ON HOTEL
for one or more Years
AND COMMODIOUS ES-
NT in this town known by
EASTON HOTEL, at pres-
years occupied by Mr. Sol-
which possession can be had
January next—
orner Room and Cellar now
William Newnam—This is a
ell calculated for a store of
t be converted into two good
may be had now or at any
Fall—
house occupied by Mr. John
's Shop, and the one occupied
nett as a Magistrates Office—
be had on 1st January next.
y to
SAMUEL GROOME.
, 1827.
s of the U. States Gazette, in
he Patriot, Baltimore, will
above once a week for six
their accounts to this office.

Notice.
shop in Denton now in the
rneville and Stanton is for
1828. There is no other shop
nton and is considered a very
siness. For terms apply to
WM. POTTER.
4w

ull's Truss.
ELIEF AND CURE OF
A OR RUPTURE.
HULL invites the attention
afflicted with RUPTURE, to
testimonials in favor of his
HINGE TRUSS.
TT, M. D. Professor of Surge-
ates as follows:—"I have, for
, paid much attention to the
use of Trusses, and it gives
tate that the Truss invented
Hull, possesses in my opinion,
and principle, qualities and
h are entirely original, and
application in ALL cases an
y to prevent a descent of the
n most cases it may be appli-
ble prospect of cure. These
ualities consist in the *concave*
re pad towards the diseased
d mobility of the hinge and
&c.
nd signal benefits which are
Truss, result from its strict
and accordance with scientific
ciples. Its mechanical adap-
the simplicity of its construc-
motion nicely graduated by
he different attitudes of the
action of the muscles. The
security of its location on the
essure in the circumference
l ring, are qualities the ten-
s to *strengthen and restore the*
contract the aperture and ul-
lish a cure of the disease. The
fect of this Truss are there-
reverse of all Trusses former-
being *convex tended to enlarge*
the rupture opening. These
overcome by the principle
Hull's invention, and experi-
ed me in the great and supe-
instrument, which I have re-
eneral use, and adopted in my
he exclusion of all others. I
hat the union of physical de-
nical structure in this instru-
what has long been the desid-
tical surgery in Europe and

second edition of "Thatcher's
ce"—page 678 Boston, 1826.
clusively entitled to the cred-
ng the true surgical principle
lernia. This great desidera-
accomplished by giving to the
invented Hinge Truss a *con-*
convex surface, by which it
he convexity of the abdomen
ction, it is evident that the
of pressure is applied to the
f the aperture, which tends
proximate the Hernial parie-
em a mechanical support.—
of the principle upon which
has been abundantly tested
Numerous instances have oc-
Hernia has been cured by it,
d intractable to other Truss-

s, M. D. of New York, states
e tendency of all convex pads
disease by forcing their way
o the opening, & thereby in-
of the breach. The Truss in-
ull, and described in his pam-
bservations on Hernia & Truss-
ad fixed on a concave plate, &
pressure by its circular mar-
shed pressure by its centre.
ly prevents the escape of the
ximates and often secures in
ired part, so as eventually to
ire."

AY, of New York, says:—"*numerous instances*, in which
ve been laid aside after prov-
inefficient, and exchanged for
Hull, which has in ALL these
and comfortably secured the
equently effecting a perfect cure

BORNE, of New York, states:
Dr. Hull's Truss worn with
where other Trusses were
or totally unbearable, and I
al cures effected by Dr. Hull's
would have been impossible
e result from any other known

Army of the United States, I
charge of several soldiers, be-
le, with any known Truss,
cure the rupture; with Dr.
n satisfied I could have ren-
ful to the Government; com-
selves, and in many cases ef-
ures."

ss does away the necessity of
ll the good intentions of any
Truss, and obviates all the ob-
tained against them."
f like respectability might be
tent. This Truss is now in-
e Army and Navy, and most of
itals and Alms Houses in the

's Trusses, adapted to the dif-
f Rupture, may be obtained,
patients, at the Office of Dr.
East Fayette-street, a few
City Hotel. Persons residing
be fitted by sending a meas-
round the hip, and specifying
ure.
21 4m

EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature, well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown:" RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich—and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

VOL. X. EASTON, (MD.) SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 13, 1827. NO. 40.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED
EVERY SATURDAY EVENING
BY
ALEXANDER GRAHAM,
At TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS Per Annum, payable half yearly in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three times for ONE DOLLAR, and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

From the Liverpool Albion, Aug. 20.

