The Easton Gazette.

Next door to Campbell's Drug Store,
EASTON, MD.

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

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BURNING OF THE STEAMER NORTH CAROLINA.—The steamer North Carolina, running between Baltimore and Norfolk, took fire on Saturday last, when nearly off the mouth of the Potomac river. The fire was first discovered in the clothes press, on the upper saloon, when about five miles below Smith's Point Light boat, some eight or ten miles from shore, at fifteen minutes past two o'clock. There were twenty-six passengers on board, all of whom were saved, except Rev. Mr. Curtiss, of Chester, S. C., and it is impossible to account for his loss. The passengers all united in their efforts to save the steamer, Nothing was saved of the mails, baggage or freight. Mr. Capron, of Wilmington, N. C. had his wife and child with him; he threw the child over and then jumped in himself, followed by his wife, all of whom were picked up by one of the boats and rescued. The captain, officers and all hands displayed great coolness during the exciting scene, and the boats were launched in safety, and all finally saved, except Mr. Curtiss and one of the waiters. The officers and crew remained by the boat until it was impossible to save her, and when further efforts would only have increased their own danger.—The officers and crew consisted of forty persons, and they with the passengers made sixty-six in all. The clothes press was forward of the machinery, and the berth occupied by Mr. Curtiss was aft, and, it is supposed, that he was in a sound sleep and rather hard of hearing, consequently did not know anything of the disaster. He was about 75 years of age, and a Minister of the Presbyterian denomination.

The total loss by the calamity is estimated at $131,000, on which there was an insurance (on the boat) of $80,000. The loss of Adams Express Company is $2,000; Dr. Troup $2,000; freight $5,000; money and effects of passengers $1,000; captain and officers $1,000.

CRIMINALS.—Judge Price, on Saturday last, over ruled the motion for a new trial in the case of Marion Crop, convicted of the murder of Officer Rigdon. The prisoner was immediately thereupon sentenced to be hung on such day as the Governor may designate. Judge Price, in passing the awful sentence of the law upon the prisoner, delivered some appropriate and feeling remarks. Crop was returned to Baltimore city jail on Saturday.

Henry Gambrill, the appointed day for whose execution is rapidly approaching, is pale and haggard, and has very little to say. He reads much, and withholds himself from any contact with persons further than is necessary. Stephens, the colored man, is confident, he says, that he will be executed and shall meet his fate with calmness and resignation Wm. G. Ford, whose case seems now wrapped in so much uncertainty, was much elated upon the reception of intelligence last week that he would be discharged from prison in a few days, but the letter of the judge of the Criminal Court has destroyed all his hope, and our Baltimore exchanges say he now appears more saddened in spirit than at any time since he was sentenced to be hung. All the prisoners are guarded night and day and a strict watch is kept upon all who is permitted to visit them. Next Friday is the day appointed for the execution of Gambrill and Stephens.

MORE MURDER TRIALS AT TOWSONTOWN.—The murder case in Baltimore city, known as the eighth ward murder is now undergoing investigation at Towsontown, Baltimore county. The parties against whom indictments rest, are M. J. Grady, Henry Burns, Jas. Fawcett, Thomas Murray, William Quinn, Chas. Reilly and Peter Ward, separately indicted in Baltimore city for the murder of police officer William Jourdon, each as principal and each as accessory to the murder. The above parties were also separately indicted for riot.

Still More.—Henry Duvall, is on trial in Baltimore city, indicted (together with John Lemon and John Sickelfoos,) for the wilfull and malicious murder of Christian Fischer, at a house corner of Montgomery and Howard streets, on the night of September 18th, 1858, by shooting him with a pistol, the bullet entering the right side of the breast, causing his instant death.

The trials having been severed, Duvall is being tried by himself.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.—We began to think that Peterson had cut our acquaintance, but we have been agreeably disappointed by receiving the Feb'ry and March numbers. Welcome visitors they are. Those in want of this splendid work address Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. One copy one year $2.00.

