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O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

For the Democrat.

THE MURDERER'S SOLILOQUY.

"Thou art a felon still."

O horrid truth! though *prison-walls*
No longer hold my murd'rous form;
Though on my ear, no more there falls,
The wrathful voice of midnight storm,
Through *grated windows* murmuring,
"A Heav'n-cursed *homicide* thou art;"
Yet, in my soul, these accents ring,
Causing my very blood to start,
As, in the tones of death, they speak,
"Thou art a felon still!"

What though I range the haunts of men,
And breathe, unfett'r'd, heaven's pure air,
Is not my *crime* as black as when
The lonely *dungeon* was my lair?
Yes: on my *hand* the foul spot lies,
And o'er my *brow* the deep'ning stain,
While from the *ground*, for vengeance, cries
My *victim's blood*, as did to *Cain*,
The "*blood of Abel*" speaking loud,
"Thou art a felon still!"

Where'er I am, where'er I roam,
Unnumbered forms attend my tread,
While ever-chapping sinsons come,
To fill my soul with fear and dread;
And o'en in dreams no rest I find;
When wrapt in slumbers deep I lay,
Remorse, with anguish, fills my mind,
And seems with threat'ning voice to say,
"Vile wretch! thy doom thou yet shalt meet,
For thou'rt a felon still!"

O, Heaven! must I for aye endure
The bitter pangs which now I feel?
Ah, yes! th'Almighty arm is sure,
And keen as death th'avenging steel;
For now, within my bosom burns
A flame my soul ne'er felt before;
While guilt, remorse and dread, by turns,
Gnaw fiercely at my being's core,
As Conscience whispers in my ear,
"Thou art a felon still!"

For this I drew th' assassin's knife;
[illegible] the deadly thrust,
[illegible]
"Thou art a [illegible]

Ye men of justice! heed you not,
The seal of Heaven's vindictive wrath,
Deep written on my brow?—a blot
Doom ng the homicide to death?
'Tis true, you *found* no cause that should
Impose Jehovah's righteous ban,
That, "whoso sheds his brother's blood,
His *own* blood shall be shed by man;"
Yet, though the *Law* has set me free,
"I *am* a felon still."

Montrose, March, 1850. "Ros."

Miscellany.

THE TRUTH OF HOME.

BY M. F. T.

I. THE EARLY TIE: OR CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

O! the innumerable delights that cluster around that dear name—*home!* You breathe that word with an awe few others inspire. With it are associated the dear remembrances of youth—of *first* friends—of *dearest* friends. You pronounce that thrilling name, and, as if by magical influence, images of loved ones, of bye-gone years, dance before your mind. The kindred spirits, with whom your soul held sweet converse, are invoked and your fancy revels in delightful reminiscences. You again walk over those grounds, arm in arm, with that dear one whose memory you love to cherish. You again bow at the family altar, with those whom, long since, time has made old, distance separated, or death snatched from earth. You are again the prattling boy, or the joyous, laughing girl, sporting with childish glee about the threshhold of the dearly-loved homestead; or, you are the wiser youth, or more steady maiden, wandering over those grounds, and talking to those trees, and birds, and flowers—learning their lessons of life's realities, from their fading—or feeling as free from care as the little brook that comes trotting by your feet, and leaves you far behind in the race.

And what is it that endears that place, and makes you start with joy at the mention of it, or brush the silent tear, when you recall it? You remember the form of the mother moving there, in her graceful majesty, in her affectionate tenderness. You think of her, in her angelic offices, ministering to every necessity, anticipating every wish, and contributing her smiles to make the hearthstone the most attractive spot on earth. There she nursed you; there she taught you to lisp her own dear title; to bow in solemn reverence at her knee, to lift the heart and voice in prayer to God.

You call to mind the *father*. There you stood at his side, or sat upon his knee, and gazed into his manly countenance, and listened to his grave instructions, until your love and respect were drawn out, such as only a child can know for a father. There you enjoyed his counsel in all difficulties, and you felt the need of his guidance, for your young and inexperienced mind. Alas! for those who have lost this fond parent, while yet they are unable to wander alone in life's wilderness.

