again and found her alone. He came in, and talked possibly about his breaklast, or in some manner engaged this woman's attention, and manner engaged this woman's attention, and then, while she stood between him and the stairs, he possibly suggested something which would require her to go up stairs, or he may have sent her up stairs, and as she came down struck her the first blow. I do not say that, however; but the stair door was open and Mrs. Miller was standing in front of him, or and Mrs. Miller was standing in trout of him, or beside him when she unexpectedly received the blow which he dealt her with the stick in his hands. He was standing on the east side of the room, between his victim and the back door, and with the sweep of his stick he could pre-yent any retreat, either to the door that led out late. Butterwood street, or to the door that into Buttonwood street, or to the door that opened into the back yard—either to the one or the other-be guarded that side of the room. When he struck the blow, she shrank back, in all probability, and then that cry of extreme pain came from her, not a cry of terror or fright, pain came from her, not a cry of terror or iright, but a cry of extreme pain, such as could only come from a woman in distress; that plaistive, shill cry which only a woman can give, and which, when imitated here upon the witness sland by Mrs. Neff, caused your blood to curdle as she uttered it. But you are told that the skull of Mrs. Miller was exceedingly thick, that the brain was not disturbed to any extent. That blow did not render her unconscious, as the man who struck it expected it would, and intended that it should. He was one who was accustomed to seeing brute creatures knocked down with a blow upon the head, and their throats cut afterwards. He expected that that blow would knock that woman down and render her entirely unconscious, but he and render her entirely unconscious, but he was mistaken; after an interval she recovered, and he struck her again, and again the scream of pain was heard. He struck her a third time, of pain was heard. He struck her a tall of thee, and the scream of pain again echoed through the neighborhood. But a repetition of the blow, staggered as she was by the first, rendered the woman senseless; she fell upon the floor, on the west side of the room, remote, to some extent, comparatively speaking, from the door that opened into the adjoining room on Button-wood sirest, or the door that opened into the back yard. There she lay; and then this man, having previously resolved in his own mind what to do, passed round her, and with his right hand seized her by the throat. This was

(The District Attorney here demonstrated to (The District Attorney here demonstrated to the jury the position of the body of Mrs. Miller after she had fallen from the effects of the blows inflicted by the murderer, as also the attitude of the murderer in cutting the throat of his victim. He did not kneel above her, the District Attorney stated, and grasp downwards at her throat, for in that event the impression of the right hand upon her neck would have been the reverse of that which had been left, but the murderer got in front of his victim, and in that position consummated his hellish task.)
Mark you, gentlemen, there was no indication

of a pght having taken place, the table-cloth was not disarranged, and apparently this man did not seize and attempt to choke Mrs. Miller, but with these three blows he felled her to the floor, and then knelt beside her, on the right side of his victim, and leisurely proceeded with his work of slaughter. And I call your attention particularly to the fact that one in the position in which this man was when he cut the throat of Mrs. Miller would necessarily be stained with the blood of his victim in the very spots where the blood marks are to be seen on the clothes of the prisoner. He knelt beside his victim in the manner that

I now show you, with his right knee down, and the tail of his coat, hanging over in this way, was draggled in blood, and that is the way iu which the bottom of his coat became stained. But you are told there was no blood upon his No, but the blood is upon the side of the pantaloons, and up here (in the seat), and around his coat, just where a man would be stained who knelt down and cut the throat of a prestrate human being, Gottleib Williams takes the razor from the drawer, kneels down, and gives that cut across the throat. You are told that the deceased herself drew the knife across. I answer, it was a cut or a gash made by another, and by one who was used to cut-ting. Why, a butcher is accustomed to cutting both ways, and is just as likely to cut one way as the other; and as the prisoner was on the right hand side he cut that way (indicating a but from left to right), holding the razor in his right hand, and having tall command of it.

sy then exhibited to jury each of the articles of clothing worn by the prisoner, and the locality and size of the bloodtains upon each, in order to substantiate more fully the accuracy of the theory which he had advanced.) He asso stated that after committing the deed and leaving the bloody razor by the right hand of his vicum, the prisoner went hurriedly to the table to get his hat in order to retreat, fearing that the screams of Mrs. Miller had alarmed the neighborhood, and not knowing how soon somebody would be to upon him. As the prisoner tremblingly seized his bat he shook from his hand the sprinklings of blood that had been found upon the table, upon the bonnet, and on the wall. Gottleib Williams did not take up his hat that morning with his usual firmness and assurance; he had committed a deed of blood, and he seized upon his hat tremulously and convulsively, and as he did so the blood of his vicum was shaken from his

hand and cost sleeve over the table.

