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"THE PUBLIC GOOD SHOULD EVER BE PREFERRED TO PRIVATE ADVANTAGE."

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Human Frailty.

Weak and irresolute man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pain into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent and smart the spring,
Vice seems already slain;
But passion rudely snatches the string,
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part;
Virtue engages his assent,
But Pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
Through all his brain he views;
And while his lip the charge denies,
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast:
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Old Grumbleton.

Old Grumbleton was a terrible Turk,
As I've heard people say,
And he swore in an hour he'd do more work
Than his wife would do in a day;
'Well wail my heart,' says the good old dame,
'I'm agreeable any how!
So thee shalt bide at home to day,
And I'll go drive the plough.'

'But thee must feed the brindle sow,
And the little pease in the sty,
And thee must milk the tiny cow,
Or Tiney, he'll go dry;
And thee must mend the leak o' yarn
As I spun yesterday;
And thee must watch the speckled hen,
Or her'll go lay astray;
And thee must see to the dairy pans,
Or the crame'll be spoilt therein,
And thee must mind to turn the malt,
'That's dryin' in the kiln.'

The old woman took her whip in her hand,
And trudged to drive the plough;
The old man took the milking pail,
And tackled into the cow;
But Tiney wined, and Tiney haunched,
And Tiney cocked her nose,
And Tiney kicked the pail down,
And the milk ran over his hose,
And 'tis 'Oh, Tiney!' and 'Wo, Tiney!'
And 'Drat th' cow, bide still!
If I milks sich a maggoty runt again,
'I will be sore agin my wife.'

And he forgot the hank o' yarn,
And the puppy dog stole it away;
And he forgot the speckled hen,
And so her laid astray;
He went to feed the hungry pease,
A grunting in the sty,
He ran his nose agin a post,
And most knocked out his eye—
'A fine joke, my head's broke—
A plague on the pease and sty!
If they gets no vittles till Dounsday,
They'll never be served by I.'

He left the crame to stand in the churn,
And turnin hieself about,
Lar' massay how! there stood the sow,
'A slushin' in her snout!
He stooped to pick a swingein' stick,
'To gie the old sow her hire—
Her ran between his legs in a fright,
And drowen un into the mire,
'Oh drat thee for a plaguey sow,
'A surprizin' sow bist thee—
Thy snout it does more harm in an hour
Than I can mend in three!'

In coomed th' old woman wringing her hands,
And thus in haste her spoke—
'The fore hos lays on his back in the pond,
And the plough and the stils be broke—
And 'tis 'Oh Dobbin! my poor Dobbin!
And what an old fool was I,
If I wears the breeches for art'n again,
I wishes as I may die!'

Old Grumbleton swore by the sun and moon
And all the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife would but take to her gear agen
Her should never be caddled by he—
And 'tis 'Oh say no more to me I pray,
For I hates to be called a fool—
But bustle to night, and put all things right
And I'll gie thee lave to rule!'

Confession of Professor Webster.

Boston, July 2, 1850.

At the meeting of the Council this morning, the case of Prof. Webster was referred to a Committee. Before the committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared the Rev. Dr. Parkman, spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, together with the following confession that he killed Dr. Parkman.

THE CONFESSION.

On Friday, the 20th November, 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 threatened me with a suit; to put an officer in my house, and to drive me from my professorship, if I did not pay him. The purport of my note was simply the conference. I did not tell him, in it, what I could do, or what I had to say about the payment.

I did not hear from him on that day nor the next, (Wednesday) but I found on Thursday that he had been abroad in pursuit of me without finding me. I imagined he had forgotten the appointment or else did not intend to wait for it. I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture hour, or while I was preparing my experiments 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 half past one—my lecture closing at 1. 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, 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 half past one and two 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 steps, 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 I 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 a 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. Hossack, written many years ago, 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 every thing, 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 his 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 go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance. I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful invention and concealment of the body on the one hand, and of infamy and denunciation 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, as I saw that the watch was in the pocket, and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge. My next move was to get the body in 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.

When the body had been 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 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. 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 signature, and put them in my pocket. 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 6 o'clock. I collected myself as well as I could, that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday evening, I read the notice in the "Transcript," respecting his disappearance. I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground as to the character of my interview with Dr. 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 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 rooms, 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 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 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.

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, was of no account with me in that condition of mind.

[Prof. W. then goes on to argue at length that the bungling manner in which he managed about borrowing money, depositing checks, &c. clearly show that he had no intention of murdering Dr. Parkman. He removed the pelvis and limbs from the well on Sunday and packed them in the tea-chest. Denies any knowledge of the keys. The nitric acid was not used to remove spots of blood, but was dropped by accident; and gives many other details for which we have not room.]

After Dr. Webster had stated most of the facts recorded above on the 23d 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 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 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."

Handling Molten Lead and Iron.—The Boston Traveller says experiments similar to those recently made in France, by which molten lead and iron are handled with impunity, the hands and arms being boldly immersed in the boiling liquids, have been tried with equal success at this school. A fortunate circumstance discovered that the apparently wonderful results were nothing but the simple effect of what is called the spheroidal condition of water or moisture. The theory of the thing is, that when the metal has attained a high degree of heat, it changes the spheroidal forms, which prevent the immediate contact of the iron with the skin. The experiments are to be repeated before the Natural History Society of Boston soon. If so, they will be duly reported.

