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Daniel Ripley Wing

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THE POLYMER OF THE LATE

50 copies WASHINGTON, 29 Nov 1957

NO. 2.

your head by it. Have you thought of that?' 'I have, sir,' replied Binnoch firmly. 'As to the fightin', we are like to gie them as good

Bruce caught the enthusiasm of the speaker ; a tear started into his eye, and, seizing the hand of the humble patriot—

all Scotsmen were like thee. Beneath that
homely plaid of thine there beats a heart of
which any knight in christendom might be

UNIT FAREWELL

The next day the men selected by Bruce were at Binnock's house, having been admitted through the preconcerted signal. They repaired to the barn, and were snugly packed away

in the hay cart, armed with steel caps and broad swords. Everything being in readiness, Blincoe hid a sword amongst the hay for his own use, and in such a situation that he could easily seize it when wanted. He also provided himself with a porgard, which he concealed beneath his waistcoat. Thus prepared at all points, the intrepid peasant set forward, with his load of daring hearts, and, having arrived at the castle, he and his cart were immediately admitted. They proceeded onward till they came to the centre of the court-yard; when came the preconceived signal to his aid.

the August number of *Holden's Dollar Magazine*

covered, was seen to move, and on the instant upon the inexpressible amazement of the idlers who were looking on; and, to their still greater surprise, fifteen armed men leaped, with fearful shout, into the court-yard, when, being instantly headed by Binnooch, the work of death began. Every

ery man within their reach at the moment was
tied down. The guard-room was assaulted, and
all fit in put to death; and, passing from
a partment to apartment, they swept the
son, and took possession of it. The attack had
been so sudden, so unexpected, and so vigor-
ous, that its unfortunate occupants, six times

We have only to add, that Binnoch was rewarded by Bruce for this important service with some valuable lands in the parish of Linlithgow; and that his descendants had for their arms a *lion passant guardant*, with the motto *victus volens*.

Bangs on Disunion.
Bangs gave a dinner the other day to several of his Southern friends who were on a visit to the 'Old Bay State'; and after the cloth was removed the wine circulated freely, when

the Southron; 'we have a right to take our slaves to California if we want to, without asking the North any thing about it, sir.'

'Well, sir, admit it, but you can't do so.'

'Yes, but the North says we shall not, sir.'

'But, sir, the people of California themselves have decided the question; and they say they don't want slavery.'

'Who cares for the people of California, sir, they have no right, sir, to make a Constitution.

* But, sir, if you say you don't want to fail your slaves there, and that the country is not adapted to them, what is the use of contending for a thing of no practical utility ?'

— 'That's not the question, sir; it is the right I contend for, sir. The North has no right to draw lines for us, sir, or to say what we shall do.'

do, or what we shall not do, and d—n me, by this course you will drive us to disunion, sir."

"Well, sir, the South has no right to dictate to the North, sir, and dang me if we will stand it, and you may dissolve as soon as you please, sir."

The good-natured Bangs here interferred

'Story, story, Bangs's story,' hiccupped the gentleman at the upper end of the table.

'Well,' said Bangs, 'I recollect when a boy in my first class, one of the boys, had had

"No you wouldn't either," said Joe, "for I'd build on 'other end myself." "But I wouldn't let you," said Tom. "I wouldn't ask you."

though," said Joe. "But if you came on my land I'd lick you," said Tom. "It isn't your land, though," said Joe, "and I have as much right to it as you have." "I'll be whipt if you have," said Tom, and the two men thereupon clenched; when after a hard fight, said Tom: "Let's quit, Joe, the land don't belong to either."

Bangs's story produced a hearty laugh, the two gentlemen touched glasses, and agreed the Bangs had settled the question.—[N. Y. Pioneer.]

of **The Chanterrey**.—The best method of spreading the chanterrey vines is the following:—If the land be such as will admit of plowing in the dry season of the year, it should be well done, and after drying a few days thoroughly harrowed. By thus preparing the land it will be suitable for the reception of the seed, which

is easily obtained from poor or water-land or
ries, by pounding, and washing in water. The
quantity usually sowed per acre, is one peck
after which the land may be bushed, and is
very dry, to roll would be beneficial. The
seed should be sown rather than the straw
as it is liable to be washed away in time of

craneberry. Another advantage in sowing the seed is, in spreading it more evenly over the land than it can be done by sowing the berry. One acre of land sown in this manner will produce a great profit after some three or four years.

