

LOVE'S MYSTERY.

She was a homely maid.
As all might see,
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie;
And all the people said
She ne'er would married be.
No color in her face,
'Twas of an earthy white
It bore the trace
Of hereditary blight;
There was no light
In her blue eye,
Save that of mystery.

And she was poor,—
At her cottage door
The sound of labor rose from morn till eve;
And never with the rest,
Save on the Sabbath day,
Had she reprieve
To romp and play.
Either as hostess or as guest.

Yet she was loved of all;
Right pityingly
Did her friends see
Her homeliness, her poverty and thrall;
And they would say:
"Alack! all we
Shall have our marriage day,
And thus be borne away,
And none remain
To share the pain
Of the poor maid of Alderlie,
That ne'er will married be."

Sometimes in play,
A pretty girl would say:
"Tell me, Rosanna, pray,
An old maid will you be?"
And she would answer, "Nay!"
"Then you would marry?" "Yea!"
But that I am so homely!"
And the big tears
Would fill her eyes,
Dim, strange tears,
In her mind would rise:
For even she,
Howe'er she strove
To hide it, even she,
The homely maid of Alderlie,
Hungred for love.

It chanced one day in June,
All nature was in tune,
And even the lowliest
Thing of earth was beautified and blest:
By the glorious light of heaven,
That a rich and gallant youth,
Quite handsome, too, in sooth,
Rode up to Alderlie
To choose himself a wife,
A maiden that should be
The aid and solace of his life;
And his great choice was to be made ere even.

From house to house he went,
From hut to hall;
He saw them all
The pretty maids whom anxious parents sent,
Or whom their own hearts brought
To meet him on his round;
But nowhere had he found
The jewel that he sought.
Until near set of sun,
When nigh his search was done,
He spied behind the mill,
On the far slope of the hill,
Under a linden tree,
The lowly cot
Where lived forgot
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie.

A moment more,
And there he stood
Before her door,
In curious mood;
He looked upon her homely face,
He gazed on her blue eye,
His heart was smote; with courtier grace,
He stretched his hand respectfully,
And said:
"O maid!
Wilt thou be mine for aye?"
She bent her humble head
And murmured, "Yea!"

From the high hills he led her down,
All in her simple plight;
And every maiden of the town
Gaped at the sight;
Some wept for spite,
Some laughed at the ignoble choice,
All wondered, with one voice,
That poor Rosanna, she,
The homeliest maid in Alderlie,
Should married be:
Yea, the first of all the band
Of maidens in the land.

And the wonder did not cease
Till some one whispered: "Pshaw,
Attend a while to me,
True she has no grace,
Rosanna Hood, of Alderlie,
There is no color in her face,
'Tis of an earthy white,
It bears the trace
Of hereditary blight;
But mark!
In her blue eye
There is the spark,
The conquering light
Of mystery!"

JOHN LESPERANCE.

THE TRAGEDY OF ST. JEROME.

OR,

HUMAN JUSTICE, AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

(Continued.)

If there had been, she would have seen them. Was perfectly satisfied that only one person had slept in the bed that night. On returning home in the morning from George Dulong's, she had particularly noticed that this was the fact. She could not be mistaken. She spoke of George Dulong's appearance of uneasiness and agitation when he returned home. Thought nothing of it, as he was much attached to the deceased. She had never heard any quarrel between her master and mistress about Madame Louvac of whom she (Vogel), however, was always very much frightened, she did not know why. Madame Louvac's daughter proved the intimacy between their mother and Dulong, and that he had visited her very frequently of late. They also spoke of the quarrels between their late

father and their mother, in reference to Dulong. To all their father's remonstrances she invariably declared that she was perfectly tired of his nonsense; that she was determined to do as she pleased, and that his duty was to forbid Dulong from coming to the house, and to leave her alone and not weary her with his unkindness and jealous suspicions. Their mother had at times shown great anger and irritation against their deceased sister—here they were stopped. They then entered into a variety of domestic details connected with Dulong's visits, but not sufficiently material to be mentioned here. Several other witnesses were examined, who amplified and corroborated what each had deposed to and particularly what had been stated by the Dunacons, Vogel and others. Finally Delorme and Beauchamp were called.

