New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE EXILED EMPEROR.

Blanton Duncan's Interview.

[From the New York World.]

Among the recent arrivals from Europe in this city is Colonel Duncan, of Kentucky, who during his recent sojourn abroad, had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the drift of public opinion, as well as with some of the prominent actors in recent European events. Some of the results of his observations are told in the subjoined report of a conversation which he had with one of our reporters:

"Well, Colonel, it is understood that you have visited the Emperor Napoleon at Chislehurst, and the *World* is anxious to obtain from you any recollection of your relations with him which may be repeated."

"I can not tell you much without violating the courteries of private life. You of course see that it would be highly improper to repeat any matters I heard in this conversation which it is understood, I presume, was entirely private."

"Of course; still, there are many impressions which you have doubtless formed which there is no indelicacy in relating of a public person. Is the Emperor's health satisfactory at present?"

"Yes. He appeared to be in excellent health, and quite cheerful. He was on a yachting excursion with me, and while on board the yacht he moved about, observing everything, and enjoyed himself quite as much as any of the party—perhaps more so."

"Is he in good spirits? Do you think him detected at his reverse of fortune?"

"He is in fair spirits, and quite hopeful. I do not think that he is much disturbed at the loss of his position, and doubtless neither he nor the Empress would care to regain it, were it not for their son. The ingratitude of many of those who ought to have been their friends has inclined them personally more and more to private life."

"What hopes are entertained of their restoration? Is it not believed that the Napoleonic game is up?"

"Not at all. Shortly before I left London I dined with a member of the imperial family, who explained to me some of the views which are now held by the imperialists. It is looked on as certain that the imperial government will be restored. France has but two parties, the imperialist and the red republicans. The Bourbons are nowhere. Everything looks favorable for a restoration of the imperial power. The governments of Europe are in favor of it, for they see that the disturbed condition of France is a perpetual menace to European order; and they know that Napoleon was able, when at the head of affairs, to keep the elements of disorder under. I have gathered this impression from many of the foreign diplomatists whom I have met abroad. It is the opinion of our own legation that the Emperor is likely to be restored, and that it would be popular with the European potentates."

"But do not the imperialists recognize how unpopular the imperial government has become?"

"Of course; but this unpopularity will disappear in the light of the revelations which M. Duvernois and others are making of what France lost by overthrowing the empire after September 4. The result of the Russian revelations must be favorable to the Emperor, for it is clear that Russia was ready to interfere in his favor but for the *decheance*. For a hundred other reasons it is but natural to expect a strong revulsion of feeling in favor of the empire. The army, too, is strongly in his favor."

"What is thought of the Thiers government?"

"Every one sees that that is only a makeshift government and that it can not last any time. The chief executive is an old man, and may die at any time. That moment, if not sooner, France will be plunged into another civil war."

"You think so? Will this be a red war again? Has Gambetta still retained his influence?"

"He is still active, and he sides with the republicans—that is, he will advocate a republic of which the chief will be Leon Gambetta. We all know what founding a republic in France means. It is, of course, the next thing to founding a dynasty. His dictatorial conduct just before the surrender of Paris will be remembered by every one. He certainly intended a *coup d'etat* then, and I presume he has not forgotten his project."

"What backing has he?"

"You know there is a schism in the French army at present. When the old officers were in prison Gambetta supplied their places by new men. Now the old men coming back are disgusted to find these in their places. The veterans are attached to the empire, the new men to Gambetta. That is one source of his strength. Of course he will also be supported by the republicans."

"You suppose, however, that at the final settling down the Bonapartes will return to France and to power?"

"I have no doubt of it. Of course the Emperor could not return now and attempt another Boulogne expedition. I saw Bazaine at Geneva last winter, and he made this very point. He said that it was impossible for the Emperor to return now to put himself at the head of his army and call for the allegiance of the French. That is not exactly the way he will return."

"How do the imperialists like Bazaine and his conduct at Metz?"

"Well, they think he did all he could. As to his fighting at Metz, Gambetta has done much to discredit him, but he believes that history will set him right, and a man of over sixty, with great wealth, cares little for anything else except the verdict of history. He fought the battle of Gravelotte so as to win the admiration of the entire Prussian staff; they admit that nothing but their superior force could have beaten him. As to his getting out of Metz, the feeling now is that he could not have done so. Changarnier has sustained his reputation in that respect."

"What about Leboeuf?"

"Well, he is looked upon as a wretched creature."

"To return to the imperial family—what are your impressions of the Empress?"

"It is hardly necessary to observe what all the world has recognized—that she is a woman of great force of character. She doubtless feels now that she made a mistake in not allowing Paliako to put down the riot which developed into the revolution. He could have done that by shooting down five or six hundred men. Her health is good, except, perhaps, occasionally slight neuralgic affection. She is, of course, older looking now, and, indeed, so is the Emperor, but they are both in good health and cheerful."

