

# Raftsmen's Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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For the "Raftsmen's Journal."  
**BE A MAN:**  
OR, AN EXPOSTULATION WITH THE PRETTING AND FAULT-FINDING.

BY LOGAN.  
Cease your whining, cease your fretting,  
Cease your railing at your lot;  
You've no time for useless dreaming;  
These complainings profit not.  
What if life is not all pleasure,  
Fretting won't relieve your pain;  
Noble souls have never leisure  
At misfortune to complain.  
Meet misfortune's drooping willows  
As the sailor meets the storm;  
Just to ride upon its billows.  
Till they bear him to his bourn.  
Catch the breeze of your success now;  
Life's for labor, not for sport;  
Quiet seas thy way will speed not;  
Calms won't bring thee into port.  
If you would yourself be happy,  
You must happiness impart;  
Bless your neighbors all around you;  
'Twill return to you a hundred fold.  
Let your sympathies flow outward;  
With the sorrowful condole;  
Let your smile be like the sunshine,  
Cheering every weary soul.  
All that you may be desiring,  
May not be within your power;  
Yet what God will, you may acquire.  
Do well the present hour,  
Go and now relieve his sorrow;  
Let not indolence prevail:  
He who waits for tomorrow  
To do good, will surely fail.  
Let your aim be high and holy,  
And your motives strong and true;  
Life has pleasures for the lowly,  
Life has something still to do.  
Idle hands are always weary;  
Selfish natures never enjoy;  
Loving souls are ever cheery,  
Toiling spirits never cloy.  
Onward, upward, mounting higher  
On each wave-top, as it rolls;  
Fill your hearts with manly fire;  
Labor is for many souls.  
Fight God's battles, fear no master,  
Bids you lay your armor down;  
He has a reward prepared,  
Bear the cross and wear the crown.

**A NIGHT OF TERROR.**  
Night came slowly down over the rude hut of James Moreland the settler. The wild, mountainous region round about, and the gathering gloom of the near darkness, combined to chill the heart of the lonely woman in the wilderness cot, with a strange, dread fear.  
Two years before had the sun of a fine morning shone upon Ellen Harper's marriage with the man of her choice; and the lamps in a festive hall in the fine old city of Portsmouth had gleamed upon the evening's revelry. Ellen was a belle and no wonder that in honor of her peerless beauty and her husband's worth, the red wine had flowed freely, and the song and jest sparkled bright from the lips of youth and loveliness.  
But young Moreland was possessed of a wild spirit of adventure, and life in that quiet old city ill fitted his adventurous nature and so it came about that before the moons of the first year had waxed and waned upon their bridal sky, the happy couple found themselves established in a log hut far up among the White Mountains.  
Ellen was very peaceful and contented there, for she possessed the undivided love of her husband; and by-and-by a little blue-eyed babe came to cheer her fond mother.  
But on this night, a vague undefined sense of evil seemed to be about her, and she arose frequently to gaze into the thickening gloom. James was abroad upon the mountain in search of venison, and she had not heard the report of his rifle for many an hour—it was singular that he should remain away from her until after nightfall.  
There were tribes of hostile Indians in the vicinity; there were wild, fierce animals in every copsewood, and gorges of death on either side of the dangerous pathway over the mountain. Her imagination conjured up a hundred phantoms of evil centering all around her husband, until her brow grew cold and clammy with the sweat of fear, and her heart was ready to stop its throbbings at the faintest sound of the homeless wind in the forest depth.  
Her child, the four months old little Rachel; slept peacefully in her rough cradle—not a ripple of doubt or apprehension disturbing the calm pulsation of her heart, or troubling the smiling dimples about her rosy mouth.  
"God bless the darling!" ejaculated Ellen Moreland, pressing a light kiss upon the forehead of her child; and then taking up her knitting she sat down in the light of the pitch torch in the wide stone fire place, and tried to work. It was in vain. She could not employ her hands while her mind was in such a perturbation, and rising impatiently she opened the door and looked forth. A dull, gray mist lay upon the peak of distant Kearsarge, and far to the West the kingly summits of the White Mountains loomed somberly through the brooding atmosphere. There was an ominous stillness over everything, but far down in the dismal pine forest, back of the cabin, there was a low, indistinct murmur—the un-falling precursor of a storm. What if her husband had wandered far in pursuit of game, and at so great a distance from home, that the narrow track thither had become invisible and unknown? What if he was destined to return to her nevermore?  
A nervous tremor shook her frame, and she went back pale and trembling to the side of her infant.  
Hark! was that the wind? or the cry of a wild animal?  
The woman's heart listened to its beating, and she bent low her ear to listen, again—far away yet distinctly heard. She threw open the door, and stood breathless waiting the recurrence of the sound. Ah! but she recognized it too well, it was the war-hoop of a squad of Indians; their terrible cry of victory over a pursued foe! She needed no other assurance than her dread fears to convince her that it was her husband!  
She offered one wild prayer for aid, and then returned to the room she had left; she took her infant, still in a quiet sleep, and wrapping it warmly in a blanket, carried it out into the dense thicket in the rear of the hut; for she knew enough of the Indian character to feel assured that whether they captured her husband or not, they would be sure to destroy the dwelling.  
Commending her child to God, she left it there, and went back toward the cabin, hoping she could not understand why—that she might be able to do something to save her husband. She concealed herself in a bunch of whor-