Previous to her marriage, and at an early age, Madame Louvac, then Mademoiselle Delcour, a young girl of independent character and remarkable for great forward attractions, had been betrayed by the violence of her own passions, or had been led astray by the perfidy and passions of a young man two or three years older than herself. If the truth were known, in this case probably, both were to blame in bringing about this great, but not singular misfortune. Perhaps such was not the case, and we have no right to speak disparagingly of the dead, nor for that matter, even of the living, nor are we justified in speculating with levity on our lips and in our hearts on a subject so painful. These are difficult matters to be certain of, or to speak with certainty about; and it is a subject in regard to which popular language and the appreciation of public opinion are often very erroneous. But this is not the place to discuss such questions.

In consequence of this youthful aberration she had become the mother of a child, who at the time of the trial, was about twenty-four years of age. He was a young man of excellent character; had recently married a girl of independent fortune, and they were prospering in the world. This person lived in a remote part of the country, and it did not appear that he had ever visited his mother, before the death of her husband, or been visited by her, or that Louvac was aware of his existence. Indeed, it would appear from remarks made by him in a private conversation at the time of the trial, that he had been entirely neglected by his mother, and that he had been educated and brought up with care by some of her relatives who resided about seventy miles from St. Jerome. He was in person a remarkably fine-looking young man, tall and powerfully built, with a stern, dark countenance, a handsome likeness of his mother, except that there was nothing treacherous or sinister in his expression. He had seen his mother several times after her husband's death, and before the events now under consideration. Immediately on hearing that she had been arrested and was charged with murder, he hastened to see her, and to offer her his counsel and assistance. The meeting was in the highest degree touching and characteristic. In a tone of deep, and, no doubt, of genuine emotion, she exclaimed,

"Oh! my child, this is like everything I have seen and heard of you. This, I fear, will be a great trial for your excellent heart. All I ask is, don't condemn me unheard. I have few friends and many enemies. I have not been a good or a tender mother to you yet. My heart has yearned to you often, but you will not abandon me now. Say you will not and that you will give me your counsel and assistance."

"Let us not speak of the past, my dear but unhappy mother," said Delorme, "you rely on my affection, and you shall have all the assistance I can give you, without my troubling you with idle or unnecessary questions; but there is one, my mother, I must ask you at once. You are falsely accused, are you not? It is an infamous calumny, is it not?"

"I am," she said, "and the charge is an infamous invention of my enemies; later I will tell you all I know about Madame Dulong's death, which just now so much disturbs those poor, weak-minded people."

Delorme accompanied her to Montreal when taken to prison, and remained in the city several days. During that time he saw his mother frequently, and she then, probably, gave him her version of the affair, but as Delorme had become aware that this statement was at variance with what her sworn declaration contained, he saw the danger which his evidence might cause to his mother. As it was important to prove this confession to her son, he was subpoenaed to attend, and he to avoid appearing as a witness, had disclosed his relations towards the prisoner to the Crown Counsel, and implored him in almost pathetic language, not to put him in the witness-box. That official, however, had refused his request, and insisted on his giving his evidence.

When sworn, Delorme looked anxiously at his mother, who met his eye with a look of ill-concealed alarm, mingled with an expression of imploring tenderness, for, no doubt, she had told him many things, and some of which were probably known to others, but it was not likely they knew all that she had communicated to her son. When asked by the prosecuting counsel if he knew the prisoner, Madame Louvac, he answered,

"I do."

"Have you seen her frequently since her arrest?"

"I have."

"Have you had any, and what conversations with her about the death of Madame Dulong?"

Looking at the Court with an appearance of hesitation, not without trepidation, he remarked that

"He would rather not answer that question." The court-room was crowded, and the audience had become aware of his relationship to the prisoner. All eyes were fixed on the witness amid profound silence. He was then asked what were his reasons for not answering such a simple question?

"He replied, 'You know very well, sir, why I do not wish to answer your question.' 'Even so,' said the counsel, 'you must make your reasons known to the Court and jury.'"