A JUDICIAL FORAY.—Judge Stump, judge of the criminal court of Baltimore city, the Court of Appeals, and some of the newspapers of Baltimore, have had a warm time in the decision of the higher authority, ordering Judge Stump to give Ford a new trial and his refusal to do it. We give below a few remarks from the Baltimore Patriot: "We cannot but think that Judge S. would have been more effective if he had been a little more choice in his expressions. This is a matter of taste, however, and it is always better for a writer to give utterance to his *own* ideas in his own way, than to assume a virtue and have it not. As we are neither lawyers nor judges, we will not take it upon us to say whose decision is right in this case.

The Court of Appeals commands Judge Stump to give Ford a new trial agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such case made and provided. In reply judge S. says there are no such Acts, and until they can be found, he will not obey the mandate—and thus the case stands. If, through this legal foray, Ford is to be let loose on the community, somebody is responsible. We recollect hearing the venerable Judge Purviance once say in court, that "in all transactions some one or more was the responsible party." The fact was of easy solution, but to find the right one was, sometimes, not so easy. We think the public will not be satisfied if, in this court-quarrel the prisoner, who has been declared guilty of murder in the first degree, should again be sent forth to repeat his wicked deeds. It will be giving a license to murderers, for if as judge Stump says, the Court of Appeals can order a new trial, under the circumstances named, they can continue to do so until a trial will be a mockery and justice be dethroned.

We take the following additional remarks from the American of Wednesday:

"The inquiry, in view of Judge Stump's determination, now is, as to what will be its consequence? What course will the Court of Appeals pursue? We presume that the next movement in the case will be an application by the counsel of Ford for his discharge; of it will again be brought up before Judge Stump by Mr. Whitney, on a proposition to proceed with a new trial. Should a new trial be refused, or an order be issued by the Judge for the discharge of the prisoner, Mr. Whitney will appeal to the Court of Appeals to take action in the case, and in the meantime hold the prisoner under the indictment, which no one but himself has the power to quash. The power of the Court of Appeals in such an event does not consist merely in a repetition of their order to Judge Stump to proceed with the trial, but their duty will be to issue a mandamus to compel him to obey its former requisition. If the Judge should still persist in his refusal, the Court can order his arrest and imprisonment, without recourse to any other Court on a writ of *habeas corpus*, as no inferior Court can take action in the case.

The position taken by Judge Stump is an act of open rebellion to the Supreme Judicial authority of the State. As to the rumors in circulation that he is sustained by eminent legal advisers, we have good reason for knowing that they are wholly unfounded. On the contrary, the position he has taken is not only condemned by the bar of the city, but is regarded as too ridiculous for argument. It is viewed as an exhibition of temper rather than reason, The Court of Appeals have jurisdiction over all *legal points* arising in criminal cases certified to them on a writ of error, and although its reasons for granting a new trial in this case may be regarded as insufficient, there can be no doubt as to the fact that it has not exceeded its constitutional power in ordering a new trial of William G. Ford."

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 1.—Last night about 11 o'clock, a frame house on the outskirts of Allegheny city, occupied by Mr. Rodgers a carpenter, was totally consumed by fire.

Mr. Rodgers, his wife and three children were burnt to death in the flames; only one of the family, a boy eleven years of age, being saved.

The fire originated in the lower story, while the family slept above, and the flames spread so rapidly that it was imposible to save the inmates. Their charred bodies were recovered from the ruins to-day, and a coroner's inquest has been held, but nothing was elicited from the evidence to indicate the origin of the fire.

The father was intoxicated when he retired to rest.

The Pittsburg Journal, in giving the particulars, says further that *six* children, instead of three, were burned, and thus describes the fearful scene produced by their sufferings:

"Screams were heard by the neighbors in the house before the fire was discovered by them, but supposing that they were, as usual, occasioned by a drunken fight, and as they were known to have been drunk all day, nothing was thought of it till the flames were seen. But it was too late; the drunken husband and wife, father and mother, were consumed in the first story, while the cries of poor innocent children, the innocent victims of the infernal vice of their parents went up in hopeless agony from the second story, where the merciless flames had encircled them with their fiery and fatal wreaths before human aid had reached them. The only one saved was a boy who got out on the porch. The house was dry and burned like a flash."

SALT LAKE, Feb. 2.—A private letter from Salt Lake, says that Judge Sinclair had adjourned the grand jury *sine die*.—The jury was composed of nine gentiles and twelve Mormons, and the factious spirit rose so high in the jury room that revolvers were drawn, and a general fight was with difficulty prevented.

