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EASTON GAZETTE.

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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.

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From the Liverpool Albion.

CONFESSIONS
OF AN UNEXECUTED FEMICIDE.

We resume our extracts from the above phamphlet. The sequel of the melancholy story is told in the following terms:

"I stood for a moment petrified at the deed I had done; but every instant was hazardous; and, throwing the bloody weapon into the stream, I rushed with headlong violence through the plantation, and gained the public road. From that moment horror seized upon me.—The night, which had been hitherto calm and clear, became suddenly overcast with clouds.—A vapour passed before the moon, as if to hide from the face of nature such consummate wickedness:—the silence of creation was disturbed, and a sullen moan, like that of the angel of death seemed to fill the air. The winds began to swell on every side, while the trees nodded mournfully to the blast that swept through them with low and melancholy murmur. A clap of thunder burst above my head like the sound of the trumpet, and a flash of lightning followed. As I hurried distractedly along a thousand phantoms and forms of darkness seemed to dance before my eyes. I was pursued with unutterable despair, while a voice like that of my murdered victim rung incessantly in my ears. 'Spare me—spare my unborn babe!—pity, pity, pity,' I stopped them, but in vain: the same sound, the same agonizing voice pursued my footsteps wherever I went.

"I reached at last my door; it was closed, and all the inmates had gone to rest. I knocked and the old house keeper opened it; but on seeing me; she started back with affright. Goodness, Mr. William, what have you been doing? You are deadly pale, and there is blood on your hands and forehead.' I mustered strength to tell her that I had been attacked on the highway, and knocked down. She brought me water, and I washed myself; but when the signs of my recent guilt were cleansed away, there was no mark of injury; I thought then I could perceive suspicion settle upon her countenance.

"I went to bed, but for my eyes there was no rest. The night was horrible—inexpressibly horrible. The torments of hell took possession of me and I rolled and tossed about in delirious agony. A vision came before me—it was the pale spirit of Mary—the same which has nightly haunted me since that awful hour. She did not come in wrath, or like an angel of vengeance to punish —No—anger never had its abode in that gentle bosom.

She still wore the beauty & mild melancholy of her living hours. Her eye was soft, and rolled upon me with a look of compassion and love; and had her face been less pale, and her garment unstained with blood, I should have supposed that she inherited life! '*repent!*' was the only word she uttered. It came from her lips with an aerial softness, such as we may suppose to clothe the language of spirits.—Though scarely audible, it thrilled through my soul and overcame it. I uttered a loud cry, and fell into a trance.

"How long I remained in this swoon I know not. When I awoke from it, I beheld a lovely female hanging over me in an attitude of pity and affection—it was my sister. She had heard my voice, and risen to give me assistance. Tears streamed from her beautiful eyes; but there was a shudder from her frame. I had, unknown to myself, muttered something of the dreadful truth, and she had heard it.

"Next day the body of Mary Elliston was found, and the news spread like a whirlwind over the country. They reached Eliza's ears, confirming the awful ideas she began to entertain. I passed the time in a state of mind which no language can depict. It was not fear of punishment which distressed me so bitterly, but the terrors of an awakened conscience. Two days passed on, but nothing was elicited to throw light on the transaction. On the third day my house was entered by the officers of justice, and I was hurried to the prison of Stirling. It were in vain to attempt to relate my state of mind during my confinement in the felon's cell. I had no consolation—no comfort. I saw an ignominious death before me. I saw the gallows with all its dreadful accompaniments. I had already heard in dreams, the sentence of the judge pronounced upon my guilty head. I felt myself led out to execution amid the execrations of the multitude. In perspective I beheld my form hung in chains, like a pirate's upon the shore, and saw the passers-by point frightfully at my withered bones, saying, "*Behold the Murderer.*" And to increase my horrors, the phantom would not stay away. Nightly she came before me as at first, and gazed upon me with her dark and melancholy eyes It was in vain to try to forget her. That dreadful monitor refreshed my memory with ten fold force, and drew up anew what I would have given the universe to plunge into eternal forgetfulness. '*Repent! Repent! Repent!*' —the same words swept forever over my imagination. They were the only sounds that came from her lips, and a thousand echoes gave them back unto my heart.

