

Daily Evening Bulletin

GIBSON PEACOCK, Editor.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 111.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY.

PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1869.

F. L. FETHERSON, Publisher.

PRICE THREE CENTS

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

LETTER FROM PARIS.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Paris, Tuesday, August 10, 1869.—The document which was read to the Senate yesterday, and of which the text will have long since reached you, is of too much importance both to France and the rest of the world to be over-hastily weighed or appreciated. We must wait, moreover, to hear the discussion and the tone of the ministerial speeches before we can quite estimate at its true value. The great effect which has just been produced, but if there be any reliance to be placed in words, we must admit partly and at once that the imperial Government has made a real step in advance towards a thoroughly liberal and constitutional régime, and in this respect has shown itself incomparably superior to the narrow and obstinate policy of resistance which upset so fatally the monarchy of 1830. True, it will be said that the present Government has still a long way to go before it reaches the point at which that of Louis Philippe and Mr. Guizot refused to make further concessions. But then it must be remembered that the very point on which that sovereign and his minister declined to yield to public opinion was precisely the one on which they were most in arrears and Napoleon III. and his Minister most in advance. Although one can now scarcely credit the fact, the contingency of France, in 1848, scarcely exceeded one hundred and seventy thousand. Now, it is over six millions. There is nothing, therefore, to be yielded on that score, except to leave the official candidatures, and that, in fact, has been virtually accomplished by the late elections. What the imperial Government was summoned to do, as the point in which it was most in arrears with the times and with public opinion, was to make large concessions in the personal prerogatives of the sovereign; and that, it must be in fairness owned, it has done. The point of comparison between it and the Government of Louis Philippe were, in the latter case, an extension of the rights of the people through the enlargement of the constituency; in the former, a diminution of the prerogatives of the crown by a curtailment of the official candidatures. On the one point Louis Philippe fell by an ill-advised and impractical, though able, Minister; resisted, and fell; on the other, Napoleon III. has yielded, and thereby (perhaps it is but too much to say) has once saved himself and his son from falling, and France and Europe from much convulsion. As I have said, it is too early yet to speak definitively on a matter of such importance, but the above are the reflections which the first aspect of the new Senate Consultum seems naturally to suggest. I have little doubt that nearly all parties in the country, except the irreconcilables, will rally to it, and that the Chamber, when it meets again, will be divided into a small knot of the above-named class on the extreme left; an equally small knot of "irreconcilables," in another sense, on the extreme right; and a large majority of constitutionalists in the centre. And now, enough of politics and of this subject, to which I shall have to return after the discussion of it has taken place in the Senate. This is the season, *par excellence*, of locomotion. Everybody is on the trot. Next to the Suez Canal and the Union Pacific Railway, which are beyond all rivalry in furnishing facilities for running round the world's circumference, come the Mount Cenis Tunnel, an excellent one, which is to unite *parade* *Albion* and *la belle France*, in mid channel beneath the sea. The latter design is still strictly *in petto*, and none of us may live to witness its accomplishment. And yet one need not despair of that or even greater wonders, when we read, as we have been doing here lately, of the bold and apparently successful attempt made recently at aerial navigation in San Francisco, or of the approaching completion, as now announced, of the boring of a passage beneath the Alps. A few years ago such things were regarded as almost wholly chimerical, and now already, the locomotive has scaled heights of eight thousand feet, both in Europe and America, and will soon strike and plunge into darkness (as far, at least, as daylight is concerned) through the base, as well as over the summit, of Mount Cenis. We are told that the famous tunnel is to be partially finished by the end of next year, and the railroad itself to be completed and in full operation in 1873. One is glad to hope that the patriotic and long-suffering Turinese, who lost most and gained least by the Union of Italy, will be the first to profit by the opening of the new route. A project is already on foot to celebrate the event and take advantage of the increased facilities for the transmission of goods and passengers by a Universal Exhibition, after the Paris type, to be held in 1873. The municipality of the city, with the public spirit which it has always so nobly displayed on all occasions, has already taken the subject in hand and appointed a Committee of Inquiry. The proposed site of the Exhibition is to be the *Vaneiglo*, or Champ de Mars of Turin, or else the *Valentino* Garden. The temporary building is to cover an area of 100,000 square yards, towards which the municipality offer to contribute two millions of francs (a large sum for the frugal Piedmontese), the remainder to be paid by foreign exhibitors, or their government, in sums proportional to the spaces occupied by them. Plans for the proposed edifice, on an economical footing, are to be sent in immediately. I think such an Exhibition might be managed so as to prove a great success. Turin is a very accessible place (with a Mount Cenis tunnel completed); it is very central, lying on the road of thousands of summer tourists; and moreover, Italy herself is capable of doing far more than she has yet had an opportunity of doing at any foreign Exhibition. France set the example in 1857, in the *Galvrie de l'histoire de France*, of joining antiquities to modern objects of curiosity; as, indeed, England may be said to have already commenced doing in 1862, when the South Kensington Museum was enriched for the occasion by objects loaned by the proprietors, and thus became, as an adjunct to the exhibition itself, a source of high and noble attraction. Now, if the Italian cities, not excepting Rome herself,

