SAINT JOHN, N. B. THE FRIDAY, JULY 17, 1846.

Weekly Chronicle.

Volume 10. "Nec Rege, Nec Populo, sed utroque." Number 46.

THE CHRONICLE

Is published every Friday afternoon, by DUGALD & CO., at their office in the brick building corner of Prince William and Church streets.

TERMS—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d., if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s 6d. extra.

Any person forwarding the names of six responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis.

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All letters, communications, &c., must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid; except at the option of the publisher.

Weekly Almanack.

JULY.		R. Sun.	S. Mons	H. W.
18 Saturday,	4 38	7 24	0 55	7 41
19 Sunday,	4 39	7 21	1 39	8 31
20 Monday,	4 39	7 21	2 28	9 40
21 Tuesday,	4 40	7 20	3 20	10 32
22 Wednesday,	4 41	7 19	4 14	11 16
23 Thursday,	4 42	7 18	Sets	11 55
24 Friday,	4 43	7 17	7 50	Morn

New Moon, 23d day, 3h. 19m.

THE HARTFORD
Fire Insurance Company,
OF HARTFORD, (CONN.)

OFFERS to insure every description of property against loss or damage by Fire, on reasonable terms. This company has been doing business for more than twenty-five years, and during that period have settled all their losses without compelling the insured in any instance to resort to a court of justice.

The Directors of the company are Eliphalet Terry, James H. Wills, S. H. Huntington, A. Huntington, junr.; Albert Day, Samuel Williams, F. G. Huntingdon, Elisha Colt, R. B. Ward.

ELIPHALET TERRY, President.
JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.

The subscriber having been duly appointed as Agent for the above company, is prepared to issue Policies of Insurance against Fire for all descriptions of property in this city, and throughout the Province on reasonable terms. Conditions made known, and every information given, on application to JOHN ROBERTSON.
St. John, 1st March, 1844.
☞ The above is the first agency established by this company in St. John.

"PROTECTION"
Insurance Company of Hartford
SAINT JOHN AGENCY.

THE subscriber having been appointed Agent of the above Company, will attend to the Renewal of Policies issued by the late Agent, W. H. Scovil, Esquire, as also to effecting new Insurances against Fire, on Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, ships on the stocks and in harbour, &c.
A. BALLOCH, Agent.

Insurance & Assurance

FIRE INSURANCE.
The Ætna Insurance Company, and the Protection Insurance Company, of Hartford, (Con.)

THE undersigned Agent for the above Companies, continues to effect Insurance on Buildings, finished or unfinished, Stores, Merchandize, Mills, Ships, while in port or on the stocks, and on every other species of insurable personal property against

LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE,
at as low rates of premium as any similar institution of equal good standing.

The course pursued by these Companies, in transacting their business, and in the adjustment and payment of Losses, is liberal and prompt. And by order of the respective Boards of Directors, the undersigned Agent is authorized, in all cases of disputed claims, under policies issued by him, on which suit may be instituted to accept service of process, and enter appearance for his principals, in the Courts of this Province, and abide the decision thereon.

Terms made known, and if accepted, policies issued to applicants without delay.

Life Assurance.

The "United Kingdom Life Assurance Company of London, and the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society," of London, continue to effect assurance, upon highly favourable terms.

Blanks furnished gratis, and every information given as respects either department, by application at the Insurance Agency, Dunn's Brick Building, Prince William street.
A. BALLOCH, Agent.
St. John, November 3, 1843.

Minerva Life Assurance Company,
King William street, London.

ALL Persons assured at the above Office, are requested to take Notice, that in future no Extra Premium will be charged on their Policies for residence in British North America, as heretofore; nor will such Extra Premium be charged on any Assurance hereafter effected. All applications for assurance to be made to
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
Agents for New Brunswick.
Medical referee, JOHN PADDOCK, Esq., M.D.
January 30, 1846.