Confessions of an unexecuted Femicide.

A deeply affecting narrative, under the above title, has just issued from the Glasgow Press. It is declared to be 'no fiction.' It is published according to the will of 'William M. Esq. of the county of Stirling, Scotland,' for the purpose of deterring others 'from the commission of a similar sin, by the thought, that if they escape the punishment of the law, they are sure to meet with that of a racked and harassed conscience.' The *Confessions* are powerfully written, and seldom have we read a more touching narrative than that, which is contained in the work before us. We insert, an extract from the first part of the *Confessions.*

'Twenty years, and the vision still haunts me! Yes, it is twenty years since I perpetrated that crime which has poisoned my existence, and thrown over it a cloud of unutterable sorrow. All other crimes may sleep, but iniquity like mine never can. The worm that dies not preys upon my heart: I am the victim of remorse.

My house stood in the midst of a plantation of elm and pine. Its situation was considered romantic by those who had an eye for the beauties of nature, but such I never had. It was a large isolated building, white and airy in its appearance, and decorated in front with a portico of four Ionic pillars: Before the door was a plot of green ground, bordered with flowers, & in the centre of this a fountain of clear water. Behind the mansion house there was a spacious garden, and about fifty yards to the right flowed a little river, murmuring among rocks, and shaded over by bowers of the birch and chesnut tree.

Few places were so retired and beautiful, and here, if my miserable tone of mind had permitted, I must have been happy. I had no companion but an only sister, and Heaven assuredly never formed two beings so completely different as we. Poor Eliza, she was every thing that is amiable in woman. Fair, beautifully proportioned, and graceful in her movements, beyond even the most gifted of her sex; her light and airy form, her blue, deep blue eye, her lip ever crossed with smiles, and her complexion clear as heaven itself. Of all these things I could speak but it avails not.—They are gone, and nothing save their remembrance remains behind. Memory may do much to hallow even the divinest beauty, and imagination may touch with more delicate hues what the former brings up from the depths of time, but their fairy power were useless here. My sister had a form and a mind which fancy never excelled, even in her brightest dreams.

Strange to say, she loved me. I say strange, for what heart but that of an angel could bear affection towards a being so malignant, so horribly wicked as I! I can now recall how harshly I returned all her little acts of kindness. She would try, by every art, to bring from me some deed of tenderness. She would smile, and come out with some mirthful story. She would sit down before me, and throw her delicate arms around my neck in a mood of gaiety and love. She would flatter me, & watch over my concerns, and anticipate my wishes, but all in vain. My ungrateful heart refused to acknowledge her attentions: her fondness became painful to me, and I repulsed her. Nor when I was stretched on a bed of sickness did her tenderness abate. When the burning fever rioted in my veins and but a step lay between me and eternity, she attended me with more than a mother's care. Night after night she sat watching over my couch. I have seen her when she little thought I so remarked, weeping in my dimly illumined chamber; and raising her fair hands to Heaven in supplication for my recovery. And when I did recover, who can paint the joy that lighted up her beautiful countenance! All saw it with delight save one, and that was her wretched and ungrateful brother.

She had a friend named Mary Elliston, also a beautiful girl. Their friendship had commenced in childhood, and their souls were knit closer by succeeding years. Mary lived with us, for she was an orphan; & being originally of a respectable but unfortunate family, my father gladly adopted her as a companion to his daughter. She was tall and exquisitely made, and all her movements were full of female dignity. Her form wanted the richness and voluptuous swell of Eliza's, but it was more airy and if possible, more graceful. My sister's complexion had the brightness and bloom of northern beauty. Her yellow hair waved like streaks of sunshine over her temples, and her blue eyes, deep and lucid as the sapphire, were full of animation and mirth of soul. Mary had more of the Italian cast in her countenance, which was of a darker and warmer hue.—Her hair was black and shining, and her eyes, of the same complexion, were full of melancholy. Never were two lovelier beings associated together under the same roof. Eliza was all affection, and smiles, and innocence, and she showed them on every occasion. If she loved she expressed in bright and undisguised language the emotions of her soul. Mary was not more lovely, for that was impossible, but she was evidently a being of profounder and intenser feelings. Her spirit was more full of pathos. Her fervour was not so easily excited, but when once aroused it flowed in deeper channels, and its influence upon all the passions was most striking and irresistible.

