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The Easton Gazette.

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ADVERTISEMENTS,

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Ode to Chesapeake Bay.

Thou Ocean Bay!
Though now with sails unfurl'd,
Collecting from the mighty deep,
Over thy curling waters sweep
The fleets of half the world—
There was a day,
Nor distant far the time,
When in thy solitude sublime,
Save light canoe by artless savage plied,
No sail was ever seen to skim thy billowy tide.

Bright Chesapeake!
Though now thy shores are crown'd
With grassy lawns and fields of grain,
That smile, and cheer the laboring swain,
And songs go blithely round,
That well bespeak
How pleasant joys may flow—
Yet three short centuries ago
No human voice was here save savage yell,
And dark upon thy waves the forest shadows fell.

Mother of waters! *
Thy noble streams did glide
Beneath a woody canopy
Through countless years, and still they be
O All lovely by thy side
As beauteous daughters,
And lift their voice on high,
And clap their hands as they go by
Proud Baltimore's rich monuments and domes,
Columbia's palace halls, and Richmond's patriot homes.

*The original signification of the word Chesapeake is MOTHER OF WATERS.

EXECUTION IN BALTIMORE,

OF

GAMBRILL, CROP, CORRIE AND STEPHENS FOR MURDER.

We take the following extracts from the Baltimore Sun of Saturday (Apr. 9, 1859:)

Yesterday was the day fixed upon by the Governor of the State of Maryland for the execution of the four condemed murderers, Henry C. Gambrill, Marion Crop, Peter Corrie and John Stephens, alias Cyphus, the latter colored. Many persons had arrived in the city during Thursday to witness the scene—all parts of the State, the District of Columbia, Virginia and Pennsyvania, and even New York city and Buffalo being repesented on the occasion.—Early in the morning throngs of persons began to pour in from Baltimore, Howard, Anne Arundel, Hartford and adjacent counties, and the houses of the city appeared to empty themselves of their inhabitants all wending their way to the streets and hills to the west and north of the jail, which commanded a full view of the high gallows erected within the jail yard. The house-tops, windows, trees and all other places from whence a more enlarged view could be obtained, were crowded with human beings. A sea of faces met the eye far and near—men women and children—old age and infancy—white and black—swelled up the vast multitude, drawn to witness the horrible spectacle. Thousands and tens of thousands were congregated in and around the jail and in view thereof. The morning was a fine one, with a cool, bracing air.—The sun rose clear, beautiful and brilliant, but in a short time the sky was overcast, and the clouds gave token of an approaching rain storm. Rain did not, however, commence falling until about half past one o'clock.

Notwithstanding the throng which poured out from every street thoroughfare towards the jail, there were hundreds who seemed to think that the execution would not take place—that at the last moment executive clemency would interfere and save the life of at least one of the condemned. But hour after hour passed, and no indication of a respite or commutation arrived.

The relatives and friends of the unfortunate men finally gave up all hope, and nerved themselves to await the shock they were to experience on the execution of the dread penalty of the violated law. In the meantime the condemned criminals were preparing themselves to meet with becoming resignation, the ignominious death that awaited them.

Before proceeding further, let us take a glance at the past, and see the origin of the crimes which brought these young men to the scaffold. It is full of warning and admonition.

THE PRISONERS AND THEIR CRIMES.

It may be well to state here briefly the several offenses for which the prisoners were condemned to die, as some months have elapsed since the murders were committed.

On the night of March 2d, 1858, police officers Benjamin Benton and Robert M. Rigdon of the western station, arrested John Gambrill and three others on the charge of attempting to set fire to a dwelling house on Ross, near Eutaw street. The officers saw the parties in the act of igniting combustible material, saturated with camphene, placed in a crevice between two frame houses, and arrested them. Two were tried and acquitted, the evidence not being very conclusive; but John Gambrill and another being more strongly implicated, removed their cases, on the 18th March, 1858, to Baltimore County Court.

Threats having been made against the lives of the two officers, if they dared to appear against the accused, they were advised to change their beats to another section of the city; but refused to do so. Officer Benton informed his brother officers at the western station that Henry C. Gambrill, brother of John Gambrill, had told him he should never live to appear against John; but the officer boldly disregarded the threat.

