

THE WEEKLY REVIEW.



CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

Saturday, April 16, 1859.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY
CHARLES H. BOWEN.

The Crawfordsville Review, furnished to subscribers at \$1.50 in advance, or \$2.00 per annum, if not paid within the year.

CIRCULATION

LARGER THAN ANY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CRAWFORDSVILLE.
Advertisers call up and examine our list of SUBSCRIBERS.

S. H. FARRER, South East corner Columbia and Main streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent to procure advertisements.

Notice to Advertisers.

Hereafter Legal Advertisements will be charged as transient advertisements—one dollar a square, (of ten lines), for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

C. H. BOWEN,
J. E. KEENEY.

For President in 1860, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Subject to the decision of the Democratic National Convention, to be held at Charleston, South Carolina.

NEW ALBANY & SALEM RAIL ROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Trains leave the Crawfordsville Depots as follows:
Going North.
Accommodation 9:55 A. M.; Freight 1:55 P. M.; Through Express 6:30 P. M.
Going South.
Through Express 7:25 A. M.; Freight 9:55 A. M.; Accommodation 1:05 P. M.

The Accommodation Train going North connects with trains for Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Chicago.
K. E. BRYANT, AGENT.

ADDITIONAL BILL OF RATES.

Notice hereby given that from and after this date, our charges will be as follows: For insertion of one dollar per line for first insertion, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion of the same, for any advertisement, editorial or special notice, of "Circus Company," "Chinese Jugglers," or notice of making application for "License" for the retail of Ardent Spirits. The payment to be made invariably in advance. These rates have been adopted for self preservation and from which there will be no deviation.
CHARLES H. BOWEN,
J. E. KEENEY.

April 15, 1859.

RECEIPTS FOR REVIEW.

These are Men who Pay the Printer.

Thomas Long.....	\$1.00
Joseph M. Hunt.....	1.00
James Prime.....	1.00
Washington Rice.....	1.00
George Vanden.....	1.00
John A. Smith.....	1.00
D. Randolph.....	1.00
Samuel H. Hargrave.....	1.00
Charles B. Baker.....	1.00
John Austin.....	1.00
David W. Scott.....	1.00

CUBA.

By this time a great revolution is going on in Cuba. A strong expedition left our coast about the last of March for the Island. In a few days we shall announce the overthrow of Spanish rule on the Island. Annexation will speedily follow.—Douglas and Cuba will be the rallying cry for 1860.

"PRAISE-SET DOWN BY POES MUST NEEDS BE TRUE."—Mr. Washburne, of Maine, one of the leading and most noted Republicans in the House of Representatives, in a late violent and sectional speech, passed the following compliment to the Democratic party. He said:

"Let us learn wisdom from our opponents. Look at the Democratic party and note its policy. It has held possession of the government with short interruption, for more than a quarter of a century; because it has always been earnest and has dared to trust itself. It has never paid court to its opponents, nor stooped to speculate upon their weakness and divisions; always bold and uncompromising, it has never doubted its own sufficiency and invincibility, and so it has ever been a mighty power in the land."

Let the Democratic party continue to pursue the same course in the future, and it will remain invincible. The past history of that National organization should be its guide in present and future.

NEW ALBANY & SALEM RAILROAD.

This road is now being put in excellent repair. In the course of a few weeks the entire track will be graveled and ballasted, and the speed of the trains increased. A line of telegraph will also be put up during the coming summer.

Read the advertisement in another column of F. H. Fry & Co. These gentlemen are now receiving their spring and summer goods. Their establishment is one of the very best among our mercantile houses to trade with. Their stock is large and well assorted. The ladies will find here a most beautiful variety of prints.

E. DETCHON & CO.

An elegant assortment of plain and fancy dry goods can now be found at this new establishment, opposite the post office, on Green street. Every body should give them a call.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of Chilton Johnson. He has on hand a large stock of cooking stoves; among them is the celebrated "Economist," a description of which we shall give in our next issue.

April fifteenth—snowing like blazes.

EXECUTION OF THE BALTIMORE MURDERERS.