A Valuable New Wheat.—We were yesterday shown a few heads of Wheat, from a field of twelve acres on the farm of Mr. J. E. Coade, in St. Mary's county, (not far from Piney Point,) in Maryland, of so remarkable a quality as to deserve a special notice. The grain is a bearded white wheat, with large heads and grains, the average height through the whole field being at this time full six feet, of a most vigorous growth. Besides the product of this field, it is remarkable that the field from which these stalks were taken is the only field in the neighborhood in which rust is not visible. The seed of this Wheat was obtained by distribution from the Patent office, the description of it being a bearded White Wheat, producing forty bushels to the acre; a product which, or very nearly which, is expected from the field of Mr. Coade.—National Intelligencer.

A Hint to Census Takers.—"The Ladies of Baltimore, who are among the fairest of the fair portion of creation, protest against the rigour of the census takers to demand their age." So says one of our exchanges. What then is to be done in this dilemma? Uncle Sam requires the demand to be made. Gallantry forbids it. We suggest that gallantry prevail, and that those gentlemen, on whom the onerous and delicate duty has devolved, imagine unfavorably of course. The amour propre of the fairer portion of humanity will not be outraged, nor will the machinery of Uncle Sam's Government be materially deranged by such a course of procedure. There, Ladies. Are you satisfied?

A gentleman at dinner in a public house, observing that the fish was not quite so fresh as was desirable, took one and put it to his mouth and then to his ear. The landlady asked him the reason, when he said, I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, and I was asking the fish if he could give me any information of him, to which he replied, that he knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these three weeks!

A good joke is told of the Botts Barbacue in Powhatan. When the guest of the occasion had announced in his usual emphatic manner, with a knowing look at the fair portion of his audience, that he was a candidate for nothing except matrimony, an old gentleman in the crowd exclaimed, so that all the ladies could hear; "Ah well, I reckon you can be elected to that—it takes only one vote."

The Way the Parsons Beg.—It is often easier to obtain favors from the pride than the charities of men. A shrewd preacher, after an eloquent charity sermon, said to his hearers: "I am afraid from the sympathy displayed in your countenances, that you may give too much. I caution you therefore, that you should be just before you are generous; and wish you to understand, that we desire no one who cannot pay his debts to put anything in the plate." The collection was a rousing one.

Knew his Catechism.—A little fellow was questioned by his mother, last Sunday from the catechism. Among other questions, she asked, "Who was cast into the fiery furnace?" With much promptness he replied, "Dr. Parkman."

Professor Lieber.—We perceive that our townsman and friend Dr. Lieber, has made a very appropriate offering to the Washington Monument. The correspondent of the Clipper, in his letter of July 3d, mentions the fact as follows:

Prof. Francis Lieber, of South Carolina, who is now on a visit to this city, has presented the National Monument Society a box of sand, from the tomb of Kosciusko, at Cracow. It was, he says, brought home by his son, who lately visited the grave of this great Pole. He offers it as "an humble tribute to the monument now erecting in honor of Washington." And, in accordance with his suggestion, the sand is to cement some blocks sent by the States where Kosciusko fought best. He recommends that earth, for similar purpose, be brought hither from the grave of Lafayette, who was buried in France, enclosed by soil transported from America.

The Trial of Life.—We have a friend—an excellent husband and dutiful father—who came into our office the other day looking rather sleepy.

"What is the matter with you?" we inquired.
"Oh—nothing—that is to say," he replied in a hesitating voice—"babies are some trouble after all, ain't they?"
"Well, as to babies," we said, "they assent, but could not help asking 'how?'"
"Why the fact is," said our friend, "that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, and will be humored now and then—so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep; but last night, both wife and self had to carry him alternately, and—"

"Surely two are not required—"
"Hear me out, you see the child wanted novelty, and so I lighted a candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room I waked after her, making all sorts of queer manoeuvres with the light."
"Well, did that pacify him?"
"Why, yes, after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle and the best portion of the night, before he fell asleep, and the consequence is I feel wretchedly stale this morning."

Now, old bachelor, laugh if you feel like it, and let this be a caution to you.
One of our correspondents relates his experience about horses looking back with regret, after having passed over a plank road. I was out on one the other day; the driver was pretty much of a wag, and made the following "sell" of one of my fellow passengers:

Passenger—"What is the reason you go so slow over the plank road, driver?"
Driver—"The horses wouldn't go faster if I were to whip them all the time."
Passenger—"Why so?"
Driver—"They know the plank road is only six miles long, and they want to spin it out as long as they can! When you see the horrid road we come to afterwards, you'll say they're right. Why, sir, I can turn them round, and keep them driving up and down the plank road all the week, and the would never feel tired; it would make them feel so good. A fact, sir, I assure you."

The woman who carries but one bandbox,—when travelling—was seen in this place last week, in company with the man who wears green goggles, and borrows his neighbor's paper.—Ex.

The Height of Impudence.—A goes to Uncle B, and asks him for the loan of £5, and when B asks her when she will repay him, she tells him to deduct it when he makes his will.

Recently a gentleman was accosted by a female vagrant, when he replied that he never gave to beggars in the streets. "If I knew where your honor lived," quietly responded the woman, "I'd be calling at our house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements!"

A Little Heathen.—Will you please to mend my trowsers?" said a little fellow the other day, to a lady friend of his mother, the rags exhibited them selves pretty clearly about his little knees.

"Why no, your little mischief you; why don't you go and ask your mother to do it for you?"

"Oh, she don't have any time for that—she belongs to a Sewing Society, and goes to it every day almost, to make clothes for the heathen away off somewhere among the Indians I reckon."