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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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THE MAN WHO WAS LOST.

M. Scipion Dumoulin kept a small shop in the Rue de Seine, Paris. He had a wife, but no children.

He was a small tradesman, and his wife a large, coarse looking woman, quite capable of taking care of shop and Scipion.

Scipion's poor life had been singularly uneventful.

One single circumstance had ruffled it, and that he said often to relate to his good friends in proof that a bee was spoiled in the making when Scipion became a shopkeeper.

One night, ten years before the time of his introduction to the reader, Scipion had gone to the theatre, and after the performance had taken mackerel in a restaurant and treated her to a little supper. Returning home, after he was in bed Scipion heard a noise in the shop. He armed himself with a bludgeon, went down and, with his accustomed courage of the hastily commissioned police, captured a burglar.

The man, who said he was an Italian named Velorez, disclaimed earnestly all felonious intentions, but could give no good account of himself. Scipion pressed him rigorously, and he was convicted and sent to Brest.

Two years later Scipion met Velorez in a cafe and had him arrested as an escaped convict.

In the early part of 1835 Scipion received official notification from Martinique that a lawfully accepted of his on the island, whose name was Pache, was dead and had left him heir to all his property, which was large, and included a valuable sugar plantation. Dumoulin was further informed by the notary at St. Jean that it would be necessary for him to come out in person and administer on the estate in order to save himself great loss and inconvenience and many delays.

The temperate of Paris is not a traveling character, but neither is he willing to lose money if he can help it. Scipion bought himself a trunk, committed the little business to the Rue de Seine to madame's charge—she was quite as competent to take care of it as he—made a deed of all his property in Paris to madame as a preventive of accidents, and then bidding her the most under sailes called for Martinique, via Bordeaux, in a brig which took out a cargo of claret and oil for the French islands and New Orleans.

When Dumoulin reached Martinique and went to St. Jean, he was simply struck dumb to find his uncle alive and well, and all the notarial papers he had received forgotten!

There was nothing for him to do but go back again.

The brig was to sail in a day for New Orleans, and Scipion determined to go thither in her, take the cars to New York, and the steamer thence to Havre, in order to get home again as speedily as possible. He was turning to send the police in search of the rascals who had loaned him and made him spend his money and suffer sea-sickness in a wild goose chase. He was armed with all the peculiarly deceptive and statements necessary to open the case, duplicates of which were to be forwarded by the authorities from Martinique.

Arrived in New Orleans, Scipion determined to spend a day or two in the city before taking the cars for New York. He put up at a boarding house in the French quarter, and devoted himself to sightseeing with great assiduity.

While at breakfast the second morning after his arrival he was warmly greeted by a stranger who took his hand and said, "I am truly delighted to see you, Monsieur Quotidienne! When did you arrive?"

Scipion pretty informed the man that he was not Quotidienne, but Scipion Dumoulin.

The stranger with great violence said that the dodge wouldn't go down three! Next thing he'd want to repudiate that bill of $[illegible] he owed Marais & Hughes.

Scipion said he had only been in the city a day, had never seen the stranger before, nor knew he whom what Marais & Hughes were—consequently could not possibly owe them or anybody else anything.

An hour later Scipion was arrested on a warrant taken out by Marais & Hughes, liquor dealers in Canal street, against Pierre Quotidienne, an absconding debtor.

Scipion Dumoulin, alias Quotidienne, was cast into prison. He found a lawyer, and with great difficulty and at the cost of half his money proved that he was not Quotidienne, but Scipion Dumoulin, a passenger aboard the brig Bienaimé, of Bordeaux. But for the captain he would have been convicted, for several witnesses swore him to be was Quotidienne.

As soon as Scipion was released he went to the levee and embarked on a steamer for Memphis, intending to make his way thence by rail to New York.

At Memphis he was misdirected, arrived into a low grogery under the bluffs and robbed of every cent he had left. Scipion found his way to the mayor of the city, who promised to write to the French consul at New Orleans about it and to send the police in search of the thieves.