On the night of September 22d, 1858, a private party was being held at the dwelling of Mrs. Green, on Biddle street, near Pennsylvania avenue, and had progressed quietly until a crowd of young men, among whom was Henry C. Gambrill, came into the vicinity and created a disturbance by several forcing their presence into Mr. Green's house. The police were called and arrested one young man for disorderly conduct, when the somewhat notorious David Houck interfered with the officers, and Benton and Rigdon arrested Houck and started for the police station. At the corner of Biddle street and Pennsylvania avenue, whilst Houck was struggling with the officers, Henry C. Gambrill ran up from the direction of Mrs. Green's, placed a pistol close to officer Benton's head and shot him dead on the spot. Officer Rigdon fully identified Gambrill, whom he knew, and he was arrested within an hour afterwards.

On the 24th of September, 1858—two days after the murder—Henry C. Gambrill was indicted in the Criminal Court of Baltimore, his trial commenced on the 28th of October, and terminated on the 5th of November, by a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. On the 23d of November he was sentenced to be hung.

On the evening of the 5th of November, about six o'clock, after the rendition of the verdict, as the prisoner was being conveyed to a hack to return him to the jail, a desperate effort was made to rescue him, and only a strong body of police prevented its success. The warden of the jail and his deputies were forced to take refuge in the middle station house, and a large body of police with loaded muskets escorted the convict to prison. Intense excitement pervaded the city on that evening and night, the jurors who sat in the case, the State's attorney and his assistant, Mr. Duffy, and especially officer Robert M. Rigdon, being threatened with vengeance by the infuriated mob who had been foiled in acquitting, or rescuing, the prisoner.

So great was the danger to officer Rigdon that he was advised to go home from the western station-house, and not go on duty that night. He did so; but the friends of Gambrill had determined to take his life—he being the main witness on whose testimony Gambrill was convicted. Marion Crop and Peter Corrie took upon themselves (or were assigned to do the deed, by lot,) to kill officer Rigdon, and after dogging him about for an hour or so, about eight o'clock on the same evening—the 5th of November—they went to Rigdon's house on West Baltimore street, near Pearl, to carry out their determination. Corrie watched in the mouth of a side alley to the house, whilst Crop proceeded up the ally into the yard and firing a large "bob-tail" gun, through a window, shot Rigdon through the body, whilst standing leaning on the mantel piece, conversing with his wife, killing him dead on the spot. The murderers fled but the alarm being given, Corrie was pursued and caught, not, however until he had fired several shots at the officers pursuing him; and on his information Crop was soon after arrested.

Marion Crop's trial commenced on the 3d of January, 1859—the trials having been severed at the instance of the defense—and on the 11th of January the jury rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. On the 29th of the same month he was sentenced to death. The trial of Peter Corrie commenced on the 13th of January, was concluded on the 26th of January by a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and on the 11th of February he was sentenced to death.

Gambrill was a young man, about 25 years of age, about five feet eight inches high, weighed about 150 pounds, brown hair, fair complexion, and by no means bad looking. Crop was about 24 years of age, five feet nine or ten inches high, weighs about 180 pounds, and of a light complexion and light hair, and somewhat of a repulsive countenance. Corrie was 28 years of age, five feet six inches high, weighing about 180 pounds, and of ordinary appearance.—Gambrill kept a restaurant at the time of his arrest on Franklin street. Crop was elected in 1857 a constable of the 14th ward but resigned that, and was known as a common rioter and rowdy, a number of cases being against him in the Criminal Court.—Corrie was a butcher by trade, had been away a year or two in Kansas, where he is alleged to have figured discreditably as "Butcher Pete," and had been associating with rowdy characters for two or three months after his return, prior to the murder. All three were single men, and the sons of very respectable parents.

John Stephens, alias John Cyphus, the colored man, on the night of September 3d, 1858, proceeded from the vicinity of North and Bath streets, where he lived, with an abandoned colored woman called "Topsy," to the western section of the city, and to the house of another colored man named William King, on Wagon ally, near Schroeder street. He there desired to stay all night with the bawd accompanying him, but was refused permission by King. Stephens crossed the alley, called King over, and, when he came, stabbed him with a knife, causing his death in a few minutes.