With respect to the absence of blood stains from the right knee of the pantaloons, I have to say, gentlemen, that the prisoner may have washed the blood off his knee, but I have yet to learn how any could get on the knee. A man kneeiing in blood would certainly get blood upon his knee-a man kneeling down in a slaughter-house, or who happens to tumole down, may get blood on his knee-but when a man kneels down, and the blood flows around him after he has knelt down, you will not be likely to find any stain upon his knee, but you will find the blood marks around the knee. I repeat, a man kneeling down in blood would stain his knees, but a man keeling down by the side and cutting the throat of a living being would not be likely to get a blood stain on the knee; the blood could not spirt there, and it could not flow there. Again, another feature in this connection is that the blood gushed forth from the throat of this woman almost in a dood; and although the murderer's hand was but a short time upon her throat, you can see how the oulf was stained with blood. And then, in addition to that, here is this shirt, or the fragments of it, which forms another link in the chain of evidence. There is the front part of the shirt, and there is the side seam, and right at the bottom, down this aide seam on the right, is where a large piece torn out, leaving a sprinkling of blood around it. New, why would the prisoner tear that large piece out of his shirt there, and tear it out with his teeth, as has been clearly proved in this case? It was Mr. Franklin who first suggested the probability of the shirt having been torn with the teeth, and he was laughed at, but he answered, "I can prove it to a jury," and he immediately set to work and had a cast of the prisoner's teeth made, which, upon being aplied to the tooth marks on the shirt, satisfied him of the accuracy of his first impressions, and enabled him to see something more, that in taking hold with his teeth, the prisoner had ed a portion of the shirt into his mouth

and upon which he had actually left the im-print of the roof of his mouth. [Note.—In referring to the varied details of the case, the position of the murderer when taking the life of his victim, the location of the blood stains upon the prisener's clothing as compared with his kneeling position, ctc, the District Attorney demonstrated in a practical way his theory of the manner in which the murder had been committed. The vacant space in front of the witness stand affor led sufficient room for these illustrations of the evidence, and during his argument the District Attorney fre-quently availed himself of the facility thus afforded him to explain to the jury by actual experiment the probable manner in which the good had stained the prisoner's garments. These practical illustrations, though perhaps wore convincing to the jury than mere verba essions, were not in every instance suffici it) belligible to the reporter (whose atten-

Now pentlemen, what does the appearance of Now pentlemen, what does the appearance of that state a demonstrates that the presence of the state of the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement at the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement at the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement at the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement with the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement with the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement with the pentlement with the blood on his the blood on his the pentlement with the blood on his the pentlement with the blood their behalf as man my duty, I near hat the harband and unter to leave, he came

right side. If you put that shirt on a human form, the part from which the piece is missing will correspond exactly with the part of the pantaloons from which a piece covered with large quantities of blood was cut out—the right side of the pantaloons, just behind the side seam—indicating exactly on which side of the body the man bad knelt. Now, my friends criticized all this, they examined these clothes, and it struck me as exceedingly strange that while struck me as exceedingly strange that while they were doing all this they did not study your countenances, and reflect how much better it would be for their cause did they hide those clothes away from your sight than to attempt to demonstrate that Gottleib Williams got all to demonstrate that Gottleib Williams got all this blood upon him by falling down in the slaughter-house. I shall speak of that, gentle-men, by-and-by, but I do say now that these clothes fully establish the fact that the prisoner knelt beside a human creature while the Ilfe-blood i-sued from the body of that creature. Mark you, gentlemen, I do not say that it is proved that this man came into that house and aid his hat down on the table: I do not say that it is proved that he sat down in the chair which evidently was placed there for a visitor. I do not assert positively that he did all this in that way; at least, I do not say that it was proven by the evidence; but I say that if we connect all the facts together; if we sift the whole of the evidence in detail, and examine into all that occurred at that time, we can justifiably conclude that this deed was done in that way, and we can fairly and reasonably conclude it. Moreover, gentlemen. I do not pretend to be wedded to this theory; I do not pretend that it is the only way in which you can account for the appearance of things there. You may turn the evidence over in your minds—the judgment of twelve men may be better than mine—and you may establish a different theory, which may make the case as clear and plain to your minds as if you stood there and saw Gottleib Williams commit the murder. This is my theory, and I have only to say, in the words of the writer— "And if a better theory 's thine, Impart it freely, or make use of mine,"

Now, in connection with this matter, it is said bere was a ring upon Mrs. Miller's finger, which

is missing. Very true. It was the ring which she said she would not part with while she lived. Now, it is not for me to say, gentlemen, whether this ring was wrenched from her finger, or whether it was not-she wore it apon her ring finger possibly, or upon her middle fingerbut, gentlemen, you will remember there was a bruise right upon the knuckle, made by the falling of a heavy stick upon it; and, in all human probability, when that woman was struck the first time, and she saw the weapon descending to strike her a second or possibly a third time, she warded it off as best she could, and broke the full force of the stick with her knuckle, so that the second blow did not bring her to the ground. The first blow surprised and stunned her, the second was interfered with by her hand, and did not come upon the skull in its full force and weight; consequently there was a serious bruise upon the first knuckte of that band. And who can say whether, if a stick like that were to descend upon a woman's finger, it would not be likely to shatter a ring? Rings have been broken by the slightest of blows. A blow like that could shatter a ring or cause it to open to such an extent as to fly from the finger. You remember it has been shown they did not make a very rigid search at that time; they were not cleaning beautiful to the country to the ing honse; and, in view of all the circumstances, a ring of that kind could very readily be lost There was no examination of the alley. Did any human being say that he or she examined the alley with a view to ascertain whether there were any blood stains in it? Not one. And there was no search made and no effort made, that I know of from the testimony, to find the missing articles; and that woman's ring, gentlemen, may have been lost then. At all events, it seems that in point of fact her declaration was verified, that she never would part with that ring while she lived—she never did part with it until life had left her. "Oh, but," the counsel say, "he could not have broken off the ring." If the ring had been shattered he could very easily have taken it. I have no doubt, gentlemen, that that ring was taken away by the man who murdered Mrs. Miller, and when Gottleib Williams will tell you, gentlemen, where he put the razor that he stole from the drawer, in all human probability you will find

the ring and the razor together.

