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Weekly Almanach.

APRIL—1836.	SUN	MOON	FULL	
Rises.	Sets.	Rises.	SEA.	
20 WEDNESDAY	5 9	6 51	11 56	1 49
21 THURSDAY	5 8	6 52	12 00	2 33
22 FRIDAY	5 6	6 54	0 40	3 22
23 SATURDAY	5 5	6 55	1 38	4 24
24 SUNDAY	5 4	6 57	2 11	5 38
25 MONDAY	5 3	6 59	2 42	6 54
26 TUESDAY	5 0	7 0	3 8	7 58

First Quarter 23d day, 10h. 5m. morning.

NEW-BRUNSWICK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Office open every day, (Sundays excepted), from 11
to 1 o'clock.
JOHN M. WILMOT, ESQUIRE, PRESIDENT.
Committee for April.
WILLIAM JARVIS, JOHN KENNEDY, N. HERBERT.
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WANTED TO purchase—Mexican and Spanish DOLLARS, for which the highest premium will be paid. Enquire of 22d March. BENJAMIN SMITH.

FOR SALE—Five Shares of the Stock of the Iron Bridge Company.—Apply at this Office, 1st March, 1836.

The Gariand.

HUMILITY.—By MONTGOMERY.
The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lofty nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest;
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
The most when most his soul ascends;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

Miscellanea.

SAILING DOWN THE OHIO.

(By Address.)
The natural features of North America are not less
remarkable than the moral character of her inhabi-
tants; and I cannot find a better subject than one of
those magnificent rivers that roll the collected waters
of her extensive territories to the ocean.
When my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and
myself were returning from Pennsylvania to Ken-
tucky, we found it expedient the waters being un-
usually low, to provide ourselves with a sloop, to en-
able us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased
a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomina-
tion. We procured a mattress, and our friends fur-
nished us with ready-prepared viands. We had two
stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the vil-
lage of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the
place of our destination in a very few days.
It was in the month of October. The autumnal
tints already decorated the shores of that queen of
rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long,
and flowing festoons of different species of vines,
many laden with clustered fruits of various brilliancy,
their rich bronzed armor glistening beautifully with
the yellow foliage, which more predominated over the
yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the
clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed or
poet imagined.
The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed
the rich and glowing hue which at that season pro-
duces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian
summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian
of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting
no other ripple of the water than that formed by
the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved
along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of
the wild scenery around us.
Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface
of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, start-
ing simultaneously from the liquid element, like so
many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light,
while the pursuer with open jaws seized the strag-
glers, and with a splash of his tail, disappeared from
our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath
our bark a rattling noise, the strange sounds of
which we discovered to proceed from the white perch,
for on entering our net from the bow, we caught several
of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.
Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have
felt a partiality towards this portion of our country.
As the traveler ascends or descends the Ohio, he
cannot help remarking, that, alternately, nearly the
whole length of the river, the margin, on one side,
is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while,
on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial
land are seen as far as the eye can command the view.
Islands of varied size and form rise here and there
from the bosom of the river, and the winding course
of the stream frequently brings you to places where
the idea of being on a river of great length changes
to that of being on a lake of moderate extent.
Some of these islands are of considerable size and
value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as
if tended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the
general interest of the scenery. These little islands
are frequently overgrown during great freshets or
floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of
drifted timber. We observe with great concern the
alterations that collection would soon produce along
these delightful banks.
As night came, sinking in darkness the broader
portions of the river, our minds became affected by
strong emotions, and we wandered far beyond the present
moment. The thinking of birds told us that the cattle
which here were greatly ravaged from valley to
valley in search of food, or returning to their distant
homes. The howling of the great owl, or the muffled
noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream,
were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of
the boatman's horn, as it came sounding more and
more softly from afar. While delight returned,
many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more
and more mellown to the listening ear. Here and there
the lonely call of a squatter struck the eye, giving
note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the
stream by a deer forested bow soon the hills would be
covered with snow.

