GUELPH HERALD.

AND LITERARY, AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL GAZETTE.

VOL. IV—NO. 8. GUELPH, CANADA WEST, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1850. WHOLE NO. 164.

Business Directory.

GUELPH HERALD
Printing Establishment,
North West Corner of the Market Square.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PRINTING,
—SUCH AS—

Business Cards, Circulars, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Funeral Letters, Hand Bills, Book Work, &c. &c.
Insurance Policies, Posters, Way Bills, Blanks, Bill Heads, Stage Bills, Cards, &c. &c.

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JAMES LYND,
IMPORTER OF
DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
COUNTRY PRODUCE,
MARKET SQUARE, GUELPH.
April 1, 1850. 145

REMOVAL.

DR. W. A. LIDDELL

HAS removed to the house lately occupied by F. H. Kirkpatrick, Esq., adjoining the residence of the Rev. A. Palmer.

N. B.—Continues to attend patients in the country.

Guelph, June 4, 1850. 154

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

THE Office of the Distributor of Marriage Licenses is removed to the Store of Messrs. BUDD & LYND, corner of Wyndham street, immediately below Mr. Sandilands.

RICHARD FOWLER BUDD,
Agent for Granting Marriage Licenses.
Guelph, Oct. 15, 1849. 121-tf

H. GREGORY,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER & GILDER,
DUNDAS.

☞ The above is prepared to execute, on the most reasonable terms, *Banners, Flags, Devices,* &c., in a style that cannot be excelled on this Continent.

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Refreshments of every description at all hours of the day.

OYSTERS WEEKLY BY EXPRESS.
WINES AND LIQUORS.
Sherry Cobblers, Mint Juleps, Roman Punch, Fruits, &c.
Guelph, July 9, 1850. 159-tf

ROBERT OSBORNE,
Watch Maker and Jeweller,
VICTORIA BUILDINGS, KING ST.,
HAMILTON.

☞ Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Spoons, and Wedding Rings, always on hand. Orders from the country punctually attended to.

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E. & C. GURNEY & A. CARPENTER,
Manufacturers of
Cooking, Parlor & Plate Stoves
Of all Sizes and Patterns.

ALSO,—Straw Cutters, Corn Shellers Turning Lathes, Paint Mills, Pipe Boxes, &c. ☞ *Castings made to Order.*

CAREY'S
PATENT THRASHING MACHINES,
The most approved of in the Province always on hand.
☞ *John Street, Hamilton.* 12

JNO. P. LARKIN,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN STAPLE AND
FANCY DRY GOODS,
Corner of King and John Streets,
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☞ Country Merchants supplied on liberal terms at the lowest Montreal Prices.

C. L. HELLIWELL & Co.,
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
KING ST., HAMILTON,

KEEP constantly on hand, Writing Paper and School Books of all descriptions. Books of all kinds procured from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to order, on short notice; and mostly at Catalogue price. 27

MR. F. MARCON,
LAND AGENT, CONVEYANCER,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
GUELPH.

☞ Agent for the *Canada Company,* and *Bank of Montreal.*

Business Directory.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

JOSEPH PARKINSON, Esq., Agent for granting Marriage Licenses, will attend to all applications, come from where they may, when the parties are duly qualified to present them.

Park House, near Worsfold's Inn, Eramosa, July 20, 1850. } 161 3m

J. LAMOND SMITH,
Conveyancer, Notary Public,
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
FERGUS.
149-1y

JOHN HARRISON,
Joiner, Builder & Cabinet Maker,
GUELPH.

Plans, Specifications, Estimates, &c. for Buildings.

The different Artificers' Work usually employed in building, measured or valued, on the most reasonable terms.

MISS MARY CAMPBELL,
Milliner, Dress and Habit Maker,
All orders made up according to the Latest New York Fashions.
Residence—First Door West of the Wesleyan Chapel.
Guelph, Feb. 4, 1850. 137-tf.

