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Death of Gov. Francis Burt

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There are now living in Havre, France, two granddaughters of Madame Merlier, and second cousins to Henry Fontenelle. Their mother died some years ago. They have splendid residences in Havre, and are of the nobility.

Very truly your friend, Mrs. A. L. THOMPSON.

DEATH OF GOV. FRANCIS BURT.

Gen'l John S. Bowen, Blair, Nebraska, sends the following clipping from the New York *Times*, of date Nov. 9th, 1854:

THE DEATH OF GOV. BURT.—The Omaha (Nebraska) Arrow extra, of Oct. 18th, contains the following particulars of Gov. Burt's death: Francis Burt, governor of Nebraska, died at the old Presbyterian Mission House, at Belleview, at about 31 o'clock this morning, retaining at the last hour a realization of his situation, and surrounded by the friends who accompanied him from his Carolina home. mediately upon his arrival in the territory he was confined to his bed by sickness, occasioned by the long and tedious journey hitherward, commencing, we are informed, upon reaching the limestone country of Tennessee in his overland journey to Louisville, Ky. Retaining, about an hour previous to his death, a consciousness of his situation, he called his friend, Mr. Doyle, who had accompanied him from South Carolina, to his bedside, and gave such directions concerning his private matters as the urgency of the case seemed to demand, then calling Rev. J. Hamilton to his bedside, after a brief conversation, he passed into that sleep which knows no waking. He was a native of Pendleton, S. C., and was about 45 years of age. He leaves an affectionate wife, two sons, and four daughters to mourn their afflicting bereavement. One son attended him and was with him in his last moment of life, and will return to the paternal roof with the corpse of him who in the prime of life, with high hopes, left his native land but a short time ago to enter upon the discharge of the arduous duties to which he had been assigned. Burt the people of the territory have lost an intelligent, efficient, and generous officer, whose death is most truly lamented by the people of Nebraska and the adjacent towns in Iowa.