lberry bushes, and had barely done so when she heard the tread of moccasined feet upon the thick leaves, and almost felt the hot panting of savage breaths on the air. In the faint light which shone from the open door of her home, she saw her husband stricken down by a blow from a skillfully aimed tomahawk, and heard the deep groan which burst from his lips as he fell.  
She partially understood the Indian dialect from having heard it frequently spoken by the wandering members of the different tribes who had from time to time called at the cabin for food and drink and now from the hasty consultation among the red warriors, she gathered that they were to scalp her husband, murder his family and fire the house.  
The leader of the gang raised his scalping knife over the unconscious victim, but another Indian detained the blow. Mrs. Moreland plainly heard his words—  
"Stay, brother; let us kill the squaw, and the young papoose, and have the light of the wigwam to see in the morning."  
This speech was met with favor, and with one simultaneous rush, they made for the house, leaving one of their number to guard the captive.  
Instantly, with the speed of light, Ellen Moreland flew from her covert and springing to the entrance of the hut, closed noiselessly the heavy oaken slab which served as a door and thrust a stout stick through the great iron staple, which held it firm. The savages were as safe as though the walls of a Bastille shut them in—for the hut was built of ponderous unshewn logs pinned together by strong bolts—the only break in the walls being the door; for in those days in that savage region, windows were a species of comfort unknown.  
But the Indian that had been left without to guard the captive, saw the deed, and with a fierce cry of rage he hurled his tomahawk at the brave hearted woman! Fortunately it missed aim and sunk into the door just over her shoulder. With an effort of great strength she wrestled it from the slab, and stood with it in her hand awaiting the onslaught.  
With his hunting knife brandished aloft, his eyes glowing like live coals, he sprang upon her, and hurled the knife in her side! She closed her arms about him; a desperate struggle, and the tomahawk of the treacherous Peganawket entered his own brain! One horrible yell, and he sank backward upon the turf a corpse!  
In the meantime, the efforts of the imprisoned savages to break their bonds were never released for a moment. Frantic blows fell fast upon Ellen, and she was nearly suffocated. In that time, it would yield to their assaults and set them at liberty. There was but one way to avert this—it was a terrible alternative, and for a moment her woman's heart shrank from its contemplation.  
But the thought of her sleeping child and her murdered husband, decided her, and she had strength for the work. She drew from her pocket a tinder box which every settler kept about the person in case of accident, and struck a light to the dried leaves, round about; then invoking God's pardon for the act, ignited a pine torch and threw it upon the crisped bark roof of the hut. It was but an instant; the flames leaped up and danced merrily over the flammable material, then communicating to the hay stored in the loft, they streamed up until far and wide the grim old mountains glowed like watch fires in the glare.  
But Ellen was hardly satisfied with the progress of the fire. Close by the hut in a rude outhouse there were some barrels of pitch, gathered from some of the pine trees around, to supply the nearest market place. She took a shovel and from these barrels heaped the outside walls of the house, until the heat from the fire drove her back, when retiring toward her husband, she watched the ravages of the flames.  
It was terrible. The cries of the Indians when they realized the snare into which they had fallen, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. Groans, shrieks, mad execrations and curses upon the damnable pale face who had given them such a fate! But all was vain. The burning mass from the loft fell in upon them, the red hot walls glowed and seethed as the fire communicated itself to the pitch, the cries of the perishing savages grew fainter, the blows upon the door ceased, and the waiting woman without knew that the work was done.  
Then with an almost bursting heart she approached her husband. If for a moment she wavered in her purpose, it she had thought of relenting, the feeling was changed to hard and impassible stone, when she lifted up the blood of her infant, she loved so well, and saw the deep, fearful gash in his deathly forehead! The clots of blood concealed his features; his eyes were closed, his face like the face we see under coffin lids, and his hair that soft, brown hair which had been his wife's pride, was dripping heavily with his life-blood. In that hour she forgot her babe, forgot her ruined home; her memory went back to those long sunny days, upon the shore of the blue sea, the heart walks upon the golden sands with James by her side, on the quiet evening musings upon the gray head lands, when he sat weaving sea-weed wreaths, low at her feet. She remembered it all, even the very shine with which the June moon used to silver that calm sea, and the fairer light which burned in her heart, when one hand held hers and one voice whispered that she was dearer to him than all the jewels which Eastern princes held, far over that glittering sea.  
It all came back to her, fearfully vivid and distinct from the contrast, and alone in the dark night, with the light of her burning home pouring its red baptism over her, she held the inanimate body of her husband in her arms, and thought with piled up agony of the past.  
She thought she felt the cold form tremble; it was a glorious thought. It infused new life into her veins and courage to her heart. She started up, and tearing upon his vest, placed her hand upon the fountain of life. Oh, what a wild cry of joy rose to her lips.  
"He lives, he lives. Thank God!"  
She resorted to every means in her power, they were but little, alas! how very little—to restore him, and Heaven was pleased to bless her efforts with success. Breath came back to James Moreland's chest, and life and warmth to his heart. His first words, when he opened his eyes, were but an added assurance of his fervent love.  
"My wife—Ellen—Heaven be praised. She is alive."  
Then he sank upon her bosom and said no more. But he lived; that was enough, and the brave woman, casting aside all thought of

