

FEBRUARY.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

Being second born mine is no favoured lot,—
Love rounds my little life with meagre cheer;
The dwarf of all my kindred Months, I fear
I do but live as one remember'd not.
I know I am not fair—how could I be
With beetle-brow, o'er which but seldom falls
Dim sunlight, such as creeps o'er ruin'd walls
In fitful flashes of uncertainty.
Misunderstood,—misjudged, like many more,
My virtues rare lie 'neath the snowy veil.
That covers all my days and evenings pale
From till I vanish—thought of never more
Unless by slighted maidens, who repine
O'er dreams unrealized by my St. Valentine.
Montreal, Feb. 2.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME;

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Concluded.)

When this part of the investigation was closed, the prosecuting counsel addressed the jury in a few brief but pointed observations. He said in substance that he repudiated with a feeling of indignation the idea, the strange insinuation, that he exceeded the legitimate bounds of a public duty, and manifested a spirit of persecution in a case so important, so painful to the unhappy prisoners in the dock. This matter deeply interested society no doubt, and it was of the highest moment that the law should be vindicated. He had pressed the case, he admitted, with all his humble ability, and with the utmost attention to the evidence in the case, and he regretted to say, that after the most careful, and he might add, the most anxious consideration, of that testimony, according to his judgment, the accused were guilty—guilty of one of the most deliberate, cruel and unprovoked murders on record. Such was his conviction. But if the jury, however, thought otherwise, they were bound by their oath to pronounce a different decision. After commenting at some length on the evidence for the defence, and pointing out how the counsel had failed to prove what they had told the Court and jury they would establish, in order to place the innocence of their clients beyond a doubt, he declared that his part in these grave and anxious proceedings was ended. The evidence was before them, it would be commented on by a higher authority than his, and he concluded by reminding the jury of the great duty they had undertaken to perform in fulfilling the obligations of their oath; he was sure they would not forget what was due to society on the one hand, and what was owing, in a still higher degree, to the accused on the other. Finally he expressed an earnest hope that God would guide them in their deliberations.

The case now remained in the hands of the Court, and owing to the indisposition of the Chief Justice, it became the duty of the Puisne Judge to charge the jury. He did so at great length. It was a very ambitious, but at the same time an extremely clever and exhaustive performance. He told the jury that it was for them to decide whether the cause of death had been proved, or not. The evidence was not the very best, nor the strongest, yet there was sufficient to justify the Court in leaving the question to them. He then went over and analyzed all the leading facts of the case, describing minutely every circumstance and stating every incident that could throw light on the conduct of the accused, and on the death of Madame Dulong. The charge was strong against Madame Louvac and George Dulong. He maintained, and probably with justice, that Antoine must be acquitted of the charge of murder. In fact, he added, "there was no evidence whatever to connect him with the tragedy." This was going much too far; it was, in truth, a gross mistake and one which the learned functionary afterwards regretted when the facts became better known. It was owing to this display of judicial pomposity and dogmatism that Antoine Dulong was never indicted as an accessory before the fact.

After this long charge, the jury retired to deliberate on their verdict. The court room was still crowded, and great anxiety and a sort of morbid, but natural interest prevailed, to ascertain the result of the trial.

It was 9 o'clock at night when the verdict was rendered. The jury entered the court-room, and the prisoners were ordered to the Bar. The two Dulong looked pale, and the expression of their countenance was haggard and worn. Madame Louvac was self-possessed, and her bearing was characterized by the same calm and collected manner so remarkable during the previous days of the trial. There was, perhaps, a little more color on the cheek, and a more intense light in her large, lurid eye. The names of the jury were called, and they were asked whether they found the prisoners guilty or not guilty—1st. Antoine Dulong? They replied, "Not guilty." 2nd. George Dulong? The answer was "Guilty." and lastly Marie Anne Louvac? They declared her also "guilty." The clerk then recorded the verdict; it was read over to the jury and they signified their assent, and were then discharged. The prisoners were next ordered to stand down. Antoine showed little emotion. George grew pale, and exhibited considerable agitation. Madame Louvac remained unmoved, did not change color, but simply raised her great, dark eyes to-

wards heaven, as if indicating surprise, and appearing to ask the question, "Is it possible?" She descended from the stand in the dock, with a step which did not falter, and apparently with a heart that did not tremble. A sad and painful sensation, it might be one of astonishment, seemed to vibrate among the spectators, who soon dispersed, and the Court adjourned.