I know not how it was, but this pure-minded and intellectual girl conceived for me a strong affection. God knows, there was little in my society to attract the love of any one, and above all of such as she.—I never did her an act of kindness. I scarcely ever spoke to her with common civility; yet strange to say, I unknowingly gained her heart, and she loved me at last as if I had been the most deserving object upon earth. How my groveling soul came to be invested with such power, remains a problem which I have never been able to solve. In all other respects the mind of Mary was pure and heavenly. That spirit so full of poetry and romance, that mild enthusiastic spirit, conversant only with lofty thoughts, and whose existence had passed in a world of fancy and feeling, how did it descend from its high estate to seek companionship with a base earthborn heart like mine? In this only she erred; in this only she showed that tinge of humanity which clings to all below. Perhaps she might have been influenced by her affection for my sister. Be that as it may, I saw her feelings, and, with the true villany of my nature, resolved to take advantage of them. It would be sickening to relate all the schemes I put in practice to ruin the virtue of this unfortunate girl.—She loved me to distraction, and I but too well succeeded. But how was my poor hard conquest gained? By a proceeding, the iniquity of which, no language can characterise. I invoked the Most High to witness that my future intentions were honourable; and swore in the name of all that is sacred to make her my own: I never intended to keep my promise. What were oaths to me? What were broken hearts and ruined hopes to one who looked upon virtue and honour as baubles, and whose polluted soul seemed born for the atmosphere of the blackest iniquity!

Time rolled on, and the state of Mary became apparent, but still I never felt remorse. I looked on unmoved at the ruin I had effected; and when the unsuspecting victim required the performance of my vows, she was answered with a contemptuous sneer. Her spirit, from this moment, faded utterly away. She felt that she had been betrayed, and saw the dreadful precipice on which she stood. Had I been any thing else than a villain; had one spark of generous feeling still animated my bosom, I must have pitied the miserable girl; but compassion was unhappily a feeling to which I had ever been a stranger, and I looked on the wreck of beauty with savage indifference.

Eliza's tender heart was moved and she saw her companion with other eyes. She did not, with the prude-like barbarity of many of her sex, cast off this erring sister. She saw that she had been led astray, and knew, that although in the eyes of the world she was a lost and worthless thing, yet she was not to be abandoned to misery and neglect. So far from turning away from this object of distress, she pressed her to her bosom, nor did she consider herself dishonoured in so doing. Her pure heart told her that Mary was innocent, and what had occurred was a misfortune rather than a crime. She solaced her in the midst of her misery, and tried to sustain her broken heart, with the hope that I might one day repair the injury I had done, and restore her blameless and unblemished, to society. Nor did she stop here, for on her knees she conjured me, as I valued the welfare of a wretched creature; as I valued the honour of our house, as I valued my own eternal happiness, to render that tardy justice which uprightness and virtue demanded.—The appeal was eloquent as beauty and affliction could make it; but it was in vain.—I heard it with contempt.

About this time, a young lady of considerable fortune came to reside in our part of the county. She was rich, and I considered that now or never had an opportunity occurred of gratifying my passion for money. My situation in life was well known and I was cordially received as a visiter into her mother's house. I endeavoured to make myself as agreeable as possible, & in a short time had the satisfaction of thinking that I was listened to with not an unfavourable ear. There was only one bar that stood in the way, and this was Mary Elliston. My faith was plighted to her in the most solemn manner; and I well knew that if this reached the ears of my new mistress my prospects in that quarter were at an end. Besides, Mary was now in that state which rendered her misfortune palpable to all eyes. No one as yet knew the author of her misery, but he could not remain concealed much longer, and his name once mentioned would sink him to infamy and degradation. I cared little for exposure on the score of honour or virtue but I dreaded it on that of self-interest.—Let me get possession of my object; let her wealth be once fairly secured in my iron hand; and my shame, for aught I cared might be trumpeted to the utmost ends of the earth. But till then; till that decisive that irrevocable moment, it behoved that all should wear the aspect of integrity; that all should run smooth as the unruffled sea. I covered my hypocrisy with the semblance of virtue, as the ashes of the dead are covered with flowers, and crawled, like the viper, under cover, the better to entrap my prey.