herself, and regarding as nought the increasing pain in her wounded side, prepared to go for assistance. The nearest settlement was two miles up the valley, but, what to her was fatigue and exposure.

She sought the thicket where she had hidden her infant; it still slumbered, and carefully removing it she brought it to the side of its father. Then divesting herself of her shawl and apron, she wrapped the injured man tenderly in their folds and committing her husband and child to the care of Heaven she set forth upon her errand, carrying a pine torch to light the tortuous way. Night hung dense and palpable over the earth; not a star or a gleam of light over the battlements of the grim mountains; but she faltered not. Wild animals infested the whole valley, but the panther shrunk away from her white face with a growl of discontent, and the cowardly wolf hid himself in the underwood as her torch went by.

At length after a toilsome tramp of an hour or more, she reached the dwelling of the nearest settler, and aroused his family.  
Peter Kenney and his three stalwart sons were dismayed when they looked into the face of their visitor, with the blood trickling down her dress from the gash in her side; but their countenances burned with impatience when she related to them in a few hurried words the events of the night, begging them to go with her to her husband.  
No entreaties were needed to move those hardy fellows to action in a case where humanity was concerned, and in the space of five minutes a rude litter had been constructed of interlaced boughs, across which a bed and some quilts were laid, and then each armed with his trusty rifle, the four men set forth for the scene of desolation.

Ellen Moreland refused to remain at Mr. Kenney's house during the absence of the men on the errand of mercy, and not all the entreaties and expostulations of the kind-hearted settler's wife could move her from her purpose. She must go back to her treasures, and so, declining to occupy the litter, she went on before the little cortege—faith and hope lending vigor to her frame and elasticity to her step.  
When one of his sons were urging her to accept of the little conveyance, Mr. Kenney said:  
"Let her alone, John, the good Lord will give her strength and shut the jaws of the panther."  
The devoted woman reached her husband some time before the others, and she was more than rewarded for her exertions by the favorable change which had come over him. A faint color flushed his face, and the handkerchief she had bound around his head, had stanching the flow of blood.  
Little Rachel, nestling up close to her father's side, still slept—one of her tiny hands dabbled in the blood which had oozed from the wound in his forehead—the other supporting her smiling cheek—a picture of unconscious innocence and beauty.

