OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

[illegible] DOWN.

Yes, that's him, that rusty feller,
With the pieced-out umbrella,
You wouldn't take him for much now, would you?
I reckon that's so. From his queer looks, why should you?
Well, you're out. This old chap
[illegible] under his cap
More larnin' and all sorts of knowledge—
Greek and the like—than many a college
Could hang at. He's been almost everywhar,
He has, that old chap standin' thar.

He began as a doctor of laws—
Yes, sir, that's what it was—
In a first class high institution down East thar,
Boston, or Hartford, or somewhar—at least thar
'S a story of that sort told
Round thar by some old
Chaps which knew him in them times; just so!
He had a weakness—'twas liquor. You know
Sir how [illegible] will pull a man down,
And the doctor—well, he has lost his gown.

Had to get up right sudden and go,
And I tell you the blow
Hurt him bad; felt ashamed like, he did, and broken.
And thought every little word that was spoken
Had him for a target. That's it!
Folks don't wait to be hit
When suthin' inside makes 'em feel
They've done wrong. Pigs will squeal
Afore any one touches 'em, an some men
Are like pigs in that way. Oh, what then?

Well, then he started, cleared out—
Went right off without
Sayin' as much as good-bye; and, of course, purty soon
He wasn't thought of more'n the man in the moon.
That's how it is gen'rally;
Howsomever, you see
He turned up thar agin in about 20 year,
Lookin' not quite like he's now, but still queer;
And all them 20 year he'd been stirrin'
Through parts that was mostly furrin.

It didn't seem like the old place;
Purty much every face
Was cold and strange, so he left it agin
And come here, bucklin' right down to win.
Fust off he started a school;
But the durned old fool
Had no balance—took to drinkin' once more like mad,
And the school busted. Yes, sir, that was mighty bad
For him. You see, folks don't care to pay
A man that was boozy and tremblin' all day.

Busted to smash, sir, and then
That unfortunit Ben—
His name's Ben—Ben Blakely—kept droppin' right down,
Till he's come to be 'bout the miserablest thing in town.

A TOSS UP FOR A HUSBAND.

The marchioness was at her toilet. Florine and Aspasia, her two ladies' maids, were busy powdering, as it were, with hoar frost, the bewitching widow.

She was a widow, this marchioness; a widow of twenty-three, and wealthy, as very few persons were any longer at the court of Louis XV., her godfather.

Three and twenty years earlier his majesty had held her at the baptismal font of the chapel at Marly, and had settled upon her an income of 10,000 livres, by way of proving to her father, the Baron Fontevrault, who had saved his life at the battle of Fontenoy, that kings can be grateful, whatever people choose to say to the contrary.

The marchioness then was a widow. She resided, during the summer, in a charming little chateau, situated half way up the slope overhanging the water, on the road from Bougival to Saint Germain. Mme. Dubarry's estate adjoined hers; and on opening her eyes she could see, without rising, the white gable-ends and the wide-spreading chestnut trees of Luciennes, perched upon the heights. On this particular day—it was noon—the marchioness, while her attendants dressed her hair and arranged her head-dress with the most exquisite taste, gravely employed herself in tossing up, alternately, a couple of fine oranges, which crossed each other in the air, and then dropped into the white and delicate hands that caught them in their fall.

This sleight-of-hand—which the marchioness interrupted at times while she adjusted a beauty-spot on her lip, or cast an impatient glance on the crystal clock that told how time was running away with the fair widow's precious moments—had lasted for ten minutes, when the folding-doors were thrown open, and a valet, such as one sees now only on the stage, announced, with pompous voice, "The king!"

Apparently the marchioness was accustomed to such visits, for she but half rose from her seat, as she saluted, with her most gracious smile, the personage who entered.

It was indeed Louis XV. himself—Louis XV. at sixty-five, but robust, upright, with smiling lip and beaming eye, and jauntily clad in a close fitting pearl gray hunting suit, that became him to perfection. He carried under his arms a handsome fowling-piece, inlaid with mother-of-pearl; a small pouch, intended for ammunition alone, hung over his shoulder.

The king had come from Luciennes almost alone; that is to say, with a captain of the guard, the old Marshal de Richelieu, and a single equerry on foot. He had been amusing himself with quail shooting, loading his own gun, as was the fashion with his ancestors, the later Valois and the earlier Bourbons. His grandsire, Henry IV., could not have been less ceremonious.

But a shower of rain had surprised him, and his majesty had no relish for it. He pretended that the fire of an enemy's battery was less disagreeable than those drops of water, so small and so hard, that wetted him through, and reminded him of his twinges of rheumatism.

Fortunately he was but a few steps from the gateway of the chateau when the shower commenced. He had come, therefore, to take shelter with his god-daughter, having dismissed his suite, and only keeping with him a magnificent pointer, whose genealogy was fully established by the Duke de Richelieu, and traced back, with a few slips in orthography, directly to Nisus, that celebrated greyhound given by Charles IX. to his friend Ronsard, the poet.

"Good morning, marchioness," said the king, as he entered, putting down his fowling-piece in a corner. "I have come to ask your hospitality. We were caught in a shower at your gate—Richelieu and I. I have packed off Richelieu."

"Ah, sire, that wasn't very kind of you."

"Hush!" replied the king, in a good-humored tone. "It's only mid-day, and if the marshal had forced his way in here at so early an hour he would have bragged of it everywhere this very evening. He is very apt to compromise one, and he is a great coxcomb, the old duke. But don't put yourself out of the way, marchioness. Let Aspasia finish this becoming pile of your head-dress, and Florine spread out with her silver knife the scented powder that blends so well with the lilies of your bewitching face. Why, marchioness, you're so pretty one could eat you up!"

