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# The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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## Revolutionary Reminiscences.

### ORATION

**OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT,**

**At the Inauguration of the Warren Statue at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1857.**

SIR—On behalf of a committee of the directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, I have the honor to surrender to you, as the president of that body, yonder marble statue of General Joseph Warren, who laid down his life for his country on this spot, eighty-two years ago this day. In this act of grateful commemoration, we do but pay an early promised, long deferred tribute of affection and respect, to one of the most zealous champions and efficient promoters of American liberty and independence—the first distinguished victim in the cause. As far as it is in our power, we wipe off the reproach which has rested upon us for two generations.—As early as the 8th of April, 1777, it was ordered by the continental congress that a monument should be erected to the memory of Gen. Warren in the town of Boston, and to the memory of General Mercer in Fredericksburg, Virginia. The marble of which these monuments are to be erected has not yet been quarried. In 1794 the members of King Solomon's Lodge of Masons in Charlestown erected on the summit of Bunker Hill a Tuscan column in honor of General Warren and his brave associates in arms. The property of the spot on which this monument stood was, by the donation of the Hon. James Russell, vested in the lodge, and was ceded by them to t e Bunker Hill Monument Association in 1825, on condition that some trace of their early patriotic effort should be preserved within the more appropriate and permanent monument, which the association was about to erect. This pledge was fully redeemed in 1845, by allowing the lodge to place within their great work an exact copy in marble of the original monument and of the inscriptions upon it.

At the celebration of the anniversary of the battle, in 1850, three-quarters of a century after the great event, it occurred to a generous and patriotic citizen present—whose heart and hand were ever open to the calls of public spirit or benevolence—the late Thomas Handasyd Perkins, that the time had come when the duty of erecting some permanent memorial of Gen. Warren ought no longer to be neglected, and a contribution of one thousand dollars was liberally offered by him for this purpose. This offer, contained in a letter to the late lamented Dr. John C. Warren, was referred to a committee of the directors of the Bunker Hill Monument Association; by whom, after due consideration, a marble statue, to be executed by some American artist, was recommended as the most suitable form of the memorial. This recommendation was adopted by the directors, was approved by Col. Perkins, and has been carried into effect by his generous subscription and the contributions of other liberal benefactors. The work was confided, in conformity with the expressed wish of Col. Perkins, to Mr. Henry Dexter, of Cambridgeport, a meritorious self-taught American artist, who, in its execution, has united the sympathetic ardor of the patriot with the conscientious zeal of the sculptor. He has adopted the original portrait of Warren, by Copley, as the basis of his likeness, and has no doubt attained as perfect a resemblance of the youthful hero as it is now in the power of the art to produce. In his presence, and that of his work, it would be alike superfluous and indelicate to enlarge upon its merits. I perform the last pleasing and honorable duty of the committee for procuring the statue, in now transferring it to your official possession, and placing it through you in the permanent custody of the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

The performance of this pleasing and honorable duty is not unattended with sadness. In the interval of seven years, which has clapsed since the work was proposed, its first and greatest benefactor has passed away, and with him the other earliest and largest contributors to the statue, our late respected and liberal fellow-citizens. John Wells and Samuel Appleton, and the two noble brother patrons of every public-spirited and philanthropic undertaking, Amos and Abbott Lawrence. One half of the cost of the statue was defrayed by these five departed benefactors,—the residue is the more recent donation of living contributors. The pedestal of beautiful *verde antique* is the contribution of the family of the late Dr. Warren. For whatever of satisfaction we enjoy, in seeing the first beloved and youthful victim in the cause of American liberty retored to us in enduring marble, we are indebted, in the first instance, to the large-hearted, warm-hearted men whose names I have repeated. They have all passed away; and with them has also passed away another honored associate, the friend of nearly half a century, who would have enjoyed a silent but intense gratification in this day's proceedings—the late lamented Dr. John C. Warren, the nephew of General Joseph Warren, whose warm and active interest in the commemoration of the 17th of June, 1775, transcending the limits of name and kindred, led him to consecrate the strenuous exertions of more than thirty years, not merely to the erection of the monument, but to the illustration of all the memories that cluster round Bunker Hill. And may it be permitted to me, sir, as the only survivor of the first committee appointed to procure subscriptions in 1825, and of the executive committee clothed with the full powers of the directors, in the construction of the work, to state, that among all the zealous, persevering and judicious friends of the Bunker Hill Monument, there was none who from first to last contributed more effectively to its successful prosecution and final completion than Dr. John C. Warren.

