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From the Baltimore Monument. A FOLLY CURED.

BY MISS A. M. F. ECHAN.

"What care I, indeed, though his name be all sunset for song or story?"
(New Song.)

"No! brother Ned! just listen here! Married at — on —, Jonas Jenkins, esq., to Miss Scott; Jonas Jenkins! ha! ha! ha!—who would have ever dreamed that a girl of Helen Scott's taste could marry a man with a name like that! Jonas Jenkins! Mrs. Jonas Jenkins! how it sounds!"

"Well, Clara, what's in a name!"
"Stocking! if there's anything I do detest as much as a vulgar name, it is a hackneyed quotation."

"Humph!—I was going to add, however, that your friend Helen has made what her circle would call an excellent match. I know Jenkins well. He is a man of fine person, fine abilities, and yet more, fine fortune."

"And what of all that, with such a name!" I would not marry Apollo, endowed with Fortune's purse, if he bore a name like that."

"Ahem."
"You need not look so quizzical."

"So what?"
"You know my notions about names, long ago, Edward."

"I thought I had cured you of them long ago, Clara."

"No, indeed! I don't intend to be cured, so long as I have reason on my side. Such names as Johnson, Jackson, Thomson, to say nothing of Smith, Green, Brown, and Black, which can be so readily traced to their sources, are my aversion; they are so very parvenue."

"Parvenue! what a word for an American girl! I suppose, then, that such as Belmont, and Martiner, and Montague, and Fox this and St. that would suit your fancy better."

"Nonsense! I am not so silly as to go to trashy old novels for names. I would as soon think of selecting B-linda and Dorinda and Malissa for christening names. I like those that bear something consequential in them—something respectable—something—"

"Aristocratic—that's the word you are ashamed to let out—something of Howard and Sydney, or Herbert would do—ha! ha!"

"Exactly," and Clara Calvert ran out of the room to escape her brother's railery.

"We must rid her of this foible," remarked Edward, gravely, to his elder sister, Gertrude, who was now at home for the first time after leaving it as a bride, and who sat smiling at the colloquy.

"I had intended, Clara," said Edward, "to invite my friend, William Benson, to visit me this summer, but an now induced to change my mind."

"You mean the young man who took half the honors from you at college, and who delivered that oration so full of every thing so beautiful and original, which I admired so much when I read it!"

"The very same, and I have concluded that his common name might prevent you from receiving him as he deserves. Your etymological skill might make the disagreeable discovery through it, that one of his ancestors was the son of a man named Ben."

Clara looked a little confused—"You know I wouldn't mind that in your friend, though."

"Notwithstanding, I shall not submit him to your condescension," returned Edward as he left her.

The next evening Clara and her sister were sitting together in the parlor—"In dusk, ere stars were lit or candles brought," the latter looking musingly upon the twilight, and the former thoughtlessly twanging her guitar, "I'd play that old drawl, 'Days of absence,' for you, Ger," said she; "I know you are thinking about Henry, ain't you?"

As she spoke, Edward ushered a gentleman into the room, introducing—"my sisters, Mrs. Handley and Miss Calvert—my friend, Mr. Demijohn."

Clara sat for a moment as if thunder-struck, and then gave a nudge of unmistakable import to Gertrude, who with her usual lady-like composure had commenced addressing the stranger. "I wonder how he can look!" thought she, "his voice, at all events, does not sound as if it came out of a Demijohn." It was very melodious, and in his reply to her sister particularly graceful, yet still she feared to speak, lest a word might bring her ill-suppressed laugh altogether out with it.

At length the lamps were lighted, and Clara eagerly surveyed the visitor. He was what her young lady friends would have pronounced decidedly a very excellent looking fellow; a phrase of course too hackneyed to be taken up by her fastidious lips. His features were remarkably handsome, and wore an expression which proved the bump of mischief conspicuous on his well developed forehead by no means misplaced, and which should not fail to be attractive to a dumsel as vivacious as the one engaged in the scrutiny.