Gentlemen, I contend that this was the way in which Mrs. Miller was murdered. I have said, for the sake of the argument and illustra-tion merely, that Gottleib Williams did this murder. Now let me ask your attention to the evidence, which shows that Gottleib Wil-liams did do it. Now, if there were known to be in a particular house a certain treasure, and a man was seen to go in the direction of that house, or go into it, and he was shortly afterseen out of that house with the treasure in his possession, it would be sufficient evidence to satisfy you beyond all doubt that he had been in that house, and that he had obtained the treasure that was there. Gottleib Williams was in the house of Mrs. Miller—was seen to go into it just before this murder took place. And let me ask you, gentlemen, if there is any difficulty as to that? He left his lodging-place in the board-yard, when he rose in the morning, and went down to Fisher's tayern, where he arrived at ten minutes to 7 cyclock. He so states houself—because he o'clock. He so states himself—because he may have watched the clock very narrowly that morning—watched the time in order to prepare countervailing testimony in case he was charged with a deed of blood. Ten minutes to 7-

Mr. Worrell (counsel for the prisoner) inter-

The District Attorney—I do not speak now about the witnesses, and I do not want to be held to them. I am talking now about what the witnesses said that Williams said. He looked at the clock; it was ten minutes of 7; and the witnesses fix it at that time—ten minutes of 7, or at 7 o'clock. Mr. Fisher said he saw him in his house—he did not see him go out; so that the prisoner may have left Fisher's ten or afteen minutes after 7. But, mark you, Fisher's is at Ninth and Noble, and Noble is the first street south of Buttonwood, Hamilton is the first street south of Buttonwood when you go further westward. The prisoner goes directly from Fisher's up to the court, and he is seen to turn into that court. The witness, Alice Holden, is waiting at the window and watching for a friend, and she says it was at that time she saw him go into the court, and Bridget McSorley says she saw him going in at about 7 o'ctock. So you see from the time he left Fisher's it was but a few minutes until he reached the mouth of the court. A square is only four hundred feet, and he had only two squares to walk, so there is scarcely any difference in time from his leaving Fisher's tavern and his reaching the court—the one being within pistol shot of the other, "Ob, but," we are told, "you cannot rely upon the witnesses as to the identity" of the prisoner. What! not rely upon the form of Gottleib Williams—a man whose history is known in that neighborhood, who has been the prodigal son, who has inherited this estate, who has wandered to California, who is known to have been paralyzed, who has been seen dragging himself about the neighborhood, who is known to be in distress, whose modes of iving and habits have rendered him notorious Mistake about Gottleib Williams! You might mistake a man's face; but, gentlemen, the step, the gait, the movement—all these go to make something that is almost indescribable, and yet so peculiarly characteristic of the man's appearance. And they are char-acteristic of this man alone; another one may have a shape or form like the prisoner, but the eye seeing the shape and form in motion could not mistake it. The witnesses describe him as going along with one foot and then dragging the other after him. What do they mean? They mean simply that when he steps the right foot forward, he then halts and brings the other up to it. He cannot step out with the left and bear his weight upon it that far off (indicating the position), but he it that far off (indicating the position), but he can bear his weight upon it when it is right close to the other foot and directly under his body. He could not lift the right without bearing his weight on the left, but with the ald of his cane he steps out with the right and brings the other after him with that peculiar motion. He was well known, as he went through the streets, to every being in that neighborhood. Why, Alice Holden tells you she has seen him

hundreds of times, for to see Gottleib Williams | Bp op there moving about among the neighbors was to know him and to remember him forever. Not know him! Why, gentlemen, they knew him well; and, more than that, when this lady (Alice Holden) saw him going is the alley, and when the other woman (Bridget McSorley) saw him going in or up the alley, they saw nothing in this man's appearance which, in any way, shape, or form, indicated that he had blood upon him. Now, mark you, he was seen to go in towards that house in his usual way, walking along calarly and quietly, with no stain of blood upon his clothes no crimeon spots upon his coat; for, mark you, when he turned into that alley and walked up it a woman stood and looked up after him; and ask you whether, if the right side of his coat had been drabbled and stamed, that woman would not have seen it. She tells you there was nothing about him to attract her attention. Now, gentlemen, I have said that if it were known that a treasure was in a certain and a man was seen to go in towards that house and was afterwards seen close by it and going from it with that treasure in his possession, you would say at once that he had been in that house and would so say simply because of the fact of his having the freasure. Gentlemen, you can-not too highly estimate the importance of this part of the testimony. And I regret exceedingly that you have not had the opportunity of look ing at the situation of the premises at the back part of that house. This plan does not give you an idea of it. You see an alley and a house, but you get no proper idea of propinquity, and can-not see how close the places spoken of by the witnesses are to each other. The "fourteen-feet" house up that court would not be as big as the space in which you are sitting, gentlemen, even if it were square; and in order to give you a somewhat fair idea of the place I will here Mr. Worrall (interrupting)-You have accepted

The District Attorney—And I have made it the basis of my present remarks.

I trust I may not be misunderstood, gentlemen. I have assumed that plan as the basis of my calculations here, and by the dimensions of that plan, and the plan itself, I hope to be enabled to give you a more correct understanding of the remainer.

ing of the premises.

