The New Orleans Bee.

OFFICE 73 CHARTRES STREET. NEW ORLEANS, MONDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 19, 1866. Vol. XXVII—New Series. Vol. XVII—Whole—13,708.

NEW ORLEANS DAILY BEE.

Corner of Chartres and Conti Streets.

NEW ORLEANS:

MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 19, 1866.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Regular Advertisements, one dollar a square, for first insertion, $1.25 per square; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents per square.

Political or Editorial Page Advertisements, each insertion $1.50 per square.

Advertisements inserted at intervals, to be charged as new advertisements.

Regular advertisers, who advertise largely, shall be allowed such discount from above usual terms as may be agreed upon; provided, that in no case shall such discount exceed 33 per cent.

All business Notices of Advertisements to be charged 25 cents net for first, each insertion.

All Notices of Advertisements must be paid for in advance.

All bills with regular subscribers shall be rendered monthly.

A TEASPOON TUTE-A-TUTE lasts half its charms if the sweet words of either party are not mated with a fragrant breath. Sozodont is the only article that will assure this desideratum by keeping the teeth spotless, the gums healthy, the whole mouth pure and undefiled. It literally embalms the dental substance, preserving it from decay through life. Use it daily. You will find it a pleasure.

AMUSEMENTS.

VARIETIES THEATRE.—Mr. Barrett enters this evening upon the last week of his engagement. "Rosedale" will be repeated for the last time.

To-morrow night, we are promised a successful dramatization of Tennyson's charming poem of "Enoch Arden", entitled "Under the Palm." Mr. Barrett and Mrs Chanfrau will fill the principal parts.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—Owing to numerous requests, Mr. Hackett has consented to give three more representations previous to his departure from our city. To-night, the "Merry Wives of Windsor" will be repeated, when he will appear in his great character of *Sir John Falstaff*. This personation of Mr. Hackett's must be seen in order that its life-like traits may be properly estimated.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—This week opens with another attractive and varied programme. There are new songs, dances, dances, choruses, Ethiopianisms, forcibly fetching, in fact, a sample of every entertainment for which the "Mammoth Company" has become so noted.

THE FORK PANIC.

The species of porcophobia which not long since broke out in Germany, following the westward path of the world's great pestilence, has manifested itself in Illinois, Ohio, and other States. Physicians, microscopists, and animal critics in the West are running over the causes and conditions of trichinated hog flesh, and the means of guarding against its use or neutralizing its poison, just as they have been in Germany. The conclusions arrived at in the one case are about the same as in the other. For remedial purposes, they do not amount to a great deal; but in the way of prevention, they are very suggestive. As there is no remedy for hydrophobia, at least one sure method of escaping the fatal effects of canine virus, namely: never to be bitten by a dog, so we are allowed the consolation of knowing what to be guarded against the trichinous poison, we have only scrupulously to abstain from biting a hog, alive or dead, raw or roasted, wild or broiled, scorned or ransacked.

And it must be confessed that the means of safety are more available and certain in the latter case. They are, indeed, wholly within our own power! It is a matter of simple option with us to use or neglect them. In the other case the dog is an unpleasant party to the question of our safety. When he insists on biting, our most earnest efforts to the contrary sometimes fail. But hogs do not insist on being bitten; pork does not crawl into our mouths in guestwise fashion, for the love of being masticated; there is nothing more improbable than pork in pasture or pork in barrel—if we know it. There may be the dreamed of trichinous terrors by observing the rule laid down by temperance informers in regard to ardent spirits, which are also known to be harmless if not meddled with. On no other condition, if we believe what is scientifically reported about this trichinous company, which makes its deadly attacks under porcine cover can we be certainly safe. The moderate pork-eater will be exposed to the greater danger than the moderate drinker. For while the latter retains his reason, he is conscious of the power he was lent by self restraint; it is his fault if he takes the fatal "drop too much." But the former walks in darkness, and, with all his faculties about him, may yet at any moment plunge into the abyss; he can never know what is to be the fatal mouthfull too much. It was a ghastly joke in Hamlet to tell the King that Polonius had gone to supper,—not to say that there is more in it than is rather a ghastly picture—the jocular features of which are not visible to those most concerned—which scientific investigators draw in describing the perils which attend the eating of pork. For they tell us that a single ounce of this flesh may be garnished with a hundred thousand of our animalcular foes, who make the longest speed to deploy into the human stomach, after which they carry invasion into all parts of the body, and practich the maxim of subsisting on the enemy, with a strategic and destructive vigor hardly surpassed in the great Georgian campaign of Gen. Sherman. We are told that they defy, for the most part, either heat or cold.