☞ From a recent report of the Secretary of the Interior, made to the Senate, it appears that the entire cost of government buildings in Washington; including statuary paintings, has been $14,709,339 00!

"MORAL COURAGE."—It was said, when Gov. Hicks was nominated for the high position which he so ably fills, doing honor to the State and credit to himself; that if he should be elected, he would not have sufficient "*moral courage*" to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the "rowdies" of Baltimore city, when convicted of high crimes Is His Honor, carrying out this saying of the wiseacres, or not? We think not. On application being made to him to commute the punishment of Henry Gambrill, lately convicted of murder in the first degree, in Baltimore city, he says, "I am here to see the laws faithfully administered, failing to do this, I am a perjured man. I am not to take the place of your courts of law, but to act my *part* in conjunction *with them*. It is the duty of the courts to investigate, to try cases, it is my duty to carry out their behests."

We give below the able letter of the Governor on the pardoning power, which we think looks very dissimilar to the predictions of the prophets of '57.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
Executive Chamber, Annapolis, Jan. 28, 1859.

To Editors of the Baltimore Clipper:

Gentlemen: Learning that some misapprehension has arisen in regard to the letter written by me to Thomas Gambrill, Esq., father of the unfortunate Henry Gambrill, now under sentence of death, I ask of you the favor to publish the enclosed verbatim copy of the letter above alluded to.

Very respectfully yours,
THOMAS H. HICKS.

STATE OF MARYLAND
Executive Chamber, Annapolis, Jan. 14, 1859,

To Thomas Gambrill, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Having, since your interview, repurused and carefully considered the various letters, affidavits, memorials, &c., presented in the case of the unfortunate Henry Gambrill, I now redeem the promise made, by writing to you. A thorough and serious investigation of the case as it stands but confirms the conviction of my judgement formed, and expressed to yourself and friends on Monday last, viz: If Henry Gambrill is guilty, as pronounced by the court, I cannot interfere. If on the contrary, facts had been adduced to convince my judgement that he is innocent, and that the court had proceeded in error in his case, I should not commute his punishment to imprisonment for life, but would give him an unconditional release. No such evidence, however, has been adduced, and I am constrained to let the case take its course, the reasons given on Monday for my unpleasant action still hold good.

Truly I told you on that occasion, I was most unhappy on account of the solemn and weighty responsibility resting upon me.—Often the most perfect antagonism of feeling and judgement harrasses me, and could I yield to feeling should speedily relieve all who come in trouble to me, but my position requires of me the exercise of judgement, and whilst mercy should predominate *justice must not be disregarded.*

I am here to see the laws faithfully administered, failing to do this, I am a perjured man. I am not to take the place of your courts of law, but to *act my part* in conjunction *with them.* It is my duty to carry out their behests. The responsibility is now on the court; if wrong is done the unfortunate party, the court and the jury who heard the evidence, saw the manner and character of the witnesses who testified and who decided the case accordingly have done the wrong. If they have decided properly and I interpose, then the responsibility will be taken from that tribunal and placed upon my shoulders. I cannot therefore, entertain this case, no just reason having been made apparent.

Indeed it is to my mind lamentable that so little sympathy should be manifested in such cases for the murdered, and yet so much interest felt for the murderer. It is but too certain that if we trample the criminal laws under foot and disregard their importance, all protection to the unoffending to the masses, vanishes. I profess to be a conscientious man, tho' a sinner, and cannot find in my judgment and sense of propriety a justification to interfere in this case.

I therefore respectfully decline my interposition. Very respectfully,

Your ob't. servant,
THOMAS H. HICKS.

THE "UNION" ON THE THIRTY MILLION BILL.

The Washington *Union* denounces "woe against the men and the parties" who oppose the Thirty Million proposition. When we consider that the journal which issues this anathema, suspended an expression of its own opinion more than a week, we may properly appreciate the impudence of its assumption as a special champion of the measure.

