THE STAR AND BANNER.

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THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.

It is somewhat remarkable that the newspaper press, powerful element as it is in modern civilization, is scarcely two centuries old. It is equally remarkable that a mode of instruction and amusement so apparent should not have been established until nearly two hundred years after the discovery of printing. The common belief that the first English newspaper was published in 1588, to announce the defeat of the Spanish Armada, is now known to be a popular error, the printed sheet in the British Museum, called the English *Mercurie*, and dated in that year, having been proved a forgery of a century later in date. The originator of the mistake was Mr. Chalmers, who, in a life of Buchanan, entered into the history of newspapers. He had seen the broad sheet in the Museum, and accepting it for what it pretended to be, had announced it as the first English newspaper. Nicholas D'Ewes, and other writers, followed Chalmers, without inquiry, and from these authors the errors crept into the Encyclopedias, and all books of the day in which newspapers were discussed. Few assertions are now perhaps so generally believed, as that the English *Mercurie* was the first English newspaper. The detection of the error we owe to the bibliographer, Mr. Watts, of the British Museum, who, having occasion to examine the *Mercurie*, saw at once that the type and paper were of comparatively modern origin—an opinion which has been confirmed by every subsequent examination, it having been scrutinized by capable judges since.

The first newspaper was issued towards the close of the reign of James the First, and was published in London by a man named Butter. This individual had been a hired letter-writer, in the pay of numerous country gentlemen—his business being to pick up the news of London and send a written sheet of it weekly to his employers. The thought finally struck him that he might serve his customers more quickly, and enlarge his business indefinitely, by printing instead of writing his sheets. At first, however, the enterprise met little encouragement. The English are not a people fond of innovations, and the old manuscript letter-sheets were generally preferred. Butter's paper was laughed at by the wits and ill-supported by the public. Ben Jonson, in his comedy, "The Staple of News," made the new journal the butt of his ridicule. Finally, however, the invention became better appreciated, and newspapers increased in size, merit, and numbers; but so late as the beginning of the last century the written news-letter was still in existence, the delight of antiquated country gentlemen, who worshipped it as a relic of "good old times." In 1709 the first morning paper appeared in London, and now discussion was combined with the news, for heretofore the journals had confined themselves entirely to the mere narration of events, and those chiefly foreign. Indeed, more than one editor had been severely punished for printing news about the government; and so late as 1710 a lad of nineteen was hung for publishing an article against hereditary right.

Prior to the issue of Butter's journal, there had been various gazettes, as they were called, published in different countries in Europe; and there is a popular impression that these were newspapers.—But such is not the fact. The gazettes were merely occasional broad-sheets, or pamphlets, published after some important event, as a proclamation is now published. They were not at all permanent, much less periodical in their nature, two important qualities requisite for the real newspaper. Nor was it until the age of Addison, Steele and Swift—as we said—that journals began to assume their present influential position. When these great writers, however, entered the lists as regular contributors to the newspapers, and were followed by Bolingbroke, and in the latter age by Junius, the public press at once took a lofty position, and even increased. In England, however, to this day, the newspaper has less influence than in either France or the United States. In this free country it is really the great parliament of the nation; where all important subjects are discussed, and virtually decided. Congress is, in fact, but the formal mouth-piece of the press, or, to speak more definitely, of the people controlled by the press. The day will come when to be a member of this fraternity will be a higher honor than to be a legislator; and it is even now a more influential position. Long live the press!

Great Size and Longevity of Trees. We learn from a late number of the North American Review, that there are three cypresses in Mexico, whose ages vary from 3,300 to 4,924 years, at the minimum estimate of scientific calculation; at the maximum, from 3,480 to 5,124 years, almost coeval with the creation. These calculations are based upon inspection of the layers of wood, as compared with the known age and relative growth of smaller trees of the same species. The girth of the cypress of Montezuma is 45 feet.—That of the giant cypress of Santa Maria del Tule, the Nestor of the race, is, near the base, *one hundred and twenty-two feet, or forty feet in diameter.* Its height is not given, but the tree as yet shows no signs of decay. *Pinus Douglass* attains an altitude of from 200 to 300 feet; one measured by Lewis and Clarke gave 318.