Many sluggish flat-boats we overtook and passed—
some laden with produce from the different head-
waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary
streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions,
crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search
of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor
have you, reader, I wren, unless indeed you have felt
the like, and in such company.
When I think of these times, and call back to my
mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost un-
broken shores; when I picture to myself the dense
and lofty summits of the forest, that every where
spread along the hills, and overlying the margins of
the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler;
when I know how dearly purchased the safe naviga-
tion of that river, by the blood of those who have
fallen in its defence; when I see that no longer any aborigi-
nes are to be found there, and that the vast herds
of elk, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on
these hills and in these valleys, mating for themselves
great roads to the several salt springs, have ceased to
exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of
our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now
more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns,
where the din of hammers and machinery is constan-
ly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under
the axe of the settler, and that hundreds of
steam-boats are plying to and fro, over the whole
length of the river, forcing commerce to take
the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the
destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization
into its darkest recesses—when I remember that these
extraordinary changes have all taken place in the
short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and,
although I know not to be fact, can scarcely believe its
reality.—*American Oracle.*

JAMAICA.

It is a curious fact, that Jamaica, at this time,
(1835), produces a greater revenue to the mother
country than the whole amount of the national revenue
in the Protector's time. Jamaica was no doubt
generally considered, at the period of its conquest,
and for several years after, as far inferior in impor-
tance to either Cuba or Hispaniola; as in truth it
would be at the present day, were these islands equal-
ly improved by cultivation. It was reserved for the
enterprising industry and commercial spirit of the
British to render Jamaica what it now is, the most
highly cultivated and most productive colony in the
American archipelago.

The following particulars will show the progressive
improvement of the cultivation, population, and com-
merce of Jamaica, for the last century and a half:—
In 1673, there were in the island 7768 whites, and
9234 slaves. The chief products were cocoa, indigo,
and hides. Sugar had just then begun to be
cultivated.
In 1723, the island produced 11,000 hogsheads of
sugar.
In 1734, there were 7644 whites, 86,346 slaves,
and 26,011 head of cattle in the island.
In 1744, there were 9640 whites, 112,438 slaves,
and 88,036 head of cattle; and the island produced
53,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 10,000 puncheons of
rum.

In 1768, there were 17,000 whites, 166,514 slaves,
and 133,773 head of cattle; and 55,761 hogsheads of
sugar, and 15,351 puncheons of rum were produced.
In 1774, the island produced only 634,700 lbs. of
coffee; and in 1780, 1,739,710 lbs.

At present there is in Jamaica about 350,000
slaves, 300,000 head of stock; and the annual ave-
rage produce may be about 130,000 hogsheads of
sugar, 60,000 puncheons of rum, and 18,000,000 lbs.
of coffee, &c.

In return for its commodities, Jamaica receives
from Great Britain an annual supply of almost all her
manufactures. The exclusive right which she claims
of supplying this and the other islands with her
products is one important source of her commercial
and manufacturing prosperity. The annual amount of
British manufactures imported into this island alone
is upwards of two millions. The imports from other
parts (of lumber, provisions, cattle, &c.) amount to
nearly a million currency.

The annual exports to Great Britain and Ireland
may amount, one year with another, to about five
millions; and those to other parts to about £450,000.
The ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.—When Cap-
tain Watling and his company escaped from Juan
Fernandez three years before, they had left a Mos-
quitto Indian on the island, who was out hunting
coats when the alarm came. This Mosquitto, named
William, was the first and true Robinson
Crusoe, the original hermit of this romantic solitude.
Immediately on approaching the island, Dampier and
a few of William's old friends, together with a Mos-
quitto man, named Robin, set off for the shore, where
they soon perceived William standing ready to give
them welcome. From the heights he had seen the
ships on the preceding day, and, knowing them to be
English vessels by the way they worked, he had
killed three goats, and dressed them with cabbage
of the cabbage-tree, to have a feast ready on the arrival
of the ships. How great was his delight, as the boat
neared the shore, when Robin leaped to the land, and
rushing up to him, fell flat on his face at his feet.
William raised up his countryman, embraced him, and
in turn prostrated himself at Robin's feet, who lifted
him up, and they renewed their embraces. "We stood
with pleasure," says Dampier, "to behold the sur-
prise, tenderness, and solemnity of their interview,
which was exceedingly striking on both sides." "I
was," says the King, "I have seen Milton's
"Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "In
what condition did you find him?" "Condition," said
he, "old and poor." "Old and poor," said the
King, "and blind, too. You are a fool, James, to wish
him to be poor, old, and blind, he is miserably enough
in all conscience; let him live."

