

# LEWISTOWN GAZETTE.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### 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 discussion of the matter here, but simply relate an incident that came to my knowledge some years since, proving, I think, incontestably, 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 sojourn in Paris. It was late in the evening of the 14th of August that I arrived at the end of my journey, and proceeded at once to the Hotel des Bains, (which, by the by, I can recommend to those 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 anything else. However that may be the morning after my arrival I was up by cockcrow. 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 brethren 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 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 all the time getting denser, so as to render it more 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 distracted noise and confusion prevailed, but I saw something there, raised on a platform at the further end of the square, that 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, that 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 grooves, and to enable him to do it more conveniently the knife was lowered half way down between the two posts, and the morning sun made the blade glitter, rendering it easily to be distinguished by the whole multitude.

Although I had 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 easy, 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 around to the mob, stood for a minute or two with his arms folded, and 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 appeared to be about thirty-five years of age. He was tall and powerfully built, but his features were the very epitome of villainy. His eyes were dark and large, surrounded by bushy eyebrows. He wore a long moustache which extended 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 upon 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 of the mob that I knew the tragedy was finished.

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

The man stared at me with astonishment saying—  
 'Why, it's Jacques Reynaud!'  
 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 learn. But my curiosity was now thoroughly excited, and 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 girl. 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 on 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 is 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 Grand 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 chimneys of a neighboring church struck a quarter to twelve. She had, therefore, been absent just half an hour.

She was surprised to find the door shut, but supposing that the wind had blown it to, 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 rung 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 herself, and felt rather angry with them for having locked her out. She now became alarmed, and rung long and violently—no answer! Her fears were thoroughly aroused, and she related the circumstance to some persons passing along the street. The presence of two or three gendarmes was soon procured, and they proceeded at once to break open the door. The passage into which the door open-

ed 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 counting out his day'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 two o'clock in the morning. They were walking very rapidly down the Rue Grenard, when they were astounded by seeing a man on the roof of a 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 in that house of blood. In the kitchen was discovered the inanimate corpse of the servant girl who had been killed by the same means. The assassin was evidently the same that had 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 who was seen on the roof of the house was called Pierre Dulon; he deposited before the procurer du Roi, the next morning, as follows:

'My name is Pierre Dulon; I am twenty years of age, and a watch maker by trade. For the last two years I have been living as assistant with the late Monsieur Monton. He resided in Rue Grenard.— His family consisted of himself, wife, child and servant girl. On the night of the 21st 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 one o'clock in the morning I awoke. I felt very 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, and 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. Monton 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 only 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 by 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 cause 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 floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when happening to look around her, she saw something that 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 the 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 decided what to do, and advancing to the door, called her servant maid.

'Oh, Mary!' she exclaimed, 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 until 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.'

'My dear Monsieur Bernard—  
 The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is now in my house. Come immediately with some gendarmes, and take him before he escapes.'  
 HELEN BEAUMAURICE.

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her on the errand. She then quietly reentered 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 Reynaud 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.

**New Mode of Naturalization.**—A woman from Australia, while testifying in a naturalization case in one of the California courts, was asked if she herself was a citizen, to which she replied, pointing to the first witness, 'I have been married to that Yankee there more than two years, and if that don't naturalize me, I don't know what would!'

## THE NEW TARIFF.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Times has furnished a running abstract of the new Tariff Bill just passed by Congress. It is the result of a compromise of conflicting views on the subject, and passed by a vote of 35 to 8 in the Senate, and 124 to 71 in the House of Representatives. It goes into full effect on the 1st July next, and the new rates of duties to apply to all goods imported, but warehoused, in the meantime, as though the same had been imported after the 30th June. The immediate practical results aside from the main purpose to reduce the present redundant customs revenue about \$14,000,000 per annum on the current scale of importations, will be to throw a large portion of the highly dutiable goods now on the way from foreign States into public store, to await the operation of the new bill, and to postpone a considerable share of the usual importations ordered for May and June until after the 1st July. The importations will no doubt be heavy for several winters, and the very serious apprehension is that the reduction in some of the schedules of the act of 1846 may, while curtailing the revenue, afford undue encouragement to an excessive scale of importation. The general arrangement of the modification of the schedules is thus:

Old Rate,	100	40	30	25	20	15	10	5	Free.
New Rate,	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
	30	24	19	15	12	8	4		

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**In Schedule A from 100 to 30 per cent.**  
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**In Schedule B from 40 to 30 per cent.**  
 All Wines in wood, Champagnes,  
 Manufactured Tobacco, Ebony,  
 Cigars, Cut Glass.

**In Schedule C from 30 to 24 per cent.**  
 Silks, Clothing,  
 Fine Woolens, Jewellery,  
 Furs, Glassware,  
 Copper Ware, Chinese Ware,  
 Cutlery, Wine, bottled,  
 Lace of Metal, Ale and Beer,  
 Paper Fabrics, Sugars,  
 Cheese, Syrups,  
 Iron, Molasses,  
 Iron Fabrics, Embroideries,  
 Bonnets, Tin Fabrics,  
 Combs, Carpeting.

**In Schedule D from 25 to 15 per cent.**  
 Flannels, Fabrics of Hair,  
 Bareges, Cotton Prints,  
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 Matting, Worsted Goods.

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 Oils, Paper Hangings,  
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**In Schedule F from 15 to 12 per cent.**  
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