

In the next place the house of De Vernelle was thoroughly searched. A wretched deformed peasant, of most repulsive appearance, but apparently a creature of great ferocity and strength—for he was to be spoken of more as a brute than as a man—was living here, ostensible to keep the place in order; but that he did little in this way was evident from the miserable, neglected plight of the whole of the property.

He at first opposed the entry of the visitors with great stubbornness; but assistance being procured, he was overcome, fettered, and placed in custody. According to the French fashion, he was severely questioned as to his mode of life and his experience of De Vernelle; but this was completely in vain; he remained as silent and sullen as if he had been deaf and dumb. The man's name was Roul Goult.

The searching of the house occupied some time, and proved a labour of much difficulty, for Roul refused to disclose the place where the keys were kept; and, in consequence, several strong doors, firmly secured by locks and bolts, had to be forced. Nothing of any importance was found until a most minute examination discovered a secret cupboard or "safe," in the wall of a room which appeared to have served as a *cabinet du travail*. It was large, and the unusual size of the door, and the skilful manner in which it was placed in the wall, would have deluded all but the most close and suspicious examination. It was divided into two compartments by a wide shelf below this shelf was found the hideous skeleton of a large dog, to the bones of which large fragments of flesh and hair were still adhering, and on the shelf was a casket, in which were stored a golden cross, an ancient coin, of the time of Louis VIII., a silver tobacco-stopper, a number of English bank-notes, besides a large number of odd and curious little articles.

Rarely had such a mass of the strongest evidence been discovered against a suspected man, as was presented by the contents of this casket. The continuation of the investigation proved, by means of various witnesses, that the golden cross was the property of the Abbé Viere; that M. Festin, at the time of his murder, was known to have carried in his pocket a coin of Louis VIII.; and the bank notes were the identical ones which had been stolen from Ferrers. They were identified by the numbers, which had been advertised at the time of their loss in the English and French newspapers, which act of precaution doubtless deterred De Vernelle from putting them into circulation. Various other articles were immediately recognized by the many witnesses who came forward as having belonged to the parties who had been robbed and murdered.

De Vernelle was tried on the various charges now brought against him. The trial continued many days, and caused an immense sensation. It came out that, from his youth, he had been an inveterate gamester, and the straits into which this passion brought him, led him, in the first instance to crime. Alexis Bribault, the notary, was his first victim. The extraordinary celebrity which immediately attended this outrage possessed the perpetrator with a spirit of intemperance and bravado, and he followed up with new crimes, as a Jack Sheppard would follow up one successful robbery by others more and more daring. The morbid frenzy was at its height at the time that he left his newly wedded wife and hurried back to Menterre for the express purpose of murdering the priest who had just pronounced the marriage benediction over them, and robbing him of the alms and presents he and his father-in-law had but an hour before, as it were, bestowed upon him.

De Vernelle refused to give any explanation as to the position which the man Roul occupied in regard to him—refused to answer any questions respecting him, or to say a word about him at all. When the result of the trial became evident, however, that strange ill-formed and ill-favoured creature seemed to experience an access of dark heroism for the sake of his master—avowed himself to have planned and perpetrated the crimes charged against them, and that he was the only guilty party. Upon this, De Vernelle became wildly animated, praised the fidelity of "le pauvre Roul," and with reckless bravado—a peculiarity of the wretch's disposition—proceeded to boast that he was the planner and perpetrator, and he alone, of all the murders and robberies which had made all the north of France panic-stricken.

A week after the conclusion of the trial, the two exalted their crimes, legally speaking, upon the guillotine.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN LIVERPOOL IN 1805.

In 1805 I went on board of a new slave ship, in Liverpool. It was just finished, and had not then been employed. I went below deck, and examined the narrow sells and the chains, which were as yet unstained with blood, but they were all ready for the victims which no doubt were found and transported from Africa into slavery in that very ship.—Our English friends, when they taunt us Ame-

