

Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Confession of Professor Webster, of the Murder of Dr. Parkman.

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. 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 Reverend 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 previous acquaintance with Prof. Webster, before being called to act in the capacity of his 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.

THE CONFESSION.

On Tuesday, 20th of 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 become of late very importunate for his pay. 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 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 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 alarming, 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 my 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—to beg for further time and indulgence, for the sake of my family, if not for myself, 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 hour, or while I was preparing my experiments for it; therefore, I called at his house or 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 one. 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 my 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 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 can recall to memory but a small portion of what he said; at first, I kept imposing, 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 sick 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 on 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 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 mantelpiece, in Cambridge as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it; hence the marks of oil and whiting found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired. While dismembering the body, a stream of Coehite 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 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 the furnace that day, and the fuel heaped on. I did not examine, at 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 Coehite water was turned into it, and kept running through it all Friday night; throat 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 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 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 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 or the floor, I think the table close by where Dr. P. had fallen. I seized an old metal 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 persons interested; and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the object or 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. 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 for my future course. 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 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 been probably 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 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. Parkman 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 man, 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, was of no account with me in that condition of mind. If I had designed and premeditated the homicide of Dr. Parkman, in order to get the possession of the notes and cancel my debt, I not only should not have deposited Pettee's check the next day, but 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. Parkman, and the same to Henchman, when I borrowed the \$10. I should have remarked that I was so much short of a 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 on 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 I was most likely to receive calls from others; for that was the hour, just after the lecture, at which time persons having business with me, or in my room, 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 lower well, and threw them into 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 knife. 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 in that time. This was 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 straws 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 coral-line 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 tin put into the tea chest was taken from a barrel of it that had been in the laboratory for some time. The bag of tin 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 at the 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 Fruit street, and thrown carelessly by 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 amongst 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 nitric 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 Crages' Bridge, I thought the arrest most probable. When I found that 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 afterwards. I wrote but one of 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 citric 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 wished the parcel to be kept untouched, that it might 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 23d, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting vault. I think that Pettee, in his testimony at the trial, put too strongly my words about having settled with Mr. P. Whatever I did say of the kind, was in the hope I entertained 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 solicitations of Dr. Parkman.

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 to 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 life is sincere—tell me the truth, then—a confidence to be kept sacred during your life time, 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—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 money."

"No," he replied. "I did not tell him I would pay him, and there is no evidence that 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 falsehoods to which I was committed from the moment I had begun to conceal the homicide. I never had a thought of injuring Parkman."

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

Members of the council have retained 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.

State Loan.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania advertises for proposals for a loan in behalf of the State, of \$3,300,000, redeemable in thirty years at a rate of interest not exceeding four per cent., interest payable in gold and silver semi-annually, on the first days of February and August, and to be exempt from every species of taxation. Proposals will be received for the loan at the office of the Secretary, Harrisburg, until Tuesday, the 1st of October next. The proposals are to be opened on that day, in the presence of the Governor, Secretary, &c., when the loan will be awarded to the highest bidder or bidders. Should the amount of bids exceed the sum of said loan, a pro rata distribution will be made among the highest bidders. In no case will proposals for less than \$1,000 be received. The State reserves the right to accept the whole or any part of the sum offered, unless the proposals stipulate to the contrary. Coupons will be attached to the certificates. The object of the loan is to meet the payment of the funded debt of the Commonwealth now due or becoming due, and for the payment of domestic creditors to the amount of \$85,000.

The Three Whig Candidates.

The recent Federal State Convention, notwithstanding its care in excluding certain aspirants from Strohm to Cresswell, has not been very successful after all.—The Washington Examiner, the able Democratic organ of the Democratic party in Washington county, announces that Joseph Henderson the Whig candidate for Surveyor General, now a resident of that county, was a member of the administration of Riner at the time the infamous Buckshot War was projected, by which it was proposed "to treat the election as if it had never been held;" and so to deprive the Democratic majority of their rights.—Mr. Henderson may felicitate himself that this fact was not known by the Convention, or else he too, would have been reputed as unworthy and unsound. We say felicitate, for we presume he is anxious for the honors of the October martyrdom.