We publish, this week, a lengthy account of the execution of Marion Cropp, Peter Corrie, Henry Gambrill, and John Cyphus. They were all young men, Corrie being but twenty-six years of age. Like thousands of others, they were led to the scaffold through the baneful influence of tipping houses. Cropp in his dying confession said: "Liquor and bad associates are the bane which has ruined others as well as me"—an old story which is given to the world day after day—a great text, heavy with antiquity, for reformers to preach from—and a sentence for humanity to weep over. In a few weeks, application will be made to our board of Commissioners for license to open in our midst a legion of tipping dens—little miniature hells, to school the sons of our citizens in vice and crime. Fathers must not object, for the law promises that the tutors of their offspring "shall be men of good moral character," an advantage which the victims of the scaffold in Baltimore did not probably enjoy. To parents, then, we say, the fate of your sons, in a great measure, is in the hands of the Commissioners. If they appoint moral men, the chances are, they will not die on the gibbet, but only acquire a burning thirst, and become in the lapse of time, respectable looking bloats. Moral liquor sellers will not school their pupils in the commission of great crimes, they will only teach the smaller branches; and their graduates, instead of dangling from scaffolds, will simply grace our poor houses and jails; and finally die, like all drunkards, in wretchedness and woe. Let us thank our wise lawgivers for making it the duty of our Commissioners to appoint none but moral men to establish nuisances in decent and respectable communities.

Joseph McCollough who has been engaged for years in the liquor traffic in our town, commenced a suit, some weeks since, against a number of our citizens for the destruction of his liquors. The case was to have been tried in the Common Pleas Court now in session, but McCollough feeling that the entire community in the county were opposed to his business, saw proper to take a change of venue to Boone county. We anticipate that not only McCollough, but any other retail liquor seller, will find it a hard matter to recover damages from communities who are opposed to having these nuisances in their midst. The people of Crawfordsville are resolved that no tipping dens shall be kept in their town, and we can assure every liquor seller that this resolution will be religiously kept. The following is the affidavit made by McCollough in his application for a change of venue. It shows how popular the liquor traffic is in Montgomery county.

AFFIDAVIT.

Joseph McCollough, being duly sworn according to law, says that he believes he cannot have a fair and impartial trial in prosecuting his suit against the above named defendants, in this Montgomery County Court, Indiana, on account of the undue influence of the said defendants over the citizens of Montgomery county. Said affidavit further swears that he cannot have a fair and impartial trial in the County and State aforesaid, on account of the odium that attaches to his cause of action against said defendants, and on account of local prejudices.

A CARD.

The kindness of my congregation in settling us comfortably in a new home, and (with numerous other friends) making us a donation visit, calls for an acknowledgment which I can best make through the columns of your paper. Such a "house-warming" has one excellent effect—it produces a heart-warming. It tends to wipe away all traces of discontents where any exist, and to cement the relation between pastor and flock in the best of bonds, and to establish a friendly and sympathetic feeling which affords the best facility and security for a profitable ministry among a people. The influence of such acts is not lost on either party. It partakes of the well-known character given to "the quality of mercy," by one of the poets:

"It is twice blessed;
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

Speaking, however, for the one party which I represent, I recommend this as a good way of settling a pastor. The general rule is, show your preachers real kindness and a just appreciation, and you bind them to you as "with hooks of steel." In such circumstances, they will ordinarily say, "It is in our hearts to live and die with you; for what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming?" It shall be my endeavor, by more earnest labors in the works of the ministry, to requite the kindness with which you are caring for us, with spiritual benefits, and to have you of that blessed company of whom it is said that "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

J. B. CROWE,

Pastor O. S. Pres. Church.

Crawfordsville, Apr. 8, 1859.

Cox & Co., will remove their mammoth grocery establishment to the old stand formerly occupied by Graham & Brother, (corner of Main and Washington streets) in the course of a few days.

Christman & Gregg are now receiving the largest stock of hardware ever brought to Crawfordsville.

The Sickles trial is progressing

"ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?"

