"The Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VII. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1850. NUMBER 28.

Poetry.

LIFE IS SWEET.

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a merry child;
And I love, I love to roam,
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene—
Oh,! the world is a fairy home.
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And flowers gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sunlit day,
Oh, the world 's a world of Light."

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a gallant youth,
As he conn'd the storied page;
And he ponder'd on the days by-gone,
And the fame of a former age.
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he hoped for riper years;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt no dread or fears.

"Oh, life is sweet," came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.
Oh, life is sweet for we shall live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrows mine, my trials thine,
Our solace in our love.

"Oh, life is sweet," said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child;
And she c os r press'd to her gladd n d breast,
Her babe, who unconscious smiled,
My life shall be for thee, my child,
Pure, guiltless, as thou art;
And who shall dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part."

"Oh, life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent—his strength was spent—
Could life be sweet to him?
Oh, yes! for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung;
And each dear face and warm embrace,
Made life seem ever young

Thus life is sweet from early youth
To weak, enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage;
Tho' rough, perchance, the life we tread,
And dark the sky above
In every state there's something yet,
To live for and to love.

Miscellany.

THE WAY HE GOT THE MITTEN.

BY CLARA.

It is so common for a writer to speak only of the beautiful, that I am in a mood to be rather odd, and reverse the custom. I wish to speak of my young friend and chum at school, Harriet Lee; and should her roguish blue eye catch a glimpse of this sketch, and there were any flattery in it, five dollars would not more than pay the postage on lectures I should receive; for we are now separated many, many miles, by lakes and forests. She is in the western wilds, attending to the duties of the matron: and I beneath the shadow of the green hills of New England, scribbling over the incidents of her childhood days.

She was [illegible] or above the medium height, her complexion partaking rather more of the bronze than marble, with features not very regular. As I have previously given you to understand, she was no beauty; but when you heard the rich silvery tones of her voice, and looked into her soul speaking eyes and listened to the witty remarks and happy burst of laughter, all imperfection of features was forgotten.

Many sought to make her their bride, some for herself alone, and others for her gold. But she laughed, danced, and sung, reserving her heart for him who is the sole possessor.

She was the rich, and the only idolized daughter of Capt. Lee. Many were the invitations I received to take a *seat in her* father's carriage to convey me on a stormy day, when it was necessary for me to go abroad. Often would I hear of her visits of mercy among the humble and destitute. The contents of her purse flowed freely among the needy and less favored of fortune.

Among those who strove to gain the affections of the agreeable Harriet, was Albert Dunroy. His father was a merchant in one of the most popular streets in our city. All the time he had passed away from the school room he had stood behind the counter *provided with a fine suit of* cloth, free from care, and the more laborious part of the business enacted by his father. Thus sped his *youthful hours, relieved* occasionally by attending a ball or party given in the country or city,

Where maids and lads by moonlight meet,
To lightly trip with merry feet,
And loudly laugh on village green,
Where nature in her best is seen.

Some of his rosy cheeked customers, as they skipped lightly over the threshhold, were often peeping out from beneath their veils into his roguish black eyes, as he was waiting upon another customer, and saying to their *companions, "Isn't he beautiful?* —such a beautiful mouth, such whiskers, and such moustaches; do you think he is Eng——." But as no one heard them but me it is not fair to let the editors know all they said, for they are such poor hands to keep a secret; half the time when you tell them *any love matters, the next you will* see of it, it will be in the newspapers.

Yes he was handsome; could flirt and dance with any one who would give him the opportunity, until like the fly in the spider's web, he was caught in the meshes of love, not a *don't care kind of* a passion, but his was truly the settlement of deep laid plans of future happiness with the only girl he ever cared to wed.

"Harriet," said I to her, one day, "when am I to be bride's-maid, to yourself and Albert?"