The conversation of the visitor was so fascinating that Clara's risibility soon yielded to it; and before an hour she caught herself regretting from the bottom of her heart that there should have been just cause to give it rise. "Poor man!—how much is he to be pitied!" said she to herself; "with conceptions and sensibilities such as he must have, talk as he does, how well he must be aware of the ludicrousness of his name, and how keenly he must feel it!" And when he had taken leave for the night, her companions would not allow her to finish the jest she had thought it necessary to attempt at his expense.

The gentleman called again the next morning, and Clara was yet more pleased with him by day-light than she had been the evening before, and by no means dissatisfied when her brother told her that he had invited his friend to pass a few days in the family. "He is a very interesting man," said she, and she fell into a deep study. A ray of hope shot across her mind. Perhaps his first name might be more agreeable. She questioned Edward accordingly.

"Name again?" returned he, raising his finger.

"I am sure I have an excuse for it now," replied Clara, seriously.

"Well, here is his card."

Clara snatched it eagerly: "John M. Demijohn; forgive me, Edward, but—really—I can't help laughing! it is such a very absurd name!—you must confess that yourself!"

Edward and Gertrude both smiled.

Mr. D.—, for so Clara arranged his name in her reveries, soon became domesticated among them. Edward, a competent judge in matters of that kind, held his talents and attainments in high estimation. Gertrude believed him to be as superior in character as intellect, and Clara herself thought him the most polished gentleman she had ever seen—

He accompanied her music to her utmost satisfaction, read exquisitely, was an admirable horseman; in short, he possessed innumerable attractions, and with these in view, the consequences may be guessed.

Mr. D.—'s visit had been lengthened to better than a month, when one morning, when he had been idly screwing the keys of Clara's guitar for some minutes whilst she sat working near him, he stopped suddenly, and announced his intention of making his departure the next day.

Clara started and endeavored to raise her eyes to his face, but they would not obey her, and then as ineffectually she attempted to speak.

The gentleman rose, struck the guitar against the table till the strings vibrated; picked up a sheet of music and threw it down again; opened his lips as if there was something to be said, but did not succeed in getting it out, and abruptly hurried from the room.

"Oh! how I wish Gertrude was here!" half sobbed Clara. Gertrude had left the week before.

Edward entered. "Why, Clara, child, exclaimed he, "what is the matter! Look up here; why, upon my word, your eyes are quite red! how could you have so little taste as to sit with a gentleman in that trim!—let's hear what she says."

"Nothing, brother Edward."

"Is that all! Oh, then, I need not concern myself about you: I have reason to do so about something else, though. Demijohn intends leaving us to-morrow, did he tell you so? Really, Clara, you seem so much agitated at my news as any young lady could be who had serious aspirations to become Mrs. John M. Demijohn."

Clara burst into tears.

Edward paused a moment, and then went on. "You don't usually let my teasing distress you so, Clara; I beg pardon. But to our subject. I have not asked him to prolong his stay; I think it best to allow the poor fellow to go whilst he has a little remnant of his heart to take with him, which would certainly not be the case if he remained much longer with you. As it is, I found it necessary to give him a hint of your prejudices about names, and left him to infer that of course his case would be hopeless."

"Edward! how could you!" interrupted Clara, with a sob; "don't, I beg, think of my folly any more."

"I must and will, Clara, till I know you are cured of it."

"So I am, indeed, altogether."

"Are you sure? quite sure?"

"Dear Edward, for pity's sake, don't jest now."

"I have no objection to believing you; but there are others to be convinced of it besides myself," said her brother becoming through a window to his guest, who immediately joined them; "and first of all, Benson, here—my old friend William Benson; don't get so pale, Clara; why, what frightens you! this name is not more frightful than John M. Demijohn, is it? You may debate that point between yourselves, however, and in half an hour or so I will be in again to hear your conclusions."