ricans on this subject, should remember that they forced slavery upon us when we were their colonies. George, III., in 1774, disallowed an act of the legislature of Virginia, prohibiting the slave trade, because he said "it would be very injurious to the commerce of his majesty's subjects." The reformation of the parent is rather too recent to justify re-creation on the child, while no justification of either can be sustained before God or man, and so reports the grand moral inquest of the world. Liverpool sustained the most vigorous and persevering opposition to the suppression of the slave trade, and this spirit was in full activity in 1805, when I was there. At the table of a very eminent gentleman, well known to fame, I heard the efforts of Mr. Wilberforce on the subject decried, and it was remarked that he was a very worthy man, with good intentions, but rather overdone with religion; a charge which I did not think could have been sustained against a convivial clergyman, one of a party whose tongue took rather a free licence. I have no disposition to upbraid Liverpool for its old sin, the slave trade, rejoicing that it has been many years done away, as is the fact, also, with my own country, which has, however, substituted a domestic slave trade, from the middle slaves states to the southern and south-western states for which we are justly reproached. I forbear from any discussion of the great sin, shame, and danger of slavery; but I wish to recall the fact of the Liverpool slave ship, which I mentioned in my early work; and, also, the rescript of George III., that I may temper a little the severity of the English recrimination.—*Professor Silliman's Visit to Europe in 1851.*

THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

The Czar has lived fifty-seven years—reigned twenty-eight. His name is Nicholas Paulovitch: he is the fifteenth sovereign of his dynasty, and the eight of his family. He is more a German than a Russian; but, as the Germans are to the Russians an odious race, he ignores his German blood, and so do the court historians. Nicholas was not the heir to the throne; but his brother Constantine refused to reign, and, after an interregnum of three weeks, Nicholas was proclaimed Emperor. Nicholas, previous to his accession to the throne, had displayed the talents of a drill-sergeant. He was an inflexible and punctilious disciplinarian, and an unpopular man with the army and people. But an insurrection bravely suppressed, and the insurgents clemently treated, his authority was established.

The Czar comes within an inch or two of equalling in stature his royal brother, the King of the Cannibal Islands, who stood six feet six in his moccasins. His figure is of herculean dimensions and symmetry. "The expression of his countenance," says one of his admiring subjects, the Prince Koleski, has a certain severity which is far from putting the beholder at his ease. His smile is a smile of complaisance, and not the result of gayety or abandon. There is something approaching the prodigious in this prince's manner of existence. He speaks with vivacity, with simplicity, and the most perfect propriety; all he says is full of point and meaning—no idle pleasantries—not a word out of its place. There is nothing in the tone of his voice or the arrangement of his phrases that indicates haughtiness or dissimulation, and yet you feel that his heart is closed." "The Emperor," says another writer, not his subject and not his admirer, "is of a great height, and is very proud of it—too proud, perhaps, as he has acquired the habit of certain airs, which often gives him a strong resemblance to a peacock when about to spread his tail. It is a fact well known in St. Petersburg, that every well-grown man newly recruited for the guard is called into the Emperor's presence, who measures heights with him. His air is serious, his glance wild—even a little savage; his entire physiognomy has something hard and stern in it; his gestures are abrupt, and he cuts his words in pronouncing them. The Emperor never shows himself but in military costume, the stiffness of which is in perfect keeping with his tastes, and which makes his great height still more conspicuous. Meanwhile, there is a want of ease in his movements; since a fall from his horse, he drags one leg after him in a disagreeably inelegant manner."

The Czar has remained a drill-sergeant. Hardy, laborious, indefatigable, simple in his tastes, the faithful "husband of one wife," he has striven to introduce order and honesty into all branches of the public service. Arrogant he may be, conceited, tyrannical, but not effeminate, not weak. We quote a few sentences from M. Bouvet, who seems to write from a personal knowledge:

"Already forty-five quarto volumes of the *Svod*, or Russian Digest, have been published and regulate the decisions of the Russian tribunals.

During a long period, Nicholas passed all his nights and days in superintending these arduous labors, and in bringing them to satisfactory result, in spite of the dumb resistance of the bureaucrats. It often happened that the gentle Empress, seeing her husband

with red and sunken eyes, went to him in the midst of his *collaborateurs*, and said to them: "Now, gentlemen, let my husband enjoy a little repose; come and take a cup of tea with us." * * * The Emperor has directed legislation to the question of serfdom: he has not dared to deal with the great problem of general emancipation, which has now more than ever become a necessity, but he has prepared the way for it. He has endeavored, by degrees, to make the peasants conceive the hope of becoming free. * * * * *

The Emperor Nicholas leads a life of the most feverish activity. He rides, walks, holds a review, superintends a sham fight, goes on the water, gives a *fete*, exercises the navy, and all in the same day. He travels incessantly; passes over at least fifteen hundred leagues every season; and all those who are attached to his person have to share his fatigue.

