CAMBRIDGE DEMOCRAT,

THOMAS H. HANDY, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Wednesday Morning, Feb. 9th, 1859

St. Valentine's Day.

"St. Valentine's day comes on next Monday, the 14th of February," as we have just heard a young lady say to another as they looked at a window, in passing, where the announcement was made of the fact that "Valentines" were to be had there. The custom of birds mating on St. Valentine's day, according to the old poets, gave rise to the sending of Valentines on that day by a lover, expressive of his love.

In the days of chivalry it was quite an occasion for expressive rhyme and devoted service; but now, since the "days of chivalry are gone," the occasion is too often abused, anonymously, to wound the feelings of others by sending a satirical or mocking missive and picture, exposing the personal or mental peculiarities of individuals; or worse, shocking female delicacy in a way that one who has the slightest pretensions to being called a gentleman never dreamed of. To such an extent are these anonymous insults carried in some of our cities, and, as we understand, particularly in New York, that no lady thinks of receiving a Valentine thro' the post office; and furthermore, a writer in the "Great Republic Monthly" says: "If we had young daughters about us we would forbid the servants delivering to them on the 14th of February, 1859, any package, embossed or otherwise, bearing their address."

We cannot believe that this will apply to our latitude, but it is well to let it be known what advantages the vulgar and the envious may take of an occasion of all others the most devoted to poetry, courtesy and love.

☞ Our friend of the Eagle says, that "since the last Presidential election, most of the respectable papers of the country have abandoned the systematic abuse of the principles and motives of the American party." And the reason, he gives is, that Mr. Fillmore received so large a vote. Yes! we thank our friend for posting us on Mr. Fillmore's flattering vote, for we do, now, remember that he was a candidate—a candidate of a native American party—he carried *one* State—and if we remember aright there were grand illuminations and torch-light processions, (with long-visaged followers) and firing of guns in honor of the signal victory of this *Grand National Party*.

Why! No wonder the papers have ceased to abuse the motives and principles of this party—it having been entirely swept from every State in the Union, save here in Maryland, where there is still a remnant of it left in Baltimore; and from present indications, it is likely that its fate will be that of the "Kilkenny Cats."

Lectures in Cambridge.

Some time since a number of our leading citizens addressed a note to Mr. F. W. Thomas, requesting him to deliver a course of Lectures during the winter at such times as would suit his convenience; each also subscribing for a season ticket to the course proposed. Judge Stewart kindly offered the use of the Town Hall to the Lecturer, and the Lectures will commence on to morrow (Thursday) evening, February 10th.

The first Lecture will be on "*The Life and Character of Burns.*"

Those having season tickets, admitting a lady and gentleman, will show them at the door, where single tickets (price 25 cents) may be had. Lecture to commence at 7½ o'clock.

FIRE IN SOMERSET COUNTY. The oyster and fruit preserving establishment of Messrs. Hamblin, Baker & Co., on Fishing Island, Somerset county, near the mouth of Monokin river, was destroyed by fire on the 1st inst., involving a loss of some $8,000, upon which there was no insurance. The establishment had existed for several years.

EASTERN SHORE RAILROAD COMPANY. Over two thousand shares of the capital stock having been subscribed this company is to be organized at Princess Anne, Md., on the 22d inst. The road to be built by the company is to connect with the Delaware railroad at the Maryland line.

OXYGENATED BITTERS.—The cures effected by this remedy are truly astonishing. The confirmed Dyspeptic regains his pristine vigor, the Asthmatic "breathes freer," Indigestion disappears. These *Bitters* produce these wonders. Let all who suffer try them.

Books, Newspapers, &c.

FRANK LESLIE FOR FEBRUARY.—This magazine is deservedly a favorite with the public. It is remarkably well printed, is gotten up with taste, and its illustrations are always in good keeping, and especially are its fashion prints tasteful, and of a larger size than those of most other periodicals.