"You think me so, sire?"

"I tell you so every day. Oh! what fine oranges!"

And the king seated himself on the roomy sofa, by the side of the marchioness, whose rosy finger-tips he kissed with an affinity of grace. Then, taking up one of the oranges he had admired, he proceeded leisurely to examine it.

"But," said he, at length, "what are oranges doing by the side of your Chinese powder-box and your scent bottles? Is there any connection between this fruit and the maintenance—easy as it is, marchioness—of your charms?"

"These oranges," replied the lady, gravely, "fulfilled just now, sire, the functions of destiny."

The king opened wide his eyes and stroked the long ears of his dog, by way of giving the marchioness time to explain her meaning.

"It was the countess who gave them to me," she continued.

"Madame Dubarry?"

"Exactly so, sire."

"A trumpery gift, it seems to me, marchioness."

"I hold it, on the contrary, to be an important one; since I repeat to your majesty that these oranges decide my fate."

"I give it up," said the king.

"Imagine, sire; yesterday I found the countess occupied in tossing her oranges up and down this way." And the marchioness recommenced her game with a skill that can not be described.

"I see," said the king, "she accompanied the singular amusement with the words, 'Up, Choiseul! up, Praslin!' and, on my word, I can fancy how the pair jumped."

"[illegible]."

"And do you dabble in politics, marchioness, [illegible] with the [illegible] my poor ministers?"

"By no means, sire; for in place of Monsieur de Choiseul and the Duke de Praslin, I was saying to myself just now, 'Up, Menneval! up, Beaugency!'"

"Aye, aye," returned the king; "and why the deuce would you have them jumping, those two good-looking gentlemen—Monsieur de Menneval, who is a Crœsus, and Monsieur de Beaugency, who is a statesman, and dances the minuet to perfection."

"I tell you," said the lady. "You know, sire, that Monsieur de Menneval is an accomplished gentleman, a handsome man, a gallant cavalier, an indefatigable dancer, witty as Monsieur Arouet, and longing for nothing so much as to live in the country, on his estate in Touraine, on the banks of the Loire, with the woman whom he loves, or will love, far from the court, far from grandeur and from turmoil."

"And, on my life, he's in the right of it," quoth the king. "One does become so wearied at court."

"Aye, and no," rejoined the widow, as she put on her last beauty spot. "Nor are you aware, sire, that Monsieur de Beaugency is one of the most brilliant courtiers of Marly and of Versailles; ambitious, burning with zeal for the service of your majesty, as brave as Monsieur Menneval; and capable of going to the end of the earth—with the title of ambassador of the king of France."

"I know that," chimed in Louis XV. with a laugh. "But alas, I have more ambassadors than embassies. My antechambers overflow every morning."

"Now," continued the marchioness, "I have been a widow these two years past."

"A long time, there is no denying."

"Ah," sighed she, "there is no need to tell me so, sire. But Monsieur de Menneval loves me—at least he says so, and I am easily persuaded."

"Very well; then marry Monsieur de Menneval."

"I have thought of it, sire, and in truth I might do much worse. I should like well enough to live in the country, under the willow trees, on the borders of the rivers, with a husband fond, yielding, loving, who would detest the philosophers, and set some little value on the poets. When no eternal noises disturb the honeymoon, that month, sire, may be indefinitely prolonged. In the country, you know, one never hears a noise."

"Unless it be the north wind moaning in the corridor, and the rain pattering on the window-panes." And the king shivered slightly on his sofa.

"But," added the lady, "Monsieur de Beaugency loves me equally well."

"Ah, ha! the ambitious man!"

"Ambition does not shut out love, sire. Monsieur de Beaugency is a marquis, he is twenty-five, he is ambitious. I should like a husband vastly who was longing to reach high offices of state. Greatness has its own particular merit."

"Then marry Monsieur de Beaugency."

"I have thought of that also; but this poor Monsieur de Menneval."

"Very good," exclaimed the king, laughing; "now I see to what purposes the oranges are destined. Monsieur de Menneval pleases you; Monsieur de Beaugency would suit you just as well; and since you can't have more than one husband, you make them each jump in turn."

"Just so, sire; but observe what happens."

"Ah! what does happen?"

"That, unable and unwilling to play unfairly, I take equal pains to catch the two oranges as they come down, and that I catch them both each time."

"Well, are you willing that I should take part in your game?"

"You, sir? Ah, what a joke that would be!"

"I am very clumsy, marchioness. To a certainty, in less than three minutes Beaugency and Menneval will be rolling on the floor."

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, "and if you have any preference for one or the other?"

"No; we will do better. Look, I take the two oranges; you mark them carefully—or, better still, you stick into one of them one of these toilet pins, making up your own mind which of the two is to represent Monsieur de Beaugency, and leaving me, on that point, entirely in the dark. If Monsieur de Beaugency touch the floor you shall marry his rival; if it happen just otherwise, you shall resign yourself to become an ambassadress."

"Excellent! Now, sire, let's see the result."

The king took the two oranges and plied shuttle with them above his head. But at the third pass the two rolled down upon the embroidered carpet, and the marchioness broke out into a merry fit of laughter.

"I foresaw as much," exclaimed his majesty. "What a clumsy fellow I am!"

"And we are more puzzled than ever, sire."

"So we are, marchioness; but the best thing we can do is to slice the oranges, sugar them well, and season them with a dish of West India rum. Then you can beg me taste them and offer me some of those preserved cherries and peaches that you put up just as nicely as my daughter Adelaide."

"And Monsieur de Menneval, and Monsieur de Beaugency?" said the marchioness in piteous accents. "How is the question to be settled?"

Louis XV. began to cogitate.

"Are you sure," said he, "that both of them are in love with you?"