THOMAS GORDON,
LAND AND GENERAL AGENT,
OWEN SOUND.

THE COLONIAL
LIFE ASSURANCE Co.
AGENT FOR GUELPH,
William Hewat, Esq., District Treasurer.

T. R. BROCK,
Conveyancer, Accountant, and
GENERAL AGENT,
No. 1, MARKET SQUARE,
GUELPH.

MR. J. DAVIS,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.,
GUELPH,
Wellington District, C. W.

ANDREW GEDDES, ESQ.,
Government Agent for the District of Wellington,
CROWN LAND OFFICE, ELORA,
On the regular Mail Road from Guelph to Owen's Sound.

ARCHIBALD MACNAB,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR,
Syndenham Village,
OWEN'S SOUND.

JAMES GEDDES,
Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c.
ELORA,
WELLINGTON DISTRICT.
February 22, 1849. 36.

THE Undersigned have entered into Partnership in the practice of the LAW, under the name and firm of
Fergusson & Hurd.
OFFICE—MARKET SQUARE, GUELPH.
A. J. FERGUSSON.
EDWARD E. W. HURD.

THE CANADA
Life Assurance Company
AGENT FOR GUELPH,
T. SANDILANDS.

W. FELL,
ENGRAVER AND PRINTER,
Opposite the Building Society's Rooms,
KING STREET, HAMILTON.

NOTARIAL PRESSES,
Notary and Office Seals, Professional and Business Cards, Door and Coffin Plates, and every description of Engraving and Printing.

OFFICE of the Clerk of the Waterloo County Council open on every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, between the hours of 10 A. M., and 3 P. M.

Court House, Guelph. } 34-1y

To all whom it may Concern.

MARRIAGE LICENSES may be had upon application at the office of the Distributor in *FERGUS.*

A. DINGWALL FORDYCE.

A. D. FERRIER,
CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC,
AND
General Agent,
Waterloo County Clerk's Office, Guelph.

Poetry.

For the Guelph Herald.

FIND OUT PRIDE.

Pride, ugly pride, is sometimes seen
With lofty look and haughty mien;
But often it is found that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide,
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It lurks and does its mischief there.
Now, if you really wish to find
If pride be lurking in your mind,
Inquire if you can bear a slight,
Or patiently give up your right.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry passion start
In any corner of your heart?
Can you with frankness own a crime,
And promise for another time?
Or grant you've been in a mistake,
Nor try some poor excuse to make—
But freely own that it was wrong
To war for *victory* so long?
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right and know you are;
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait and modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one,
Nor think of triumph when you've done?
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way;
Or do a thing against your will
For some one who is weaker still,
Nor rude nor boist'rous bearing show,
Though such the tactics of the foe;
But, when you find that you could do
By them as they have done by you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?
Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part;
And when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have pride;
Some one will suit you as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But if the whole should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your pride.

Perhaps the above may be of use to some of the many readers of the *Herald.*

Eramosa, 31st July, 1850. Philo.

Deferred Articles.

From the North American.