"Glimpses of Turkish Life" will interest those who wish to know something of interior Turkish society

"How I Tamed Mrs. Cruiser" is continued with increasing interest, and there are other articles of varied attractions.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.—The initial number of this new serial has just reached us. It is published by Frank Leslie, Esq., whose popular magazine we have noticed above. It is designed, as the editor tells us, to be "as perfect a family paper for the country as possible." It has a high mark—but the experience and skill of Mr. Leslie will bring him as near to it as any other editor we know of. The lovers of the grotesque and ludicrous will here find enjoyment as well as those whose chief delight is in grave and didactive essays. "The Stars and Stripes" is printed in a clear and handsome style. We cannot omit publishing, though somewhat out of place, the following lines from it:

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

The wind before it woos the harp
Is but the wild and tuneless air,
But as it passes through the strings,
Changes to music there.

E'en so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round him lie
Into a stream of thoughtful song—
Divinest melody.

Sweet Harp and Poet—framed alike
By God as his interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of every thing that stirs.

PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.—"Papa's Breakfast" is the first picture in Peterson, and it is, indeed, a very pretty one.

"The Result of Impulse," by Catherine Proctor, is a good subject, well handled.

"The Old Stone Mansion," by Charles J. Peterson, is one of this gentleman's best contributions; and altogether this February number is up to the good old standard of Peterson.

THE AMERICAN FARMER FOR FEBRUARY.—We have so often expressed our opinion as to the merits of this periodical, that it is unnecessary to repeat it now, only so far as to say, in acknowledging the reception of the February number, that it sustains its high character as "The American Farmer."

Among the miscellaneous articles we notice "Notes of Travel in the Old Dominion," by one of its Editors, concluded, and we are sorry for it, for they have interested us very much. What the Editor says of Norfolk—the uncleanliness of the streets, the condition of the market house, &c.—is too true. We should think that our friends there had had warning enough to make them look more closely to the sanitary condition of their city.

N. P. Worthington & Co., editors. Office, Carroll Hall, Baltimore.

☞ We copy the following from among the "Salisbury Local Items," which we find in a late number of the Somerset Union:

On Sunday night, January 9th, we were present at a very pleasant gathering in St. Peter's. A meeting of the Choir and Congregation, to practice Sacred Music, took the place of the customary service; Evening Prayer and Sermon, however, having been attended at 3 o'clock. The exercises began at 7 P. M., the Pastor being in the Chancel, in gown and bands, the people occupying the North side of the Church. The first thing was the introductory Psalm—

"O praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim,"

which was admirably sung to old "Petersborough." Then followed a brief Address by the Rector, who set forth plainly the duties of both ministers and choirs relative to the "service of song." A large number of chants and tunes were then rehearsed, comprising nearly all the regular canticles of the Episcopal Church. With the Doxology, (Hymn 103,) and the Benediction, "The Lord of Peace," &c., the meeting closed in a quiet and orderly manner becoming to the "House of Prayer."

On Wednesday night the Musical Convention closed with a Concrrt. Considering the very little time which has been spent by the members of the same in practice, the performance was quite creditable to them, and also to Prof. Heginbotham, who has shown much zeal and tact in the difficult work of training singers into good fashions, who have for a long time had bad ones

A regular school is now spoken of, to be begun in about a month hence. This, we doubt not, will be encouraged, and much may be looked for in the way of better singing in our churches. Those who composed the late Convention certainly have improved, and all our Choirs would be the more efficient if they could receive similar instructions.

A Whole Family Burned to Death!

A shocking calamity occurred near Allegheny City, Pa., on Monday night about 1 o'clock, involving the loss of the lives of a man named Rogers, his wife, and four out of five children. The Pittsburg Journal says:

This Rogers and wife had, it seems from the evidence of the neighbors, for sometime given themselves up to hard drinking, and though he owned the property on which he lived, yet so worthless had he become that the family had been supported by the neighbors out of charity. He and his wife frequently had quarrels, and so common had their quarrels and noises become to the neighbors that but little attention was paid to them. 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 tho't 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. All that human aid could do was done, but it came too late. The two cities and neighborhood are thrilled with horror at this occurrence.

Rogers was a carpenter by trade, and the eldest child that perished was not over ten years of age. The one which made its escape was eleven or twelve years old.