Emma is from the German, and signifies nurse; Caroline, from the Latin, noble minded; George, from the Greek, a farmer; Martha, from Hebrew, bitterness; the beautiful and common Mary is Hebrew, and means a drop of salt water, a tear; Sophia, from Greek, wisdom; Susan, from Hebrew, a lily; Thomas, from Hebrew, a twin; Robert, from German, famous in council.

There comes a time when all that we behold is but a repetition of what we have already seen, and we seem only to live by habit. That it is which renders the old so indifferent to all things.

THE ANGLO SAXON LANGUAGE.

The Millenial Harbinger for the present month, (says the Baltimore Clipper,) contains an address delivered to the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, December 11th, 1849, on the Anglo Saxon Language—its origin, character and destiny—by A. Campbell.

We have read this address with much pleasure. It is a learned, eloquent and convincing discourse—entirely satisfactory on the three points discussed—the origin, character and destiny of the Anglo Saxon Language. We should be glad to extract copiously from this address, but are compelled to confine ourselves to the concluding paragraph, where breathes a lofty and pure spirit of patriotism, deserving of all praise.

Becomes it not, then, a most imperious duty, to preserve and transmit, uncorrupted and unimpaired, the institutions, civil, literary, moral and religious, which High Heaven has allotted to us? Never before lived a people possessing such birthrights—such an unsounded horizon of greatness and glory—as that which spreads itself before the enraptured vision of every enlightened American citizen. Should the great Anglo-Saxon family of families fall out by the way; should this great nation of nations, this hallowed and august union of so many sovereign and independent States of one political faith, of one rich and noble eclectic language, and of one divinely true and supremely grand religion, be sacrificed at the demon shrine of any sectional idol, then, indeed, would the measure of our disgrace be complete; our folly, our fall, would be an eternal shame—an everlasting reproach—the greatest political and moral catastrophe that time could record, involving, in its details, all the vital and grand interests, temporal, spiritual and eternal, not of our country only but of the whole human race. *It cannot be.* Grant it, then, it cannot be. But should we not stand so far aloof from even the appearance of it, as not to encourage a single hope in any tyrant's breast that we, too—a living refutation of all the pretensions and claims of absolutism, as now displayed in the mouldering and tottering thrones of the old world—will yet subscribe its creed, recant our errors, and reconstruct the despotisms of the old world? Let us regard ourselves, and teach our children to regard themselves, as God's own depository of all the blessings of civilization and salvation for the new world, and as his co-operants with all the master spirits on the eastern continent, with every nation and people who will accept our aid in the great work of disenthralling, evangelizing, redeeming and ennobling mankind. Let us teach them that we regard it our greatest honor to have deposited with us blessings so numerous, so various and so grand, and that we esteem it to be our greatest glory to be faithful in the high and holy trust.

Cruel Method of Branding the Camels in Africa.—I was a witness of the barbarous manner in which the Denkalli brand the camel. It seems two different marks are required, both of which are made with a red hot iron. One intimates the title of the owner, and the other his private mark. Two camels had been purchased by another Ibrahim, a cousin of Ebiu Izaak, a young, quiet looking fellow, and less violent in his manner than is usual among his countrymen. He, however, did not practice the forbearance towards his new purchase, but proceeded at once to stamp them as his property. The fore legs of one of the camels being first secured by a strong leathern throng, another was afterwards fastened around the hind ones in a similar manner. A rope attached to the former was then made to run through the loop of the latter, and, this being done by three or four men, the feet were all drawn together, and the consequence was, that the poor animal fell with a tremendous force to the ground, uttering the most horrible cries. A piece of iron, about half an inch thick, and some two feet long, being heated red hot, was then applied to the shoulder, nearly the whole length, and three successive marks were thus inflicted. The iron being heated afresh each time, remained until it was quite cold upon the skin, which emitted up in a most sickening manner as the rude instrument was taken off. Three similar marks were also made upon the rump, after which the animal was liberated, and allowed to get up. I was glad there were only these two to be operated upon, for I never heard such bellowing shrieks that disturbed the camp during the operation, such as camels only can produce when suffering bodily pain.—*Travels in Abyssinia.*

Beautiful Incident.—A military officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his lady who was sitting in the cabin near him and filled with alarms for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, "My dear, are you not afraid?" "How is possible that you can be so calm in such a storm?"—He arose from his chair, fastened to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a fixed place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined the lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hands."