Now, this plan states that the house on Buttonwood street is thirty feet.

Mr. Worrall-No, sir, nineteen-not quite nine-The District Attorney-I know what I say, and I mean what I say.

Mr. Worrall—There is the number, sir (indicating); nineteen feet.
The District Attorney—I am not speaking of width but of length,
Mr. Worrall-I am not speaking of width.
The District Attorney-I am not and you

Mr. Worrall-You are only misstating the

The District Attorney (addressing the jury):-I am not misstating the facts, gentlemen; I am only endeavoring to assist you in forming an idea as to bow far the prisoner was from Mrs. Miller's gate when he turned the angle of that court, that is all. And probably I will escape this criticism or this wisest censure if I take the plan in my hand, so that the counsel, whom I am not addressing, will understand as well as yourselves, whom I am addressing, the meaning of what I say. Far be it from me, when a man's life is at stake, to make the slightest intentional misrepresentation. From the front to the rear of Miller's house fronting on Buttonwood street (referring to the plan on paper) is thirty feet; at the rear of the yard of the house is this gate. The prisoner was seen to turn this angle and disappear. He was then within twenty-eight feet of Mrs. Miller's gate. Now, gentlemen, when he disappeared at this point, where did he go? Why, it is argued he was going to these water-closets. Then why didn't the counsel show that those water closets were open so that a man could go into one of them? They presented as Why they into one of them? They presume so. Why, they could show it, if such was the case. It was not my business to prove that, or to disprove it. If the prisoner made that a part of his defense, he the prisoner made that a part of his defense, he might have proved it. I was not bound to prove that each house had a key for each privy, that the privies were kept locked, and that each key was kept in each house. I did not know but what they intended to prove by a lady that this gentleman knew very well who lived here, and knew these houses; that the prisoner had gone know? I therefore avoided the point, believing that if he wanted to prove he was in thos privies, the prisoner could prove he went and But he did not prove that. got the key. gentlemen, he was seen to tura this angle (and he was then twenty-eight feet from the gate of Mrs. Miller's yard), and nothing separated him from the gate but the yard of this fourteen feet house, through which he could pass. Now, where was he going? Was he going to see the people in this fourteen feet house, in which the lady, Mrs. Fricke, lived. If so, Mrs. Fricke could be called to show the fact—what was to prevent her from answering, "Yes, he came in and stopped in my house?"—but he did not stop there; he went in here and he disappeared here. Where did he go? He could not have gone any where excepting into Fricke's house or into the yard of Mrs. Miller's house. He was twenty-eight feet off. Gentlemen, he was just in the position of the officer, Mr. Coulson, as he stands now, coming this way, up this passage; he could have gone in that door (into Mrs. Fricke's), or into that door (the entrance nearest to you there), where you, jurymen, are. Iffa man were seen coming up that aisle which leads to your seats, gentlemen, and he suddenly lisapreared, you would ask where did he go

through that court without making a stop. He went into Mrs. Miller's house, and there is the spot (indicating on the plan) where he disappeared from human vision. Now, gentlemen, I have said suppose there is a treasure in a certain house, and a man is seen approaching that house, and is afterwards seen with the treasure in his possession, there could be no doubt of his having taken that treasure

I ask with the same earnestness, where did this man go? did he turn into Mrs. Freicke's? where

Miller's, for there was no other place for him to

probabilities, and you will find no escape from that mierence. His counsel may say, "He wanted to go into Buttonwood street." Well, I

will only say it would be a very curious route for a man to take, particularly a man who was lame and who waiked with difficulty, as they complain, to come up Hamilton street, go into

this court, turn this angle, then this way, then that way, and then the other way, to get into Buttonwood street, when he could have gone

up Buttonwood, very readily. He could have

gone up from Fisher's, mark you, in any way he pleased. If he wanted to get into Buttonwood street, gentlemen, why all this circumnaviga-

tion on that morning? He was not bound for Buttonwood street; he did not intend to go

straight up Ninth to Buttonwood street

You may traverse the whole range of

did he go? Why, he must have gone into

Now, gentlemen, the prisoner took with him from Mrs. Miller's the treasure that was known to be there-a treasure richer than gold -and that was the life blood of this woman. In her struggle with the murderer, she could not fix upon him the mark of damning guilt, but an overshadowing, all-seeing Providence has ordained that he who wantonly strikes at the life of another must necessarily bear some mark to identify him from among the rest of men-some stain which cannot be obliterated. Cases are common in which murderers have tried all sorts of means for wiping out of existence the traces of their awful crime, but all in vain; and Gottleib Williams' case but adds another to the list from whom the damning spot "would not out." I say there was in that ise a treasure more precious than gold, one of the few things which money could not buy-this woman's heart's blood—and her last convulsive movements in death sprakted that heart's blood upon her murderer, and when be went out of that house he had that treasure upon his person, for those drops of blood are identified as conclusively as they could have been were they solden guineas. been were they golden guinea Now, gentlemen, I have said that after he left the house he was seen in Button wood, street, moving westward, by his friends, indeep, Menns and Cameron saw him coming up on the opposite side of the way; and when he watted

up on the south side of Button wood street, and the eyes of those men on the opposite side were uson him, one said to the other, 'Look at Gottleth, he looks as if he had been down in the slaughter-house. They saw his garments crimsoned, reddened with blood—I beg the witness' pardon, opposite pink—they saw his garments stained with blood, pink—stains were to be seen distinctly. Now, he went into this Mrs. Miller's house without a blood-stain on him or anything to attract attention, and when we next see him, at a quarter to eight o'clock, or about that time, within five or ten minutes of it, probably, he has these blood-stains upon bim. "Oh, but," you are told, "they did not amount to anything," I will come to that directly and show what they did amount to—possibly I should say it here. These stains were afterwards examined, and they were found to be, not the washings of diluted blood, but between the textures of the garments clots of blood were seen; the little squares filled with of blood were standings of a gutter; not mud clots, not the washings of a gutter; not mud and filth, but pure blood, clear and pure, and as distinct as the richest metal that ever was mined when in its purest state—pure blood.