Nor let it be thought, sir, that in erecting the statue of Gen. Joseph Warren and bestowing the honors of this day exclusively upon him, we forget the services of the brave men of whatever rank, who partook, with like courage and patriotic devotion, the perils of the ever memorable 17th of June, 1775, whether with him they gave their lives to the country, or survived for other fields of danger and other calls of duty. To honor without attempting to enumerate or compare their names,—to mark to the latest generation the spot where they stood side by side through the live long hours of that anxious, toilsome night and that tremendous day,—and braved in their most terrible form, and most of them for the first time, the perils of the battle,—is the object of the time-defying work, which crowns the hill on which we stand. It commemorates no individual man or state. It stands indeed on the soil of Massachusetts, where the battle was fought; but there it stands equally for Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, and the younger sisters of the New England family, Vermont and Maine, whose troops shared with ours the dangers and the honors of the day. It stands for Prescott and Warren, but not less for Putnam, and Stark, and Green. No name adorns the shaft; but ages hence, though our alphabets may become as obscure as those which cover the monuments of Ninevah and Babylon, its uninscribed surface (on which monarchs might be proud to engrave their titles,) will perpetuate the memory of the 17th of June. It is the monument of the day, of the event, of the battle of Bunker Hill; of all the brave men who shared its perils,—alike of Prescott and Putnam and Warren,—the chiefs of the day, and the colored man, Salem, who is reported to have shot the gallant Pitcairn as he mounted the parapet. Cold as the clods on which it rests, still as the silent heavens to which it soars, it is yet vocal, eloquent, in their undivided praise. Till the ponderous and well compacted blocks of granite, which no force but that of an earthquake will heave from their bearings, shall fall asunder, it will stand to the most distant posterity a grand impartial illustration—(nature's own massive lithography)—of the noble page, second to no other in the annals of America, on which history shall write down the names and the deeds of the 17th of June, 1775.

But while the obelisk, unappropriated to any individual name, however brilliant, forgetful of no individual merit, however humble, towers in serene simplicity, the one impartial monument of the day—it seemed proper to the munificent proposer of the work we now inaugurate, and to his liberal associates in the undertaking, that a beginning should at length be made of a separate commemoration of those who rendered especial service in an action which gave a character to the whole succeeding contest; a battle in which the loss of the enemy exceeded two-fold that of Saratoga, Monmouth, of Yorktown, or of any other conflict in the war; and which, disguising a disastrous defeat with the name of victory, was, in the language of Gen. Burgoyne, who witnessed the engagement, "the loss of the British empire in America." No one, I am persuaded, will think it unjust that the first statue has been erected to Warren; no one but must desire that the example thus set should be followed by those of Prescott, of Putnam, of Gardner, of McClary, and of whomsoever else a grateful posterity may deem worthy to be associated with them in these posthumous honors. I need not tell you, sir, that it has long been in contemplation to erect a permanent lodge on some portion of these consecrated grounds, which shall afford an appropriate place of deposit for the archives of the association and for the relics and memorials of the battle, and there it is probable, if this design is executed, that the statue we this day inaugurate will be definitely set up, to be surrounded, let us hope, with the busts and statues of many others of the brave men who stood or fell in the cause of the country on that momentous day.

In these ways and by these works—by the majestic structure which points its unenscribed shaft to the skies, and by the monumental statues which we dedicate to individual merit, a grateful posterity will seek to honor those to whose wise and brave counsels, to whose toils and blood, we are indebted under Providence for this rich heritage of public and private prosperity. Of these—in this part of the Union—there is no name to stand before Warren's. Prudent, resolute, fearless, not yet thirty-five years of age, he was in reality, as president of the provincial congress of Massachusetts, and chairman of the committe of safety, the efficient head of the patriot cause in New England. In addition to these important offices, three days before the battle of 17th of June, he was chosen major general of the Massachusetts troops. He was himself opposed to the occupation of Bunker Hill, but that measure having been resolved upon by the council of war, Warren determined to support it with his presence, and if need should be, his blood.—Mr. Gerry, his associate in the committee of safety, in conference with him on the 16th, strongly dissuaded his joining the detachment, which had been ordered on this eventful errand. "It will be madness," said he, "to expose yourself where destruction will be all but inevitable." "I am aware of this," said Warren, "but I live within the sound of the cannon; how could I hear their roaring in such a cause and not be there?"—Again Mr. Gerry remonstrated, and concluded with saying, "As surely as you go to the hill you will be slain." Warren's reply was—

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"
"It is sweet and becoming to die for the country."

That day, the 16th, he passed at Watertown, the seat of the provincial assembly, remaining there the greater part of the night, in the discharge of the public business. At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 17th he rode to Cambridge, and suffering severely from headache, he threw himself on the bed for a little repose—the last he ever took on earth. When the intelligence reached Cambridge that the enemy was in motion, it was communicated to him by General Ward.—He rose from his bed,—declared he was well,—mounted his horse, and rode to Charlestown. Just elected a major general, he repaired to the field as a volunteer,—refused the command which was tendered him by Putnam and Prescott,—inquired where the attack would be most formidable, and placed himself there,—among the foremost in the conflict, among the last in the lingering retreat: till he was struck with a bullet in the head, and fell to rise no more. The next morning the body was found by Dr. Jeffries and General Winslow, who visited the field, and who saw the spot where it was buried. The following spring, after the departure of the royal forces, the honored remains, identified by sure indications, were reinterred with appropriate funeral ceremonies in Boston. The pall was borne by General Ward and other distinguished associates in arms, the opening words of Morton the eulogist,—"Illustrious Relics! what tidings from the Grave!"—produced a thrill in the audience, which clung through life to the memory of those who heard it. In the official account of the battle, prepared a short time afterwards, at the instance of the committee of safety, Major General Joseph Warren is named first among the dead, as "a man whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among mankind."