Indeed, in respect to heat they are a sort of microscopic salamander. While freezing may paralyze, it does not kill them; and on the return of warmth, they are ready to come from their winter quarters, and to make a summer campaign through the interior regions of the first unlucky pork-eater who comes in the way. They are said to endure any amount of boiling, and actually to enjoy a brisk frying. A temperature of 212, far from producing languor, only heightens their vivacity, courage and appetite.

After such revelations, it is plain that he who goes to a pork supper, dinner, or breakfast, as the case may be, must run the risk of facing the Polonius, and being eaten by his very supper, dinner, or breakfast, as the case may be.

The plan of going to table with a Microscope for reconnoitering every morsel of pork before admitting it to the mouth, would reduce the danger somewhat, but could not afford assurance of protection. Like the terrible demon of the Arabian story who lurked in the one pomegranate seed which escaped the eye of the Princess, the minutest enemy may be concealed in some infinitesimal particle of pork which evaded the microscopic search. Then the process would be wholly detestable in a gastronomic point of view. The toast pig would lose its delicious but transient savor, would collapse from its smoking, crispy full state, and become cold, flat and unprofitable in any other than a scientific light, or in a warlike point of view as the probable ramping ground of a terrible enemy.

We have the authority of several Western papers to the effect, that, as we believe observed, *trichinæ* are not exclusively indigenous to Germany, or confined to the pork of the Continent. Observed, they have demonstrated offspring of the wild boar of the Thuringian forest. In the same journal of the 12th we read:

The Chicago papers inform us that a herd of pork put on sale at Peoria, Illinois, last week, was condemned unanimously, and two of the hogs were alive with trichinæ. Dressed hogs examined at Dixon, were also discovered to be inhabited by the microscopic monsters. The St. Louis papers of Saturday announce the poisoning of two families in that city from eating "diseased pork," though no attempt appears to have been made to discover the nature of the disease. Doubtless it was the Hessian horror.

The Germans also relish, but not in terms of mouth condition and encouragement, to the microscopic impediment, which it thus presents:

There are two ways of keeping *trichinæ* out of the human stomach. They or microscopes we have of eating pork. If you are at fond of roast pig or Charles Lamb's roast pig will have to carry a microscope in your kitchen. It will have to play an important part in dressing operations. You can no more do without it than a miller with the microscope is with a corn-bin. Avoid sausage. German sausage, (imported particularly.) Take care not to be tempted, on Rodrigo, and eat our Westphalia hams. But especially of pork, though you know who raised it, or are positive that it was corn-fed. A microscope would not be objectionable by the side of your plate, to inspect the morsel that tantalizes you on the fork's end. It will be a tedious process, this inspection by mouthful, but it will be safe.

An AMERICAN FARM—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD.—Portage Register (Wisconsin) chronicles the death of Calvin Jones, born near Boston, the 27th ult., of Joseph Crele, born near Montreal, Canada, in 1725, and who lived and died on the same farm, at the age of one hundred and fifty years. He was born seven years after Governor Dummer, and two fifty years old at the outbreak of Indian and iron fifty years before the American Revolutionary conception from which, however, he was 40 years old at the time, 77 years old at the battle of Lexington, and 94 at the Battle of Waterloo. He was 100 years old when Napoleon died, and 108 when the Mexican war broke out. He was 120 years old when the Texan war was waged, and 94 when the Crimean war was kept. We know not how long he lived in the modern Sodom, Paris, or in the Babylon of London, which is recorded to have grown in 1800, and to have died in 1900, at the rate of 1,000 a day. Crele's longevity is said to be owing to the fact that he was raised on the Dutchman's farm, and that he was weaned when he was old enough to be duly bathed.