Stephens was arrested and indicted on the 27th of September, 1858; his trial commenced on the 25th of October, and concluded on the 28th of same month, by a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. On Nov. 24th he was sentenced to death.

The Condemned in their Cells.

JOHN CYPHUS

John Cyphus presented a different conduct from the others. On Thursday night he was quite cheerful, and spoke of his confidence in God. He reiterated his innocence, and catching the bible in his hands called upon God to stop his speech if he spoke not truly when he declared his innocence of the terrible crime for which he was about to suffer. He told Mr. Edward Lamdin, who was with him, that when the tragedy was enacted he was two miles distant from the place. He slept well at night, and next morning arose in good spirits.—As soon as the cell was opened Rev. Samuel Chase entered. Cyphus met him, and, with a smile, said, "Brother Chase, all is well; though an innocent man, I am prepared to die."

At five minutes past ten o'clock the Sheriff, with one of his deputies, entered the cell of John Cyphus. His hands were then bound, and his arms tied from behind.—While the officer was performing this duty, the doomed man frequently raised his eyes and ejaculated a "Thank God!" He said "it has been said that I made a confession, but such is not the fact."

MARION CROP

exhibited more firmness on Thursday night. He said he could bear all but giving up his father and mother, and brother and sisters. They were near to his heart, and God only knew how hard it was to part with them.—The parting between the prisoner and his father is said to have been a most affecting scene. He clung around his father's neck, kissed him time and again and wept with the fullness of a child. In parting with his mother, for her sake he appeared calmer than in parting with any of his relatives, but when she had gone the strong man sank.

"FRIDAY MORNING, 9 o'clock.

"To my spiritual advisers: By your kind instruction I have a bright hope of going to that land where the parting hand is never taken, and my dear friends, if you should ever happen to see any of my old companions, tell them to turn to God, for he is a merciful God. And farewell, farewell till we meet in heaven.

MARION CROP.

In his cell on Thursday, Crop said to Rev. Wm. Scott Downey, who frequently visited him, that up to that time he had expected that his friends would rescue him, but then hope had tailed, and he saw only death before him.

PETER CORRIE.

At 8 o'clock Thursday night Corre's relatives took their final leave of him. His mother, sisters and others of the family had remained with him all day, engaging in religious exercises. The parting between the mother and son was most affecting and sad. Corrie, when they were about to leave him, entreated them all to pray for him, and said they would all meet in Heaven.

At half-past ten o'clock the sheriff entered his cell. Upon entering, Corrie was seated with his spiritual advisers, the Revs. Thomas and John Foley, and the Rev. Father Hickey. At the first end of the cell a neat altar was erected, on which were candles burning and several small crucifixes. As the sheriff entered Corrie arose and pleasantly greeted him. The sheriff then proceeded to pinion his arms. While the cord was being placed on his hands, the sheriff asked him if it felt easy: he replied with a smile, "No sir, it feels comfortable, it don't cut me." A black shawl was then pinned around his shoulders, when the sheriff left the cell. Everything being ready, the door of the cell was opened, and Corrie, supported on one side by the Rev. Mr. Foley and on the other by deputy sheriff Pontier, passed into the corridor and took a position in the line in the rear of Henry Gambrill.

Corrie is said to have written a letter revealing all the facts connected with the murder of Rigdon, but yesterday burnt it up, saying that he had now become pious, and would not now injure his neighbor; he was to die upon the scaffold, and would not allow any others to suffer for the crime.—It was intimated to him by some one on Thursday that Marrion Crop had made a confession, to which he replied, "That he did not believe it."

HENRY GAMBRILL.

Up to a late hour Thursday night Gambrill suffered very much from prostration, but his spiritual advisers remained with him and counselled him to rely upon God as the only help in his severe need. Gambrill made a statement to two of his personal friends, in which he stated that he was innocent, having known nothing of the murder of Benton until after it was perpetrated. At 20 minutes of 11 o'clock, Sheriff Creamer entered the cell to make his final preparation. Gambrill, who was on his knees, arose quickly and put on his coat without aid.

