

76-77.

The little babe
Luknowing now
The world, its joys,
And onward flow.
With lullaby
And sweet caress—
The year doth find
On mother's breast.

The listless child
Half wond'ring at
The oft-told tale
Of year's defeat
O'er Christmas past.
Still loving deep,
As fades the year
Doth gently sleep.

The mother fond,
With silent prayer,
And heart uplifted,
To Heaven's care
Her babe and child
She doth commend,
And thus with her
The year doth end.

The father, Oh!
Sad tale but true,
The year to him
Shall never be new;
The orphan'd babe
And widow's wife,
Save heaven, are
Alone in life.

Montreal.

X.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME.

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

In the month of September, 185-, more than a year prior to the events about to be related, Mr. Louvac, without any apparent cause or premonitory symptoms, sickened and died in a few hours. A country doctor, without much medical knowledge or professional experience, was called in by Madame Louvac, but he was too late—the man had died before the physician arrived; and as the deceased had suffered from insatiable thirst, paralysis of the tongue, and severe burning pains in the stomach, this country doctor gave it as his opinion, no doubt honestly, that Louvac had succumbed to acute inflammation of the stomach brought on by ordinary causes, and in the natural way. The farmer was followed to the grave by his sorrowing children and was buried. There was a suddenness and a mystery about Louvac's death which excited some vague suspicions derogatory to Madame Louvac, but as these existed almost exclusively among members of the family and mutual friends, no inquiries were made, and people's imaginings were not openly expressed. A few days after the fatal occurrence, one of the daughters, a young girl of amiable character and great beauty, about eighteen years of age, fell suddenly ill, and died after a few days' intense suffering. At first excruciating pains in the throat and stomach, high fever, intense distress and agitation, ending in spasm; then languor came and death. Two physicians, by Madame Louvac's orders, were in attendance, one of whom had attended the father, and the other of about the same standing. They were of opinion that this young and vigorous organization had fallen a victim to brain fever; and if not that, to a violent form of typhoid at that season of the year being very prevalent in Canada. Either of these suppositions may have been well founded—may have been true, but it was strange indeed, very strange. Strange things however have happened in this world. Suspicions were now generally and openly expressed that the deaths of both father and daughter were caused by foul play and by foul means; but no one chose to take the initiative, and no inquest was held for the present; no investigation made, and the fair girl, so good and so beautiful in life, had made no revelation, had murmured no words of reproach or recrimination in her agony; but had passed away in her early bloom, in the dawn of her young hopes, and was buried by the side of the father she had loved so well.

It was stated by a witness on the trial of Madame Louvac that, after a violent altercation between her and her husband, she had heard this daughter vehemently remonstrating with her mother—that she had heard the latter, in a paroxysm of rage, utter these terrible words:—"Let me hear no more of your interference—no more of this abominable nonsense. Before a month your father, Mr. Dulong, or myself must disappear; and then these scenes will end." But this testimony was not corroborated, and perhaps it was not true. Many other things were said, but as they were not sustained by any proof, they can receive no notice here, but must be peremptorily excluded from a narrative such as this. As before stated, whatever may have been the terrible suspicions excited by these hidden and mysterious deaths, no one, friend or foe, seemed willing to take an active or open part in the matter—a duty so thankless, and so full of peril. Perhaps they were right—at all events they were prudent. Madame Louvac had a subdued, affable and caressing way about her when she pleased, which in such a grand, shadowy creature rather flattered and charmed those who came near her; and, moreover, it was thought to be discreditable, if not dangerous, to cause a row about the affair, which might, after all, involve nothing more serious than calumny and suspicion. Great sympathy was felt and shown by Madame Dulong for her friend in her tribu-

lation; and Madame Louvac became a frequent visitor at the Dulong's, who, in their turn, reciprocated these marks of friendship. Dulong and the widow, painful to relate, laid aside much of their previous restraint in their intercourse, and this reprehensible and unguarded conduct began to create a great scandal in the village and in the neighbourhood; but as yet nothing had occurred to disturb or interrupt the friendly relations between the two families.

