FIESCHI AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

During the last week of the July of 1835. France was full of vague, but deep and universal apprehensions. On the 28th of July, the fifth anniversary of the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, then growing rapidly more despotic and less popular, was to review the National Guard of the Seine and the troops of the garrison of Paris.

Saint Pelagie Prison was full of republican prisoners. A band of nearly one hundred Lyonnese conspirators, among whem Reverchon was conspicuous, had lately defended themselves before the Peers at the Luxembourg with boldness and eloquence. Mad'lie Lenormand, the tashionable prophetess, bad predicted a

political catastrophe about this time. There is a heat and oppression in the air be-fore thunder, and also, before the outburst of political volcanoes; signs which alarm the thoughtful. The Duchess of Berry's friends were suspected of a wish to remove the wily king. Letters from Hamburg, Berlin, Coblentz, Aix, Chambery, Turin, spoke vaguely of myste-rious murmurs of danger. Now it was an ambuscade on the road to Neuilly, then an ex-plosive machine opposite the Ambigu-Comique Theatre. Houses were searched, arrests made. The bourgeous dreaded the public anniversary of the Three Days, yet they scarcely knew why,

It was generally supposed that the Luxem-bourg trials had driven the more violent re-publicans into a howing frenzy that most terminate in some insane act of violence Ministers were auxious; the mouchards (spies) were restlessly watchtul; M. Thiers adjured the king to be on his guard; the queen, Amelia, besought him not to face the danger. The king, cool in judgment, unimsginative, crafty, bold, brave, and sell willed, turned a deaf ear to all these random rumors, and bantered those who tried to arou e his f-ars.

On the 28th, the citizen king positively refused to allow any alteration in the place where the review was to be held. He was affable and chatty as usual, did not manifest the slightest aporch usion, nor ordered any precaution to be taken; but it was secretly resolved to guard and surround him as if he had been going futo an engagement. The only words that Louis Philippe uttered, alluding to the review, were on the night before, when, postponing some work which one of his librarians wished him to supervise, he suid:-

"To-morrow-at least if I am not killed." Long impunity had given the king a belief in the lutility of conspiracies. The Duke of Orleans shared deeply in the general apprehension, and said to General Baudrand, his first alde-decamp:--

"General, they threaten to fire at us. brothers and 1 will keep constantly near the king, and make a rampart for him with our bodies. You and the other officers of the cortere, on your part, on the least movement, must draw close and cover his Majesty."

Even that brave scarred old veteran, Mar-shal Mortier, the Duke of Traviso, was nervous. Mortier had been in the retreat from Ruesia, and, indeed, in all the great battles of the Revolution and the Empire, and, having subjects through rains of fire and hailstorms of bullets, had torgotten what fear meant; but still the remore roused him. Although the old soldier's health was so bad that only five months before he had been obliged to surrender the presidency of the council, he resisted all the prayers and supplications of his family, and determined to attend the anniversary review.

"Yes," he said, with the old fix-bayonet look -"yes, I shall go. I am a big man, perhaps I shall cover the king."

There is no doubt that these alarms arose from a consciousness of the feelings of the You heard the rumors at the marrough deal slabs in the poorest wineshops. 1833, there had been emeutes at Grenome, Lyons, Chalons, Marseilles, and at a dozen places. In 1834, two thousand persons were seized or chased out of France, one hundred and sixty-four political prisoners tried, and four thousand witnesses examined. The press dreaded more chains; justice was interfered with. The prudence of the King in his foreign relations the old Napoleon party maliciously v and glor

ble about the house; it was a small, mean strip of building, three stories high, with a dirty awning over the bottom shop, which was the owest order of cabaret. The last window but one had the usual Parisian outside shutters, and the top windows were open, with a dingy Venetian blind trailing out and held up from within half a foot of the bottom. The interior of such a house one could easily imagine. Two men in blouses drinking glasses of inky wine, a grisette and her mother busy at slop-work. above them some grimy gunsmith in swarthy attire filing and scraping, busy by himself, or with some cheery comrade, too industrious even to throw up the blind and loos out.