That no evil report might injure my reputation till that time, I had Mary sent off about ten miles to a small country house on the banks of the Forth. There the sorrows of that unhappy girl only became more pungent; she felt the misery of loneliness. Deprived, of my sister's society & mine; and the last, strange to say, she prized above all other; her heart became more desolate and broken. She wrote me a letter; the paper was stained with tears, and every word breathed unutterable affliction. It implored me to take compassion on her wretched state, and fulfil the promises I had so solemnly made: 'I know that you are addressing another, but if she has the spirit of a women, never will she listen to you after what you have done to me'

Such were the condoling lines of her letter, and they fired me to revenge. Suspicion lowered upon my heart, and the thought came upon me that they were but the prelude of a discovery. 'And must my plans be thus thwarted by that wretched girl? Must a fortune be torn away from my grasp? Shall she unveil to my affianced bride what for a time must remain in darkness; and for what? to ruin me; to blast my dearest prospects without benefiting herself?' The evil passions were stirred up within me; hell boiled in my bosom, and I was wrought to an ecstacy of madness.—For half a day I remained in this tumult of passion. Towards evening it ceased to exhibit itself on the outer man, but raged within more intensely than ever.

Yes, I remember it well. This day, and twenty years have rolled away, I sat by the fire moody and distracted, and meditating, apparently, some violent deed. My sister sat opposite to me. She was employed at her needle, but while she sewed, her blue eyes streamed with tears, and ever & again she cast at me looks of the deepest affliction. 'My dear brother, has any thing occurred to distress you? I thundered out, 'silence, distract me not,' in a voice which made her start backward with terror; and, striking my hand violently against my burning forehead, I left the room and mounted up stairs to my bed chamber. A small Highland dirk hung over the mantel-piece. It had been in the family for ages I put it in my pocket, almost unknowing what I did, and descended with portentous speed. Eliza met me as I was going out. She put her slender arm in mine, and requested me, with a voice of melting tenderness, to stay at home, for that I was evidently very unwell. With brutal violence I pushed her aside and rushed into the open air.

The evening was fair, beautifully fair. The sun was sinking down gloriously, and mellowing nature over with his last departing beams; but I remarked it not. I saw nothing I heard nothing. A tumult was in my heart; my ears were stunned and I hurried over the earth with reckless fury. Night came down, and I found myself at Mary's door. I entered, but she was not within. She had gone out to walk by the banks of the Forth.

I went to find her. Her lovely and interesting form was seated upon a rock which overlooked the stream. When I came up, she was in tears; but she threw her arms around me, and kissed me with unspeakable fondness. How romantic was the scene! O how unfit for a deed of villany! The moon was up in the vault of heaven.—The firmament was silvered over with her chaste beams, and the light of the planets dissolved and lost in a flood of pale celestial glory. One solitary star twinkled by her side. And how beautifully were the rays reflected by the stream that murmured amid its rocky channel, and gave forth a melancholy music, which was the only sound that disturbed the unbroken calm of nature! Could crime linger here? Could vice pollute such a scene with its accursed presence? Base, cruel, treacherous was the deed. Was there no bolt of heaven to consume my coward heart? While she clung to my bosom and called me her own—while her deep melting eyes were thrown so expressively on my savage countenance—yes the deed was then done—done at a moment when any heart but that of a demon, would have been disarmed, I drew slowly the dagger from my pocket, and—my spirit shudders while I relate it—stabbed her in the back! A shriek and she fell to the earth —'Oh! do not destroy me! William, that was a cruel stroke. Spare me; do not kill me, do not kill my poor unborn babe!' She clung to my knees, but I spurned her away, and she again fell exhausted. There was no time to be lost. I laid violent hands upon her, and pitched her over the rock. I heard her rustling among the branches which opposed a feeble resistance to her fall; and then a dash among the waters, and a feeble cry; and all was silent."