☞ The Postmaster-General has appointed David M. Corkran postmaster at Bucktown, in this county, vice G. Holt, resigned.

An Affecting Letter from an Unfortunate Female.

It was stated recently that at the burning of a house of ill-repute in Cincinnati, a few days ago, a young, accomplished and beautiful girl, a stranger in the city, perished in the flames. The following deeply affecting letter was subsequently found among the ruins of the building, and is supposed to have been written by the poor, unfortunate girl who fell a prey to the flames:

Home!—O, home! magical, all-powerful word, home! Oft have I wished for a home—one that I could return to after a long absence, when, as now, wearied and perplexed with many cares of this cold world, I could find retirement there and be welcomed by kind friends—be greeted by those I have known in innocent childhood. But, alas! those joys are not for me. I have heard others talk of their pretty homes and aristocratic palaces, but I wish not for these, nor could wish for a proud palace for my home, only for an humble one; yet I have not this. I have never known a kind father's or mother's care—a sister's or a brother's love. These have *all* been lost to me. My infant steps were not guarded by a mother's hand; or my infant lips taught by a mother's gentle voice to lisp a prayer to God. I am all alone, without a friend in the world, for I have placed an insurmountable barrier between me and all that is good and pure. I can never associate with those that are respected and esteemed. My home is in the vile haunts of the abandoned; my companions are the depraved ones whose vices are ever mingled with oaths. Oftimes I have heard others say this is a gay life, with all its hellish excitement and all its would be luxuriousness, but God has said, "the wages of sin is death."—They do not think that when they come to die, poor, forsaken outcasts, without a friend—for when their beauty has faded and their health is gone, even their vile companions will forsake them, and leave them to die in the hospital and be buried in the Potter's field. It makes me wretched to think that this may soon be my fate. A few more short years, and I will be forgotten by those who now call themselves my friends.—There are many who profess to be my friends, but I would give naught for their friendship. Too oft have I seen the look of pity mingled with scorn cast upon me by those who think me far beneath them. They, too, have often laid their heads upon my breast and swore, by the God that gave them life, that they loved me; but, little do they know how I regarded their oaths. I have met kind and generous men who I have liked very much; yet when I think under what circumstances I have met them, I cannot think of them with a pleasant thought, but remember them with a bitter feeling, which makes me miserable. I shall soon leave this place, and I hope to find a home where I will be more happy, and will try to forget many, many things, and look upward to put my trust in "my Father which is in heaven," and He will not desert me, although earthly friends may vanish like the dew before the morning sun

The Unfortunate Girl—Remarkable Funeral.—Josephine Ellison, the young girl of abandoned character, who was burned to death at a house of ill-fame in Cincinnati, was not even allowed to rest in her grave. Some medical students had her "resurrected," but the police recovered the body, which was handed over to the undertakers for the purpose of re-burial. The frail sisters of the poor unfortunate contributed liberally to purchase an expensive coffin, and to pay the funeral charges. They applied to several clergymen to allow the funeral to take place in one of their churches; but all refused, until finally the Rev. Mr. Flanders, (formerly of Baltimore,) of the First Universalist Church, was applied to. He readily consented, and preached an impressive discourse to a large assemblage in the church, whither the body had been conveyed. Nearly one hundred courtezans were present, and those who resided in the house where the girl met her death were dressed in deep mourning, and seemed to appreciate the solemnity of the occasion. The Cincinnati Times says:

At the close of the address, Rev. Mr. Flanders addressed the Throne of Grace, appealing especially in behalf of the parents of Josephine Ellison. That closed the services.—The undertaker then lifted the lid of the coffin and invited all who wished to view the corpse. There was quite a rush toward it. The courtezans, however, remained in their seats until the rest of the congregation were gratified. They then approached the corpse. All wept over it, some of them bitterly. It was a strange scene that. To behold those abandoned women, outcasts from society, victims of vice, weeping and sobbing over the remains of one of their kind, upon the altar of a church, was a sight never before witnessed in this city. It was touching, too, and drew tears from the eyes of many of the spectators.