By what authority does the Washington *Union* presume to thunder, interdict and excommunication against an independent Democracy? Who armed it with the power to bind and to loose? Is it recognized as an infallible oracle of political faith?—These interrogatories will provoke a smile of derision from the State-rights Democracy. A paper which advocates federal appropriations for a Pacific railroad, which proposes to substitute specific duties for the Democratic rule of *ad valorem* imposts,—which in a word, can exhibit a sound and consistent record on no single point of Democratic doctrine. will be repulsed and reviled in its attempts to wield the power of supreme pontiff over the party. Its indignant explosion is the *brutem fulmen* of an arrant pretender.

So far as the Democratic press of the South has avowed an opinion of the Thirty Million proposition, it is almost unanimously condemned. The *Enquirer* and *Examiner* at Richmond, the Charleston *Mercury*, and the Augusta *Constitutionalist*, each utters an energetic protest against the measure. What then,—is the *Union's* anathema to fall with annihilating effect upon these journals and the independent popular sentiment they represent? In that dismal day when schism rent the bosom of the Church a prostrate and pauper pope gravely denounced damnation against the true and triumphant "Successor," together with the universe of his adherents. The *Union's* interdict is as ludicrous an exhibition of impotent anger.

It is perfectly well understood among all parties in this city, that the Thirty Million bill is a sham demonstration. Everybody admits the utter absurdity of an attempt to purchase Cuba in the present posture of affairs. A distinguished Southern Senator emphatically expressed the universal sentiment when he declared that Mr. Buchanan might as "well essay to 'toat' himself from the White House to the Capitol by the seat of his pantaloons, as undertake to acquire Cuba for a pecuniary consideration." What, then, is the object of the movement? Here, again, intelligent persons are agreed in opinion. Everybody in Washington understands that the Thirty Million bill originated in the desire of demagogues to propitiate the public sentiment by an apparent zeal in a popular enterprise. Now, for our part, we do not intend to be instrumental to the success of any so discreditable artifice. And, besides this repugnance, we have sense enough to understand that any overture for the purchase of Cuba at the present moment, will only result in postponing its acquisition to an indeffinite period. That is the opinion of every man at all conversant with Spanish politics. We do not believe, for instance that Mr. Buchanan is so stupid as to attempt to buy Cuba. He will not use the money; but the mere movement will provoke the Spanish people to a declaration of inexorable resistance to the cession of the island. It is for this reason we oppose the Thirty Million proposition.—*States.*

RELIGIOUS.

[Reported for the Easton Gazette.]

REVIVAL INTELLIGENCE.

Progress of the work in the M. P. Church—Religious interest awakened in the community—Greatest Revival since 1842—The day of Salvation—Subjects of Prayer presented—Number of Conversions.

Sabbath, Jan. 30.—The word of the Lord continues to have free course and to be glorified. This morning before public service a considerable number of persons assembled, by appointment, in the church for religious conversation and prayer. The Lord blessed the services. After sermon eight persons were received into probationary membership. At night four penitents presented themselves at the altar. One of them professed faith in Christ.

Monday night, Jan. 31.—This indeed was an extraordinary season of Divine power. At the close of the sermon seventeen souls came forward to the altar. The whole congregation seemed to be moved by the power of God. Penitents crowded the altar, leaving but few of the unconverted behind them. Five penitents professed conversion.

For many years such an awakening to religion has not been manifest in this community It is becoming more and more general. The church has been roused from her spiritual apathy. She is now *working* in the vinyard. How appropriate to many churches that pointed and withering rebuke of Christ "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" It is but seldom that the church resolves to do her duty to the people, but whenever she does her labors are crowned with abundant success.

Easton has not been favored with such a revival since 1842. Then the whole community was more or less agitated; now it is beginning to be. That many are ready to denounce these religious awakenings as a *frenzied enthusiasm, wild fanaticism* and *animal excitement*, is well known. Why do not such objectors come out and declare themselves in plain terms as did the opposing multitude in Jerusalem on the day of Penticost, and say "*These men are full of new wine.*" The opposers of religious revivals are ranked with a very unenviable class and their religious experience and condition are certainly not to be coveted.

Tuesday night, Feb. 1.—After sermon ten penitents came to the altar. One of them professed faith in Christ. What a propitious time to seek salvation! Behold this is the accepted time! Behold now is the day of salvation!