This question has been discussed for years, and will be for years to come, as it must ever remain an open one, it not being possible to bring forward evidence positively in favor of or against the proposition. Reasoning from analogy, there are good grounds for assuming that the planets of our system are inhabited. Some of them are larger in circumference than the earth, and seem to have clouds—hence air and water—all make orbital and diurnal revolutions and have their seasons. It is therefore, thought reasonable to assume that they are inhabited by human beings. Another argument in favor of their inhabitation is predicated on the admitted fact that Nature is a utilitarian—that she wastes nothing, and makes nothing in vain. If the planets are deserts, those who argue in the affirmative insist that Nature is a spend-thrift, and that she sometimes creates to no purpose.

As there are two sides to every question, there are, of course, persons who assume the negative of this, as of other propositions. While they deny that Nature is a spend-thrift, they can see no necessity for assuming that the planets are inhabited. Their being so would not add to the grandeur of creation, nor would it increase the use which we of this globe find in them. The telescope has revealed that the moon is not inhabited. It is a considerable body, being nearly two thousand miles in circumference, and therefore capable of sustaining a large population; but Nature has not seen fit to make it habitable for any organization, vegetable or animal, that is generated on earth. She has found a use for it, however. It is necessary to the earth, whom it serves diligently, modifying the dark hours of the night by reflecting upon it the rays of the absent sun.

For our own part we are inclined to side with those who have taken the affirmative of the question. It is something to feel, even if we cannot by ocular demonstration realize it as a fact, that the resplendent worlds which revolve with undeviating regularity around the central globe, and from which they receive light and heat, are inhabited by immortal beings, actuated by passions similar to those which control the men of earth, and that there, as here, there is Life and Death—that in those distant spheres, love, hatred, ambition, pride, despair and humility are human experiences, and that all are struggling to attain the good at which we also aim—the goal of happiness. Yes, swinging in space are the great orbs—compared to which the earth is but an ant-hill to a mountain—upon which there exists life in all its ascending forms, glorifying God in anthems, which roll in undulating waves to the foot-stool of that throne from which went forth the fiat that all worlds might be blessed—"Light be, and light was."

SINGULAR SCENE IN A CHURCH.—Pleasant Valley, Barkhamsted, March 29.

A singular incident occurred here yesterday (Sunday) afternoon. A preacher from some other town had been expected to hold forth in the Baptist Church, and the audience were gathered, and the preacher arose. After announcing his text, he proceeded with his sermon, but had not gone far when he said to the astonished audience:

"I have been instructed not to preach anything of Abolitionism or Republicanism—but I must serve my Master, and—"

At this juncture, Deacon Doolittle arose and said:

"Hold on. It's my impression that you have said enough." (Turning to the audience.) "Meeting is out."

The audience rose simultaneously, and taking their hats, went out. The minister sat down. Deacon Doolittle went to the pulpit and said to him:

"If you want to preach politics I have no objections, and my house is at your service. But this church is not the proper place, and it cannot be permitted. If you desire to give a political sermon or speech, you can do so at any house, or any other place, and I will warrant a good audience, and you shall have fair play and not be hurt. But you must not attempt it in this church."

There was no more preaching in that church that afternoon. These are the facts as related by some who were in the audience when this scene took place.

LICHFIELD COUNTY.

Some European cities have obtained notoriety for their mammoth bells.—Moscow, in Russia, has the largest, and weighs about one hundred tons, "Big Ben." In London, weighs nearly sixteen tons; there is one in Paris, which weighs four thousand tons; and another in Erfurt, Germany, weighing eleven tons, and said to be the finest toned bell in the world. We have no American bells worthy of mention on account of their size, but in tone they equal those of the oldest countries of Europe.

LET THE GERMANS SPEAK.—The German Republicans of Massachusetts have issued an address to the people of the United States, commenting upon the recent action of the Black Republican Legislature of that State, which put an amendment to the constitution depriving them of the right to vote until they have been seven years, in which they say:

"We, citizens of German descent, will have nothing more to do with the Republican party—we will never lend our help to decide party to power which tramples us under foot."

A young man, a stranger, named Wm. Smith, committed suicide at the Galt House, Louisville, on Saturday morning, by blowing out his brains with a pistol.

England and Russia have joined France in requesting that Sardinia be admitted to the European Congress which is soon to assemble to settle Italian affairs.

It is believed that Austria can not resist the wishes of the great powers.

April 30 far has been a cold, wet, backward month.

THE QUADRUPEL EXECUTION.