During the first weeks of January and upwards of a year subsequent to the deaths of Louvac and his daughter, Antoine Dulong had made three open visits to Madame Louvac's; and on these occasions it was remarked that he went alone. It was proved that at each visit to Madame Louvac's, he and she passed most of the time together and alone. What was the particular subject of their conversation, the object of his going there, or what occurred, no one could say and no person seemed to know; and we have no right now to hazard conjectures, or at least to express our suspicions. There was no conclusive evidence adduced on these points. On the 17th of January, however, Dulong left St. Jerome early in the morning. The alleged reason for this journey was, as he informed his wife, to see a friend residing in rather a remote part of the country, and with whom he said he had important business to transact. He told Madame Dulong, on leaving home, that he would not return before the next day; but that probably he would be at home early the following morning; that his absence caused him less regret than usual, as she seemed quite well; indeed much better than she had been for some time past. He added that having trustworthy servants in the house, he hoped she would not feel nervous, or too lonesome. He said nothing about Madame Louvac coming to see her, nevertheless, to pass the night at the house. Madame Dulong, in taking leave of her husband, seemed more serious and pre-occupied than she had ever been before. She implored him with a strange earnestness to return as soon as possible, as she did not feel safe or easy in mind at any time when he was absent; and that she experienced more anxiety on this occasion than she had ever previously known. Dulong having given his wife a positive assurance to that effect, having reassured her with a confident and gentle smile, he took an affectionate leave of her, and started on his long solitary journey. He left home in a small cutter-sleigh, drawn by a splendid horse famed for his great speed and enormous strength. The day was intensely cold, but calm and cloudless, such weather as frequently prevails in these almost arctic regions. The roads were in the most perfect condition imaginable—hard, smooth and without a rut or unevenness of any kind. With such roads, such a day, and a horse like the one he drove, he could easily have gone the thirty miles and returned home the same night, as will be clearly shown in the sequel. It was about seven o'clock when Dulong left home, and the affectionate eye of his wife followed him till he was out of sight.

As this purports to be, and in fact is, a truthful narrative of painful and mysterious incidents, the writer desires to adhere as closely as possible to a description of the strange circumstances of the tragedy, as they were successively attested on this celebrated trial; and has no wish, and claims no right, to go beyond these limits. Hence it would be out of place to attempt, and indeed it would be very difficult to analyze or describe with entire accuracy the feelings which existed between Dulong and Madame Louvac. It is not, however, assuming too much if we entertain the opinion that they were persons of cruel, profligate and eccentric character and disposition. Their shameless intimacy since the death of Louvac, and perhaps prior to that event, had been remarked and severely commented on as a matter of public scandal. Some of the evidence adduced, moreover, went to show that Madame Louvac had meditated her husband's death some time before it occurred—that Dulong was tired of his wife, and had for some time wished, or at the least anticipated her demise; and that they both contemplated a second marriage at no distant day, but with whom they never stated, and none of the witnesses could positively declare. No doubt these facts furnish broad and marked outlines of very rough and revolting characters, and the moralist, or the writer of fiction, of instructive exaggerations, would perhaps have much to say in dissecting the motives and the natural proclivities of such specimens of our race as are here presented. But that is not our aim, or our business just now. So we proceed with the humble work before us.

It was about five o'clock in the evening of the day on which Dulong left home, that Madame Louvac came to the village of St. Jerome, on a visit to Madame Dulong. When she arrived, Madame Louvac was alone, and had driven from her own house in a neat small sleigh belonging to herself; but as she was in the habit of driving unaccompanied by any one, in this plain but unpretending turn-out, the circumstance attracted no particular attention. It was, however, proved at the trial that George Dulong had passed the greater part of the day with her at her own house—that he had left with her in the vehicle used on the occasion; and that, before they reached the village he had left and had come in through a by-path which shortened the route to the Dulong's.