would agree to concentrate their vast treasures of art and archeology, and pour them into Turin, we might witness over again, only with far different and more agreeable emotions, such a scene as that which is described to us as having been displayed in the Courts of the Louvre, when Napoleon I. and his so-called republican armies had been advanced the progress of civilization. As Napoleon III. expressed it, the other day, at the camp of Châlons—by plundering all Italy of whatever was most beautiful and valuable. Italy, if she put out her strength, could whip all Europe in this respect, and make her exhibition a novelty, even after all that has gone before, and enable thousands to see, in a single coup d'oeil, what they might never otherwise have the time or the means to visit in detail. And then, having seen, the utmost that the Old World could do, we might wait patiently for the celebration of the centenary of the New World, in 1876.

Paris, Tuesday, August 6th, 1869.—Your readers will be weary of the subject of French Constitutions and Senate Consultations. And, in truth, when one considers that the French people have been busy "making constitutions" for the last seventy years, and have never yet been able to concoct one to their mind, and may be said to be just now beginning afresh again upon a topic which spans new patterns, when one considers this it must be allowed that the patience and attention of the rest of the world has been pretty well tried by French political vagaries. Most surprising it is that this people with all their acknowledged quickness, high intelligence and ability in all the other walks of life, should seem so deficient in plain, common sense, practical political sense.

Well, it may be said that the French nation has now once more made a fresh start. And say this because I do not think it can be denied that the changes which have now been effected, or, at any rate, the consequences, which must inevitably spring from them, do, or will, in fact, amount to a change, not merely in the form, but in the principle of their government.

The balance of power in the State has either been shifted, or is about to be so; and whenever this is done, there is always a critical time during which we must wait to see how the vessel tilts under the new distribution, and whether she draws ahead again or misses stays. The inevitable tendency of the new measure, backed as it is by a strong popular feeling in the same direction, is to throw the preponderating power into the hands of the popular assembly; and as it has, undoubtedly, hitherto been in those hands of the Executive, I am fully justified, I think, in describing the change to be as great as I have above stated it to be. The ultra-democratic journals, indeed, cry out that the "personal government" still stands upright; and so probably they would continue to do as long as ever the Emperor retained his present title and continued to inhabit the Tuileries. But it is impossible not to perceive that a power has been planted by the side of the crown, whose growth will steadily surpass and overshadow that of the latter. We have only to look at what the Corps Legislatif is, or is to become, compared with what it was, to be convinced of its changes, influence and character. Outside the Chamber, it may be said that the system of official candidates and government patronage and interference in the elections have been practically broken down already, and that a majority opposed to the principles of the existing administration has been returned, in spite of every obstacle. This is proved by the interpellation, the message and the Senate Consultum, and the half-frightened, flurried manner in which the government has tried to appropriate and seem to put itself at the head of a movement which it felt itself totally unable to repress. The Emperor has found out that one of the mistakes of his Constitution was to suppose that he could continue permanently to manage the elections and pack a Chamber, with a constituency of six millions, as easily as Louis Philippe did with one of only a hundred and seventy thousand. The nation has broken through the restraints imposed upon it, and has at last returned members to represent itself, and not merely the Administration, and if the process were to be repeated tomorrow the Government knows very well that it would be no longer with the same or a worse result. So much for deliverance from external influence. Then look at the changes which are to take place inside. There the Chamber is absolute master. It has complete liberty of speech; it chooses its own President; it can make what laws it likes of its own, or refuse those presented by the Government; it can interrogate the latter as to its acts, and pass a vote of censure or want of confidence; it can enforce that vote, if not attended to; by a stoppage of any portion of the supplies. Is it possible to deny that a Chamber to which all these prerogatives have been accorded by a Government, and that, too, because it dared no longer refuse them, is placed in a position to do or to take whatever else it pleases? True, the Emperor might turn the deputies out of doors at the point of the bayonet and make another 18th Brumaire. But where would he be afterwards? Just where he was on the 22nd December, 1851—only with this essential and fatal difference, that, whereas, then he had the nation at his back as at least an assenting party to his acts; now he would have arrayed against him both representatives and people. He might even thus, perhaps, possibly still struggle on to the end of a moody, dubious, unpopular and precarious reign. But with himself all hope must be extinguished alike for dynasty, family and Empire. Such is the real position, so far as I am able to read it, with respect both to the present and future prospect of this country.

There can be no doubt that the verdict of the vast majority of the intelligence of the country is favorable to the reforms inaugurated, and in a great degree satisfied with them. All the moderate liberal journals, almost without exception, in the *Debate* or the *Opinion*, *Revue*, the *Liberté*, &c., express themselves in the above sense. The dissatisfaction is merely confined to the imperial national party and its organ, such as the *Figaro*, and M. Crémier de Cassagnac, and to the extreme left and the "irreconcilables."