They put the father and child together upon the bed, and the went out to look at the smoking ruins of the cabin. The charred remains of the savages could be perceived amid the embers, and they left them there undisturbed; feeling that Ellen Moreland had done only her duty in thus destroying them. The next day, the settlers of the upper valley gathered together, and casting the body of the unburned Indian into the ashes with the rest, they covered the place with the sods of the hill side.  
James Moreland lived, but his illness was long and tedious. He has before him an ever present reminder of the heroism of his wife, for since that night her right arm has hung useless at her side. The wound inflicted by the Indian's scalping knife was near the arm pit, and although it did not mortify, it palsied the vital energy of the limb.  
His husband blessed her every day for her heroic conduct at the time when he was brought so near the domains of death, and he brought, now the wife of a distinguished statesman, prays that she may bestow upon her two noble boys something of the spirit and bravery of their grandmother.

The burnt cabin was never re-built; Moreland removed to Dover, from thence to Portland Me., where he became an extensive ship-builder—but he never forgot the night of terror.  
**KILLED WHILE ROBBING HIS OWN HORSE.**  
The Milwaukee Sentinel gives the following:—We learn that on Wednesday or Thursday night last the Treasurer of the town of Erin, Washington county, whose name we believe, was Whaling, was shot dead while attempting to rob his own horse. It appears that he had collected some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the town taxes, and left home in the afternoon, telling his wife that he should be gone all night. Toward evening a travelling peddler applied at the house for a night's lodging. The wife at first refused to admit him, but finally yielded, with much reluctance to his request. Some time in the night the peddler was awakened by the noise of men breaking into his room. Taking them for robbers, he drew a pistol and fired at them. One fell and two fled. Lights being procured, the dead body of a man, with blackened face and otherwise disguised, was found upon the floor. Upon further examination it proved to be the proprietor of the house himself, who had resorted to this stratagem to steal the tax-money collected, and had met with this terrible retribution!

**SHARP, SHARPER, SHARPEST.**—They have a sharp net fellows in Kansas City. We had a good story of a trick played by one of the residents of that city a short time ago. A lean, lank, sallow faced individual rode a mule into Kansas City and wanted to sell him. A genius, standing by, offered to sell him five dollars. The offer was taken, and the mule disposed of; the auctioneer warranting a good title. The purchaser had scarcely got to his mule home, when a Shawnee Indian came into the city in search of a mule that had been stolen from him. The auctioneer was on hand again, and offered to show the Shawnee where the mule was, if he would plunk down a V. The Indian paid, and the auctioneer after pointing out the mule, went to the new purchaser, and told him how the case stood, at the same time offering to run the mule across the river for ten dollars. The bargain was struck, and the auctioneer mounted the mule, and that was the last that has been seen of the auctioneer or the mule.—Leavenworth Times.

## SENTENCE OF MARION CROPP.

We publish, by request, the sentence delivered by Judge Price in the case of Marion Cropp, who was recently found guilty of the murder of Robert M. Rigdon, a police officer, in Baltimore, on the 6th of November last. Rigdon, if we recollect aright, had given testimony, which caused his conviction, against a man named Gambrell, who belonged to the same gang of desperadoes with Cropp, and to avenge his comrade, Cropp entered the house of Rigdon and killed him in the presence of his family. The sentence is somewhat remarkable, and has attracted considerable attention. On Saturday, Jan. 23rd, the prisoner was placed at the bar, when the Judge said:

Marion Cropp, 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 should not be pronounced upon you?  
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 likewise. That is all I have to say."