When Madame Louvac arrived he was already there, and greeted her as if he saw her for the first time that day. Madame Dulong received her friend with great cordiality, and pressed her with much warmth of expression to pass the evening with her, as she was alone, her husband being absent and would not return till the next day. Madame Louvac, with some apparent hesitation, at length cheerfully accepted Madame Dulong's friendly invitation. Her horse was sent to the stable and unharnessed; and after Madame Louvac had taken off her winter wrappings, the two ladies entered into free and amicable conversation. All this seemed quite natural, in no way strange, as on one or two occasions since her husband's and daughter's death, Madame Louvac had passed the night at the Dulong's. About eight o'clock Madame Louvac carelessly remarked to her friend: "You are alone, dear Catharine, and you say your husband will not return till tomorrow, I feel strongly inclined to remain all night with you. Besides, the night is cold, it is getting too late, and I don't much relish driving home alone." Madame Dulong expressed her hearty acknowledgments to her friend for this fresh proof of her kindness, and declared how much gratified she would be if she would do so. Madame Louvac then, however, pointed out the inconvenience there would be in her children waiting for her, as she had not thought of remaining when she left home; but quickly added that, perhaps, Madame Dulong's servant-man might drive her sleigh home, and bring it back at an early hour in the morning. To all this Madame Dulong, admiring the arrangements, readily assented. The man was despatched with orders to return early on the following day. Not long after the servant left Madame Louvac remembered that, perhaps, after all, they had made a mistake in sending the servant away, as it was not quite safe or pleasant to be without a man in the house. There was something amusing, almost ludicrous to hear such a woman express such apprehensions. Madeline Vogel, the servant-girl, who gave evidence of this conversation, said she (Vogel) smiled at this remark of Madame Louvac, and the latter cast on her a sharp, quick glance; but it was one so natural, she thought nothing of it then. Louvac then suggested with an amiable smile, that in any case they could send for George Dulong, if they found themselves too lonesome or became alarmed. This proposition seemed to please Madame Dulong, and she declared she would send at once for George to come and pass a couple of hours with them. He was in the habit of doing so when her husband was at home, and also sometimes in his absence. Madeline was at once sent to George's, she delivered the message, and he immediately consented to go. On his arrival at the house, he offered with great apparent kindness, if his sister-in-law thought proper, to pass the night at his brother's, as they were entirely alone, and there were some rough characters going about—which latter statement was true. He added that he had told his wife that he would probably remain, if she did not feel any alarm; that she had desired him to do so; and it was agreed that Madeline should stay with his wife in the event of his not going back immediately. Madame Dulong thanked him very cordially, and remarked to Madame Louvac that now she felt more at her ease in one sense, as no one would do them much harm, if they happened to fall in with George, alluding to his well known intrepidity and great bodily strength. "Moreover," she added, "I am glad," for she could not account for a vague feeling of uneasiness which she had experienced all day—she did not know why—but there seemed something like a shadow or dark cloud hanging over her since her husband left in the morning; at times she imagined something was going to happen to Dulong, at others she could give no definite form to her apprehensions. To all this Madame Louvac listened with a gentle and reassuring smile, and remarked that there was, in fact, no accounting for the existence of such feelings. She, herself, had often experienced them; but that, no doubt, they were caused by the state of the health at the time, and which had such an influence on our physical and mental susceptibility. George, during this conversation, remained silent, and grew sombre and thoughtful—at least so he stated afterwards to a person who gave this testimony. He said he thought she was going to have one of her fits, and he felt great anxiety. Thus it would appear that there was in the house only the two women and George Dulong. A Madame Danagon, who had been there on a short visit that evening, had left before George arrived. These three passed a couple of hours, if not very cheerfully, at least in easy and friendly conversation. At about half-past ten o'clock they spoke of retiring, and then Madame Dulong offered her guests some refreshment, which they, however, declined; but Madame Louvac asked permission to prepare some punch, adding with a smile, that she was aware that her husband was in the habit of making it for her. She also said that she felt as if she had taken cold, and ginger punch was one of her remedies in such cases.