LAST HOURS OF THE CONDEMNED PRISONERS.

INTERVIEWS WITH FRIENDS.

Confessions and Executions.

BALTIMORE, April 8th, 1859.

The various Committees that visited Annapolis with a view of inducing the Governor to interpose his clemency in behalf of Gambrill, were unsuccessful in their applications. He firmly and steadfastly resisted their importunities, telling them it was time wasted, for, as far as he was concerned, he was determined that the law should be executed. He also complained that it was cruel and painful to drive him from the performance of his duty, and in fact, he absolutely refused to receive some of the committees that waited upon him. Having thus failed in their efforts, the committees returned to Baltimore, and gave themselves up to the necessities of the case.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

All hope of further respite to the condemned men being cut off, the officers to whom was intrusted the execution of the law prepared to carry it into effect, and everything had been properly arranged.

On Thursday evening, the last day before the execution, religious services were held in the different cells of the prisoners, which were continued until half-past ten o'clock, at which hour the ministers retired, and the prisoners slept well during the night.

The parting scenes between the condemned men and their relatives were of a most affecting character.

At eight o'clock last evening, Corrie'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, we must not fail to leave him, entreated them all to pray for him, and said they would all meet in Heaven. During the night he seemed cheerful, and, after retiring slept well.—He arose at his usual hour this morning and partook of a slight breakfast. Although conversing cheerfully, he showed much anxiety as the fatal hour approached. Rev. Father Foley was with him, as he had been heretofore, sustaining him in the rites of his religion.

The father, mother and brother of Henry Gambrill, visited his cell during Thursday afternoon, and remained until ten o'clock, P. M. The poor father has shown unusual attachment for his son. Since the day of his trial he has labored almost beyond endurance in order to secure the aid of that hand of mercy on earth which could interpose in his behalf, but he was disappointed in all his endeavors. While in the cell he clasped his son to his breast, and exclaimed: "What power on earth can separate father and son?" Young Gambrill went, and still declared his innocence. He said that he was prepared to die, but the tears and trouble of his parents were a great source of grief to him. His mother wept and clung to him, which renewed the agonized feelings of the son, until nearly all the power of self-control left him. He retired and seemed to sleep well, arising at six o'clock this morning. With the morning he exhibited more firmness, and at eight o'clock when Rev. Mr. Hedges entered Gambrill received him with a smile. He said he felt better, and his nerves were much stronger. There was, however, in his countenance the settled calmness of despair. 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; that he did not fire the pistol and was not present.

Marion Cropp exhibited more firmness on Thursday night. He spoke freely of the terrible doom that awaited him, and said he had put his trust in God, believing that, through the merits of Christ, his sins had all been forgiven. Rev. B. P. Brooke remained with him up to a late hour at night, and after he left Cropp retired. He was more cheerful than otherwise, and spoke confidently of his hope of seeing his friends in heaven, and of himself suffering some emotion, bore himself with much nerve. He joined in the religious exercises, and seemed earnest in his devotions. Cropp said he could bear all but giving up his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. They were near to his heart, and God only knew how hard it was to part with them. The mother, sisters and other relatives and friends of Marion Cropp bid him a final farewell on Thursday night at nine o'clock. This last parting was a most affecting scene. No pen can give a description of it, hope had died out, and despair with all its horrors, was alone left to their cries, and lamentations, that awakened feelings of the profoundest pity, came from the cell of the doomed man. The mother and father left the jail scarcely able to walk, weeping and moaning, and burst into grief. 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.

John Cyphus presented a different conduct from any of 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 hand, 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. Lambdin, who was with him, that when the tragedy was enacted he was two miles distant from the place. He slept well at night, and this morning rose in good spirits. As soon as the cell was opened, Rev. Mr. Chase entered. Cyphus met him, and with a smile, said: "Brother Chase, all is well; though an innocent man, I am prepared to die."

THE EXECUTION.