"When?" said she, "when the sky and the sea have exchanged homes, then, and not till then shall I stand at the altar with Albert Dunroy. In his walks of late, I have noticed the withering glance he gave the poor, as he grudgingly shared the side-walk. I leaned upon his arm in silence until last evening, when, as we were strolling leisurely along we were met by a feeble-looking woman with an infant in her arms. As we came opposite she held out her thin attenuated hand, and asked for a few cents to buy milk for her babe; he made no answer but passed on. I turned to look at the mother; she stood as if riveted to the spot; her infant pressed more closely to her bosom, and with a faded, tattered handkerchief she wiped the hot tear from her care-worn face.

"Did you hear the voice of that mother, when she asked for a few pennies to buy milk for her babe?" I enquired.

"No," said he, "neither do I wish to. Those vagrants will yet ruin the country, let them work."

"There are *few* in health," I replied, "who will refuse to work, especially if compelled by hunger; but the infant, surely you would not let that suffer because the parents refuse to labor."

He gave no answer but continued his walk.

"Go alone," said I "if you will not return with me to assist the sufferer."

He turned and retraced his steps to where the woman was slowly wending her way, she knew not whither, in search of alms. He reached her some silver coin, pretended to smile on the babe, and speak consolingly to her mother, and we again resumed our walk.

"I did not notice what he said, or I would have bestowed charity before; it is hard to see humanity suffer," said he.

He knew not that I had watched his countenance, since the first moment I became aware she should pass us If he knew not what she said, why change the expression of his countenance? He passed others when they were speaking, without the movement of a muscle. He showed me three traits of character I wish my husband never to possess.

"First, he told me a falsehood; second, he discovered a lack of sympathy; and then he attempted to deceive me by speaking kind words to the unfortunate, which came only from his lips. No, no, such a man can never amid the trials of a world like this, be the companion of Harriet Lee."

"Your rebuke," I replied, "may have reformed him; try him again, be not too hasty; perhaps another time he might be all you could wish."

On the stone step in front of one of our largest and most fashionable hotels, stood a tall genteel looking young man, closely wrapped in a cloth cloak of the finest texture, and where the folds slightly parted on the chest might be seen by the ray of the street lantern glittering a gold chain, attached to the end of which was a valuable watch of the same material.

The town clock in the elegant church opposite tolled forth the hour of nine. It was a sad night for the poor; the keen blast, the cutting frost and deep snow, made the situation of the poor still more miserable. Yet the young man so comfortably wrapt in cloth and fur, as he stood upon the stone step puffing a cigar, seemed to heed not the misery of others.

"Kind sir," said a misshapen, decrepid old woman, as she limped along in front of where the young man was standing, and held out her hand which was covered with an old tattered woollen mitten, "will you give me a nine pence to buy some medicine for my *little sick* grandchild?"

The young man continued to whistle a favorite air, and as the snow altered the temperature of his blood, his feet commenced to keep time with the tune.

"Oh," said the solicitor for charity in a faint voice, "I was once as young as you, and there was no more prospect I should ever want. But you now see me beg"

"Begone," said he, in a stern voice, "I would not give that amount to save the child's life or yours either." And turning to a young man by the name of Vernor, for whom he had been waiting, he burst into a loud laugh. "Here," said he, "is a chance for you; your purse and heart are always open; she wants some money to buy medicine. I don't give for nothing, that's the only doctrine to live by. But come, let's off to the theatre; it is time we were there."

"No," said he, "I have but fifty cents by me," at the same time handing it to the beggar; "but will attend the young men's lecture to night, which will be free from cost I would rather my last cent should go for the needy than for amusement."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the other, "how very sentimental. Give me your glove, madam, that I may have something to remember this incident."

The old woman took from her hand which rested beneath her cloak, an old gray mitten.

"Keep that," said she, "I doubt not you will remember this evening." The young man listened to her voice with an attentive ear.

"Speak again, beauty," said he; but she heeded him not, for she had now turned the corner. He pursued his way to the theatre, but he could not drive the thought of the beggar from his mind; more than once he looked at the old woollen mitten, and at an early hour he retired to his lodgings.