☞ *NOTICE.*

ALL Persons having any legal demands against the Estate of the late CYRENUS SMILER, (Window,) deceased, are requested to hand in the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate, are requested to make immediate payment to
SAMUEL C. SMILER,
St. John, Oct. 7, 1845. *Administrator.*

The Steamer "New-Brunswick,"
WILL commence running on the opening of the River, on her usual days, leaving Indian Town on TUESDAY and THURSDAY at 10 o'clock, a. m., and on SATURDAY at 12, noon; and Fredericton on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 9 o'clock, a. m.
ROBERT WYLIE.
April 3, 1846.

☞ **NOTICE.**

THE subscriber having resumed Business in the old Stand, King street, offers to the Public a general assortment of GROCERIES, FLOUR and MEAL, of the best quality and at the lowest prices, and respectfully solicits a share of Public patronage. Also, a variety of TRUNKS, for sale low.

☞ *Always on hand*—HORSES and CARRIAGES, of a superior kind, for Hire. Application at the store, King street.
12th June. JAS. E. M'DONALD.

National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society of London.
CAPITAL £500,000 sterling!
EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.
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John V. Thurgar, Esq. Robt. F. Hazen, Esq.
Solicitor—GEORGE WHELPLEY, Esquire.
Physician and Medical Examiner—WILLIAM BAYARD, Esquire, M.D.

This society continues to effect Assurances on Lives, Joint Lives, and Survivorships in this Province—and the public are invited to examine the distinguishing principles, the table of Rates, the distribution of Profits, and facilities afforded by the Loan Department of this society, before insuring elsewhere.

Premiums payable annually, semi-annually, or quarterly. Pamphlets and every information as to Rates of Premium, &c. may be had on application to
W. J. STARR,
Manager and Agent,
St. John, May 29, 1846. Nelson street.

GEORGE WOODS,
MANUFACTURER of Improved Waxed Wick MOULD CANDLES, *highly approved*, and warranted superior in brilliancy of light, and length of time in burning, to any Stearin, Marjarine, or other newly invented lard or oil, candles ever imparted.

Also—Dipt Candles, 6, 8, 10, 12, and 16 to the pound, at lower prices than can be had from any part of the world.

The Trade supplied on accommodating terms, for approved payments.
May 8. *No. 18, Dock street, St. John.*

Per the Britannia:
6 HDS. Linseed OIL; 27 casks 6d to 10 in. Spikes; 35 casks assorted Board Nails; 20 boxes D C TIN; 10 Ingots Block TIN; 274 slabs ZINC.
Also for sale—50 kegs London WHITE LEAD; 350 assorted Looking Glasses; 20 barrels Bright Varnish.
JOHN KINNEAR,
April 17. Prince Wm. street.

Geneva, Pickles, Sauces, &c.
Now landing ex 'Marnaham,' from London:—
20 HDS. fine Pale Schiedam GENEVA; 6 cases *PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD, &c.*; 1 case Marking INK. For sale by
RANNEY, STURDEE & CO.
May 8. *Prince Wm. Street.*

French Paper Hangings.

THE subscriber has just received from PARIS via New York, per *Helen Marr*, a beautiful assortment of FRENCH PAPER HANGINGS, Borders, &c.
Also per brig *Albert Fearing*, from Philadelphia, 3 cases of Fine Glazed Paper Hangings.
JOHN LEITCH,
Melick's Brick Building, Market square.
Oct 24.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

Copy of a Letter from HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND *to* Mrs. ANN MELLISH, *(one of his Tenants,) whom His Grace was pleased to send as a patient to the Proprietor of this Extraordinary Medicine.*

MADAM,
If Mr. HOLLOWAY will undertake to Cure you perfectly, when the Cure is complete, I will undertake to pay him £2 10s. You may show him this Letter.
(Signed) SCOTT PORTLAND.
Welbeck Abbey, May 31, 1842.

Copy of a Letter from the Most honorable the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER, K. G.

LORD WESTMINSTER has just received Mr. HOLLOWAY's Medicine, for which he returns him his best thanks.
Eaton Hall Cheshire, Feb 12, 1842.