mined when in its purest state—pure brook.

Now, gentlemen, I have said that he was seen.

He was seen by Alice Holden and the other female witness. Bridget McSorley, going into the rear of Mrs. Miller's house—he was seen shortly after with his garments saturated. stained, on Button wood street, going on up But-ton wood street, just from the from of Mrs. Miller's house, as he had crossed Tenth (and this house is half way, possibly, between Ninth and Tenth, in Buttonwood), and then these marks are seen upon him. And he is then seen by Joseph Menns and by Cameron. He was then seen by them to go southward, down Eleventh street. And then we prove to you he went to this very yard where he slept the night before, where he slept in safety—at Eleventh and Hamilton streets, and he went there to divest himself of these blood stains and evidences of There is where he went and deposited that cuff that has been produced here. And then within half an hour after that he is seen in Spring Gar-den market by John Menns (a cousin of the other witness), and seen under circumstance so very peculiar that they rivet the links of this together. Now look at it. He had been to Hamilton street—that is clearly proved—and just about nine o'clock he is in the market seek-

ing his breakfast.
Now, gentlemen, there is a vast difference between seeing a man in market on a Wednesday morning, and seeing a man going up on the other side of the street, and saying, "Look at Gottleib; he looks as if he had fallen down in a slaughter-house; been in a blood-puddle." People in the market look at each other in the face-who looks down at the garments? Therefore, nebody saw him in the market; he had got rid of the stain, cleaned it off the best way he knew how, and he had actually with his teeth torn it off though there was no blood visible about him. But with all that he is seen by John Menns in the market his countenance pale pallid, almost ashy-ashy, except one round red spot on his right side, which was deeply tinged. He was flushed up, and under a state of excitement, so much so that Menns' inquired, "What's the matter with you? what have you been doing?" He noticed it—he noticed Williams' pale countenance—he saw its ashy appearance—he saw that the coward blood which was present at this deed of guilt had retreated from his face to garrison his heart, all except that spotthat remained, and remained alone as Argentine at Brannockburn, or Commodore Barney at Washington-all the rest of the coward blood had fled away. Then there he stood in the market, and Menns asked, "Why, what does all this mean? what's the matter?" "Why," said he, 'I had a fight with an Irishman; I had a trouble with him before, he was a machinist, and I had a trouble with him before." is the machinist? where is the man that Williams had the trouble with before? They do do not find any such man; I find him.

To the Counsel-I beg your pardon; I recall that, as I do not wish to state anything that may properly be deemed objectionable. Whether they find him or not, gentlemen, is not in evidence. If they did find him he did not suit their purposes; no such man is produced. He had a fight with an Irishman the night ctore-no, I beg your pardon, I will get at the truth—he had a quarrel, a quarrel or a fight, that morning, he said, with a man with whom he had a quarrel before—a man that he knew, a machinist—and he had called that man a liar. and that man had struck him, and that had caused the blood to come upon his nose and upon his clothing. But, mark you, this man had been so busy removing the blood stains from his cuif and his clothes before he ventured n the market to get his breakfast, that, in tearng away with his teeth the blood from his shirt. had stained his face, and the moment he was told the blood was there he instantly removed it and that, John Menns tells us, took place about o'clock. Did he go and sit down and ask this ady to give him a cup of coffee with this blood pon his face? No, he had removed it, where he usually got his breakfast." Now, what does that show? Why, it proves he left Hamilton street; he then went down in the narket where this conversation occurred with

Menns, and got his breaktast afterwards. Now, gentlemen, I have said you can run the time along, and you can fix time and place, After he had got his breakfast, after Menus had even bim, why he must have sone up to Spring Garden street. Why, he told Menns he had been somewhere in the neighborhood; he was bound to account for something right there, and therefore he said he had been in the neighborlood, and had this fight. Now, gentlemen, are you not satisfied, every one of you, that, how-ever that blood got upon his face, it was got shortly before he saw Menns? That evidently was the case. Besides, he said he had been in the neighborhood of Twelfth and Hamilton (or Noble) street. Do you know why he said that? Because he had been down there to clean this blood off of himself and to hide this bloody cuff, and therefore it was natural for him to say, "I got this blood on down there." That is where he went to take it off, and there he locates his fight with the Irishman. Now, he must have been down there to have the fight, if his story be true. We prove he was down there to hide the cuff, for the cuff was hidden, and no man but Gottleib Williams ever carried it there and hid it there. I do not know whether to this hourthey admit that that cuff belonged to this

Mr. Worrall - Oh, yes; we admitted that The District Attorney-Well, I do not know now they accounted for the cuff being under hat pumice stone.