You are reminded of a gentle *sister's* influence. She moved by your side, as a heaven-born attendant, and hovered near you when temptation would entice, to lure you from its beguiling path. She was your confidant, your very self, only superior, wiser, and more tender. You loved her, because she was your own sweet sister; you loved her for the secret, yet not unfelt power over you; you loved her as the star of the family circle, as the devoted, all-abiding sharer in your youthful joys and sorrows.

There, too, you recollect, was the *brother*. You watched his growth from helpless infancy. You led him out to study the boy's duties; you listened to the first desire he breathed to make himself famed.—You remember his boly ambition, his unchecked ardor, his manly respect for himself and for the feelings of others. Or, if you be younger than he, you can recall his tender care of you, his kindness in teaching, his unselfish daring. Most of all, you think of the intimate communion of spirit there was with you; he was free, open, joyous. Your brother was the pride of your father's heart—the bud of promise in the "family tree."

The time-worn mansion now stands before you. Every stone in its walls, every tree on the grounds, every hillock, and slope and plain, is as familiar as the loved ones that dwelt there. The fancy wanders back, and the associations of each is present to your mental eye. In that room, lying next to the roof, you slept. There you were often lulled to sleep by the heavy rain pattering over your head, which has never since sounded so delightfully. There your treasures were hoarded. In the little sitting-room, on the stand, lay the family bible, and night and morning you bowed with the loved ones at your side, around the family altar.

You enter with awe the room above.—There your father's spirit escaped from earth, and you think of him now as walking among the saints in glory. Every spot in the neighborhood is endeared by the recollection of some incident of by-gone years. On *this* you played in childish innocence; on *that* you stood to watch the far-off eagle, or the approaching cloud—*Here* you sat in deep meditation; *there* you wandered by the brook, or plunged into its yielding bosom, or hunted the retreating game. *There* you knelt, and learned of God, in the sights around, or listened breathlessly to the many voices of nature.

But where shall we end in our descrip- [illegible] lights of the early home?—[illegible] thro[illegible] devout love before Him, while the father's voice falls on their ears, as he pleads that God who has made them one, on earth, may through His grace, grant a blessed reunion above, a whole family in Heaven.

Such is our picture of domestic bliss, but it is left unfinished. There are other delights such as those of younger years experience. They have not families, but compose a part of these very dependencies, the sons and daughters, adults, but still at home with parents. What are their means of joy? Ah! to live for those parents; to do all in their power to repay their kindness and sacrifice of self; to hold up their age, to gladden their lives, and then to have them by your side to smile upon you, to encourage, to guide you still! These are its ties, and be it ours to make these joys perennial.

II. THE STRONGEST TIE—OUR FINAL HOME.

"Home, sweet home!" gaily sings the school-boy, as he throws down his satchel in his father's house, and hastens to embrace his parents. "Home, sweet home!" cries the husband as he crosses the threshold of his own habitation, and is met by his wife and merry children. "There is no place like home!" sighs the wanderer, as he casts his thoughts back upon the happy fireside he has left, and longs to rejoin those who encircle it. "Sweet home!" murmurs the hardy mariner, as he mounts the rigging of his homeward bound vessel, and peers out to catch a glimpse of the welcome shore. How his heart bounds, as he descries dimly the dark line of his native land along the distant horizon.

So the wanderer on earth pants for the happy home on high; so the traveller on Time's ocean looks out anxiously towards the shore which is to end his journey.—"This world is not my home," triumphantly breathes the Christian, as he views the evil that surrounds him, the wickedness of those who make not God their choice. As he sees earthly hopes perish—friends, one by one, fail, and expectations disappointed—as he becomes sickened by the deceitfulness of those in whom he has confided, he almost impatiently waits for the time when he shall be free from all these troubles, and be gladly welcomed home, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Approach such a being [illegible] and whisper to his most ardent [illegible] expacious powers contain. Is he despised and cast out by men, *there* he shall walk among the elite of the city; there, his companions will be those who have been redeemed and purified. Is he afflicted, *there* sorrow and suffering are not known.