THIS INESTIMABLE MEDICINE being composed entirely of Medicinal Herbs, does not contain any mercurial, mineral, or deleterious substance. Benign to the tender infant or to the weakest constitution, prompt and sure in eradicating disease from the most robust frame, it is perfectly harmless in its operations and effects, while it *searches out and removes Complaints of every character*, and at every stage, however long standing or deeply rooted.

OF THE THOUSANDS *Cured by its agency* many who were on the verge of the grave for a considerable period, (by *persevering* in its use) have been RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH, *after every other means failed.*

ALL DISEASES, (and whatever may be their symptoms, however they may declare themselves, yet one cause is common to them all, viz., a want of purity in the blood and fluids) are cured by this Wonderful Medicine, which cleanses the stomach and bowels, while its Balsamic qualities clear the blood, give tone and energy to the nerves and muscles, invigorate the system, and strength to bone and sinew.

THE AFFLICTED need not give himself up to despair, as one without hope. Let him make a proper trial of the MIGHTY POWERS of this astonishing Medicine, and he will soon be *restored to the blessings of Health.*

TIME should not be lost in taking this remedy for any of the following Diseases:—

Ague,	Indigestion,
Asthmas,	Inflammation,
Bilious complaints,	Jaundice,
Blotches on the skin,	Liver complaints,
Bowel complaints,	Lumbago,
Colics,	Piles,
Constipation of Bowels,	Rheumatism,
Consumption,	Retention of the Urine,
Debility,	Sore Throats,
Dropsy,	Scrofula, or King's Evil,
Dysentery,	Stone and Gravel,
Erysipelas,	Tic Doloureux,
Female Irregularities,	Tumours,
Fevers of all kinds,	Ulcers,
Fits,	Worms of all kinds,
Gout,	Weakness, from whatever cause, &c. &c.
Headache,	

THESE truly valuable Pills can be obtained at the establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, near Temple Bar, London. And are sold by PETERS & TILLEY, Provincial Agents, No. 2, King st., St. John N. B.; James F. Gale, Fredericton; W. J. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Gagetown; James Beck, Bend Petitcodiac; O. R. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; John Lewis, Hillsborough; John Currey, Canning; and James E. White, Bellevile.

In Boxes at 1s 9d, 4s 6d and 7s each.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder, are affixed to each Box.
May 3, 1844.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS,

in part suggested on reading Professor Johnston's Catechism of Chemistry.

[*Communicated to the Chronicle.*]