"Have they many visitors?"

"Yes. The royal family of England visit them constantly. The Crown Prince of Sweden and the Russian Grand Duke recently in England also visited them. The nobility to a certain extent visit them also, but the Emperor does not like to receive too many, and restricts his receptions to those who have been intimate with him. When I was at Chiselhurst, Lady Burgoyne, in whose yacht the Emperor came over to England, was on a visit with his Majesty."

"Are the Napoleons popular with the people? Is there any crushing of gaping crowds, of which it is said the Emperor complains so strongly that he proposes to leave England?"

"I saw none of it. In fact, on that occasion to which I have alluded, when the Emperor accepted my invitation for a yachting excursion, I had an opportunity of judging how the people felt disposed toward him. I saw they were quite respectful. I said to him that the English evidently had not forgotten his friendship for them. He said that he had perceived that and was grateful for it."

"This feeling is pretty widespread."

"Yes; and I may remark that in many quarters it is looked on as a favorable omen. The English upper classes care little for a sinking ship or a setting sun, and if they seek to cultivate Napoleon now it is in the hope that he will again rise."

"How is the Prince Imperial liked?"

"Very much. He is growing up to be a fine young fellow. He is well received at reviews and other public gatherings. He is studying hard. The Empress told me she was anxious that when he was a little older and fully able to appreciate its advantages, he should make a tour of the United States."

The conversation of our reporter with Colonel Duncan then returned to the revolution in Europe and that which threatened the English government. Colonel Duncan said that nothing could exceed in importance the English revolutionary movement. It was quite clear that the government could not cope with the masses, who were daily becoming more desperate and more daring. He said that there was no doubt that a serious revolution was at hand. The government, he understood, did propose to take some measures to conciliate the people, but no one was satisfied that they would be successful.

BRUTAL MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY IN INDIANA.

One of the Murderers Discovered by Talking in His Sleep—He Confesses His Crime When Charged With It—Both Arrested.

[From the Lafayette, Indiana, Journal.]

The brutal murder of Miss Pardonner, of Attica, has been the absorbing topic of conversation for the last two days in this city, since the perpetrators of the act have been ascertained and their arrest secured. The principal actor in the bloody affair is a young man named Oliver Hart, well known in this city as "Bully Hart," said to be a son of Isaac W. Hart, of Attica, a young man named Alfred Browning, and the proprietor of a lung-testing machine, whose name our informant was unable to learn. It appears that on Thursday night late, the night after the murder, Hart went to bed very much under the influence of liquor, and in his drunken stupor "talked in his sleep" in the presence of his wife and mother-in-law, in such manner as led them to believe that he was one of the guilty parties. The next morning his wife accused him of the crime, and he confessed it, but charged her not to say anything about it, threatening her life if she did.

The dread secret was, however, too much for her to keep, and in the afternoon she divulged it, and Hart was arrested, upon which he confessed everything. He says that on the night of the murder he was watching the girl while she was engaged in milking the cow. He threw a clod of dirt into her pail, upon seeing which she emptied it, and went into the house and washed it out. During her absence he drove the cow through the alley and to the rear of Rogers' soap factory, the girl following. Arriving there, Hart approached and struck her on the head with a pair of brass knuckles, which felled her to the earth. Browning and the other man then came up, one of whom stuffed a handkerchief into her mouth and choked her. The two latter then proceeded to violate her person. At the conclusion of their hellish work, they discovered that their victim was dead. They took up the body and hid it in a chicken coop near by, where it remained until two o'clock in the morning, when they removed it and deposited it in the canal, where it was found. Hart was locked up on Friday night and the others Saturday morning.

After the facts became known, the town of Attica was fearfully excited, and there was strong talk of taking the criminals out of the calaboose and hanging them. When our informant left, the calaboose was surrounded by three or four hundred persons, who seemed intent on swift and sure punishment, but it is to be hoped that better counsel prevailed, and that the law will be allowed to take its course. Young Hart is represented as a hard boy, and has been so for several years past. At least he has had that reputation here, where he is well known among a certain class. It is also said that he is married to a woman whose reputation was at the time none of the best. The other two parties are not so well known.

Mrs. Vallandigham's Death.

We have already published a notice of the sudden decease of the widow of the late C. L. Vallandigham. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* furnishes the following particulars:

In our telegraphic columns to-day will be found the announcement of the death of Mrs. C. L. Vallandigham, widow of the eminent Ohio statesman, an account of whose sudden and tragic end it became our sad duty to chronicle not quite two months ago. Although not unexpected by those who were familiar with the sensitive and delicate organization of the woman, and knew in consequence how certain it was that her loving and affectionate heart would soon succumb to the terrible blow of her husband's death, the announcement will carry none the less of grief and sadness to the thousands of her noble husband's admirers throughout the length and the breadth of the land of his birth and of his love. At the time of Mr. Vallandigham's death the writer of this received from an old and intimate friend of the departed statesman and his estimable wife the prophecy that the latter would not for many days survive the awful tidings of her husband's fate.