Importance of Words.—Sir W. Black, on one
occasion inquired of a student what was going for-
ward in the operating theatre. The young gentle-
man replied, "Mr. Headstrong, Sir William, is con-
sidering in a case of strangulated hernia, but the gut is
quite rotten." He positively remarked, "Pray, Sir,
do not call it gut or say it is rotten, or you will be
punished for a bad name, but call it intestine, and say it
is gangrenous!"

EXECUTIONS.

Execution of Peppi and his Accomplices.
Paris, Feb. 13.—On Monday evening we were ex-
pected to see the Court of Peppi's accomplices, Mory,
Morey, and Peppi, to death. Between ten and twelve
o'clock, the executioner, Mory, who was the only
remaining prisoner, however, who during the execu-
tion was discharged. The effect of the sentence upon
the prisoners was various. Peppi appeared to have
been much distressed at first, but soon found that
nothing was to be done, and he resigned himself to
his fate. Morey, however, was very brave, and was
not at all affected by the sight of the guillotine, but
received the communication of his doom with resig-
nation; but all the feelings of Peppi's character were
made manifest when it came to his turn to lean
his head on the block.

Paris, Feb. 19.—This morning, at 10 minutes past
8 o'clock, the awful sentence of the law was carried
into effect upon Fieschi and his accomplices.
At 7 o'clock, the executioner accompanied by nine

of his assistants, arrived at the prison of the Luxem-
bourg and exhibited to the Governor the order for
the execution. He was immediately conducted to
the hall where the preparations were to be made.
Fieschi came at first, attended by his keepers.
He came forward with a careless air, holding his head
high, and casting his eyes on every object around him,
and he took his seat on the bench, as he was told,
to be tied to his legs, but he requested that they
should not be tied very tight. Several times during
that operation he exclaimed, "It is too tight, you
hurt me; I wish to have my movements free." One
of the assistant executioners slackened the cord, and
was proceeding to tie his legs, when Fieschi said,
"Well, this very night I dreamt that you were tying
my legs." While these sad preparations were going
on, Fieschi continued talking with great volubility;
he was dressing himself; to every one around him whom he
had known in the prison. He then told his head-
down for a moment, and appeared to be thinking of
that, assuming a solemn air, he said, "Why was I
not killed in Russia, instead of coming to have my
head cut off in my own country? But I declare to
you all who are here present, that I have done service
to my country by stating the truth; I do not regret
having done so, and I ought to serve as an example to
the world."

The preparations being completed, Fieschi stood
up and spoke thus:—Gentlemen, I request you
will bear witness that I have bequeathed my head to
M. Lovet, I have done so in writing, and I suppose
the law allows that my will be respected. Where
I should have been, I would have picked up my
head? I tell him it shall not be his, but M. Lovet's.
I will have my head to be his, but M. Lovet's, my
soul to God, and my body to the earth. Now let the others
be brought forth; let them be placed before me; I
will not see them die before me. I will not see them
die before me. I will not see them die before me.
The executioner then led out the three convicts, and
they were placed on the guillotine, supported by
the keepers. His silence and immobility formed a
contrast to the noisy and bustling of the other
prisoners, and did not excite talking.
During the preparations that Mory was undergoing
in a grey coat, with a fur cap on his head, smoking
his pipe, and appearing to be in a state of insu-
perable indifference, he addressed a few words to his
neighbors on the details of the ceremony. This man
was Peppi.
On being called by the executioner he placed him-
self on the guillotine, and he was placed on the
bed, which he gave up to a keeper, saying, "Give
these things to the Director;" and while his hands
were being tied he continued smoking his pipe. His
face did not show the least emotion; his voice was
not altered, he spoke very calmly, and when the
collar of his shirt was cut off, he turned towards
Mory, and said, with a calm voice, "Well, my old
Mory, it appears that we are going together into
the other world." Mory replied, "A little sooner or
later, what does it matter?" A moment after Peppi
cast his eyes on Fieschi, "Well, Fieschi," said he,
"you are pleased, you are now opposite your
friend, (checking himself,) I mean your victim."
Fieschi attempted to reply, but was prevented by the
executioner.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock the preparations were
finished.—The condemned got up to be led to the
guillotine. Peppi, who continued smoking his
pipe, then said, "Gentlemen, the crime of Fieschi is
condemned to him alone. There is no other guilty man
here besides himself."
"I have done my duty," observed Fieschi, "and
all I regret is not to have had 40 days more to live,
in order to write a great number of things that
I wanted to tell."
The three convicts were then led out of the hall,
and were taken through the garden to one of the
farthest gates, where three vehicles were standing
to receive and conduct them to the place of execution.
Each of the convicts was placed in a separate ve-
hicle, with a confessor and two gendarmes. The
doors of the three vehicles were left open. Attended
by a party of gendarmes and Municipal Guards on
horseback, the procession started from the Luxem-
bourg at half past 7, for the place of execution, each
vehicle containing a confessor and two gendarmes.
The melancholy cortege took the way of the Boule-
vards to the place of execution. A great display of
the armed force had been deemed necessary by the
Government. There were 6,200 under arms, not
including the numerous agents of the police, who
were so stationed as to prevent the curious from
versing the road through which the cortege was to
pass. On every tree of the Boulevards and gardens
adjacent, commanding a view of them, there were
mounted from 10 to 15 pointers. The great walls
along the Boulevards were also crowned with crowds.
We think it would be falling short of the number to
estimate at 25,000 that of the curious who had taken
their station from the extremity of the Luxembourg
to that part of the Boulevard which adjoins
the place of execution. The crowd would have been
still more considerable, had not the precaution been
taken of closing the external barriers.