SCENE IN THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

On Saturday night, at half-past ten o'clock, a most disgraceful scene took place in the Legislative Assembly. The members of the Government, except Mr. Drummond, had left the House. Below the bar, there were only about half-a-dozen strangers present. Several of the members were drunk; and most of them seemed to have forgotten their position and their duties, as they betook themselves to boyish recreation. Some were playing at ball; others chatting and talking in groups; while measures were being passed at Railroad speed by a few members near the table. The speaker ever and anon, as the House went into committee and out again, left the chair and returned to it with the agility of a lively sparrow of the masculine gender. The Chairman as if he were doing business by contract and had called the power of steam to his aid, would say with all the rapidity of which the human voice is capable, "Shall the 2nd clause pass carried. Shall the third clause pass carried. Shall the preamble pass carried." Between the asking of the question and the announcing of the result there was no pause—not a half breath. The committee would rise; and the House pass through another scene with scarcely inferior rapidity. The appearance of the House was that of a lot of half-drunken rowdies; and even the sober members partook of the excitement and shared the spirit of boyish mischief that possessed the whole. A novel kind of paper warfare was indulged in by several of the members. They would seize the bills, which they were there to pass into laws, and crumpling them up in the hands, press them between their knees till they assumed the shape of hard paper bullets. These flew freely from one side of the House to the other. At length a "stricken deer" refusing to weep, took to curses, and a huge leaden inkstand as weapons of defence. A member who had fired several balls and had another prepared, was called to the chair. On his way he dropped the ball into the hand of another member, who walked up to the west end of the table, and taking aim, fired at the head of Malloch who was sitting near the other end of the table. To elude detection the assaulting member dropped at the end of the table. This shot was followed almost instantly by another of the same kind from Sir A. Macnab, who sat in the front row of the opposition benches, about two yards from Malloch, who, being more intoxicated than the rest, had become the target for most of the bullets. Malloch jumped up in a rage and seizing the large metal inkstand used by the Clerk of the House, was making an offer to throw it at the head of Sir Allan Macnab, when he spilt the ink on his hand. This caused him to set down the inkstand, with a view of wiping off the ink which he did with a lot of paper that was lying near. While going through this operation, Malloch turned round to Sir Allan, and in a tone of angry earnestness, exclaimed, "I'll take the responsibility of it—damn me if I don't." He then drew himself up as if preparing for hostilities, and having buttoned his coat, walked towards Sir Allan with clenched fist and outstretched arm, vociferating, "I'll take the responsibility of it—damn me if I don't,—if I be expelled on Monday." Mr. H. Sherwood—on whose degree of happiness at that particular moment we do not think it safe to pronounce—went up to Malloch and stroked him on the head, as one might do if he were desirous of taming an animal of the canine species. The pugilistic spirit having ceased to control the member for Carlton, he went over and seated himself on the ministerial benches. The canine predilections of the merry members were now strongly developed. Every one must get a snap at the wounded dog. Malloch became the target for nearly all the bullets that could be manufactured out of those incipent laws called bills. Tache was his great and secret enemy. He commenced a sneaking, guerrilla warfare against the member for Carlton. Manufacturing his bullets in the lobby, Tache would steal into the House, walking along the outside of the bar in that skulking style that sportsmen sometimes adopt to steal upon their game, and rising up would peep over the bar and fire at the devoted head of the enraged Malloch, and then retreat to the lobby. Startled by these assaults the hon. member for Carlton would turn round to spy out his concealed enemy, when he was fortunate if he did not encounter several shots from an opposite quarter. At length when he could stand it no longer, he sprang to his feet and staggered outside the bar, where beyond muttering a few curses he exercised no revenge. This scene occupied thirty minutes. All this time the House was engaged in Legislation, and passed several important measures!

When the House adjourned the effects of intoxication were more visible than before. At least three members toddled in a very embarrassed ambling style out of the House. Drummond did a little mock Legislation at the table. A brother member knocked Billa Flint's hat over his eyes; the member for Hastings submitting to the operation with becoming docility. Richards drew out his huge tobacco box and cooly lit his pipe. Paper bullets flew thickly and the House broke up in a state of great merriment.

Farmers of Canada! what think you of the conduct of your dignified Representatives? Remember that these gentlemen whose conduct we have just described, are the very same, who under pretence of supporting their dignity, dragged a reporter to their bar, reprimanded him, and declared that the people are admitted to the House only on sufferance, and who have since reiterated that slavish doctrine in a more repulsive form. These are the men who prate of their dignity and their privileges, while they trample on the rights of the people.

The *Globe* concludes a philippic on the recent doings of the Assembly in reference to the Press, with the following incident of Thursday week, illustrative of the very different degree of respect the members exact from the Fourth Estate to what they reciprocate among themselves.