He said to the sheriff—"Sheriff, this is one innocent man you take out of the world." The sheriff replied that he regretted it—it was his stern duty to perform it. He was dressed neatly in black. A friend (Rev. Mr. Evans) asked him how he felt. He said that he was ready to die. Gambrill drooped his his head, apparently in deep penitential sorrow, and in a few minutes looked up, and, addressing the sheriff, said: "Are you most ready?"

The sheriff replied that he was. Gambrill said—"I want to go as quick as possible."

LEAVING THE CELLS.

At three minutes of eleven o'clock, the four prisoners were brought from the cells to the corridor, and formed in procession.

The sheriff headed it, Gambrill came next with deputy sheriff Daneker and the Rev. Mr. Hedges.

Corrie next, with Deputy Sheriff Pontier and Messrs. Foley and Father Hickey.

Crop next, with deputy sheriff Woolen and Rev. Messrs. Brooke and Hildt.

Cyphus came last, with deputy sheriff Sparks and Rev. Mr. Hoff, and Rev. Messrs. Webb and Chase, colored.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

The prisoners took their places under the ropes on the drop. Amid breathless silence, Gambrill stepped forward and said:

"Fellow citizens, I am now about going into eternity, but am innocent of the murder of officer Benton, or of having anything to do with it. When you see the trap fall under me, you will see an innocent man launched into eternity. Farewell, one and all."

Cyphus then stepped forward and said: "I must tell you that you are going to hang another innocent man. I know nothing of that murder. They gave me a name I never went by. I am going home to God. I have no more to say than that. Good-by, all of you, my friends."

Crop then sang a hymn in a loud voice and was joined by Gambrill in the most distinct tone. Cyphus sang lower, and the lips of Corrie only could be seen to move.

THE FATAL DROP.

The deputies reached the ground, and as Sheriff Creamer stepped from the last step of the scaffold his foot touched the trigger, and at 5 minutes past 11 o'clock the drop fell, amid a suppressed thrill of horror, and four human beings were dangling in the air.

LOWERING OF THE BODIES.

At half-past 11 o'clock, having hung twenty-five minutes, the bodies were lowered near the ground, and examined by Dr. E. S. Thomas, physician of the jail; Dr. H. P. P. Yeates and Dr. Owings Mann, to see whether any life remained.

There was a faint pulse perceptible in the heart of Cyphus—the others were stilled in death.

Eight minutes more elapsed, and Cyphus being still too in death, their bodies were lowered down and placed in the coffins provided by the friends of each.

CONFESSION OF CROP.

After the death of the parties the following note was handed to Sheriff Creamer, and opened by him:

"It was me that shot Rigdon; but I have repented of it."

"The above note was written by Marion Crop on the morning of his execution, about ten minutes before nine o'clock, with the request that it be not opened till he was dead.

B. F BROOKE,
G. W. HILDT."

THE LAST LETTER FROM CROP.

The following letter was written some days previous to the execution, and placed in the hands of Dr. E. S. Thomas, to be made public after Crop's death:

To my Fellow Mortals:—Dear friends: Within a few hours of the moment when life and I shall part, and feeling the awful position in which I now stand, and knowing that I shall soon appear in the presence of the Almighty, I desire to say a few words in taking final leave of you, by way of expressing sincere sorrow for past acts and admonition towards those with whom I have been associated.

With regard to the causes which impelled me to yield to the grosser passions of my nature, I wish to say nothing. Let the veil of charity cover them as it should cover my sins, now that I am about to expiate them. It is scarcely necessary that I should remind you of the necessity to avoid the influences which led me into my present position; but to my former companions, I wish to give some advice, and oh! that it may be considered as a voice from the grave, exhorting and compelling them to avoid what has brought me to this.

Liquor and bad associations are the bane which has ruined others as well as me; and oh! let me entreat you to remember the fate which has followed my transgressions, and profit by it. Let it stand out in after years as the sign-post, warning others from the wrong road into the right one, and reminding them, when disposed to engage in similar acts, of what may await them.