Do you address one in prosperous circumstances; happy in the enjoyments Providence has spread around him; to him, also, Heaven is home. He is, as the child away from the parental roof, who is receiving time after time, mementoes of a father's affection; and these, but make him love that father, and that home, the more. With a beaming eye, he will tell you, he expects to strike a constant harp in praise of God. Tell the young disciple heaven is the reward of fidelity, and he boldly presses forward to win the prize. Tell the aged soldier of the cross, burdened down by trials of four score years, of a heavenly rest, and he forgets his weariness—and rejoices with joy unspeakable. Ask him, who is calmly leaving earth, why death has got no terrors, and he replies, it takes me home, it is the pathway to bliss.

But why this longing desire; what is it causes all to look so earnestly, so joyfully forward to the time, when they shall be permitted to enter that place? It is because of its attractions, because it is a place of rest, because it is a *glorious* place. All our most exalted conceptions of glory and beauty are infinitely exceeded by that which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." It is because of what it *contains* There God resides, the infinite, omnipotent holy God.

There is Christ, the Saviour. He who meekly bore the grief's and sins of His people, now in glory and loveliness, surrounded with majesty. There dwells the Holy Spirit, whose office here, is to convince, to restrain, to comfort and support. There are angels and archangels, and spirits of men made perfect. Among them are our loved ones, such as have left earth before us. Their hands, which so lately clasped ours in friendship, now hold palms of victory, now strike harps of gold. Their faces which looked affection on us, now glow with the radiance, reflected from Him, who sitteth upon the throne. Their voices which pronounced our names, and rung upon our ears, now unite in that "seventold chord of harping symphonies," that swells with rapture through heavens eternal arches.—There the throne of God stands, all glittering with sapphire, all radiant with the light of Godhead.

These are a few of the attractions of that place. But how can mortal tell of unutterable glory, the far more exceeding, the eternal weight of glory? These to us are lovely, for we have known something of them, on earth. God's presence is felt *here*—Christ's intercession has produced its fruits *here*—the Holy Spirit's constraining influence, is displayed *here*—heavenly visitants have watched around us *here*—holy men have worshipped *here*—our friends have clustered *here*—the theme of God has been accessible *here*—and men have appreached its foot to worship Him. To see these which here, *faith* has kept in view, to look upon God, face to face—to walk with angels, to bow at the throne—to enjoy the glad fruition of what is here, prospective;—this is what we look for in heaven.

A second link that holds [illegible] in the home which he *now* enjoys, the interests which are absorbed in his present situation. Its associations are the most tender, its delights the most sweet. He has entered the busy scenes of life, and thrown off all, but the remembrance, and secret influence of former years. His intercourse has become more extended, his knowledge more general, and more minute. He has learned the world, its mammon-lusting, its empty vanity, its want of charity and truth; and in the toils of business, the vexations of professional duties, and the disappointments attending all employments, he has become sickened with it. It is a mere mart, where in each one is vieing to underrate his brother, and ruin him; a mere political arena, where each, in struggling for his own aggrandisement, or for that more delusive thing called fame, hesitates not to blast his neighbor's hopes and name, if he has chanced to step before him. Here, all are designing, and he looks upon man, thus displayed, with disgust.

It is then he can retire within his own little family. Be he a husband; a tie stronger than life binds him, a golden cord twines around his very heart—the partner of his bosom, the sharer of his existence, the day star of his earthly hopes, the centre of his earthly joys. When he is cast down by cares, and dispirited by disappointments, her soul melts to the same temperature. She enters into all his troubles by the channel which none other than a wife's affections can open; she pours the true soleacing balm into his heart, and points to higher joys, in reserve. She, too, draws out his desires, in holier aspirations—lifts him from thoughts, and dark broodings on material objects, to the enjoyment of the spiritual found in her own unfathomable resources of devotion. If he be gay and joyous her soul is lightsome too. As the untouched lute gives forth a sound, in unison with the note struck upon another, placed near it, so do the vibrations of his own heart strings, make hers *vocal*.