A week or two after, Gertrude received a letter from Edward, of which a pas-

sage ran thus: "And lastly, dear Gertrude, our old plot succeeded admirably. Benson endured the sobriquet until I was convinced that she would gladly have shared it with him; and now, though of course she is not sorry that he is rid of it, (as who would be!) I think the whim is pretty fairly eradicated. You and Henry must hurry back as soon as possible, to instruct the younger folks in the duties of married life, for Benson is urgent to assume them, and in spite of my wiser judgment, has persuaded our little sis, that at eighteen she is quite advanced enough in reason and years for their apprehension and fulfilment."

The Three Friends of Brussels.

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACTS.

Some years ago there resided at Brussels three young men, named Charles Darancourt, Theodore de Valmont, and Ernest de St. Maure, whose friendship for each other was of so ardent a nature, that they were generally known by the title of *The Inseparables*. The first link which bound these youths together was the remarkable circumstance of their having been all three born on one day, and, being all of good families, they had been constant playfellows in childhood, had studied at the same academy as schoolboys, and had become members of the same university in their more advanced years. Through all these stages of their existence, they had exhibited the same unvarying affection for one another, and had displayed great similarity in their tastes, feelings, and pursuits. On reaching manhood, however, circumstances led them, as might have been expected, to adopt different courses of life. Darancourt, the son of an eminent physician, selected the profession of the law as the road to eminence and respectability in the world. St. Maure, whose father was a nobleman of decayed fortunes, chose the army as most suitable to his birth and pretensions. De Valmont, on the other hand, preferred the captivating study of letters and the fine arts to the pursuit of any positive profession; and the circumstances of his father, a retired colonel of engineers, enabled the young man, for the time at least, to indulge his tastes in this respect.

Ernest de St. Maure, at the period when this narrative takes its date, had not yet joined the army, but the imperial mandate (for Brussels was then within the dominions of Napoleon) was looked for daily, and Count de St. Maure and his lady were sadly preparing their minds for parting with their only and beloved son. At this time it was that Charles Darancourt, who had been recently admitted a member of the masonic fraternity, took an opportunity of suggesting to young St. Maure the propriety of entering the same society. Darancourt's counsel was founded on certain stories told of soldiers having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and having been saved by discovering a brother-mason in some of the captors.

"Now, who knows," cried the young barrister, with the ardour of friendship, "but you, St. Maure, may be thrown into a similar situation, and may escape by the like means?" Though disposed to look upon the mysteries of masonry as a useless mummerly, St. Maure allowed himself to be persuaded by his friend, and promised to undergo initiation at an early day. At the same time he would consent only on condition of Darancourt himself acting as sole initiator, which the barrister, however irregular the proceeding might be, professed his willingness to undertake.

During the Sunday immediately following the day on which this conversation took place, Count de St. Maure's house was observed to be shut up by the neighbours. None of the inmates, at least, were seen to issue from it, though they had been remarkable for their punctuality in attendance on the services of the church. The neighbours, however, merely concluded some of them to be ill. But about eight o'clock in the evening Charles Darancourt and Theodore de Valmont called, in order to spend a social hour with the family. Their repeated knockings at the door remaining unanswered, they at length alarmed the neighbourhood. The door was burst open, and to the horror of the spectators, four murdered bodies were found in the various bedrooms. The corpses, whose throats were shockingly cut, were those of the Count de St. Maure, his lady, and their two servants. It was also found that a desk had been broken open, and plundered of valuable jewels, known to have been there. On this appalling discovery, Darancourt, whose friendship for the family was well known, appeared at first paralysed with grief. When he recovered from his trance-like stupor, he rushed from the house, exclaiming, "My friend! my dear Ernest! Where is my poor friend?" This exclamation called the minds of the spectators, for the first time, to the circumstance of young St. Maure's absence. The authorities were speedily called to the spot, and among other steps taken, a search was instituted for Ernest de St. Maure. De Valmont, who retained much more presence of mind than Darancourt had ex-

hibited, conducted in person the search for Ernest. But the whole of Brussels was examined in vain. The young man was to be seen nowhere.