A precious trio are these Whig candidates truly, and precious are they commended to favor. Dungan, as the bitter enemy of the war—Snyder, because he is the son of a man that the Whigs have always opposed—and Henderson, as a member of the Buckshot and Ball Regency in 1833, '39.—Penn.

"Poppy, have guns got legs?" No, James. "How do they kick them?" Exit Mary, with Jimmy in her arms, while Poppy falls fainting upon a sofa.

Talking of "enlarging" newspapers the editor of the Chicago Journal suggests that it's not the largest calf that makes the best veal.

A Hoosier in Boston.
The editor of the Cincinnati Inquirer, writing from Boston, tells the following story: Western folks feel in this city as though in a straight waistcoat, for their personal liberty is so hedged in that freedom of action is gone. Those addicted to smoking especially, feel loth to promenade the streets, cigar in mouth from the bare fact that the enemies of the fragrant weed have forbid its use in the streets of Boston. I heard an excellent anecdote of the adventures of a live Hoosier in this city, which illustrates the municipal regulations of this mummy dissecting city better than a book. After a good dinner at his hotel, he ignited a cigar, and started for a stroll. After a few steps a policeman tapped him on the shoulder, and informed him that the penalty was two dollars for the offence of smoking. He promptly pulled out a five dollar bill and received a three in change. Proceeding on his walk, in a few minutes next met a beggar girl who asked for something to eat. Recollecting that he had the remains of a hunk of gingerbread, the peculiar diet of Hessianland, in his pocket he generously proffered it to the mendicant. Again was he tapped on the shoulder by the policeman, and told it was against the laws of Boston to give away food, as it all belonged to the city, and requested two more dollars for his grave offence. The three dollar bill was drawn out, and when the policeman tendered one in change it was refused by the Hoosier, with the cool remark, "No, keep it, I shall want to whistle in a few minutes."

Jonathan's Hunting Excursion.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and uncle Zeke had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timberbotes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of, a bran new tin milk pan.

"No; I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and uncle Zeke took it into our heads one Saturday afternoon to go a gunning after ducks, in father's skiff; so in we got and skulked down the river. A proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few on'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscles. I caught up my peader horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I could swim a jot, so I sez to uncle Zeke, 'you're a pretty clever fellow—jest let me take your peader horn to prime, and don't you think the stingy critter would'nt—'Well,' says I, 'you're a pretty good diver, an' if you'll dive and get it I'll give you a primin'.' I thought he'd leave his peader horn, but he didn't; but stuck it into his pocket and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened hereyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added:—"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was a doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the old lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peader out of my horn into hizen."

Matrimonial Breezes.—Arrah, Pat, and why did I marry ye, jest tell me that—for it's myself that's had to maintain ye ever since the best day that Father O'Flanagan sent me home to your house!"

"Swate jewel," replied Pat not relishing the charge, "and it's myself that hopes I may live to see the day—when ye're a widow wapping over the cold sod that covers me; then by St. Patrick I'll see how ye get along without me honey."

Cool.—In a large city like New York, people very generally mind their own business, and do not peep into their neighbor's key hole.—One of those houses which contains many families was discovered to be on fire in the lower story some time ago. The watchman rapped at the door. A tenant of the upper story looked out of the window and asked what was wanted.

"Your house is on fire. The first story is all in a blaze," cried the watchman.

"Very well," said the tenant, drawing in his head, "tell the people that live there—it is none of my business, as I occupy the fourth story."

PHONOGRAPHY.—A lazy boy set in Indiana spells Andrew Jackson's name—Sru Jaxu.

A mad in Cal. or he had a fight with a bear, and escaped by beinging death.