Thus the wife is the light of a man's home. The husband is the protector, the adviser, the constant lover, the truest friend—the friend of her life, and the object for which she leaves her early home, and binds herself, a willing, joyful subject, by bands stronger than death, and only to be severed by it.

If around the table of this house, a *family* has collected: if upon the Bible's "record" are written the names of these precious pledges of fidelity and love, the tie is strengthed two-fold. That home is prized, and longed for, and sought; for there, not only sits, in manly love, the husband, or in tender sunshine of affection, the wife, but there play and prattle the children—lovely because of their innocence, lovely in their helplessness and dependence. These fill up the domestic circle, and the thought of laboring for them, of seeing them prosper in life, makes effort sweet, and toil a pleasure.

The first-born is the steady boy, or the bright-eyed girl, upon whom rest the mutual hopes of loving parents; or it has grown up to fulfil those anxious wishings, and be the comfort of their hearts, and the pride of all. The others, given by God's love, to be trained for him, are like stars around the board, the hearth and the altar. Morning and night let them cluster round, and hear and ask of Jesus, and kneel in [illegible]

TRIAL OF PROF. WEBSTER.

[Finding that there is a great deal of anxiety felt among a large portion of our readers to see the evidence, *pro et con*, in this important case in print—or at least a fair abridgement of it—we have avail ourself of the opportunity of gratifying that anxiety, so far as our limits will permit. It cannot be expected, of course, that we shall give the proceedings of the investigation entire, as that would fill our whole paper for several weeks, to the exclusion of everything else. We have therefore selected a synopsis, which we think contains everything of interest in the case.]

At nine o'clock precisely on the morning of the 19th, Dr. Webster was brought into the court room. He wore a composed and had a somewhat melancholy appearance, but in other respects was much as usual. A few moments after, Chief Justice Shaw took his seat on the bench, accompanied by Justices Wilde, Dewey and Metcalf. Some time was spent in calling the roll & excusing jurors. The counsel for the government is J. H. Clifford, Esq. For the defence, Hon. Pliny Merick and E. D. Sohier. At 10 minutes before 10 o'clock, Mr. Clifford moved the court to empannel a jury in the cause. After fourteen peremptory challenges, ten of whom were set aside, the following jury was empannelled: Thomas Barrett, printer, John Barrowscale, slater; Robert J. Byram, locksmith; James Crosby, clerk; John E. Cavenport, painter; Albert Day, dry goods dealer; Joseph Eustis, merchant; Daniel D. Fuller, apothecary; Benj. H. Green, bookseller; Arnold Hayward, carpenter; Fredrick A. Henderson, furnisher; Stephen A Stackpole, clerk. Robert J. Byram was elected foreman. Mr. Clifford, the Attorney General, in his opening address to the jury confined himself to two propositions in his indictment. 1st—That Dr. Parkman was murdered. 2d—That Professor Webster committed the deed. He dwelt at great length upon these points—contending that numerous circumstances would be found irreconcileable with the supposition of Professor Webster's innocence.

The first witness called for the government was Charles M. Kingsly, who testified that he had known Dr. Parkman since 1836, and that he had traced him to the Medical College. The witness then detail- [illegible] the searches through the college with the body, [illegible] been missing.

Wednesday, March 20th:—The jury, by direction of the Court, this morning examined the Medical College, in connection with the counsel for the commonwealth and the prisoner, who were forbidden to enter into any argument but were permitted thoroughly to show and explain the localities. They returned to the Court room at about 10 o'clock, when the examination of witnesses was resumed. With the evidence given this day by Mr. Tukey, Mr. Moore & son, Mr. Holland, the Messrs. Fullers and Coroner Pratt touching Dr. Parkman, s disappearance, his visit to the College, his appearance in Mr. Holland's store; the finding of the bones in the College, and the arrest of Dr. Webster, our readers are already familiar. The statements of the witnesses agree substantially with what we published shortly after the murder in November last. The next witness examined was Dr. Woodbury Strong, who testified that he knew Dr. Parkman well and had been his physician for some years, and had seen him on the 23d of November. Witness visited the college on Tuesday, saw parts of a human body lying on a board.—The body had been opened as *no one would be likely to do it* had who seen a post mortem examination: there was a peculiarity of the body, it was narrower across the shoulders than across the hips; the body was very straight up and down; I have noticed the same thing in Dr. Parkman; Dr. P. was peculiarly formed, and therefore I noticed him the more.