"My trial came on, and the evidence adduced was most convincing. My housekeeper and one of my servants saved my life. They swore an *alibi* in my favor, declaring in the face of irresistable facts, that I was in bed at the time the murder was alleged to have been committed.—Never was perjury so grossly criminal.—Poor wretches! it was love to my sister which made them guilty of so dreadful a step, and they risked their eternal souls to save one whose crimes deserved a thousand deaths.

"I was discharged; but never did a criminal come out of court with a blacker character. By the verdict of the jury and the admonition of the judge, the mark of Cain was virtually set upon my forehead.

"My life has been marked with desolation, and another being was soon doomed to feel the effects of its fatal career—it was my sister. My crime, discharged as I was by the laws of my country, was too evident to admit of doubt in any mind. She knew this, and her heart was convulsed, no less at the thought of my guilt, than at the loss of her friend, and the ruined honor of our family. She faded away like a flower beneath a pestilential vapour. She felt that she was kin and blood to a murderer, and shuddered at the thought. Still she did not hate me nor shun me, but as she herself drew nearer to the grave, she seemed to cling with greater ardor to the last and worthless remnant of our line.—She died, and her last words to me were to seek repentance.

"I never knew my sister's value till I lost her: I never loved her till now. As I looked on her form, beautiful even in death, I remembered what she had been to me, and recalled from other years the image of my mother. Yes, poor Eliza! I shall do my last sad duty to thee at least with a sincere heart. I shall perform thy mournful wake alone. I shall weep in atonement and repentance for what I had done to thy gentle bosom. None shall hear me, unless, perchance, thy spirit, hovering nigh, may catch the tones of remorse and affliction from thy wretched brother.'

"Such were my thoughts, and I burst into tears—the first that had watered my eyes since childhood. I felt desolate, companionless, and hated upon earth; and the fountains of sorrow now broke forth at this sad spectacle of the only one who loved me, so bitterly taken away.

"It was the fatal hour, and I remarked it not, so utterly was I occupied with my own meditations; but it passed not by undistinguished. It was the hour of ten, to me so full of sorrow and of crime. I heard it strike, and when looking intently on the body of my sister, I saw—no, it was the phantom of imagination—I saw the pale and bleeding form of Mary. She was still the same as she had hitherto appeared to my eyes; but her visit seemed not to be for me but for the corpse of her friend. She looked with unspeakable affection over it, and kissed it again and again. I was transfixed with fear and astonishment. I tried to weep; but I could not. I tried to speak; but my tongue was tied. I tried to move, but I remained stupified & bound to my seat, as if by enchantment. Then the form threw her arms around my sister, who got up to receive her embraces. The pale cheeks of the latter became flushed with primeval beauty—her eyes were reanimated and sparkled as bright as ever—her lips burst the silence which had enchained them—she spoke and smiled delighted, while she returned with ardour the embraces of her friend. I could stand it no longer: my heart was overwhelmed with joy, and I started up to clasp Eliza to my bosom I threw my arms around her and kissed her; but horror-struck, I shrunk back. My lips were laid upon her frozen cheeks—I had laid hold of her corpse. She lay stretched out in the shroud. The candle was fading in its socket, and the chamber of death, faintly illuminated by its expiring glow, was more ghastly than ever. Where was the phantom? She had fled, and left no token of her presence behind, save the cry of "REPENT," the echo of which, like the knell of the dead, still rung in my ears!

"My sister was interred by the side of her parents in the cemetery of the parish church I invited all with whom we had previously been on the footing of friends to the funeral, and they attended. I did not expect this, and flattered myself that I would not be utterly deserted by the world. I was disappointed. They came to honor and pay their last respects to her ashes; but not to favor me When the coffin was deposited in the earth, and the turf laid over it, each separated in silence and in sadness. None spoke to me. I was shunned like a scorpion, and returned alone and unpitied to my desolate mansion.