Mr. Worrall-Oh, yes; it was thrown there The District Attorney-Well, I do not know how it struck you, gentlemen; bow when a man has said he threw his cuff away carelessly in the street, they could account for its being picked up by some unknown person, and carried back ove, or ten, or fifteen feet from where Gottleib Williams had been seen to stand. Who was seen to take the trouble to carry the cuff back, and aid and assist in the prevention of his detection by hiding it behind the barrel? Possibly they accounted for it; I must confess I did not beed t, or understand it, or hear it.

Now, gentlemen, he was there at Hamilton street, as is proved by the presence of the cuff; he was there as he said; he was in that neighhe was there as he said; he was in that neighborhood, but he was not lighting any Irishman, or any Irishman fighting him. I do not know how Gottleib Williams got the idea of an Irishman into his head. That has been to me one of the mysteries of this case—where he got that idea from. It may have been occasioned by the appearance of the man whom the prisoner met the night before, with whom, however, he had no particular wrangle or quarrel; he may have thought this man was an Irishman. But at all events, it is an amaswal thing for, an Irishman to take it up for the negro. It shows how civilization has extended; its influences are felt by all around and about us. Gottleib Williams afters some epithet about the degraded race, and he is taken up by some Irishman, who bloodies his nose; and that unknown belligerent, whosever he was, won't confess that he did this dreadful deed—will not admit that, to resent an imput to a fertile. an inputy to a tellen tace, he atruck a cripple That arishman will not let at he known the where a whole race was lessited and ablac-ent he himself was called a tiar, he seem on a galaiste ve ergen reed all bun licemin of printing and the late murders were touched upon to these persons, and fall details of northbounderies were carnesly depicted, while all

Gottleib Williams. That here cannot be found; and we are told R is because he don't want to come and degrade himself in Court by atmitting that be struck a cripple. Well, gentlemen, I do bot know whether it would not be almost as noble to strike a cripple as to go and murder the imbabitants of Canada in order to and a way to Ireland. It sirikes me it would be about as sensible and about as herore—just about. If these Canadian invaders want to free Ireland, let them take their green flag, or any flag they

please, and "Plant it on Irish soil.

Let them strike three blows with Irish brand,
And march three miles on English tand,
And bid the banners of their band
In English breezes dance."

And probably there would be thousands of American freemen and American born who do not love perfidious Albion over much, who would be there to see and there to help, but who do not exactly understand this flank move ment through Canada. Yet that here cannot be The man that struck Gottleib Williams would not come and degrade himself by saying le got into an altercation with a cripple and struck him — gently smacked his mouth or bloodied his nose. It was not a very serious injury, and the blow was not a very hard one, for a nose struck in the centre would evidently be accompanied or followed by two black eyes; struck on the side, only one eye would lackened. Gottleib had no b ack or blue under his eyes; his nose was unbroken; no modern Lord Lovelace had interfered with his bridge; there was no scratch at all upon his face. But his friends conclude that he was corroborate in his statement about having a fight because there was a heetle flush upon his right cheek. Was the skin broken there? No. A scratch? No; there was more blood there, but the blood under the skin-that which was above it had been removed. Take Gottleib's handker That handkerchief, gentlemen, has been busy—busy—busy in removing blood; and Menns mistook the spot of blood on the side of the prisoner's face—what he calls a hectic flush but what was really a telegraphic communi-tation between the heart and the cheek-ne mistook that for the mark of a blow; he sidered that the cheek was reddened-reddened by an external injury, and not because the eart had done its fast wicked deed.

Now, gentlemen, these stams are found upon the prisoner. I have said (and here is the strong part of the case, or, rather, it is that part of the case that requires an explanation by this defendant, and in detault of an explanation, why, the decision must be against him) that he not this blood upon him when he was at Fisher's. Now, we will say nothing about Mrs. McSorley, if you choose, about what Mrs. McSor-ley said, and what Alice Holden said (the witsses who saw him go into the alley). We are told we cannot rely upon the fact, that they did not examine his clothes parrowly, and cannot whether blood was on him; but, gentlemen, this man came into Fisher's tavern at ten

Mr. Worrall—Ten minutes past seven. The District Attorney—He, Gottlerb Williams, aid "ten minutes of seven."

Mr. Worrall-George Fisher sald "ten minutes

The District Attorney-Well, gentlemen, as the prisoner and the witness disagree, it is very natural that I should make a mistake myself. If my friends will let me know exactly at what time he went to Fisher's tavern, I will adopt that as the time

Mr. Worrall-Take the evidence. The District Attorney-Well, do you believe Fisher or Williams? Mr. Worrall-Both.

Mr. Pile (associated as counsel with Mr. Worrall)-Fisher. The District Attorney-Fisher, you say. You do not believe your client?

Mr. Worrall-Oh, no; he may have been mis-

taken, and he may have been right.