Dr F. Ainsworth, testified, that as demonstrator of Anatomy in the college he kept a record of all anatomical materials. He examined the remains found in Dr. Webster's room and was satisfied they were never sent to the college for dissection; all subjects sent for dissection were injected with fluid to preserve them, these were not. Dr. Webster has no connection with the anatomical department. My impression is, the person who cut up these remains had *no anatomical knowledge*.—The person who did it might have seen a body cut up, but I should *doubt whether he ever took a knife in his hand to do it*.

At this stage of the proceedings the Court, adjourned.

Thursday March 21:—Dr. C. F. Jackson testified, that as a chemist, he was called with others to examine the College shortly after the discovery of the remains; he was also a physician by profession, and undertook the chemical analysis of the slags found in the furnace in Professor Webster's room; the manner in which the parts were separated would seem to indicate that the person who did accomplish the separation *was somewhat acquainted with anatomy*. The flesh was cut up boldly toward the ribs, and the cartilages were divided in a skillful manner. I found by examination that the portion of the remains in the tea chest had been treated with a slimy solution of caustic potash. I was acquainted with Dr. Parkman. There were some peculiarities, I think, in the figure of the Dr. The Dr. was broad and flat in the pelvis; witness further testified to the discovery of gold among the ashes of the furnace to the value of $9, $6 and thinks more might have been found.

Dr. N. C Keep, dentist, testified that he had been Dr. Parkman's family dentist since 1822; had a block of teeth shown him which he recognised as a set he made for the Dr. in 1846; he knew the set found from their peculiarity, and the circumstances attending their manufacture; was positive in his belief that the set exhibited in Court were the same he had made in 1846.

Friday, March 22:—Ephraim Littlefield testified: I am the Janitor of the Medical College; was present at an interview on Monday evening, Nov. 19, between Drs. Webster and Parkman; I was in Dr. W's. back private room assisting him towards evening; he was looking at a chemical book and appeared to be reading; I heard no footsteps but saw Dr. Parkman come in.—Witness then stated what passed between Drs. W. & P. and that Dr. P. went out, which was the last time he saw him. When I was standing in front of the College about 1½ o'clock the next day, (Tuesday) Dr. W. came and asked me if I could carry a note to Dr. P., and he added, that if I could not get any one I could trust, that I must carry it up myself. I got a boy named John Maxwell to carry it up. He was gone about 30 minutes, and when he returned said he gave it into Dr. Parkman's hands at his house. I had an interview with Dr. Webster about noon the same day; Dr. Parkman was there on the Monday before; Dr. P. was there in the evening; am very positive it was that same day Webster asked me if the vault had ever been fixed where we used to put the remains of subjects from the dissecting room and from the demonstrators of Anatomy's room, meaning the vault in the entry. I do not remember any thing particular till a quarter to 2 o'clock, when after I had eaten my dinner I was standing in the entry looking out at the front door. I saw Dr. Parkman approaching the College in North Grove street abreast of Fruit street, walking very fast; I returned, entered Webster's lecture room, and lay on the settee nearest the register, and nearest the door waiting for Dr. Holm's lecture to finish, to help fasten his door and clear away his things. I did not hear any one enter Webster's lecture room; the front door was open until after the lecture that day; Dr. Ware's lecture room door was closed by a spring; after putting away Dr. H.'s things, I came down and locked the front door. About fifteen minutes past 2 o'clock, Dr. Holmes went out; he is gene- [illegible] me to go out of the building; for [illegible] room. The Anatomical room [illegible] the Chemical and Medical below; the former in the west and the latter in the east wing. I then went down to Webster's laboratory door, to clear up his room. The door under the stairs leads from Webster's small room to his laboratory, under the laboratory stairs; I found that door bolted on the inside. I then went round to the next door that leads to his laboratory and found that fast, put in my key, found I could not get in, and that it too was bolted. I heard him in there walking; I heard the water running; went up stairs and tried the door that led to the lecture room from the front entry.