The Empress, who will follow him everywhere, loses her health by doing so, and it is said that the young Grand-duke Constantine will fall a victim to the mode of travelling adopted by his father. Nicholas is in the habit of travelling not less than seven leagues an hour in an open caleche."—*State of Maine.*

THE RUIN OF IRELAND.

ON Saturday, an aged and respectable tenant farmer from the West of Bandon entered the shop of Mr Hawkesworth jeweller, on the Grand Parade, and offered to sell twenty guineas as old gold, they having been refused at the bank. In the course of the dealing the farmer remarked that he had a considerable loss by them, as each of them had cost him 22s. 9d. "Then," said Mr Hawkesworth, "you must have had them a long time." "Wish," replied the farmer, "I have them and more like them, these forty years." "How many more have you?" was the next question. "About four hundred," was the reply. "Oh," said Mr Hawkesworth, "you have lost £1,000." "Yerrah, how?" was the inquiry. "Why if you had had them out at interest for the forty years, you would have made that much by them by this time." "Made, do you say," was the rejoinder of the farmer; "Why, man," he continued, "I am longer in the world than you, and I know that interest money was the ruin of Ireland. Numbers of gentlemen around me were ruined by interest, as it was well I wasn't bothered by it—I lent out some money myself, and the d—l a halfpenny of interest or money I ever saw again and the man I lent it to was broke. There was interest for you! I promise you I've lived too long to have anything again to do with interest."

Argument was unavailing; the farmer could not be persuaded there was any better use to be made of money than to keep it in a box; and being now asked why he parted with his gold, he said that hearing all the country talking of "Diggings," and that gold was getting so plenty that they would be making spades of it in some time to come, he determined to try what he would get for twenty pieces before he disposed of the rest, and that he would keep his money in future in the Bank of Ireland notes, as no one ever yet heard of their finding notes in the ground and each pound note would be worth 20s always.—*Cork Constitution.*

AN ANECDOTE.

A correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times relates the following:

A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather prosy but showed no disposition to "let up," though the audience waxed thinner. Finally the presiding officer got excited, and replying to a friend of the speaker's, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak? Whereupon the friend answered "he didn't exactly know—when he got on that branch of the subject he generally spoke a couple of hours."

"That'll never do; I've got to make a few remarks myself," said the President, "how shall I stay him off?"

"Well I don't know—in the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn't stop I'd stick a pin in it."

The president returned to his seat, and his head was visible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the "Brother" who had prescribed the "pin style of treatment," and said:—

"I pinched him, and he didn't take the least notice at all; I stuck a pin into his leg and he didn't seem to care; I crooked it in and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!"

Very likely," said the wag, "that leg is cork."

Nothing has been seen of that President since.

A GOOD REASON HE COULD NOT DO IT.—Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments."

"Sir," said the Signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent pieces which that lady holds in your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

THE FRENCH ALGERIAN CHIEFS.

GENERAL CAVAIGNAC.

Cavaignac is a man of very different stamp; austere, silent, embittered, full of the glowing but concealed fire of disappointed ambition. A republican to the back-bone, he won his most glorious laurels under a king, and he committed his greatest fault as a dictator of a republic. "Absolute in command, energetic in action, slow in deciding because slow in comprehension, but conceiving the laborious working of his mind under a solemn silence, and only speaking when decided, General Cavaignac was esteemed by all, loved by some, feared by many. Those, however, who had any relations with him, were unanimous in allowing that if you appealed to his heart, the haughty dignity with which he loved to surround himself disappeared, to make room for a quite paternal kindness; but these moments of forgetfulness were rare. The silence in which he lived, the separation from others in which he liked to move elevated his imagination; and the smothered fire of his eye disclosed a man who thought his life a sacrifice, even when the rank and dignities of the state were thrust upon him; for we must do him the justice to say that those dignities were received, but that he had far too much pride to seek them. Thus Cavaignac, by raising before his mind an ideal to imitate and worship, and by preferring his own esteem to that of others, ended by giving a false development to his naturally frank and kindly disposition. In his military career, Cavaignac has given many proofs of his cool obstinacy. He obtained his rank of commandant at Tlemcen in 1836, at the time of the expedition of Marshal Clausel, when he held the place for six months, deprived of all succour and news. This was one of the bright actions of his soldier's life; and it is but far to add, that though he sadly mistook his mission as a politician, he was never found wanting in war, in the day of danger and strife. In 1840 he held out the whole winter at Medeah, with two battalions of zouaves, and was relieved in April, after five months' imprisonment, by General Bugeaud: his firmness, his noble example, the paternal encouragement of his advice, had been their great support. We have seen his name in the gorges of the Oued Fodda, when, amidst a hail-storm of shot, Changarnier handed him some splendid wild grapes that he had just picked, with the words, "Here my dear colonel take this, you must want refreshment after such glorious fatigues."

