utterly annihilated, and can be kept annihilated. Again this question bears quickly damage, if lightly inflicted, is repaired. I may remember that the Virginia Central Railroad, which was destroyed for many miles by Sheridan upon the 11th of June, had the same thirty days past been open and running to Charlottesville, whence it continued Lynchburg. The line alone would, in addition to the James River Canal, abundantly victual Richmond, although every other line were cut.

Queen Victoria has been pleased to confer the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom upon Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, by the title of Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar.

There is a shop in Paris which supplies a new dish to any customer who leaves his dirty one and pays no more than a sou.

Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.

When's the use of a soul of war to a standing army?

The tooth is exceedingly dirty, but the sun is very duty.

The Crystal Sanitarium.

By the cunning combination of chemical ingredients, beverages have been made which possess the taste and qualities of the celebrated mineral waters of Spa, Vichy, Kissingen, Baden, Ems or Saratoga, and then the healing springs, it might be said, are brought to our door. But it was curious than this is an effort to be made in England, which will bring to the humid atmosphere of that seagirt isle the soft, beneficial climate of the sunny South.

A company called the "Crystal Sanitarium Company, Limited," has been formed in order to accomplish a scheme which, it is said, is recommended by a large and important section of the medical faculty, for the benefit of the numerous invalids who are every year obliged to leave England for Italy or other southern countries.

Briefly, it is proposed to cover in with glass a large area of ground, and to preserve therein an equable southern temperature, to build residences having communication with the grounds so enclosed, and to lay out the interior in the most attractive form of landscape gardening, with the fruits and foliage suitable to a climate like that of Madeira. A suitable site has been suggested but a few miles from London, consisting of a mansion and park of one hundred and forty acres, rich in attractions of scenery. The property can be secured at advantageous rates.

It is the object of the company, we hear, from which the residents may have the option of being supplied, and which will also have apartments opening into the interior, the whole communicating entirely with the surrounding landscape, and with sheltered walks for mild weather. The building will be strictly private to the residents.

The capital of the company will be £250,000, payable in 12,500 shares of £20 each and the list of those interested therein includes some well-known names. Among the ten directors are the well-known savans Sir David Brewster, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, Sir Percy Burrell, Lord Algernon Chichester, and Sir Lascelles Wraxall; while among the medical advisers is Dr. Jenner, physician to the Queen, and Dr. Snowding, physician to the Prince of Wales.

POLICE COURTS AND SENSATION NOVELISTS.—Mrs. Wood, Miss Braddon, and a host of other romancers of sensation have, it is well known, been in a great degree dependent on the records of the criminal courts for their characters and incidents; and the fertility of their pens has been owing not merely to the fact that they have not considered it necessary to pay much attention to accuracy or elegance of style, but to the important circumstance that the reading of the newspapers spared them the necessity of exercising the faculty of invention. Murder and bigamy are the foundations of most of their plots. The hero has two wives or the heroine three husbands, and the development of the story is simply the elimination of these exies one after another by suicide or assassination. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the following anecdote to show that ruffians understand the sources from which their authors draw their startling details:

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The snake manifested its dislike to the treatment by occasional struggles, in which he would spring from the floor and exert his utmost power to break his filmy band. These struggles were very complacently and unconcernedly watched by the spider from his nest above. The snake was about a foot in length, and the spider was by no means a large specimen of his species. The apparently unequal struggle was witnessed by more than one hundred persons during the day, attracted by the report of the singular contest. But the snake was accidentally broken by a person who entered the room, and the spider would have undoubtedly drawn the snake to his web, but the curiosity of those present double room for wonder, first at the strength which the spider in getting his coils about the snake, and second the wonderful strength evinced in drawing up a reptile at least one hundred times his weight.

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, became exceedingly prodigal and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugarhouses and stinging the negroes.

In Vain.