Eighty-two years have passed away since these prophetic words were uttered, and we now behold a pledge of their fulfillment, in this great assembly gathered to do honor to his name, and in the attendance of so many of the most distinguished of our community and of the land. We are deprived, indeed, by a cause which demands all our sympathy, of the desired presence of the illustrious chief, the lieutenant general of the armies of the United States, whose own blood has not been spared in the service of the country, who has fought her battles victoriously in every climate, from the Canadian frontier to the tropics, and who, more favored of Providence, has lived to an honored age, to enter into that reward of gratitude and veneration, which it was given to Warren to deserve but not to enjoy. But we are honored with the presence of the chief magistrates of several sister states, and especially of the Empire State of New York, worthy representative of a noble Massachusetts sire, governor of a state whose population equals that of the whole united colonies on the day when Warren fell; of others who have served the republic in posts of honor and usefulness, in different parts of our common country; of these patriotic military corps, and civic and literary and benevolent fraternities; in a word, of this vast multitude of every age and either sex, assembled to pay homage to the marble presentment of the youthful hero; eager to crown with this earthly immortality of fame the first great martyr in the cause of American independence.

Nor is it the least of the satisfactions with which we pay these honors to the memory of Warren and celebrate the anniversary of his sacrifice, that we do it with no feelings of unkindness toward the land of our fathers. Time has long since poured its healing balm into the wounds of the revolution, and the ancient ties of common language and kindred blood have resumed their force. Reason and humanity alike forbid that the fierce colisions which unavoidably attend the disruption and reorganization of states should open perennial fountains of national bitterness. When the excitements of the struggle are past, the great movements of public policy should be as calm and passionless as the march of the planets through the sky. While we pay due honors to the illustrious men who led the armies of the revolution, we rejoice to believe and do know, that the great separatron which they effected has been productive of equal benefits to both countries, and that the enlightened English statesmen of the present day, like the Burkes and Chathams of the revolutionary period, acknowledge the soundness of the principles for which our fathers flew to arms, and are everywhere extending their application throughout the colonial empire of Great Britain. Henceforth let our contest with the fatherland be a generous emulation in the arts of peace. While I speak, the public vessels of the two countries are bound on a joint errand to the mid ocean, not to stain its waters with fraternal blood, but to knit the two continents together by those mysterious bonds by which modern science and art, outstripping the laggard hours, annihilating the width of oceans, and flashing like thought through their rayless depths, is bringing the whole civilized world into the magic circle of instantaneous communication.

But, after all, the obelisks we erect and the statues we set up are but expressive symbols. The proudest monuments to the memory of our fathers are not those which are carved by the skillful artist from flocks of marble, or reared by the architect in majestic piles of granite. These indeed have their value and their interest. They mark for the latest posterity the scene of some momentous conflict; they redeem from the power of time and decay the features of some noble countenance and the proportions of some manly form, causing the poor dust to start into life again from the molten bronze or the quarried marble. But these are not the rewards for which Warren and his associates braved death; not the monuments which will best perpetuate their fame. The principles of free government for which they laid down their lives; the national independence which by united counsels and painful sacrifices they achieved on hard fought fields; this great family of states which, with prophetic foresight, they bound together in a fraternal confederacy; this admirable adjustment of local and federal government—the most exquisite contrivance of political wisdom which the world has seen,—these shall be their enduring monument. Nor less eloquent in their praise shall be the material prosperity which has resulted from their wise and patriotic measures. The world-surrounding ocean whitened with the sails of American commerce, which before the revolution was hemmed in by the narrow limits of colonial restriction; the hundreds of cities that line the coast and crown the banks of noble rivers, and which have started from the soil since the establishment of independence; the vast wild rness, whose primeval forests are yearly bowing to the settler's axe, affording a home to the redundance of our own population and the hungry millions of Europe; these boundless prairies over which the wave of population is pouring like a rushing tide, bringing with it to the utmost verge of settlement the last results of civilization, railroads following the line of the recent Indian trail, electric telegraphs to convey intelligence where the mail coach was a thing of yesterday; great steamers on rivers and lakes traversed within a generation by the bark canoe,—these proclaim, in language more expressive than inscriptions on the monumental granite,—in forms more significant than the sculptured marble,—the worth and the memory of the great and good men who sowed in weakness the harvest which we raise in power, who in the doubtful elements of national greatness which opened upon them in a visionary future beheld the germs of this palmy growth, of this imperial abundance, as the sculptor beholds in advance the muscular limbs, the glowing features, the triumphant expression of his marble hero, in the heart of the shapeless block.

Finally, my friends, let the recollections of a common danger and a common glory, which the day and the spot awaken, bring with them the strengthened love of a common country. The patriotism of our fathers, and especially of the illustrious man whom we commemorate, was of the most comprehensive cast. In a letter of the 21st of November, 1774, addressed to Josiah Quincy, another early-lost, devoted champion of American liberty, General Warren declares that "it is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom or lose their lives in defence of it. I am convinced that the true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of the people in any country on the face of the earth, as it now is through all North America."