A lady writes to the Commercial: "I knew the young girl, Josephine Ellison. I warned her to "flee from destruction and go home." She was a ripe scholar and of good parentage. Thousands are going this day the same road, and the moral portion of the community stand by and permit these *hells* to exist all around us. When she came to this city her object was to teach needle work, Italian and French. Those in whom she trusted betrayed her."

The Burning of the Steamer North Carolina.

The Baltimore Sun gives the following account of the rescue of the passengers of the steamer North Carolina last week, on her passage from Baltimore to Norfolk:

After the flames had gained so rapidly, Captain Cannon gave orders that the boats be lowered, and that the ladies be first attended to.—Lloyd B. Parker, purser, was at the after part of the boat, and the first small boat launched was brought under the guard by second mate Walker, who received all the ladies except one, and a number of the male passengers—twenty-one in all—when she pushed off and got out of the way of the burning wreck. Another boat was immediately brought up to the guard, and soon a number of persons were placed in it, and Mr. Parks was requested to get in, but he refused, and again returned to the cabin to see if any had been left, and he brought up blankets to protect those who were exposed to the cold.

During this time Capt. Cannon maintained his position on the upper deck, near the wheel-house, and directed the preparation of the boats for the rescue of the passengers.—Generally speaking, the passengers were composed, though the saloons they had just left, most of them with only their night clothing, were in flames, and took refuge in the boats which were forward and aft to receive them. The first mate, Marshall, was on the forward deck to superintend the construction of a raft for the rescue of those of the officers and crew for whom it was supposed there was not room in the boats.—He tore off the doors from the state-rooms and threw them down to second engineer Brumler, who, with a little colored boy, named Shadrack, were at work on the raft.

Mr. Crapon, of Wilmington, North Carolina, with his wife and infant, were in one of the state-rooms, the egress from which through the door had been entirely cut off by the flames. He first got through the window to the deck, and then assisted his wife and child. When he had reached the lower deck, he asked his wife to hand him the child, but, with a true mother's affection, she held it to her own heart, and only consented to yield it to the father after she had got to the lower deck. Mr. C. then threw the infant overboard, and quick as thought sprang into the water and caught it in his arms. Mrs. C. followed, and all three were then in the water. Fortunately, one of the boats was under the guard, and after he had safely placed them in the boat, got in himself. It is said by those who were present that the infant through all did not shriek or cry. Before they reached the boat, Capt. Henry Fitzgerald, one of the passengers, prompted by a noble impulse, plunged into the water, to aid in the rescue of the mother and child, and assisted in the task.

All the boats were now in the water, and there only remained Capt. Cannon, Mr. Parks, the first mate, engineers, firemen and crew, on board. The raft was then launched, and all, except the Captain and Mr. Parks, nine persons, got on it.—Then Mr. Parks got into one of the boats, and Captain C., the last to leave, got into another. It was soon found that the raft could not support so many persons, and five were taken off, leaving only four, all of whom were partially under water. After having been towed out a short distance, the remainder were taken into the boats. It was then supposed that all were on board the boats.

There were seven ladies on board the boat, all of whom barely escaped to the small boats in their night clothes, not having an opportunity to get even their shoes and stockings. The exception was a lady, whose nervous condition would not allow her to sleep, and she was in full dress, as she had not gone to bed.

Important from Salt Lake.

SALT LAKE, Feb. 2.—A private letter from Salt Lake, dated January 7th, says that Judge Sinclair had adjourned the grand jury *sine die* on the petition of nine members, in which they declare their inability to proceed with the examination of witnesses in consequence of the excitement and violence manifested. 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. The letter adds that the idea of an impartial jury or justice being obtained in that city is preposterous, and martial law will probably be established.

The Future Sectional Power.

An Illinois paper claims for that State, that it will be the fourth in electoral strength of the States of the Union, coming after N. York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. This would place it in advance of Virginia, and it is not improbable that Indiana would also take precedence of that State.