Mrs Greyson gave a splendid party the following evening. The elite and beauty of the city were there, among the number was Harriet Lee and Albert Dunroy. The soul-subduing notes of music and the light touch of tiny feet upon the soft threads of the carpet, passed the time merrily away, until rather a late hour, when they were seated around in various groups; apart from the rest sat Harriet Lee, Albert Dunroy and Charles Vernor. They were engaged in conversation on different topics of the time and seasons. "How different are the scenes in this splendidly lighted suit of rooms, to some of those we passed amid the poor, in our way hither."

The lip of Albert slightly curled, but recollecting who spoke.

"Yes," said he, "this is a hard winter. We must do all we can for the needy." She made him no answer, but turned her eyes and met the full gaze of Charles; he sat in silence watching her countenance. It was the first time they had met. She took from her little embroidered bag an old woollen mitten and a fifty cent piece; the former she handed to Albert.

"You have its fellow," said she, "the pair may be more useful to you than one," and the coin she handed over to Charles.

Each looked at the other. "Do you not think my disguise complete?" said she. "I know you both as you are."

The faces of both young men were crimson, the one from shame, the other from surprise.

We have but a word more to say. She lives the happy wife of Charles Vernor. She went not empty handed; with the bestowal of her hand he became possessor of gold, silver and lands.

WONDERFUL LOG ROLLING IN THE WEST.

An Englishman who was lately travelling on the Mississippi river told some rather tough stories about the London thieves — A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive humph, and then remarked that he thought the western thieves beat the London operators all *hollow*.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise.

"*My brother once lived there*," said Case, quietly, "but he had to leave, although his business was the best in the country.

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber?"

"Yes, and his saw logs too."

"Saw *logs*?"

"Yes, whole dozens of fine black walnut logs were carried off in a single night—

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every thing to prevent it; had men hired *to watch his logs*; but it *was all of no use* They would whip them away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the river, out of the cove, and even out of the mill ways."

Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they can steal out there," continued Case, sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

Well, my brother, one day bought an allfired fine black walnut log—four feet three at the but and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log, any how, and hired two Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the hill side above the mill, and built a fire, and then, sot down on the log to play keerds, just to keep awake, you see. 'Twas a monsus big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was sayin, they played keerds and drank whiskey, all night, and as it began to grow light, went to sleep, a-straddle of the log A bout a minute after daylight, George went over to the mill, to see how they got on, and the log was gone!"

"And they setting on it?"

"Setting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end which pinted down the hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen, and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchers setting a-straddle of it, fast asleep."

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spitoon, and looked at his watch, said he thought he would go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders, who either make distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life, effect nobody in this country, but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the public rebuke. A man who is ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition.

It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation which have gone before them.—I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the narrations and incidents, which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I wept to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity be blotted for ever from the memory of mankind.—Daniel Webster.

THE TWO PEDLARS.—A pedler overtook another of his tribe on the road, and thus accosted him: "Hallo, friend, what do you carry?" "Rum and whiskey," was the prompt reply. "Good," said the other, "you may go a-head, I carry grave stones."

HIT HIM AGAIN.—The St. Louis Daily Times is responsible for the following:

A NEW PLAGUE—THE GULF-OF CLAIM.

Gen. Taylor are a case,
And Crawford are a cause,
And Uncle Sam's big pocket is
The last and newest "Plague."

Banvard is in Paris with his Panorama of the Mississippi River.

CONFESSION OF PROFESSOR WEBSTER, OF THE KILLING OF DR. PARKMAN.

BOSTON, July 2.

At the meeting of the Council, this morning, the case of Professor Webster, was referred to a Committee.

Before the Committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, together with a confession that he killed Dr. Parkman.