"Probably so," returned she, with a little coquettish smile, sent back to her from the mirror opposite.

"And their love is equally strong?"

"I trust so, sire."

"And I don't believe a word of it."

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "but that is, in truth, a most terrible supposition. Besides, sire, they are on their way hither."

"Both of them?"

"One after the other, the marquis at one o'clock precisely; the baron at two. I promised them my decision to-morrow, on condition that they would pay me a final visit to-day."

As the marchioness finished, the valet, who had announced the king, came to inform his mistress that Monsieur de Beaugency was in the drawing-room, and solicited the favor of admission to pay his respects.

"Capital!" said Louis XV., smiling as though he were eighteen; "show Monsieur de Beaugency in. Marchioness, you will receive him, and tell him the price that you set upon your hand."

"And what is this price, sire?"

"You must give him the choice—either to renounce you, or to consent to send in to me his resignation of his appointments, in order that he may go and bury himself with his wife on his estate at Courlac, in Poitou, there to live the life of a country gentleman."

"And then, sire?"

"You will allow him a couple of hours for reflection, and so dismiss him."

"And in the end?"

"The rest is my concern." And the king got up, taking his dog and his gun, and concealed himself behind a screen, drawing also a curtain, that he might be completely hidden.

"What is your intention, sire?" asked the marchioness.

"I conceal myself, like the kings of Persia, from the eyes of my subjects," replied Louis XV. "Hush, marchioness!"

A few moments later, and Monsieur de Beaugency entered the room.

The marquis was a charming cavalier, tall, slight, with a moustache black and curling upward, an eye sparkling and intelligent, a Roman nose, an Austrian lip, a firm step, a noble and imposing presence.

The marchioness blushed slightly at sight of him, but offered him her hand to kiss; and as she begged him by a gesture to be seated, thus inwardly took counsel with herself.

"Decidedly, I believe that the test is useless; it is Monsieur de Beaugency whom I love. How proud shall I be to lean upon his arm at the court fetes! With what delight shall I keep long watches in the cabinet of his excellency the ambassador, while he is busy with his majesty's affairs."

But after this "aside," the marchioness resumed her gracious and coquettish air; as though the woman comprehended the mission of refined gallantry which was reserved for her seductive and delicate epoch by an indulgent Providence, that laid by its anger and its evil days for the subsequent reign.

"Marchioness," said Monsieur de Beaugency, as he held in his hands the rosy fingers of the lovely widow, "it is fully a week since you received me!"

"A week! why, you were here yesterday!"

"[illegible] ages."

"A compliment which may be found in one of the younger Crebillon's books!"

"You are hard upon me, marchioness."

"Perhaps so, it comes naturally. I am tired."

"Ah, marchioness! Heaven knows that I would make of your existence one never-ending fete!"

"That would, at least, be wearisome."

"Say a word, madam, one single word, and my fortune, my future prospects, my ambition!—"

"You are still, then, as ambitious as ever?"

"More than ever, since I have been in love with you."

"Is that necessary?"

"Beyond a doubt. Ambition! What is it but honors, wealth, the envious looks of impotent rivals, the admiration of the crowd, the favor of monarchs? And is not one's love unanswerably and most triumphantly proved in laying all this at the feet of the woman whom one adores?"

"You may be right."

"I may be right, marchioness. Listen to me, my fair lady love."

"I am all attention, sir."

"Between us, who are well born, and consort not with plebians, that vulgar and sentimental sort of love which is painted by those who write books for your mantuamakers and chambermaids, would be in exceedingly bad taste. It would be but slighting love and making no account of its enjoyment were we to go and bury it in some obscure corner of the province, or of Paris—we who belong to Versailles—living away there with it in monotonous solitude and unchanging contemplation!"

"Ah!" said the marchioness, "you think so?"

"Tell me rather of fetes that dazzle one with lights, with noise, with smiles, with wit, through which one glides intoxicated with the fair conquest in triumph on one's arm."

"Why hide one's happiness, in place of parading it? The jealousy of the world does but increase, and can not diminish it. My uncle, the cardinal, stands well at court. He has the king's ear, and, better still, the countess. He will, ere long, procure me one of the northern embassies. Can not you fancy yourself, madam, the ambassadress, treading on the dais of a drawing-room, as royalty with royalty, with the highest nobility of a kingdom, having the men at your feet and the women on lower seats around you, while you yourself are occupant of a throne and wield a sceptre?"

And as Monsieur de Beaugency warmed with his own eloquence, he gently slid from his seat to the knees of the marchioness, whose hand he covered with kisses.

She listened to him with a smile on her lips, and then abruptly said to him:

"Rise, sir, and hear me in turn. Are you in truth sincerely attached to me?"

"With my whole soul, marchioness."

"Are you prepared to make every sacrifice?"

"Every one, madam."

"That is fortunate, indeed, for, to be prepared for all is to accomplish one—one without the slightest difficulty, and it is but a single one that I require."

"Oh, speak! Must a throne be conquered?"

"By no means, sir. You must only call to mind that you have a fine chateau in Poitou."

"Pooh!" said Monsieur de Beaugency, "a shed."

"Every man's house is his castle," replied the widow. "And having called it to mind, you need only order post-horses."

"For what purpose?"

"To carry me off to Courlac. It is here that your almoner shall unite us, in the chapel, in the presence of your domestics and your vassals, our only witnesses."

"A singular whim, marchioness; but I submit to it."

"Very well. We will set out this evening. Ah! I forgot."

"What further?"

"Before starting you will send in your resignation to the king."

Monsieur de Beaugency almost bounded from his seat.

"Do you dream of that, marchioness?"

"Assuredly. You will not, at Courlac, be able to perform your duties at court."

