

Argus.—A few weeks ago, we had an opportunity of examining in artificial eye, which matched as well with its fellow, that for several minutes we were unable to decide which was the right eye, and which the counterfeit present. It is a gentleman who had touched his eye, and well informed, had been with it the last year, eye for ten years. The operation of inserting an artificial eye, which was performed by Dr. Wadsworth of this city, was attended with very little pain; and the new eye opened a wash with the natural one, and moved with it in all directions, doing every thing, indeed, that a good and lawful eye should do, but *sight*. This fault, however, was worked at by the other, which did not even the smallest objection to see for both, a more harmonious pair, constituted of such different materials, never moved in bonds together, and Dr. Wadsworth is entitled to much credit, we think, for the perfection to which he has brought this branch of Medical science, among us.

Christian Mirror.

Execution.—We learn from the Boston *Post*, that the sentence of the law, on Silas C. Crockett, and Stephen Russell, condemned for the capital crime of arson, was executed at that city on Wednesday morning last, in the private yard of the Lexington street jail. The convicts were arrested in their cellars by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and prayers were offered in the jail before proceeding to the scaffold. Crockett it appears, sustained himself with firm resolute self-possession; but Russell was entirely overcome by his feelings,—partly the result of a delusive hope of a commutation of his punishment, which the latter had indulged in up to the hour of execution. The execution took place in the prison yard; but it seems public curiosity was not to be circumvented in this way.—The *Patriot* says: “There was a great concourse of spectators, who viewed the scene from without the prison yard.” Their conduct, however, was orderly, and no accident occurred in consequence of the crowd.

MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Prison of America.—Thirty-six years have rolled away since the body of your beloved Washington was consigned to the humble sepulchre in which it now repose. The melancholy event threw the whole nation into tears, and the determination of our Representatives to erect a monument to his memory worthy of his sublime virtues, was, then every where hailed with delight. But no memorial of your gratitude and veneration is yet visible. The stranger and sojourner in your country has still to ask where is the national monument, sacred to the memory of your illustrious Washington and dedicated to public and private virtue. Where shall I look for the evidence of the gratitude of the American People to the man who, under Providence, made them what they are? Alas! as a national memorial it is nowhere to be found.

America! Let not this generation pass away before you prove to the world that the memory of your beloved Chief is still held in veneration, and his great virtues and services still cherished in your hearts;—that the neglect so long evinced, shall no longer disgrace the character of your country, and bring which become the countrymen of Washington.

Americans, You are now called upon, perhaps for the last time, to respect your own character and that of your country, by doing honor to the memory of him to whom you owe so large a debt of gratitude. A monument is about to be erected under the direction of a Society, established for the purpose in the city which he selected as the nation, and which bears his honored name, by the voluntary contributions of the American People. The sum required from each is small, that each may have the honor of contributing to so noble an object. That no one may complain of not having an opportunity to share in the glory of such an undertaking, and show the respect and gratitude he feels, all will be called upon for their aid, and from all, old and young, male and female, that aid is expected.

With the aggregate thus obtained, a monument will be erected which like him in whose honor it is to be constructed, will be without a parallel in the world. Every where the memory of the Father of his Country is held in veneration; and let your contributions be in proportion to that veneration. The time has come when the stigma of ingratitude shall be blotted from the escutcheon of the Republic and the American people will no longer be tainted with indifference and apathy to the memory of their illustrious patriot.

Fellow Citizens! The monument to the erection of which you are now called upon to contribute, must be worthy of yourselves, of your country, and of the man to whom it is to be dedicated. It will be a monument not of Washington alone, but of the gratitude, patriotism, munificence, and the taste of the people of the present age of the Republic.—It is intended therefore to make it at once stuporous and elegant, that it may be an object in which the present generation will glory, and at which future generation will admire and wonder. To this a general contribution of even the small sums required, (and which every one can afford,) will be sufficient. For these the agents of the society are authorized to call upon each of you; and it is expected that no American will be indifferent to his own reputation and the character of his country as to refuse or withhold his mite from an object so noble, so patriotic, and so honorable to the American People.

By order of the Board of Managers of the Washington National Monument Society; **Geo. WATTERSTON, Sec.**

The undivided will, with as little delay so far, been such as to afford a well grounded expectation that the great and patriotic object the society has in view will be accomplished. The amount of each contribution by each individual is limited, by the constitution, to one dollar, that each individual may have the glory and gratification of aiding in the construction of this great monument. The plan, the committee think, is the only practicable one that could have been adopted; and the object of the society has received the sanction of some of the most distinguished names of which our country can boast.