Now and then Mory looked out of the door of his
vehicle to see whether the scaffold was set in sight.
A few moments before the arrival of the cortege, the
commissioners of the police on the Place St. Jacques,
allowed that portion of the crowd which was nearest
to a very wide circle formed round the guillotine,
to take their station within that circle, which was in-
stantly filled with about 5000 persons.
The three vehicles soon made their appearance,
followed by those of the executioner and his assistants.
All eyes were then fixed on the doors of the vehicles
containing the condemned, which had been left open
for them to be seen by the public as much as possible.
They all three descended with the same calmness
they had shown during the preparations.
Peppi was the first to descend from his vehicle.
He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and ex-
hibited in his entire deportment a degree of calmness
and resignation that formed a strong contrast with
the weakness and irresolution displayed by him dur-
ing his trial. On reaching the fatal platform he
moved to the assembled multitude, resigned himself
to the hands of the executioner, and in another mo-
ment ceased to live.
The appearance of the next prisoner (Mory) who
descended the scaffold, excited an intensely painful
feeling among the spectators. His age, his physical
condition, and his venerable grey hairs, seemed to
command respect, and his venerable features, which
seemed to have the marks of a long and useful life,
which he had shown the power of expiating with his
life. In consequence of his extreme old age, he was
actually lifted to the scaffold by the executioner and
his assistants, by whom he was stopped to the fatal
bed. The knife then descended, and almost before
the spectators could begeth their minds could perceive
the head severed from its stalk, the wretched criminal was
a dead man.

It was now Fieschi's turn to have the embrace of
death, with which he had long boasted his readiness
to forego compensation. He mounted the steps lead-
ing to the guillotine, and he was supported by the
falling on waving, attended by the ecclesiastic who
had accompanied him from the prison. Arrived on the
platform, he whispered a few words in the ear of his