"The spirit of Mary haunts me still. Wherever I go, she comes at the fatal hour—at all seasons, and at all places. To get rid of this nightly visitor, I have joined in the dance and the masquerade; but it is the same. As the destined hour approaches, lo! she appears and the unvarying word comes from her mouth—"REPENT!" I have remarked, however, that her aspect changes in proportion as my soul is gay or melancholy. When I mingle with mirth and try to drown my sorrow in forgetfulness she seems more sad and afflicted, and stands longer by me, and utters her admonition in more impassioned language. When however, my heart is subdued with a sense of its crime, and calmly awaits the trials that attend upon it, her melancholy is tinged with a sort of placid delight—her black eye rolls more softly upon me—she lingers but a moment—and the warning, as it flows from her lips, comes upon my ear like a strain of not unpleasant music!

"But lately, and I went to my sister's tomb. I threw myself on my knees before it, and wept at the recollection of former days, and the deeds I had done. My heart was melted. I felt the bitterness of remorse, and raised my hands to heaven, while I intreated forgiveness in the language of agony. Suddenly the clock of the church struck ten, and Mary stood before me. I never saw her look so beautiful. She was melancholy; but a smile sat upon her lips, and she regarded me with a look of divine satisfaction. My heart leaped with joy, for I found what I had done was good. She vanished away in the darkness of the night; but the admonition with which she had hitherto charged me, followed not, and I drew from it an omen that my repentance had truly begun.

I need not pursue this subject farther. I am an altered man. The blood of a fellow creature still cries against me; but a contrite heart may do much to silence its voice."

From the N. Y Evening Post

The Token, for 1828, Boston.—This is one of those beautiful little volumes which make their annual appearance and intended for holiday presents. The publisher apologizes for the defects in the embellishments as compared with the English periodicals of the same nature, but hopes the literary department will compensate for the inferiority of the engravings. We think however that the modesty of the editor does injustice to some of the artists employed. The picture of *The Twins*, an illustration of the following tale, and engraved by Kelly, does him great credit. Few of the European souvenirs can vie with it in beauty of design and execution. We may notice also The Soldier's Widow, by Cheney and the Waiting for the Harvesters, by Tappan, as very creditable.

The following story which in justice to the other contributors, we must add is selected more with a view to its convenient length than its superior excellence is however a fair specimen of the prose department.—The principal incidents of the narrative are not new, and are we believe founded on an actual occurrence of the same nature during the revolutionary war:

THE TWINS.

"I tell it to you as it was told to me."

In the autumn of 1826 I had occasion to visit the town of N———; beautifully situated on the western bank of Connecticut river. My business led me to the house of B———, a lawyer of three score and ten, who was resting from the labours and enjoying the fruits of a life streniously and successfully devoted to his profession. His drawing room was richly furnished and decorated with several valuable paintings. There was one among them that particularly attracted my attention. It represented a mother with two beautiful children, one in either arm, a light veil thrown over the group, and one of the children pressing its lips to the cheek of the mother.—'That' said I, pointing to the picture; 'is very beautiful—pray, sir, what is the subject?' 'It is a mother and her twins,' said he; 'the picture in itself is deemed a fine one, but I value it more for the recollections which are associated with it.' I turned my eye upon B———; he looked communicative and I asked him for the story. 'Sit down,' said he, 'and I will tell it.' We accordingly sat down and he gave me the following narrative:

During the period of the war of the revolution, there resided in the western part of Massachusetts a farmer by the name of Stedman. He was a man of substance, descended from a very respectable English family, well educated, distinguished for great firmness of character in general, and alike remarkable for inflexible integrity & steadfast loyalty to his king. Such was the reputation he sustained, that even when the most violent antipathies against royalism swayed the community, it was still admitted on all hands that farmer Stedman, though a tory, was honest in his opinions, and firmly believed them to be right.