The Judge resumed: 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 the place where your 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 Gambrell from the officers of the law, every step you took—every action of your body—whether crouching at the lamp-post or awning-post, or peeping into the window, the deadly and heavily charged weapon you carried in your bosom and sometimes in your sleeve, and every word you uttered up to the very place where this deed was done—indicated the bloody purpose of the soul; and even those, 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 Allegheny mountains, in West Virginia, to the sea-shore. I believe it would have reverberated with deep, and 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's 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 such shocks it would have tottered on its foundations, if it had not 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 a-bout 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 your varying countenance, and his testimony—facts piled on 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 hardness, the immutability of stone, and not of human flesh and blood, were there—and there always. Your eyes never quailed—your brow never wrinkled—your cheek never blanched—your head never dropped, throughout those eight days, 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 sigh within him. And your father, too, who stood by your side, day by 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 seem to be entirely unconscious of the nature of the terrible punishment that awaits you, not only in this world, but in that other world on the threshold of which you now stand. Would to God, for your own sake, that I could say something to you in this solemn hour, that might waken you to consciousness and feeling—that I could make you in some measure, at least, aware of the nature of the crime you have committed. I feel my utter inability to do so. I must leave this to other and far abler lips than mine—to the ministers of God, who are appointed and accustomed to turn the sinner from the road to hell to the way to heaven. For

"There is a path that leads to God;  
All others go astray."  
The learned counsel, who with so much ability and fairness aided in your prosecution, was understood by me to have stated in his address to the jury, and in your hearing, that it was his duty to "turn his face to the wall and pray." These words, Marion Cropp, I now solemnly speak to you. "Set this house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." And let me beg you, for your own sake, do as the king did, "turn your face to the wall and pray" unto God. I would entreat you, I would implore you, O, do not, for your father's sake, whose gray hairs are now bowed in sorrow—do not, for your father's sake, whose now rest with anguish—for your own soul's sake, O, do not die as the brute dies.

The judgment of the Court is that you Marion Cropp, be returned to the city of Baltimore, where this murder by you was committed, and this indictment found, and to the jail of that city from whence you came; that you be taken from thence to the place of execution, at such time as shall be duly appointed by the Governor of the State, and that you then and there be hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul.

done. On Saturday evening, the next day after Friday, the fifth of November, the day of your crime, I was sitting at mine own fireside, my wife near me, my little children, their faces bright and beaming with joy and gladness, around me. My own heart was full—overflowing—with the happiness of that hour, and I trust, with deep gratitude to God for all His goodness. Some one, I do not know who, handed me a package of newspapers from the post-office. I picked up the Baltimore Sun of that morning and opened it. One of my children playfully pulled it away; I put her little hand aside and took it again.

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

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

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

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

If you had never entered the threshold of one of these sacred edifices, nor heard the preacher's voice, nor the deep tones of the organ, nor the solemn chant, nor the simple hymn of praise, yet you must have seen the outside of these church structures—their lofty spires pointing to the skies, and ever inviting you to lift your eyes—to look upward. And you must also have oftentimes seen your fellow-creatures crowding the courts of these sanctuaries, and must have known their object and purpose. This fact alone might, one would suppose, have been sufficient to have arrested your attention and caused you to stop and think. And on God's holy day, if it on other time, you must have heard the church bells sounding from every steeple and reverberating throughout every street, alley and house in that city, summoning all to worship Him—to offer the sacrifice of praise and of prayer and thanksgiving.

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

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

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

The judgment of the Court is that you Marion Cropp, be returned to the city of Baltimore, where this murder by you was committed, and this indictment found, and to the jail of that city from whence you came; that you be taken from thence to the place of execution, at such time as shall be duly appointed by the Governor of the State, and that you then and there be hanged by the neck till you are dead. And may God have mercy on your soul.

**EXPANSION.**—President Buchanan has announced in a speech delivered at Washington, in response to a serenade given to him on the occasion of the passage of the Oregon bill, that "expansion is in future the policy of our country, and that only cowards feared and opposed it." The expansion to which our bold and dashing young President alludes, is not expansion of the currency, to which, we presume, he remains as much opposed as ever, but an expansion of territory. Recent experience might, however, raise the question whether the one sort of expansion is not quite as much the high road to bankruptcy as the other. In what has the present enormous increase of our national expenses originated, if not in the policy of territorial expansion, set on foot by the acquisition of Texas, and followed up by the Mexican war, resulting in a vast expansion of territory and attended by an expansion of expenditure equally vast?