All at once, from no one knows where, comes a sound like a badly executed volley, mingled with a sort of muffled report. In a moment there is a terrible gap in the king's escort, and there arise cries of rage and terror, for the boulevard is strewn with dead and dying man and horses. Mer have fallen behind and round the king, but he and his sons are unhurt. In the lane facing the house, and under the ferrace of the Turkish Garden, a rain of shot had in the same way cut a path in the crowd,

The excitement was almost maddening. The pectators and the National Guards flew in all di ctions, as if an ambuscade battery had opened upon them and was about to fire again. A whirl-wind of fear swept the boulevard. Had the earth opened, or fire tallen from heaven? No one knew what had happened. But there lay the heap of torn and bleeding men, and there was the waf of smoke still drifting from the fatal window where the blind was lifted for sir. Lenormand had been right after all; the popular terror has some foundation. This was the blow that was threatened. And what was to follow? moment the more resolute men, the soldiers especially, who are accustomed to any sudden ness of death, threw themselves upon the doo of No 50, from whose top window the smoke still kept breaking out in thick whiffs,

The king was unburt, all but a graze on the fore-head from abullet. The mane of his horse had also been skimmed by a shot. The horse, starting had struck the king's arm against the head o the Duc de Nemours' horse, and for a moment Louis thought that he was hit. The horses of the two princes, who rode forward eager to their father's safety, were also grazed; but he relieved their anxiety by a few words. Then with one look of deep grief at the carnage around him, the king rode forward, reassuring the National Guards by his presence and his words.

When the crowd of soldiers and citizens went to raise the wounded, they found forty-two persons had been struck and nineteen mortally wounded. The nineteen included the following:-Poor old Marshal Mortier, sixty-seven years old, struck by a ball that had penetrated his left ear, traversed the muscles of his neck, and fractured his second cervical vertebra; Marquis Lachasse de Verigny, aced sixty, struck in the head by the bullet, and his horse killed by five balls in the neck; the marquis died that night. Colonel Raffe, of the gendarmerie of the Seine, aged fifty-six; he expired in the night. Count Oscar de Villette he excaptain of artillery, thirty-four years old; skull fractured by two sings. Rieussec, a lieutenant colonel of the 8th legion of National Guardsa great sportsman and proprietor of a horsebreeding establishment at Virolflay; killed by three bullets. Labrouse, seventy-two years old, a tax collector of the 7th arrondissement, struck in the right arm and abdomen: died two days after. Leger, mathematical instrument maker, and grenadier of the 8th legion, Benetiet, ebony carver, and grenadier of the 8th legion; killed on the spot. Prudhomme marble cutter, and sergeant of grenadiers; dead. Ricard, wine merchant and grenadier; dead. Brunot and Inglar, weavers; dead. Ardouin, a journalist; dead. Madame Ledernet; shot in the thigh, Madame Briosne; four wounds in the thigh. Madame Langoray, a workwoman, mother of four children, one of whom was in her arms when she fell dead. Rose Alison, a servant; wounded in the thigh. Louise Josephine Remy, a little girl of fourteen, dead. Leclerc. marble cutter, and sergeant of grenadiers; dead Remy, a little girl of fourteen, dead. Leclerc, an apprentice of thirteen years old, died a month atterwards.

The twenty-three wounded consisted of five superior officers, eight National Guards, five workmen, three children, and five women; there were all ages and all classes, generals and bakers, a chef d'escadron and a dyer, the son of a mayor and a street gamin; a lady fell beside her dying hussister: there were every kind, in the breast and on the head. thighs and feet, hands and mouth. A hair-breadth of difference in the elevation of the ambuscade battery, and more than two hundred persons would have been mowed down by that storm of slugs and bullets; a second sooner, and the king must have fallen, riddled by shots. Before the wounded and the dead could be removed to the hospital of St. Louis, or the neighboring bouses, No. 50 had been surrounded by a crowd of enraged and shouting men, commissaries of police, police agents, National Gwards, and maddened citizens. All the doors were at once blocked up by the crowd; the ground floor and the first floor, where M. Durant's wine shop was, was ransacked and searched in every part. Jaquemin, a commissary of the poli the first to accend to the third floor, A kick or two of his foot, and the barricaded door fell in, and M. Jaquemin and three Municipal Guards, seven or eight National Guards, and M. Bessas Lamegie, Mayor of the 10th arrondissement, rushed in. The first two rooms were empty; in the third, which was thick with smoke, they found at the open window a rough frame-work, like a clumsy table with the top removed; in this had been screwed twenty-five gun-barrels; some of these were split and shat-tered, almost all displaced by the terrible explo-On the right-hand side was a fireplace which blazed a fire of straw and wood. The olice, suspecting some trap in a fire too large for a garret on a hot July day, at once scattered and put out the fagots. As the men's eves grew accustomed to the thick, sulphurous smoke oozing from hell itself, as it seemed to their excited minds, they saw that the room was empty but that there were smears of fresh blood on the wall. On the floor, near the door, lay a pierced grey hat, with pieces of torn gun-barrel near it. All at once M. Jacquemin, crying "They are here," eprings on a door in the wall facing the window, but it proved to be only a large cupboard containing some straw and a Returning through the two rooms, mattress. the soldiers and police found on the left hand a small kitchen, with a window looking out upon court-yard. Here also there was a pierced with fragments of gun-barrels, and there were prints of fresh blood. There is a ladder in one corner and a trap-door in the ceiling. This monster of evil, this last embodiment of Satan, ladder, when Corporal Dautrep, of the Municipal Guard, draws him back. "If they are there," he says, "I am armed." He mounts with sword drawn and His comrades wait impatiently for his rendv cry for help ; but there is nothing there but a portmanteau that has held guu-barrels, a ham-mer, a finsk basket, and a scaled letter. Just then, a soldier, looking out at the window, finds a rope hanging down into the court below. It is covered in places with blood, and the police at once feel sure that the assassins have escaped n that direction. Whilst all this was going on, Daudin, a sharp officer, who had run into the court of the intal Maison Travant with some men of his bugade, Maison hears Lelevre, one of his police agents, cry-