MISCELLANY.

THE POETRY OF THE FAIR.

The human face is a marvelous book;
And it opens whenever we look;
Time hath its tale in each wrinkle and nook,
Life hath its legend in every look,
And he that runneth may read.

Our summers are deepening the dimple of mirth,
Our winters the crow's foot of care,
Till years have worn threadbare the velvet of birth,
And left a lesson of beauty's light worth,
Of promises gone to the air.

The beating of hearts that are breaking unseen—
The secret of doleful thought,
As the hands of a clock tell the working within,
The innermost hours of the breast and the brain
Are known by the furrows without.

How closely these sorrowful miniatures stand,
And prech to the pulses of youth;
For around us their voiceless command,
Their mute, incessant warnings at hand,
The passionless presence of truth.

A Novel Suspension Bridge.

They are coming towards the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder, observed Raul.

"How swim it?" I asked. "It is a torrent there."

"Oh, no!" answered the Frenchman; "monkeys would rather go into fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream they will bridge it."

"Bridge it! and how?"

"Stop a moment, Captain—you shall see." The half human voices now sounded nearer, and we could perceive that the animals were approaching the spot where we lay.

Presently they appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old grey headed chieftain and officer-like as many soldiers. They were, as Raul stated, of the *comadreja* or ringed tribe.

One—an old aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scrambled back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile some of the *comadrejas*—engineers no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the arroyo.

At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood, that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and 20 or 30 scrambled up its trunk.

On reaching a high point, the foremost—a strong fellow—ran out upon a limb, and taking several gyrus of his tail around it, slipped off, and hung head downwards. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly around the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last one upon the string rested his fore-paws upon the ground.

The living chain now commenced moving backwards and forwards, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve.

Several others, upon the limbs above aided the movement.

This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of the tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk!

The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop to the number of four or five hundred passed with the rapidity of thought.

It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain!

The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over? This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the point of support on the other side was much lower—down and number one with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water.

Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in a similar manner, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal.

Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off, like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared!—[Capt. Reid's Adventures in Southern Mexico.]

The Pin and the Needle.

A Pin and a Needle being neighbors in a work basket, and being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do. "I should like to know," said the Pin to the Needle, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the Needle, "rather sharply, 'if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the Pin, "if there is always something in it?" "I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the Needle. "Yes, but you will not live long." "Why not?" said the Needle. "Because you always have a stitch at your side," said the Pin. "You are a poor crooked creature," said the Needle. "And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back," said the Pin. "I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again," said the Needle. "And I'll pull your eye out, if you touch my head," said the Needle. "Remember that your life hangs by a single thread," I would rather be threadless than headless," said the Needle. "While they were thus contending, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the Needle at the eye. Then she tried the thread around the neck of the Pin, and in trying to pull it through the cloth, soon pulled its head off, and threw it in the dirt by the side of the broken Needle. "Well, here we are," said the Needle. "We have nothing to fight about now," said the Pin. "Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses." "A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the Needle. "How much we resemble human beings, who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!" said the Pin.

The Good Wife. There can be no doubt that a good wife is a great blessing, and it is as true, that all wives desire to be good. Many, however, think they can be good without exertion. This is an error. Mental exer-

tion, and sometimes sacrifice of feeling, are required. But see the reward. The influence of a good wife is immense. The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is a man's wisdom and courage, and strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfort and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind, and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort, and his soul renews its strength and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, or complaint, or reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into despair.

On the Good Effects of Mulching.

It seems to me, that when any one has found a practice in horticulture not generally known to be of great value, he owes it to his neighbor and fellow laborers in the cause to make it public.

I tried the value of mulching, i. e., covering the soil over the roots of trees with straw, litter, sawed, or whatever else may be most convenient for retaining the moisture, keeping the earth cool, and preserving a uniform temperature—pretty extensively last year. I not only mulched newly transplanted trees, but garden vegetables, egg plants, okra, &c. Encouraged by the good results, I covered the ground under melons with straw; and this year I am trying it with various flowering shrubs and plants.