The Rev. gentleman prefaced the statement by a few remarks relative to the manner in which the confession was made to him. He stated that he had no personal acquaintanceship with Professor Webster before being called to act in the capacity of his spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visit he sought no acknowledgment of the prisoner. At length on the 23d of May, he visited him in his cell and demanded of him, for his own well being, that he should tell the truth in regard to the matter, and he acceded to the request by making a statement which was now submitted for the consideration of the Council. It was as follows:

I sent the note to Dr. Parkman, which it appears was carried by the boy Maxwell. I handed it to Littlefield unsealed. It was to ask Dr. Parkman to call at my rooms on Friday the 23d, after my lecture. He had become of late very importunate for his pay. He had threatened me with a suit, to put an officer into my house, and to drive me from my professorship, if I did not pay him. The purport of my note was simply to ask the conference. I did not tell him in it what I could do or what I had to say about the payment. I wished to gain for those few days a release from his solicitations, to which I was liable every day, on occasions and in a manner very disagreeable, and also to avert for so long a time at least the fulfilment of recent threats of severe measures. I did not expect to be able to pay him when Friday should arrive. My purpose was, if he should accede to the proposed interview, to state to him my embarrassments, and utter inability to pay him at present, to apologise for those things in my conduct which had offended him, to throw myself upon his mercy, and to beg for further time and indulgence for the sake of my family, if not for my own, and to make as good promises to him as I could have any hope of keeping. I did not hear from him on that day, nor the next, (Wednesday,) but I found on Thursday he had been abroad in pursuit of me without finding me. I imagined he had forgotten the appointment, or else did not mean to wait for it. I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture-room, or when I was preparing my experiments for it—therefore I called at his house on that morning, (Friday,) between 8 and 9 o'clock, to remind him of my wish to see him at the College at 1½ o'clock, my lecture closing at 1 o'clock. I did not stop to talk with him, for I expected the conversation would be a long one, and I had my lecture to prepare, for it was necessary for me to have my time, and also to keep my mind free from other exciting matters.

Dr. Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed. He came accordingly between 1½ and 2 o'clock, entering at the lecture room door. I was engaged in removing some glasses from my lecture-room table into the room in the rear called the upper laboratory; he came rapidly down the step and followed me into the laboratory; he immediately addressed me with great energy, "Are you ready for me, sir—have you got the money?" I replied, "No, Dr. Parkman," and was then beginning to state my condition and my appeal to him, but he would not listen to me and interrupted me with much vehemence; he called me a scoundrel and liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while he was speaking he drew a handful of papers from his pocket and took from among them my two notes and also an old letter from Dr. Hosack, written many years ago and congratulating him on his success in getting me appointed Professor of Chemistry.) "You see," he said, "I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it." He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letter and the notes; I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I cannot recall to memory but a small portion of what he said.

At first I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain the object for which I sought the interview, but I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up; I forgot everything, and felt nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion, and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handiest, (it was a stick of wood) and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know, or think, or care where I should hit him, or how hard, nor what the effect would be; it was on the side of the head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow; he fell instantly upon the pavement; there was no second blow; he did not move; I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless; blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away; I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect; perhaps I spent 10 minutes in attempts to resuscitate him, but I found he was absolutely dead; in my horror and consternation I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them—the doors of the lecture-room and of the laboratory below; and then what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance; I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement and concealment of the body on the one hand, and of infamy and destruction on the other. The first thing I did, as soon *as I could do anything, was to draw the* body into the private room adjoining, where I took off the clothes and began putting them into the fire, which was burning in the upper laboratory; they were all consumed *there that afternoon*, with papers, pocket-book and whatever they contained I did not examine the pockets nor remove *anything except the watch. I saw that, or* the chain of it, hanging out. I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge. My next move was to get the body *into the sink which stands* in the small private room, by setting the body partially erect against the corner, and by getting up into the sink myself. I succeeded in drawing it up there; it was quickly dismembered; it was quickly done as a work of *terrible* and *desperate* necessity. The only instrument was a knife found by the officers in the tea chest, which I kept for cutting corks. I made no use of the Turkish *knife* as it was called at the trial; that had long been kept on my parlor mantel-piece in Cambridge, as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it, hence the marks of oil and polishing found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired.

While dismembering the body a stream of *Cochituate water was running through* the sink carrying off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory. There must have been a leak in the pipe for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it.