The Court here took a recess, on re-assembling Mr. Littlefield resumed—Left Prof. W.'s room and went out; saw Mr. Clapp, Kingsley, Fuller and Rice come in by the shed. Clapp said he wished to speak with me; said he was going to search every foot of land in the neighborhood, and wished to search the college, so that people around might not object to having their houses searched. I told him I would show him all parts of the college to which I have access. We then saw Dr. Jacob Bigelow in the entry. We all went into my parlor and talked, Dr. Bigelow said show them everything; some one said let us begin with Dr. Webster's room; that's what I call the laboratory.

While talking in North Grove street with Mr. Calhoun on Sunday, I saw Dr. Webster coming in Front street from Bridge-st. I remarked that there was one of our professors coming. When Dr. W. saw me he came right up to me, and asked, "Mr. Littlefield did you see Dr. Parkman during the latter part of last week?" I told him I did. He asked me where I saw him—I said about this spot; he asked me which way he was going, I said he was going directly towards the college; I told him I was standing in the front entry, looking out at the front door; he had his cane in his hand and struck it down on the ground, and said that it is the very time that I paid him four hundred and eighty-three dollars and sixty-three cents. I remember he put the cents on. I told him I did not see Dr. P. come in or go out of the college, for I went to Dr. Ware's lecture room; he said he counted the money down to Dr. P. in his lecture room, and that he grabbed the money from [illegible] ble without counting it, and ran as fast as he could go, two or three steps at a time—he said Dr. P. told him he would go with him to Cambridge, and discharge a mortgage, and he supposed he did; he said this was the first he had known of it; he read it in the Transcript; he said he was engaged to meet an unknown gentleman, and he had come to see about it; he had been to see Dr. Francis Parkman; he then went away. When Dr. W. spoke to me, he used before to look me in the face with his head up, he did so then but looked down and appeared confused and agitated; I never saw him look as before, he looked thoughtful and pale. I said my which way he went, he said he was going to Cambridge; on Monday I could not get into his room to make up the fire; my wife told me that Dr. Samuel Parkman had been there to see Dr. Webster, I asked him how he got in, seeing that all the doors were locked; I went up the laboratory stairs and saw Dr. Samuel Parkman and Dr. Webster in the back room, they were talking about the old Dr. Parkman—I overheard the conversation about some money.

There was nothing more elicited in the balance of the evidence.

Littlefield's cross-examination was about to be commenced when the court adj.

Saturday, March 23—The cross examination of Mr. Littlefield was proceeded with to-day, but nothing was elicited tending seriously to invalidate his regular testimony.

Caroline M. Littlefield was then called, and testified that she was the wife of the Janitor of the college; she knew Dr. Parkman by sight, and first heard of his disappearance on Saturday; her husband communicated his suspicions that Dr. Parkman had been murdered by Dr. Webster, on Sunday; she cautioned him against stating his suspicions; did not notice the way Dr. W. kept his room before her husband spoke of his suspicions; noticed after how he kept the lower laboratory shut; saw express man bring a bundle of grape-vines, a box, and a bag, and lay them down; never saw him do so before; he would get into the room by a key hanging there when the Dr. was out; don't know whether the key was there that day or not; on Thursday asked her husband to put the grape-vines and box which were in her way, in the Professor's room; he tried the door but couldn't get in. The balance of her testimony relates principally to her husband's labors in breaking through the wall.

John Maxwell, testified to carrying the note spoken of by Mr. Littlefield.

John Hathaway testified to Mr. Littlefield's application at the hospital for blood, when the court adjourned until Monday.

Monday, March 25:—The principal witnesses examined this day were as follows:

W. Preston, testified that he was a student of medicine, saw Dr. Webster on the evening of the disappearance of Dr. Parkman; knew him; the Dr. bowed to witness; never saw him there so late before.