"Pa, do cannons grow?"

"No, you simpleton, why do you ask that?"

"Because the paper says as how the French have planted some in Rome."

"Well, come to think of it, sonny, cannons will sometimes shoot if they are planted, and I have heard of their yielding grape," he added with a smile of satisfaction, as he fumbled his pockets for a cent to reward the boy for being the innocent occasion of such a wise observation.

CONFESSION
OF PROF. JOHN W. WEBSTER,
OF THE MURDER OF
DOCTOR GEORGE PARKMAN.

Thrilling Account of the Murder by the Murderer.

WAY THE BODY WAS DISPOSED OF.

Boston, Tuesday, July 9.

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 the 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 spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visits 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 apologize 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 my hope of keeping. I did not hear from him on that day or 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 while I was preparing my experiment for it—therefore I called at his house on that morning, (Friday) between eight and nine o'clock, to remind him of my wish to see him at the College at quarter past one o'clock—my lecture closing at one o'clock; I did not stop to talk to 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 1 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 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 ties, 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 my appointment of 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 can 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, nor 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 ten 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 entirely dismembered; it was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity. The only instrument was the 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 daughter 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 suddenly flowed 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 furnace of 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, and fuel heaped on; I did not examine it night to see to what degree they were consumed; some of the extremities were put in there, I believe, on 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 has used to run 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 chosen till after the visit of the officers on Monday. When the body had been thus 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 pump of a large grape vine—say two inches in diameter and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried in 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 porous wood was well adapted to this purpose. Another longer 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 of 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; 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 persons interested, and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the affair as a result of my interview with Dr. P. I never saw the sledge hammer spoken of by Littlefield—never knew of its existence—at least, I have no recollection of it if I did. The College is home as late as six o'clock; I collected myself as well as I could, but 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 courses. On Saturday evening 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 had such an interview, as I had appointed it first by an unsealed note on Tuesday, and on Friday I had myself called at his house to open day and raised 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 and be the first to 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 entirely dismembered; it was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity. The only instrument was the 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 daughter 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.

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 concluded where I should finally 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. 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; 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 dent 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 making coarse diagrams on cloth; the bunch of filed keys had been used long ago by me in Front Street, 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 to which I had nothing to do, I suppose they must have all duplicated, or keys of former locks, left there by the mechanics or Janitor; I know nothing about them, 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 chlorate acid on the stairs was not used to remove spots of blood, but was dropped by accident.

When the officers called on me on Friday the 12th, 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 were over Craigie's Bridge, I thought the arrest most probably when I found that the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was aware 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 more actively afterward. I wrote but one of the anonymous letters produced at the trial—the one mailed at East Cambridge. The little bottle 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 phrase to be kept untouched that it may be shown, if there could 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 23d, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting vault. I think that Pettes, in his testimony at the trial, put too strongly my words about having settled with Dr. P. What I did say of the kind was in the hope I should be able to pacify Dr. P., and make some arrangement with him, and was said in order to quiet Pettes, who was becoming restive, under the solicitation of Dr. Parkman. After Dr. Webster had stated some 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—do prove to yourself that your repentance for the sin of your past life is sincere; 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 ever 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. Did 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 the disappearance, and after I had determined to take the ground that I had paid him, those words were a miserable issue 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, sponging for blood, and of his entering about dusk 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 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 Prof. Webster, protesting his innocence, and praying for absolute pardon, he said was got up by his family, who were wavering 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. Members of the Council returned a copy of the petition previously presented, and withdrawn by the advice of Dr. Putnam, which will probably be published.—It asserts his innocence, and it also asserts that Littlefield, or some other person placed the remains in his room to compass his ruin.