C. J. HAND,
Collector for Indiana.

REPRIMANDING—CONRAD'S CASE.

The following is the reprimand pronounced by the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, upon Henry W. Conrad, the hero of the celebrated bribery case. We can scarcely conceive of a situation more replete with all the elements of mortification than that of Mr. Conrad. He has resigned since.

Henry W. Conrad.—This is the day on which I have been directed by the representatives of the people of Pennsylvania, publicly to reprimand you for a violation of the duties which, in their opinion, are due to them and our common constituents. I need not say that it is to me a source of deep regret, that any member of the legislature of Pennsylvania, should be placed in the relation to the house, and the country which you occupy, and that my official station compels me to execute the judgment of your fellow members. The judgment has been deliberately formed, after having fully heard your case, and the result is, that you have been found guilty of attempt to mislead public sentiment at the expense of the character and reputation of the legislation of our commonwealth, and vilify and calumniate grossly, those with whom you were in the habit of daily communion. The object of the evidence offered by you to the committee, was to show that the conversation you had with the Senator from Schuylkill, was purely peculiar, and that you so considered it. Supposing this to be, it has seemed to this house that your subsequent conduct, in representing that an attempt to bribe a member of the legislature, has been seriously made, and your repeated assertion in public places, that senators and representatives had been bribed was an utter dereliction of your duty as a man of honor, and an abandonment of that high integrity and purity of purpose which should distinguish a representative of a free and honest people.

Had not the public mind been disabused, and the antidote of truth met and subdued the venom which a combination of designing men had endeavored to circulate, the most disastrous consequences must have ensued; confidence in the purity of popular representation would have been destroyed; the character of the commonwealth stigmatized, and the triumph of those at home and abroad, who would rejoice to see your native state degraded from her primary rank in the union, and subjugated to pernicious influences from abroad, would have been complete; and among the active agents in this disgraceful conspiracy you have been found. It is a source of gratitude to every honest freeman of Pennsylvania, that such success was not achieved, but the pleasure which such a result occasions, is greatly qualified by the conviction which has been forced upon us, that you at least, are entitled to no exception from the emphatic condemnation to which a share in this wicked and disgraceful scheme justly subjects you.

It is not necessary that more should now be said on this painful subject, and in mercy to your feelings, I readily abridge my part in the painful exhibition of this day. In conclusion, in obedience to the order of the house, in the name of the people of Pennsylvania whose representatives we are, and whom, through us, you and your confederates have traduced, I solemnly and emphatically reprimand you.

WASHINGTON MONUMENTAL SOCIETY.

MARCH 24, 1836.

Mr. LANE, from the committee for the District of Columbia, made the following

REPORT:

The Committee of the District of Columbia, to which was referred the memorial of the officers and managers of the Washington National Monument Society, respectfully report:

That the committee have ascertained that a society has been established in this city for the laudable purpose of erecting, by the voluntary contributions of the people of the United States, a magnificent monument to the memory of the great father of his country, at the seat of the Federal Government.

The officers and managers of this society consist of the most respectable citizens of Washington, who, conceiving that it was only necessary to make an appeal to the patriotism and gratitude of the American people to be enabled to raise a sum sufficient to accomplish an object in the execution of which every American must feel a pride, organized a society, adopted a constitution, and proceeded to put their plan into execution.

The board of managers, chosen triennially by the society, commenced its operations during the last summer, by the appointment of collectors of contributions in almost all the States and Territories of the Union. These agents are employed in collecting, or making arrangements to collect, in the several districts for which they were appointed, and for the claimants, of withdrawing the money external barriers.

their success, your committee understand, has, from abroad.—*Washington Glob.*

FROM A FRENCH PAPER.— EXECUTION OF FIESCHI, MOREY, AND PEPIN.

This morning, at 10 minutes past 9 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 Luxembourg and exhibited to the Gov. the order for the execution. He was immediately conducted to the Hall where the preparations were to be made.

Fieschi came out 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, without saying a word. When his hands were about to be tied behind his back, he requested that they should not be tied very tight. Several times during the 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, addressing himself to every one around him whom he had known in the prison. He then held his head down for a moment, and appeared to be thinking; then, 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 repent having done so, and I ought to serve as an example on the scaffold.”