The great advantage of mulching is unquestionable for transplanted trees. I think it may be safely said, that a tree having only one third of its original roots left, (and the top, of course, shortened back in proportion,)—such a tree, as would die, nine times out of ten, with common treatment of watering, &c., may be invariably saved by mulching. Watering the trees that have been transplanted every day or two, for a month or six weeks afterward, as I have seen many do, is a matter of no small labor and cost. It helps to kill the tree, I am satisfied; if not by the constant and violent alternations of wet and dry, which the tree suffers in this climate, then with the hardening and baking of the ground which it causes. On the other hand, the tree once planted, it can be mulched (if the materials are at hand) in five minutes; and from that time forth it demands no more attention, no carrying of water, no stirring of the ground. The ground is also kept in that state of steady moisture and coolness most favorable to the growth of new roots; and, if there is any vital power in the tree, it is sure to show itself in this way.

As to the importance of preventing the soil from parching up in the summer, especially when you are raising somewhat delicate plants, every one can see it for himself without demonstration. I have found it easy to cultivate some garden favorites in this way that gave me a good deal of trouble before I tried it. Indeed, so great is its efficacy that some German agricultural writers, as you are doubtless aware, have not hesitated to take the ground that covering the earth with a coat of straw acts more beneficially upon a crop than giving it a coat of manure of any description. Although I am not prepared to take this extreme ground, I am confident that mulching, especially to the fruit and ornamental tree-grower, is a practice of great value, and much too little understood by most persons.—[Cott. Downing's Hort.]

Grafting Cement—its Application.

Having derived much useful information through the medium of agricultural papers like the Farmer, I sometimes venture to throw some of my ideas into the public fund; and if anything can be gleaned from them of any worth, I shall feel rewarded for anything I can do.

For two years past we have made grafting cement as follows: One pint of linseed oil, five pounds of rosin and one of beeswax, which we apply warm with a small painter's brush. It requires much less labor to put it on, and not so much cement is used as when applied cold in the ordinary way. In addition to the saving of time and cement, it is preferable on account of adhering more closely and remaining longer. Our success in grafting is better in this way than with clay or cement applied as formerly.

D. TABOR.

VASSALBORO, 6th mo, 1850.

[New England Farmer.]

I am for open and independent voting upon every point, and against any connection of a committee. I am against letting it be supposed, either at home or in Europe, that the preservation of this Union depends on the consultation of political doctors over the sick body of the Republic. Its preservation is not there—nor here—in a committee room, nor in this Chamber, nor in the hands of politicians; but the hearts of people, who are at home attending to their own affairs, and who will attend to the public affairs when necessary; and who know that they themselves have enjoyed, and are enjoying, more blessings under this Union than ever fell to the lot of man upon earth, and who are determined that their children shall have the same right to the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and the same equal chance for the wealth and honors of the country which they themselves have had.

There is where the salvation of the Union lies, and not in the contrivances of politicians, or the incubations of committees.—[Senator Benton.]

DAUGHEROTYPING THE STARS.—Mr. Bond of the Cambridge Observatory has at length succeeded in taking a daguerrotype of one of the most distant fixed stars, Lyra.

This successful experiment proves the interesting fact, that the chemical properties of light are not changed in traversing the vast space which separates us from the stellar regions.

Any space of which we can form an idea bears no comparison to the myriads of miles intervening between our earth and this distant star. Light, moving at the rate of 100,000 miles a second, would require 50 years to traverse it. And any which made the first impression on the daguerrotype plate, and recorded the first authentic telegraphic information respecting its condition, left the star more than 60 years ago; long before Daguerre had conceived his admirable invention.

ANOTHER INVENTION.—Mr. Charles Dawson, of 395 Strand, London, has constructed an instrument capable of performing mechanically an unlimited number of musical compositions. It is called the *autophon*. The inventor in describing it says:—"Though it can play no music of itself, it can play any music that

may be arranged on a sheet of paper supplied to it, returning the sheet uninjured when the piece is done, to be again inserted if a repetition be desired, or to be replaced by a fresh sheet if another piece be required." From the descriptions we have seen of this invention, it appears to be constructed on the principle of the barrel organ.

The Eastern Mail.

WATERVILLE.....AUGUST 1, 1850.

AGENTS FOR THE MAIL.

A. B. LORING, of Palermo, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to procure subscribers and collect money for us.

V. B. PALMER, American Newspaper Agent, is Agent for this paper, and is authorized to take Advertisements and Subscriptions, at the same rates as required by us. His offices are at Congress st. Boston, Trimbull Building, New York; N. W. cor. Third and Chestnut sts. Philadelphia; S. W. cor. North and Fayette sts. Baltimore.

