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NEW ORLEANS:
MONDAY MORNING, FEB. 11, 1867.

The Sheriff sells at auction this day, at noon, at the Merchants and Auctioneers' Exchange, Royal street, one mortgage note for $5000, pledged. See advertisement.

BENNETT AND PRINCE ALFRED.

The novel, *Love at Sir Brook Pembrooke*, Lover's last, is, if perhaps best, novel, will remember some brilliant passages, which, we think, could be easily escape notice. Lord Wilmington, the Viceroy, is speaking to Sir Brook about his happy disposition and unvarying good nature:

"Yet are a happy fellow, Brook; perhaps the most so I ever knew," said the Viceroy.

"I'll tell my secret of it cheap," said Pembrooke laughing. "It is never to go grubbing for mean motives in this life; never tormenting yourself what this may mean, or that other might portend, but take the world for what it seems, or what it wishes you to believe it. Take it with its company face on, and never ask to see anyone 'a *deshabille* but old and dear friends. Life has two sides and some men spin the coin so as always to make the wrong face of the medal come uppermost. I learned the opposite plan when I was very young and I have not forgotten it."

A thousand applications for this bit of sound, philosophy can be found in our every day life, but *never appropos* than that afforded by the recent incident between J. G. Bennett, the winner of the ocean yacht race, and Prince Alfred, the Commodore of the "Royal Yacht Club." Bennett, it will be remembered, was the only one of the owners who sailed in his own yacht, and if anything should give a prejudice, this should have made him the winner. The "Henrietta" was the first to pass the flag in the English channel, was therefore the champion of the seas, and making for her owner the snug sum of $90,000, together with the *éclat* of having won the greatest race on record. The yachtsmen of England gave Mr. Bennett an enthusiastic reception. Invitations and commendation poured in upon him; dinners were given in his honor; public articles and addresses and with him at table and he responded to his compliments on the great feat that he had achieved. So much adulation would have turned the heads of many young men, but Bennett's vanity seems to have been a pardonable one and centered in his yacht. It was only natural that he should think her the highest personation that a man could have. Finally, to crown all, the Royal Club gave a dinner to the American yachtsmen, at which Mr. Bennett was the lion and was toasted over and over again by men of the highest rank, next to the crown, in Great Britain. Mr. Bennett was overwhelmed by this unexpected demonstration, and knowing not how he could best express his gratitude for the honors conferred upon him, or show his appreciation of them. Naturally he would think that the greatest thing he could do would be to present his yacht to the Royal Club, or to the Commodore of the Club, Prince Alfred. A challenge to race with the "Viking," Prince Alfred's yacht, gave him an opportunity, and the offer was made in the most delicate manner imaginable, the pronunciation being, as we may say, in the name of the American nation, in order to remove any feeling of obligation on the part of the Prince.

A more graceful, elegant or considerate letter than that written by Mr. Bennett would be difficult to find. Gratitude for his kind reception and national hospitality were perceptible in every sentence, and there is nothing to which the most captious critic could take offence. It was a good, manly and proper letter—a proper act, and it does credit to young Bennett's head and heart. It was the best and most fitting expression of his gratitude that could have been given, and we can but regard the incident in every way a beautiful one; while we can scarcely imagine how Bennett could have done his country a better turn.

Unfortunately a majority of young Bennett's countrymen, if we may infer from the comments of the press, do not regard the matter in the same light, nor do they look at it as English fashion do. In England the act was universally praised; at home it is made the subject of much jibese and many absurd and unjust sneers. It is not strange that some men, who hate the *Herald*, should fail to see any good in one connected with it be the family of its owner. It is not strange that some men should call him a "Scottish cad" a toady. Nor is it at all strange that some should see nothing in the gift but selfishness and an eye for the main chance. Such men judge another from the standpoint of their own character. An habitual toady is sure to fancy toadyism at the bottom of every generous deed; a selfish man cannot imagine a generous motive. We sincerely believe that self, individual, pecuniarities or selfish motives are not the bottom of all these sneers, since there was nothing in young Bennett's letter which could arouse the slightest suspicion that the act was anything but what it seemed to be, that is, the impulse of a generous nature, anxious to show appreciation for many favors. But it might have been expected that some men would sneer and ridicule the gift, and we presume that Bennett's hesitation was due in a great measure to a disinclination to expose the Prince to these wicked remarks. No man is free from them when he becomes prominent in anything; they thus obtain the penalties of celebrity. In France there was a time when a white hand and a clean shirt would send a man to the scaffold for being a gentleman; and the time seems to have come here when the most delicate act of generosity becomes the signal for petty persecution and sheild jest. We should be sorry to believe that the great portion of this outcry against young Bennett for offering his yacht to Prince Alfred was anything more than thoughtlessness on the part of the papers which have taken it up from the New York press. At any rate, we can see nothing in the offer not perfectly consistent, gentlemanly and generous. The offer was declined by Prince Alfred, and we think this was also as it should be. But though not accepted, the letter of refusal shows an appreciation of Mr. Bennett's offer, and compliments him upon its delicacy. The refusal distresses nothing from the offer, but, on the contrary, it places it above the imputations which would be cast upon presents to princes. We are inclined to honor Mr. Bennett for his generous act, and do not understand why it cannot be accepted as it is, without seeking for meaner motives that would smear thought of. It is a beautiful incident as it stands, and is creditable to young and feeling between the two countries; but if men will go grubbing for mean motives, as Sir Brook says, the penalty of it will fall on them and not on young Bennett.