At the end of the term the two convicted prisoners received their sentence. They showed no feeling or emotion of any kind, nor did they offer any remarks or make any appeal to the Court. They were condemned to be hanged on the 25th day of June next ensuing, and were sent back to their cells in the prison.

The trial had excited a very lively interest in town and throughout the country. Many of those who were present and followed the proceedings, and, in fact, the public generally, thought the verdict of the jury was erroneous, and that the prisoners were innocent. A number of influential individuals, and among others, the Chief Justice, exerted themselves, in so far as it was proper or possible, to obtain a commutation of the sentence into one of imprisonment for life. The executive authority itself, it was said, was very much embarrassed. Time went on, and the day approached for the execution of the condemned culprits. A respite was expected daily; but it did not come. The scaffold in the meantime was being erected, and the Government having determined to let the law take its course, as it is called, on the 24th June the Sheriff received the death warrant, and the order for the infliction of the last penalty of human law and the retributive justice of earth. We return now to these doomed and wretched beings, who were so soon to suffer an ignominious death.

It would appear that Madame Louvac, after hearing the sentence of death, returned to her cell without uttering a word, but a great change was visible in the bearing of the unhappy woman. She threw herself on her knees by her bedside, and, bowed down with silent and unutterable grief, she wept long and bitterly. She passed the greater part of the night in prayer, and the next morning she sent for a priest, a discreet and holy man; meek, but full of hope and faith, and well fitted to lead penitent minds to the sanctification of their souls, and to trust in the mercy of God.

Many other priests, nuns and pious persons, saw her frequently even until the day of execution. It is said, and it is not difficult to believe that it was so, that she showed a perfectly contrite and resigned spirit. George Dulong also employed the few days that remained to him on earth, in solemn and edifying preparations for death. Both the culprits seemed to have abandoned all hope in this world, and with every sign of repentance and in humble submission received the sacred consolations of religion which were offered to them. In this they seemed to labor not in vain. Every day they became more calm, and their countenances wore a chastened expression of hopefulness and repose, indicating trust in the mercy of the great Being they had so grievously offended. But they made no confession, at least none that was made public. By many who believed them innocent, hopes were still entertained that a respite would come at last, but on the evening of the 24th, it was generally known that the execution was to take place.

The 25th of June was a day of scorching, suffocating heat; the atmosphere hung heavy and motionless on the earth, and so oppressive beneath a blazing sun, that many persons dropped dead in the streets or were otherwise injured. At seven o'clock in the morning, the jailer visited the prisoners, and they were directed to prepare for execution at twelve o'clock. They both received the news with the utmost composure. Holy men were in attendance, and the hours were passed in prayer and consoling, encouraging discourse. This continued until half-past eleven, when the officers of the law entered to superintend the final preparations for death. They arose from their knees, and those ill-fated beings submitted to the last mournful ceremonies without a murmur, and without showing any fear or agitation. They were, however, both very pale. At ten minutes to twelve the procession to the scaffold commenced, with the fatal ropes round the necks of the culprits. They were dressed in black, and each accompanied by a priest. With bowed heads, they were apparently absorbed in silent prayer. They advanced with firm and steady steps to the foot of the scaffold, which was raised to a great elevation. There, for a moment, but for a moment only, Madame Louvac faltered—she shuddered—her countenance was calm, but deadly pale, almost white. With a little encouragement, however, from the priest in attendance, she regained her presence of mind perfectly. They both now ascended the steps, following the sheriff, and stood on the platform beneath the burning noon-day sun, and in the presence of 30,000 spectators, from town and country, assembled to witness the last dreadful scene in the tragedy. A slight movement was perceived among those on the platform. The sheriff advanced a step or two to the front, in his hand he held a paper, which had first been delivered to him by the priest; he made a sign to the vast assemblage of people below, and then read aloud the confession of those forlorn hearts, those erring creatures, now on the brink of eternity.