Boston, July 3, P. M.—The following is a copy of the Petition of Professor Webster, convicted of the murder of Dr. Parkman, to the Governor and Council of the State, which he withdrew previous to the statement above made:

To His Excellency, George N. Briggs, and to the Honorable Council of the State of Massachusetts.

Having been convicted before the Supreme Judicial Court of the murder of Dr. Parkman, I would most respectfully and humbly petition your Excellency and the Honorable Council, to be permitted to declare, in the most solemn manner, that I am entirely innocent of this awful crime—that I never entertained any other than the kindest feelings toward him, and that I never had any inducement to injure him whom I have so long numbered among my best friends.

To Him "who seeth in secret," and before whom I may ere long be called to appear, would I appeal for the truth of what I now declare, as also for the truth of the solemn declaration, that I had no agency in placing the remains of a human body in or under my room in the Medical College in Boston, nor do I know by whom they were so placed there. I am the victim of circumstances, or a foul conspiracy, or of the attempt of some individuals to cause suspicion to fall upon me, influenced, perhaps, by the prospect of obtaining a high reward.

When first charged with this dreadful crime, I did not publish to the world a declaration of my innocence or any explanations of the circumstances tending to bring suspicion on me; solely in consequence of entire ignorance of the course I ought to adopt, and implicit reliance on the calmer judgment of others. I had, however, prepared for publication a document to that effect, but as there was a strong disposition from the first to misinterpret my every look, action and expression, it was deemed more advisable for me to preserve and maintain silence.

The document was, therefore, with no struggle on my part, withheld. Immediately upon my arrest, every means was resorted to, to bend even the most trifling appearances in my laboratory, and insignificant circumstances, to add to the suspicions, and to pervert them to my disadvantage.

In the state of mind in which I was, silence was constantly urged upon me; and I complied more strictly, perhaps, than I ought to have done. Every method of poisoning the public mind, and of exciting prejudice against me, was resorted to. Falsehoods, imputations and insinuations were daily diffused; and I soon perceived that the contradiction of one would lead to others, and that the refutation of them all would be an endless task. I therefore submitted to silence and resignation, believing that the time must shortly arrive when He "who bringeth light out of darkness" would cause the truth to appear, and my innocence to be made manifest to all.

Had I previously been aware of the uses that were to be made of some circumstances on my trial, to give an unjust and erroneous impression, if explained, I should have been provided with evidence to explain them most satisfactorily.

Some of the statements, references and circumstances, however, could not be fully explained or disproved; unfortunately I could not avail myself of the proof to do it. I now pray your honors that the evidence may be received by you, and that the testimony of my wife may be heard, and received, as also my own statements and explanations.

Repeating, in the most solemn and positive manner, and under the fullest sense of my responsibility as a man and a Christian, that I am wholly innocent of this charge—to the truth of which the "Searcher of all hearts" is a witness.

I would humbly and respectfully pray that the privilege I have asked may be granted. I do this under the full belief that the testimony I may, and would now offer, are such as will disprove many things, and impair very greatly the evidence of at least two witnesses, and place in their true light circumstances now obscure.

On this review of my case, your honors will, I trust, find sufficient reason for reversing the decisions of the court, and for the imposition of mercy. The knowledge of my feelings and habits, and of my various engagements and occupations of time, both before and after the disappearance of Dr. Parkman, have from the first been sufficient assurances to my afflicted family of my innocence, and now that their trust in Him who has sustained both them and me in our days and nights of sorrow and sadness, has been manifested by the unlooked for result of my trial, they would pray to be permitted to unite with them their sole earthly dependence in this petition.

Believing that your Excellency and the Honorable Council will find sufficient ground for granting to me a pardon, and of restoring to them the husband and father, for which I most respectfully and humbly pray.

Signed, JOHN W. WEBSTER.