Wednesday, Feb. 2.—At 3 o'clock P. M. a prayer meeting was held. This meeting was well attended. The number present was an evidence that there is an unusual interest upon the subject of religion in this place. God has blessed most abundantly the day prayer-meetings in the cities, so will he bless them here. A lady asks the prayers of the church in behalf of her conversion. These meetings commence at 3 and close precisely at 4 o'clock. They are for all persons. At night 8 penitents came forward to the altar for prayer. Among the number the lady who asked the prayers of the church in the afternoon. Her son was also amongst the number. God is answering prayer. One of the penitents was a middle aged man, for whom especial prayer had been offered for six weeks. This is a most striking answer. There are others in the community who have been prayed for as long. What encouragement to continue praying for them. Three of the penitents made profession of faith in Christ.

Thursday afternoon, Feb. 3.—This was quite an inclement day; but notwithstanding a good congregation was present for prayer. A gentleman arose and asked the prayers of the church. A pious mother asked prayer for her son and his wife. These meetings are truly interesting and profitable. At night, though raining heavily, a good congregation assembled. Nine penitents came forward to the altar. Four of them professed conversion. A young lady asked the prayers of the church in behalf of her aged mother and uncle, stating that she had been praying for them for years, and wished the church to join with her in their behalf. God is answering prayer.—Twenty-nine persons have made a profession of religion. A general love-feast will be held for the special benefit of young converts and serious persons on Sabbath morning at 9½ o'clock.

Easton, Feb. 4, 1859. OBSERVER.

☞ We understand that the Delaware Railroad Company will decline to take the $100,000 provided in the Lottery grant, and that a bill will be introduced this week to appropriate it to the Junction and Breakwater Road.

It is said that a bill will be introduced this week providing that the State shall endorse the bonds of the projected railroad companies to a certain amount, to anticipate the bonus from the lottery grant.—*Smyrna Times.*

ANOTHER LOTTERY GRANT.—The *Reporter* of Friday last says there is another grant asked for to raise the sum of $150,000, to build a new State House and a jail in Dover, and to give $10,000 to each Agricultural Society in the State.—*Ib.*

SENTENCE OF MARION CROPPS.

As this case, with that of his companion, Peter Corrie, has been looked upon with great interest, not only throughout this State, but, owing to the atrocity of the crime, have attracted attention far and wide, we think the remarks of Judge Price on sentencing the convict to death, are full worthy of perusal. As will be seen below the prisoner evinced throughout the whole trial, a perfectly reckless disposition—a heart as impenetrable as the flint, a conscience completely seared by sin of the deepest die:

About 2 o'clock, on Saturday last, the court directed "Marion Cropps" to be placed at the bar. Upon the instant a breathless silence prevailed throughout the court-room, when the Judge addressed the prisoner as follows:

Marion Cropps, after a patient trial you have been found guilty; by the unanimous verdict of a jury of your country, of the highest crime known to our laws—*murder in the first degree.*

Have you anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced upon you?

[To which the prisoner replied, "I have but a few words to say. I am innocent; I have not had a fair trial. A witness that swore against me perjured himself, and jurors also That is all I have to say.]

Judge Price continued:—

Your's is no *ordinary* case of murder.—On the contrary it is a *most extraordinary* one. Extraordinary, because of the terrible wickedness of the *motive* that prompted the atrocious deed; extraordinary, because of the *cold blooded pertinacity*, with which you dogged your inoffensive victim from place to pface, from street to street, and from house to house; extraordinary, because of the *place* where your horrid deed was done. For at his own fireside—on his own hearthstone—his wife by his side *in the very line of your shot*, and at her feet, did Robert M. Rigdon, by your hands fall, to rise in the majesty of his strength no more. Extraordinary because of the *overwhelming strength* and mass of the evidence against you. From the time you were foiled in your attempt to rescue Henry Gambrill from the officers of the law, every action of your body—whether crouching at the lamp-post, or awning post, or peeping into the window, the deadly and heavily charged weapon you carried in your bosom and sometimes in your sleeve, and every word you uttered, up to the very place where this deed was done—indicated the bloody purpose of the soul; and even there, at that little back window, in that little alley, did you leave the damning proof of your guilt, and afterwards, too, your own lips, and your own letters, and your own witnesses on the stand, spoke trumpet-tongued against you.

