(Continued from the Pirat Page. "I had better go to bed; she did not wish me wait up; she would read the paper and wait for the girl herself." I went to my room, saying, at the same time. "George, I am going to bed. which be replied, "Very well," My mother arose and went with me to my room, remaining and conversing pleasantly with me until I went to bed, when she passed out of the room, and in a short time (how long I cannot say) George came into the room, undressed, and came to bed. I was soon asleep, and knew nothing more until awakened by the girl ringing the door-bell. I

cannot say if George was asleep, but I think he

I said "George, that must be the girl." He replied he supposed it was. He made no attempt at that time to get up and let the girl in. I came out of my room into the entry and called my mother twice, to which I received no reply. I returned to my room with the intention of finding something to throw over my shoulders, when George got up, and said to me in an abrupt manner "You come to bed and I will go down and let the girl in." I remained at my room door waiting for George to come up, thinking my mother was down stairs. I heard Sarah call him, heard what he said when he went into the yard. I flew down stairs and saw my mother lying on the settee in the kitchen-a dead woman. This is all I know about the murder. I knew nothing about my husband's business; I believed it to be in a flourishing condition, being told by him only a few days before the murder that he was doing well, making money, and out of debt. I was kept in perfect ignorance, not only concerning his business affairs, but many other acts of his private life. I deny that I ever deserted my husband, but, on the contrary, repeatedly offered to give every dollar I possessed to save his life if possible. After my acquittal I treated him kindly, visited him three times every week, never, in any way, referred by look or word to the murder, never spoke an unkind word to him, and never once said to him, "Mother!" On Wednesday morning, March 24, when I visited him as usual, in shaking hands with him, he conveyed to me a letter of instruction. On Good Friday morning, March 26, during my conversation with him, he conveyed to me a written confession, which he wished me to

tudy well and commit to memory, and come to

prison prepared upon Monday morning.

From reading this I saw that it was arranged for me to go there and become a party to the falsebood. It was arranged that Mr. Perkins and the Rev. Mr. Bringhurst were to receive me, and I was to play a part in order to deceive them and the world. I was to accuse myself of having taken my mother's life, and commit perjury by swearng to such a statement. Much as I desired to aid my husband, I could not do this thing; and finding I could not trust myself safely, and fearing from the arrangements made I might be entrapped, I went no more to the prison. Finding I did not come on the Monday as he desired, he sent me, on Wednesday morning, March 31, two other confessions, from which I was to make a choice. On Thursday morning, April 1, I received the fourth and last one. Since that fatal hour that-I bade my mother good night I have been surprised and stunned to find that mother murdered in her own house; I have been imprisoned many sad days and gloomy nights, charged with the crime of having murdered my own mother. My husband has been convicted of that crime; my home has been utterly destroyed; I myself have been put on trial for my life; my husband has committed suicide; I have been judged not only by the tribunals of the country, but fearfully judged by those who have been warned by the Master to "judge not;" I have been accused by my husband, who did it in a desperate effort to save his life, of killing my mother. He did this, I repeat, in an effort to save his life. In the defence of all that makes life desirable, I am compelled to submit these letters to the public to show them how utterly unreliable was such a statement. made by my husband under the circumstances in which he was placed, and how little I should have been believed, had I even made such a statement myself.

I have felt and I continue to feel that there is no sympathy for me. I am a woman believed to be a guilty one, and for such the gates of human sympathy are shut. My only hope is that in the little life that is left of me, and during those times I may be compelled, reluctantly though it may be, to come in contact with the great world. I may be spared the distress of hearing, as I have heard, unconsciously to those who spoke of me, myself denounced as a murderess in thought as well as action, the murderess of my mother and destroyer CAMILLA E. TWITCHELL.

George S. Twitchell's Letiers to His Wife.