Come closer now, press closer lips
To hot and vain caressing;
For never more that pallid face
Will at your touch yield greeting.
For these vain words of passion
She waited yesterday even,
And in vain they fell on her ears
Deep-content hush of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
The waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her heart and you forever.
She heard your voice in the breeze,
And in the wind-bird's humming,
Then in the hush of midnight the words
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Now silenced like the restless heart
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Safe—never to be wrung again
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Your memory can hold no centre of her nearly naked body, and a faint quiver of anguish ran through her frame as she seemed to struggle to rise. Not one in the crowd cared to move her, or raise her miserable gray head from the ground, but they stood looking on with vacant stares. While the Brahmins from the car gazed down with as much unconcern as could well be seen upon a human countenance. The crowd cried that there were more under the car, and where I looked I perceived it seemed as if the wheels were choked with dusky bodies. Two or three choked-to-bare made their appearance and compelled the crowd to move back. Upon getting closer to the wheel I saw that one of them was half over the body of a man, and that it had crushed out his bowels, and fastened itself like some insatiable monster in his blood. Close by him there lay another man crushed to death—he was but a heap of mangled flesh. The Brahmins still looked down from the cars upon these poor victims, and with perfect unconcern, and were even signalling for the crowd to pull again, but the few policeman present made them drag the dead to one side, so that the bodies could be got out from between the wheels. The mob cried out, "*Apee, apee,*"—that they did it of their own accord, and, indeed, there was no appearance of an onslaught.

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[FROM OUR SUNDAY EDITION.]

More About the Capture of Wade Hampton between Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock—Reported Capture of Duvall's Bluff, with Guns and Transports.

A correspondent of the *Times* who professes to have been near the scene, gives the following details of the previously published news of the capture of Federal forces between Little Rock and Duvall's Bluff:

Last week no less than four Stations on the railroad in the prairie, where the Government was having large amounts of prairie hay gathered for the use of the army. Each of these was occupied by one or two companies of infantry, the 54th Illinois. All of these companies, some six or eight, were gobbled, but without a fight. At Ashley station there was a small fort, which one man held until burned by shells from rebel guns to surrender. At Jone's station, some eight miles east of Ashley, our men made hasty works of hay bales, when they held and stoutly defended until the hay was fired by rebel shells, when they were landed but a few miles from London, consisting of a mansion and park of one hundred and forty acres, rich in attractions of scenery. The property can be secured at advantageous rates.

It is the object of the company we hear, from which the residents may have the option of being supplied, and which will also have apartments opening into the interior, the whole communicating entirely with the surrounding landscape, and with sheltered walks for mild weather. The building will be strictly private to the residents.

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To hot and vain caressing;
For never more that pallid face
Will at your touch yield greeting.
For these vain words of passion
She waited yesterday even,
And in vain they fell on her ears
Deep-content hush of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
The waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her heart and you forever.
She heard your voice in the breeze,
And in the wind-bird's humming,
Then in the hush of midnight the words
Said softly, "He is coming."

Now silenced like the restless heart
Which beat so wildly under,
Safe—never to be wrung again
By pain or pride's fierce thunder.
Your wrong to her is now forever end,
This earth's last bonds were riven,
Your memory can hold no centre of her
Her parting sad and heaven.

Now rain your kisses and tardy grief,
Wail your remorse in weeping;
For she, whom only you deserved,
Lies dead beneath your feet.
Go—not beside that grave-bound form.
Should lying words be spoken,
Qo, pay the debt you owe the dead
As one whose heart I've broken."

At the recent *fete* for the benefit of the Dramatic College in London, the following card was sold in the stalls:

A PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.
BY HIMSELF.

A tavern or more loveable creature
Framed in the prodigality of nature
The spacious world cannot contain such
That nature might stand up and say to all
To all the world, this was a man.
He was not perfect, for in her make-up
And a hand open as day for melting charity
His charity was so bounteous as to be sin.
His love so deep, the more he gave the more
He had, for he was living water.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And admiring with an inward wish you would
You would desire to live a preacher.
Hear him debate on common wealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all its self his study.
List his discourse on war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. And when he speaks of love
You'd think a chartered libertine, so still,
And the unwonted flow of his language.
So steal his senses and bewitch attention.
Obliged to hear him, our poet's pen
Did glance from heaven to earth, from heart to heaven;
And as imagination bodied forth
The forms of things unknown, our poet's pen.
Turned them to shapes, and gave to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tongue-tie in time, bows to the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

TEXTS TRANSPOSED.