By the ignominious death which I am to die, and by the bleeding hearts of agony which I and my companions have caused, I conjure you all to fly from the deeds which are illegal and sinful.

I wish in conclusion, to expres my thanks to the warden and his deputy for their kindness, and to Mr. James Prior and Robert Ramsey who have been in my cell four weeks with me. Finally, good bye to all God bless you. MARION CROP.

THE DYING STATEMENT OF HENRY C. GAMBRILL.

The following statement was made at a late hour on Thursday night by Henry C. Gambrill to a friend, whom he especially requested to visit him in his cell for such purpose.

On to-morrow, and the time will have arrived when I shall suffer an ignominous death; and now in full view of that fact, as well as of a deep sense of the terrible responsibility resting upon my immortal spirit if I shall go into the presence of God with any other than the naked truth upon my soul, I fell it due to my afflicted family, to myself and to the public, to publish to the world my dying statement "of all my connections with the unfortunate murder of officer Benton."

On that night I left my house, in company with Richard Harris, Houck, Davis McPherson and others, without having the least intention of committing violence against any one, and without any understanding or knowledge whatever with any of the parties to do wrong—having no firearms myself, and not knowing that any of the party had any. We went to James Morgan's. After staying there a short time conversing with Mr. Baer and Mr. Miller, we all left Morgan's together, and stopped at Mr. David Cross' in Biddle street and sang a few songs. We then went to Mrs. Green's, and commenced singing there, when Richard Harris went into Mrs. Green's house. I remember on the pavement talking with Henry Lancaster about getting Harris and the others to go away, which I intended to do. In a moment or two John Isenhardt got into Mrs Green's house through the window, which so alarmed the inmates that Mrs. Green's son ran into the street and called for the watch. Officers Burk and Handy being close by went at once into the house and arrested Isenhardt and as they were bringing him out, officers Benton, Taylor and Brown came from the direction of the avenue, which is near to Mrs. Green's. Officer Benton caught hold of Isenhardt, when David Houck interfered, whereupon Benton let go his hold on Isenhardt, and seized Houck. Officer Brown then assisted Benton, and these two officers were carrying him away, when Richard Harris came out of Mrs Green's house, bare-headed, with a pistol in his hand, which he was about to elevate, when I ran to him and said, "what do you intend to do with that weapon? put it away and go into the house for your hat." Harris made no reply, but put the pistol behind him and went back into the house.

I then left Mrs. Green's pavement, went along Biddle street till I came to Pennsylvania avenue, down which I turned, and kept on the right hand side. When I got nearly opposite Orchard street I met Sergeant Waters going up the avenue towards Biddle street, and just as I passed, and within a few feet of him, I heard the report of a pistol, and immediately turned round, and noticed that Waters had also stopped. I then saw Richard Harris running down the avenue on the other side, near the curb stone. Sergeant Waters hailed him, when Harris answered, (still running fast,) "Up at the corner." I saw Harris turn from the avenue into Orchard street, and run up the street. Sergeant Waters then continued up the avenue, and I kept on my course towards home, going down the right hand side of the avenue, till little above St. Mary's court, when I crossed over to the other side, turned into Franklin street from the avenue, kept along the north side of Franklin street, and when between Green and Paca streets fell in with Benj. Holtz and Mr. McPherson, who were a little ahead of me; they asked what the noise meant, and I replied, Isenhardt is drunk. I then crossed over to the south side of Paca street in company with Mr. McPherson, and whilst crossing Paca, just at its intersection with Franklin street, I called out to Holtz, whom we had just left, and who was still on the north side of Franklin street, when Holtz came over and joined us again.

I continued towards home, and when arriving at the corner of Franklin and Eutaw streets, McPherson and Holtz left me, and I went into my own house, five houses from that point to Franklin street. Soon after reaching home, and whilst eating a piece of watermelon in my bar-room, officers Watkins, Brown, Norwood, McDonald and Maloney entered, and some conversation took place between them, when Watkins asked Brown if he could swear to him, to which Brown replied no. Watkins said, then we have no business in here and they all left.