On the day on which Warren fell, Washington was commissioned as "commander-in-chief of all the continental forces raised or to be raised in defence of American liberty." Massachusetts and Connecticut had their armies in the field, commanded by favorite generals; but John Adams took the lead in promoting the nomination of a general from that part of the Union, where there was as yet no force embodied, eager to give a striking proof that no local feelings swayed New England, by entrusting the command of her army,—for such it was,—to a leader from the banks of the distant Potomac, whom he already designated as the "Beloved Washington." The melancholy tidings of the death of Warren were received with poignant grief throughout the country, and it may be doubted whether the most brilliant success on Bunker Hill could have done as much to bind the colonies together as the noble, though in its immediate results unavailing resistance; the profuse, though at the time unprofitable, outpouring of human blood. A great revolution must be inaugurated with a great sacrifice, and all the loftier passions are enobled by the purification of sorrow; nor is it certain that Warren, had he assumed the command and driven the enemy back to his boats, would have done as much to kindle a chastised and resolute enthusiasm throughout the country, and unite the colonies in the impending struggle, as when he shouldered his musket and fell in the ranks.

And, oh! my friends, let the lessons of fraternal affection which he taught us in his death be repeated in the persuasive silence of those stony lips. In his own heart stirring language, let "the voice of our fathers' blood cry to us from the ground;" and upon this sacred day, and on this immortal hill, let it proclaim a truce to sectional alienation and party strife, as the medieval church proclaimed the "Truce of God." Wherever else the elements of discord may rage, let the billows sink down and the storm be hushed, like yonder placid waves, at the foot of Bunker Hill. Here let the kindly feelings that animated our fathers revive in the bosoms of their sons, assured that—should "malice domestic or foreign levy" invade us—if living champions should fail, that monumental cheek would burn with the glow of patriotism, that marble sword would leap from its scabbard, and the heaving sods of Bunker Hill give up their sheeted regiments to the defence of the Union!

### Revolutionary Preaching.

GEORGE LUNT, of Boston, in a few remarks at a recent public dinner, related the following anecdote of the revolution:

I hold in my hand the original journal of Lieut. Paul Lunt, handsomely written as you may perceive, and kept to the close of the year 1775. Allow me to read you his minute of Bunker Hill fight, and I doubt if ever a more simple account was given of a conflict, so seriously affecting the fate of a people, and which, comparatively insignificant as it may have seemed to some at the time, has long since risen into perpetual reputation, as amongst the marked and decisive battles of the world. The journal thus reads—

"Friday 16th (June), our men went to Charleston and intrenched on a hill beyond Bunker's hill; they fired from the ships and Copp's hill at the time.

"Saturday, 17th. The regulars landed a number of troops and we engaged them, they drove us off the hill and burnt Charleston; Doct. Warren was lost in the Battle; the seige lasted about three hours, they killed about fifty of our men, wounded about 80, we killed of the King's troops 896: 92 officers, 104 sergents."

Upon looking a little further, I find the following entry, characteristic of men and the times, and which I think affords us a significant key to the success of the great struggle in which they were engaged:—

"Sunday, 25—Heard the Revr'nd Mr. Cleaveland preach from Joshua 22 chap. 22—part of 23 verse."

Of course I looked up the text, and it is, in part as follows:—

"The Lord God of gods, the Lord God of gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know; if it be in rebellion, or if in transgression against the Lord, (save us not this day.)"

I know of nothing more appropriate or more pointed than this. These were the men to break down kingdoms and to build up a nation.

## Selected Poetry.

From Putnam's Monthly for July.

### EARLY RISING.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by "patent right!"

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising!

"Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,"
Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray just inquire about the rise—and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all!

The "time for honest folks to be abed,"
Is in the morning, if I reason right;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoys his forty morning-winks,
Is up to knavery; or else—he drinks!

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season.
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth—
But when alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live, as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin!

So, let us sleep, and give the maker praise,
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phraise
Of vagrant worm by early songsters caught,
Cried, "served him right!—it's not at all surprising—
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

## Thrilling Narrative.

From the Baltimore Stethescope.

### THE SHADOW OF A HAND.

It is a question that has often been debated whether man or woman possesses most moral courage. I shall not pretend to enter into a discussion of the matter here, but simply relate an incident which came to my knowledge some years since, proving, I think, incontestibly, that some of the fairer portion of creation are endowed in an eminent degree with this virtue.

In the autumn of 1846 circumstances called me to Dieppe. To tell the truth, I was by no means sorry to visit this fashionable watering place. The change is a very agreeable one after a long sojurn in Paris. It was late in the evening of the 14th of August when I arrived at the end of my journey, I proceeded at once to the Hotel des Bains' which, by the bye, I can recommend to those of my readers who may happen to visit Dieppe,) and after a light supper retired to rest.

I have always been an early riser. It makes no difference what time I go to bed at night, I am sure to get up early in the morning. I suppose this is habit more than any thing else. However that may be, the morning after my arrival at Dieppe I was up by cock-crow. I looked at my watch, and found it wanted a few minutes to four. I determined I would go and explore the town.