reverted attendant, and then embraced him warmly.
He then said a few words to the crowd, but on ac-
count of the distance we were unable to distinguish only
the phrase, "I die fearlessly—I have declared the
truth." As soon as the priest by whom he was ac-
companied had quitted the platform, the executioner per-
formed the melancholy office, and Fieschi joined his
companions in guilt and misfortune in another world.
The entire of the fatal ceremony occupied but the
brief space of five minutes, it being exactly that time
after 8 o'clock, when the recking axe fell upon the
last of the criminals. Not the slightest disorder was
manifested by the multitude, except when the cavalry
were obliged to repel, somewhat rudely, the pressure
of the crowd.
Additional Particulars.—M. Vassal, a commissary
of police, especially deputed for the purpose, went to
Peppi and his confessor on their alighting at the scaffold,
and said, "M. Peppi, your last moment is nigh.
You have no further interest of your own to consult,
and you ought to declare the whole truth, as your
confessor must have recommended you to do. If
you have any further revelations to make, I am ready
to listen to you." Peppi, with a steadiness which
has never been shaken, replied—"I have nothing to
add to the depositions I have already made. I have
already said all I have to say. I die an innocent victim to
infamous machinations. I recommended my wife and
children." M. Vassal renewed his exhortations, say-
ing, "There is still time. If you have any revelations
to make, you may yet make them, and the execution
will be suspended as far as you are concerned."—
Through this last declaration might give a gleam of
hope to Peppi, he did not yield to it, but raising his
head with an air of pride, again repeated, "No, Sir,
I have nothing more to say in addition to what I have
already said." Peppi then embraced the Abbe Gal-
lard with affection, kissed the crucifix and raising his
eyes toward heaven, said with a firm voice, "I crave
pardon a thousand times, I crave pardon of God."
He then ascended the scaffold, and looking round on
the people, uttered his last words—"Adieu" gentle-
men, I am a victim. I die innocent. Adieu." In
a moment afterwards he was no more. Mory's turn
came next.—"Oh, my God," he said, "I die it is
about to be finished at last." He also embraced the
confessor, kissed the crucifix, and gave himself to the
four assistants, who supported him up to the scaffold.
"Take courage," said one of them to him. "It is
not courage," replied he instantly, "it is disease which
renders me unable to support myself." Such was
his self-possession, that he made a voluntary move-
ment of his head to undo the string which fastened his
great coat, and as the executioner endeavored to tear
open the button holes, Mory said angrily, "Don't
tear my clothes in that manner." The next moment
he was a corpse.
Fieschi, though he twice saw the axe raised, colored
with the blood of his accomplices, never showed
the slightest emotion of fear or horror, but continued
to converse with those around him, till the assistant
executioner laid his hand upon his shoulder as indicat-
ing that the fatal moment for him had arrived. Fieschi,
accompanied by his confessor whom he had entreated
not to leave him till the latest moment, came forward
without hesitation, and requested permission to ad-
dress the spectators. M. Vassal, the commissary of
police, consented, but desired that he would be brief.
He immediately mounted the steps with extraordinary
rapidity, and placing himself in the attitude of an
orator, pronounced the following words with a clear
and firm voice:—"I am about to appear before my
God. I have told the truth. I die content. I have
rendered a service to my country by pointing out my
accomplices. I have told the truth, and no falsehoods,
as I call upon Heaven to witness. I am happy and
satisfied. I demand pardon of God and man, but
above all of God. I regret my victims more than my
own life." Upon this he turned quickly round, and
delivered himself into the hands of his executioners.
The body of Peppi was given up to his family for
burial at their request. The others were delivered
for dissection.
The head of Fieschi was examined yesterday at
Dietre, when it was found that, although the skull
had been fractured by the bursting of the barrels, the
brain had not penetrated to the brain. This ac-
cording to his having been able to descend from the
room by the rope, and it is possible that, if he had
not been so much weakened by the loss of blood, he
would have effected his escape. The phrenologists
have not discovered any remarkable indication on
the skull.

UNITED STATES.

The Steam Boat Free Trade, Capt. James Young,
was on her passage from Augusta to Savannah, when
while the boat was near Bone Maker Point, one of
her boilers burst, and badly scalded the Captain,
a worthy, industrious man, who died about six hours
afterwards, and killed instantly one colored man,
and scalded two others, (colored) who have since
died.—The mate, engineer, and three colored men
were also badly scalded, but hopes of their recovery
are entertained.—*New York paper.*

Monte, March 13th.—This being Sunday, the
day for the steamer Benjamin Franklin to start for
Montgomery, just as she was starting and had got
into the street, she burst her boilers, with the
terrible explosion which has ever happened in the
Alabama waters, killing, maiming, scalding, and
drowning near fifty passengers. I saw the whole
force part of her deck, with large pieces of the boilers
carried to an immense height, with the pilot and one
of the hands. The pilot fell into the dock, at the
distance of a hundred and fifty yards, having been
thrown into the air near three hundred feet, and was
deadly mangled. I saw the bodies of two or
three persons who were killed instantly, and of many
others who were seriously, perhaps fatally, wounded.
I fear the list of sufferers will be large, perhaps ten
or fifteen killed. The explosion was dreadful; the upper
deck from the wheel-house forward, was carried to
a great height.
Such is the anxiety to increase the culture of Silk
in New England, that the seed of the white Mulberry
tree sells at \$7.50 per lb. Some persons who were
sacrificed enough last summer to foresee this, will
realize no mean fortunes.