"And on returning?"

"We will not return."

"We will—not—return!" slowly ejaculated Monsieur de Beaugency. "Where, then, shall we proceed?"

"Nowhere. We will remain at Courlac."

"All the summer?"

"And all the winter. I count upon settling myself there after our marriage. I have a horror of the court. I do not like the turmoil. Grandeur wearies me. I look forward only to a simple and charming country life—to a tranquil and happy existence of the forgotten lady of the castle. What matters it to you? You were ambitious for my love's sake. I care but little for ambition; you ought to care for it still less, since you are in love with me."

"But, marchioness—"

"Hush! It's a bargain. Still, for form's sake, I give you one hour to reflect. There, pass out that way; go into the winter drawing-room that you will find at the end of the gallery, and send me your answer upon a leaf of your tablets. I am about to complete my toilet, which I left unfinished, to receive you."

And the marchioness opened the door, bowed Monsieur de Beaugency into the corridor, and closed the door upon him.

"Marchioness," cried the king, from his hiding place and through the screen, "you will offer Monsieur de Menneval the embassy to Prussia, which I promise you for him."

"And you will not emerge from your retreat?"

"Certainly not, madame; it is far more amusing to remain behind the scenes. One hears all, laughs at one's ease, and is not troubled with saying anything."

It struck two; Monsieur de Menneval was announced. His majesty remained snug, and shammed dead.

Monsieur de Menneval was at all points a cavalier who yielded nothing to his rival, Monsieur de Beaugency. He was fair. He had a blue eye, a broad forehead, a mouth that wore a dreamy expression, and that somewhat pensive air which became so well the troubadours of France in the olden time.

We can not say whether Monsieur de Menneval had perpetrated verse, but he loved the poets, the arts, the quiet of the fields, the sunset, the rosy dawn, the breezes sighing through the foliage, the low and mysterious tones of the harp sounding at eve from the bark shooting over the blue waters of the Loire—all things, in short, that harmonized with that melodious concert of the heart which passes by the name of love.

He was timid, but he passionately loved the beautiful widow; and his dearest dream was of passing his whole life at her feet, in well-chosen retirement, far from those envious lookers-on who are ever ready to fling their sarcasms on quiet happiness, and who dissemble their envy under a cloak of philosophic skepticism.

He trembled as he entered the marchioness' boudoir. He remained standing before her, and blushed as he kissed her hand. At length, encouraged by a smile, emboldened by the solemnity of this coveted interview, he spoke to her of his love with a poetic sympathy and an unpremeditated warmth of heart—the genuine enthusiasm of a priest who has faith in the object of his adoration.

And as he spoke, the marchioness sighed and said within herself:

"He is right. Love is happiness. Love is to be two indeed, but one at the same time; and is free from those importunate intermeddlers, the indifference of the mocking attention of the world."

She remembered, however, the advice of the king, and thus addressed the baron:

"What will you indeed do, in order to convince me of your affection?"

"All that man can do."

The baron was less bold than Monsieur de Beaugency, who had talked of conquering a throne. He was probably more sincere.

"I am ambitious," said the widow.

"Ah!" replied Monsieur Menneval, sorrowfully.

"And I would that the man whom I marry should aspire to everything, and achieve everything."

"I will try to do so, if you wish it."

"Listen; I give an hour to reflect. I am, you know, the king's god-daughter. I have begged him an embassy for you."

"Ah!" said Monsieur de Menneval, with indifference.

"He has granted my request. If you love me you will accept my offer. We will [illegible] off for Berlin immediately after the nuptials. Reflect; I give you an hour."

"It is useless," answered Monsieur de Menneval; "I have no need of reflection, for I love you. Your wishes are my orders; to obey you is my only desire. I accept the embassy."

"Never mind," said she, trembling for joy, and blushing deeply. "Pass in the room wherein you were just waiting. I must complete my toilet, and I shall then be at your service. I will summon you."

The marchioness handed out the baron by the right hand door, as she had handed out the marquis by the left, and then said to herself:

"I shall be prettily embarrassed, if Monsieur de Beaugency should consent to end his days at Courlac!"

Thereupon the king removed the screen and reappeared.

His majesty stepped quietly to the round table, whereupon he had replaced the oranges, and took up one of them.

"Ah!" exclaimed the marchioness, "I perceive, sire, that you foresee the difficulty that is about to spring up, and go back accordingly to the oranges, in order to settle it."

As his sole reply, Louis XV. took a small ivory-handled penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the rind of the orange, peeled it off very neatly, divided the fruit into two parts, and offered one to the astonished marchioness.

"But, sire, what are you doing?" was her eager inquiry.

"You see that I am eating the orange."

"But—"

"It was of no manner of use to us."

"You have decided, then?"

"Unquestionably. Monsieur de Menneval loves you better than Monsieur de Beaugency."

"That is not quite certain yet; let us wait."

"Look," said the king, pointing to the valet, who entered with a note from the marquis. "We'll soon see."

The widow opened the note and read:

"Madame, I love you, heaven is my witness; and to give you up is one of the most cruel of sacrifices. But I am a gentleman. A gentleman belongs to a king. My life, my blood are his. I can not, without forfeit of my loyalty, abandon his service—"

"Et cetera," chimed the king, "as was observed by the Abbe Fleury my tutor. Marchioness, call in Monsieur Menneval."

Monsieur de Menneval entered, and was greatly troubled to see the king in the widow's boudoir.

"Baron," said his majesty, "Monsieur de Beaugency was deeply in love with the marchioness, but he was more deeply still in love—since he would not renounce it to please her—with the embassy to Prussia. And you, you love the marchioness much better than you love me, since you would only enter my service for her sake. This leads me to believe that you would be a lukewarm public servant, and that Monsieur de Beaugency will make an excellent ambassador. He will start for Berlin this evening; and you shall marry the marchioness. I will be present at the ceremony."