The period came when Burgoyne was advancing from the north. It was a time of great anxiety with both the friends and foes of the revolution, and one which called forth their highest exertions. The patriotic militia flocked to the standard of Gates and Stark, while many of the tories resorted to the quarters of Burgoyne and Baum. Among the latter was Stedman. He had no sooner decided it to be his duty, than he took a kind farewell of his wife, a woman of uncommon beauty, gave his children, a twin boy and girl, a long embrace, then mounted his horse and departed. He joined himself to the unfortunate expedition of Baum and was taken with other prisoners of war by the victorious Stark. He made no attempt to conceal his name or character, which were both soon discovered, and he was accordingly committed to prison as a traitor. The jail, in which he was confined was in the western part of Massachusetts, and nearly in a ruinous condition. The farmer was one night waked from his sleep by several persons in his room "Come,' said they, 'you can now regain your liberty, we have made a breach in the prison, through which you can escape.' To their astonishment Stedman utterly refused to leave his prison. In vain they expostulated with him: in vain they represented to him that his life was at stake. His reply was, that he was a true man, and a servant of King George, and that he would not creep out of a hole at night, and sneak away from the rebels, to save his neck from the gallows. Finding it altogether fruitless to attempt to move him, his friends left him with some expressions of spleen.

The time at length arrived for the trial of the prisoner. The distance to the place where the court was sitting at that time was about sixty miles. Stedman remarked to the sheriff, when he came to attend him, that it would save some expense and inconvenience, if he could be permitted to go alone and on foot. "And suppose," said the sheriff, "you should prefer your safety to your honor, and leave me to seek you in the British camp." 'I had thought, said the farmer, reddening with indignation, 'that I was speaking to one who knew me.' 'I do know you, indeed,' said the sheriff, 'I spoke but in jest; you shall have your way. Go, and on the third day I shall expect to see you at I———.' The farmer departed, and at the appointed time he placed himself in the hands of the sheriff.

I was now engaged as his counsel Stedman insisted before the court, upon telling his whole story; and when I would have taken advantage of some technical points, he sharply rebuked me, and told me he had not employed me to prevaricate, but only to assist him in telling the truth. I had never seen such a display of simple integrity. It was affecting to witness his love of plain, unvarnished truth, elevating him above every other consideration, and presiding in his breast as a sentiment even superior to the love of life. I saw the tears more than once springing to the eyes of his judges; never before or since have I felt such an interest in a client. I pleaded for him as I should have pleaded for my own life. I drew tears, but I could not sway the judgment of stern men, controlled more by a sense of duty than the compassionate promptings of humanity. Stedman was condemned. I told him there was a chance of pardon, if he would ask it. I drew up a petition and requested him to sign it, but he refused. 'I have done,' said he, 'what I thought my duty. I can ask pardon of my God, and my King; but it would be hypocrisy to ask forgiveness of these men, for an action I should repeat, were I again placed in similar circumstances. No! ask me not to sign that petition. If what you call the cause of American freedom requires the blood of an honest man for the conscientious discharge of what he deemed his duty, let me be its victim. Go to my judges and tell them I place not my fears nor my hopes in them." It was in vain that I pressed the subject; and I went away in despair.

In returning to my house I accidentally called on an acquaintance, a young man of a brilliant genius, the subject of a passionate predilection for painting This led him frequently to take excursions into the country, for the purpose of sketching such objects and scenes as were interesting to him From one of these rambles he had just returned. I found him sitting at his easel, giving the last touches to the picture which attracted your attention. He asked my opinion of it. 'It is a fine picture.' said I, 'is it a fancy piece, or are they portraits?' 'They are portraits,' said he, 'and save perhaps a little embellishment, they are I think striking likenesses of the wife and children of your unfortunate client, Stedman. In the course of my rambles, I chanced to call at his house in H———. I never saw a more beautiful group. The mother is one of a thousand; and the twins are a pair of cherubs. 'Tell me,' said I, laying my hand on the picture, 'tell me, are they true and faithful portraits of the wife and children of Stedman?' My earnestness made my friend stare. He assured me that as far as he could be permitted to judge of his own productions, they were striking representations. I asked no further questions. I seized the picture and hurried with it to the prison where my client was confined. I found him sitting, his face covered with his hands, and apparently wrung by a keen emotion. I placed the picture in such a position that he could not fail to see it. I laid the petition on the little table by his side, and left the room. In half an hour I returned. The farmer grasped my hand, while tears stole down his cheeks; his eye glanced first upon the picture and then upon the petition. He said nothing, but handed the latter to me: I took it, and left the apartment. He had put his name to it. The petition was granted, and Stedman set at liberty.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser

THE LATE FORGERIES.—The perpetrators of the late forgeries in this city, are likely at length to be discovered. The public has already been informed of the arrest of a man in Delaware, calling himself Ware, and of his subsequent arrival in this city. From his first examination before the Police, it appeared that he had for several years followed the seas. Four months before his arrest, he went out to St. Thomas, and returned as supercargo, on board the schooner John Q. Adams. Since that time, he had been living as a sort of promiscuous personage, at different hotels and boarding houses. And he accounted for the money found upon him by saying that he had won several hundred dollars by gaming, and had also received five hundred dollars from his sister. The reason that he threw away a part of his money & ran into the bushes in Delaware, when pursued, was, that he feared he should be put into a jail there, (the name we forgot to note down,) for which he had no great partiality. The reason that he did not offer to come directly on with Mr. Hays, like an innocent man, was, that his lawyer told him he must not. And the reason that he gave such equivocal answers when examined in Delaware was, "because they asked him so many foolish questions." But during this examination, no information was elicited by our magistrates, relative to the late forgeries. It had been known, however, to the police, that he had been a vagrant fellow about town, without a dollar in his pocket, and had suddenly become flush. For that reason, and sundry others, he was pursued, overtaken, and brought back, and after this unsatisfactory examination, committed to prison with instructions to the gaoler to keep him in the utter darkness of the dungeon.

On Friday he was brought out for re-examination; and it appears that a cool, dark, solitary room, has had so great an effect in improving his utterance, that he has made, *as he says*, a full disclosure of the transactions. He stated that Mr. Redmond, keeper of the United States Hotel, in Pearl-street, and late of Petersburg, (Va.) together with himself and a third person, whose name we shall omit for the present, were concerned in forging the large check of the Messrs. Howlands, upon the Union Bank. Preparatory to this, they broke and robbed the store of those gentlemen, taking a cancelled check and a check book, by which they made the accurate imitations, both of signatures and filling up. The person whom we have not named, did the writing, and Ware was to have presented the check. He went to the bank for that purpose; but his heart failed him, and he returned without effecting it. Redmond then took it went to the bank, with a bank-book under his arm, and got the money.

It will be recollected that soon after the forgery was committed, Mr. Redmond was arrested and underwent an examination, on the charge of Mr. Ebbetts, cashier of the Bank. Mr. E. had some misgivings when the check was presented, but on scrutinizing the bearer, not the slightest change of countenance, or movement, was manifested, and he appeared so composed, and deliberate in taking off his gloves and putting them on, and there was so much *non chalance* in all his appearances, that suspicion was entirely hushed. Mr. E. soon afterwards met Redmond in the street, and recognized him whereupon he was arrested. He was then discharged, and published a card that he had commenced a suit for heavy damages. He has since continued his establishment, which is one of the most extensive hotels in this city, without attempting to avoid any scrutiny. Mr. Ebbets was again examined on Saturday, and having sworn that Redmond was the person who presented the check, he was committed not being able to find bail.

The Cashier of the Merchants' Bank, likewise testified that Redmond was the man who presented Mr. Aspinwall's check for payment at that Bank.—Nothing has been elicited as yet in regard to the forgery of Mr. Osborne's check. Ware says that all the money received was divided equally among the three. He also says that Redmond, himself and their accomplice sometime since went to the Bowery theatre together, where the latter cut a pocket book from a gentleman's pocket, with a pair of scissors. It contained one hundred dollars, which was also divided among them. Mr. Redmond underwent another long and serious examination on Saturday, and denies all knowledge of the transaction, or of ever having seen Ware before. Ware says he should have made an earlier disclosure, but that he was in honor bound not to divulge the names of his associates. We understand that he is an old tenant, (for a young man of 21,) of our state prison.

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