The fulness of that prediction flashed yesterday from the mountains of Maryland to every quarter of the continent, carrying with it sadness and gloom to not only the intimate friends of the deceased, but to thousands of other loyal hearts who knew her only as the bereaved widow of him whose banner, "torn, but flying," they had followed through many a hotly contested political battlefield, and whose sudden taking off they had mourned with a sincerity of sorrow such as it is not the portion of many of earth's children, however gifted or distinguished, to create. Mrs. Vallandigham received the tidings of her idolized husband's death while standing beside the coffin of a beloved brother. Although partially paralyzed by the shock, the strong yearnings of her love lifted her above the effects of physical and mental prostration, and gave her strength to perform the long and weary journey to her desolated home in Dayton in time to view the inanimate body of the husband of her choice before it was consigned to its honored resting place in the soil of his own Ohio, the State of his nativity, the commonwealth of his love, and the scene of his social and political joys and sorrows, trials and triumphs.

For some weeks after her husband's funeral, Mrs. Vallandigham was confined to her bed by prostration, superinduced by the terrible calamity that had torn her heartstrings assunder, and shattered the already exhausted physical strength of an originally feeble and delicate organization. As soon as she had rallied a little, upon the advice of a physician, she started on a trip to the home of her girlhood in Maryland, in the vain hope that a change of air and scene would result in a change for the better. How vain that hope was, the dispatches from Cumberland show. Mrs. Vallandigham was a woman singularly refined, loving and sensitive, and one ill-fitted, by disposition, to be the companion of the man whose bold and daring nature led him to joy in the storms of life rather than to walk by the still waters of peace, or to lie down in the green pastures of idleness; a nature that told, with the eloquence of a shattered constitution, how terrible was the shock given by a husband's simple sentence of exile might well illustrate with a new pathos when the tragical closing scene came, Irving's tale of the "Broken Heart." Could we call her back to a weary life by one word of ours—who, as Dicken's said over the grave of "Little Nell," "who will speak that word?"

Sparkling Kate Stanton—How She Fixed Up Things with "John."

A good story is told of the sparkling Miss Kate Stanton, of Providence, Rhode Island, the young lady who is announced to lecture the coming season on the interesting subject, "Whom to Marry," to this effect: Some two or three years ago, while residing in New York, she was importuned by one of her numerous suitors (a wealthy and somewhat haughty New Yorker, who thought it honor enough for a queen to receive his offer) to marry him; and getting slightly out of patience with his pressing suit for the twentieth time, she said to him: "John, I have declined to accept your offer for a score of times, as delicately as I could; but it is of no use. You know I like you as a dear, good friend, and your perseverance is worthy of reward, I gratefully acknowledge. Well, there are at last forty 'good men and true' on the same plane in my affections with you. To be perfectly just, I suppose I must accept the first proposer in point of time, first; when he dies, the next, and so on. You are about the twenty-fifth, say, on the list. If you will be patient, and make me love you, too (for I will marry for love only), I'll take you in your turn. Could you propose a more equitable plan?" John was forced to bow to the justice of Miss Stanton's proposition, and is said to be waiting patiently, although she has not as yet, of course, accepted the first suitor. John is not a lawyer; Miss Stanton is; that is she is preparing for the bar; and it is supposed that John in assenting, overlooked the fact that in her proposition she set no time for commencing! It is evident that as a lawyer Miss Stanton will not lack skill in "drawing a contract."

How an Armorer Got His Money.

[From the New York Times.]

A recent incident in the controller's office proves that the officials congregated there have imbibed a wholesome fear of the *Times*. Mr. Charles Bercht, a worthy German citizen, who is drum-major and armorer of the Fifth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., had a bill of $375 against the county for services during last year in the latter capacity. It was duly passed by the Board of Supervisors, and he was provided with the proper vouchers. Mr. Bercht went to the office of the controller to get his money. But he soon found that an honest claim had little chance, and he was put off again and again on the plea that there were no funds to meet the bill. After several visits one of the clerks approached him with an offer to cash his claim at a discount of ten per cent. Mr. Bercht then saw the imposition that had been played upon him, and became indignant. "You see," he exclaimed, "der gounty owes me $375, and if I no gets $375, I goes right away mid der *Times* and gets brinted what dieves are about here." With that he started out, but the clerk hastily called him, and intimated that he thought it possible the bill might be paid. "Vell," answered Mr. Bercht, "if I gets my money it is all right." He was then told to bring his colonel to identify him, and he would be paid. His wrath broke out again. "I shands no more of dish fooling. You knows me vell enough as I is armorer fronder Fifth Regiment. I goes right away mid der *Times*." Again he started, but was seized by the clerk, and his claim instantly paid in full.