"Marchioness," whispered Louis XV., in the ear of his goddaughter, "true love is that which does not shrink from a sacrifice."

And the king peeled the second orange and ate it, as he placed the hand of the widow in that of the baron.

Then he added:

"I have been making three persons happy—the marchioness, whose indecision I had relieved; the baron who shall marry her; and Monsieur de Beaugency, who will perchance prove a sorry ambassador. In all this I have only neglected my own interests, for I have been eating the oranges without sugar. And yet they will have it that I am a selfish monarch!"

The regalia of the German empire, long kept in the Hofbourg at Vienna, will probably be used during the approaching coronation of King William as Emperor of Germany. First in order is the crown, which measures just one foot in height, and which is of twenty-four and twenty-one carat gold, beset with pearls and various other gems. To keep it from pressing disagreeably close to the head of the royal wearer it is provided with a red velvet cap or lining, which is worn inside of it. The sceptre, which is of silver, gilt, is two feet long. The point terminates in an acorn, around which are clustered four oak leaves, two of them being bent downward, while the other two are inclined upward. Next is the *Reichs-apfel*—this is what the Prussian eagle holds in his talons. It is a hollow ball of the finest gold, about a hand's space in diameter, being three and three-fourths inches across. This is encircled by two rings, the one perpendicular and the other horizontal. The first mentioned is half covered with jewels, while the ring which is placed horizontally is entirely covered with them. On the top of the ball is set a cross, which is also covered with gems.

The *Herald of Health* contains, in its March number, a page of pointed talk, all about the young doctors, some fifteen hundred of whom are now graduated each year from the medical colleges of this country. The editor says if we are to judge of the qualifications of this army by the specimens who daily attend clinics at Bellevue Hospital then we may well despair of the profession. "Sorting out a dozen of the best of them," continues the writer, whose language is certainly equal in plainness to that of Truthful James, "sorting out a dozen of the best of them, and the remainder are a dirty, ill-mannered, rowdyish set of fellows, who will never do any good and may do a vast deal of harm." To the end that this evil may be reformed altogether it is said that not every one who applies should be allowed to enter, but only such as by nature seem fitted for the work. A test scale as stringent as that at West Point, modified to suit the exigencies of the case, would, it is thought, weed out much of the chaff of medical colleges; and there is surely as great need of good wheat here as in the military service.

St. Jerome mentions a widow who married her twenty-third husband, who, in his turn, had been married to twenty wives. A woman named Elizabeth Masi, who died at Florence, in 1786, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She espoused the last at the mature age of sixty. When on her deathbed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and, having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as her favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his. The death of a soldier is recorded in 1784, who had had five wives, and his widow, aged ninety, wept over the grave of her fourth husband. The writer who mentioned these facts naively added: "The said soldier was much attached to the marriage state."

An exchange says: "Let it not be forgotten that to the Democratic party belongs that class of people in the South who still hold that the wealthy alone should rule; that labor is degrading; that public education should not be furnished to the poor, and that a laboring man, be he white or black, is only a working machine. These fight at every step the changed condition of things brought about by the late war, and labor, hope and pray for a reaction, which shall place again at the head the men who initiated the rebellion and destroyed the prosperity of the South in 1861. The rule of the Democracy meant rebellion then, and it means anarchy and reaction now." Who ever read more truthful lines?

From the papers found in the Tuileries after the flight of the Empress Eugenie, it appears that Louis Napoleon, during his reign, spent the following sums on the different branches of his family: The members of the Jerome Bonaparte family received 37,000,000 francs; the Lucien Bonaparte family, 12,000,000; the Murats, 13,000,000; the Princess Bacciocchi, 6,000,000; other members about 1,000,000—the whole presenting a total of 70,000,000 francs. A pretty little bill!

A clergyman relates that early in his ministry he and another brother were conducting a meeting in which there was much religious interest. An old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until it began to interrupt the services. Brother H—— said to Brother W——, "Go and stop that old man's noise." The shouting man at once became quiet. Brother H—— asked Brother W—— what he said to the old man to make him so quiet. Brother W—— replied, "I asked him for a dollar for foreign missions."

The Washington special of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* telegraphs:

The remonstrance of the American Free Trade League, against the repeal of the duty on tea and coffee, was presented in both houses to-day. It states that such repeal would deprive the government of over thirteen millions of dollars of revenue, and therefore render difficult the repeal of other far more burdensome duties which yield but little revenue at a much heavier cost to the people. They add that the true object of revenue reform is not to repeal the duties which are levied for revenue, and under which all the money taken from the people is received by the government and contributed to the expenses which the people must, in some form, bear; but to reform the tariff so as to repeal those duties which yield little revenue, to tax the people heavily to support favored monopolies.

The league represent that the money which is taken from the people by the duties on tea and coffee is received by the government, but that the duties on iron, lumber, blankets, coal and salt take many millions from the people, of which only a very small portion is received by the treasury, the larger part going as a tribute to the favored manufacturers. Thus, of about twenty-one millions of dollars of increased cost to the people, caused by the duty on pig iron, the government has received only about $1,500,000. The balance, nineteen millions of dollars, the owners of blast furnaces obtained. The government receives no revenue from blankets, yet the duties on them of 135 per cent enable the manufacturers in this country to extort from the people two dollars and a quarter on every pair sold in the country over and above what the same goods can be imported for free of duty.