Mr. Jennings, who has so long and so successfully
conducted the New York City Hotel, has disposed of
his lease and the house will hereafter be kept by
another landlord.
After the late enlargement of the arsenal in Frank-
fort, Ky., a brass field piece was taken out of the
rubbish unburned. This piece was captured from
Buzoyne at Saratoga, surrendered to the British by
Hull—retaken by Harrison at the Thames, presented
by Congress to Governor Shelby, and by the Govern-
or to the state of Kentucky.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—A subscriber at
Westminster, Mass. sends us the following state-
ment: "There is now living a family of five members
whose ages are as follows, 89, 87, 85, 83, 78, 75, and
73. We have omitted fractions. The average of
their ages is 81 years and nearly six months. The
average of the ages of the five brothers is 82 years
and nearly six months.

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you all who are here present, that I have done service
to my country by stating the truth; I do not regret
having done so, and I ought to serve as an example to
the world."

The preparations being completed, Fieschi stood
up and spoke thus:—Gentlemen, I request you
will bear witness that I have bequeathed my head to
M. Lovet, I have done so in writing, and I suppose
the law allows that my will be respected. Where
I should have been, I would have picked up my
head? I tell him it shall not be his, but M. Lovet's.
I will have my head to be his, but M. Lovet's, my
soul to God, and my body to the earth. Now let the others
be brought forth; let them be placed before me; I
will not see them die before me. I will not see them
die before me. I will not see them die before me.
The executioner then led out the three convicts, and
they were placed on the guillotine, supported by
the keepers. His silence and immobility formed a
contrast to the noisy and bustling of the other
prisoners, and did not excite talking.
During the preparations that Mory was undergoing
in a grey coat, with a fur cap on his head, smoking
his pipe, and appearing to be in a state of insu-
perable indifference, he addressed a few words to his
neighbors on the details of the ceremony. This man
was Peppi.
On being called by the executioner he placed him-
self on the guillotine, and he was placed on the
bed, which he gave up to a keeper, saying, "Give
these things to the Director;" and while his hands
were being tied he continued smoking his pipe. His
face did not show the least emotion; his voice was
not altered, he spoke very calmly, and when the
collar of his shirt was cut off, he turned towards
Mory, and said, with a calm voice, "Well, my old
Mory, it appears that we are going together into
the other world." Mory replied, "A little sooner or
later, what does it matter?" A moment after Peppi
cast his eyes on Fieschi, "Well, Fieschi," said he,
"you are pleased, you are now opposite your
friend, (checking himself,) I mean your victim."
Fieschi attempted to reply, but was prevented by the
executioner.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock the preparations were
finished.—The condemned got up to be led to the
guillotine. Peppi, who continued smoking his
pipe, then said, "Gentlemen, the crime of Fieschi is
condemned to him alone. There is no other guilty man
here besides himself."
"I have done my duty," observed Fieschi, "and
all I regret is not to have had 40 days more to live,
in order to write a great number of things that
I wanted to tell."
The three convicts were then led out of the hall,
and were taken through the garden to one of the
farthest gates, where three vehicles were standing
to receive and conduct them to the place of execution.
Each of the convicts was placed in a separate ve-
hicle, with a confessor and two gendarmes. The
doors of the three vehicles were left open. Attended
by a party of gendarmes and Municipal Guards on
horseback, the procession started from the Luxem-
bourg at half past 7, for the place of execution, each
vehicle containing a confessor and two gendarmes.
The melancholy cortege took the way of the Boule-
vards to the place of execution. A great display of
the armed force had been deemed necessary by the
Government. There were 6,200 under arms, not
including the numerous agents of the police, who
were so stationed as to prevent the curious from
versing the road through which the cortege was to
pass. On every tree of the Boulevards and gardens
adjacent, commanding a view of them, there were
mounted from 10 to 15 pointers. The great walls
along the Boulevards were also crowned with crowds.
We think it would be falling short of the number to
estimate at 25,000 that of the curious who had taken
their station from the extremity of the Luxembourg
to that part of the Boulevard which adjoins
the place of execution. The crowd would have been
still more considerable, had not the precaution been
taken of closing the external barriers.