It was in substance as follows:—They acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and confessed that they had murdered Madame Du-

long with their own hands. They admitted that the murder was premeditated, and its immediate perpetration was planned at Madame Louvac's house on the day preceding the night of the murder. Means were taken to produce immediate and profound sleep, but no poison was used. They watched till their victim had fallen asleep: George was then notified by Louvac, he entered the bed-room noiselessly; Madame Dulong was lying on her back, her arms under the clothes. Madame Louvac gave a pillow to George; he stood with it in his hands, at the head of the bed, and she stood at the foot. The bed was low. George leaned forward, placed the pillow gently on the face of the deceased. Madame Louvac then seized her by the feet, through the bed-clothes and held them firmly. George threw himself on the pillow. Madame Dulong struggled a little, but while the weight of her brother-in-law pressed on the pillow she could not move. They heard her groaning and uttering the words: "Oh! my God!" Her voice grew fainter; she was silent; she struggled no more, and then all was still. "We remained in that position about a minute after this. The pillow was then removed; she drew one heavy breath and then died. We stood then, one on each side of the bed until we were sure she was dead; we were terrified at the sight, it was horrible; our victim lay before us, murdered by our hands; we arranged the body and the bed-clothes, as they were found when the people arrived. Having ascertained, as well as we could, that there were no marks of violence, nor anything which gave signs of a struggle, George rushed wildly out of the front door, and the alarm was given; one was influenced by guilty passion, the other by a large reward. Pray all of you who witness our sad fate, that God may have mercy on our souls—be warned by our example."

A murmur of horror arose and ran along the assembled thousands who heard this awful confession. The hangman, a gigantic negro, stood near; their arms were pinioned, and the condemned knelt for the last time in this world. Madame Louvac, when asked by the priest if she was prepared to die, answered, "Oh! my God—my God! I do not wish to live. I desire to die now—have mercy on me!" George Dulong merely answered that "he trusted in the mercy of God, and was ready to die." They rose, took their stand on the drop; the rope was adjusted; the cap drawn over their eyes; the hangman struck the bolt, Madame Louvac fell several feet, and instantly George Dulong followed.

The death struggle was long and painful to witness. The vast multitude groaned, uttered words and sounds of pity and dismay; then slowly dispersed,—most of them, as they returned home, joking and joyful, as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

The complexity of Antoine Dulong in the murder of his wife, and Madame Louvac's share in the death of her husband and daughter, or their entire innocence, must be to us a matter of conjecture or of inference from the facts proved. Every one will remain with his own impression in regard to these matters. We must remember that in the absence of positive proof, "Judge not, that you may not be judged" is a divine admonition. So let the veil of that charity, taught by Him to our fallen race, descend upon those mysteries, which if they involved crimes, will be punished, or forgiven by Him who is at once "the witness and the judge." What we know now of this fearful tragedy "is strange—stranger than fiction," and proves once more, and will no doubt prove in the future, that human justice has its difficulties on this globe; but that even so, it often vindicates the law, and is for us the necessary instrument which brings destruction on the transgressor.

XXX.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ALTHOUGH a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

THE ocean is the only power on earth that can make a woman indifferent to her personal appearance.

WOMEN, we sometimes think, more easily pardon faults in men than excellence in each other.

THE *Phrenological Journal* advises young men to be governed by the chin in picking out a wife.

"CAN you spell donkey with one letter?" asked a silly young man of a bright girl.—"Yes," she answered—"u."

If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart. If you have none, why then love and cherish the good sister of some other man with all your heart.

ONSEIVE a young father trying to appease a bawling baby, and you'll witness ingenuity enough in ten minutes to make you think that man ought to be an inventor.

SPEAKING of a former admirer's affection, the heroine of a modern novelist says, "I shall have more difficulty than I thought in warming up the old broth."

HAPPY couples in some American towns proclaim their approaching nuptials thus: "With the loving consent of their parents, W. H. and S. T. herewith announce their betrothal."