This is a tax paid by every individual in the United States, and while it yields no revenue, it is more burdensome to the people than the taxes on tea and coffee, which produce thirteen millions per annum. Accurate statistics, carefully collected by ex-Commissioner Wells, show that a family of six persons will consume in a year, of coffee, thirty-six pounds, the duty upon which, at three cents per pound, is $1 08; of tea, six pounds, the duty upon which, at fifteen cents per pound, is ninety cents. The whole duty is, therefore, only $1 98, while the tax on a single pair of blankets is $2 25. Each adult, therefore, pays more tax on a pair of blankets than a family of six persons pays on its tea and coffee during a whole year. The tax on a laboring man's suit of clothes amounts to fully fifteen dollars, or seven times the sum paid by a family of six persons on its whole annual consumption of tea and coffee.

The Royal Wedding.

This is reported by the special of the St. Louis *Republican:*

NEW YORK, March 21.—The brother of Marquis of Lorne, now in this city, gave a banquet this evening at the Travelers' Club to numerous British residents, and also several New Yorkers, at which toasts of a friendly international character were drunk. The St. George's and St. Andrew's societies also dine together this evening to celebrate the royal marriage. Special mail reports from London give an account of the presents to the Princess Louise coming from all parts of the kingdom. Those from the queen consist of personal ornaments. Foremost among the splendid objects given to the bride is a jewel casket, the gift of Prince Arthur. The prayer book was the gift of the bridegroom. The covers are of ivory, ornamented with a pierced combined monogram in pure gold surmounted by the princess' coronet and marquis' crown set in rubies, emeralds and diamonds. The clasp was formed of a pierced crown with a setting of an old family jewel of priceless value. The necklace and ear-rings were presented by the Scotch servants of Balmoral. A bracelet of gold with three enormous rubies was the gift of the Argyle family. A magnificent fan set with diamonds was presented by the Princess Teck. The Princess of Wales gave a work table of maple, with silver fittings. The Duchess of Argyle gave a toilet service, every article of which has the combined monogram set in rubies. The Princess of Prussia's present was a tea service of Sevres manufacture, originally manufactured for Frederick the Great. Besides these there are innumerable presents from the English and Scotch nobility.

NEW YORK, March 22.—The remarks made by Lord Campbell at the dinner given last evening at the Travelers' Club, that the Princess Beatrice had said on hearing of Louise's engagement, "Oh, mother, I am so glad that Louise is going to marry a subject. I suppose I now can marry an American," has set the gossips afloat as to who can be the American on whom the young princess has fixed her mind's eye. Several names were mentioned at the club last evening, and it is generally understood that the choice lies between Cadet Grant and young James Gordon Bennett, with the chances in favor of the latter, he having already been formally introduced to the Queen at the time of the great yacht race. The subject is the topic of considerable speculation at the clubs again this evening.

Lydia Thompson Don't Patronize Fast Young Men.

The following letter from Lydia Thompson not only vindicates herself, but, better than that, defends the reputation of Miss Lucille Western. The latter played a successful engagement at the Academy this season, and Miss Thompson will open at the Academy about the middle of April next:

BALTIMORE, March 15, 1871.

To the Editor of the Herald:

SIR—My attention has been called to a letter written by Miss Lucille Western, which appears in the *Herald* of the fourteenth inst., wherein it seems I have been accused of riding in Harlem lane in the company of Miss Western and some fast young men.

The author of this scandal, it seems, is one Dr. Fuller Walker. The worthy doctor, in his zeal for the public good, or rather, I should imagine, in his desire to benefit himself by being brought before the public as a lecturer and thus obtain a cheap advertisement, has intentionally uttered two little fibs. In the first place, I never, to my knowledge, met Miss Western; and in the second place, I am not acquainted with any fast young men.

Had this advertiser simply mentioned my name, I should probably have paid no attention to an assertion that few would credit; but as Miss Western is associated with me in this matter, I think it due to that lady to make this denial.

I never go into any society, but devote myself entirely to my professional duties.

I am, yours faithfully,

LYDIA THOMPSON.

The New Hampshire Election—The Cause of the Republican Defeat.

Ex-Governor Harriman, of New Hampshire, now United States Naval Officer at Boston, has addressed the following letter to Senator Morton, relative to the New Hampshire election:

BOSTON, Mass., March 17, 1871.

Hon. O. P. Morton:

MY DEAR SIR—We have suffered a humiliating defeat in New Hampshire, but we barely escaped a similar result last year. Indeed, the result would have been the same last year had we not made a united, hearty effort to prevent it. I did my duty this year. Wish I could say the same of all. Our troubles are mostly local. The St. Domingo question did us little or no damage. Some of our acknowledged leaders have been fighting against us for years; others have, through indifference, fanned the result we see to-day. We have a dirty railroad quarrel. Last June a very extreme and unpopular liquor law was passed. But I will not particularize. We mean to redeem the State, and I believe we shall as soon as the next Presidential election. If possible protect the loyalists of the South before your adjournment.

Yours truly,

WALTER HARRIMAN.

Hawthorne once told a friend that for several years he voluntarily did not see the sun, and for months together did not speak to his own sister, with whom he was living. When asked if there was any trouble between them, he said, "No, but their spirits seemed to be frozen."

A little boy, [illegible] had been told that he must never ask for anything to eat when away from home, went into a neighbor's house one day when the lady chanced to be frying doughnuts.

"Ah!" said he, "you are cooking."

Aware that he had been well trained, and anxious to see if his appetite would get the better of his manners, the lady did not give him any of the doughnuts.

"Well," said he, returning to the subject, "your cakes look nice."

"Oh! very nice," said the lady; "they are the best I ever cooked."

After playing with the cat a while, he remarked:

"And they smell nice."

"Oh, yes! they smell nice," was the lady's tantalizing answer.

"Well," said the boy, "I suppose that if any little child that was hungry should come in here when you were cooking, that you would give him something to eat."