Hens in Place of Dogs.

There is hardly a family that does not throw away enough table scraps to keep at least half a dozen hens; and many that keep a nuisance in the shape of a dog, that does no good, but costs more than a dozen good hens, complain that they can not afford to keep hens. One dog in a neighborhood is generally a greater trouble to the neighbors than a flock of hens would be, for if hens are well fed at home they will rarely go away. But who ever saw a dog that was not a pest, running across the newly-made garden, and sticking his nose into everything. Kill off the curs and give the food to the hens, and you will find pleasure as well as profit in so doing. We wish there was a tax of one hundred dollars on every dog kept in the country. Those that are of value as watch-dogs could be retained, while the host of snarling, dirty curs would give place to some more useful and less troublesome pet.—*Poultry Standard.*

Death of Mrs. Robert Dale Owen.

[From the Evansville Journal, August 15.]

We learn with regret that on Friday evening last, Mrs. Mary Jane Owen, wife of Hon. Robert Dale Owen, breathed her last at her home in New Harmony, after an illness of little more than a week. Her remains were followed to the grave on Sunday by nearly all the citizens of New Harmony, by whom she was held in the very highest esteem. This estimable lady was loved for her deeds of kindness and charity as well as admired for her strength of mind and literary acquirements. Her husband will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in this, his greatest bereavement.

The following is clipped from a Kentucky paper: When a lark attempts to steal a kiss from a Nantucket girl she says, "Come, sheer off, or I'll split your mainsail with a typhoon." The Boston girls hold still until they are well kissed, when they flare up and say, "I think you ought to be ashamed." When a young chap steals a kiss from an Alabama girl she says, "I reckon its my time now," and she gives him a box on the ear that he don't forget in a week. When a clever fellow steals a kiss from a Louisiana girl she smiles, blushes deeply, and says nothing. When a man is smart enough to steal this divine luxury from them they are perfectly satisfied. In Lynn, Massachusetts, when a female is saluted with a buss she puts on her bonnet and shawl and answereth thus: "I am astonished at thy assurance, Jedediah; for this indignity I will sew thee up." New York ladies receive a salute with Christian meekness; they follow the Christian rule—when smitten on the one cheek they turn the other also. And when a Barry girl gets kissed she very calmly remarks, "Hans, dat ish good."

Upon a flagship once on a time there was a little drummer boy given to all sorts of devilment. The Admiral, an old friend of Trifles, believed the youth capable of doing anything in the way of wickedness, and therefore kept a sharp look-out. At last his watchfulness was rewarded. He discovered the boy in a piece of malicious mischief. He was caught in the act, and there was no escape. He was summoned to the awful presence of the Admiral.

"My child," said that officer, "I hoped that you were getting better, but I find that I was mistaken; you have been trying for the past two or three days to beat a hole in your drum. Don't deny it; I saw you."

The trembling boy replied that the Admiral must be mistaken, and asserted his innocence.

The Admiral was not to be fooled. "It won't do, sir; you always beat on the same spot, and if you don't want to wear out your drum what do you do that for?"

In vain he was told that drummer boys—that is, drummer boys who understood their business, always beat the drum in this way. Johnny was sent below in disgrace and punished.

Salvo, the bigamist, has been recaptured according to the *Planters' Banner*:

Salvo, the bigamist, who sawed his way through the grates of the Franklin jail a few weeks since, was recaptured on Bayou Louis, near Berwick's Bay, a few days ago, and sent back to jail.

The fellow had commenced his old trade, tuning pianos, made himself agreeable on the Bayou, went by a new name, said he was from Galveston, and had no acquaintance in St. Mary, and made so plausible a statement that, had it not been for his "game leg" and iron stirrup, the deputy sheriff says he would have let him go, supposing he had the wrong man. There is no account of his marrying another wife since his escape, but the report is that he was singing and making merry, and was considered quite agreeable.