When I arrived in the street I was very much surprised to find it full of people. I gave the inhabitants of Dieppe credit for being very industrious, beating their Parisian bretheren to nothing, in the exercise of the virtue of early rising, and expected to discover upon inquiry, a practical illustration of the truth of the adage, by finding the citizens of that pretty, but rather slow town, noted for their health, renowned for their wealth, and courted for their wisdom.

I was disturbed from these reflections by observing that the people were all going in one direction, and they hurried forward as if stimulated by some extraordinary curiosity. I addressed inquiries to some of them, but they were too breathless, and in too great a hurry to make any reply to me. All they did was to point before them and nod their heads.

Not being able to obtain any satisfaction from them I determined to follow their footsteps, as I was now convinced there must be something to be seen.

We advanced at a very quick pace down a handsome street, which I afterwards learned was the chief street in the town, called the Grande Rue; the crowd becoming more dense, so as to render it very difficult to proceed. We might have gone a mile, perhaps, when the street suddenly opened into a large square; this square was densely packed with a great mob. The most distracting noise and confusion prevailed, but I saw something there, raised on a platform at the further end of the square, which engaged my whole attention, and made my blood feel as if it were turned into ice.

It was a guillotine!

Yes, there was the hideous frame work painted black, which I had seen once before at the Place du Trone in Paris. At the moment I turned my eyes on this instrument of death, a man was engaged oiling the groves, and to enable him to do it more conveniently, the knife lowered half way down between the two posts, and the morning sun made the blade glitter, rendering it quite distinct to the whole multitude.

Although I had before seen an execution, and was well aware of the painful effect it had upon my mind for months afterwards, morbid curiosity impelled me to remain, and see the conclusion of the tragedy. I had not to wait long, a neighboring bell began to toll and a cart made its appearance bearing the criminal. He appeared to take matters very easily, and when I first saw him, he was conversing gaily with the two gendarmes who accompanied him. He was smoking a cigar, and glanced around at the multitude with the most perfect *nonchalance*. The populace, when they saw him, raised a yell of execration; a palpable sneer was the only reply he deigned to make.

He ascended the steps leading to the scaffold with an easy gait, and turning sharply round to the mob, stood for a minute or two with his arms folded, and a foot advanced as if defying them. He glanced at them a look of unutterable scorn, and muttered between his teeth the word "*Canaille*."

It was during this minute or two that I had time to make a note of his appearance. He seemed to be about thirty-five years of age. He was tall and powerfully built, but his features were the very epitome of villiany. His eyes were dark and large, surmounted by bushy eyebrows. He wore a long moustache which extended far beyond his cheeks. Every bad passion seemed to be expressed in his face; in fact his countenance might be called perfectly devilish. An involuntary shudder ran through me as I gazed up on it.

He resigned himself into the hands of the executioner, and in a few minutes all was over.—When the time came for the knife to descend, I had not the courage to look, but turned my head away, and it was only by a shout from the mob that I knew the tragedy was finished.

I inquired of a spectator near me, the name of the criminal and the crime for which he had suffered.

The man stared at me with this astonishment, saying,

"Why, it's Jaques Reynauld!"

The name struck me as being somewhat familiar, and I endeavored to remember where I had heard it before. I suddenly recollected the Paris newspapers some months back had been filled with the history of several awful murders committed in Dieppe, and this man's name was in some way connected with them, but in what manner I could not remember. However my curiosity was now thoroughly excited, I immediately made the most minute enquiries into the matter, and before I left Dieppe had learned the following particulars:

In the Rue des Armes, about four months previous to the time I write, lived a worthy haberdasher of the name of Maurice. His family consisted of himself, his wife, one child and a servant. They were quiet, respectable people and very much respected by all their neighbors.

M. Maurice did a good business and frequently had a considerable sum of money in his house. He had an extraordinary run of custom one Saturday, and when the labors of the day were over he felt very much fatigued. He shut up his shop and proceeded to a small room, where his wife and servant were laying the cloth for supper.

"My dear," said his wife, as soon as he entered the room, "I should very much like some oysters for supper to-night."

"I am afraid it is too late," replied the husband looking at his watch. It was a quarter past eleven.

"Oh no, Justine says there is a shop open round the corner."

"If that be the case let Justine get some at once, for I am as hungry as a hunter."

Thereupon Justine put on her bonnet and shawl, and went for the oysters; *leaving the door ajar*, that she might not disturb her master or mistress when she returned.

Now it so happened that the place where she expected to be able to obtain the oysters was closed; but not wishing to disappoint her employers, she determined she would go and seek them elsewhere. In pursuance of this object, she entered the Grande Rue, but had to walk a considerable distance before she could obtain what she sought. She hurried home again, and noticed when she arrived at the door of her master's house that the chimes of a neighboring church struck a quarter to twelve. She had, therefore, been absent just three quarters of an hour.