The writer is strongly impressed with the opinion, that the cause of rust, smut, and indeed the cause of almost all the losses from the failure of Crops, has arisen from the circumstance of not properly preparing the different manures, before they are applied to the land. We know that Ammonia is a great stimulating and active fertilizer,—but that benefit does not arise from its power whilst ascending into the atmosphere, but by falling down to the earth again with the rains or dew, and is deposited upon the ground from thence, after it has become aerated and segregated:—therefore it appears to the writer, that all kinds of manure, ought to be well decomposed and killed, by the compost, and made to resemble the soil as much as possible, before it is spread over the ground,—but wherever that is done, let the ammonia have a chance (when distributed or so spread out,) to escape into the atmosphere, because there is no fear of losing it. If it does not return to my field, it will to my neighbours, and so some other neighbours will return to mine instead. It is ridiculous to expect to maintain good crops, if you do not allow the ammonia or fumes of manure to fly off, till the crops are in blossom, and in a state fit for propagation, when the heat of the sun evaporates it, and mingles the crude filth with the pollen passing into the atmosphere, but which ought to have been allowed to escape up that before,—to have been aerated, thrown down, and assisted the vegetable in the growth, and not to cover up, or confine the ammonia, until the power of the sun disturbs it, at the very time when the grain or flower is fructifying, or the plant is stimulated to propagate its species. The sediment of the Nile and other Rivers, are a good example,—the mud is but that of a shallow or thin coating, and the sun raises the ammonia, not used by the growth of the stalk, out of the way; and has aerated and changed its character and returned it to succour the plants while growing, long before there are any fears of poisoning, by contaminating the fructifying influence, by mingling the ammonial gases or exhalations with the pollen forming, or fructifying fumes of the flower or fruit tree,—for every plant and tree is male and female, although not properly known or understood by vulgar minds. By my theory it appears that the zeal and industry of one farmer may be enjoyed by another, and this reciprocal change will continue to mingle the energies of mankind as far as Agricultural labour in manuring is concerned, which produces the staff of life, for all. Therefore neighbouring farmers should stimulate each other and improve their adjoining lands, because the chances are ten to one, that either gets the benefit of the same ammonia that he exposes, and this will serve as an example of a distribution of the benefits and stimulants of the products of the Earth, so long as that continues to revolve on its axis,—few of these general benefits to mankind, are, as yet, understood by man himself. I am aware that my theory is at variance with the practice recommended for hoarding or confining the ammonia, instead of allowing nature to pursue its natural law; nevertheless my ideas of the use of Guano as a manure, is a case in point; and its recent effects alone, would fully bear me out. The Guano properly prepared, and cautiously used, will stimulate the roots, and consequently the stems of plants, but its ammonia so far acts upon their blossoms, on escaping from the ground, before it goes properly killed, so as to completely check its fructification if not annihilate the plants exposed to it; and I believe this is the characteristic of all manures, whose gases or ammonia is not allowed to escape into the atmosphere at the proper season, for aeration. The preparation which nature itself performs for the food of plants is no way less complicated and beautiful, than the operation of the human jaws and stomach, and bateeals are to prepare the food for the support and life of man himself.

Miscellany.

THE ELECTION OF A NEW PONTIFF.—The Church of Rome is now rendering to the deceased Pope its last offices, which are called the Novem Diali, because they last nine days. The cardinals, formerly assembled, exercise the sovereign authority, and are making preparations for the great act of the election of a successor to the late Pontiff, who must be one of their body. The diplomatists are admitted to short audiences. Each minister, after the usual compliments, ventures to give his private recommendations, but always in general terms, waiting till his letters of credence are to be announced, and which must be addressed to the Sacred College, which receives them at the grated wicket of the Conclave. In the evening of the day on which the cardinals enter into the Conclave, they proceed there in procession, chanting the "Veni Creator." During this evening the members of the diplomatic body may enter the Conclave, and even the cells or apartments of the cardinals. At the closing in of the night an official walks through the corridors, ringing a bell, as the signal of departure, and the Conclave is closed in, not to be re-opened until after the election is consummated. All this will pass on the 11th, between seven and ten o'clock. The Conclave is guarded by a prince, called Marshal of the Conclave, posted at the outer gates. The first steps in the election will be taken on the 12th. All business is suspended during the sitting of the Conclave, even the tribunals suspend their proceedings; and the only authorities that retain their functions are the Camerlingue, the Grand Penitentiary, and the Vicar of Rome. No order can be issued from any other authority without being specially confirmed by the assembled cardinals, which confirmation is transmitted immediately to the Governor of Rome and the Treasurer-General. According to the custom which has always been observed, the arrival of the cardinal legates and the foreign cardinals will be waited for before the election is seriously entered upon. The first may arrive at Rome in time for the second or third day of Novem Diali, and the others by the twentieth day after the death of the Pope; consequently there can be no election before the 20th instant, unless some unforseen event shall occur. To constitute a valid election, the candidate must obtain at least two-thirds of the votes, minus his own. If 45 cardinals are assembled he must have 30 votes, and if there be 46 the majority must be 34. If the Conclave be composed of 57 members the election will be completely canonical if one of the candidates has 38 votes, without reckoning his own.