Delorme replied, "I have had no conversation with the accused which can throw any light on this investigation. They were of a very confidential nature and related to extremely delicate matters—*à des affaires bien délicates*. These I must not, and cannot disclose, and, besides, the accused is my mother; that is my answer," and the lips of the young man quivered with emotion.

When reminded by the Crown Counsel that the law and his oath compelled him to state all he knew, and everything that had been communicated to him by the prisoner in regard to the death of Madame Dulong.

He replied, "I am aware of that, and in refusing to answer this particular question, I am, of course, prepared to bear any penalty which may be imposed."

The Court were about to interfere and to exert its authority, when the Crown Prosecutor declared he would not invoke the intervention of their Honors, carelessly intimating that under the circumstances, peculiar in this case, he would not press the question; he had probably obtained all he expected. This was accepted by the Court, and the prosecutor addressing the witness remarked,

"You have refused to answer my question, sir, and for so doing you have assigned a reason which, although no excuse in the eye of the law, yet discloses a feeling which does credit to your heart. I have nothing more to ask you; you may stand down."

This was to remove any unfavorable impression made on the mind of the jury, for expressions of deep sympathy with the young man were heard throughout the immense audience, and in this, no doubt, the jury participated.

Laurent Beauchamp was next called. He went into the witness box with a faltering step, and his countenance plainly and painfully expressed the deep emotion by which he was agitated. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, and it was said, he enjoyed the reputation of being a man of probity and of high character. His daughter, a beautiful young woman, and who was present in Court, was married to John Francis Louvac, a son of the female prisoner. This witness was examined with great caution and delicacy by the prosecuting counsel. He stated he had been for many years on terms of intimate friendship with the Louvacs. They had been neighbours, and the two families were connected by marriage. That after her arrest, he had had several conversations with Madame Louvac, their conversations being of a very confidential and friendly character. He had cautioned her against talking of this matter; and for that purpose, and also to be of service to her, if he could, he had visited her three or four times during her imprisonment. That on the 23rd of February, she had voluntarily, and as if by a sudden impulse, made to him the following statement in the precise words used by Madame Louvac, and thus given by the witness:

"Listen, Beauchamp. It gives me great pain to accuse, or blame others; but I wish to be relieved from this horrible charge. They need not look for poison, or trouble themselves about it; there was none. I was in the same bed with Madame Dulong on the night in question, and had fallen into a deep sleep. Suddenly I was aroused by the noise and movement of a scuffle or struggle in the bed. Imagine my horror, when I perceived George Dulong, with a pillow on his sister-in-law's face, and pressing on it with the whole weight of his body. I cried to him 'What are you about?' he answered 'Utter not a word or I will treat you in the same way. Go and light a candle.' I jumped out of bed in a state of great terror; for a moment I held on to the bed post, and then lit a candle. George had got off the bed, and was standing close to it. We examined the deceased. She did not move, but breathed heavily once or twice, and then with a long deep groan, as if choking, she died. The alarm was then given, and that is all I know about the matter." The witness then proceeded to testify to a variety of other matters, not of sufficient importance to be recorded here. Beauchamp was cross-examined at great length, and with consummate ability, by the eminent counsel for the defence; but no very material contradiction, or mitigating explanation was elicited. The evidence of this witness produced a profound sensation, for it proved a statement at variance with what Madame Louvac had deposed to before the Coroner and in her voluntary examination after the arrest.

If the witness was to be believed, his testimony was manifestly calculated to produce a conviction that she had a share in the perpetration of the murder, if murder there was. After the examination of this witness, the prosecuting counsel declared that the case for the Crown was closed. The lawyers for the defence then proceeded to address the jury; and in the discharge of that arduous and responsible duty, they spoke not only with great eloquence, but also with striking cogency of argument. They ridiculed