After eating my piece of watermelon, and feeling anxious to know what had happened, I put on my coat and cap and went out. On the corner of Franklin and Eutaw streets I saw McDonald and Maloney, who had but a little while before left my house, evidently in search of some one, and I asked them what they meant by coming into my house in the manner they did. McDonald replied that Benton had been killed, which was the first I knew of any murder having been commited. I then asked them who had done it? They answered that they did not know. I put this question to both of them, and they both gave the same answer. "I then said to Howard Davis, who was with me, let us go to Morgan's and inquire about it."

When we got to Morgan's I saw Richard Harris and others, and at once said to Harris, "I believe you killed Benton," to which he replied, "I know d—n well I did, for I went back and looked at him" and then pointing to a young man, (whom I have since my trial discovered was a Mr. Chenoweth,) said, "there is a man who will swear I was at the truck-house drunk," I then told Harris that the officers had been to my house in search of some one, when Davis spoke and said, "Yes, and as we are about the same size, let us change clothes." Whilst they were changing clothes some one rapped at the door and I opened it and went out, and was immediately arrested by officers Dennison and Lineaweaver, who said they wanted me. I then inquired for what? when they answered. "We will tell you when we get further down the street. "After going a short distance I asked again, and Lineweaver said, "Benton is killed and you are charged with the murder," and which I positively denied by saying, "*Gentlemen, you are mistaken.*" I was taken to the station-house and thence to the jail on that charge.

This is in detail all I know of the circumstances connected with the murder of officer Benton—'tis what I have said first and last, and now declare in the last hours of my life; and that, too, with a full knowledge that in a very little while I shall have to meet this question at the bar of a just and righteous God. That I shall die for the crime committed by another, is not only well known to myself, but also to my friends and associates. I never could have believed that Harris, with whom I have always been on terms of great friendship, could have acted towards me in the manner he has, and I have reason to believe that he would have relieved me, had it not been from influences brought to bear upon him. But, though I suffer for his deed, yet will I forgive him, and pray that God may also forgive him.

I desire to say, that I have no right to complain against the court and jury, in view of the evidence as developed at the trial. I believe the jurors acted conscientiously, and would have been glad to have acquitted me if the evidence had justified. As to the evidence itself, it is perfectly plain that I was convicted solely upon the testimony of *one* witness, Mr. Rigdon; and now that he has gone to his grave I will utter no harsh words against him; I have no disposition what ever to do so, but will only declare that the day of eternity, at least, will satisfy the minds of all that Mr. Rigdon *was mistaken.* And in regard to the lamentable murder of Mr. Rigdon, it was entirely without my knowledge or approbation. No one regretted that unfortunate affair more than I did. My impressions have already been, and my friends say, that Rigdon was killed because upon his evidence the life of an *innocent man* was to be taken away, as my associates knew me to be such.

In regard to the *new evidence*, discovered since my conviction, coming though it does at the eleventh hour, it is nevertheless of such a character and so truthful, that it ought to have relieved me. And just here I wish to return my grateful acknowledgments to those jurors, who belving in this testimony, have joined in an appeal for executive clemency; and I only regret that the Governor could not be prevailed upon to act upon their recommendation—because, as I believe, and as my friends believe, of the influence of a few gentlemen brought to bear upon him. Why these few have been so determined that I should die, I will leave them to reflect upon, as they journey through the uneven walks of life. I will not, in my last hours, harbor any evil thoughts against them.

I feel it my duty to give a word of advice and counsel to my former associates and companions, which is to *avoid evil company*, as to this, more than any other circumstance, is to be attributed my lamentable end. Avoid intemperance—follow some lawful and legitimate pursuit in life—better join the church, than join the clubs—and seek for happiness, where it alone can be found, *in serving God.* Perhaps I ought to say, the great error of my life was in opening the restaurant, *contrary* to the wishes and entreaties of my dear father.