a life-preserver made of cord and weighted with lead. In the confusion of numerous arrests, the man contrived unobscreed to throw a poignard with a silver handle under a camp-bed. nard with a silver inhibite under a camp-bed. Taken back to the room where the infernal ma-chine was, and examined before M. Gisquet, the prefect of police, the procurcur-general, the king's procureur, and the commissaries of police, the man explained by signs that he was the assas-su, and confessed that his name was Girard, the name found on some receipts for root which the name found on some receipts for rent which WTODE

had been discovered to belong to him. He was then handed over to Dr. Marjohn and Dr. Olli-vier d'Angers, and about two o'clock taken to the Conciergerie. The indignation at the hideous fanaticism, the bloodthirsty vanity of such a patriot as Girard, and all who instigated or aided him, was deep and heartfelt. The people felt that the king represented, however imperiecily, peace, order, and prosperity, and that without him anarchy and murder must reign supreme, The National Guards, who that very morning had been so cold and silent, were now loud and enthustastic in their cheers, and as the king rode mournfully back to the Tuileries, shakos waved on thousands of bayonets, and the "Vive le Roi!" ran deatening from street to street.

The Bourbonists, who had declared that the Duke de Berry died stabbed by Guizot and Decaze's liberal ideas, were now told that the Duchess de Berry's party had incited this murder. Party spirit, often dishonest, was now atroclously so. Each party tried by every mean and dishonorable shift to throw the odium of the crime upon its adversaries. In a letter to Marshal Lobau, the king spoke ominously of the murder:--

'Frenchmen," the king wrote, "the National Guard and the army are mourning; French families are sorrowing. A frightiul spectacle has lacerated every heart. An old warrior, an old triend, spared by the fire of a hundred bat-fles, has fallen by my side, struck by the blows that the assassin destined for me. In their desire to reach me, they have immolated glory, honor, and patriotism, peaceful citizers, women, and children; yes, Paris has seen her best bloud shed in the same spot and on the same day on which it was poured five years ago to maintain the laws of the country." The very day of the attempt the Chamber of Peers was organized as a court of justice to try the conspirators, under the presidency of Baron Pasonier.

Girard was twice examined the day of the massacre, first at No. 50, then in the Concier-gerie. At first faint and bleeding, he could only feebly hold up his fingers in reply to the questions. He implied that he was alone in the plot; that he had been for weeks making the infernal machine; that it was his own idea alone. He then fell back fainting. No more could at that time be got out of him.

In the evening, bandaged and slightly stronger. he confessed that he had had accomplices, but declared that he alone held the blind up and fired the train. He was a republican. The agony of his wounds then compelled the doctors to forbid the wretch being tortured by further questions. The next morning the man was better, and could speak. He said his name was Joseph Francis Girard, and his wife and child were at Lodeve, near Montpellier. He was thirty-nine years of age. The judge represent-ing the enormity of the crime, Girard cried, with broken words:-

"I am an unfortunate man. I am miserable. I can hope for nothing. I may render a service. We shall see. I regret what I have done. I may perhaps stop something. I will name no one. I will sell no one. My crime has been too much for my reason." He confessed that the newspapers i.ad excited him to the crime. He spoke of the emeutes in the Rue Transnanain and at Lyons.