There was a fire burning in the lower laboratory; *Littlefield* was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there; he had probably never kindled one, but I had done it myself several times; I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas; the head and viscera were put into that furnace that day. *The pelvis* and some of the limbs, perhaps, were all put under the lid of the lecture-room table, in what is called the well, a deep sink lined with *lead*; *a stream of Cochituate* was turned into it and kept running through it all Friday night; the thorax was put into a *similar well in the lower laboratory* which I filled with water and threw in a quantity of potash which I found there. This disposition of the remains was not changed till after the visit of the officers on Monday. When the body had thus been all disposed of, *I cleared away all traces of what had* been done.

I think the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape vine—say two inches in diameter and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried from Cambridge long before for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood by being absorbed into the pores; the grape vine being a very porus wood was well adapted to this purpose. Another long stick had been used as intended and exhibited to the students; this one had not been used—I put it into the fire.

I took up the two notes either from the table or the floor, I think the table, close by where Dr. P. had fallen; I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, dashed it across the face and through the signatures and put them in my pocket; I do not know why I did this rather than put them in the fire, for I had not considered for a moment what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage, or my indebtedness to Dr. P. and the other person interested, and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the objects or result of my interview with Dr. Parkman; I never saw the sledge hammer spoken of by Littlefield—never knew of its existence—at least I have no recollection of it; I left the College to go home as late as six o'clock; I collected myself as well as I could, that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday I visited my rooms at the College, but made no change in the disposition of the remains, and laid no plans as to my future course; on Saturday evening I read the notice in the *Transcript* respecting the disappearance; I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground as to the character of my interview with Parkman, for I saw that it must become known that I had such an interview, as I had appointed first by an unsealed note on Tuesday, and on Friday I had myself called at his house in open day and ratified the arrangement, and had there been seen, and had probably been overheard by the man-servant, and I knew not by how many persons Dr. P. might have been seen entering my room, or how many persons he might have told by the way where he was going; the interview would in all probability be known, and I must be ready to explain it. The question exercised me much, but on Sunday my course was taken. I would go into Boston and be the first to declare myself the person as yet unknown with whom Dr. P. had made the appointment; I would take the ground that I had invited him to the College to pay him money, and that I had paid it accordingly. I fixed upon the sum by taking the small note and adding interest, which, it appears, I cast erroneously. If I had thought of this course earlier I should not have deposited Pettee's check for $90 in the Charles River Bank on Saturday, but should have suppressed it as going so far to make up the sum which I was to have professed to have paid the day before, and which Pettee knew I had by me at the hour of interview. It had not occurred to me that I should ever show the notes cancelled in proof of it, or I should have destroyed the large note and let it be inferred that it was gone with the missing ones, and I should only have kept the small one, which was all that I could pretend to have paid. My single thought was concealment and safety.—everything else was incidental to that. I was in no state to consider my ulterior pecuniary interest—money; though I needed it so much it was *of no account* with me in that condition of mood. If I had designed and premeditated the homicide of Dr. Parkman in order to get the possession of the notes and cancel the debt I *not only should have not deposited* Pettee's check the next day, but I should have made some show of getting and having the money the morning *before*. I should have drawn my money from the bank and taken occasion to mention to the Cashier that I had a sum to make up on that day for Dr. P. and the same to Henchman *when* I borrowed the $10. I should have remarked that I was so much short of a large sum that I was to pay Parkman. I borrowed the money of Henchman as mere pocket money for the day. If I had intended the homicide of Dr. P. I should not have made the appointment with him twice, and each time in so open a manner that other persons would almost certainly know of it, and I should not have invited him to my rooms at an hour when the College would be full of students and others, and in an hour when *I was most likely to receive calls from others*; for that was the hour just after the lecture, at which persons having business with me or in my rooms, were always directed to call. I looked into my rooms on Sunday afternoon, but did nothing. After the first visit of the officers I took the pelvis and some of the limbs from the upper well and threw them into the vault under the privy. I took the thorax from the well *below and packed it in the tea chest as* found. My own impression has been that this was not done till after the second visit of the officers, which was on Tuesday; but Kingsley's testimony shows that it must *have been done sooner. The perforation of* the thorax had been made by the kni e at the time of removing the viscera. On Wednesday I put on kindlings and made a fire in the furnace below, having first poked down the ashes. Some of the limbs—I cannot remember which or how many—were consumed at that time. This is the