At the solemn investigation which took place into the whole of this tragic affair, circumstances came out which tended strongly to fix the guilt of parricide on the missing youth. A penknife, marked with his initials, was found near the scene of slaughter covered with blood. This, to all appearance, was the instrument with which the murders had been committed. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of young St. Maure, and in the estimation of all men he was accounted a parricide, until, on the sixth morning after the murders, a new turn was given to the affair by the discovery of the youth's body in a stagnant well in the outskirts of the city. At first, indeed, as no wound was seen on the body, it was only thought that he had added self-destruction to his other crimes; but, on a more minute examination, a small puncture was detected on the breast, immediately over the heart. This had well nigh been passed over as a trifling and accidental scratch. At the urgent entreaty of one surgeon, however, the chest was thoroughly laid open, when it was found that the heart had been pierced to its centre by a sharp instrument of exceeding minuteness, in a direct line with the external puncture. This obviously had been the cause of death. As the young man could not thus have slain himself, and then conveyed his body to the well, it became apparent to all that Ernest de St. Maure also had fallen a victim to the same conspiracy which had overwhelmed his parents. This, at all events, was the strong presumption; and so satisfactory did the discovery appear to the authorities, that they laid the son in the same grave with his parents, thus clearing his memory, as far as they could, from the dreadful charge of being a parricide. The arguments of Charles Darancourt were chiefly instrumental in procuring this justice for his departed friend. The young advocate displayed in this cause all the warmth of sorrowing affection, and all the power of forensic genius.

No further light was thrown on the fate of the St. Maures, until some weeks after the tragical event. Several papers were then discovered in an escritoire by the late count's brother, which threw a dark suspicion on one of the most intimate friends of the deceased—on Theodore de Valmont! It appeared by these documents that De Valmont had fixed his affections on Emily Duplessis, a beautiful young lady, who returned his passion, in spite of a long-standing quarrel between their families. Ernest de St. Maure and Charles Darancourt had been De Valmont's only confidants, and had assisted him in procuring interviews with the object of his affections. Being thus occasionally brought into contact with the young lady, Ernest de St. Maure had himself been inspired with a deep and unhappy passion for Emily Duplessis. He had confessed this to Darancourt, and had at the same time declared his resolution to root it out of his mind, and to die rather than injure De Valmont. But the passion had not been so easily overcome, and De Valmont had at length become aware of the truth. This led to a series of letters between him and St. Maure, which letters were now discovered. In some passages of these, De Valmont reasoned with Ernest as with a brother on the subject of his misplaced passion, while in others Theodore used language, that now bore a most unfortunate aspect. "You know me too well," said De Valmont in one letter, "not to feel convinced, that, independently of all other motives, an innate sense of what is due to my own honour would urge me to inflict the most ample vengeance on the head of him who could avail himself of my unbounded confidence to estrange from me the affections of my adored Emily." These, and other passages of the discovered correspondence, admitted of an inference so unfavorable to Theodore de Valmont, that the authorities, on having the letters laid before them, immediately took him into custody. Various other circumstances of a disadvantageous nature came subsequently into view. It was remembered, by those who had been present, how comparatively little emotion had been shown by Theodore on the discovery of the murdered bodies, while Darancourt had displayed such agonizing grief and horror. Besides, De Valmont, it now appeared, had been met and recognized near the scene of guilt on the night of the murders. When asked to explain where he had been, De Valmont showed manifest confusion, and said he had been visiting a friend, but positively refused to name that friend. And, moreover, a respectable female came forward, who avowed that on the third or fourth day after the tragedy, she had washed a shirt for the prisoner, the right sleeve of which was clotted with blood. The explanation which De Valmont gave of this circumstance was confused, and improbable. On these grounds of suspicion, Theodore de Valmont was appointed to take his trial for the murder of the St. Maures, though no one could even imagine a reason for his having included the parents in that

revenge which Ernest alone seemed to have merited at his hands.