Wm. Calhoun corroborated Mr. Littlefield's evidence as to what occurred in North Grove-st., on Sunday morning after the disappearance.

George W. Trenholm, testified that on the day of his arrest Dr. W came to him at the college and asked him about the $20, he said that an Irishman came to him on [illegible] a $20 bill to pay one [illegible] after the 23d Nov. remember [illegible] bundles cuttings of grape vines from his house; it was on Monday 26; I also bro't a box and bag of tan; the Dr. directed me to leave them in Mr. Littlefield's cellar and said he would take them into the laboratory; he never gave me such orders before; tho't I had misunderstood the Dr. and would set the things in the laboratory; I first saw the knife in Dr. W.'s hand on the 19th of Nov.; he was in his garden trimming his grape vines.

Derastus Clapp, police officer testified to the search of the professor's premises and his arrest, the particulars of which have already been published.

Seth Potter testified that he was discount clerk in the New England Bank and had collected the funds of the Medical college, he states that Dr. P. had been to him to enquire whether he had funds in his hands belonging to Prof. W.—when informed that he had none he denounced the Professor as being a dishonest and dishonorable man.—Witness told the Professor of this, he answered "You will have no farther trouble with Dr. P., for I have settled with him." The conversation with Dr. P. was on the 12th, and that with Prof. W., on the 23d Nov., morning. Witness was further examined touching his knowledge of the Professor's finances.

John B. Dana, cashier of the Cambridge Bank, testified as to the Prof.'s account with that institution. The prosecution's object in producing the last two witnesses, appears to be to show that the Prof. had not the $483 which he said he paid Dr. P. on the day of his disappearance.

Rev Dr. F. Parkman testified that Prof. W. called at their house about 4 P M. on the Sunday after his brother's disappearance, and said that he had come to tell them that he had seen Dr. P. at half past 1 on Friday afternoon and paid him some money; said he was the person who called at the Dr.'s house and made the appointment with him; he said he would have called sooner but did not see the notice of his disappearance till Saturday evening. Witness thought the Prof. appeared nervously excited; his visit appeared more like a business visit, he expressed no suspicion as to the mysterious disappearance, and no sympathy in the grief of the family. After a slight cross-examination the court adj.

Tuesday, March 26.—Ralph Smith, sworn: Presented an original letter from Dr. W. by way of detecting the anonymous letters, alleged to have been written by the prisoner.

Samuel P. Fuller, sworn: I am police officer, went with Mr. Thompson to Registe- [illegible] office to see if mortgages given by Dr. W. was satisfied. Not finding the mortgage, we repaired to Dr. W.'s house to get a release. The Dr. after looking for the papers without success, said the mortgage was on personal property. He trembled when examining the papers. I discovered the remains in the tea chest; found a knife in the same chest; found a hole in the left breast, and remarked that the knife would fit it well; assisted in searching the cellars on Tuesday and heard Dr. W. say he paid Dr. P. the money at half past 1 o'clock on Friday the 23d.

Samuel Parkman, sworn: I am a nephew of the late Dr. P.; took an active part in the search; heard Dr. W. say he paid Dr. P. $483 and some cents, who picked it up without recounting, and left his room abruptly. I asked what were the bills, he said he remembered only one $100 bill on "New England Bank." Judge I. heard Dr. W. bolt his door when I left him. He appeared rather stiff and formal and once during our conversation about the bills, he dropped his face in such a way as to make an impression upon me.

Chas. B. Starkweather, sworn: Have been a police officer 4 years; was engaged in the search till the remains were found; was of the party that arrested Dr. W.; he talked freely on his way; when on our way to the jail the Dr. remarked that the driver was going wrong. We told the Dr. at first that we were going to look further in the college; when we arrived at the jail the Dr. asked "what does this mean?" Mr. Clapp said, "Dr. we have done looking for Dr. P., you are now in custody for his murder." Dr. W. replied, "What! me." "Yes?" He wanted to know the particulars, but we wished not to talk about it.—He continued, "when did they find him? did they find the whole body? how came they to suspect me? when did they get the information? nobody has access to my room, but the porter, who makes fires."—After a few minutes pause he then said, "That villain! I am a ruined man." He walked the room, wrung his hands and sat down. Found the fish hooks on the shelf, made into a grapple by twine.