The District Attorney—But while there is so much difference between these persons as to the fact, gentlemen, I may be pardoned if I adopt the theory of one of these men in preference to that of the other. It is proved, then, gentle-men, that in the neighborhood of 7 o'clock Fisher saw him. He sat down in Fisher's upon a chair, and he read the paper. Would not that bloody coat-skirt have left some impress of blood upon the chair? Would not those bloody pantaloons, if they had been bloody, or if the blood on the shirt had saturated the plants, have left some trace on the chair? And yet he away from that place, as blood is seen there. Fisher was there, and saw him go into the tavern, saw him distinctly, and they both swear he was as usual, with no blood Now, gentlemen, at whatever this man left there—at ten minutes after 7, or twenty minutes after 7, I do not care which— when he did leave there he had no blood upon his garments; but when he was seen going up Buttonwood street, at a quarter or twenty minutes of 8, he had the blood on him. He had not been fighting the Irishman; where did he get it on? Where did he get upon himself, within that short interval between his departure from Fisher's and his being seen going along the street, those blood stains that he has made efforts to remove by scraping and washing? Now, the prisoner admits these stains were on him on Friday morning, he admits they were on him on Thursday, he admits they were on him on Wednesday; and he is asked to account for their being on him on Wednesday morning at a quarter or eight o'clock, when the witnesses first saw them; he is asked to account not only for the fact of their being on him, but he is asked to account for their being first seen just at the time when this woman was murdered. or immediately afterwards, within five, ten, o fifteen minutes of the murder, as you may call it. Mark you! I repeat, he is asked to account not only for their being on him, but for their being on him at that time. What does he do? He says, "They were on me at that time, but they were on before; I got them on me on Tucs-day afternoon."

Now, mark you, he got these stains (proved to be blood stains by the physician) - he got these garments saturated with blood, so that a bloodclot remains through every square of the shreds
—he got this blood on him on Tuesday afternoon. Very well. But where?—where? He
says, "I got the blood on me at Mr. Fete's
slaughter house." There is no mistake about
that, gentlemen. He fixed the place, and we
brought the man; we proved he was there not exactly at the time he said he was, but we have proved he was there on Tuesday afternoon, and we proved conclusively, gentlemen, that he could not and did not get these blood stains on him there. He says that he fell down in the slaughter house. He did not say, gentlemen, that he had fallen down in the guiter, and go these blood stains on him from the mass of and water that was then running away. Now, we brought Mr. Fete and his partner, Mr. Stubing (who killed for him that day), and they say the prisoner was there twice; he was there not it e day after, but the day before, but he was there Tuesday afternoon; that when the hogs were killed he was not there. Williams said he met a boy on the street, and the boy told him to come round, they were kill-

ing, and he went around and they were killing, and he got the blood on him from the hoga. and he got the blood on him from the home.
Now, gentlemen, let us ascertain toos he there
then? No; the killing was over; he was not
there at the killing. He wanted to see the
warm blood bubbling from the threat of the
animal; probably it was a pleasure to him to
witness such sights; therefore he went there to
see the killing; but the killing had taken place
there an how or an how and a half before he
came. And therefore, he told a label one there an hour or an hour and a half before he came. And therefore he told a labelood in that; he was not there at the time of the killing. He said at the time of the killing be had fatten down and got the blood upon him. Now sentlemen, he did not fall flown in the slaughter-house. No housan being proves that he told down in the slaughter-house, he housan being proves that he fell down in the yard. If he did, who saw him fall told affect him any sho housed at him? for people are generally laughed at who fall down in blood and set stalled; who sympathized with him! Nobody. Where is the boy who took him around to see stalued, who sympathized with him! Nobody. Where is the boy who took him around to see the killing I. He does not include any such boy, with but likey say. The might possibly have role the truth in that; he might possibly have role the truth in that; he might possibly this bleed upon his clothes by being present at some killing of a hop?

Well gratteries, if a map who was a crupte indertook to out the intent of a hop will a research to be the sum of the present the research and the sum of t

In great haste, I am, my dear friend, most

the hog, he might stain himself with blood; but when did Williams perform on a hog in that way?—when did any other man perform on a hog in that way? Again, "Oh, but there were some spots unwashed in that sluughter house—some patches of blood remaining, not cleaned up." Well, gentlemen, a man may fall down, but how could he work himself down to get his cost so saturated with blood that the shrads would all be filled with it? Why, he must want to look like a murderer very badly; he must want to look so much like a murderer that every one in the world would take him for one. But the want to look so much like a murderer that every one in the world would take him for one. But the witness tells you that a man could not, except by design, get his clothes so bloody in that slaughter-house. But what was the testimony? Was Gottleib there at the killing? No, he came there when it was over; the third here had here Was Gottleib there at the killing? No, he came there when it was over; the third hog had been killed and scraped; two of them had been carried out and hung up in the shed, and the third was being carried out—hog no longer, bloed in it no longer, but pork, manufactured pork, a thing for the market. He did not say, 'That is a fine hog," or "That is a bloody hog, I will keep away, 'or the blood might get on the inside of my button, I will keep away;" he did not say that the hog was carried out and that ended the killing. Now, gentlemen, you are asked to believe that he got all of these stains at that place; for, mark you, that is the place, and he went there with every desire in the wor'd to wrench out of the things there something that would help his client. He went there with a skilled mind, with an ardent desire, with a determination to wrench, if possible, from the a determination to wrench, if possible, from the very stones and the crevices between them blood enough to stain the properties between them blood enough to stain the properties; but it was a fruitless task. You have heard of the attempt to get blood out of a stone, or from between those stones, and around those stones in the slaughter-house. Get all the blood you can there, around and about the stones, and around in the stones. you will not get blood enough scarcely to stain through these pantaloons and this shirt. "Oh, but there is blood in the street." Gentlemen, there was, probably, last September, a little place left of what was Spring Garden. The name is a very beautiful one, but in our early childhood we associated it with blood and butchers, and slaughtered animals, and blood butchers. in the street. A child was taught that if it went up the street it would "smell blood," Such was Spring Garden, and the name was associated with all these ideas.