"It is thought," says the *Constitutionnel*, "that the cardinal who has the greatest chance of being chosen Pope, is cardinal Frattsoni, a Genoese, born in 1775, and at present Prefect of the Propaganda. He bears a character of being a partisan of the Jesuites." The same journal has the following on the death of Gregory XVI.:—"The death of Gregory XVI. is an important event, both for Italy and the rest of Europe. Grave religious questions are at this moment in suspense, and the change of pontiff, and consequently of the Cardinal secretary of State, may become a new embarrassment in the affairs pending between the court of Rome and the European governments. And if the powers of Europe, who are so anxious to preserve peace, do not oblige the court of Rome to adopt the institutions indicated in the memorandum of May 21, 1831, as well as in the manifesto of September, 1815, another more serious insurrection may be expected in Italy. We shall see if the ministry will again, on this occasion abandon the dignity and interests of the country, and if it will forget what the most influential members of the cabinet have said on this subject on the discussion which took place on the occasion of the evacuation of Ancona. Meanwhile the part of M. Rossi, French Ambassador at Rome, is in the present circumstances of great importance. It it well known that it is above all in the conclave, which will commence on the 11th instant, that each ambassador of the Catholic power sets to work every wheel to turn his influence to account, whether in seeking to get a cardinal of his choice raised to the Popedom, or in excluding a candidate who might displease his government.'

A knotty point arose, a few days ago, before the Court of Queen's Bench, in a case where a man had brought an action of ejectment against his own wife, to recover possession of premises over her. A verdict having been had for the plaintiff, a rule was subsequently granted for a new trial, on the ground that a husband could not maintain an action against his wife. Defendant's counsel showed cause against the rule, and amongst other causes adduced was the following, viz., that "the real plaintiff in this kind of action was not the husband, but the imaginary personage called John Doe, between whom and the defendant it was impossible that the relation of husband and wife could exist, as John did not exist himself." Plaintiff's counsel retorted, that if John was not the husband of his client, it was equally certain that he never gave her notice to quit. Bewildered amongst its own fictions, the court took time to consider the case.—*English Paper.*

THE BLIND WITNESS;

OR,

THE MURDER OF ARGENTEUIL.

A NORMAN TRADITION OF THE 16TH CENTURY.

At Rouen, in the antique looking library of a vast and gloomy hotel, sat a venerable old man, seemingly engrossed in meditation and study. He was Laurence Bigot, the Chancellor, king's counsellor, of the parliament of Normandy, a wise magistrate, and a learned and virtuous man. As five in the morning he was wont to commence his daily employment, and after giving sage and just advice to the parliament, the indefatigable old man would devote himself, as now, to other toils, which seemed to him like amusement, namely, laying the foundation of a rich collection of books and manuscripts, which afterwards became celebrated, and, though now dispersed, is not forgotten. Bigot was employed in examining an ancient manuscript which he had lately obtained. His son, Emeric Bigot, and a young companion, Etienne Pasquier were reading Horace at another part of the library.

The studies of all three were interrupted by the sudden entrance of a magistrate—at least his costume bespoke him so; but at this moment his extreme paleness, changed features, and humiliated manner, made the Lieutenant of Rouen appear like one of the criminals that daily trembled before him, for he was a severe and upright judge.

"I have been foiled, I confess it," cried he to Laurence Bigot. "I am guilty, but do not condemn me unheard."

The king's advocate listened calmly, while the young men, with the curiosity of their age, paid eager attention to the lieutenant's recital, which was as follows:—

"A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, went on business to England, where he settled. His affairs prospered greatly. At fifty years old, having made his fortune, he felt a desire to end his days at Lucca, near a brother whom he tenderly loved. He wrote to his family, who were delighted at the news. Soon another letter, dated Rouen, announced his arrival there from England, and that he should reach Lucca in about two months. This space of time was requisite for the transaction of his business at Paris, and his journey onward. He was daily expected at Lucca; but two, three, six months passed by, and he arrived not; nor, what was stranger still, did any other letter from him reach his family, whose anxiety was extreme. Cornelius, his brother, went to Paris in search of him. He visited all the homes whither Zambelli's commerce was likely to lead him. Many persons had seen or believed they had seen Zambelli. An individual bearing that name had claimed the payment due to bonds of a considerable amount; the merchants showed the signature 'Zambelli' at the bottom of the receipts. 'All those signatures are forged,' cried Cornelius. 'Describe the person of the forger, so that I may bring him to justice.' But it was in vain, for no one could recollect precisely the appearance of a man who had been seen so short a time.