Procrastination is the soul of business.
Punctuality is the thief of Time.
Familiarity doth breed respect.
Virtue is its own punishment.
Vice is its own reward.
Diligence makes wealthy.
Opposition is prideful.
Voluntary commands salvation.
Perseverance still fail.
Caution comes to grief.—[Punch.

Miscellaneous.

The Girl I Love—Oyster Patty.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of hay, the image of which intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"Sure it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap, I bought here from your self, that I weighed them with?"

The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.—Never open windows. It admits the dust. If you find any open, shut them carefully.

In sweeping, work the dust under chairs, drawers, sofas, cabinets, and other places of seclusion, and blame the mistress if there are cobwebs are ever discovered, for on her the accumulation at once.

Never disturb the dust on picture frames, edges, the tops of bureaus, &c., or possibly say where there your mistress is not likely to see it. Dust once nestled is harmless. Meddling with it only sets it in motion to settle somewhere else.

Never hang up, or expose to the air, blankets or bedding. As you have made the bed people ought to sleep on it, and the less a bed is disturbed the better it will look, and the less trouble it will give you.

Never remove glass in detail. Keep a large cart in some out-of-the-way place, and let them all go together. Why should you take many journeys, when one will serve the purpose?

Find a place in the cellar for bad rooms for storing away blackened bruises, dosters, that smell of starch brooms and other articles, where your mistress is not likely to find them, and by respect to which you may spare yourself the fatigue of running up and down stairs. If you have no other place, put them under a spare bed.

Edmund Kirke, who lately paid a visit to *Jeff Davis* with Colonel Jaques, is about publishing a volume on the subject. An excellent way to puff a work.

Many calamities are injurious even after received. John the Spanish Slue, they sting when alive, and blister when dead.

Mote About the Capture of Wade Hampton between Duvall's Bluff and Little Rock—Reported Capture of Duvall's Bluff, with Guns and Transports.

A correspondent of the *Times* who professes to have been near the scene, gives the following details of the previously published news of the capture of Federal forces between Little Rock and Duvall's Bluff:

Last week no less than four Stations on the railroad in the prairie, where the Government was having large amounts of prairie hay gathered for the use of the army. Each of these was occupied by one or two companies of infantry, the 54th Illinois. All of these companies, some six or eight, were gobbled, but without a fight. At Ashley station there was a small fort, which one man held until burned by shells from rebel guns to surrender. At Jone's station, some eight miles east of Ashley, our men made hasty works of hay bales, when they held and stoutly defended until the hay was fired by rebel shells, when they were landed but a few miles from London, consisting of a mansion and park of one hundred and forty acres, rich in attractions of scenery. The property can be secured at advantageous rates.

At Ashley station there was a small fort, from which the residents may have the option of being supplied, and which will also have apartments opening into the interior, the whole communicating entirely with the surrounding landscape, and with sheltered walks for mild weather. The building will be strictly private to the residents.

Too capital of the company will be £250,000, payable in 12,500 shares of £20 each and the list of those interested therein includes some well-known names. Among the ten directors are the well-known savans Sir David Brewster, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, Sir Percy Burrell, Lord Algernon Chichester, and Sir Lascelles Wraxall; while among the medical advisers is Dr. Jenner, physician to the Queen, and Dr. Snowding, physician to the Prince of Wales.