To show the height to which the "revival of political feeling," as it is called, has now at-

tained in France, I may mention that no less than twenty-four candidates are already in the field for the four seats left vacant in Paris by the option of the elected members to sit for the provinces. Ten years ago it was difficult to find even the "Five" who then formed the entire Opposition. Truly, as M. Rouher said in his opening address to the Senate, "we are undergoing a considerable transformation."

The French Transatlantic Telegraph Company publishes a notice that it will commence regular business on and after the 15th inst. A meeting, characterized, as was natural, by the greatest animation and good feeling, took place on the 3d inst., between M. de Lesseps and his shareholders, when the former read his eleventh annual report to the Assembly. The first meeting was held in the month of May, 1860, and now the final completion of the work was announced for November, 1869. The entire sum expended up to the month of June last has been 40,308,075 francs, at which date there was a balance on hand of nearly fifty millions. Everything had since gone on with comparative success, and there at this moment upward of seventy miles of the canal completely terminated and in their definitive form. The Bitter Lakes were steadily filling up at the rate of about two inches in the twenty-four hours, which rate would be doubled when the waters of the Red Sea were admitted, as well as those of the Mediterranean. M. de Lesseps made his auditors very merry by reading extracts from some old articles of the *London Times* and other journals, in which he himself and his canal were described as a myth and a ratiocination!

ABBATE'S HUMAN PETERIFICATIONS.

Scientific Statement.

The correspondent of the *Athenæum*, whose account of the Neapolitan Professor Abbate's discovery we published upon its appearance, thus renews the subject under date of July 29: "The *Athenæum* of the 24th inst. published some observations of mine on the discovery of the secret of embalming the human body. Since my last communication I have received other details, in reply to questions proposed, on this most interesting and important subject, which I send to you, without hesitation, in a condensed form. The secret similar to Dr. Abbate's has existed for a long time, as all travelers who have visited Florence probably well know. In the Cabinet of Physiology at the Grand Ducal Hospital, Maria Novella, there are preparations of portions of the human body by Dr. Segato. The Grand Ducal Government refused to purchase the secret, until last year, when the late Emperor, I repeat, were only portions of the body, whereas that which is now being exhibited in Naples, in the ex-Convent of Santa Maria della Pace, is a complete body of a youth of seventeen years of age, who died of phthisis, about the end of last January. For five months, therefore, it has remained in the most perfect state of preservation. The features, the integrity of the form, are perfectly preserved, as they were at the moment of death. The nails have grown, and the hair has grown, according to the flesh and the hardness almost of marble. To this let it be added, that the hair adheres so tenaciously to the head that it is impossible to remove it without destroying the integument. The operation of embalming or petrifying is effected in a few hours, without the necessity of removing the dress; indeed, another body has been prepared in the same manner, and preserved in the same way, and even preserving the gloves on. "We know," says a medical gentleman, not an Italian, who has seen the body, and who has seen that some gentlemen in Naples, after having proved what we have stated, have made an alteration in their will, imposing it as an obligation on their heirs that they shall apply the system of Abbate to their bodies at the event of their dying before the Professor. This discovery has, however, a more practical and more important feature, that its use in preserving the bodies of the deceased has succeeded completely. There are difficulties in this special application of it which would not present themselves in the petrification of human bodies, such as the danger of introducing substances injurious to health, or affecting the taste, the appearance, or the nutritive qualities of the meat. All these difficulties Abbate declares he has overcome, and it is a known fact that a first-rate house in Italy, whose commercial relations with the Americans are considerable, has already made arrangements for the importation of it. It is proved by experience to be true that the wholesome food of man—which is now thrown away in vast districts as utterly unavailable, or is only made fit for the purposes of commerce by simple and inexpensive means exported to Europe fresh and good, an insectivorous boon well has been conferred on the world. It is a boon which will do, and as he has already done so much, surely his system deserves the attentive examination of all scientific men. During his life Abbate has made many discoveries, but his secret is a part of the world which he may be requested to visit, and show the results of his invention."

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

The True Story of Lord Byron's Separation from His Wife.

The *Tribe* says: "We find in a Western newspaper the somewhat promised account of the reasons for the separation of Lord Byron and his wife, as prepared in a magazine article by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. We extract herewith all the essential details of the absorbing and yet terrible story. There has been little danger, this many a year, that Lord Byron's literary influence over young men and women could ever again become what it was at a time Mrs. Stowe describes in our memory; there is henceforth none at all."

The true history of Lord and Lady Byron has long been partially understood by many circles in England, but the facts were of a nature that could not be made public. While there was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by the revelation, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly life. "No true history of England," we think, would publicly have been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances, and the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, with authority to make such use of them as she should judge best. Had this melancholy history been allowed to step on the memory of Lady Byron, it would have been a crime of the first magnitude. But by a singular concurrence of circumstances,