"It was plain that an audacious robbery had been committed—perhaps a murder. Cornelius went from Paris to Rouen where he visited successively all the hotels in the place. At one of them Zambelli had been seen. He had left it for Paris, accompanied by a valet. This valet had been little noticed, besides, six or eight months had passed since the departure of Zambelli; and how could one domestic excite attention among the numbers who had inhabited this hotel, the most frequented at Rouen?

"It was at this time," continued the lieutenant of police, 'that Cornelius brought his complaint before me. Like him, I felt assured that a great crime had been committed between Rouen and Paris; but how could it be proved? How could the criminal be discovered? At last a sudden thought struck me. Six or seven months since, a goldsmith, named Martel, had opened a shop at Rouen, where he was entirely unknown. There was something strange in his manner, and the expression of his face; he said nothing of his parents or family, and those who hazarded questions on the subject received from him evasive answers, given with ill disguised embarrassment. Struck with his basin, as being the same as Zambelli's and acting under an involuntary presentiment, I sent a person, who, under pretence of making purchases, entered into conversation with Martel, in which, as if by chance, he introduced the name of Zambelli. At the name Martel grew pale, and showed signs of inquietude, looking anxiously at his questioner.—This strengthened my suspicions; I resolved to satisfy myself, but here, I confess, the excess of my zeal led me into error.

"By my orders a sergeant went to Martel to demand payment of a bond for four hundred crowns, which I had fabricated under a false name. Martel, when he saw the bond, cried out that it was feigned, and refused to pay it. When taken to prison by the sergeant, Martel, following the first impulse, accompanied him with the security of a man who is certain he owes nothing; but soon, stopping suddenly in great agitation, he said, 'I am quite easy as to the bond; it is authentic, false, and I can prove it. But is there no other proof against me? Have you heard of anything?' The sergeant having feigned astonishment, and protested that he knew nothing, Martel became calm, and followed him with a firmer step to the gaol, where his name was registered among the list of prisoners. An hour afterwards, he was brought before me. 'It is now no time for pretence,' said I in an imperative tone. 'Yes, the bond is false; but as you have betrayed fear, I must tell you that there are other things against you. A citizen of Lucca, named Zambelli, is dead, and you are his murderer. Deny it not. I have proofs—certain proofs. But calm your fears: Zambelli was a stranger; no one here cares to avenge his death. With some sacrifices on your part, we can hush up this sad affair; only you must confess all with sincerity—your life is the price of it.'

"Petrified by the assurance, with which I spoke and glad to purchase with gold the life which hung on a thread, Martel cried out, 'I see—I see it is Heaven's doing, since that which no eye witnessed, save my own, is revealed. I will confess all; let my fortune save my life.' He was about to begin, when the appearance of the notary, whom I had sent for to take down his confession, roused him as out of a dream. He perceived the snare, and when I commanded him to begin, he said firmly, 'No, I have nothing to tell; I am innocent.'

"All my efforts to induce him to confess were vain. I sent him to prison. But now he protests against his incarceration, declares the falseness of the bond, and publicly accuses the sergeant and myself.'

"This is my error. You my lord, cannot doubt the purity of my motives; but what will the parliament say?—always so severe towards inferior officers. Must the services of thirty years be blotted out, because I am carried away by excess of zeal? My lord advocate, you know all; now judge me as you will.