She was surprised to find the door shut, but supposing that the wind had blown it too, she raised the latch. The door was *fastened on the inside*. She thought this rather strange, but then again she reflected that it was doubtless only a necessary precaution on the part of her master. She rang the bell, and was very much concerned when, after waiting a few minutes, no reply was made. "They have gone to bed," she said to herslf, and felt rather angry with them for having locked her out. She again rang the bell much more violently than before—still no answer. She now became alarmed, and rang long and violently—no answer! Her fears were thoroughly aroused, and she related the circumstances to some persons passing along the street. The presence of two or three gendarmes were soon procured, and they proceeded at once to break in the door.

The passage into which the door opened was perfectly dark; but one of the gendarmes stumbled over something, and putting out his hand to save himself, it came in contact with something wet on the ground. A light was immediately obtained, and a horrible sight presented itself.

Laying across the passage was the dead body of Monsieur Maurice, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The floor was swimming in blood. In the little room was the dead body of his wife, presenting the same ghastly wound. Even the little child in the cradle had not escaped, for the merciless assassin had taken its life by the same horrible means. The house was ransacked from top to bottom, and everything of value stolen.

I shall not attempt to depict the horror of the persons who witnessed this shocking sight; it can be more easily imagined than described, and to tell the truth I don't like dealing in the horrible; it is pandering to a morbid taste, and if I have transgressed my usual mode of narration in this sketch, my only excuse is—*it is true*.

The most strenuous efforts were made to detect the murderer, but without any success. All that could be learned was, that a man had been seen to look intently in the shop windows about the time M. Maurice was conning out his days's receipts. The whole town of Dieppe was horrified, and when night came many a heart trembled.—After a few days the feeling of fear began to decrease, when they were again awakened in a tenfold manner by another shocking murder.

About ten days after the catastrophe in the Rue des Armes, some belated pedestrians were making the best of their way home about 2 o'clock in the morning. They were walking very rapidly down the Rue Grenard, when they were astonished by seeing a man on the roof of the house, with nothing on but his shirt, crying out with all his strength "murder!" "murder!" "murder!" He held a young child in his arms.

They immediately called to him, but all they could gather from him was that murder was being committed in the house. They directly made for the door, and found it *fastened on the inside*. They burst the door open with a few vigorous kicks and penetrated into the house. They rushed up stairs, and on the first landing they found the body of a man with his throat cut. He was dead. They entered a bed-room—hanging half out of bed was the body of a woman, mutilated in the same horrible manner, and stone dead.—But they had not yet discovered all the horrors of that house of blood. In the kitchen was discovered the inanimate form of the servant girl, who had been killed by the same means. The assassin was evidently the same who committed the murder in the Rue des Armes. The wounds inflicted were exactly of the same character, and it was evident the same instrument had been used.

The young man seen on the roof of the house was named Pierre Dulon; he deposed before the Procureur du Roi, the next morning, as follows:

"My name is Pierre Dulon; I am twenty-two years of age, and a watch-maker by trade. For the last two years I have been living as assistant with the late Monsiuer Mouton. He resided in Rue Grenard. His family consisted of himself, wife, child and servant girl. On the night of the 21st of April, 1846, we all of us retired to bed early. I was accustomed to sleep in one of the attics. In the room next to mine, the servant girl and child slept. About half-past 1 o'clock in the morning I awoke. I felt thirsty and rose to get some water—my pitcher was empty. I went down stairs to fill it. I had nearly reached the first landing, when I saw a man stealthily ascending the stairs. I am a very nervous man, and the recent murder had preyed very much on my mind, I had been living in continual dread ever since. The sight of this man completely paralyzed me; and I stood looking, not able to move hand or foot. He had nearly reached master's door, when M. Mouton opened the door and came out on the landing. The assassin immediately rushed upon him, and putting his hand over my master's mouth, prevented him from calling out. I noticed but one thing, that *the murderer had only three fingers on his left hand*. I could see no more, but ran up stairs again, and hurried into the servant's room; the child was lying on the bed asleep, but the servant girl was not in the room. I took up the child in my arms and got out on the roof. This is all I know about the matter."

The excitement in Dieppe was now raised to the highest pitch. No trace of the assassin could be discovered. It was evident that these murders were the work of one man—and that he must have been concealed in the houses before they were closed for the night. Government offered a large reward for the discovery of the murderer, and the vigilance of the police was thoroughly aroused.

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady of the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family; but, with one servant girl, lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city—a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of an old officer of the Guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular; but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed, in the midst of danger,—which, together with a large amount of moral courage—made her a very notable person. The recent murders had, perhaps, made less impression on her mind than upon any one else in Dieppe,—although it was naturally supposed the retired situation in which she lived would have caused her to be more fearful.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders in the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up to her bed-room. She was suffering from a nervous headache. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself in a large arm-chair previous to undressing herself. The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite to her was a toilet-table, with a cloth on it reaching to the ground.—She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when happening to look around her, she saw something which for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had *only three fingers!*

She divined the truth in a moment—the assassin was there, in her house—under that toilet-table. She made not the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She made up her mind what to do, and advancing to the door, called her servant maid.

"Oh Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room. "Do you know where Monsieur Bernard lives."

"Yes, Madame."