"They may call each other liars, cowards, puppies, place-hunters, rascals, and all the foul names which foul imaginations can invent, and still they are a very dignified body, far above question. But if a Reporter addresses a member when he interrupts him in the execution of his duty, the dignity—yea, the dignity of this body is impeached! Strange thing, this dignity, to withstand such strong assaults—yet, go down before so weak a thrust."

"The scene to which we have referred, is one of those which do not impair the dignity of the House; no notice is taken of them except a faint cry of "order" from the Speaker; no member rises in his place to rebuke the actors, as they are ready to do when it is a reporter who speaks; the *dignity* of the House is unimpared. Mr. Gugy attacked Mr. Prince for his political course, the question under discussion being the reference of the Retrenchment Committee's first report back to them for re-consideration. Mr. Prince reported that Mr. Gugy was billing and cooing with the Ministry for a place. Mr Gugy replied that Mr. Prince was not good authority on such a subject, having been turned out of office. Mr. Prince very hotly said that Mr. Gugy was telling an untruth, he had resigned his office.—Mr. Gugy said, that like a well-bred dog, Mr. Prince had walked down stairs when he saw preparations making for kicking him out. Mr. Prince in a tone of suppressed rage, said that none but a puppy would say such a thing, and then proceeded to call the Administration a contemptible crew, as contemptible as their master—meaning Lord Elgin. Surely one might have expected that the Speaker, so very careful of the dignity of the House, who represses the assults of reporters with so trenchant a pen, who talks of speaking to an hon. member as an act degrading to an hon. profession—one might have anticipated a mild rebuke at least of ungentlemanly and rude assaults of members upon each other, and upon the Representative of the Sovereign! But no, the Speaker of this very dignified body cried 'order,' and there was an end of it."

Stealing Children.—An extraordinary attempt was made this week to steal two children, the offspring of Dutch parents, residing about two miles below Hamburgh. It appears that on Saturday last, an Indian, about thirty-five years of age—one of the tribe inhabiting the coast of lake Superior—was seen lurking about the village, and endeavored on several occasions to enter into conversation with the two children, but was disappointed. He continued to prowl about all day on Sunday, and on the ensuing day, during the absence of the parents, he suddenly pounced upon the children, one of whom, a girl, was nine, and the other, a boy, was three years of age. These he took up, one under each arm, and set off with the screaming victims on the road towards Haysville. Providentially some other children in the village saw the theft, and hastened to inform the parents, who, getting the assistance of their neighbors, immediately set off in pursuit, and the wretched thief being impeded by his burden, soon found it in vain to think of escaping. Instead, however, of dropping the terrified children, and endeavoring to make his escape, the monster threw them both into Smith's Creek, and darted off into the forest. The poor girl contrived to gain a footing, and raise her brother's head above the water, and, with great efforts, finally placed him and herself on the shore, in time to receive the embraces of their nearly distracted parents and friends. The wretched monster has at present escaped.—What his motive for the theft could be is utterly unknown; but we deeply regret to say he is yet at liberty, with the power of repeating similar brutal acts.—*Galt Reporter, 2nd Aug.*

From the New Orleans Bee, July 22.

VALUE OF LIFE IN TEXAS.

MURDER AND LYNCHING.