S. M. PETERGILL, General Newspaper Agent, No. 10 St. Boston, is Agent for the Eastern Mail, and is authorized to receive Advertisements and Subscriptions at the same rates as required at this office.

DEATH SHOWING HIS HAND. Within a few days past, the papers contain the particulars of three shocking deaths from the misuse of poisonous medicines.

The first is that of Mr. James D. Hall, of Boston, who sent to a druggist a doctor's prescription for a dose of calomel, and received, through mistake of the clerk, corrosive sublimate. He died immediately after taking it. Had he received the calomel, as ordered, he probably would have lived through its operation. The coroner had ordered an inquest; but it is hardly probable that their verdict will restore the murdered man to his family.

The second case is that of an Italian musician in Providence, who designed to take a dose of cream tartar; but from his poor use of the English language, he failed to make himself understood, and took such a quantity of tartar emetic as caused his death in a short time. The inference is, that tartar emetic, when taken in too large doses, is a fatal poison. Consequently those who take it to cure, should be cautious not to take enough to kill.

The third is a case of death from the use of chloroform; showing the danger of using this article for the relief of pain, except under the direction of those familiar with its nature.—Miss Margaret A. Thornton, of Thornton's Ferry, N. H., was on her return from Mississippi, where she had been engaged in teaching, and was found dead in her room at the Delavan House, Albany, where she had stopped for the night, with every indication of having taken an overdose of chloroform; and from the medicine found in her room, it is supposed to have been taken to allay pain—either the effect of disease or of drugs she had before taken. Such, we understand, was the result of a post-mortem examination before the coroner's jury.

These fatal cases not only show that great care should be exercised in the use of medicinal poisons, but they suggest the inquiry whether remedies less dangerous may not be made to answer all purposes.

A Short Dictionary.

Hard Times—A man seated upon an inverted potash kettle, (near our door,) leaning his back against a granite pillar, and trying to whittle a toothpick out of a nail-rod.

High Life—The acting board of Selectmen holding a business session at the top of a three story building.

Spirited Contest—Scene, Main-street—hour, midnight—dramatic persons, Bill, lying stupid in the mud, and Tom balanced against a curbstone, threatening to black his eye if he dared to come half way!

Keeping a secret—Seeing all the above with your own eyes, and then putting 'it into the Mail.

CHOICE FRUIT. We thank Messrs. Taber, of the Vassalboro' Nursery, for the delicious Gooseberries they sent us. It is gratifying to receive these favors from a source we can so heartily commend to the public. Those sent us were Houghton's Seedling; a prolific bearer, and very hardy and productive. The berry is not of the largest size, but the flavor is good; and mildew is almost unknown in this variety. Those who would introduce it into their gardens should bear in mind, as autumn approaches, that they can be supplied, in any quantity, at the Vassalboro' Nursery.

THE GRAND DIVISION of the Sons of Temperance have had a fine week, thus far, for the excursion connected with their Quarterly session at Calais. The meeting must be one of the most numerous the Order has called together in Maine. Among the delegates the press promises to be well represented. Brother Yates, of the Fountain, and Littlefield of the Clarion; the Editors of the Organ, New York, and of the Washingtonian, Boston; the press has no reason to be ashamed of such representatives, either in their mental or corporeal capacity.

MINIATURES. Mr. Rogers is exhibiting an extensive variety of samples, embracing some very good ones, at his rooms in Hanson's Building. We think those who give him a call will be satisfied of his ability to execute good pictures. He offers at least a pleasant excuse for a call, in the variety of miniatures exhibited. Some of them are decidedly of superior finish.

THE SEASON. In every section of the country, promises to be unusually prolific in good crops. In this vicinity, especially, everything indicates an abundant harvest. Throughout the west, as reported by the papers, what promises to be a greater crop than for many years past. The crop, too, is said to be abundant in the large cities; and there can be no good reason why the harvest should not be better than usual. With such prospects as these, who thinks of whining about hard times?

THE CIRCUS. Those who regard the exhibitions of the circus as horribly wicked, may safely set down that of Spaulding & Rogers,

which visits Waterville tomorrow, as one of the very wickedest kind; for the papers pronounce it, wherever it goes, the greatest specimen of a circus ever seen. If wicked in proportion to its attractions and extent, then we advise such as have free tickets to throw them away. We give no other advice this year. [Of course we secured our ticket before we abused the circus as above.]

A Little Great Pig—Winslow still Ahead!