It was still doubtful whether Girard had really had accomplices. One man declared he had seen three persons at the window, and others imagined they saw conspirators escaping over the roof towards the Rue des Fosses du Temple. The portmanteau that contained the gun-barrels was the great clew upon which the police relied. t had been brought to Girard three or four days before the crime, and Girard said it came from his wife, and contained linen and A waterman at the cabriolet stand in flint looks the Rue Vendome had catried it from the corner of the Rue Charlot to No. 50 in the Temple boulevard. It was a wooden trunk, four feet long, covered with black skin, and very heavy. A commissioner was also found who, on the morning of the 28th of July, had brought the trunk back from No. 5 to the Place Vendome. The cabman he had ordered to drive to the Place Maubert; but on the way he changed the order to the Place aux Veaux, near the Port aux Tuiles. A cooper's boy had helped him to put the box on his shoulder, and he walked towards the Rue Saint Victor. There the clew was lost, for Girard himself refused to SBY where he had taken the trunk; but it was dis-covered that he had taken the trunk to a mare-worker named Nolland, No. 13 Rue de Poissy. Girard, whom he had only seen once, came to him with the trunk, telling him if it was not sent for in an hour not to give it up without an order from M. Morey, a harnessmaker, No. 23, Rue St. Victor, who came for it. Here was another clew. Nolland, taken to the Rue Croulebarbe, pointed to No. 10, at the corner of the Rue de Chant de l'Alouette. The scent got hotter. The people there remembered Nolland's triend, a Corsican, named Fieschi, a short man, with brown beard and hair, and a outhern pronunciation. He had lived an inmous life with a woman named Petit, who had a young daughter with one eye, since hving in the Salpetriere. He had been the terror of e place, and used to boast of an infamous condemnation before a military tribunal. The judge's eyes sparkled. This was the man. Noland, being taken to the prison, at once recognized Girard as his old neighbor of the Rue Croulebarbe. Morey's porter identified the fourth story in No. 11 in the Rue du Long Pont as the to which be had taken the trunk. The police found there a young girl with one eye, named Nina Lassave, Fieschi's last mistress. The trunk was found in the room; she had ist written on a scrap of paper her intention killing berself, Morey having deserted her alter giving her sixty francs to go to Lyons and hide herself. The trunk had contained Fieschi's clothes and account-books, which she had The gun-barrels were identified as pawned. rejected Government barrels, purchased from M. Bury, a gunsmith in No. 58 Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and a pupil in the Temple testified to Girard and Morey buying the trunk found at Nina Las-save's. A woman, who had been with Nina to he review, declared that she returned trembling and distracted with grief, hearing that the nurderer was killed. On the 5th of August, Nina confessed the whole, IOn the 26th, she went to see her hideous lover, and found him at work at some machine, as she thought, in the ordinary way of his trade. Fleschi told her not to come to Paris luring the fetes, as there would be disturbances; and, it she came, he said he would not receive her. His manner seemed altered, and he looked careworn. She, however, went the next day, and the porter told her that Fieschi was then shut up with his uncle, an old gentleman (Morey,) o Boireau. and they had given orders that they would see no Some minutes after, she saw Morey and Fleschi sitting together drinking beer under the tent of a cafe. Fieschi, then more gloomy than ever, came up and told her he could not eccive her. The next day, feeling sure the fire had come rom Fleschi's window at No. 50, she lost her head, feeling sure that her only friend was dead; and, packing up her few things at the Salpetriere, returned to Paris to see the triends whom Fieschi had told her to consult on emergencies. She first called on Pepin, a grocer, No. 1 Faubourg St. Antoine. Not findgrocer. No. 1 Faubourg St. Antoine. Not find-ing him at home, she went, all in tears, to Morey, who said to her:— "Well, what is the matter? It was Fieschl, then, who fired the thing? Is he dead?" He afterwards, however, owned that he had been with Fieschi on the Monday, and then took the gist to a small wine-shop outside the Barriere du Trone, to talk to her more privately. Nina said, "What a dreadful thing—so many victims! They say General Mortler was so good,"

pistols, aud, after having fired with one, I should have shot myself with the other." "Hush is We shan't lose by waiting ; and be'll the bar of the shan't lose by waiting ; and be'll

rive up his body-guard. Fieschl is an imbecile would load three of the guns himselt, and it he would load three of the guns himsell, and it is just those that burst. I urged him to load his pistol. He ought to have blown out his brains. He is only a braggart. He went and told in several places that something was going o happen on the duy of the review : that was "But how did Fieschi, who was an engineer,

construct a machine like that?"