"I have to pay 5,000 francs away very early in the morning. The fact slipped my memory till just now. You will have to run to his house and get the money for me."

"Very well, Madame."

"I will write you a note which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

"*My Dear Monsieur Bernard*: The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is now in my house. Come immediately with some gendarms and take him before he escapes.
"HELENE BEAUMAURICE."

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on the errand. She then quietly re-seated herself and waited.

Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there calm, cool, and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift about several times; but the murderer did not attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gendarmes arrived, and Jacques Reynauld was arrested—not, however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined as I have shown in the former part of this sketch.

### Boarding School Severity.

The anxiety of parents to secure the rapid progress of their children while at school has led to the adoption, in many seminaries of a "forcing" process, altogether beyond the capacity of a majority of the pupils, and believed to be very injurious to their physical well-being. But whatever may be thought of the severe tasks of the schoolroom during the secular week, we are quite sure that all reasonable persons will agree with us that an extension of the same rule to religious services of the Sabbath is not only without excuse, but opposed to every established principle of judicious culture. A friend has sent us the following account of the Sunday regulations at a school where a young girl from this city was placed. No wonder that her health gave way:

*Sunday regulations for a girl's boarding school, called Young Ladies' Seminary in a certain town in the Bay State.*

Rise at half-past 5 o'clock—breakfast—then prayers of half an hour—from 9 to 10 to attend a prayer meeting—at 10 o'clock to church, until 12 o'clock—dinner at half-past 12 o'clock—to church again from 1 to 3 o'clock—from 3 to 6 o'clock learn Bible lessons, and remember the texts of the two sermons so as to be able to repeat them, besides committing to memory another text called a *voluntary*. Then to tea, and, while at the tea-table, the texts above mentioned to be recited. After tea, to the chapel of the school for Bible-class instruction, which, including prayers, lasts until 9 o'clock. From 9 to half-past 9 o'clock three chapters in the Bible to be read by each pupil before going to bed.

The above are the regulations of the day of *rest*. What the herculean labors of the week were, may be imagined from the above. No wonder the young victim of such a system broke down after a few months' trial, and was taken home, where, relieved from

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim,"

she again became the bright, cheerful, healthy girl of sixteen smumers.—*N. Y. Journal of Com.*

### Illustrated.

The story published below we republish from the New York *Evening Post*, as embracing a capital illustration of the utter humbuggery of "Spiritualism." The application of any such nonsense to the practical affairs of life, is, after all, the real touch-stone by which to try it. The story is a capitol one:

GOOD BACKERS—AN INCIDENT OF SPIRITUALISM.—A long-bearded customer recently entered a spiritual bookstore in this city, and applied for an agency. He proposed to take a large quantity of books to his part of the country, "away out West," where he represented that he could soon sell them, as he was assured by the "invisibles." The enterprising bookseller was of course delighted with this prospect of a sale; but his enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when the long bearded gentleman remarked that he had no money and wanted the books entirely upon credit.

"Are you responsible?" was the natural inquiry of the merchant.

"Perfectly."

"What evidence of your reliability can you furnish?"

"I have the best of backers—men whose names you know well."

The merchant's countenance brightened. "Very well," said he, "let us see your papers."

Thereupon the customer presented the following document:

"*To whom it may concern*: We, the undersigned, having been acquainted spiritually with Mr. ——, of ——, Wisconsin, for many years, recommend him as perfectly reliable, and would not be afraid to trust him to any amount.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON,
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
HENRY CLAY,
THOMAS PAINE,
JOHN MILTON, and others.

"Through Jane E ——, medium."

The bookseller remarked that the backers were good if the medium was reliable; but he thought, on the whole, he would prefer to keep the books. The customer hereupon denounced the bookseller as an impostor, telling him that he did not believe in his own doctrines, and that the spirits would expose his duplicity to the world. Of this he felt assured by the spirit of prophecy within him. The bookseller was not convinced.

### Comparative Roguery.

Tompkins bought a fine horse—paid $300 for him. The horse, after a few months, proved to be lame in the right shoulder—Tompkins was distressed about it. Tried all sorts of remedies—embrocations, liniments, Mustang included, under the advice of the very best veterinaries, still the lameness was obstinate and grew rather worse. He became desperate, and hit upon this device to sell the horse. He drove an ugly tenpenny nail plump into the right fore-foot, and left it there for ten days; when he led the tortured animal limping to a neighboring blacksmith to be shod. The blacksmith was a dealer in horses and quite a jockey in his way. After a while, Tompkins called at the shop for his horse. "That's a splendid gelding of yours, Mr. Tompkins—pity he is so lame," says the blacksmith. "He is, indeed," replied Tompkins—"but he is very lame, and I am afraid he can't be cured." "Perhaps not and may be he can," says Vulcan. "How much would you be willing to take for him, just as he stands, Mr. Tompkins, money down?" "Ah, well, I dont know what to say to that. If he is cured, he is worth all I paid for him, and even much more, as horses go now; but if his lameness should continue, you see he is worth nothing—not a dollar." The blacksmith began to chaffer. First he offered $50; then $100; and, at last, $200 for the animal.—Tompkins was persuaded, and accepted the last offer. The money was paid and the horse delivered on the spot. "Now," says the blacksmith, "as the bargain is finished, I will be frank with you, Mr. Tompkins. I suppose I can tell you just exactly what ailed that horse." "Can you?" says Tompkins, "well, I shall be glad to hear it. I *thought* you must know all about it, or you would not have paid me so much money for him." The blacksmith produced the nail and assured Tompkins, with great apparent satisfaction, that while paring down the horse's hoofs he had found that infernal long piece of iron, and drawn it out of the frog of the near forefoot. "Is that *all* you know about?" Tompkins asked, very quietly. "All!" replied the blacksmith. "All! isn't that enough for conscience sake?" "Well," replied Tompkins, "I don't know, as it is. I will be equally frank with you, since the bargain is finished. I drove that nail into the *foot*, but the lameness is in the *shoulder*, I think you will find."