Messrs. Editors: Having seen in the Farmer an account of a pig owned by Mr. Loring B. Jones, of Osoola, which weighed at four months old 180 pounds, permit me to state, that I have a pig, the 'titman' of a litter raised by S. Percival, Esq., which at four weeks old weighed but 8 lbs.—at 9 weeks old 66 lbs. at 12 weeks 100 lbs.—at 4 months 191 lbs. This pig may be seen by the curious, at my stable in Winslow.

Winslow, July 29, 1850.—I certify that I assisted in weighing the above pig the last three times, and the above statement is true.

JOSEPH WOOD.

Winslow certainly bears the palm this far. Among all the statements in circulation, we have seen none that equal the above. If no bad luck occurs, it promises to excel Mr. Eaton's extraordinary pig, mentioned in the Mail last Winter.

Saxonia.

Here are a few nuts from the Burlington Sentinel, under the head of "Old Saws new set!"

Experience teaches better than precept.—Well, she ought to, considering the extreme severity of her lessons and the very high price of her tuition!

Flattery is nauseous to the truly wise. That is very true; but the maxim only serves to remind us of the extreme scarcity of 'wise' people.

Fortune has no power over discretion. Indeed but we rather think it has. It is the worst evil incident to fortune, good or bad, and especially 'good fortune,' that it drives all discretion out of the possessor's head.

Hasty resolutions seldom speed well. Perhaps not. But if they don't speed well, it's very odd how they manage to be so soon gone.

Religious contention is Satan's harvest. If this proverb tells the truth, the devil has no reason to complain of 'short crops' in this part of the country. Indeed, if his Satanic majesty is not satisfied with his harvest in Boston and vicinity, he must be an unreasonable devil—not to speak it profanely.

NEW SYSTEM OF PUFFING. The press, generally, "Bray, Blanche and Sweetheart, little dogs and all," are out in favor of the proposed "Handsome Men's Convention." We have more modesty than beauty, and shall not be a delegate. We have our eye upon a proxy, if he recovers of a cancer on the nose and the loss of an eye, in season to admit of the journey.

SHAKESPEARE. The Second Part of King Henry IV, being No. 20 of the work, has already been issued. It presents the same neatness of execution that has marked all the preceding numbers. This is emphatically the edition for the lovers of Shakespeare.

HISTORY OF ALL NATIONS.—We have received six numbers (all that have been issued) of this splendid serial publication, and are constrained to say that the pledges made in the prospectus, which will be found in another column of our paper, are fully redeemed in the work. It will be a valuable work and an attractive one; particularly to the young, and it can scarcely fail of awakening in their minds an early interest in the study of history. It will make a beautiful book too, being printed upon fine paper in the best style of the art; and a more elegant gift-book is rarely met with. Redding & Co., No. 8 State street, Boston, are wholesale and retail agents for the work. Specimen numbers can be seen at Mathews's.

See how some villainous poetaster has invoked the muse of doggerel at the cost of a poor type, who was 'bound for California!'

He thought about his press,
And dealt as he stood,
With blackened face and dress,
To eat his wholesome food.

He thought about his dog,
Hunting those meat-carts dear;
He gazed upon a sausage,
And wiped away a tear.

"LETICIA ARNOLD AND LIZZIE WILSON," two well written and exceedingly interesting stories have just been issued in one neat pamphlet, by E. Littell & Co., of Boston, publishers of 'Littell's Living Age,' the best periodical in America. Go, now, ye who have been wasting your money in the purchase of 'Mistakes of a Lifetime,' and other kindred trash, and buy these delightful stories, which have all the charm of the novel without its extravagance, and the perusal of which will do you good. These publishers are doing a great deal to foster and minister to a correct literary taste, and having in this way 'done the state some service,' they ought to be rewarded. When good reading can be had as cheap as poor, and one may as readily regale himself with nectar as feed upon garbage, we look to see a great improvement in the taste of the great reading public, and the vile stuff no longer and a market.

This little work will be found at Mathews's.

The President died on the 9th of July, and it was on the 9th of July that the declaration of Independence was published to the world as having been agreed to and adopted.—N. Ad.

Wonderful and if you should ransack the archives of chronology from Adam down to John Tyler, who knows what else may have happened on the same day. We'll bet you a dime that Lot's wife was salted down about this time. This is an age of astonishing coincidences—and wonderful discoveries.

NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OBSERVATORY.—A new paper with this title, devoted to the interests of Education, has just been started in Boston, by E. H. Hobbs & Co. It is to be issued once a month at 50 cents a year.

The Panorama of the Kennebec is on exhibition at Augusta.

Confession and Execution of Daniel H. Pearson, FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE AND TWO YOUNG CHILDREN.

Early this morning, the jail at East Cambridge was surrounded by a crowd of people, anxious to witness the execution of Daniel H. Pearson, which was to take place between the hours of seven and eleven. Only about two hundred were admitted, however, inside the walls of the jail, which is so situated that the scaffold cannot be seen from without. Quite a number of young men and boys, however, covered the roof of an adjoining house, and their clamorous exclamations interrupted the last religious services with the prisoner.

Most of the last night of the prisoner was passed with his spiritual advisers in prayer and preparation for his untimely death. Early this morning, his wife's father and sister visited him and took a last farewell. His own father, who is of advanced age, was not equal to the task of visiting his son at such an awful crisis, and has not therefore seen him for the past few days.

Early this morning, religious services were held in Pearson's cell, and to all appearances he appeared to be wrapped up in devotion, telling the bystanders that he was at peace, and beseeching them to repent also. He kissed the sheriff affectionately, and expressed himself satisfied with his treatment since he had been confined in jail.

At about ten o'clock, public religious services were performed in the avenue leading to his cell, Pearson being placed in a chair near, with his Bible in his hand. A hymn was sung, a fervent prayer made by Rev. E. T. Taylor, and portions of scripture by Rev. Mr. Merrill. At the conclusion of these services, Mr. Taylor remarked to the men in authority present, that the ministers of God having prepared the mind of the condemned for his fate, bowed to the majesty of the law, which they revered as necessary to the well being of society. He who was about to suffer, he said, puts the crime on his own head and bears the guilt. He concluded by commending his 'dear brother' to God, and adjured him to lean upon his Redeemer in the first approaching moment of trial.

The spectators then retired; and after his arms had been pinioned, with a firm step he walked to the gallows, hesitating for a moment as he reached the steps, but after a whisper from Mr. Taylor, walked promptly up and took his stand upon the drop.

He then called for a Bible, and read it for a few moments with wrapt attention, after which he requested permission to address a few words to the assembled crowd, which was promptly granted.

His address was in quite a low tone. It was substantially as follows:

"My dear friends—I should like to say a word to you relative to your salvation. That is the important point. I hope and trust I am going to leave a world of sin for eternal happiness. I commend you all to God, and pray that I may meet you all in glory. I hope you will be sure to be prepared to meet your God."

The reading of the death warrant and other forms having been complied with, the cap was drawn over his face, just as some indistinct words came from his mouth. A moment afterwards, at twenty minutes past ten, the fatal spring was touched, and the body of Pearson was launched into the air, the fall being about eight feet. There was very little, if any struggle after the fall, and it seems probable that his death was an easy one.

After hanging for half an hour, he was pronounced dead by an attending physician, was cut down, put in a coffin, and given up to a relative who will convey the body to Wilmington, for burial.

Pearson was about 45 years of age, and has one daughter, an interesting girl of 17 years of age, still living in this city.

PEARSON'S CONFESSION.

JAIL, EAST CAMBRIDGE, July 26, 1850.

I am about to appear before God. I wish to unburden my soul and free my conscience of whatever I ought.

With all my heart and under the eye of my Maker, who will judge me soon, I declare as follows, truly, of the death of my wife, Sarah B. Pearson, and of my two twin children, Sarah and Lydia.

I confess that, I myself alone took the lives of my wife and two children, on the morning of the eleventh of April, 1849, between the hours of two and four o'clock. This is the time when I did it, as nearly as I can recollect; and these are the principal circumstances.

On the tenth of April, having drunk ale to excess, I went to my brother Henry's in Bromfield street, took an umbrella, kissed my daughter Melissa, told her I was going to Providence, and parted.

Then I went down Tremont street and Temple place to a Club house and got a pack of cards; then I went down Tremont street, and struck over to the Providence Depot, and inquired when the cars started and left; then I went to Boylston street, obtained a shoe-knife at a shoe maker's shop, and then obtained a vial of laudanum at an apothecary's store; then I went to Merrimack street and got a bottle of gin; then I went to the Lowell depot, and left in the cars for Wilmington; I think about six o'clock in the evening.