Spring Garden has since grown up and been merged into the city of Philadelphia, and is now one of the finest portions of it; and it may be that some of the butchers up there are careless, but the idea that blood runs out there in the street, I take as supremely ridiculous. "All is not gold that glitters;" all is not blood that's red. Mr. Pile says that he judged about one-fourth of the fluid in the gutters there was blood. Possibly he saw it after the water had ceased to run. The witness was asked here by the counsel for the prisoner whether his nose ever bled, and an allusion was made to that morning; we were told that if the witness had seen Mrs. Miller when she was dead, and he had been arrested and had had any blood upon him been arrested and had had any blood upon him—if his nose had bled—he would have been in great jcopardy, and he was warned to be very careful about his nose bleeding. I took the liberty to ask Mr. Pile whether his nose ever bled, when he talked about one-fourth of the contents of the gutter being blood; he stated it had. I asked him how much blood he thought is rould take to color a hadin of water? it would take to color a basin of water?

Well, he said he could not tell. Well, I will venture to say, gentlemen, that filteen fair blood drops would stain any basin of water as red as any 'gutter that Mr. Pile ever saw in Spring Garden. I will venture to say it, and will risk this case on the experiment. Fifteen drops fairly dropped would do it. When you compare the fifteen drops, I will venture to say they do not even stand in relation to water in the basin, as one to a thousand. A single drop of blood will discolor a basin of water, four or five will redden it, and ten or fifteen will give it a crimson appearance. Mr. Pile, when he spoke of the blood being in the gutters, just spoke as to what he saw there without considering the matter very critically. Well now, gentlemen, suppose all this were true; nobody saw Gottleib Williams fall in the gutter. If he had been picked who out of the gutter there on 'head ay afternoon up out of the gutter there on Iucsday afternoon coming from the slaughter-house where they had been killing, there would have been some-thing to support this. But, gendemen, look at this. Here is a man on trial for his life, found with blood clots on his garments, and the or thing the poor wretch can do is to get up this story thus presented by his lawyers.

What does it prove? Why, it proves, gentlemen, there is no better excuse to be found. Mark you: you cannot say he may have received these blood stains thus and so—no, gentlemen, the prisoner has considered all that for He has weighed and considered that, and his life being at stake, that is the best he can give you. But, gentlemen, there is another thing here that makes it very difficult, that makes it impossible, for us to conceive how this prisoner can be "not guilty." The blood that is found upon his call, he admits, is human blood; he says it is human blood. I have not a doubt of it. He says it is his own. Ah, gentlemen, that cuff! Is it not singular that that little band should have remained—just remained, brought up, and fitted exactly around the place where the little band had fitted on the other side, just as though the woman who sewed the shirt had put those little threads in there, and made that a little stronger (the texture was twice as strong there as elsewhere),—that that little band should have remained, and it should have torn everywhere else but there, and that this, being applied, should fit just around the inside. People call this chance; some call it fate; some say the hand of fate is in all these things. That cuff is admitted. But, gentlemen, it would not have been admitted if that little piece of string had not been therethat away, you would never have heard the admission, although the scientific man would have proved a thousand times, by submitting it exactly, and the same material as the sleeve-although the sewing-woman would have tol you that the sewing on the cuff was the same on the neck of the shirt—although the butto on it corresponded with the rest on the shirt. If that little shred were away, you never w have had the admission that you have morning, that that is Gottleib William That is human blood on it. Wherein a blood on that differ from the blood razol? The blood on the razor is human the blood of Mrs. Miller. The blook to he prisoner's clo bea is shown, upon tion, to be precisely in all respects the same as the blood taken from the cuff and the rusor. Why hoold we seek to exhume three dead hogs, and alk about their blood? The very means that his man takes to make this deed pass off as a suicide—his leaving that razor there imbued with blood—aids in his conviction. That razor a brought into Court; no other portion of Mrs. Miller's Blood found on those premises at the Miller's Blood found on those premises at the time is brought here to bloody garment of hers. By the purest accident the razor is brought; but no blood from her veins, no blood shed in the house, and found there, is brought into Court, except the blood on the razor. That blood on the razor hang tried and scaled off, and tested and subjected to the same tests, is proved to he the same blood as that upon the cuff and upon his garments.

Now reptiemes, is it not wonderful that there

coiff and upon his garments.

Now, sentlement is it not wonderful that there should have been these little tracks left sround and about us. I end when I opened this case there were always traces to be discovered, if we would only seek them, by which great criminals. would only seek them, by which great criminals might be brought to justice. If there had been any doubt on the part of that shirt-maker, that skilled man whom you have been told is an expert at shirt making, as to the cull being part of this what he would have expressed it. He took if and examined it had put each string, would be placed he put that cull and that string, every little strand, just exactly as they ound to be, so that he satisfies you beyond all doubt. Why, gentlemen, do you suppose that the paisoner would have admitted the unless he was compelled to? There is no men't in this admission. If you could have been hambooxled and humbugged by that other cull produced here, there would have been no admission. When Barrer was brought into Court, he was langified by the pressure of his boot upon the snow, and jet the counse had another boot made which they thrust forward. Phey never