A FRENCH invitation to a wedding: "Madame X— has the honor of asking you to be

present at the marriage of her only daughter. Céline X—, with M. de Saint V—," &c, And underneath: "Pray for her!"

A GENTLEMAN seeing his wife in a very sullen mood, asked her how she did. She answered him that she was not sick nor yet very well. "Nay," quoth he, "then I may even turn thee out of doors; for I only promised to cherish thee in sickness or health."

A DRAMATIST was saying the other day that he did not expect to make his great success yet, as no one did any really important work until he was forty. The lady to whom he spoke was herself an authoress, so she said, "I hope you do not include ladies in that category." The reply was, "No, I do not include women, for ladies never are forty."

At a Texas baby show it was a long time before any one could be found to act as a judge. Finally five brave men were found to act, on condition that the awards should not be announced till the judges had ten minutes the start. The mothers sat in a circle, babies in lap. The judges made their rounds, compared notes, handed the result to the spokesman, and ran for their lives.

A YOUNG Parisian, noted for his grace and readiness as a second in many duels, was asked by a friend to accompany him to the mayor's office to affix his signature as a witness to the matrimonial registry. He consented, but when the scene was reached forgot himself. Just as the mayor was ready for the last formalities, he broke out, "Gentlemen, cannot this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing the sad occurrence?"

A PAPER "out West" has the following notice:—"All notices of marriage where no bride-cake is sent will be set up in small type, and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favours are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. B. Monique st.—Answer to Riddle No. 2, and Enigma No. 1, correct. See solution of Puzzle No. 1. You were caught nicely on Numerical Charade.
F. J. B.—Answer to Riddle No. 2, correct. Caught Frank, on the Charade.
N. B. Victoria st.—Answer to Conundrum No. 2. Riddle No. 2, and Enigma No. 1, all correct.

1. Why are modern ships of war like knights of old?
2. Why is a waggon the downright opposite of a honeycomb?
3. Why is a jester's pate like a period?
4. Why is a prison like tired Jack?
5. What is the difference between a Spanish lady's cloak and a female farm labourer?
6. What is the difference between a bishop and a garotter?
7. Why do English people dislike oat cake?
8. Why should a turkey be better dressed than other fowls?
9. Why should a cook be reprimanded for making *omelletes aux fines herbes*?
10. Ask a man how he is in four letters.
11. Why is one's father's nose like a well-trained child?
12. What key is the best for unlatching the tongue?
13. What lady can never make a call alone?
14. When does truth cease to be truth?
15. Why does an orator resemble a pawnbroker?
16. What measures do geologists like best?
17. Why have poultry no future state of existence?
18. Why is a horse like a sugar-plum?
19. Why does a duck put his head under the water?
20. Why is small like the letter S?
21. Why is a foxhunter like a dusty coat?
22. Why are all games of chess of equal duration?
23. Why is a naughty schoolboy like a postage stamp?
24. Why does a railway clerk cut a hole in your return ticket?
25. Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange?

CHARADES.

1. My first is a conveyance; my second is an endearing name; my whole is found in most houses.
2. My first is part of a body; my second is a knot; my whole is wrapped round my first.
3. Whole, I am a river; behold me, a whetstone; behold me again, I am single; curtail me, a preposition; curtail again, there is nothing left.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 12. CONUNDRUMS.

1. By Eve, who presented Adam with a little Cain.
2. A dry attic (Adriatic).
3. Because it once had a sole on (Solon).
4. A creek.
5. A door-jamb.
6. Because it shows its pique (peak) against all England.
7. Because its no end of a cell.
8. When they take a bite and are pulled up.
9. Because they are a table of contents.
10. Because its hands move over the face.
11. Tiorce (tours).
12. Teniers (ten years).

No. 13. PUZZLES.

1. Fakir. 2. Seamanship.

No. 14. CHARADES.

1. Rocking-chair. 2. Drum-head.

No. 15. RIDDLES.

1. Ball-in-a-sleeve. 2. Cove-n try. 3. P-pink

No. 16. ENIGMAS.

1. Ja-mai-ca. 2. Friendship.

No. 17. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

Selkirk.

No. 18. NUMERICAL CHARADE.

Gold.