From the Nashville Republican, Sept. 18.

MR. EATON TO THE PUBLIC.

What I shall submit to the consideration of the Public, demands of me no apology Should any think otherwise, I tender to them Mr. Clay's dinner speech, delivered at Lexington in July last, with the references that have been made to me, both by General Jackson and Mr. Buchanan. Thus situated, it is neither needful nor proper to remain silent: I shall therefore speak the things that I know, from a conviction; that the references which have been made, render it proper for me to do so.

First, to an adjustment on my own account with Mr. Clay; who, in his speech delivered at Lexington, uses towards me this language.

"Before the election, an attempt was made, by an abusive letter, published in the Columbian Observer, at Philadelphia, a paper which, as has since transpired, was sustained by Mr. Senator Eaton, the colleague, the friend and the biographer of General Jackson, to assail my motives, and to deter me in the exercise of my duty"

The language employed in this sentence, is arranged with so great art and caution, as to make it susceptible of doubtful intention. The meaning which the speaker intended should attach, and which, with nine readers out of ten, will obtain, is, that the Columbian Observer was sustained by Mr Senator Eaton the colleague, the friend and the biographer of General Jackson, to assail his (Mr. Clay's) motives, and to deter him in the exercise of his duty. With this construction, I take leave to say, it is misrepresentation—it is untrue. This paper was assisted, though not *sustained* by me for any purpose; and far less with a view to *assail motives*, or to deter any one in the exercise of his duty

The return made of me by the Editors of the Columbian Observer, as one of their creditors, has been a fruitful theme of exulting remark to Mr. Clay's editors and friends. I little expected to see him at so small a business; and still less that he would have hazarded an assertion before the public, when he was wanting in proof to support that assertion. A single paper, to be sure, at Philadelphia, the *Democratic Press* had asserted it: But Mr Clay should have recollected, that as he was decrying the force of newspaper testimony, as authority applicable to his own case, delicacy, and a regard for consistency should have restrained his willingness to insist on it, as a rule conclusive towards others. Like himself, though, I can now express my satisfaction at having the matter presented in some tangible form, and by 'a responsible accuser;' and, that he may be spared all further disquietude on the subject, he shall be afforded the history of the transaction, precise and accurate as it took place, with leave to make of it hereafter whatever use he can.

To the editors of that paper, and at their request, I did lend a sum of money; at that time, before nor after, was their an agreement, or understanding, expressed or otherwise, as to any political course which they should pursue. More than a year preceding the circumstance and before I ever knew Messrs. Simpson & Conrad the editors, had that paper been warmly and zealously in the cause of General Jackson.—It was my own money, not the publick's; and I have yet to learn, wherein there is either culpability or criminality in lending money to the respectable editor of a newspaper, greater than to any other individual in society, unless as a stipend to induce to a course not sanctioned by his preference or judgment. The character of those editors is sufficient to turn aside the imputation of opinions thus controlled—while a recollection that for eighteen months or more they had labored in support of Andrew Jackson, altogether forbids it.

But, again: In adverting to this transaction—to my mind a very innocent & unoffending one—why was it necessary for Mr. Clay to throw around me for description sake, so many far fetched and high sounding expletives? Mr. Eaton, of the Senate —(there being in that body none other bearing a same, or even a similar name,) would as it appears to me, be altogether sufficient, if description of person was alone the end and object designed to be attained; but this was not the object, and hence the lofty addenda, "the colleague—the friend and the biographer of General Jackson." What, then, was it? An attempt at deception—a matter of special pleading, by which it was expected, a conclusion in the public mind would be arrived at, that General Jackson was the shelterer of this paper, intended and sustained for the avowed purpose *to assail Mr. Clay's motives, and to deter him in the exercise of his duty.* To this obviously designed intendment, I apply a positive denial of its truth. "General Jackson was in Tennessee, and knew no more of the loan made to those gentlemen, than Mr. Clay did; nor did he know of it, until during last winter, when—on the supposition, I suppose, that it might be used as a good *set off* to the changes & breakings of the Secretary, in his BY AUTHORITY corps—it became matter of remark and censure in those columns which were friendly to Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. Before this period, I had not spoken of it; nor until this time, detailed the particulars. I do so now, lest, under the authority of the name which brings forward the accusation, suspicion may arise, and character and consequence be given to the transaction, greater than it merits. In presenting myself before the public on a subject which so lately has produced some excitement, and much inquiry and remark I have felt it proper to speak thus far of matters which essentially pertain to myself; and with that portion of the subject I am now done.