Now and then Mory looked out of the door of his
vehicle to see whether the scaffold was set in sight.
A few moments before the arrival of the cortege, the
commissioners of the police on the Place St. Jacques,
allowed that portion of the crowd which was nearest
to a very wide circle formed round the guillotine,
to take their station within that circle, which was in-
stantly filled with about 5000 persons.
The three vehicles soon made their appearance,
followed by those of the executioner and his assistants.
All eyes were then fixed on the doors of the vehicles
containing the condemned, which had been left open
for them to be seen by the public as much as possible.
They all three descended with the same calmness
they had shown during the preparations.
Peppi was the first to descend from his vehicle.
He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, and ex-
hibited in his entire deportment a degree of calmness
and resignation that formed a strong contrast with
the weakness and irresolution displayed by him dur-
ing his trial. On reaching the fatal platform he
moved to the assembled multitude, resigned himself
to the hands of the executioner, and in another mo-
ment ceased to live.
The appearance of the next prisoner (Mory) who
descended the scaffold, excited an intensely painful
feeling among the spectators. His age, his physical
condition, and his venerable grey hairs, seemed to
command respect, and his venerable features, which
seemed to have the marks of a long and useful life,
which he had shown the power of expiating with his
life. In consequence of his extreme old age, he was
actually lifted to the scaffold by the executioner and
his assistants, by whom he was stopped to the fatal
bed. The knife then descended, and almost before
the spectators could begeth their minds could perceive
the head severed from its stalk, the wretched criminal was
a dead man.

It was now Fieschi's turn to have the embrace of
death, with which he had long boasted his readiness
to forego compensation. He mounted the steps lead-
ing to the guillotine, and he was supported by the
falling on waving, attended by the ecclesiastic who
had accompanied him from the prison. Arrived on the
platform, he whispered a few words in the ear of his

reverted attendant, and then embraced him warmly.
He then said a few words to the crowd, but on ac-
count of the distance we were unable to distinguish only
the phrase, "I die fearlessly—I have declared the
truth." As soon as the priest by whom he was ac-
companied had quitted the platform, the executioner per-
formed the melancholy office, and Fieschi joined his
companions in guilt and misfortune in another world.
The entire of the fatal ceremony occupied but the
brief space of five minutes, it being exactly that time
after 8 o'clock, when the recking axe fell upon the
last of the criminals. Not the slightest disorder was
manifested by the multitude, except when the cavalry
were obliged to repel, somewhat rudely, the pressure
of the crowd.
Additional Particulars.—M. Vassal, a commissary
of police, especially deputed for the purpose, went to
Peppi and his confessor on their alighting at the scaffold,
and said, "M. Peppi, your last moment is nigh.
You have no further interest of your own to consult,
and you ought to declare the whole truth, as your
confessor must have recommended you to do. If
you have any further revelations to make, I am ready
to listen to you." Peppi, with a steadiness which
has never been shaken, replied—"I have nothing to
add to the depositions I have already made. I have
already said all I have to say. I die an innocent victim to
infamous machinations. I recommended my wife and
children." M. Vassal renewed his exhortations, say-
ing, "There is still time. If you have any revelations
to make, you may yet make them, and the execution
will be suspended as far as you are concerned."—
Through this last declaration might give a gleam of
hope to Peppi, he did not yield to it, but raising his
head with an air of pride, again repeated, "No, Sir,
I have nothing more to say in addition to what I have
already said." Peppi then embraced the Abbe Gal-
lard with affection, kissed the crucifix and raising his
eyes toward heaven, said with a firm voice, "I crave
pardon a thousand times, I crave pardon of God."
He then ascended the scaffold, and looking round on
the people, uttered his last words—"Adieu" gentle-
men, I am a victim. I die innocent. Adieu." In
a moment afterwards he was no more. Mory's turn
came next.—"Oh, my God," he said, "I die it is
about to be finished at last." He also embraced the
confessor, kissed the crucifix, and gave himself to the
four assistants, who supported him up to the scaffold.
"Take courage," said one of them to him. "It is
not courage," replied he instantly, "it is disease which
renders me unable to support myself." Such was
his self-possession, that he made a voluntary move-
ment of his head to undo the string which fastened his
great coat, and as the executioner endeavored to tear
open the button holes, Mory said angrily, "Don't
tear my clothes in that manner." The next moment
he was a corpse.
Fieschi, though he twice saw the axe raised, colored
with the blood of his accomplices, never showed
the slightest emotion of