"It was I who traced the plan. I have only just form it up, or I would show it you. The runs were placed in such a way that they could ot miss; but Fierchi fired too late." On his way to dinner outside the barrier, Morcy had stopped at a paper manufacturer's to

which Fieschi had borrowed. Coming back, Morey stopped at the corner of a wall to throw away a bag of bullets he had in his pocket. Pepm, the grocer, was found in his shirt only, hidden in a concealed cupboard at Magny. He had with him two blouses for disguise, nine

hundred and forty francs, and a volume of the works of St. Just. Pepin had already been under accusation for having, in 1832, permitted he insurgents to fire from his windows in the faubourg at the troops. The police also arrested Victor Boireau, a tinman and a wember of the dangerous Society of the Rights of Man. It was he who, on one of Pepin's horses, trotted and galloped past No. 5. in order that Fieschi and Morey might regulate the ganparrels. Bescher, a bookbinder, who had lent his passport to Fieschi, was also arrested.

The trial took place before the Court of Peers, under the presidency of M. Pa-quier, on the 30th of January. So great was the interest excited in Paris that applications were made to the grand referendary for seventeen thousand five hundred tickets.

Fieschi, now the blood was washed off, and the plaster and poultices removed, appeared a short muscular man, with a high, narrow fore head, hollow eyes, livid face, and thin pointed nose. His Corsican face gave him a diabolical likeness to a degraded Napoleon. His black hair was cut very short, and shaved over the left temple, where the wound had exposed the brain; a second wound had gashed his left eyebrow; a third splinter had ripped the left corner of his mouth, and gave it a sardonic, grinning expression. His left eye was closed, and seemed lower than the other. His little eyes were quick as those of a rat, and much hidden by the brows. This monster of bloodthisty vanity, calling itself patriot ism, wore a black satin waistcoat and black cravat. He took snull perpetually, and kept arranging a portfolio of papers with gay and smiling alacrity. He was never still a moment. constantly rising up, sitting down, or turning his head from this side to that. He shook hands with his counsel, offered snuff to his guards, and seemed piqued at their refusal. He ssumed the air of a great man, whose actions, though mistaken, had been in pursuit of a grand

Morey, an old man on the point of dying from a terrible disease, had a calm, fearless manner, and was treated with consistent respect by Fleschi, whose death, however, he had no doubt planned by overloading three of the barrels. Pepin, a mild, talkative, weak man, looked pale and miserably apprehensive. Bescher was careless; Boireau, a very young man, energetic, eloopent, and assured.

Fieschi, in some vague hopes of being received as evidence, confessed, in the course of the trial, the whole progress of the crime. It was a plan struck out by Morey as early as 1824.

It was originally a mere soldier's scheme. "I said to myself one day. 'If I was in a fortress with five hundred men, and an epidemic came and carried off halt of them, could I defend the place with a few people left ? I had then an idea of mounting ninety muskets in a row. With that, thought I, I can destroy a whole regiment with a few men. Morey's wife saw me at it, and told Morey, who came and asked me what it was. I replied, a machine that could demolish Charles the Tenth and all his family. It was too complicated, how-ever, being ranged in batteries, and made for "I explained it to Morey, and he said, 'That

would do very well for Louis Philippe.' He put the model in his pocket, but did not say what he should do with it."

and all be wished was to win glory at the nead and all he wished was to win garry at the of one bundred or two hundred men, and chase the stranger from the Rhine, and drive off the Cossacks, who were jealous of France. Pepu then declared that the heads of all supporters of monarchy must roll along the streets like

on the 15th of February, the seventeenth audience, the Court brought a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners but Bescher, who was acquitted; Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin were condenned to death; Boircan to twenty years' detention, and to be for the rest of his life under the surveillance of the police. Morey heard his sentence with caim in-difference, Pepin with assurances of his invo-cence, Fieschi with vain and verbose assurances

of repentance. He had become a lion of the day, and keenly He had become a lion of the day, and keenly reliabed the popularity he had acquired so dearly. Even the peers applauded some of his sallies. With distorted face and sardonic smile he watched eagerly for his moments of recrimi-nation or self-assertion. The antecedents of Fieschi were soon un-ravelled. He was a Corsican of Genoese extrac-tion, born at Murato in 1790. His father, a con-denned criminal, had died in voluntary colla

denned crimmal, had died in voluntary exile. One of the assassin's brothers fell at Wagram; his only sister was blind. A second brother, born dumb, was so heartbroken with grief at the news of Fieschi's crime, that he remained two whole days without taking food.