There will be no other changes consequent upon the new enumeration and apportionment of 1860. If the present basis of population be retained, New England will lose its representation, New York and Pennsylvania will gain, the Southern States will lose largely, and the Northwest gain as largely.

A glance at the representation of the different sections of the Union in Congress, at the several epochs in our history, will, perhaps, enable us to realize better the changes of the future:

	1787.	1803.	1833.	1853.
New England, - -	17	34	38	29
Middle States, New York, N. Jersey, Pennsylvania,	18	41	74	63
Southern, - - - -	30	66	81	90
Western, - - - -	—	—	20	59

The States of Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska and Oregon will be added to the list of Western States, and contribute to their strength; but these accessions will be less than the gains that will accrue from the internal accretion of this section. California, Wisconsion and Iowa will be entitled to double their present delegations, and there will be a general increase through the Western States.

It will suit our purpose, and be sufficiently accurate, to assume that the representation, under the census of 1860, will be thus divided among the sections:

New England, - - - - - - -	25
Middle States, - - - - - - -	65
Southern States, - - - - - -	76
Western States, - - - - - - -	75

As between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States the division will stand 76 to the former, and 165 to the latter—a majority of more than two to one.

But with this allotment of power the sectional contest will no longer be between the North and South, nor upon a question like that of slavery. It must rise between the East and West, upon questions of internal improvement, land distribution, tariff, &c.

In such a contest it is not unlikely that New England, despite of the advantage it is destined to enjoy, under the Constitution, in its territorial representation, will be compelled to join hands with the South, and seek its aid in defence of its sectional rights.

The census of 1860 will develop a new power in the confederacy, which will claim ascendency—the Pacific States—California, Washington, Oregon and their tributary territories.

A geologist would divide the States into those which lie on the Atlantic, those on the Gulf, those on the basin of the lakes, those in the valley of the Mississippi, and those on the Pacific slope. Commerce and its associations will contribute always to group thus together the populations of these great sections.—*Albany Argus.*

Night Sessions.

This extract, from a Washington correspondent, will surprise some of our readers who entertain certain notions of Congress:

"These night sessions were invented for the especial purpose of affording opportunities for gentlemen who are pregnant with a great speech, big with the fate of nations and of"—the Union, to let off their lucubrations without consuming the working hours of the sessions. These meetings are queer affairs. The constituents of Honorable gentlemen, when they read their printed speeches, may imagine that they were spoken in the presence of a full House and crowded galleries, where 'every bosom responded to each accent of the orator, a mighty instrument vibrating through all its strings to the master's hand.' This is all pure romance. The night sessions of the Committee of the whole House are held usually at the suggestion of some member who wishes to make a speech, not to Congress, but to the country or his constituents. Four or five others perhaps are filled with a similar desire, and these few, and oftentimes not a soul besides, except the chairman of the committe, repair to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where, amidst a silence and loneliness like that of 'some banquet hall deserted,' they drone over the speeches that they have written beforehand, and perhaps have already sent to the printer."

CONVICTION OF DUVALL.—It will be seen by the court report that the jury in the case of Harry Duvall, charged with the murder of Christian Fischer, at the house corner of Montgomery and Howard streets, on the night of September 20th last, yesterday morning came into court with a verdict of "*Guilty of Murder in the First Degree.*" The jury had been locked up nearly two days, and went out at first eleven for murder in the first degree and one for murder in the second degree, and so stood till the verdict rendered was agreed upon. Motions for a new trial and for arrest of judgment will be made and disposed of hereafter. The trial of John Lemon, a police officer, indicted for the same murder, is fixed for Monday next.—*Baltimore Sun of Saturday.*

POSTSCRIPT

LATEST NEWS
BY YESTERDAY'S STEAMER.

Interesting Intelligence from Europe. More Warlike Rumors.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7.—The steamer Asia from Liverpool with advices to the 22d ult. arrived here this afternoon.

The steamer Fulton arrived out on the 21st.

The Asia passed on the 5th instant, a steamer bound West, supposed to be the Kangaroo.