And now, as to my spiritual condition—though a sinner when I came into this prison—yet being visited by the servants of God, who have deeply sympathized with me, and faithfully instructed me in the things that belong to my peace, I have been induced to make a sincere and hearty repentance of all my sins—having first felt a *deep conviction and sorrow* that I had so long violated the commandments of God. And now, by faith in my adorable Redeemer, I have the most abiding confidence that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven me for my sins, and inspired me with a strong and unwavering hope of eternal life beyond the grave. And even as I stand in full view of the cold waters of Jorden, and coming in upon me of this mighty tide bearing on its death waters the awful and unhallowed instrument which is to extinguish my life, I feel a calm and settled peace—peace with my God—peace with my fellow-men; I realize that all is well. I freely forgive all and any who may have done me any injury, and trust all will extend to me a like forgiveness.

To my beloved parents, sisters, brothers, and relatives, I say, meet me in Heaven. Our separation, at most, will be only for a brief period. Seek for consolation, in this day of sorrow, in Christ alone.

To my spirtual adviser, the Rev. Mr. Hedges, also to Mr. Higgins and Mr. Minner, and to Dr. Wyatt, as well as to some dear and valuable friends. I return my sincere thanks for their kind and unremitted attentions to me, and for the deep interest they have manifested in my present and future weltare I trust and believe that we shall meet again in a brighter and better world than this.

To Capt. James, and all the officers of the prison, I am extremely grateful for their kind and courteous attention, and the pains they have taken to make me comfortable.

Also to the regular "board of vistors" I am under many obligations for having often entered my cell, and desired me to make known my wants, that they might have them supplied.

And now, calling God to witness the entire truth of this, my "dying statement." I bid this world and its affairs a long and final farewell. HENRY C. GAMBRILL.

Witness: WM. S. BROOKS.

Baltimore City Jail, April, 7th, 1859.

INCIDENTS OF THE EXECUTION

After the bodies had been taken down there was a rush by those inside the yard for a piece of the rope with which the parties had been hung In a short time all four of them were cut into small pieces to satisfy the eager crowd. A superstition exists with many people that the possession of a piece of the rope with which a person is executed acts as a charm to protect them from evil. Even the cords with which the hands and arms of the men were bound were carried off.

Elijah alias Boney Lee was confined in a room which overlooked the scaffold. When the trap of the scaffold fell it caused him to tremble with agony. Just as the trap fell the fourth finger on his left hand became suddenly dead, and the blood leaving it, the finger commenced shriveling up; in a few moments, the palm of his hand became bluish, and a sharp pain extended along the arm to the elbow. A servere pain also struck him in the back of the heau. Medical attendance was summoned as quickly as possible, and he appeared to recover.

HEN MANURE FOR CORN.

Messrs Editors—Seeing the statement of Mr. MEEKS, in regard to the use of hen manure for corn, I beg permission to say something also. I fully concur with him in regard to the furnishing of subjects, and if it would not be asking too much, I should like to have you publish that article again or give us some new subject for the benefit of the new subscribers who have not that No. I find that the great trouble with myself is to find a subject, which after being supplied, I can go ahead.

In 1852, I had a lot of hen manure in an old corn house which I had fixed up for my hens, and I concluded that it would be a good plan to try it on land rather than to sell it as many of my neighbors, and in fact myself had been in the habit of doing. So I planted about thirty rows through the middle of my piece on it, and the rest on old well-rotted stable manure, and the corn on the hen manure was taller, larger and the best corn every way. The next year the piece was sown down with wheat, and, where the hen manure was, it was the best, and every one asked the reason for it; and when I came to mow the grass, it was the best where the hen manure was applied. Last year I had one acre on it, and one on stable manure; the one on the hen manure gave twenty bushels of shelled corn the most, and was the best corn both were planted the same time on the same soil, and received the same culture, viz. cultivating and howing twice.

My way of using it is this: put about a large handfull in the hill, and cover over a little earth; then drop the corn on, and cover; and after the corn is up, put a little around the corn, but be careful not to let it touch the seed or young stock, or to get too great a quantity in the hill, for then the corn comes up and is as black as ink, and soon dies. But on the whole I find it the best manure that I can use on my corn, although great care has to be used, but I shall here after compound it with dry muck and ashes, and then there will not be so much danger in use. M. *Richmond, Me.*

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