Gluseppe Fieschi was originally a goatherd. but, being quick and adventurous, soon leit orsica, enlisted in a regiment of light infaniry at Naples, and, displaying much zeal and cour became regimental staff-sergeant by the age. time he was nineteen. Entering Murat's Guards, he distinguished himself by great courage in the campaigns of 1812 and 1814, and won the decoration of the Two Sicilies. In 1815 Fieschi deserted to the Austrians, and his in formation, it is said, contributed to his old mas-ter's deteat at Tolentino. When Murat was at Vescovato, Fieschi rejoined him, and was sen on important secret service to Naples. Hi reports encouraged Murat to bis rash and fatal expedition. On landing at Pizzo, Fieschi re-quested leave to go first and reconnoitre, and a very short time after Murat was shot down by the gendarmes of Monteleone.

Traitor or not, the man did not thrive. He returned to Corsica a beggar, to wrangle with his brother-in-law for a chare of the fraternal beritage. Unable to obtain even a sou, Fieschi took the law into his own hands, and, like a true Corsican moss-trooper, drove off a cow belonging to his brother, and sold it openly in the market place. Brought before a magistrate, he produced forged papers to prove his right, and was in consequence arrested and sent to Bastia. Here he escaped to the mountains by leaping from a window twenty feet from the ground. In 1816, when only twenty-six years old, Fieschi was condemned to ten years' imprisonment at Embrun, and to police supervision for life. At Embrun he learned the trade of a cloth-maker; and when he was released, breaking the ban, he went to Lodeve, and practised his trade. From there he went to the royal manufactory at Villetouvette, conducting him-self there well, and with a pretense of religion. Coming to Paris, he obtained help from his old commander, and became porter at a newspaper

office and a spy of the police. It was at this time that he sought help of Morey, and described himself as wretched as the dog that looks for food at a street corner. Most men, he atterwards said, in such misery, must have gone mad or thrown themselves out of window. It was in this poverty and despair that men like Morey took advantage of his cunning, recklessness, and inordinate vanity. The Gov ernment observing that a sort of boastful gratitude was a leading point in his character, persuaded him to disclose the plot to his old benetactor, M. Ladvocat.

The king, in acknowledgment, forgave Fieschi the particide's penalty of wearing a black veil on the scaffold, and walking to the guillotine with bare feet. While he was undergoing the

"Is it not heart-breaking that I should be the first executed for political causes since 1830? would rather have remained on the field at Beresina.

Pepin was cruelly bound in the camisole While his hair was being cut off, he said to Fieschi:--

"I am your victim," Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor stopped him. Fieschi then threw himself at Pepin's feet, and begged him to tell the whole DRY GOODS.

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WHITE 640-0D5. WHITE 600DS: Marseilles Quilla, from auction, bargains, Large Pialo Nainsooks, 50, 65, 60, and 85c, Pialo Nainsooks, 20, 31, 375c, etc. Fibe Victoria Lawns, 31, 275c, etc. Fibe Victoria Lawns, 31, 275c, etc. Fibe Victoria Lawns, 31, 275c, 45, 50, and 60c, Pian and striped Nainsooks, Swiss Mulls, etc. Shirred Muslins, White Marseilles, etc. Apron Bird, eye, Nursery Diaper, etc. Linen Bird Fronts, 30, 375s, 45, 50, 56, 623s, and 75c, Three-ply Linen Cuffa, 13c, 5e doz, Masses' Linen Hukis, 10c, Butcher Linen, 40 inches wide, 56 and 623c, Gents' Spring and Summer Underwear. Gents' Neck-fiels, Susuenders Hikks, etc. Hosiery at reduced prices, Ladies' Snging Gloves, 20c, up. Hamburg Edgings and Insertings, G. F. Veivet Ribbons, all widths. 3000 Linen Fans, at all prices, etc. etc. FARIES & WARNER FARIES & WARNER,

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THE DAILY EVENING TELEGRAPH .- PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1867.

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of France. Tolerant and wise men thought the ing too indiscriminate in his efforts to defend his power from revolutionists. He swept into his lawyer's net every sort of

opponent. He treated his enemics as if they had been God's enemies. There were fears that Justice was not merely to wear the bandage. but also to have her eyes put out. The press was to be gagged and throttled off from truth; there were rumors that the King was going to raise a body-guard, and so dely the bourgeols soldier, who had burnt pow-der bravely for him before Charles the Tenth turned his back on Paris. There was no liberty, then, after all the fighting for it. King Stork had unseated King Log.