Scipion meantime went to Paris to make sure for a remittance, and went about in search of a situation. A cotton broker gave him some correspondence with Louisiana creole planters to look after, and he was then enabled to save enough to eat, but he never saw enough more to pay madame, and our poor exile could not make money enough to take him home. At last he wrote to his uncle in Martinique stating his circumstances, and received shortly after in reply a draft for 2,500 francs.

Scipion immediately bought himself some clothes and necessaries, took the cars and started for New York.

Here while waiting for the sailing of the Havre steamer he was arrested on a warrant being Pierre Quotidienne, a fugitive from justice and a bond forger.

By the merest good luck the cotton broker in whose employ he had been in Memphis happened to be in the city, and Scipion was able to establish an alibi. His passport was double from his on the Memphis steamer, and he had to get another out in New York, being thus delayed a week.

Finally, to his honor be, he was suddenly found on his return voyage.

Arrested at Havre he was accosted in the quay by a customs officer with "Eureka! Monsieur Quotidienne! What have you to declare at this time?"

"Pardon me, Quotidienne!" cried the exasperated bookkeeper. "I am Scipion Dumoulin, shop keeper, number 75 Rue de Seine."

"Tous, sir, you must be detained," said the officer.

While he was waiting in the customs office a man came behind him, slipped something in his coat pocket and whispered: "Don't be afraid, Quotidienne! They have nothing whatever against you! Here's what I owe you!"

Dumoulin turned quickly, but the man who had spoken to him was already lost in the crowd, and Scipion found eight gold Napoleons in his hand. Mechanically he put the money in his pocket, entering this Quotidienne whom everybody persisted in mistaking him for.

His baggage proving all right and his passport not objectionable, Scipion was after some delay permitted to start for Paris, but still under the suspicion of the authorities that he was not Dumoulin, but Quotidienne. At Rouen, in the railroad restaurant, he changed a Napoleon to buy a bottle of wine and half a chicken. As soon as he reached Paris he took a fiacre and drove to number 75 Rue de Seine. His modest sign was no longer there, but instead of it read:

"Lambelle, hatmaker and perfumer."

Astonished, he rushed into the little shop. "Mme. Dumoulin," he said, "where is she?"

The attendant answered, "In America. It is four months since she went; at the summons of her husband."

"At the summons of me!" cried Scipion sitting down abruptly. "This is all a dream!"

Before he could say another word a man gaunt as rifle entered the shop and held hands upon him. "You are wanted, Quotidienne."

"I am not Quotidienne—I am Dumoulin!" shouted the unhappy man, but the officer of the law was incredulous, and here Scipion off to prison.

He was examined on a charge of coining and of passing counterfeit Napoleons into the cashier of the railroad restaurant at Rouen, and fully committed for trial as Quotidienne, alias Dumoulin, forgeries.

Dumoulin employed an able advocate and laid all the facts before him. "It is a mere question of mistaken identity," said the lawyer, "and of course there will be no difficulty in proving who you really are—a tradesman of the Rue de Seine, of twenty years' standing."

But the advocate reckoned rather too hastily. One of the most interesting trials that ever came off in Paris now ensued. The advocate employed by Dumoulin was thoroughly persuaded of his client's innocence and good character. But the Procureur Imperial was of a different opinion. The case was sent before the court of assises, and was tried by the president. A great number of witnesses were called, and the whole question turned upon the identity of the prisoner by the mutual agreement of parties, for the reason that if the accused were Dumoulin his sentence of four years' imprisonment would be a mere trifle (assuming that the Napoleons intended to be counterfeit) was probable; but if he were Quotidienne no release was possible. Quotidienne was established to be a desperate character, who had been several times convicted of minor offenses, such as smuggling, and was more than suspected of being a criminal of much deeper dye—a counterfeiter and a forger.