Charles Darancourt was unremitting in his attempts to sustain his imprisoned friend under the heavy affliction of such a charge as this. To Darancourt Theodore confided the task of communicating the intelligence of this accusation to Emily Duplessis. The young lady was so dreadfully affected as to sink into a violent fever, during the ravings of which she revealed to her parents the fact of her having not only loved De Valmont, but of her having been recently united to him by a private marriage. This information, which she did not gain say on recovering partially from her illness, had the effect of widening the circle implicated in these dark transactions, since the parents of Emily had the grief of seeing her fate bound up with that of one on whom a charge rested of the most atrocious kind. Their previous hostility to the De Valmonts the parents might perhaps have readily got over; but there was now deep disgrace attending any connection with the very name of De Valmont. The discovery of the marriage was therefore concealed.

The morning allotted for De Valmont's trial arrived. The officers went to his cell to remove him, but lo! the place was empty! The prisoner had undermined the cell, and escaped by sealing the prison walls. On the table lay a letter addressed to Mademoiselle Duplessis, which was opened by the authorities, and was found to contain an animated and solemn assertion of the writer's innocence. But, seeing circumstances to bear against him, he had resolved (the letter said) to take the only visible mode of saving his life, in the hope of one day proving his innocence; and until this was established, he never would return (he said) to Brussels. An energetic search was made for Theodore de Valmont, but it proved fruitless.

Thus was justice again baffled, at a time when it had fixed, in its own belief, on the true criminal. But Theodore's letter, which was long and eloquently pathetic, made a deep impression in his favour on many persons, and among others, on the parents of his wife, Emily Duplessis, or rather De Valmont. On conversing with their daughter, they moreover learned that Theodore had been visiting Emily on the night of the murders, and had hurt his right arm in crossing the garden wall of her father's house. Not knowing that Emily in her illness had revealed the marriage, De Valmont would not betray the secret, and hence his confused answers when questioned, as already mentioned. Knowing these things, Emily's parents longed for Theodore's return, which might now have been comparatively safe. But he could not be heard of any where. The parents now consented to the open acknowledgment of their daughter's marriage with the absent Theodore, which consent Emily had strong reasons for entreating from them. When Theodore had been absent seven months his wife gave birth to a son, for whom Charles Darancourt stood sponsor at the font. Darancourt on this occasion, after pledging to the mother and child, called on the guests present to join him in drinking "to the happy return of the absent father, and may his innocence soon be established!" Strange to say, this wish seemed in some measure fulfilled, not many days after its utterance, in a manner that deeply affected him who uttered it. A cart was stopped one night at the city barrier by one of the collectors of the impost. No contraband goods were found in the cart, but, in the act of search, a small box fell off, and was crushed by one of the wheels. The collector assisted in gathering up its contents, and while doing so, picked up a brilliant diamond brooch. The collector had been once in the service of the Count de St. Maure, and instantly recognised the brooch, which was of great value, as having belonged to that nobleman. The carter was taken into custody, and, on examination, stated that he had been employed by a gentleman to carry trunks and various articles of furniture to a country house about a mile distant from Brussels. Being asked the gentleman's name, the man readily gave it as "Monsieur Darancourt, the younger, residing in the Grand Square."

Charles Darancourt was ere long, as his friend De Valmont had been before him, consigned to a prison on the charge of murdering the St. Maures. The strange fate which had thus caused suspicion to fall on the very dearest friends of the deceased, made the case most remarkable in the eyes of all men. Charles Darancourt was brought fairly to trial. He defended himself with equal calmness and ability, declaring the brooch to have been given to him in a present by the Count de St. Maure. On the other hand, the collector proved that the count had ever seemed to regard the brooch as the most valuable of his family jewels, and had once refused it in the witness's hearing, to his own son. There was, on the very face of it, an improbability in the notion that a man of small fortune, like the count, should give away a jewel of such value as a mere friendly present. It was further proved that Ernest de St.