If the jury that tried you had found a different verdict it would have shocked the entire State. I believe it would have been felt from the tops of the Alleghany mountains, in Western Maryland, to the sea shore. I believe it would have reverberated with deep if not terrible significance, in every valley, from every hill-side—in every city and town and hamlet and fireside in the State. It would have gone booming over the vast plains bordering the Chesapeake, away down to where the ocean surf washes Worcester's shore. More than this, I believe *the great trial by jury* itself would have felt the shock; and that with a few more *such* shocks it would have tottered on its foundations, if not have fallen prostrate before them, and been trodden under foot as unfit for the times, and as unreliable, faithless and worthless thing.

Again. Of all the extraordinary things about this case, the most extraordinary of all, as it appears to me, is *yourself.* For eight long days you and I sat here face to face. As the case progressed and was developed—as witness was added to witness—testimony to testimony—facts piled upon facts—proof on proof, I could not help looking into your countenance to see if there was any emotion there. There was none. The callousness, the stoical indifference, the fixedness, the hardiness, the immutability of stone, and not of human flesh and blood was there—and there always. Your eye never quailed—your brow never flushed—your cheek never blanched—your head never drooped, throughout those eight days of time, and not even at the rendition of the verdict. It is difficult to believe that a human heart throbs in your bosom. What a contrast you were to the learned, able and eloquent counsel and accomplished gentlemen by whom your defense was with so much zeal and ability conducted. I could see, in spite of himself, his varying countenance, and his heart sunk within him.—And your father, too, who stood by your side, day after day, notwithstanding a forced composure, I could see that he carried a father's heart in his bosom, and I thought I could almost see the iron as it entered his soul, and hope depart. But, as for *you*, throughout this entire case—up to this very hour—you seemed to have been and now to be entirely unconscious of the nature of the horrible deed you have done, and of the terrible punishment that awaits you, not only in this world, but in that other world on the threshhold of which you now stand. Would to God, FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, that I could make you in some measure, at least, feel and understand the atrocity of the crime you have committed. I feel my utter inability to do so. I must leave this to other and far abler lips than mine—to the ministers of God, who are appointed and accustomed to turn the sinner from the road to hell to the way to heaven. For

"There is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray."

The learned counsel, who with so much ability and fairness aided in your prosecution was understood by me to have stated in his address to the jury, and in your hearing, that it was impossible for any one who was not in Baltimore at Gambrill's trial, and at the time of Rigdon's murder, and who was not also *a part* of that community, to understand *at all* the deep feeling of horror, indignation and abhorrence with which your crime filled every heart in that city.—In this I incline to think he is mistaken, and I will tell you why. But in order to do so I must speak of myself; of the effect the news of your crime had on me. And I shall speak to you frankly and truthfully.—I had not been in Baltimore for some months before Gambrill's trial, nor was I there during that trial, nor for weeks afterwards.—I had read something but not much concerning it. I had returned from holding a protracted court at Elkton, in Cecil county, with a wearied brain and a wearied body, to enjoy for a day or two the rest of my home, among the secluded and beautiful hills of Deer creek, in Harford county, far from the turmoil of the great city where this deed of yours was done. On Saturday evening, the next day after Friday, the fifth of November, the day of your crime, I was sitting at my own fireside; my wife near me; my little children, their faces bright and beaming with joy and gladness around me. My own heart was full—overflowing—with the happiness of that hour, and, I trust, with deep gratitude to God for all His goodness. Some one, I do not now know who, handed me a package of newspapers from the postoffice. I picked up the Baltimore Sun of that morning and opened it. One of my little children playfully pulled it away; I put her little hand aside and took it again.

In looking over the paper, the first thing that attracted my notice was an editorial article which appeared in the paper of that day, announcing the murder of Rigdon.—I had been familiar with the details of crime of every hue, but this article riveted my attention. As I read, I held my breath.—I felt a thrill through every nerve. My right arm grew hard and strong. It was with an effort that I prevented myself from springing to my feet. I was never before so moved by the recital of a deed of crime. It was not fear, it was not terror—no *nothing* like it. I will frankly tell you what it was, I felt that a dark spirit of *vengeance* had uninvited entered my soul. To be sure, in a moment it was gone, but a *shadow* was left behind—a *dark shadow* as from the wing of a raven, and the happiness and brightness which had just filled my heart was changed as by the wand of an enchanter into sadness and gloom.