The early morning of the fatal day appointed for the execution, the sun rose bright and beautiful, but in a short time the sky was overcast with clouds, and a gloom seemed settled upon the earth. Long before the hour appointed for the execution, the various streets and avenues leading in the direction of the jail were filled with people wending their way thither. Many persons had arrived in the city during Thursday to witness the scene—all parts of the State, the District of Col-

umbia, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and even New York City and Buffalo being represented on the occasion. Early in the morning throngs of persons began to pour in from Baltimore, Howard, Anne Arundel, Harford and adjacent counties, all wending their way to the streets and hills to the north of the jail, which commanded a full view of the 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 quite chilly and raw, and there were strong indications of rain, which, however, only fell in small quantities. The thorough outside the jail walls was immense, and numbered thousands upon thousands. Every space in the vicinity, and even points a quarter of a mile distant, were crowded with human beings, all anxious to witness the horrible spectacle. Inside the jail yard there were about five hundred persons, who gained admission by tickets issued by the Visitors of the Jail.

THE COFFINS.

In an upper room of the jail were placed the four coffins destined to contain the remains of the condemned, which exhibited one of the earliest melancholy features of the occasion. The coffin of Gambrill and Corrie were made of mahogany, with silver mountings and handles—one of them had the name of

"Peter Corrie, aged 26 years."

The coffin of Cropp was made of black walnut, with silver mountings, but no handles. The coffin of Cyphus was made of poplar, with plated silver mountings. The coffins were not placed under the gallows, as is customary, because it was thought that it would unnerv the prisoners.

The police arrangements were most excellent. The whole (four hundred) was in attendance, under the immediate direction of Marshal Herring and Deputy-Marshal Manly. One hundred of those were placed at the outside gate, forming a hollow square, to prevent the approach of any but those having tickets of admission. Forty were placed around the gallows, at the distance of fifteen feet from which a wicket fence had been erected, beyond which none but the proper officers were permitted to go, and the remainder of the force was judiciously disposed in the different streets outside the walls.

LETTER FROM MARION CROPP.

At half-past nine o'clock this morning the following letter was handed by Marion Cropp to Dr. E. T. Thomas, the physician at the jail:

"To My Friends—"

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 toward those with whom I have 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 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 associates 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 the sign post, warning others from the wrong road into the right one, and remind 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 express 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-by to all—God bless you."

"MARION CROPP."

THE PRISONERS LED FORTH TO EXECUTION. The hour of ten o'clock having arrived, Sheriff Creamer, accompanied by several members of the press, entered the cell of Henry Gambrill for the purpose of preparing him for execution. He found there the Rev. Mr. Hedges and Rev. Mr. Brooke. Approaching Gambrill, the Sheriff said that he came to make his final preparation. Gambrill who was on his knees, arose quickly and put on his coat without aid. He looked pale, yet very calm, and stood with great firmness. 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. Gambrill, remarked, "I die innocent of the murder, or of having any connection with it. I die innocent. God's will is my will." Corrie was then placed around his wrists, and both arms pinioned in front. A cord was also placed around his back, holding his shoulders firmly against the body. A friend (Rev. Mr. French) asked him how he felt. He said he was prepared to die—that he did not commit the act, nor had any knowledge of it in any shape or form; no knowledge of any arrangements to take the life of any one. The Sheriff asked if he had any objection to wearing a shawl—it was damp and chilly out, and he had put it on the others. Gambrill replied that he had no objections, and a dark shawl was placed over him. He remarked that it made no difference how cool the air was now, he would be out of the cell before long. The preparations were made in a few minutes, and the Rev. Mr. French whispered words of consolation in his ear. A cap was placed over the white cap he pulled over the eyes, so as to nearly hide it as he walked out.

When the Sheriff entered Corrie's cell, he was pacing the floor in a pensive mood, his wrists were measured and then securely tied with ropes. While tying him, he was asked if the cords hurt him, he replied, "No, I can stand it." The cord was then passed back of him and tied to the top of his elbows. He was then left in charge of Deputy-Sheriff Wollen, while the other

cells were visited for the purpose of binding the other prisoners. During the brief interval that elapsed, Corrie's time was spent in singing and prayer. He expressed a hope of being saved in the world to come, and positively denied having fired the shot which killed Rigdon. In about twenty minutes the Sheriff made his appearance and the white cap was drawn over his face; the doomed man then with a firm step left his dreary cell and joined his brother three companions in the corridor.