Subserviency to party is the canker of the press. An editor, whose sheet is mortgaged to the State convention, or whose conscience is lodged in an envelop and filed away in a pigeon hole of the White House, has abdicated journalism. Generally, too, when a journalist shuts the door of his office behind him to take a seat in Congress, his pure flame of first love for his profession is gone; he has slighted his wife for a mistress. Of course journalists have as much eligibility to official station as other men, and more knowledge of its requirements than many. But a man can not be at the same time a judge and an advocate, neither can he be an editor and a politician. Imagine Mr. Gladstone to be at the same time the Premier of England and the editor of the London *Times*. What would be the value of that journal's opinion of that statesman's policy?—*Golden Age.*

A New Yorker, who has been summering in the country, writes about the keeper of his boarding-house: "She had only one eye, but it could see as much as any half dozen. I solemnly believe that eye could detect a grasshopper on a cabbage leaf at the other end of the garden. And if it did, that grasshopper had to jump. Mrs. Pennypinch was as particular about having her cabbage looking well as Mr. Greeley, and no insect could fool around it with impunity. 'I will be frank with you,' said Mrs. Pennypinch, when I was fencing with her on the financial question; 'I will be frank with you,' she said, 'and tell you right out that my place ain't fashionable. We ain't nothing here but plain people. The vittels is good, and there ain't no stin of 'em, but we ain't fashionable. Joe, turn that 'ere cow out o' the taters! Drat that cow, she's arter them taters all the time!"

ARLINGTON.

The Last Will and Testament of G. W. P. Custis.

[From the Alexandria (Virginia) Gazette.]

The County Court, which has just closed its session, gave the necessary orders and completed the necessary arrangements for the settlement of the estate of the late George W. P. Custis. Appraisers were appointed and provision made for all the details which the law requires on such occasions. The house of Mr. Custis, standing in sight of the capital, upon a similar eminence, had, from the earliest days, a celebrity wide as the nation, but recent events have made its history a portion of the history of the country. Especially has Arlington and its associations always possessed a peculiar attraction to the people of Alexandria. That sort of special interest which Washington manifested in the affairs of our fathers, Custis, his adopted son, displayed toward their sons, endeavoring not alone to descant upon his virtues in our midst with eloquent words, but by his manner and his devotion to our interests to illustrate to one generation of Alexandrians what had been the conduct of Washington toward its predecessor.

He hoped to make the home and family at Arlington the distinctive social successor for all time of the home and family of Mount Vernon. Mount Vernon might become the property of the world, the representative of the illustrious public life that closed beneath its roof and is sepulchred in its shade; but Arlington should be sacred to the home life of the great man, with Washington's social board for its heir-loom, and his domestic and social character for the type of its conduct and the ornament of its life.

For this purpose he devised his Arlington estate to Mrs. Lee for life, and then to George Washington Custis Lee, he to take the name of George W. P. Custis, and, in another clause of the will, he gives his daughter the right of dividing the family plate, but he adds:

"The Mount Vernon plate altogether and every article I possess relating to Washington, and that came from Mount Vernon, is to remain with my daughter at Arlington House during said daughter's life, and at her death to go to my oldest grand son, George Washington Custis Lee, and to descend from him entire to my latest posterity."

Few men peered into the future with a wider experience or a more acute philosophy, yet as he executed his will that March day of 1855, while the interest of the world gathered around the Malakoff, where Russia defied the armies of France and England, and the city across the Potomac was hearing, with scarce attentive ear, some rumors of mobs in Kansas, he could not see how soon the storm of civil war would scatter all his designs for Arlington, and that even "the Mount Vernon plate," the material emblem of the social life he wished Arlington to perpetuate, would be reft away from his daughter and held for some time by title of Strong-Hand. Still less did he see that his hopes would find a loftier accomplishment than he dreamed, and that *he* would stand in history between the two great captains of the age—the adopted child of one, and the adopted father of the other; that the war which reft from the family of Arlington its material inheritance left it by the family of Mount Vernon, would develop a kinship in a sphere far higher than a mere material connexion, the home at Arlington, not shining with reflected light, but resplendent with the lofty civic virtue and military renown of its head, Mount Vernon and Arlington, blending together in the history and the hearts of the people, safe beyond the accidents of time and the spoilings of mortality.

As a contribution to the history of the times we give the will of the illustrious old gentleman:

In the name of God, amen. I, George Washington Parke Custis, of Washington House, in the country of Alexandria, and State of Virginia, being sound in body and mind, do make and ordain this instrument of writing as my last will and testament, revoking all other wills and testaments whatever. I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved daughter and only child, Mary Anna Randolph Lee, my Arlington House estate, in the county of Alexandria, and State of Virginia, containing eleven hundred acres, more or less, and my mill on the Four-Mile Run, in the county of Alexandria, and the lands of mine adjacent to said mill, in the counties of Alexandria and Fairfax, in the State of Virginia, the use and benefit of all just mentioned during the term of her natural life, together with my horses and carriages, furniture, pictures and plate during the term of natural life.

On the death of my daughter, Mary Anna Randolph Lee, all the property left to her during the term of her natural life, I give and bequeath to my eldest grandson taking my name and arms.