The July morning came: the sky was blue and burning, the heat was striking fiercely on the walls of the Tuileries and the paving-stones of the boulevards, and the leaves of the trees m the Luxembourg gardens were languid with the heat. The quick, sharp "tam-tam" of the drums of the National Guard sounded everywhere in the soldierly city, from the Place of the Bastille to the Arc de l'Etoile. The measured tramp the intantry was heard in the Rue St. Honore and found the Bourse; behind the Madelaine and past the Louvre the lines of bayonets flashed and glittered; everywhere there was marching. The cavalry, too, were coming through the barriers; children laughed and clapped their hands; grisettes and bonnes smiled and showed their white teeth; old soldiers drew themselves up stiffly, and assumed a critical air, now and then perhaps passing their hands across their eyes with joy and pride when a son or a nephew (decore) marched or rode past among the "Premiere Legere" or the Cuirassiers, and nodded shako or heimet to them as they passed. The men of Austerlitz, t's men of Marengo were there, looking at the yc. the last revolution, and brown-faced striplings fresh from Algiers.

There were many blanks in the ranks of the National Guard, and that indicated mischief and dislike. That keen observer, M. Louis Blanc, says:-"The eity was alarmed and weighed down, and on every face there was a sort of half-defiant apathy. People were silent and sullen.

At half-past 10 the mockery of the festival to celebrate a restoration of liberty had begun. As the king passed through the gate of the Tuileries, the grenadiers threw their muskets forward and presented arms, stiff as statues of iron. The king bewed and bowed, and still rode on bowing, to encourage the scanty The staff was brilliant. The kind cheering. was followed by his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Joinville, close to and watchful of their father. Then came old Marshal Mortier, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, against whom steel and lead had been powerless for sixty years. He, too, looked on the alert, and watched the populace and the blouses suspiciously, ready to throw imself before the king, on whom he wasted his devotion. There were three other marshals rode near him-Count Lobau, the Marquis

Maison, Minister of War, and the Count Molitor. The National Guards were cold and silent. About half-past twelve the cortege reached the boulevard of the Temple. An immense crowd of every age and both sexes crowded the road-ways and the alleys, and filled every window. The poorer the district the more eager and numerous the crowd. Opposite the Jardin Ture, the space being large, the mob was enormous, and many well-dressed women filled the terrace

At that moment, M. Bock, a grenadier of the first battalion of the 8th Legion, advanced from the ranks to present a petition. The 8th Legion occupied the space between the Rue du Temple and the Rue Saint Ronge, the 7th Legion having been just marched from there to face the

M. Laborde, the king's ald-de-camp, put out his hand and received the petition. The King was just passing a tree opposite the last of a block of buildings adjoining a swo-storied cafe. There was nothing remarka-

ing:-"I see a man dropping from a rope into the

Lefevre and a comrade named Devillers in-stantly climbed to the roof of the shed that looked into the next yard, while Daudin went round by another door to the door of the Cafe des Milles Colounes, next door, when he was arrested by mistake, and led off to the Chatean difference in the meantume the two sents had d'Eau. In the meantime, the two agents had come upon a short, stoutly built man, staggercome upon a short, storty built man, stagger-ing from a dreadful gaping wound in his temple, and trying, with both Bands, to press back the blood that was gushing down over his cyes. He could make no resistance, and was at once led to the Chateau d'Eau with bayonets held to his knew.

his breast. They found on him six frances fifty centimes, a packet of gunpowder, a knife with a horn handle, a pair of green spectacles, a watch, and "He was canaille, like the rest."

"It was cruel to kill fifty persons to get at one. I, who am only a woman, if I had wished to kill Louis Philippe, should have taken two

It was then arranged between Pepin, Morey, and Fieschi, and the expense of the whole plot coldly and carefully estimated at five hundred francs. They met one day, after dinner, at Pepin's appointment, in the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to make experiments as to the best way of firing trains of powder. Afraid of being seen there, they went up into the vineyards. Morey drew out his "pear" (small powder-horn) and spread the powder. Pepin struck a light that went out. Fieschi then lighted the powder in the middle, and his comrades seeing the good effect, cried at once, "Ca va bien!" "And certainly no way is quicker and sharper than that," added the witness. They afterwards drank together at a restaurant at the Barriere de Montreuil.

The sums advanced to Fieschi were found in Pepin's books entered as paid to "the Dauber," as Fieschi was nicknamed from his grimiuess at his first interview with Madame Pepin, Boireau ent tools to pierce the touch-holes of two of the barrels. Morey had regretted he had not money enough to carry out another project. He had wanted to hire a house next Chamber of Deputies, and blow up the king and the princes the day of the opening of the Chambers. He also said (he was a celebrated leader at shooting-matches) that if he once got the king at the end of his gun, he'd take good care not to miss him. Fieschi especially insisted on his not being a

mere hired assassin. "Ne," he said; "I worked, I gained my bread

even while I was about to make this attempt. shall pass in the eyes of the world as a great criminal, not as an assassin. I do not deserve the name of assist. An assassift. I do not deserve the name of assassin. An assassift is a man who kills to get money, but I-I am a great criminal --un grand coupable. I declare that I re-ceived nothing from anybody. They shall never say that 1 am a stabber. I had goods from Pepin, but I paid for them; they were only sugar and triffes."