Yellow Fever prevails to a fearful extent in the Spanish ports of Havana and Cienfuegos. The Spanish press denounce the authorities.

MR. BANCROFT'S FOREIGN ALLUSIONS.

We are not surprised at what the telegraph says as to the offence taken by the diplomatic corps in Washington at allusions made to their several countries in Mr. Bancroft's recent oration. The occasion was the commemoration of the life and virtues of the late President Lincoln on the anniversary of his birth, February 12th, selected for this purpose by the vote of both Houses of Congress. Judged as a literary composition, the oration is the most polished as well as vigorous in diction, and the most lofty and compact in structure, which the memory of Mr. Lincoln has evoked. In its political aspect, we think that even Mr. Sumner and Mr. Stevens, when they so judge it in the spirit of "Phillipsism," not "Phillips' drunk" (or drunk (politically) they doubtless were when they heard it—would be compelled to pronounce it more partisan and Radical than the time, place, and subject called for its being.

He spoke throughout as though he were the appointed organ of the Radical party. As the well known agitators of that party have so long done, he finds fault with the Constitution as it stood up to the late war. He vindicates the "higher law" doctrine to the extent of claiming under it for the Radicals the right of revolution, the right of appealing from constituted authority "to the bar of humanity and history" when their dogmas are gainsaid or their purposes are opposed, while denouncing the assertion of the right by others, for no matter what object, as wholly inadmissible and even flagitious. He refuses history on the memory of the late Chief Justice Taney, and not less bitterly on the judicial fame of the other Judges on the Supreme Bench who joined in the Dred Scott decision, and who, by invitation, were sitting before the orator when that memorial was delivered.

He makes the late President play a subsidiary part in an oration ostensibly dedicated to his memory, but intrinsically a note of oratorical jubilation over the victorious progress of Radical revolution. As represented in this oration, Mr. Lincoln was no otherwise great in public life than as he was a faithful embodiment and instrument of the Radical programme, whether of peace or war.

It would have been difficult, perhaps, in reviewing the political history of the past five years, from Mr. Bancroft's standpoint, to avoid a course of remark involving adverse opinions and sentiments that appertain to partisanship rather than statesmanship. But it can not be said that he was compelled by the nature of his theme to stretch, as he did, with the utmost latitude of biting censure the conduct during the war of foreign powers, who were constructively present and listening to the discourse, in courteous response to a special invitation in order to swell the tribute to the memory of the deceased President in whose the occasion was organized. On the other hand, it can not be regarded as other than a violent breach of decorum to severely upraid those national listeners, present in such a way and for such a purpose, to that very time as though they were strangers to the Union by the terms of the accusations of the prosecutor and the discipline of the judge combined in one person. In the case of England, Mr. Bancroft was not content to blame her course after the war began. He accuses her history and record of rapacity and outrage, and her present political system as one based on injustice and tyranny, and concludes by adding such sentiments to be just, was their appropriate called for when the representative of the country thus assailed was listening as an act of international courtesy and compliment and was precluded from defense? The spirit of Mr. Bancroft's allusion to England may be seen in the parallel he draws between Mr. Lincoln and Lord Palmerston; but not in its full bitterness. We copy this parallel as it is in itself interesting:

PALMERSTON AND LINCOLN.

Hardly had the late President been consigned to the grave, when the Prime Minister of England died full of years and honors. Palmerston traced his lineage to the time of the conqueror; Lincoln went back to only his grandfather. Palmerston received his education from the best scholars of Harrow, Edinburg and Cambridge. Lincoln's early teachers were the silent forest, the running brook, the rising and the stars. Palmerston was in public life many years, Lincoln has for a month of that time. Palmerston was a skillful guide of an established aristocracy, Lincoln a leader, of rather a companion, of the people. Palmerston was exclusively an Englishman, and made his impact in the House of Common that the glory of England was his shibboleth. Lincoln thought always of mankind, as well as his own country, and served human nature from Palmerston from his narrowness as an Englishman, did not endear his country to any one Court, or to any one people. Both received the Parliamentary dislike; Lincoln left America more believed than ever by the people of Europe.