POLICE COURTS AND SENSATION NOVELISTS.—Mrs. Wood, Miss Braddon, and a host of other romancers of sensation have, it is well known, been in a great degree dependent on the records of the criminal courts for their characters and incidents; and the fertility of their pens has been owing not merely to the fact that they have not considered it necessary to pay much attention to accuracy or elegance of style, but to the important circumstance that the reading of the newspapers spared them the necessity of exercising the faculty of invention. Murder and bigamy are the foundations of most of their plots. The hero has two wives or the heroine three husbands, and the development of the story is simply the elimination of these exies one after another by suicide or assassination. The London correspondent of the New York *Times* tells the following anecdote to show that ruffians understand the sources from which their authors draw their startling details:

When a ruffian is brought to court and police courts, the daily papers manage to furnish several columns a day of very spicy reading to the British public. In reporting with a lady, who is considered at the head of the sensation literature in England, the other day, on this matter, I suggested that a censorship of the press seemed quite as necessary as that exercised over the State by the Lord Chamberlain, and the dread whether the entire suppression of a large class of police cases might not be an advantage to the morals of the public.

Or their restriction to one paper, specially printed for their perusal, was also hastily suggested.

"Just so," said her rubicund, who happened to be within hearing, "and give me the copyright of their stories. Then all you writers of voyages and romances might go. I would snap my fingers at the whole of you."

SPIDER CATCHING A SNAKE.—The Orleans (New York) *Republican* relates that one day last week ex-Comptroller Lorenzo Barrow discovered, in a building belonging to him, a spider and snake suspended by the heels under a shelf. On examination, the suspension was found to be accomplished by nothing more substantial than the thickness of a spider's web. The main web or nest of the spider was under the shelf, perhaps two and a half feet from the floor. From this depended a cable formed of a number of strands, and from this hung the snake. The upper part of the snake's body seemed wound around with thy thread, which was so tightly drawn about the head and breast as to prevent the reptile's opening his mouth. Having thus secured him, the spider seemed intent in drawing his victim up to his web, and when discovered had so far succeeded as to have half the length of the snake from the floor.

The snake manifested its dislike to the treatment by occasional struggles, in which he would spring from the floor and exert his utmost power to break his filmy band. These struggles were very complacently and unconcernedly watched by the spider from his nest above. The snake was about a foot in length, and the spider was by no means a large specimen of his species. The apparently unequal struggle was witnessed by more than one hundred persons during the day, attracted by the report of the singular contest. But the snake was accidentally broken by a person who entered the room, and the spider would have undoubtedly drawn the snake to his web, but the curiosity of those present double room for wonder, first at the strength which the spider in getting his coils about the snake, and second the wonderful strength evinced in drawing up a reptile at least one hundred times his weight.

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine, and the materials for honey so plentiful, that they quitted their grave, mercantile character, became exceedingly prodigal and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

In Vain.

Come closer now, press closer lips
To hot and vain caressing;
For never more that pallid face
Will at your touch yield greeting.
For these vain words of passion
She waited yesterday even,
And in vain they fell on her ears
Deep-content hush of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
The waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her heart and you forever.
She heard your voice in the breeze,
And in the wind-bird's humming,
Then in the hush of midnight the words
Said softly, "He is coming."

Now silenced like the restless heart
Which beat so wildly under,
Safe—never to be wrung again
By pain or pride's fierce thunder.
Your wrong to her is now forever end,
This earth's last bonds were riven,
Your memory can hold no centre of her
Her parting sad and heaven.

Now rain your kisses and tardy grief,
Wail your remorse in weeping;
For she, whom only you deserved,
Lies dead beneath your feet.
Go—not beside that grave-bound form.
Should lying words be spoken,
Qo, pay the debt you owe the dead
As one whose heart I've broken."

At the recent *fete* for the benefit of the Dramatic College in London, the following card was sold in the stalls:

A PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.
BY HIMSELF.

A tavern or more loveable creature
Framed in the prodigality of nature
The spacious world cannot contain such
That nature might stand up and say to all
To all the world, this was a man.
He was not perfect, for in her make-up
And a hand open as day for melting charity
His charity was so bounteous as to be sin.
His love so deep, the more he gave the more
He had, for he was living water.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
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You would desire to live a preacher.
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You'd say it hath been all its self his study.
List his discourse on war, and you shall hear
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Turn him to any cause of policy
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Familiar as his garter. And when he speaks of love
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