Fieschi met the Prince de Rohan also at Pepin's, who came, as Pepin said, to discuss some new machine for decorticating vegetables, out more probably for political purposes.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th when Morey arrived with the powder and bullets. The guns were loaded for the most part by Morey. The mounting and load-ing took up till after six. Morey then went out, keeping his handkerchief to his mouth. He also took off his July decoration, and turned his back to the people as much as possible to prevent being recognized. The barrels that burst were found to have been loaded with intervals purposely leit between the powder and the bullets, so that they might explode and Fieschi be destroyed. At eleven o'clock that night, siter leaving Boireau and his experiment of riding past, Fieschi went home and tried to sleep, vexed and alarmed at Pepin's disclosures to Boireau

The next morning very early, Fleschi went to young Corsican, named Sorba, to ask him to be his second in a duel. It was only a pretext to obtain society; for Sorpa was too young, and he dared not confide his fears to him. M. Sorba,

At half-past nine Fieschi met Boireau again on the boulevards. Bolrean left the friends with whom he was, and said to Fleschi:-

We are all ready. You go to your work; we shall be at our posts." Fieschi then met Morey on the Rue Basse du

Rempart. Morey proposed, alter all was de-molished, to destroy the telegraphs, to set fire to the barns in the banilene, and to attack the National Guard when they came to put out the

Morey said that when the Government was once free, the world would be happy, and the nation rich. Small fortunes were to be left alone; but when a man had a million, all beyond three hundred thousand francs were to thrown into the national funds, Pe Pepin "Mon clapped him on the back, and said, "Mon brave, you shall be recompensed." But Fieschi replied, the Government was not to be shut up in a snuff-box. There would be givil wars,

truth, as he had done, that he might appear before God without fear. Pepin heaved a sigh and replied, "No, I can

say nothing. I will not compromise fathers of As for Morey, he was so weak that he had

be lifted on to the scaffold; but he said calmly:-

"It is not courage I want, but legs," The scaffold had only been erected at a quarter before seven; at quarter past eight the execution took place in the Place de Jacques, sefore a vast crowd that filled every avenue Pepin was calm and resigned, and declared hi innocence to the last. "Since I must die, I will die. I have nothing more to say," he replied to the police agent, who, while he was being strapped to the plank, still urged him to con-fession. He died first.

Morey then ascended, calm and imperturbable; the plank went down, the old man's neck was clipped by the lunette- a second head rolled into the sawdest. Fieschi said to the people that he had told

the truth, and died without fear. Fieschi left his head to Nina Lassave, in order that she might benefit by the sale of plaster-casts taken from it. The doctor who had healed Fieschi's wounds opened the skull to see how the cure had operated. The poor girl Nina was hired a few days after as dame du comptoir in the Cafe de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse. There, in flame-colored satin, and with rich ornaments in her hair, the miserable creature sat, at salary of one thousand franes a month. The cafe was daily thronged by unfeeling idlers, who launched at her cruel sarcasms, re proaches, and disgusting ribaldry, until Nina often fainted, and was carried out of the room. When she returned and resumed her seat, she used to pathetically entreat that sport might not be made of her misfortunes. She is de-scribed as a rather pretty, mild, one-eyed gir), with a vulgar expression, and with two fingers eaten off her right hand by scofula.

The massive oak frame of the infernal machine, with its split gun-barrels, may still be seen at M'me Tassaud's, that indefatigable old lady having instantly pounced on the relic of a remarkable crime.

The infernal machine was not an original thought of Fieschi's, for, in the year 1789, a watchmaker named Brillon, being expelled from the Arquebusiers' Company at Senlis, deter-mined on revenge. He fired a train of gun-bairels at the procession as it passed his window, shot a man who broke into his barricaded room, and then blew up the house with all who were in it. The only man who escaped was the sol-dier who tried to drag him out, and he had twenty wounds, an eye knocked out, and a knee-pan broken.—All the Year Round.

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peol. Blank forms of proposals, with detailed informa-tion, will be furnished upon application to EDMUND SMITH. Secretary.

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