I think, therefore, although afar off, that I then felt and understood *something* of the deep feeling which pervaded that city.—You may thank your God that this deed of yours was not done in some communities in this land. Had it have been, Lynch law, that very hour, and at the very next lamp-post, would have been your certain doom.

I rejoice to know that the people of Baltimore at that trying moment, although greatly excited and deeply stricken with horror at your crime, did not lose their presence of mind, or their reverence for the law of the land I rejoice to know that you had ample time to prepare for your defense, and that you have had a patient, separate, impartial and legal trial, I well know there *is a point*, beyond which human forbearance *cannot easily go*, and *that point* you and your associate *had passed.*

I believe that thousands of people in this State, outside of the city of Baltimore, felt as I did—first, the *dark spirit* of wrath and vengeance, and then *gloomy sadness* shrouds the soul. For it is truly and inexpressively sad to know that such a cold blooded and brutal murder could have been done by one reared up in a Christian land—among a Christian people, and in the city of Baltimore, too—the centre of the civilization of the State—where public schools and Sunday schools abound, and churches without number, from the humble and unpretending little chapel or meeting-house to the lofty cathedral.

If you had never entered the threshold of one of these sacred edifices, nor heard the preacher's voice, nor the deep tones of the organ, nor the solemn chant, nor the simple hymn of praise, yet you must have seen the outside of these church structures—their lofty *spires pointing to the skies*, and ever inviting you to *lift your eyes*—to *look upward.* And you must also have oftentimes seen your fellow-creatures crowding the courts of these sanctuaries, and must have known *their object and purpose.* This fact alone might, one would suppose, have been sufficient to have arrested your attention and caused you to *stop and think.*—And on God's holy day, if at no other time, you must have heard the church bells resounding from every steeple and reverberating throughout every street, alley and house in that city, summoning *all* to worship *Him*—to offer the sacrifice of praise and of prayer and thanksgiving.

You *must* have heard these church bells. In your "*boosing den*" you must have heard them—in the filthy brothel, in the harlot's embrace, you must have heard them—everywhere you must have heard them—summoning you from the road to hell to the way to heaven! And that human heart of yours—for in spite of all contrary appearances, you *must have at least a human heart* in your bosom. My reason tells me so.—It *cannot be of stone*—for you could not live if it were of stone. Then this human heart of yours must have felt, and often, too, at different periods of your life, the "stings and arrows of a guilty conscience." And the spirit of God, too, must have time and again, made *its* power felt in the deepest recesses of that heart of yours. To be sure, God has said, "My spirit shall not *always* strive with man, whose breath is in his nostrils." He does sometimes say, "Let him *alone?* He is joined to his idols—*let him alone!*" This may be *your* case—it may be that this is the secret of the whole matter—the key that unlocks the mystery of your iniquity, and that we have at last found "the true theory of this case." God grant that it may not be so!

You and I are now about to part to meet no more until we both shall stand at the *last day* before the same judgment seat—the throne of God. And before we part I would say to you one thing more, you need not expect mercy in this world, you will not receive it. Do not hope for it. The sooner you abandon all hope or expectation of it the better for you. You must turn for mercy from man to God, and you cannot even expect it there till that IRON heart of yours melts as the iron which melts in the furnace of fire.

A prophet of God once spake to a King these words: 'Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." And we are told, the King "turned his face to the wall and prayed." These words, Marion Cropps, I now solemnly speak to *you*, "Set *thine* house in order; for *thou* shalt die and not live." And let me beg you, for your own sake, to do as that king did, "turn your face to the wall and pray" unto God. I would entreat you, I would *implore* you. O, do *not*, for your father's sake, whose grey hairs are now bowed in sorrow—for your mother's sake, whose heart is now rent with anguish—for your own soul's sake, O, do not *die as the brute dies.*

The judgment of the court is that you, Marion Crop, be returned to the city of Baltimore, where this murder by you was

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