On entering Corrie's cell, a friend of his who had been praying with him kissed him, and they separated. Corrie asking him to pray for him. He was pious like the others, and when asked if it was tight enough, replied that it felt comfortable.

He was conducted out with Rev. Mr. Foley upon one side, and the Deputy-Sheriff Pontier on the other. The parting between Corrie and Captain James, the warden of the jail, was of a very affecting character. The captain had been very kind to him during his incarceration, and Corrie acknowledged it in the only way he could.

ON ENTERING THE CELL OF CYPHUS.

On entering the cell of Cyphus, his hands were bound and tied behind, like the others. While the officer was performing his duty, the doomed man frequently raised his eyes and ejaculated a "Thank God!" Rev. J. F. Hoff and Rev. Mr. Webb, colored, and Samuel Chase, colored, were then with him. Mr. Hoff then approached and asked him if he still declared his innocence, to which he replied: "This is all for nothing. I am no murderer. God don't hold me as a murderer." He said: "It has been such that I made a confession, but such is not the fact."

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. Cropp next, with Deputy-Sheriff Wollen and Rev. Messrs. Brooke and Hildt. Cyphus came last with Deputy Sheriff Sparks and Rev. Mr. Hoff, and Rev. Messrs. Webb and Chase, colored. They proceeded out the cell stairway to the hall, thence out the back door across the yard to the scaffold, and directly upon the drop, the prisoners all maintaining a great deal of nerve and composure, and apparently sustained by a hope grounded in the ministrations of religion.

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 I am innocent of the murder of Oliver Benton, or of having anything to do with it. When you see this trap fall under me, you will see an innocent man launched into eternity. Farewell, one and all."

He had stepped forward on the scaffold spoke in a loud and very firm voice, and when he ceased he stepped back again to his position under the rope.

Cropp then sung the following hymn.

Former friends, I now must leave you,
All my earthly hopes are o'er;
But in heaven I hope to greet you,
I love to meet you in that sphere.
When a few more moments wait,
And this dying scene is o'er,
I shall rise to meet you,
I shall rise to meet you.

First my son of life's declining,
Soon 'twill set in endless night,
But my hopes, pure and reviving,
Lead to fairer worlds of light.
Cease this mourning, trembling, sighing,
Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
Then my spirit, thrashing, flying,
Shall be home beyond the tomb.

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

At the close of the hymn, Corrie cried out very loudly, "Good-by, all!" which was repeated in a lower tone by Gambrill and Cyphus; but Corrie's lips only were seen to move.

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 innocent. I am going home to God. I have no more to say than that. Good-by all of you, my friends."

Cyphus resumed his place, having spoken in a firm and clear voice. Gambrill and Cropp turned around and cast a long, lingering look upon the crowd outside and the scenes which they were to see no more forever. The four men all conducted themselves with a great deal of firmness. Corrie appeared to be the most depressed. Gambrill presented a very haggard look, while Cropp wore the same stolidity of countenance that has marked him throughout the whole affair. Cyphus had a smile on his countenance all the time, and appeared quite gay and contented.

The noises were then adjusted.—Mr. Daneker fixing that of Gambrill, Mr. Pontier that of Corrie, Mr. Wollen that of Cropp, and Mr. Sparks that of Cyphus. Sheriff Creamer overlooking the whole, and going to each and fixing the knots securely behind their left ears. The Sheriff and four deputies, with the prisoners were all that went upon the scaffold.

Gambrill prayed quite audibly, with his face upturned toward the heavens; the others could be seen moving their lips. Corrie appeared more falling than the others, and never spoke in an audible voice on the gallows. Cyphus smiled and prayed after the rope was put around his neck, looking upward. Corrie and Gambrill closed their eyes. Corrie looking more downward than either of the others. Every thing being ready, the white caps were pulled over their faces, and the four men stood alone on the fatal drop.

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 five minutes past eleven o'clock the drop fell, amid a suppressed thrill of horror, and four human beings were dangling in the air. The suppressed emotion of the thousands outside could be burst from many lips. In the windows in the female department of the jail were a number of female prisoners—white and black—and as the drop fell, their cries and screams could be heard throughout the place. Gambrill and Corrie struggled for a minute or two only, and then were still, except the muscular motion natural to such