Withdrawn on the application of Dr. Webster, June 4, 1850.

The Oldest Republic on Earth.—The American Quarterly Review contains a letter from G. W. Irving, Esq., giving a sketch of a visit to San Marino, a small Republic in Italy, between the Appennines, the Po, and the Adriatic. The territory of this State is only forty miles in circumference, and its population about 7000.—The Republic was founded more than 1400 years ago, on moral principles, industry, and equality, and has preserved its liberty and independence amidst all the wars and discords which have raged around it.—Bonaparte respected it, and sent an embassy to express his sentiments of friendship and fraternity. It is governed by a Captain Regent, chosen every six months by the representatives of the people, (sixty-six in number,) who are chosen every month by the people. The taxes are light, the houses are neat, the fields well cultivated, on all sides are seen comfort and peace, the happy effect of morality, simplicity, liberty and justice.

Don't Chew Tobacco.—It is a pernicious and a fatal practice; to acquire the habit one must go through a probation of sickness, nausea and headache, and when the habit once fastens upon us, it is almost an impossibility to resist the eager desire and hankering. It seems to become essential to our existence, while, at the same time, it is secretly undermining the portals of life. Chewing tobacco, especially, gives rise to prostration of the spirits, general debility and loss of appetite, dyspepsia, an indisposition to work, and other incidental and vexatious ills too numerous to mention.

A Cement that Resists Fire and Water.—Half a pint of sweet, fresh milk, with a sufficient quantity of sharp vinegar to coagulate the former. Separate the coagulum or curd, and add to the latter the whites of five eggs, after beating them well. When the mixture of these articles is complete, add quick lime, finely sifted, and make the whole into a ductile paste, about the consistency of window putty. This is fire and water proof, and when applied to the fissures or cracks in vessels, closes them effectually, and renders them as firm as ever.

Epigrammatic Courtship.—A certain Mr. Page rather an ancient "beau," charmed by a youthful fair one, sent her a glove, with these lines:

"From Glove cut off the initial G,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee."

The lady who doubtless considered her youth and beauty too valuable to be bestowed on a suitor so antiquated, returned the glove with the couplet:

"From Page, cut off the initial letter P.
Then Page is Age and that wont do for me."

Hypocrisy and masking cost a good deal of trouble and watching, and with all the anxiety and vigilance, that life bestowed are generally detected. The way, according to Socrates, to obtain a good reputation, is to endeavor to *be* what you desire to *appear.* Shakespeare says "men should be what they seem."

An Epitaph.—Capt. Sturgis, of the Revenue service, just died at Boston, tho' nearly 40 years in command, *never applied the lash to a sailor's back.*

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

The 74th Anniversary of American Independence was appropriately celebrated by a number of the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity, at Spangler's Spring, ("Paradise Grove.")—After partaking of an excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. N. Weaver, the company organized by appointing Dr. C. N. Berluchy, President; Andrew Polley, George Shryock, Anthony Dearborff, William Wisotzkey, James Bowen, and Eli H. Bentley, Vice Presidents; and *Henry J. Stable, Maj. John Scott, Abraham Arnold,* and *David Kendlehart,* Secretaries.

The following toasts were then presented, and properly received:

REGULAR TOASTS.

1. The Day we Celebrate—The birth-day of Liberty to the New World, will be hallowed and commemorated as the political Sabbath of the American people when European tyranny shall have ceased to rule, and the oppressed shall have ceased to suffer.

2. The fifty-six Signers of the Declaration of Independence—The heaviest "fifty-six" John Bull ever tried to lift.

3. The memory of Washington, the father of his country, the champion of Freedom in the western hemisphere, will live in the hearts of his countrymen while old Potomac rolls a wave to the sea.

4. The Constitution of the United States—Framed in the spirit of concession and forbearance, its duration must depend upon the continuance of the same disposition.

5. "The Union—It must and shall be preserved"—the sentiment of the "old man of the Hermitage" now finds an echo in the heart of every true American.