On arriving at Wilmington, I asked when the cars left in the morning for Boston. Some one answered, and handed me a 'Pathfinder.' I then left for my house, where my wife and two children were living.

I went over through the woods, and stifpled with liquor, got lost. It was a kind Providence to hold me back. Not knowing where I was when I got through the woods, I looked round for some time, and saw my barn.

I went to the barn, and looking about, I saw a light in my house. I went and tapped on the window. Sarah came and inquired, 'Who is there?' Daniel, I answered. 'She came to the door and let me in. After shaking hands with her I set down. She got me a cup of tea, and I took supper.

Shortly after, she retired. I sat up for a little while, by the stove, and then went to bed with my wife. I dropped a little, arose, went out, and returned again to bed. Between two and four o'clock I did the fatal deed.

After the first thrust, which I think did not wound her, Sarah got the knife away from me. I know not how, and held it by the handle. It was hard to get it again; and in the dark I seized the blade in my hands, and wrenching, split the handle, and got the blade from her.

If the handle had not broken, the deed might not have been done. In doing this, my hands were not badly. I then overcame her, and in the struggle she cried out, 'O Daniel, Daniel! don't murder me—murder murder!' I pierced her in the neck. After she was pierced she got on the floor from the bed. She cried, 'Oh, my God! Bleeding she fell on the floor and died.

Do not know how the pillow came under her. Sarah slept on the bed with my wife. She awoke and cried. I pierced her in the neck also, and she died. Lydia awoke, crawled up on the bed, saying something and laughing, I believe. I put my hand on her head, and

pierced her in the neck—and this lamentable deed was finished. How could I have done it! Now I acknowledge, as I have often and repeatedly, that Sarah, my wife, gave me no cause, neither in any manner nor at any time, for doing this deed. I was not jealous of my wife. All her children, without doubt, were mine. She was a good woman and deserved well of me. I cannot tell why I did the deed, except that I was led away.

Before leaving the house, I killed a light to dress me. I left my wife on the floor, having placed the knife in her hand; the children on the bed, the laudanum by her on the table, with the cards and notes, one of which I signed, intending to make the impression that Sarah, after destroying the children, had herself committed suicide.

Then going out of the back door, I crossed the woods to a brook, and there washed my person from my wife and children's blood. I then changed my shirt, which was torn in the struggle, and bloody.

The blood on my clean shirt sleeve was my own blood. After wiping myself with the shirt which I took off, I rolled it up, carried it to Boston, and sunk it in the water just below the Providence Depot.

[Signed.] DANIEL H. PEARSON.

THE FUNERAL. A correspondent of the Lowell Courier gives a brief account of the funeral of this man. The services took place in the Orthodox Church at Wilmington, his native place, at four o'clock P. M., on the day of his execution, and were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Edmunds of Boston.

At about half-past three o'clock was seen the carriage, bringing the lifeless corpse of him who had just satisfied the demands of the law. The body was carried in the rear of the church for further adjustment, it being hurried away from the gallows in consequence of the excitement there. It was here placed upon the bier and brought in front of the church, where it remained until the conclusion of the services. The coffin was painted black, and as there was no lid, the entire top was sufficiently removed to allow all, who desired it, to see him.

Portland Advertisements

CARPET WAREHOUSE.
Sparrow & Tukey,
 No. 133 Middle street, PORTLAND,
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
CARPETINGS, OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
PAINTED FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,
 OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
 Straw Matting, Bookings, Rugs, Mats, and
 Carpet Bags.
WESTERN LIVE GESE AND RUSSIA
FEATHERS.

Hair, Palm Leaf, Grass and Cotton **matresses**
window shades, **all** kinds of **carpets**
and Curtain Materials of all kinds.
Chambers, 123 Middle street, **PORTLAND**
June, 1850. 39

OIL STORE.
WILLIAM A. HYDE,
(Late of the Firm of Robinson & Hyde,
Has returned to the Store occupied by HARRISON & LANGE
No. 203 Fore, near the foot of Plim's street,
where he will keep constantly for sale
SPEERM, LARD and WHALE OIL,
AND SPEERM CANDLES,
Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest market price.
Portland, July, 1850. 41