"Well, yes, I think I would."

"Well," said he, after another turn with the cat, "I guess I must go home, for I am very hungry."

It is needless to add that he got a doughnut.

Caution to Check and Note Drawers.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has recently made a decision which should put every man on his guard as to the manner in which he fills up a printed note or check. The facts of the case were substantially as follows: A owed B one hundred dollars, for which he gave his note, payable in ninety days. A printed form was used, B filling up the blanks with the proper figures and dates, and A signing the note with it when it had been put in proper shape. B subsequently, without the knowledge or consent of A, wrote the words "and fifty," after the words "one hundred," in the body of the note, and sold it to C. When the note became due A refused to pay, and plead that the insertion of the words "and fifty" in the note was a forgery, a fact that was abundantly proven. Suit was brought by C against A, the maker of the note, and although the forgery by B was admitted, C recovered judgment against A for one hundred dollars. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, and there the judgment was affirmed. The court, however, said that the judgment ought to have been for one hundred and fifty dollars, but inasmuch as the plaintiff below took no exception to the judgment as rendered, it could not be disturbed. At first sight the decision appears to be unjust, but the reasoning of the court appears to be conclusive as to the necessity of the rule laid down in order to facilitate commercial transactions.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—We present to-day to our readers the above mentioned document, which we advise such of our readers as are interested in the subject of life insurance to give an attentive perusal. It will be seen that the company's receipts during the year were $2,276,171 71, and that its disbursements were $1,442,304 46, showing a profit of $833,687 25, and that its assets at the present time amount to $6,924,116 39. With such a statement before them, we can not see how assurers can possibly do better than patronize this company, as it shows that the ratio of expenses to the receipts was only about twelve per cent of the income, and that the interest account alone is over sixty-five per cent more then the total expenses. The assets also show $630,000 over the last annual report, and will be seen to consist of the most substantial securities. During the year the company paid over $530,000 to the heirs of insurers who died, and over $600,000 was returned to insurers as their share of the income of the concern. Considering all these facts the reader must acknowledge that the Manhattan has done remarkably well, and that its patrons have had good cause to consider it, as they undoubtedly do, the best life insurance company in the Union.

THEY WILL ALWAYS BE POPULAR.—Such is the earnest belief of every one who has possessed one of those wonderfully complete pieces of mechanism known as the Improved Singer Sewing Machine. For after a constant use of upward of twenty years, they still hold a front rank among the highest order of machines, and almost defy the industry of their manufacturers to supply them in sufficient quantities to meet the demand. We advise our readers to call and see those recently received by Messrs. William E. Cooper & Co., Nos. 7 and 9 Camp street.

Out in Chester county, North Carolina, a clock peddler was tramping along, hot, dusty and tired, when he came to a meeting house wherein sundry Friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat and placed his clocks upon the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting house, which was broken by one of the clocks, which commenced striking furiously. The peddler was in an agony, but he hoped every minute the clock would stop. Instead of that it struck just four hundred and thirty times by the actual count of every Friend in the meeting, for the best disciplined of them could not help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the Friends, at the end of the four hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said: "Friend, as it is so very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey, or thee will not reach thy destination unless thee is as energetic as thy vehement timepiece."

In New York, William Stern, aged sixteen years, has been arraigned for forgery, after having run a short career as a fast boy. He raised $200 on a check belonging to his employers, and went directly to a barber's and paid three dollars and eighty-five cents to have his hair curled and perfumed. Then he purchased a suit of clothes for sixty dollars, representing himself to be a son of S. N. Pike. His next move was to buy an amethyst ring for twenty-eight dollars, and a locket, chain, and breastpin for nineteen dollars and sixty-five cents. He was arrested while negotiating for a handsome horse and buggy.

It is said in Vienna that the old Archduchess Sophia, mother of poor Ferdinand Maximilian, has become a monomaniac. She is reported to firmly believe that she is a very pretty young girl, and she insists on dressing as she did when she was eighteen years old. Fortunately for her and her family the old archduchess for several months past has steadily refused to leave her apartments.

THE PEOPLE'S BOOK
AND
THE BOOK OF THE DAY.

JUST OUT.
THE LOUISIANA MAGISTRATE.
A GUIDE OF DAILY USE TO THE JUDGE, THE PARISH OFFICER, THE LAWYER, THE BUSINESS MAN, AND HEADS OF FAMILIES.
Containing the most necessary information on questions of every day use,
AND
A COMPLETE SET OF FORMS FOR ALL CONTRACTS OF EVERY DAY OCCURRENCE.
For sale by
BARRETT, SEYMOUR & CO.,
General Stationers and Law Publishers,
mh25 2dp No. 60 Camp street.

NEW ORLEANS SILVER WARE MANUFACTORY.

Attention is particularly directed to my SILVER TABLE WARE, such as
SPOONS, FORKS, ETC.
Prices as low as at any Northern manufactory and CHEAPER THAN IN ANY HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS. Quality and style equal to any. Full guarantees given in all cases. Every description of Medals, Badges, Military Belt-plates, Sword Mountings, etc., manufactured in the most artistic manner and at low prices.
A. HIMMEL, Proprietor,
[illegible] 1y 2p No. [illegible] Poydras street.