Jas. W. Edgerly, sworn: I am in the hardware business. Tuesday towards night I sold Dr. W. six large fish hooks, and think those found on the shelf the same hooks.

Several witnesses sworn to the purchase of fish hooks and twine the same as above.

Charles Lathrop, sworn: I am a tinner. Dr. W. wanted to have made a tin box to peek things in, say books, &c. He wanted it of strong tin, with a handle; wanted it 48 inches square and 30 inches deep. He ordered the box the 20th of Nov., and wanted it that day; he said he would solder on the lid himself.

Joseph Andrews, sworn: Was present when the Dr. was taken to his rooms when the remains were exhibited to him; he perspired very much; he could not walk to the carriage; he appeared faint; the first words spoken in the carriage were, "why don't they ask Littlefield? he can explain all this! what will my poor family do in my absence?" We had to lift him into bed; the room was watched all night; he did not appear to stir all night; he wanted to be lifted up in the morning; after he sat up he said, "These are no more remains of Dr. Parkman's body than mine; how they came there I don't know, I [illegible] the looks of that Littlefield."

Wednesday, March 27.—N. [illegible] testified: That the anonymous [illegible] ed letters received by different [illegible] ting to the fate of Dr. P. were in [illegible] ion written by Dr. W.; he jo[illegible] comparing the letters with oth[illegible] and by the pe[illegible] itive with regard to the letter, w[illegible] pears to have been written with a stick.

Dr. F. M. Bosworth, sworn: I attended lectures in 1847 and 1848, and knew Dr. Parkman; I had occasion to go to the Medical college, Nov. 23d to see a student; it was between half past one and two o'clock, but nearer 2; I was in the usual way to the college, through Front street; I went up the east stairs and found the door ajar, thinking the lecture not through I passed out and met Dr. P. coming round the corner; I looked back and saw him pass up the stairs.

The Attorney General here stated that he had no further testimony to submit. A point might arise in which he would ask the Court to admit further evidence, but he was not [illegible] such necessity.

The Defence.

Mr. Sohier, in opening for the defence, said he should confine himself to the merits of the charge instead of the customary manner in such a case, of dwelling on the mighty interests the prisoner had at stake. He asked the jury to divest their minds of all prejudice, and referred to the excitement attending the disappearance of Dr. P. which, at one time threatened to spend itself even in violence, on the innocent Medical College itself, an excitement so creditable to the community, but so dangerous to the defendant. The law implies malice in homicide where the killing is a deliberate and cruel act, without a sufficient provocation—in sudden combat or heat of blood. Here is a narrow line with death on one side, and life on the other, though it may be in circumstances of suffering and privation. We are now left to inquire what is a sufficient provocation to reduce homicide to a manslaughter. In deciding this, the law has a great regard to the weapons or instruments used to produce death. What would be a sufficient provocation for killing with a stick, would not answer for a broad axe or an iron bar. The deadly instrument argues an intention to kill. The law therefore makes a distinction, in regard to the provocation, between those which are dangerous and those which are not so. This leads us to the first inquiry—what is a reasonable provocation for homicide with a dangerous weapon to constitute it manslaughter?

Referring to the last we find the law laid down, that any assault of great indignity upon the person—such as pulling the nose—is held a sufficient provocation to make homicide with deadly weapons, or manslaughter. To refer to a particular case by way of illustration: Two soldiers were drinking together in a room when a dispute arose, and one wounded the other, and finally turned him out of doors, which he had the undoubted right to do, but the man who was turned out, came and stabbed the other to the heart. That this held to be manslaughter. As to homicide committed with some instrument, not likely to produce death; it is held, (I refer to the same authority) that abusive and reproachful words may be sufficient.