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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.

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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 *zodiac* 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 hooping 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 forced down 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 has been by blood and tears, and
the Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborig-
ines 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
9204 slaves. The chief products were cocoa, indigo,
and hides. Sugar had just then been 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
of value, &c.

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 were 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; and
when these their economies of civility were over,
we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of
us embracing him we had found here, who was over-
joyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither
as he thought, purposely to fetch him."

At the time William was abandoned, he had with
him in the woods his gun and knife, and a small quan-
tity of powder and shot. As soon as his ammunition
was expended, by notching his knife into a saw he cut
up the barrel of his gun into pieces, which he con-
verted into harpoons, lances, and a long knife. To
accomplish this he struck fire with his gunflint and
a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he had used for
this purpose in a way he had seen in a picture of the
Barbarys. In the first he heated his piece of iron,
hammered them out with stones, caved them with
his jagged knife, or pruned them on an edge, and
tempered them; which was no more than those
Mosquittoes were accustomed to do in their own
country, where they make their own spears and
spearing instruments without either fire or steel,
though they spend a great deal of time upon them.
Thus furnished, he then applied himself with great
industry and labor, though all his instruments were
formed had been compelled to extract the iron from
a house about a half-mile from the shore, and lined it
with goat-skins, which with great labor spread his
rough bark, which was raised two feet from
the shore. As the rains were out, he supplied this
with also with goat-skins, and with great labor
he made a great skin about his waist.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

COKE.—Many persons are cured with daily
knowing whence come these exceedingly useful
material. Coke is cut from large slabs of bark
of the cork-tree, a species of the oak which grows
in the countries in the south of Europe. The tree is
generally divested of its bark about fifteen years

old, but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut
down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while
the tree is growing; and the operation may be repeat-
ed every eighth or tenth year, the quality of the cork
continuing each time to improve as the age of the
tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is
single in the form of a strong line; and, after being
soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed
under heavy weights, in order to render it straight
and to remove the pith. The cork, imported
into this country, is of various qualities, and is
employed for all the purposes for which it is used
at present, with the exception of stopples for bottled
liquors, the ancients mostly employing cement for closing
the mouths of vessels. The Egyptians are said to
have made coffins of cork, which, being saturated
with the resinous substance, preserved dead
bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not
generally used for stopples to bottles till about the
close of the seventeenth century, when it was first
introduced into France by the monks of the abbey of
Great Britain, brought principally from Italy,
Spain, and Portugal. The quantity annually con-
sumed is upwards of 5000 tons.

VALUE OF MACHINERY.—The creation of em-
ployment amongst ourselves by the cheapness of cot-
ton goods produced by machinery, is not to be con-
sidered as a mere change from the labor of India to
the labor of Great Britain. It is a creation of em-
ployment, operating just in the same manner as the
machinery did for getting India. The Indian, it is
true, no longer sends us his calicoes and his colored
stuffs; we make them ourselves. But he sends us
the raw cotton, the amount of raw cotton that he sent
to us in the year 1828, was 1,000,000 lbs. In 1834
we imported five million pounds of cotton wool. In
1828 we imported two hundred and ten million
pounds—enough to make twelve hundred and sixty
million yards of cloth, which is about two-thirds of
the present year's consumption. The workman on the
banks of the Ganges (the great river of
India) is no longer weaving calicoes for us, in the
loom of reeds under the shade of a mango tree; but
he is grinding for us forty times as much cotton
wool as he gathered before, and making forty times as
much and so to us to collect it with. The export of cot-
ton has made such a demand upon the Indian power
of labor, that even the people of Hindostan, adopting
European contrivances, have introduced machinery to
pack the cotton. Bishop Heber says, that he was
frequently interested by seeing, at Bombay, immense
bales of cotton lying on the pier; and the ingenious
screw, by which an astonishing quantity is pressed
into the canvass bags. The Chinese, on the contrary,
from the want of these contrivances, sell their cotton
to us at much less profit; for they pack it so loosely,
that it occupies three times the bulk of the Indian
cotton, and the freight costs twelve times the price
that it might be reduced by mechanical skill.

When the Chinese acquire the knowledge of other
nations, which their institutions now shut out, they
will know the value of mechanical skill, in preference
to unassisted manual labor.—*Results of Machinery.*

INGENUOUS REBUKE.—A general officer, who
was early in life much addicted to profane oaths, dated
his reformation from a memorable check he received
from a Scotch clergyman. When he was directed
to attend a court-martial, he was accompanied by a
brave soldier of the lowest class in the public
street; and the altercation was carried on by both
parties, with abundance of impious language. The
clergyman passing by, shocked with the profanity,
and stepping into the crowd with his cane uplifted,
he rebuked the general, saying, "You will excuse the
plaudits, but you are an ignorant, bold, and keas
better." The young officer shrunk away in confu-
sion, unable to make any reply. Next day, he was
called on the minister, and thanked him sincerely for
his well-timed reproof, and was ever after an example
of correctness of language.