[illegible] Republican [illegible]
[illegible] production of elegant and wholesome [illegible]
Griddle Cakes, Waffles, Dumplings, [illegible]
Composed of the purest and best materials, put up in Tins which are, to all intents and purposes, impervious to the action of [illegible] time.
It Will Keep for Years in Any Climate.
To those who have never used it, we say give it a fair trial, and our word for it, you will thereafter use no other kind.
Put up in quarter pound, half pound, one pound and five pound cans, actual weight.
Sold Generally by Grocers, Ship Chandlers and Dealers.
DOOLEY & BROTHER, Proprietors.
Wholesale Depot 68 New street, New York.
mh29 7p

DR. HOLCOMBE'S WORKS.
OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN, Price [illegible]
THE SEXES; HERE AND HEREAFTER; Price [illegible]
IN BOTH WORLDS, Price [illegible]
THE OTHER LIFE, Price [illegible]
CONTENTS OF THE OTHER LIFE:
Chapter I—How Can We Know Anything of the Other Life?
Chapter II—Our Spiritual Bodies.
Chapter III—Our Spiritual Senses.
Chapter IV—Our Language Hereafter.
Chapter V—Our Surroundings Hereafter.
Chapter VI—Spiritual Times and Spaces.
Chapter VII—The Presence of the Lord in Heaven.
Chapter VIII—The Occupations of Heaven.
Chapter IX—Hell, its Delusions and Miseries.
Chapter X—The World of Spirits.
Chapter XI—Why are These Things Not Believed?
FOR SALE BY
GEORGE ELLIS & BROTHER,
89 .... CAMP STREET
(Near Natchez.)
Who will send any or all the volumes to any address upon receipt of price. mh19 1t 3dp

GROVER & BAKER'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
SEWING MACHINES.
More FIRST PREMIUMS in Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, during past three years, than all the other sewing machine companies combined, and sales greater than those of any other.
GENERAL SOUTHERN OFFICE,
No. 182 Canal Street, New Orleans.
J. H. GARDNER, Agent.
mh3 eod1m 2p

C. H. ZIMMERMANN & CO.,
94 and 96 Canal Street;
JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS.
Mr. JOSEPH E. EALER has entire charge of the Watch Department.
Watches, Clocks and Chronometers repaired and adjusted.
Mr. GUS. SONTAG has entire charge of the Masonic Department.
Masonic Jewels, Books and Regalia always on hand. Seals and Presses for Lodges, Notaries, Banks, etc., promptly executed.
Mr. JOHN STUMPF has charge of the Jewelry Manufactory.
Diamonds reset and Jewelry carefully repaired.
Mr. CHR. KUCHLER has charge of the Silverware Manufactory.
Silver Presentation Plate made to order for Societies, Clubs and Companies promptly designed and executed.
The Very Best Pebble Spectacles on hand.
We import all goods direct from the [illegible] manufacture on our premises, and offer our goods at prices that can not be undersold.
C. H. ZIMMERMANN & CO.,
ja24 3m 2p 94 and 96 Canal [illegible]

SOUTHWESTERN BRANCH
RICHARD GAINES. P. V. [illegible]
OF THE
KNICKERBOCKER LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK,
FOR
TEXAS, LOUISIANA AND SOUTH [illegible]
Office No. 50 Camp Street, New Orleans.
ASSETS, $8,000,000.
POLICIES ISSUED AND LOSSES PAID AT THE BRANCH OFFICE.
GAINES & DUCROS,
mh22 6t [illegible]

ZABLE & DALTON,
69 .... Camp Street ....
MANUFACTURERS OF TIN AND JAPANNED WARE.
DEALERS IN
Stoves, Grates, House Furnishing Goods,
AGENTS FOR
The Times Cooking Stoves, Bramhall, [illegible] & Co.'s European Ranges and Boilers, Asbestos Roofing, Arbor, Bird and Animal Cages.
We are now manufacturing all kinds of Tubs, Toilet Ware, Water Coolers, etc., which we are selling at lowest market prices.
ZABLE & DALTON,
ap6 1y 2dp No. 69 Camp street.

MEDICAL CERTIFICATE.
We, undersigned medical doctors, having examined
A. A. PEYCHAUD'S BITTERS,
Do certify that these bitters are harmless. They may be used to cure certain cases, and generally to maintain health.
F. B. GAUDET, M. D.
F. L. TANEY, M. D.
C. DELERY, M. D. P.
DR. FAGET.
E. HARRISON, M. D.
D. C. HOLLIDAY, M. D.
CAPDEVIELLE, M. D. P.
O. HUARD, M. D. P.
mh11 eod1m 2dp THOS. LAYTON, M. D.

LOUISIANA EQUITABLE
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
ORGANIZED MAY, 1869.
OFFICE: No. 29 CARONDELET STREET,
NEW ORLEANS.
AMOUNT INSURED, OVER........ [illegible]
ASSETS OVER........ [illegible]
INCOME NEARLY........ [illegible]
LOSSES PAID........ [illegible]
Principal Features:
A Home Company.
Its Officers and Directors are well known.
Insurance can be effected without any delay.
Its investments are at home.
No restrictions on travel.
Thirty days' grace on annual payments.
All policies non-forfeitable and participate in the profits of the Company.
One-third loan given when desired.
Losses paid promptly.
Policies written on the lives of females and children.
Absolute security, economical management and liberality to the insured.
Directors:
D. B. PENN, C. H. SLOCOMB,
R. RIGNEY, GEORGE A. FOSDICK,
A. THOMSON, WILLIAM CHERVY,
W. B. SCHMIDT, E. A. TYLER,
M. J. SMITH, JOHN HENDERSON,
EDWARD BARNETT, C. E. GIRARDEY,
ALEXANDER MARKS, EDWARD NEWMAN,
J. W. STONE.
Officers:
JOSEPH ELLISON, President.
JOSEPH W. STONE, Vice President.
W. P. HARPER, Secretary.
WILLIAM C. ROBINS, Manager of Agencies.
Agents wanted for Louisiana and the adjoining States. Very favorable terms will be allowed to first-class men. Apply to
WILLIAM C. ROBINS,
[illegible] Manager of Agencies.