By the Steamship Yacht we have received the *American Flag* of July 17th. Captain Brennan was murdered at Brownsville by the notorious Bill Hardy. The particulars of the horrible deed are thus related by the *Flag*:—On last Thursday morning, 11th instant, our citizens were astonished with the melancholy intelligence that Justice Baron, in consequence of the death of the Coroner, had been called to hold an inquest over the body of Capt. John Brennan, who had been murdered in cool blood, by the notorious Bill Hardy, both recently from Galveston. It appears that the above two, with a number of others, were at one of the fandango houses, where they remained till between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, when Capt Brennan left for his place of lodging. He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Hardy, who drew his knife and thrust it to the hilt in Brennan's left breast. Seeing Hardy's movements, he threw up his hands, and exclaimed—"Bill, don't cut me." It was too late; the fatal stab came too quick and too certain for him to avoid it. He ran some thirty or forty yards, fell, and soon expired. After committing the outrage, Hardy walked back into the house, with his knife in hand, reeking with blood, exclaiming, "I'm a tart: and that's the way I'll serve any man who will follow me." Some of those who heard him, supposing he had got into difficulty with a Mexican, advised him to leave, which he did. As soon as it was ascertained that he had killed Capt. B., men were sent to the several ferries, to prevent his escape into Mexico, and others started in pursuit. He was arrested next morning about daylight, near one of the ferries, ironed, and taken to jail. The cause assigned for this brutal outrage is the refusal of Brennan to let Hardy have money while at Brazos, which is in all probability the true cause, as Hardy was heard to say, on the way up from that place, that he had marked his man. The people resolved to mete out justice to the murderer, and they accordingly demanded the culprit of the deputy sheriff, who was obliged to deliver him up into their hands. On reaching the spot selected for this tragic scene, he remarked that he knew he had to die, and intended to die like a man; but would rather be shot than hanged. The crowd assembled to witness the solemn tragedy was quite large, but quiet and orderly, with a few exceptions. No one volunteering to shoot the guilty wretch, it was decided that he must hang. During all this time, and even while the arrangements were making to launch him into eternity, where he would meet with a more dread tribunal than any one on earth, he evinced the most perfect indifference as to his fate, not suffering a muscle of his face or limbs to betray the least emotion, and even took the rope that was to hang him, and tied the hangman's knot, to show how it was done, without the slightest percept ble tremor of the nerves. Those managing the matter, fearing the knot was not well tied, untied it for the purpose of retying, in which they failed, when he remarked to a gentleman standing near him that he would have to tie it again. This kind office the individual addressed promised to perform for him. The doomed man then got into a cart, mounted on a plank which rested on the wheels, without any resistance or assistance, and while the rope, which was suspended from a beam used for hoisting beeves, was being adjusted round his neck, asked to have his hands tied behind him. There he stood, high above the crowd, his hands tied, the noose close about his neck, death staring him in the face, calm, cool, and collected. The cart moved from under him, and in this condition he was hurried into eternity. He died after a slight struggle, and thus terminated the earthly career of Bill Hardy. He met death with the same reckless indifference that he had meted it out to others.

On last Tuesday morning our city was made the scene of another bloody tragedy, when our citizens again took the law into their own hands, and meted out justice to a brutal wretch who had set at defiance the law of God and man. From what we can learn of the occurrence, the particulars are as follows:—A Mexican went into the house of McKee, where a monte bank is kept, and asked another young Mexican for a bit. The individual who was dealing monte at the time remarked that he would give it to him, which he did. In the meantime he had drawn his pistol, which, on receiving the money, he fired at the Mexican first addressed. The pistol was loaded with buck shot, two of which struck the young man fired at in the breast near the throat, a third wounding another Mexican in the arm. As soon as he had committed the foul deed he ran to the river, and attempted to effect his escape into Mexico by swimming. Several shots were fired while he was in the water, but none hit him. He was pursued by several persons in a skiff, caught and brought back. He was then taken to see the man whom he had shot, who was suffering greatly, thence to the place where Hardy was executed, and there hung. It was not to exceed twenty minutes from the time he discharged his pistol, till he was dangling at the rope's end. No cause has been assigned for the cold-blooded act. The young man who was shot in the breast died shortly after his murderer was hung.

The house of Mr. G. L. Stillwell, nine miles on the other side of the Rio Colorado, containing his family and four Mexicans, was attacked on the 10th inst. by eleven Indians; who surrounded the premises, and kept up a constant fire for about half an hour, without doing any other injury than killing two horses that were tied at the door. One of the party then came forward, at what he doubtless considered a safe distance, as if to challenge, when Mr. Stillwell shot him dead. The party then left, taking away three horses, and made towards Brownville. It is supposed that this party were among those who attacked Mr. Holbrook and a Mexican, a part of Mr. Stillwell's party.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser, July 27.