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. Lavocat. I have done so in writing, and I suppose the law allows that my will be respected. Where is the man whose business it will be to pick up my head? I tell him it shall not be his, but M. Lavocat’s. Yes, my head belongs to M. Lavocat, my soul to God, and my body to the earth. Now let the others be brought forth; let them be placed before me; I want to see them; this is my day of festivity.”

The executioner took hold of his arm, and assisted him to one of the three chairs placed against the wall.

Morey was brought forward next, supported by two of the keepers. His silence and impudence formed a striking contrast with Fieschi, who was placed opposite Morey and did not cease talking.

During the preparations that Morey was undergoing in silence, a man was seen close to the pillar in a gray-coat, with a fur cap on his head, smoking his pipe. He appeared to be looking on as an indifferent spectator, and addressed a few words to his neighbors on the details of this ceremony. This man was Pepin.

On being called by the executioner he placed himself on the side of Morey, took off his coat and neck-cloth, 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 little. But 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, smiling, “you are pleased, you are now opposite your friend, (checking him) I mean your victim.” Fieschi attempted to reply, but was prevented by the Abbé Grivel.

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 confined 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 remained to be told.”

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 vehicle, 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 Luxembourg at half past 7 for the place of execution.

The melancholy cortége took the way of the Boulevards 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 traversing the road through which the cortége was to pass. On every tree of the Boulevards and gardens adjacent, commanding a view of them, there were perched from 10 to 15 persons.—The dead walls along the Boulevards were so 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 to that part of the Boulevard which adjoins the place of execution.

The crowd had been still more considerable, had quantity of vinegar will generally distract, immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little saltpetre will

doct of his vehicle, to see whether the scaffold was yet in sight. A few moments before the arrival of the cortége, 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 instantly filled with three thousand 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 contained 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 exhibited in his entire deportment, a degree of calmness and resignation that formed a strange contrast with the weakness and irresolution displayed by him during his trial. On reaching the fatal scaffold he bowed to the assembled multitude, resigned himself into the hands of the executioner and in another moment ceased to live.

The appearance of the next prisoner (Morey) who ascended the scaffold, excited an intensely painful feeling among the populace. His age, his physical infirmities, and his venerable gray hairs, seemed to command respect, in spite even of the terrible charges against him, and the conclusive evidence of his guilt, which he was now on the point of expiating with his life. In consequence of his extreme debility, he was actually lifted on the scaffold by the executioner and his assistants, by whom he was strapped to the fatal board. The knife then descended, and almost before the countless and breathless multitude could perceive the signal given for its fall, the wretched criminal was a headless corpse.

It was now Fieschi’s turn to leave the embrace of death, with which he had boasted his readiness to form companionship. He mounted the steps leading to the scaffold without the slightest symptom of faltering or wavering, 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 account of the distance we were able to distinguish only the phrase, “I die fearless—I have declared the truth.” As soon as the priest by whom he was attended had quitted the platform, the executioner performed the melancholy office, and Fieschi joined his comrades in guilt and misfortune in another world.

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 indicating that the fatal moment for him had arrived. Fieschi, accompanied by his confessor, whom he had intended not to leave him till the latest moment, came forward without hesitation, and requested permission to address the spectators. M. Vassal, the commissary of police, consented, but desired 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 firm and clear 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 victim 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 friends for burial at their request. The others were delivered for dissection. The entire of the ceremony occupied but the brief space of five minutes, it being exactly the time after 9 o’clock when the reeking axe fell upon the last of her 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.

The head of Fieschi was examined yesterday at Bicêtre, when it was found that, though the skull had been fractured by the bursting of the barrels, the wound had not penetrated to the brain. This accounts for 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 loss of blood, he would have effected his escape. The physicians have not discovered any remarkable indications on the skull.

A SINGULAR CASE.—It is stated in an English paper, that a lad in Leighburn was lately amusing himself by pursuing “buzzing milers,” as they are called, when another flying in an opposite direction came with such velocity into the mouth, that it remained fixed in the thorax more than a quarter of an hour, after which it succeeded in crawling into the stomach. So dreadful was the sensation produced, that the boy continued reeling for nearly twenty hours, and he only escaped with his life, owing to the great care of a medical gentleman.

It should be generally known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally distract, immediately any insect that may find its way into the stomach, and a little saltpetre will

doct of his vehicle, to see whether the scaffold was yet in sight. A few moments before the arrival of the cortége, 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 instantly filled with three thousand 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 contained the condemned, which had been left open for them to be seen by the public as much as possible.