I leave and bequeath to my four granddaughters, Mary, Anna, Agnes and Mildred Lee, to each ten thousand dollars.

I give and bequeath to my second grandson, William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, when he shall be of age, my estate, called the White House, in the county of New Kent and State of Virginia, containing four thousand acres, more or less, to him and his heirs forever.

I give and bequeath to my third and youngest grandson, Robert Edward Lee, when he is of age, my estate in the county of King William and State of Virginia, called Romancock, containing four thousand acres, more or less, to him and his heirs forever.

My estate of Smith's Island, at the capes of Virginia, and in the county of Northampton, I leave to be sold to assist in paying my granddaughter's legacies, to be sold in such manner as may be deemed by my executors most expedient.

Any and all lands that I may possess in the counties of Stafford, Richmond and Westmoreland, I leave to be sold to aid in paying my granddaughter's legacies.

I give and bequeath my lot in square No. 21, Washington City, to my son-in-law, Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, to him and his heirs forever. My daughter, Mary A. R. Lee, has the privilege, by this will, of dividing my family plate among my grand children, but the Mount Vernon plate altogether, and every article I possess relating to Washington, and that came from Mount Vernon, is to remain with my daughter at Arlington House, during said daughter's life, and at her death to go to my eldest grandson, George Washington Custis Lee, and to descend from him, entire and unchanged, to my latest posterity.

My estates of the White House, in the county of New Kent, and Romancock, in the county of King William, both being in the State of Virginia, together with Smith's Island and the lands I may possess in the county of Stafford, Richmond and Westmoreland counties, are charged with the payment of the legacies to my granddaughters. Smith's Island, and the aforesaid lands in Stafford, Richmond and Westmoreland only are to be sold; the lands of the White House and Romancock to be worked to raise the aforesaid legacies to my four granddaughters.

And upon the legacies to my four granddaughters being paid, and my estates that are required to pay the said legacies being clear of debt, then I give freedom to my slaves, the said slaves to be emancipated by my executors in such manner as to my executors may seem most expedient and proper—the said emancipation to be accomplished in not exceeding five years from the time of decease.

And I do constitute and appoint as my executors Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, Robert Lee Randolph, of Eastern View, Right Reverend Bishop Meade, George Washington Peter.

This will, written by my own hand, is signed, sealed and executed the twenty-sixth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

GEORGE WASHINGTON PARKE CUSTIS.

Witness:

MARTHA CUSTIS WILLIAMS.
W. EUGENE WEBSTER.

The following gentlemen are the appraisers of the estate appointed by the Court: General M. D. Corse, John W. Green, George Johnson, William H. Marbury and J. B. Daingerfield.

The report of one of the agents interested in promoting immigration to Canada says that there are 100,000 able-bodied, respectable workingmen in Scotland, who desire to emigrate with their families, but for want of means beyond their daily requirements can not get away. A Scotch-Canadian land company has been formed, which proposes to pay the passage money of these men, and settle them on land in Canada.

A Parsimonious Merchant.

While in Havana, I became acquainted with a merchant in good standing, but unpopular in his social intercourse by reason of his parsimonious habits.

I endured his waspish obstinacy and garrulous disposition without betraying the slightest degree of anger, believing it wiser to repay him in a manner that would render him ridiculous in the eyes of his friends, than by any rebuke or altercation, thus waiving all considerations in reference to my own personal feelings. The occasion was afforded me at the residence of a wealthy gentleman, where a large assembly had gathered, by invitation, to partake of and enjoy his munificent liberality. Luxuries were numerous beyond relation, being the products of all climes, independent of cost. The richness of the exotics, their perfume, the fruits and delicacies, the substantials, the variety and rareness of the wines, the decorations, the valuable qualities of the plate and china, the splendid dresses of the ladies, their sparkling gems and animated countenances, radiant with health and beauty, rendered the event a most brilliant and interesting one.

The guests were constantly grouping around me, in the hope and expectation that I would amuse them with some experiments. Most eager among them was the individual I have alluded to. Without hesitation I consented, and commenced operations by causing the disappearance of handkerchiefs, rings and gloves, and the production of an inexhaustible supply of bouquets, which were presented to the ladies. The eyes of all looked electrified, especially those of the merchant, who, after endeavoring to account for what he himself and others had seen, remarked it was a happy faculty—the obtaining the growth of flowers without owning a foot of land. Why did I not supply fruit in like manner?

"Are you fond of it?" I asked.

"Yes, I live upon it," he answered.

"That will account for the quantities in your pocket."

"In mine?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have made a mistake."

"Oh, no; I'll take them out, if you will allow me."

"With all my heart, sir."

He turned his body partially round, while my hand entered his pocket and withdrew bananas, oranges and other fruits, one after another, not only to his consternation, but to the great merriment and glee of his acquaintances.