AMERICAN EXPORT.—Modeste Heine reached quite prettily last night by the Jackson Railroad, and took rooms at the St. Louis Hotel. The party with her consists of Marquis Capranica del Grillo, Giorgio del Grillo, Simeon del Grillo, Louis Trojani, (private secretary,) Jean Boogbo, J. Mayer, Parodi, Corticelli, Vespasan and Rossi. She has been engaged at the New Opera House.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The renowned ventriloquist, vocalist, musician and dancer, Harry Meredith, appears for the first time this evening, together with the handsome and accomplished young comedienne and vocalist, Miss Estelle Ellsalle, and the celebrated Ameneo di Fore, the Italian dancers. These, with the appearances of the entire regular troupe of the Academy in a new and select programme, will doubtless crowd it to its utmost capacity.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL.—Messrs. Hart & Bennett continue to interest crowded houses with the varied and attractive programme presented at the Olympic every evening, the unfailable Bob Hart himself participating in the performances.

THE CRESCENT CITY MUSEUM, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, is open at all reasonable hours. Mrs. Butterby, the handsome gladiatress, Lenhil, the lion tamer, Le Belle Louise, in daring adventure, and Gardner, in his fanciful double working operations, are among the attractions.

DEPARTURE OF THE OPELOUSAS RAILROAD BRIDGE.—As distances on the Opelousas Railroad, and on the New Iberia and Orange Railroad, have been differently estimated by different persons, we have compiled from the reports of the Opelousas Railroad company and from engineers, by M. G. W. R. Bailey, the following table, which we believe may be considered as very nearly correct:

Road Distance to Berwick's Bay	Miles.
Brashear	18
Pattersonville	28
Centreville	36
Franklin	42
New Iberia	50
Bayou Vermilion	60
Opelousas	78
Washington	88
Grand Coteau	94
Carencro	100
Lafayette	106
Vermilionville, Branch and Navigation Canal	112
Road Distance to	
Vermilionville	6
Bayou Vermilion	18
Opelousas	36
Washington	46
Grand Coteau	52
Carencro	58
Lafayette	64

THE AUBURN HORROR.

Fiendish Outrage Upon Two Aged Females—Three Are Outraged and Afterwards Brutally Murdered—The Lifeless Bodies Remain for Three Days Undiscovered.

Since the publication in the *Sun* of Tuesday last, of a brief telegram announcing the butchery, in West Auburn, Maine, of the two aged females, Mrs. Susannah Kinsley and Miss Polly Caswell, full details of the shocking affair have reached this office, which stamp this double outrage as one of the most fiendish and inhuman recorded in the history of crime. From the accounts, it appears that the first information concerning the deed was elicited on the evening of Saturday last, when a neighbor, upon visiting the residence of the females, discovered the frozen bodies of the victims. The condition of the bodies at once showed that a most shocking murder had been committed, all the circumstances of which known at the present writing are as follows:

Saturday night, about midnight, Mr. Isaac Libbey, a shoemaker, living the third house this side of widow Kinsley's, (perhaps the distance of a quarter of a mile) went to her house for the purpose of obtaining some shoes which she and Miss Caswell had been binding or stitching. He noticed that no track had been made to the door since the storm of Thursday, but thought nothing of this nor of the fact that the two doors on the front side of the house were fastened, as the inmates were advanced in years and lived alone. He went to the shed door and found that unhasped but fastened by a prop leaning against it from the inside. This led him to notice that there was no smoke issuing from the chimney, and being somewhat startled, he proceeded to the nearest neighbor's, Mr. Otis Keith, about forty or one hundred rods distant, and requested him to go with him to the Widow Kinsley's. Mr. Libbey and Mr. Keith went back to the house of Widow Kinsley, and repeated around the building to the rear where they found the back door open, and snow blowed in the small entry. The door leading directly from the entry into a small cook room, perhaps eight feet square, as well as another leading from the cook-room into the sitting-room were shut but not fastened. Opening both doors and looking around by the dim light of the moon, they discovered a white object on the floor—the emaciated body of Mrs. Kinsley, that both gentlemen at once beat a hasty retreat and proceeded to a neighbor's to obtain a lantern and assistance. Having procured both, they returned to the house and there discovered a scene which made the blood almost freeze in their veins. On the floor, lying across the doorsteps on the south door leading into a small entry separating the sitting-room from a sleeping apartment, was stretched the lifeless body of Polly Caswell—her head and shoulders in the entry and her body and limbs in the sitting-room. The body was partially covered with a night-dress, and on proceeding to take hold of it, it was found frozen stiff, and giving evidence of having been in that condition for several days. A broken chair, covered with blood, was also lying near, affording evidence in itself that it had been used in aiding in the murder of Miss C. Hardly had this terrible fact been realized, before the same horror broke in upon their gaze. In the bed in a small bedroom, about ten feet square, adjoining the sitting-room, and communicating with it by a door which was open—was the lifeless and ghastly body of the widow Kinsley, also frozen stiff, and lying with her night clothes in a pool of congealed blood. The sheets of the bed were matted with blood, the quilts and feather tick torn, and feathers were scattered about, and everything indicated that a terrible struggle for life had there taken place. Mrs. Kinsley being a large and powerful woman. The body of Mrs. Kinsley was horribly cut and mangled. The jugular vein was severed by a deep gash on the side of the throat. There were also gashes on the head, one of which, a deep cut forehead, a gash nearly six inches in length on the left leg, and severe bruises on the left shoulder, not to mention many minor cuts and bruises. The evidence was conclusive that a rape had been committed or attempted. The immediate cause of her death was the superior of the jugular vein. Appearances indicate that the murderer or murderers had attacked Widow K. in her bed, from which she had not arisen.

Miss Caswell had received severe blows on her head and face, (probably by the chair,) her skull was fractured, her left wrist broken, her left arm and left shoulder bruised. There was also a bruise over her right eye, a cut on her arm above the elbow, and a cut on the left knuckles. The immediate cause of her death was probably the fracture of the skull, although it is possible that this might only have produced insensibility, the throat finishing the rest. Blood was found by the side of the stove in the sitting-room near the mantel-piece, indicating that Miss C. had been attacked there first, and pursued toward the door to the bed-room, and into the room, where she was stricken down. The supposition is that Miss C., who slept in a room in another part of the house, was awakened by the noise in the struggle in Widow Kinsley's room, and arose and came out into the sitting-room, and was resisting to the mantel-piece for a lamp and a match to light it, when she was struck by the villain hereon she probably fell, and was dragged by the hair (Mrs. K.) with a chair. Miss C. not being rendered senseless by the blow, probably attempted to flee from the house, when the villain following, and beating and cutting her until she fell in the door-way. Her wrist was undoubtedly broken in attempting to ward the blows of the murderer. There were no indications that the house or any of the bureaus, drawers, or trunks had been examined, or that anything had been removed. The murderer had left nothing behind which had been used by him in the commission of the crime except the broken chair. Although his clothes must have become covered with blood, no blood from the struggle with Mrs. Kinsley, yet no indications of anything removed or left behind could be discovered. It will be seen that the least indication that plunder was the object of the villain. A coroner's jury, which was summoned on Saturday night examined the bodies and wounds, arriving at the conclusion that a rape had been committed on the body of Mrs. Kinsley. All the facts which we have given, and others of which we will speak hereafter, were elicited. The investigations of the jury were short but not confined. Opening both doors and looking around by the dim light of the moon, they discovered a white object on the floor—the emaciated body of Mrs. Kinsley, that both gentlemen at once beat a hasty retreat and proceeded to a neighbor's to obtain a lantern and assistance. Having procured both, they returned to the house and there discovered a scene which made the blood almost freeze in their veins. On the floor, lying across the doorsteps on the south door leading into a small entry separating the sitting-room from a sleeping apartment, was stretched the lifeless body of Polly Caswell—her head and shoulders in the entry and her body and limbs in the sitting-room. The body was partially covered with a night-dress, and on proceeding to take hold of it, it was found frozen stiff, and giving evidence of having been in that condition for several days. A broken chair, covered with blood, was also lying near, affording evidence in itself that it had been used in aiding in the murder of Miss C. Hardly had this terrible fact been realized, before the same horror broke in upon their gaze. In the bed in a small bedroom, about ten feet square, adjoining the sitting-room, and communicating with it by a door which was open—was the lifeless and ghastly body of the widow Kinsley, also frozen stiff, and lying with her night clothes in a pool of congealed blood. The sheets of the bed were matted with blood, the quilts and feather tick torn, and feathers were scattered about, and everything indicated that a terrible struggle for life had there taken place. Mrs. Kinsley being a large and powerful woman. The body of Mrs. Kinsley was horribly cut and mangled. The jugular vein was severed by a deep gash on the side of the throat. There were also gashes on the head, one of which, a deep cut forehead, a gash nearly six inches in length on the left leg, and severe bruises on the left shoulder, not to mention many minor cuts and bruises. The evidence was conclusive that a rape had been committed or attempted. The immediate cause of her death was the severing