EXECUTION AND CONFESSION OF D. H. PEARSON.

The execution of Daniel H. Pearson, convicted of the wilful murder of his wife and twin children, at Wilmington, on the 11th of April, 1849, took place yesterday forenoon, in the jail-yard at East Cambridge, in presence of about 100 persons.—Most of the two last days and nights of his life, Pearson passed with his spiritual advisers, Rev. E. T. Taylor, and Rev. Mr. Merrill, in preparing his mind for the last great change which awaited him; and while alone in his cell, in reading the Bible, and in prayer.

Early yesterday morning, his father-in-law and daughter visited him and took a last farewell.

About half-past nine o'clock, religious services were performed in the avenue leading to his cell, within the hearing of all present. An appropriate hymn was sung—a deeply solemn and fervent prayer was offered by Rev. E. T. Taylor, and selected portions of scripture were read by Rev. Mr. Merrill.

At the conclusion of these exercises, Rev. Mr. Taylor made a brief address to the assemblage, reviewing the circumstances of the culprit's case, from the time of committing the awful deed, down to his last hour, and expressing his own conviction that he (Pearson) had met with a hopeful change of heart, and was prepared to die. He (Pearson) had repeatedly declared to him, that neither his wife or murdered children ever gave him, either directly or indirectly, any cause for his course of conduct, that he alone was to blame, and that she (his wife) was a good woman. Mr. Taylor closed his remarks by recommending his "dear brother" to God, counselling him to pray to God for mercy and salvation, and adding "go peaceably—go confidently."

Pearson's arms were then pinioned, and with a firm step he walked to the gallows, stopping an instant at the foot of the stairs to bid a last farewell to Mr. Taylor; and then promptly ascending the stairs, took his stand on the drop. General Chandler, of Lexington, High Sheriff of Middlesex, then proceeded to read the Executive warrant for the execution, during which, Pearson was engaged reading the Bible which he brought with him from his cell.

At the conclusion of the reading of the warrant, Pearson, in a calm and somewhat subdued tone of voice spoke substantially as follows:—

"My friends—I should like to say a word to you. Be prepared to die—this is the great point. Seek your own salvation. This death is the happiest of any in the world, if you are only prepared to die. I hope and trust in God, that I am going to leave this world of sin, and that I am going to be with God in Heaven. I recommend you all to the Word of God, and pray that we may all meet in Heaven. I hope you will be sure to be prepared to meet your God."

The rope was then adjusted around his neck, when he again spoke, saying, "I am ready to die—I bid you all adieu." A white cap was now drawn over his head and face, and a moment or two after—at eighteen minutes past ten o'clock, Sheriff Chandler touched the spring, and the murderer was launched into eternity.

The body remained suspended thirty-two minutes, and was then cut-down, and placed in a coffin which was under the scaffold during the solemn proceeding. It was then given in charge of a friend of the family, who conveyed it to Wilmington for interment.

Within three or four days past, Pearson voluntarily made the following confession:—

Jail, East Cambridge, July 25, 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, Martha 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 11th 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 10th 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, struck over to Providence depot, inquired when the cars started, and left;—then I went to Boylston street, obtained a shoe knife at a shoemaker'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 at 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, stupified 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 around 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. Martha came and inquired, "Who is there?" "Daniel," I answered. She came to the door and let me in. After shaking hands with her, I sat down. She got me a cup of tea, and I took supper. Shortly after, she retired. I sat up a little while by the stove, and then went to bed with my wife. I drowsed 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, Martha 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 cut badly. I then overcame her, and in the struggle, she cried out, "O, Daniel, 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—"O, my God!" Bleeding, she fell on the floor