While Madame Louvac was preparing this agreeable but singular beverage, Madame Dulong cautioned her against making it too strong. Her husband, she said, was in the habit of putting too much wine in it; and though more pleasant to the taste, it rendered her drowsy, and did not agree with her. Madame Louvac

drank her's cold, but recommended Madame Dulong to take her's warm, as perhaps her stomach was rather delicate. George offered to go for hot water, but Madame Louvac descended to the kitchen herself, and took the tumbler with her, having just filled it half-full of sherry, and in such a way that Madame Dulong could not detect how much she had poured in. When she returned she immediately put it to her lips, found it rather strong, but extremely to her taste; she drank it slowly. They afterwards conversed a short time, and then the two women retired, leaving George in the dining-room. After Madame Dulong was in bed, Madame Louvac returned, conversed a short time with the brother-in-law, and then returned to the bed-room; but by this time Madame Dulong, from the effects of the strong punch and the lateness of the hour, was in a deep sleep.

During the time these incidents, very trivial in themselves, were taking place at his house, where was Antoine Dulong, the husband of this confiding and unhappy woman? What was he doing, and what were the thoughts pre-occupying his mind? On the trial for the murder of his wife, it was shown where he lingered and skulked, and what he was doing through the long, dark hours of that fatal night.

About seven miles from St. Jerome, there stood at that time a small road-side inn, kept by an individual of the name of Robarge. He was a good man and enjoyed an excellent reputation. He deplored that he saw Dulong pass in the morning of the day he left home; he was driving at a great pace, he exchanged salutations with him, and Dulong proceeded rapidly on his way; he returned the same evening about six o'clock, and drew up at the door of the tavern; he alighted from his vehicle, and told Robarge that he intended to pass the night at the inn. The tavern-keeper remembered that the horse was not at all fatigued; the noble animal was neither warm nor blown, though it was evident that he had made a rather long journey. The horse was put up for the night. Robarge said he was a good deal surprised, but he asked no questions.

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

JUDGE McCully, of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court, is dead.

LIEUT.-COLONEL McLeod, of the North-West Police, is in Ottawa.

COMMONWEALTH Vanderbilt died at his residence in New York last week. A sketch of the career of the deceased financier will be given next week.

GOVERNOR Hayes has received a number of letters, some respectful and some the reverse, urging him to withdraw from the contest for the Presidency.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The English sparrows are dying in Toronto.

It is said the Cabinet have decided to readjust the Civil Service salaries, instead of giving them a bonus.

THE press galleries of the Ontario Legislature have been lowered and made generally more convenient. The ventilation of the Chamber has also been improved.

THE trade in foreign fish since the opening of the International Railway is becoming extensive. Trout and salmon are arriving daily at Montreal.

THE first section of the North Shore Railway, viz. that between Quebec and Red Bridge, a distance of 26 miles, was opened for traffic on the 3rd January.

THE City and District Savings Bank of Montreal has donated \$2,000 to be distributed among the various Roman Catholic and Protestant institutions, according to population.

A TOURIST party of English gentlemen is likely to be organized next spring to visit Manitoba and the North West Territories for the purpose of hunting and shooting.

LATEST advices from Newfoundland confirm the report already published of the failure of the herring fishery on the west coast. Much destitution prevails in that section of the island.

A fearful hurricane is reported at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, the tide rising in some cases over the houses, and doing much damage to shipping and to property on shore.

It is suggested in the Montreal papers that the salaries of Quebec Judges ought to be raised, as the cost of living has increased since salaries were fixed twenty-five years ago.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems Nos. 100 and 101 received. Correct. We have none of your problems at hand. (Cannot you favour us?) Your productions are always acceptable.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 102 received. Correct.

"Anonymous," Montreal.—We find our space so limited in our Chess Column that it is hardly possible to insert anything but what may be strictly of an instructive nature. We will, however, publish your contribution. The story is very common in the annals of Chess, and appears in almost every work for beginners. Hoyle relates the story, but with a more difficult position than the one you send. We give your version of it. Two Persians, who were fond of chess played for stakes, and one of them lost in successive encounters, all his possessions, and finally risked his fair partner in the