In connection with this speech, are also other matters which have been presented to the consideration of the country; and about which I have been referred to, both by General Jackson and Mr. Buchanan. With references thus made, to remain silent and reserved, amidst the general interest which prevails, by many might be considered improper. I shall present therefore, my understanding of things as they were at the time, and as they are still retained upon my recollection.

Between the statement of General Jackson and that submitted by Mr. Buchanan, I can perceive some differences; but they are principally verbal, and not material.—Those which do obtain, appear to me rather as to inferences deduced from facts, than as to the facts themselves: substantially, there is accord. Mr Buchanan alleges, that, on approaching General Jackson, he did not come from Mr. Clay. It is not asserted that he did; General Jackson states, his opinion at the time was, that Mr. Buchanan had come from Mr. Clay or some of his friends; but this is given merely as matter of impression—nothing more. By the showing of Mr. Isaacks and Mr Buchanan, it now appears, that Mr. Markley was the negotiator. A difference as to the date—the period of time at which the conversation took place, may exist; for Mr. Buchanan places it on the 30th of December. It may be, however, that he intends this as the period of his conversation with Mr. Markley; if it be in reference to his interview with General Jackson, then, agreeably to my recollection, it is a mistake. I cannot precisely, and to a day, declare the time when Mr. B. came to see and converse with me; but I do recollect it to have been during that week, on the Saturday of which the reported meeting of Mr. Clay and his friends took place, and when the determination was taken to support Mr. Adams. I feel quite satisfied, that the meeting to which I allude, was on Saturday the 22d of January. Early in that week, (Tuesday or Wednesday evening,) Mr. Buchanan visited me. It was on the pavement, and in front of my own residence, where we conversed together. A statement of our conversation, concisely drawn, was given to General Green, editor of the United States Telegraph, at his request, in August 1826—more than a year ago—it is as follows:

"In January, 1825, a few days before it had been known that Mr. Clay & his friends had declared in favor of Mr. Adams, I was called upon by Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania. He said, it was pretty well understood, that overtures were making by the friends of Adams, on the subject of cabinet appointments: That Jackson should fight them with their own weapons. He said, the opinion was, that Jackson would retain Adams, and that it was doing him injury.—That the General should state whom he would make Secretary of State, and desired that I would name it to him. My reply was, that I was satisfied General Jackson would say nothing on the subject. Mr. Buchanan then remarked: "Well, if he will merely say, he will not retain Mr. Adams, that will answer." I replied, I was satisfied, General Jackson would neither say, who should, or who should not be Secretary of State—but that he, (Mr. B.) knew him well, and might talk with him as well as I could. —Mr. Buchanan then said, that on the next day, before the General went to the House, he would call. He did so, as I afterwards understood"

In this application and interview, I felt that Mr. Buchanan was acting on the ground of anxious solicitude for the success of General Jackson, and from a desire that nothing of stratagem and management should interpose to prevent the election of one, for whom he felt more than common interest. I considered, in his zeal, he felt it to be right to defend the citadel against unlooked for assaults, and believed, consequently, that the enemy should be met with their own weapons. He may have intended to present this as the idea and opinion of others, not his own. Such indeed, may have been the case, though I cannot say I so understood him at the time.

I take occasion to repeat, that the conversation, as here given, at the request of the editor of the United States Telegraph, was afforded him in August, 1826 while he was on a visit to Tennessee. I mention this fact, because, the statement being in his possession, he will be enabled to say, if the one he has, & that which is here submitted, be not the same. By this circumstance, thus fortunately existing, I may find safety from some of those charges which a kindly editor has already taken occasion to surmise and insinuate —The ungenerous and illiberal effort is made to excite prejudice; to forestal the public, and to awaken suspicions, through the allegation, that an attempt would be made "to discredit Mr.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc2940_scm11029-0582.jpg