"Be encouraged," said Laurence Bigot. 'The parliament is acquainted with all and pardons you. The chamber assembled to day to judge this matter. I have spoken for you with the warmth of a man who esteems and respects you; but your thirty years of service and integrity have pleaded more eloquently than I could do. The proceedings which Martel dared to commence against you have been stayed for three months; the suit relative to the murder of Zambelli is brought before parliament, and Martel is transferred to the concierge. Every search shall be made to discover the body of the murdered man; for though I firmly believe that you have discovered the assassin, yet, there is no proof. For you, lieutenant, though pardoned you are not guiltless. Listen' said the old man turning to his son and to Etienne Pasquier, you are both destined to wear the togs of justice—you, Emeric, perhaps to succeed me; and you, Etienne Pasquier, probably to distinguish yourself in the judgment seat at Paris, or some foreign court. Remember that none may do evil that good may come'—Above all, a judge should not seek to discover the truth by means of a lie, and to do himself what he punishes in others. Such means are unworthy of a magistrate.'

Three weeks from that time there was great excitement in the village of Argenteuil. The noble ladies had suspended their labour, and quitted their homes, and gathered together about the door of the Hotel de Hesanne. By their earnest conversation among themselves, and their eager questioning of those who came out of the hotel, it was clear that something unwonted was going forward there. In short, the large room of the hotel was for this day transformed into a justice chamber, where Laurence Bigot awaited by the magistrates of Argenteuil, questioned numerous witnesses about the murder of Zambelli.

How many efforts had this zealous judge made since he quitted Rouen on his search for the traces of the crime? He visited many villages, questioned numerous officers of police; but alas vain.—When he was about to return, in despair of accomplishing his object, he was informed that some months before, a corpse had been discovered hid in a wine yard near Argenteuil. Bigot hastened thither, and the state of preservation of the remains enabled him on viewing the body, to decide clearly that it was that of Zambelli, according as he had been described by Cornelius his brother.

The magistrates began to read the evidence aloud when he was interrupted by a piercing cry, and a blind man, whom no one had as yet perceived, presented himself before the assembly. It was old Garvais, a wandering beggar, born in the neighbourhood, well known, and much liked. When his way led through Argenteuil, he was always admitted to the hotel, and having arrived that day, he had seated himself, unnoticed, in his usual place in the chimney corner. He had sprung forward with a loud cry when, in listening as the magistrate read, he had heard of a corpse being discovered among the vines. But what could a blind man, and one so long absent from Argenteuil, have to communicate? Laurence Bigot regarded with a kind of respect the serene and venerable countenance of the old beggar.

"Unfortunate man," said he, "what can you have to tell us?"

But after his first involuntary movement the blind man appeared embarrassed and undecided. "Ah, my lord," said he, "may I speak without danger of my life?" and he turned his white head on every side with a terrified air.

"Speak freely," said Bigot, "fear nothing." Then the old man related how many months since he was leaving Argenteuil on his usual pilgrimage, and had gained the high ground beyond the village when the violent barking of his dog caused him to listen attentively. A man's voice feeble and supplicant was distinctly heard. "Monster," it said, "thy master, thy benefactor—mercy! Must I die so far from my country and my brother! Mercy, mercy!"

Then the blind man heard a fearful cry, like that of a dying man in his last agony, and all was silence. After a time he distinguished the steps of one who seemed staggering under a heavy burden. "Influenced by a sudden impulse," said Garvais, "I went forward, asking what was the matter, and who had been moaning so?"

"Nothing, nothing, said the voice in an agitated tone; only a sick man who is being carried home, and has fainted on the way." And the voice added in a lower and menacing tone, "You may thank God that you are blind, or I would have done the same to you." I knew then that a horrible crime had been committed, and was seized with terror.—All things conspired to overwhelm me with fear; for immediately a storm arose, and the loud thunder seemed to pursue the murderer. I thought the world was at an end. Trembling, I continued my journey, resolved never to reveal what I had heard; for the criminal may be in these parts, and the life of a poor old man is at the mercy of every one.—But when the judge spoke of a corpse being found so near to the place where I heard the voice, I could not avoid a sudden exclamation. I have told all.—God grant that no evil comes to me from it."