the bare idea of a murder having been proved in this case. There was something preposterous in this singular pretension on the part of the Crown. Even the cause of death was not shown, at least, not by any witness who had seen the body, or taken part in the *post mortem* examination. There was no *corpus delicti* made out. In this matter, George Dulong, the brother-in-law, could not be separated from Madame Louvac, and what earthly, or conceivable motive had he to commit a murder, or to shield the murderer? The only ground for suspicion was the intimacy—guilty perhaps, tho' that was not—could not be proved—which existed between Antoine Dulong and the female prisoner; and from that circumstance, the prosecution asked the Court and jury to conjecture, to infer, that these two persons had planned, and, that George and Madame Louvac had actually committed the murder. Such reasoning required no refutation. Between the indulgence of sinful passion, even the guilt of adultery, if such were the case, and the awful crime of murder, and such a murder as contended for here,—a wide gulf existed, and this fact, if proved, evoked no presumption that the prisoners had perpetrated this crime, and warranted no such inference. There was no poison, no trace of external violence, at least none which indicated a death-struggle. The theory of suffocation was, in every respect, unworthy of a moment's consideration. As to the evidence of Beauchamp, it was a made-up story. It would be shown that he had given to various individuals a different version of Madame Louvac's statement; besides, there existed reasons—many reasons, as would be clearly shown, why Beauchamp was desirous of bringing about the conviction of the then prisoners. Jealousy, revenge and cupidity had done their work on the feeble mind of an old man, this treacherous and double-faced friend of Madame Louvac; who betrayed, not only before the Court, but everywhere, secrets obtained by means of confidential family intercourse. They censured the prosecuting counsel for the bitter and persistent spirit of persecution he had shown from the commencement of the trial. They then commented with great severity on other portions of the evidence, and on the course adopted by the Crown to obtain the conviction, right or wrong, of their unfortunate clients. These speeches, delivered by these able and eloquent men, speaking for each prisoner separately, produced, and justly produced, a very serious effect on the Court and jury. If they proved all they undertook to prove, the case looked extremely favorable to the prisoners. The reader must bear in mind that the above are only a few of the points taken by the prisoner's counsel; and that their strong and lucid arguments, their rhetorical amplifications, are abridged to an extent which diminishes, if it does not destroy, their cogency and force. As delivered, these orations, for such they may be termed, were in the highest degree calculated to refute the theories, and to dissipate the pretensions of the prosecution.

It now became the business of the defence to adduce their evidence, if they had any. In this, it may be fairly said, they completely broke down; they failed to redeem their pledges to the Court and jury. They could not do otherwise. Several witnesses were examined, but their testimony did not weaken that produced on behalf of the Crown. To this, however, was one exception, and that was in reference to the evidence of Beauchamp. It is true, they did not prove that he was unworthy of belief, as the legal expression is formulated, nor was his testimony directly contradicted; but it was undermined, and shown not to be wholly reliable. He had, without necessity, and in violation of a confidence reposed in him, given different versions to different individuals of Madame Louvac's statement to him. He had been very talkative, indiscreet, and made himself much too busy about the matter generally. The more serious attempts, however, to destroy his testimony did not succeed; but there was no disguising the fact, that a considerable disparagement had been cast upon it.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

MISS ALICE LONGFELLOW, daughter of the poet, is engaged to marry Mr. Richard H. Dana, son of the Hon. R. H. Dana, Jr.

THE Paris *Gazette* of New Year's Day prints a fac-simile of the first French daily paper, *Le Journal de Paris*, published on January 1, 1777, and containing a letter from Voltaire, who promises to subscribe.

AN important literary discovery has lately been made in the library at Cassel, an hitherto unknown edition of Marlowe's tragedy, "Edward II.," in fact, an edition four years older than that of 1594, previously understood as his first one.

ARTISTIC.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to Beethoven in Vienna on the 26th of next March, the fifth anniversary of the death of the great composer.

MRS. BROOKS, who models heads in butter, is a small, dark-haired woman who is enthusiastic about her work, and she makes her heads with two little wooden paddles of different sizes. She has a farm in Arkansas to which she will return if her art does not prove remunerative.

SEMIERADZKI's powerful painting of the "Burial of Rome under Nero," which created so much sensation in artistic circles in Rome last winter, and won for the young artist the golden laurel crown of the Roman Academy, is at present being exhibited at the Kunsthau at Vienna, where it somewhat overpowers the milder works of the German school.