The testimony of the customs officers at Havre and of the hotel de Dumoulin at Rouen was first taken, and then a mass of police testimony to prove that Dumoulin was unquestionably Quotidienne. This was chiefly from the precinct of Quotidienne having apparently operated very little in the capital. At the outset the defense appeared an insuperable difficulty. There were some hundreds of witnesses willing to swear that they knew Dumoulin perfectly well, but not nearly so many who were satisfied that the prisoner was that person. His hardships, his voyage, his poverty had laid upon Dumoulin. He was deeply sunburned, his hair was grizzled, he had worn beard, his manner nervous and excited—as little like as possible to the placid shop-keeper of the Rue de Seine. Unquestionably the accused resembled Dumoulin remarkably, and knew as much about that person's antecedents as if he were really himself, but there—In short, Dumoulin' neighbors were exceedingly conscientious, and the police exceedingly positive, and the unfortunate shopkeeper was convicted of being not himself as all, but Pierre Quotidienne, counterfeiter.

The remaining testimony adduced by the advocate proved but only convinced the jury but overwhelmed Dumoulin. It was a letter which one of his neighbors, a woman, testified she had received from Dumoulin' wife, from New York, that she and her Scipion were happily accounts dated with a shop and a thriving one in Broadway in that great city. Dumoulin admitted that the handwriting was his wife's, but the statement impossible, for the reason that he was in the Palais de Justice, and consequently could not be in New York.

Pierre Quotidienne, calling himself Scipion Dumoulin, was sentenced to ten years' close imprisonment.

The unhappy convict was moved by his sense of injustice to carry himself with unexpected dignity. He shed no tears, but said he felt certain that time would to store the evils that now bore upon him heavily. He was sent to Brest, and set to hard the tasks of shoemaking. He was one of the most tractable prisoners ever confined at the bagnes.

When Scipion had served out three years of his sentence an unexpected episode occurred in his history. Visitors were announced to Quotidienne. He went to the office of the prison and found his Martinique cousin, Pache, and—his wife! He attempted to throw himself into the arms of the latter, but was repulsed with severe dignity.

"We know you are not Quotidienne, but Dumoulin," she said, but there are crimes charged against Dumoulin."

Scipion demanded an explanation and his release, but madame was inexorable.

M. Pache then told him he was. Through influence and the facts presented by the Martinique cousin, the court of assesion had consented to re-examine the question as to his identity. "Of course you are Pierre Quotidienne," said M. Pache, confidently, "and I mean to prove it, if it costs me a million." After you are shown to be an escaped convict, but Dumoulin, it will be time enough to go into madame's grievances.

Dumoulin was now brought back to Paris, and M. Pache took to work to establish his cousin's identity.

The notary he employed suggested that M. John Fox should be retained as advocate and that eminent lawyer consented to take the case, but two days later sent a note declaining to serve on account of the presence of unmistakable circumstances. M. Flangain was consequently retained.

After various delays the case of Dumoulin or Quotidienne was again called up, this time not before a jury, but before the first president of the court of assesion. The array of witnesses was formidable, and the testimony of the most conflicting character. For the prisoner's side a great number of witnesses were brought who positively identified Dumoulin as Quotidienne. In addition to this substantial proof was brought to the fact that Dumoulin's reputed wife was dead. One of the notices of the brig Bienaimé was produced, also had made the Martinique voyage with Dumoulin. This man testified that after voyage was discharged at New Orleans the brig took on cotton and was towed down the river on her return voyage.

Off Chandeleur bar the brig was boarded by a tug from Lake Borgne, and Dumoulin came aboard from her. Three days out Dumoulin was taken with yellow fever and died just as the brig dropped anchor in the harbor of Bone Terre, Mississippi. He was buried on the extreme eastern point of the island after a consultation officers with the authorities, who deeply regretted the loss—accidental at Dumoulin with such a total absence aboard. The log of the Bienaimé and the bodies record from similar loss were presented to court in corroboration of the sailor's testimony, which made a deep impression.