PORK, LARD, &c.
50 **BBL'S. Heavy Mess PORK; 50 bbls. do. Clean**
25 bbls Leaf LARD; 50 kegs do.
100 boxes Brown and Yellow SUGARS
1000 qts. Polard's Syrup
100 hds. New Crop MOLASSES
500 casks Weymouth NAILS;
100 chests and boxes COGNAC and Brandy
Together with a general assortment of
ALL GROCERIES,
for sale by A. N. KNOX,
154 and 156 Fore street, PORTLAND
April 2, 1850. 6m:38 W

Boston Advertisements

HANOVER HOUSE.
No. 30 Hanover street, opposite Head of Elm street.
The immediate centre of business, **BOSTON.**
THE ONE MOST MODERN AND COMPLETELY
FURNISHED HOUSE IN THE CITY.
MR. C. F. GILMAN respectfully informs his friends and
the public that he has associated himself with Mr. C. F. WIL-
SON in the above House. The new building, recently
repaired and neatly furnished, and contains a large num-
ber of pleasant single Rooms, together with a number of
sleeping rooms, and a large hall, and is under the management of Gentle-
men and their families.
He cordially hopes to receive; and will endeavor to give
share of patronage:
Boston, July 1, 1860. 46
C. F. WILSON
C. F. GILMAN

GEORGE T. CARRUTH & Co.
Importers and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
TOBACCO, SNUFF, CIGARS, PIPE
Gigar Cases, Gigar Lighters, Tubes, &c. &c.
41 Hanover, opposite Portland St.
BOSTON.
Orders from Country Dealers promptly attended to. {

JAMES W. ROBERTS,
DEALER IN
Butter, Cheese, Lard, &c. &c. Country Prodi
Foreign and Domestic Fruit, &c.

[illegible]

etc., with 24 catalogues, for use of schools, only \$30.
The books in this library are entirely different from those
\$10 Librarian, 100 books, 15 mo., bound
76 volumes, only \$65.
The Society is constantly publishing new books, which will
have any of the above, at the General Depository, 146 Ch
West street, Philadelphia, or at the Branch Depositories (at
same prices) 147 Nassau street, New York, and No. 9 Cornhill
Boston. Address.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION,
No. 9 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.
y27

* The Catalogues furnished gratuitously.

BREADSTUFFS!

BREADSTUFFS!—J. & G. BOWDLER & CO., Dealers for
No. 17 Long Wharf, Boston, have constantly for sale
East Boston Flour, in bulk or barrels, at
"Wheat Meal, or Graham Flour, in bulk
"Middling Flour, white and yellow, in barrels
Cracked Wheat, Cracked or Grits, in barrels
and bags
Huck's Flour, in barrels and bags.
Also, all the various brands of Southern and Western Flour
and Superior quality, made for bakers and
tailors.

ASHELLEY & CORLIAN,
Stock and Exchange Broker
47 State st., over Hoyston Insurance Office,
BOSTON.

MARLBORO' HOTEL,
TEMPERANCE HOUSE.
FRONTOX & PARKS
No. 225 Washington Street, Boston
THIS establishment has recently been enlarged and now
is one of the most modern improvements.
The location is one of the best in the city for business men,
well calculated for gentlemen visiting the city with their fam-
ilies, and many large and convenient Parlor, with ample
LIVING ROOMS.

Boston, 1840. 1y18
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APRIL 10, 1890. J. S. SANGHER
Flour, Molasses and Groceries.
 JUST received and for sale, Fancy and Common Flour,
 J. C. Cape Cane Molasses, Sugar, Tea, Rice, Coffee, etc., etc.
 at wholesale and retail prices.
 April 16, 1890. J. S. SANGHER

A NEW STOCK FROM BOSTON.
 5000 PRIMER SMOKED HERRING & a large quantity of
 6 size, Naple, Paris & Irish, best quality Salt Cod.
 10 lb. box, Choice Pork; Corned Fish of all kinds.
Fresh Fish and Vegetables received every day.
 A large supply of Ice on hand,
 at
AT JOSIAH THING'S,
 Two doors north of Williams's Hotel.

kinds, which will be sold **CHEAP FOR CASH.**
 Waterville, June 6, 1860. **W. L. MAXWELL**
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
 A LARGE assortment of Gents' Furnishing Goods can be found at
W. L. MAXWELL'S
Boots and Shoes.
 A FINEST supply of **BOOTS AND SHOES** (Russian, Last
 Gaiter, Polka and Children's Polka and Brogue Boots) has
 just received and for sale by
J. H. PERCIVAL
 April 26, 1860.