"Well, you assisted yourself liberally tonight," I said.

"No sir, I never carry things away!" he indignantly replied.

"But facts show for themselves," I retorted, "and there is a quantity more of things!" taking from under his necktie ham sandwiches and grapes.

He appeared confused and ashamed at what had taken place, and, lifting up his hands, protested he was not guilty of stealing, and by what magic means they came about him, his philosophy could not fathom. This, however, did not subdue the taunts and laughter he was subjected to, or prevent my realizing full satisfaction.—*Signor Blitz.*

The Wharton Murder.

A Washington dispatch says:

The physicians appointed to analyze the stomach of Henry Wharton, supposed to have been poisoned by his mother, have reported and exonerated the latter lady. So far as their examination goes there were discovered no traces of poison, nor was there any substance which would furnish evidence to criminate any one in this connection. The Baltimore *American* says the result of the analysis of the remains of her son will have a telling effect upon the sentiment of the community, although, as a matter of evidence, it is only negative in its character. All traces of vegetable poisons would long since have disappeared and a chemical analysis at this late date can only show that no appreciable amount of metalic poison remains in the body.

Mrs. Wharton has steadily improved since her removal to the tower. She is still weak, however, and seldom leaves her bed. Her daughter is unremitting in her devotion to her mother, and furnishes an example of filial affection as rare as it is beautiful.

The St. Louis *Republican* has the following special:

CARMI, Illinois, August 15, via Mt. Vernon, Illinois, August 16.—This will be a memorable day in the history of Carmi. The track-layers on the St. Louis and Southeastern railway, under the energetic contractor, Mr. Weed, arrived here to-day. The citizens turned out in force and prepared a splendid supper for the workmen. The track is now laid from this place to Enfield, twelve miles west of here.

Says the *Planters' Banner:*

Last Saturday James McCarty was shot in the town of Franklin by William Wendell. He died Sunday. The parties had been playing cards at one of the coffee-houses, had put up small sums, and McCarty had uniformly won Wendell's money. Words ensued, then threats, and lastly a pistol. McCarty leaves a helpless widow and child, who were dependent upon his daily labors as drayman. Another sad commentary on whisky and cards.

INSURANCE.

THIRD ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

MUTUAL AID

AND

BENEVOLENT LIFE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION

OF LOUISIANA.

Office, No. 120 Carondelet Street.

NEW ORLEANS, July 31, 1871.

Amount received from members for assessments upon deaths		$140,341 25
Amount received from interest and dividend		2,292 25
Amount passed to credit of forfeitures		4,446 25
Amount to credit of profit and loss account		1,566 65
Total		$149,136 40
Amount paid on deaths	$115,337 00	
Expenses—		
Advertising, stationery, salaries, etc	11,692 33	
Commissions, for three years	5,947 95—132,977 83	
Net profits		$16,158 57

LIABILITIES.

Amount to credit of policy holders for membership fees and deposits	33,386 75
Total	$49,545 32

ASSETS.

Cash on hand	$12,825 54
Cash due by members on assessments	2,500 00
Bills receivable	2,500 00
Crescent City railroad stock	8,958 25
New Orleans and Carrollton railroad stock	7,640 00
Canal and and Claiborne street railroad stock	5,216 25
Bank of America stock	4,210 50
Factors and Traders' Insurance Company stock	4,525 00
Office furniture	1,161 78
New Orleans Gas Company	10 00
Total	$49,545 32

JOHN DAVIDSON, President.
L. A. FOURNIER, Treasurer. au3 1m

LAFAYETTE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW ORLEANS,

Capital.....$300,000.

Office corner of St. Andrew and Magazine streets, up stairs; entrance on St. Andrew street.

INSURES AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE AT LOWEST RATES.

OFFICERS:

KASPAR AUCH, President; ROBERT JACKSON, Vice President.
Louis Mathias, Secretary; John Purcell, Inspector.

DIRECTORS:

J. H. Keller,	Philipp Drumm,
E. H. Burton,	Henry Rice,
W. R. Fish,	L. L. Levy,
O. F. Theisman,	Florence Pilister,
Louis Faessel,	J. F. Krans,
Henry Hillermann,	Dr. W. B. Wood,
Henry Bensel, Jr.,	Alfred Shaw,
Charles Kummel,	R. D. Maclin,
Christian Mehle,	John Henderson, Jr.,
B. H. Schene,	J. M. G. Parker,

August Bernard. je10 1y

GUARDIAN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Established in 1859.

ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE.

CASH OR THIR PREMIUMS.

NO NOTES REQUIRED.

Last Cash Dividend Fifty Per Cent.