As soon as any one of the ethical professors at Cambridge can find a moment's relief from the spiritual-rapping discussion, Mr. Tompkins and his friend would be delighted to receive a learned opinion from Old Harvard, upon the question of comparative roguery between the parties to this horse-trade.—*Boston Post.*

### A Romantic Region.

The editor of the Abingdon Virginian, recently spent a few days in the White Top Mountain, and other peaks in that range, and in "all the region round about." He says:

The White Top is the highest peak in the whole Apalachian range, and from its summit the most extensive and magnificent view is obtained, it has ever been our fortune to witness. The trees upon its summit are just beginning to bud, and the whole face of the mountain is carpeted with wild flowers, rich in fragrance and gorgeous in colors. Whilst we were upon the summit, and looking out westward with a glass, at Abingdon and the farms many miles beyond it, a cloud came rolling up the mountain, which soon swept across the top, careering like a snow storm, the wind whistling mournfully and winter-like through the naked limbs, and the vapor hiding our company from each other. From the Southeastern slope, portions of North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia all fell within the scope of natural vision, and from the Northwestern slope the bold outline of old Kentuck marked the horizon.

The most remarkable thing we saw upon White Top, is its crowds of a tree called Lashhorn.—These trees are of all heights, from mere shrubs up to 50 feet, and the tops are almost invariably flat, so much so, and the branches so closely interwoven, that persons can stand or walk upon them. Our company, consisting of nine persons, had the curiosity to ascend to the top of these trees, where all sat down together upon the level platform of foliage, some 25 feet in diameter, and two or three of the company actually laid down and rolled across the top. This tree is a species of Fir, and is we believe, peculiar to that peak. The timber near the summit is small and gnarled, but at the base the trees are giants. We saw and measured one white oak 18½ feet in circumference, with 70 feet of trunk without a limb.

CHANCE FOR A "SMART" WIFE.—The last *Water Cure Journal* has an advertisement for a husband. The young lady gives the following account of herself. We think it is a rare chance:

I am just twenty, but will not marry before I am two years older. I can do, and love to do, all manner of housework, from making pies and bread to washing shirts; I can do all kinds of sewing, from embroidery to linsey pantaloons, I can skate, ride, dance, sing, play on the piano or spinning wheel, or anything that may be reasonably be expected of my sex. If required, I can act the part of a dunce in society of "the upper ten" or the part of a woman among women. As for riding, here let me make a banter: any man may bring two horses, give me choice and ten feet, and then if he overtakes me in one mile I am his; if not, then the horse is mine.—Beware! By fops I am styled handsome; by those I frown upon, "the devil's imp;" by the wise and sober I am called wild and foolish; by my female acquaintances "Molly," and by my uncle I am called "Tom."

A sportsman says that if a sportsman wishes to preserve his guns in good order, he will find nothing equal to murcurial ointment rubbed on the barrels and outside of the locks. "I have laid it on the ground three weeks at a time, and my rifle, &c., was as free from rust as the day I had it from the maker."

When Dr. H. and lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend, "these two are just equal to one highwayman." "Why?" was the response. "Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—your money or your life."

The other day Mrs. Snipkins, being unwell, sent for a medical man, and declared that she was poisoned, and that Mr. Snipkins did it. "I didn't do it," shouted Snipkins, "it's all gammon—she isn't poisoned. Prove it, doctor; open her on the spot—I am willing."

BIDDLE STAIRCASE.—Visitors at Niagara Falls will remember a staircase on the west side of Goat Island called "Biddle Staircase." Some one asked a friend of ours why it was called that name. "Because it *wound up the bank*," was the answer.

The coyright of Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" sold by auction for $34,000. Unhappily, the lady herself receives not a farthing of this increase in the marketable value of her work. Miss Strickland parted with her copyright for the sum of $10,000.

A proclamation of the general government of New Zealand offers rewards to the amount of £4,000 for the discovery of efficient means for rendering the flax and other fibrious plants of New Zealand available as articles of export.

"Well my friend, what are you in for?" said a visitor to a a convict. "Me? why I'm in for getting out if I can!"

The London Times says clairvoyance
"Is the art of seeing through
Those who're not sharp enough to see through you."