For the side of the defense Mme. Dumoulin positively identified her husband, naming marks and peculiarities known to her alone which were found to be singularly identical with those on the prisoner's person. An amusing colloquy between her and the prisoner was permitted, in which both was seen to be mutually so intimate with all the details of a domestic life to gathered twenty years' standing that doubt at all of a mistake could suppose the gravity of a third party. The books of the shop were produced and the document over signature, which was being seized to corroborate then minutiæ whenever the counsel a third party, and it was then shown by a score of partizans that if the prisoner were really Quotidienne he must likewise be Dumoulin. Having gone so far, the ingenious advocate proved by an accumulation of circumstances that Dumoulin could not be Quotidienne.

The president of the court, who seemed to take a great interest in the problem on trial before him, questioned Mme. Dumoulin as to the name of her sailor-trip to New York.

She pointed to Dumoulin with a scornful finger, she cried: "He had a mistress; he wished to abandon me; he called her Cousin! He appointed to meet her in New York after settling up his cousin's estate. I determined to make his amours impossible. I pursued the wretch to New York. I pulled his hair, I tested his eyes; I made his fine to dismay in Cinderella; then, my mission performed, I returned to Paris."

The unhappy Scipion, in utter prostration of astonished ground, lifted his helpless hands and dented the prisoner, the sensation—everything.

His wife turned away with an indescribable, scornful shrug.

"I have now before me a complete the counsel to surrender them to us."

The president ordered Mme. Dumoulin to produce the letters, and while the lawyer was gone examined M. Pache.

The latter gentleman testified as to the facts of Dumoulin' visit to Martinique, the time with, etc., and positively identified Dumoulin.

"Have you ever seen that wife?" asked the president.

"No," said Pache.

"I have it here," said the president. "It is very unfortunate, signed and sealed. Look at it!"

"Mon dieu! that is my own signature, and that notarial seal—yes, I would swear to an Alphonse Dumoulin v."

At this moment the usher came into court with the package of letters, which he handed to the president. The officer locked over them, while Pache still upon the stand.

"M. Pache," said the president, handing a letter to the witness, "do you identify that handwriting?"

"I do. It is undoubtedly Dumoulin'."

"Do you be so kind as to read that letter aloud to the court."

M. Pache, adjusting his eyeglasses, read: "My Scipion: The will is all perfect. The Cousin finally deceived. I will for Martinique to-morrow, and will make short work of my disembling block of a cousin!"

He turned scornfully upon Dumoulin. "Atrocious wretch! You plotted to poison me, then! I abandon the case."

Dumoulin fell back fainting. Mme. Dumoulin eagerly came forward. "I swear, judge, that letter was not in the parcel I received from Mme. Tulipp! I never saw it before!"

The president turned from her coldly. "The handwriting is precisely the same."

The prisoner, reviving, stared around him with a ghastly face, and the president looked down upon him pleasantly.

"The court," he said, "is not able to determine with satisfaction whether the prisoner is Dumoulin or Quotidienne. The evidence preponderates in favor of Dumoulin. But, so far as the ends of justice are concerned, it matter little. Quotidienne was a bad man, but Dumoulin is evidently a man much worse. The prisoner is sentenced to serve out his sentence, and as the expiration of his full term is deemed to transportation to New Caledonia for 50 years."

Dumoulin fainted once more and was removed. Two afternoon, waiting wearily in the sale the garden, a man came and stood before him, asking a kin kindly, "Dumoulin, come away. Everybody said I knew the utmost respect. Dumoulin asked the sergeant by his side who that personage was.

"It is M. M——, chief of the secret police."

"Good God!" cried Dumoulin, "Vidocq!"

He fell in an apoplectic fit, and before the morning brought the question of his identity to the tribunal of a higher court.—Editor Spenser, Pantomic Police Archives.

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