Palmerston was self possessed and adroit in reconciling the conflicting claims of the factions of the aristocracy; Lincoln frank and ingenuous, knew how to hold himself in the conflicting opinions of the people. Palmerston was capable of insolence toward the weak, quick to the sense of honor, not sensitive of rights; Lincoln rejected counsel given only as a matter of policy, and was not capable of being wilful or unjust. Palmerston, essentially aristocratical, delighted in the exercise of power, and in diverse grave opposition by playful irony; Lincoln was a man of infinite jest on his lips, with sadness underneath it, and of a tender heart. Palmerston was a fair representative of the aristocracy nobility of the day, choosing for his colleagues not the conscience of his party, but the Hotel Club of Commons. Lincoln took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them at the commands of Providence, and accepted the humanity race as the judge of his fidelity.

Palmerston did nothing that will endure. His great achievement was the separation of Belgium, placed that little kingdom between it and gravitate to France. Lincoln finished a work which time cannot overthrow. Palmerston is a shining example of the best type of a cultivated aristocracy. Lincoln shows the genuine fruits of institutions where the laboring man shares and assists to form the laws and shapes designs of his country. Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his Queen, and was followed by the British aristocracy to his grave, which, after a few years, will hardly be noticed by the side of the grave of Fox and Chatham. Lincoln was followed by the sorrow of his country across the continent to his resting place in the heart of the Mississippi Valley, and he remembered through all time, by his countrymen, and by all the people of the world.

Pope Pius IX comes in for a share of Mr. Bancroft's tongue-lashing of foreign potentates. He refers to the Pontiff in these words:

It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in difficulties so far that he alone, among temporal sovereigns, recognized the Chief of the Confederate States as a President, and his partisans as a people; and in letters to two successive Pretates of the Catholic Church in the United States, gave the victory of secession. He wrote more than they are ordered. The blessing of the Pope of Rome on the head of Dabney Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is only a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the State without liberty, religious freedom.

The only sovereigns who received a friendly notice from the orator are the Emperor of China and the Emperor of Russia. Praise to the first is elicited by a letter of congratulation, "one of the grandest acts in the annals of time." Mr. Bancroft mentally and practically embraces and kisses the "Brother of the Sun," because this Celestial personage is opposed on general principles to rebellions, as well as to Chinese rebellions in particular. But Mr. B. also sees much to admire in the Constitution of China. Next to being an American Radical, acknowledging no Constitution but one yet to be made, he would like to be a model Celestial conforming to a social system so inflexible and unchangeable as a wooden shoe with the vivacity of a vivid American mercury. The prudently admirable feature in the Celestial Empire to Mr. B. is the principle of universal equality of the people which is recognized. If they have no political liberty, they are at least all equally slaves. In the end of American Rebellion to be a Chinese Constitution, and to the subjugation of their progress to be Chinese civilization!

Gen. Sherman's View of the Prospects—He Believes the Southern Element Power and Spoon Not Repeat to Contain Southern Rights.

(From the Detroit Advertiser and Tribune, Feb. 14th.)

Welcoming addresses were made by Hon. G. V. Lothrop and His Honor, the Mayor.

Gen. Sherman responded very briefly, thanking the citizens of Detroit for the very cordial reception extended him. That was the first visit to the city of the stranger, but he promised to remember it as a delightful one. His presence was now due to business connected with his military district, to which the Department of Michigan also belonged. He then said: "I never expect to speak another word of politics. We are too powerful for our peace to be destroyed in the political by domestic or foreign foes. The country has been saved, and all those who were engaged in the work may well be those who were engaged in the work may well be those who were engaged in the work may well be