last I had to do with the remains. The tin box was designed to receive the thorax, though I had not finally concluded where I should put the box. The fish-hooks, tied up as grapples, were to be used for drawing up the parts in the vault whenever I should determine how to dispose of them and get strains enough. I had a confused double object in ordering the box and making the grapples. I had before intended to get such things to send to Fayal—the box to hold the plants and other articles which I wished to protect from the salt water and the sea air, and the hooks to be used there in obtaining Cerralliner plants from the sea. It was this previously intended use of them that suggested and mixed itself up with the idea of the other application. I doubt even now to which use they would have been applied; I had not used the hooks at the time of the discovery. The tan put into the tea chest was taken from a barrel of it that had been in the laboratory for some time; the bag of tan, brought in on Monday, was not used, nor intended to be used; it belonged to a quantity obtained by me a long time ago, for experiments in tanning, and was sent in by the family to get it out of the way. Its being sent in just at that time was accidental. I was not aware that I had put the knife in the chest; the stick found in the saucer of ink was for marking coarse diagrams on cloth; the bunch of filed keys had been used long ago by me in Front-st. and thrown carelessly into a drawer; I never examined them, and do not know whether they would fit any of the locks of the College or not; if there were other keys fitting doors with which I had *nothing to do*, I suppose *they* must have been all duplicates, or keys of former locks, left there by the mechanics or janitor; I know nothing about them, *and should never be likely to notice them* among the multitude of articles, large and small, of all kinds, collected in my rooms; the janitor had furnished me with a key to the dissecting room, for the admission of medical friends visiting the College, but I had *never used it*. *The nitrate acid on the* stairs was not used to remove spots of blood, but was dropped by accident. When *the officers called for me on Friday*, the 30th, I was in doubt whether I was under arrest or whether a more strict search of my rooms was to be had, the latter hypothesis being hardly less appalling than the former. When I found that we went over *Craige's bridge*, I thought the *arrest* most probable; when I found the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the *carriage* I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket and swallowed it. I had prepared it in the shape of a pill before I left my laboratory on the 23d. I thought I could not bear to survive detection. I thought it was a large dose.—The state of my nervous system probably defeated its action partially. The *effects* of the poison were terrible beyond description. It was in operation at the College, and before I went there, but most severely afterward. I wrote but one of the anonymous letters produced at the trial—the one mailed at East-Cambridge. The little bundle referred to in the letter detained by the jailor, contained only a bottle of nitric acid for domestic use. I had seen it stated in a newspaper that I had purchased a quantity of oxalic acid, which it was presumed was to be used in removing blood stains. I wish the parcel to be kept untouched that it may be shown, if there should be occasion, what it really was that I had purchased. I have drawn up in separate papers an explanation of the use I intended to make of the blood sent for on Thursday, the 22d, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting vault. I think that Pettee, in his testimony at the trial, put two strongly my words about having settled with Dr. P. Whatever I did say of the kind was in the hope that I should be able to pacify Dr. P. and make some arrangement with him, and was said in order to quiet Pettee, who was becoming restive, under the solicitation of Dr Parkman. After Dr. Webster had stated most of the facts recorded above on the 23d of May, this question, with all the earnestness, solemnity and authority of tone that Dr. Putnam was master of, was addressed him: Dr. Webster, in all probability your days are numbered, you cannot, you dare not speak falsely to me now; you must not die with a lie in your mouth—so, prove to yourself that your repentance for the sins of your past life is sincere; tell me the truth then, a confidence to be kept secret during your lifetime and as much longer as my regard for the happiness of your family shall seem to me to require, and the interest of truth and justice to permit, search to the bottom of your heart for the history of your motives, and tell me, before God, did it never occur to you, before the decease of Dr. Parkman, that his death, if you could bring it to pass, would be of great advantage to you, or at least that personal injury to him might possibly be the result of your expected conference with him? As a dying man I charge you to answer me truly and exactly, or else be silent. Had you not such a thought? "No, never!" said he, with energy and feeling, "as I live, and as God is my witness, never! I was no more capable of such a thought than one of my innocent children; I never had the remotest idea of injuring Dr. P. until the moment the blow was struck. Dr. P. was extremely severe and sharp, the most provoking of men, and I am irritable and passionate. A quick-handed and brief violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and I have never acquired the *control over my passions*, that I ought to have acquired early, and the consequence is all this." But you notified Dr. Parkman *to meet* you at a certain hour, and told him you would pay him, when you knew you had not the means? "No, he replied, "I did not tell him I would pay him, and there is no evidence I told him so, except my own words spoken after his disappearance and after I had determined to take the ground that I had paid him, those words were of the miserable tissue of falsehood to which I was committed from the moment I had begun to conceal the homicide. I never had a thought of injuring Dr. Parkman."