Warlike rumors continued to be circulated, and notwithstanding the peace assurances, the latest Continental correspondence says that the public confidence in the maintenance of peace was losing ground. Warlike preparations continued to be made in France, and it was again reported, but not believed, that Count Persigny would soon succeed Walenski as minister of foreign affairs.

There had been a partial recurrence of the panic on the Paris Bourse. The three per cents. closed flat at 68fr. 65. The London exchange responds to this decline, but not to the same extent

It was reported that an offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between France and Sardinia.

The British government, it is said, has resolved to take sufficient measures to protect English interests in Mexico.

The London Times, editorially, denounces Gov. Nugent's manifesto to the Americans in British Columbia.

RESPITE TO HENRY GAMBRILL.—Sheriff Creamer has received information through the Secretary of State, that the Governor has determined to grant a respite of several weeks to Henry Gambrill, and the requisite authority to stay the execution will be handed to him on to-morrow, Wednesday. Nothing has been said of a respite to Stephens, alias Cyphus, the colored man, whose execution was also appointed for Friday next, the 11th inst.—*Baltimore Sun of yesterday.*

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE BILL.—The Senate on Monday passed the bill, which has been for some time pending in that body, donating public lands to the several States for the purpose of founding agricultural colleges. The vote on it was—yeas 25, nays 22.

DROWNED.—George, aged ten years, a son of Captain James F. Taylor, accidentally fell overboard whilst playing upon the deck of his father's vessel at Chestertown, Md., on Friday last, and was drowned.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

MONDAY MORNING, Feb. 7, 1859.

GRAIN.—Only some 5,500 bushels of Wheat offered this morning, and prices were steady at Saturday's range, viz: 1 28a$1 30 for medium to fair white, 1 45a$1 55 for fair to good, and 1 60a$1 70 for prime to choice red sold at 1 30a$1 35 per bushel for fair to prime. Of Corn 15,000 bushels offered, and mostly sold at an advance, viz: 76a78 cts for good to prime white, and 74a74 cts for fair to prime yellow; and a small lot strictly prime dry yellow sold at 78 cts per bushel.

Mutilated Coin.

It has just been discovered in New York that there is a quantity of gold coin in circulation which is not of the required weight, five dollar pieces weighing nineteen grains less than the coin ought to weigh. Externally the coin is that which is coined at the Mint. But the fraud is perpetrated in the following ingenious manner: The coin is placed on a lathe and made to revolve. A keen, narrow chisel is set against the edge and as the coin revolves the chisel turns out the inside of it, and penetrates nearly to the centre, leaving but two thin shells, as it were, connected at the centre. The cavity is then filled with base metal, the coin is milled over again and the edge galvanized, showing as perfect a specimen of work in fraud as was ever conceived or executed. Another mode of mutilating coin, which we see is coming into practice, is to punch a hole in them or file off the edges. These practices are of course obvious to any person who chooses to examine coins presented. The way to stop this practice is for every shopkeeper and dealer of every kind, to reject all coins which have been mutilated in the least degree. This would leave such coins in the hands of the persons who were guilty of the mutilation, and be an effectual bar to the rascality which was meant to be practised by the clipping.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE EIGHTH WARD MURDER CASES.—*Verdict of Acquittal.*—It will be seen by our Towsontown correspondent report (says the Baltimore Sun of Saturday) that the parties, seven in number, who have been on trial for the murder of police officer William Jourdan, in the election riot in the eigth ward on the 14th of October, 1857, when that officer was shot, was concluded yesterday. The jury were only out a short time, some twenty minutes, when they brought in a verdict of "*not guilty*" as regards all the accused.

President Lord, of Dartmouth College, N. H., who is 66 years old, while was skating on the Merrimac river last week.

Lewis Cass, Jr., late minister at Rome, is at a watering place in Switzerland, suffering, it is said, from paralysis.

The United States steam frigate Wabash remained at Genoa on the 8th ult.—crew all well.

The complimentary ball to Lord Napier is to take place in Washington on the 17th inst.

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 last Saturday week, 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:—

Yours 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 place, 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 it 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 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 Allegany 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 an 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 gentleman 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

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