6. The President of the United States.

7. The Congress of the nation—the representatives of the people—they cannot better represent the people than by immediately adjusting the slavery question.

8. The Army and Navy of the U. States—By their gallant exploits and brilliant achievements, they have won the admiration of their countrymen and the respect of the world.

9. The Heroes of the Revolution—The immortal conquerors of the Independence we this day celebrate, who by their actions declared their determination "to die—die colonists—die slaves—die ignominiously, and on the scaffold"—rather than "live without a country, or at least the *hope* of a country, and that a *free* country."

10. The People of the United States—The true source of all power, they have demonstrated to the world their capacity for self-government.

11. The Star Spangled Banner—it must continue to wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

12. The Press—The palladium of our liberties, and the lover of progress.

13. The American Fair—No less distinguished for patriotism and humanity than for their personal charms; on *their* fidelity and love depend *man's* existence and happiness.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Enoius Z. Little. Man—There is no half-way house for him—he must either rise upwards to be an angel, or sink downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast.

By Henry Hughes. Our Country—
"My native land—land of my heart,
Clime of the unbought brave;
First in fair Freedom's shining zone,
Its cradle or its grave."

By William Wisotzkey. We'll stick to the tree of liberty 'till the blood springs from the roots.

By John Winebrenner. Gen. Reed, a member of the old Congress—Though poor, England had not money enough to buy him.

By John Carver. The Tree of Liberty—May its branches spread far and wide, until all nations shall feel the hallowed influences of civil and religious freedom.

By James Bowen. The President of the United States.

By Levi Arnold. The Girls—
"We know them but to love them,
We name them but to praise."

By Maj. John Scott. The Signers of the Declaration—They are no more—they are dead. But to their country they yet live, and will live forever.

By George Shryock. "The Union—It must and shall be preserved."

By John Barrett. Pennsylvania, the Keystone of the Arch—So long as she occupies her present commanding position in the Union, the Arch can never fall.

By Henry J. Stable. "Wo Freiheit wohn't, da ist mein Vaterland!"

By Adam Holtzworth. The States of the Union—May they ever remain united.

By Levi McElroy. General Marion—The hero of the South in the Revolution—a terror to the British, and the pride of the American army.

By H. L. Fisher. The "Spirit of Liberty"—Heaven's gift to man—persecuted it may be, but never enslaved.

By Anthony Dearduff. The memory of James K. Polk, late President of the United States.

By J. J. Baldwin. May the officers and soldiers who sustained the honor of the nation so nobly on the battle field of Buena Vista ever be held in grateful remembrance by the American people.

By Dr. C. N. Berluchy. We, on this day, still continue to announce to all nations the true principles of our national stability and happiness.

By Eli H. Bentley. The memory of James K. Polk.

By D. Ziegler. "Our country—May she always be right; but right or wrong, our country."

By Andrew Polley. Peace—May its wings ever encircle the earth.

By George H. Swope. The Flag of our country—May it ever command the respect of the world.

By Eli H. Bentley. The Mechanics of Gettysburg—It is by their energy and industry that the town exists.

By J. B. Danner. The Day we Celebrate—It is our nation's birth-day.

By the Company. Abraham Spangler, the proprietor of "Paradise Grove"—May he live a thousand years, and never come to want.

By the Company. Our host, Dr. Weaver—"May his shadow never grow less."

The company was then addressed in an eloquent and appropriate manner by Henry L. Fisher, Esq., after which the Declaration of Independence was read by Henry J. Stable. The company returned to town at about 5 P. M. in procession, accompanied by "Gettys Lodge Band," (Wm. Wisotzkey Marshal)—all well pleased with the patriotic manner in which this anniversary of our natal day was celebrated.

"So, here I am, between two tailors," cried a beau at a public table where a couple of young tailors were seated, who had just begun business for themselves.

"True," was the reply, "we are beginners and can only afford to keep our goose between us."

What is a Coquette?—A young lady of more beauty than sense, more accomplishments than learning, more charms than graces of mind, more admirers than friends, more fools than wise men or attendants.