Mr. Vice President Brockenridge, on the same occasion, though he modestly left to the President or the first officer of the Government the promulgation of this doctrine of unlimited expansion as the settled policy of the country, did yet take occasion to declare himself in favor of the specific acquisition of Cuba. He says he "would not rob for it," not, however, it would seem, because he has any scruples of conscience on that score, but because he seems to apprehend that, to use Mr. Buchanan's expression, the nation is too cowardly to adopt as yet that commendable method of operation. He gently hints that, in comparison with the English, we are sadly deficient in national pluck. Mr. Brockenridge complains that the English, in a great deal, but very little. That, personally, he has no objections, "to rob for it," is plain enough from the artful manner in which he endeavors, by appeals to the national pride and by contrasting American with British promptitude, to stimulate the country to the robbery point. The English, he tells us, do not talk; they act. In the island of Cuba, instead of being placed at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, as at the opening of the British Channel, England would take it in ten days. The implication plainly is that, if we were not a pack of cowards, letting I dare not wait upon I would, we should take Cuba in ten days.

As the Democratic party have placed their founder Jefferson on the shelf, as a well-meaning enough old fellow, but quite mistaken in his political ideas, and as they utterly repudiate the cardinal doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, we assume that henceforth, on the occasion of Democratic celebrations of the Fourth of July, the reading of that document will be dispensed with, and the Ordinal Manifesto substituted in its place.—Trab.

**BONES FOR TREES.**—Bones are always accumulating in villages and about country residences which might be put to a better use than to encumber the streets, or to emit a disagreeable odor from under the fence. There is nothing like decaying bones for all sorts of fruit trees. They are perhaps best for pear trees, next for apples, and then for quinces; but are good for any kind of fruit, unless it be cranberries, which seem to live and grow on little but water. The true way would be to make the bones into superphosphate of lime by grinding, and then adding half their weight of sulphuric acid, to be applied in small doses every year. But as there are not bone mills everywhere, and as the making of superphosphate is a trade which it could hardly be recommended to all cultivators to learn, the next best thing to be done is to break them up into inch pieces and mix them with the soil in which trees are transplanted. From half a peck to a peck for dwarf trees, and two to three pecks for trees designed for standards, is enough. The action will be slow but very lasting, continuing through the life of an ordinary tree. Bones are richly worth saving for this purpose; and at the small price at which they can be had in most country places, they can be bought to advantage. They render a tree vigorous and healthy, and greatly improve its fruit. It is not a bad plan to dig the soil about old trees.

**AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES IN EGYPT.**—On the railroad between Alexandria (Egypt) and Suez, recently finished, there are four locomotives—two of them English, manufactured, and the other two were built at the Taunton Works, Massachusetts. It seems that the Pasha's cars are open to battery, and the English engineers, through their consul, used every means to get rid of the American engines. They were told by the railroad company that the engines would not be used, and their services would not be needed. The excuse for hanging them up was that they were not strong enough to haul the heavy trains. One of the American engineers, getting an opportunity to speak with the Pasha, told him he would haul as many loaded cars as would reach from one end of the road to the other. Accordingly, seventy-five heavily loaded cars (which were all they could muster) were put in a train, the Pasha's own car attached, and the whole were taken through to Suez, a distance of two hundred miles, in twelve hours, making stoppages for fuel and water. The Pasha exclaimed, in Egyptian, "God is great, but a Yankee is very near perfection." On his return, he discharged the English engine drivers, and now uses the Taunton engines altogether.

**MURDER.**—At Durham Assizes, a very deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the Judge suggested to her counsel, and instructed the counsel to ask her what she would take to settle matters. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob tailed wig of the old lady. The old lady merely shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury, in confidence, that "she was very hard of hearing." His lordship wants to know what you will take? asked the counsel again, this time bowling as loud as ever he could in the old lady's ear. "I thank his lordship kindly," the ancient dame answered stoutly, "and if it's no ill convenience to him, I'll take a warin' ale." [Roars of laughter.]

Fanny Fern says, "if one-half of the girls knew the previous life of the men they marry, the list of old maids would be wonderfully increased," and the Boston Post adds that if the men could only look into the future life of the women they marry the number of old maids would be greatly advanced.

Adapt your means to your ends. Don't try to pick up eels with a pair of tongs.