Maure had been last seen entering the prisoner's house, on the night before his disappearance; and on being called forward to tell what they knew, Charles Darancourt's three servants were found to have been all sent out of the way on various errands, on the night in question. A chain of presumptive evidence of this nature was established against Darancourt, and, in despite of the talent with which he defended himself, he was condemned to die for the murder of the St. Maures.

Charles Darancourt solemnly protested his innocence, and continued to repeat the assertion during the interval spent in awaiting the fulfilment of his sentence. The fatal day at length came, and the prisoner was led out to the scaffold, to die an ignominious death in presence of assembled thousands, who looked on with strangely mingled feelings of pity and satisfaction, caused by the ambiguous and mysterious nature of the case. The majority of the spectators could not bring their minds to believe in the commission of such wholesale murders by one man, and that man an ingenuous youth and a dear friend of the sufferer. But the decision of the law, though it could not remove doubt, was not to be opposed. When all was ready on the scaffold, and eternity immediately before him, Charles Darancourt pulled from his bosom a sealed packet, and handed it to the priest in attendance, with directions that it should be given after his death to his father. The fatal cord was about to be fixed, when a loud shout arose from the populace, and the crowd was seen opening up to permit the passage of a horseman accompanied by several soldiers. "A respite!" was the cry. The populace, already excited by this event, were still more so when they beheld the horseman spring to the scaffold, embrace the prisoner, and then advance to address themselves. It was Theodore de Valmont! He spoke at some length to the multitude, telling them that, on hearing of Darancourt's condemnation, he had flown to Paris, and had detailed the whole circumstances to the emperor, who had been thus moved to grant a respite. "I knew my own innocence," continued Theodore, "and I could not doubt that my beloved friend was equally innocent with myself. Our intimacy with the unfortunate deceased has well nigh brought death on both of us, for that intimacy is our sole crime. The mystery which hangs over this sad story heaven will clear up in its own good time." The shouts of the people rose joyfully on the air, for the words of De Valmont carried conviction with them.

What were the feelings of Charles Darancourt on being thus snatched from the grave? He retained all his calmness, and merely uttered a few broken sentences, expressive of gratitude to heaven for his liberation from the charge of being a murderer and a robber. He then turned mildly to the priest, and requested the restoration of the packet. The priest was about to comply when one of the attendant officers snatched it from the holy father's hands, declaring it to be his duty to retain and show it to his superiors. The prisoner quietly remonstrated against this seizure of papers relating only to private family affairs. But the officer was obstinate. Darancourt and De Valmont were then conveyed to prison, as the respite ordered, till the emperor's will should be further known. On reaching prison, Charles Darancourt immediately communicated with his friends, and protested anew against the seizure of his papers. The authorities did not listen to his request.

Well might Darancourt struggle for the repossession of that fatal packet! Believing death inevitable, Darancourt had there made a confession—and what a confession! A confession of five cool and deliberate murders effected by him without an accomplice! The following is an abstract of that paper's contents:—Having formed a deep attachment to Emily Duplessis, Darancourt had resolved to cut off both De Valmont and Ernest de St. Maure, as obstacles in his way. Ernest fell first into his power. This victim came to the house of Darancourt to be initiated into the mysteries of masonry. Under pretence of performing these, Darancourt had contrived to bind the young man so that he could stir neither hand nor foot, and had then opened the victim's dress, and thrust a knitting needle between the ribs into the centre of the heart! Ernest de St. Maure died instantly, almost without a groan. Taking a key, by which the deceased let himself into his own house at night, from Ernest's pockets, and also a penknife, Darancourt then carried the body by a back road to a neighboring well, and threw it in. He then hurried to the Count de St. Maure's house, let himself in, and murdered the master of the house, his wife, and his two domestics, while sleeping in their beds. The principal motive for Darancourt's entering the house was the desire to gain possession of a bond for 5000 francs, which, out of his slender means, the count had lent the young lawyer, to prosecute his sister's dies. The murder of the servants, and, indeed, of the other victims also, was committed lest they should disturb him