Cash assets over	$2,000,000
Policies in force	25,000,000
Annual income	1,000,000
Losses paid since 1859	600,000

OFFICERS:

W. H. PECKHAM, President.
W. T. HOOKER, Vice President.
L. McADAM, Secretary and Actuary.
G. A. FREDRIKAR, Superintendent of Agencies.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. John A. Dix, New York.
John J. Crane, President Bank of Republic.
William M. Vermilye, Banker, Wall street (Vermilye & Co).
Charles G. Rockwood, Cashier Newark Banking Company.
Hon. George Opdyke, ex-Mayor of New York.
Minot C. Morgan, Banker.
Thomas Rigney, firm Thomas Rigney & Co.
Benjamin B. Sherman, Treasurer New York Steam Sugar Refining Company.
Aaron Arnold, firm Arnold, Constable & Co.
Richard H. Browne, of Wetmore & Browne, lawyers.
E. V. Haughwout, firm E. V. Haughwout & Co
William Wilkens, firm W. Wilkens & Co
Julius H. Pratt, Merchant.
William W. Wright, Merchant.
Charles J. Starr, Merchant.
William Allen, Merchant.
George W. Cuyler, Banker, Palmyra, New York.
George T. Hope, President Continental Fire Insurance Company.
John H. Sherwood, Park Place,
Walton H. Peckham, corner Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street, New York.
William T. Hooker, Wall street.
Edward H. Wright, Newark, New Jersey.
George W. Farice, Lawyer.
W. L. Cogswell, Merchant.

JOSEPH MAGNER.
Manager for Louisiana and Texas, No. 138 Common street, New Orleans. fe13 2y

TEUTONIA INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS.

Insure Fire, Marine and River Risks at Lowest Rates.

TEMPORARY OFFICE, NO. 111 GRAVIER STREET, NEAR THE CORNER OF CAMP STREET.

Capital.....$1,000,000
Subscribed.....700,000

A. EIMER BADER, President.
CH. ENGSTFELD, Vice President.
GEORGE STROMEYER, Secretary.

Board of Trustees:

A. Eimer Bader,	M. Frank,
W. B. Schmidt,	Theodore Lilienthal,
Louis Schneider,	Frank Roder,
J. M. Schwartz,	Hermann Kicke,
P. Rickert,	C. H. Miller,
Jacob Hassinger,	Ch. Engstfeld,
S. L. Naalis,	H. Pohlmann,
Louis Schwartz,	G. L. L. Mayer,
R. Seig,	X. Weissenbach,
H. R. Gogreve,	N. A. Baumgarden,
W. Davis,	Joseph Keller,
Isaac Scherck,	E. T. Del Bondio.

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OFFICE OF THE SUN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW ORLEANS.

61.....Camp street.....61

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT.

NEW ORLEANS, January 21, 1871.

In conformity with the requirements of their charter, the company publish the following statement for the year ending December 31, 1870:

Amount of premiums for the year ending thirty-first Decembe viz.:		
On Fire Risks	$102,069 89	
On Marine Risks	48,465 64	
On River Risks	74,305 59	
	$224,832 11	
Add—		
Unterminated Risks for 1869	51,511 00	
		$276,343 11
Deduct—		
Unterminated Risks for 1870	$45,612 00	
Return Premiums	914 56	
		46,526 56
Net earned premiums for 1870		$229,816 55
Losses paid during same period, viz.:		
On Fire Risks	$78,539 00	
On Marine Risks	51,005 61	
On River Risks	20,964 88—150,510 09	
Taxes	13,913 79	
General Expenses	37,012 72	
Discount on Premiums	16,031 91	
Interest on Scrips	47,434 42	
Re-insurances	3,114 38—117,507 32	
Amount reserved for unadjusted losses less savings	6,759 04	
	$274,776 35	
Less—		
Discount and interest, and profit and loss	57,995 80	
		216,780 55
Net Profit		$13,036 00

The Company have the following Assets, estimated at the lowest market cash values, viz:

465 Consolidated and Railroad City Bonds	$338,435 00
6 State Bonds	5,160 00
44 City Seven Per Cent Bonds	23,630 75
4 I. O. O. F. Bonds	4,000 00
3 Grand Lodge of Louisiana Bonds	3,000 00
2 N. O. Turners' Association	1,000 00
600 Shares N. O. Gas Light Company*	99,000 00
224 Shares Citizens' Bank of Louisiana	36,500 00
350 Shares Union Bank of Louisiana*	11,900 00
223 Shares Canal Bank*	9,372 00
30 Shares Crescent City Bank	1,200 00
59 Shares Louisiana State Bank*	5,900 00
50 Shares Mechanics' and Traders' Bank	1,800 00
30 Shares Harbor Protection Company	1,500 00
5 Shares Merchants' Bank	325 00
Loans on Pledge	54,863 45