This was accompanied by the statement in which Professor Webster attempts to explain as to his seeing Littlefield, sending for blood, and of inquiring about gases from the vault.

After reading the statement, Dr. Putnam proceeded to argue as to its truthfulness, saying that it was made when the writ of error was still pending. Also, that Professor Webster's estate was worth several thousand dollars, and that he was not in such a strait as to commit such a crime deliberately. The previous petition from Professor Webster, protesting his innocence and praying for absolute pardon, he said, was got up by his family, who were unwavering in their belief in his innocence, until his confession was communicated to them about a week since. He concluded in asserting his belief that the confession was true.

Salaries of British Clergy.

Lord John Russell recently moved for a committee to inquire into the public salaries of the British kingdom, when Mr. Horsman moved an amendment, proposing to inquire into the incomes of ecclesiastical dignitaries. He stated that while the Lord Chief Justice received £8,000—$40,000 a year—and was obliged to find a residence, the Archbishop of Canterbury had £15,000—$75,000, and had a palace found him. The salary of the Prime Minister was only one third that of the Archbishop. The whole board of Admiralty—consisting of the first Lord and five Junior Lords—did not have an official income equal to that of a single primate. The highest salary paid to a foreign ambassador, that of Paris, was only £10,000—$40,000.

The whole number of Judges in Scotland is thirty-three, yet their united salaries did not equal the income of the 27 prelates—the highest Scotch Judge had a salary below the income of a Welsh prelate. Mr. Horsman further stated that he had the returns of the property of twenty-nine prelates who had died since 1828, and it amounted to the sum of £1,500,000, or seven and a half million of dollars! Now, they generally were advanced in life, when they were consecrated, and were poor men before. What other profession was there in any country, where twenty-nine members of it had left $50,000 apiece, accumulated after they had passed middle age.—While the Bishops and prelates were luxuriating on incomes like this, the curates were working hard and getting barley enough to keep body and soul together.—These facts were enforced by able arguments. Yet such is the attachment, that Mr. Horsman's amendment received 92 votes to 208 against it. The charge was urged against him, that he villified the church.

☞ Among our industrious and frugal forefathers, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married *until* she had spun herself a set of body, bed and table linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters, an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

☞ "So you would not take me to be twenty!" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing the polka a few evenings ago. "What would you take me for then?" For better or worse," replied he, and she was nothing loth.

☞ A Man was recently hanged in a neighboring State, and he confessed upon the gallows that his first commencement in crime and villainy was that of *stopping a newspaper without paying for it.*

☞ A negro gave the following toast: "De guberner ob de State—he come in wid berry little opposition—he go out wid none at all."

Many of the English newspapers seem to take it for granted that Cuba has already been captured by the Americans, and abuse us accordingly.

Thaddeus of Warsaw was written by the Lady Jane Porter, when she was only 20 years of age.