John Milton.—The following anecdote of an in-
terview between Milton and the Duke of York
(afterwards James the Second) affords a fine illustra-
tion of the noble and independent spirit of the immor-
tal poet, and of the cool-headed and erudite tyranny
of his royal visitor:—The Duke of York, in the
company of his brother and greatness, went to satisfy
his curiosity by visiting Milton in his own house.
He asked him if he did not regard the loss of
his sight as a judgment for his writings against
the King. Milton replied calmly, "If your highness
thinks that calumny is an indication of Heaven's
wrath, how do you account for the eyes of the King
your father? I have lost but my eyes—he lost his
head." On the duke's return to court, he said to
the King, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that
you do not have that old rogue Milton hanged."

"What?" said the King. "Have you seen Milton?"
"Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "In
what condition do you find him?" "Condition," said
he, "is old and poor." "Old and poor," said the
King, "and blind, too. You are a fool, James, to wish
him hanged; it would be doing him a service. You
are the 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!"

Execution of Pepin and his Accomplices.
Paris, Feb. 13.—On Monday evening we were ex-
pected to see the Court of Peers condemn Fieschi, Mo-
rey, and Pepin to death. Between ten and eleven
o'clock the Court assembled, but the executioner
remained prisoner, because, while the execution
might be discharged. The effect of the sentence
upon the prisoners was various. Fieschi appeared to
have been thunderstruck at first, he was faint, but
afterwards regained his self-possession, and was dis-
cerned even as cheerful. Morey, the old man, re-
ceived the communication of his doom with resignation;
but all the feebleness of Pepin's character was
made manifest when it came to his turn to lean
on his knees.

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. When his hands were about
to be tied to his legs, 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
he proceeded 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 sup-
pose the law allows that my will be respected. Where
I do not wish to be buried, I will be buried in my
head? I tell him it shall not be his, but Lovet's.
I have belonged to his, Lovet, 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 of the hall,
Morey was brought forward next, supported by two
of the keepers. His silence and immobility formed a
strong contrast to the noisy and excited Fieschi.
Pepin, who was placed opposite Morey, and did not
speak a word. During the preparations that Morey was undergoing
in a separate vehicle, a man was seen close to the pillar,
in a grey great-coat, with a fur cap on his head, smoking
his pipe, and appearing to be talking to a man in a
spectator's coat, and addressed a few words to his
neighbors on the details of the ceremony. This man
was Pepin.

On being called by the executioner he placed him-
self on the side of Morey, out of his coat and under
the cloth, which he gave up to a keeper, saying, "Give
them 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
Morey, and said, with a calm voice, "Well, my old
Morey, it appears that we are going together into
the other world!" Morey replied, "A little sooner or
later, what does it matter?" A moment after Pepin
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
fatal vehicle. Pepin, 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
remain to be told."
The three convicts were then led out of the hall,
and were taken through the garden to one of the
furthest 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
carrying a coffin.

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 6,000 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 dead walls
along the Boulevards were also crowded 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
garden, 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 Morey 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.

Pepin 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
during his trial. On reaching the fatal platform he
moved to the assembled multitude, resigned himself
to the hands of the executioner, and in another
moment ceased to live.

The appearance of the next prisoner (Morey) who
descended the scaffold, excited an intensely painful
feeling among the spectators. His age, his physical
weakness, and his venerable grey hairs, seemed to
command respect, and to give weight to the terrible charges
against him, and to excite the sympathy of his guilt,
which he manifested the moment of expiring with his
breath. In consequence of his extreme weakness, he was
actually lifted to the scaffold by the executioner and
his assistants, by whom he was stopped to the fatal
blade. The blade then descended, and about before
the executioner and his assistants could prevent
the fatal blow, he fell, his wretched mortal was
a feeble reed.

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 in a few moments he was
falling on the guillotine, 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

reverend 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
comrades 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
Pepin and his confessor on their alighting at the scaffold,
and said, "M. Pepin, 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." Pepin, 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."—
Though this last declaration might give a gleam of
hope to Pepin, 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." Pepin 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. Morey'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, Morey 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 Pepin 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
Dietrich, 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
fore 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 deathly 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
Burrage 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
and two sisters by the name of Chapin, born in Mass.
whose ages are as follows, 89, 87, 85, 83, 78, 75, and
70. 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.