We have still one more of the exiles, Bédau, to consider, ere we pass to the Imperial generals. We have heard Bérre's opinions of Bédau, whom he met in 1846, when Governor of Constantina.

GENERAL BÉDAU.

In 1841-2 General Bédau was made commandant of the subdivision of Tlemcen. "Established in Tlemcen," says Castellane, "General Bédau showed that regular and methodical spirit which makes such a useful instrument, as soon as the precise nature of his duties and limit of his authority have been accurately determined. To prove this, it is only necessary to observe that Tlemcen soon rose again from its ruins, that barracks were built as it were by magic, and that the whole country received a wise and systematic organization. General Bédau was obliged to fight several times; but as there was no hesitation in his mind, his success was never doubtful." We have only to add, that since December 2nd, 1851 General Bédau, finding the air of France too close for him, has sought for a freer atmosphere amongst people who have a more vigorous constitution.

GENERAL CANROBERT.

It was a lucky thing for the Chasseurs d'Orléans to have as their chief commandant Canrobert (April, 1845). The quickness of his coup-d'oeil, the precision of his orders, his energetic enthusiasm, the reliance of his orders, his energetic enthusiasm, the reliance that he had long inspired in all, rescued them from danger.

Commandant Canrobert was particularly distinguished from his presence of mind in critical circumstances. The following anecdote is a good specimen of his coolness. In 1848, being colonel of the zouaves he was on his march from Aumale to Zaatcha to take part in the siege. The cholera had infected and was decimating his column, and they advanced with difficulty, so laden were the mules with the dying soldiers. At the most trying moment he was informed that the nomadic tribes of the south were preparing to attack him. An engagement was, above all things, to be avoided, for they would have no means of transport for the wounded. The colonel immediately made his arrangements for fighting, and then marched forth alone to meet the nomades with his interpreter, and addressed them thus: "Know, good people, that I carry the plague about me, and if you do not suffer me and mine to pass, I shall throw it amongst you." The Arabs, who had traced the column for many days, by the newly-made graves it left behind it, were seized with terror, did not dare to attack, and let them pass.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAND.

General (now Marshal) St. Armand appears first on the stage as a colonel, in which capacity he assisted at the judicious razzia which so happily reduced the Darha to order. We shall shortly allude to this brilliant affair (1845), which was far from ending in smoke. He was naturally promoted for his prowess and chivalry in smothering old men, women, and children in a cave, and he made a wholesome example of all rebels who troubled the reign of order in the subdivision of Mostaganem in Great Kybilis and in the Ellysian Fields.

Appointed Governor of Paris by the Prince President he was quite at home in the night razzia which swept away the liberties, honour, and ornaments of France. He is one of the pillars of the imperial throne. And holds the portfolio of war. He was greatly opposed to the marriage of the Emperor, and also to the liberation of Abd-el Kader; and when offered the command of another expedition against his old friends the Kabyles, he refused to go unless he obtained unlimited discretion, or in other words, license to extinguish the last spark of liberty in smoke. Being refused, disappointment nearly broke his gentle heart; but he has since recovered and returned to the War-office, whence he proposes shortly to make a trip to our Horse Guards, which are sadly out of order.

GENERAL PELISSIER.

General Pelissier is another of the African chiefs who has attained fame as well as infamy in Algeria but who, unlike his peers, has not danced a horpipe on the barricades of Paris. Not satisfied with being a fire-eater himself he seems to have wished to diet the refractory Arabs on smoke, suffocating 800 men, women and children, in a cave in the Darha in 1845. Nor did the affair end in smoke, as it materially broke down the spirit of the Arabs, and built up his notoriety as a man of decision and cruelty.

We find him a general and the commandant of the subdivision of Mostaganem, in November, 1846.