During this relation Laurence Bigot appeared absorbed in a deep reverie, which lasted long after the blind man ceased to speak. Then addressing Garvais, "Old man," said he, "I wish to ask you a question, reflect well before answering it. Do you remember exactly the voice that you heard that day on the hill, which replied to your questions and threatened you? Do you think you could recognize it again—recognize it so as not to confound it with any other?"

"Yes my lord advocate," cried Garvais immediately: "Yes even as I should recognize the voice of my mother, if she was still living, poor woman."

"But," said the judge, have you considered that eight or nine months have passed since then?"

"It seems but a few hours ago," answered the blind man. "My terror was so great that even now I seem always to hear the voice that cried for mercy, and that which spoke to me, and the awful thunder." And when Bigot still doubted, Garvais, lifting his hands to heaven, said, "God is good, and forsakes not the poor blind. Since I lost my sight, I can hear wonderfully. Call the people of Argenteuil; they will tell you how they amuse themselves with embarrassing me, and saying in counterfeit tones "Who speaks to thee!" Ask them if they have succeeded in deceiving me." The people cried out that all the blind man said was true; his knowledge of voices was wonderful. Some hours after, Laurence Bigot departed from Roun, and everything went on as usual in the village of Argenteuil. Bigot conveyed Garvais with him to Rouen.

In the sixteenth century, the great hall of audience of the Norman parliament was renowned for its beauty. The ceiling was of ebony studded with graceful arabesques in gold, azure, and vermillion. The tapestry worked in fleurs de lis, the immense fireplace, and gilded wainscot, the violet colored *dais*, and, above all, the immense picture in which were represented Louis XII., the father of his people, and his virtuous minister and friend, the good Cardinal d'Amboise—all united to give the great hall an aspect at once beautiful and imposing.—The effect was increased when, on days of judicial solemnity, a hundred and twenty magistrates were seated in judgment there, with their long white beards and scarlet robes, having at their head the presidents, attired in ermine mantles above whom was a painting depicting the legislator Moses and the four evangelists.

It was in this magnificent hall that the parliament assembled by special convocation on Christmas eve, in the year 16—. But this time they were attired in black robes, and their serious countenance showed they had a vigorous office to perform. The secret meaning of parliament excited great curiosity throughout the whole town. The murder of the merchant of Lucca, the arrest of the presumed criminal, the discovery of his supposed victim, the unheard for testimony given by a blind man at Argenteuil, furnished an inexhaustible subject of discussion for the crowd that thronged the avenues of the palace. Every one agreed that the day was come which would liberate an innocent man, or condemn a murderer to the scaffold.

The parliament after many long debates, had decided that the blind man of Argenteuil should be heard. Garvais appeared before them. His frank and circumstantial deposition made a deep impression; but some doubts still remained. It was a fearful thing to place a man's life at the mercy of the fugitive impressions of a blind man, who could only trust to his hearing. It seemed almost impossible that Garvais should recognize faithfully a voice which he had heard but once only. The parliament determined to prove him, and to bring him successively all the prisoners of the concierge, Martel among the rest. If, after having heard them speak, the blind man spontaneously, and without once hesitating, should recognise the voice which half struck him so powerfully, this evidence, united to others should be held conclusive. It was not without design that Christmas eve was chosen for this strange trial, unheard of in the annals of justice.—To have brought up the prisoners together on an ordinary day, would have awakened their suspicions, perhaps suggested to them various stratagems and thus left the success of this novel experiment to chance. On Christmas eve the order excited no surprise, as it was customary on the eve of high festivals to bring all the prisoners of the conciergerie before the parliament, who sometimes, out of respect to the day liberated those criminals who had been imprisoned for trifling offences.

Above all, as it was necessary to make the blind man understand the almost sacred importance of the judgment with which Heaven had invested him, a solemn oath was administered by the president of the assembly. The old man took the oath in a truthful earnest manner, which left no doubt of his sincerity, and the trial commenced. Eighteen prisoners were brought up, and answered the questions proposed to them, but the old man never moved; and they, on their part, on perceiving the unknown man, evinced no sign of alarm. At last the nineteenth prisoner was introduced. Who