[FIRST LETTER.] SUNDAY MORNING, March 7, 1869. MY DEAR WIFE: I have just listened to an exhortation upon the 1st Chapter of James, and though it was not very elaborate, yet it was sufficiently plain to make it evident to an attentive hearer the great need we have of a Saviour. The situation that I am in makes me feel that great blessing, for oh, dear Camilla, no earthly help can afford me the consolation that I can receive from an all-wise and ever-merciful God, through the righteousness of His Divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I am aware of the fearful doom which awaits me by the condemnation of the law. No hand can stay it except guided by God. I feel that my time on earth is short, but, blessed be God, there is a better land above, where, by faith in the great atonement, the trials, sufferings, and awful death of that Being, sinless in Himself, yet who, in obedience to the will of His Divine Father, took upon Himself the sins of the whole world, and endured the punishment in order that we poor sinners might escape the righteous law of God, and yet that law be vindicated by sacrifice, that we might have a home above throughout the countless ages of eternity. Oh, Camilla! think of his great love for us, and then think how it is repaid by us. Dear Camilla, please don't neglect the salvation of your soul, though we must soon part here. Oh! let me feel before I go that you will try to live so that you will meet me above, where there will be no more sorrow nor partingwhere man cannot intrude his will or power to make his fellow mourn. Dear Camilla, I want to feel before I go that when your time shall come that I can stand and meet you on the pearly shores of heaven, and sing, as I see you on your way, 'welcome home, "

Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the shades of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thoughts away,
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Dear Camilla, seek the mercy seat alone, and often, and there pour out your sorrows, griefs, and trouble, and He will answer your prayers, perhaps not as you wish, but in a way which will be best for you. There, before His all-pervading eye, lay bare your heart; roll your sins on to Jesus, He can and will bear them, if you will only believe it; and He is your "Advocate with the Father.'' What a blessed thought that we can individualize the Saviour, that we can say: " My Saviour, He bore my sins on the cross, He died to save me, '' and, dear Camilla, when evil thoughts and doubts and fears come over you, go and pray to Him for help to overcome them, and for strength and faith. If you will do this He will enable you to endure all that you may be called upon to bear, with patience. I am right well, and I expect Charles Perkins to spend the evening with me. Please give my respects to Miss Kate. Please don't forget me at six o'clock in the evening. Keep this letter and often look at it. This will probably be

when I am gone please read it very often.

I am, as ever, yours, with love unto death,

[SECOND LETTER.]

MONDAY EVENING, March 8, 1869.

DEAR CAMILLA: Mr. Bringhurst spent about two hours with me yesterday afternoon, and we had a very pleasant time, as we always do, although he has not been very well. Last evening Charles Perkins came up about 7 o'clock, and stayed until quarter of nine. We had a lovely evening, singing some hymns, and each one offering an humble prayer to Almighty God, in which you were remembered. Oh, Camilla, I always remember you in my prayers, hoping that God will direct your heart aright, and He will if you will only ask Him. Father, John McCully, Frank Moore, and my warm friend, George Nei man, were here this morning to see me; they let Geo. Nelman stay about a half an hour, and we had a delightful time, he offering up a prayer, and then we sang several hymns. I have been very happy to-day. This afternoon Mr. Farr came in about half past two o'clock and stayed about an hour. Mr. Bringhurst did not get here till about three o'clock. Before Mr. Farr left we had one hymn, and he led us in prayer. He prayed very sweetly, yet very earnestly, for me, and you were also remembered in it. Farr is a very sweet Christian character; he is about seventy years of age, and is a member of the committee of the Prison Society. He is very interesting in his conversation, having travelled considerably. He formerly kept the jewelry store in Chestnut street, Fourth; his sons now keep it. My dear Camilla, I feel that God has been very kind to me in my affliction, having blessed me with many warm friends, and many peaceful and pleasant and happy hours. Oh! dear Camilla, He has made my soul very happy; He has made me feel enabled to say that, come what will, whether it be life or death, I know in whom I trust, and though the flesh is weak, yet He will give me strength to meet all, and enable me to feel that it is but a moment of pain here, and then an eternity of everlasting life in that bright, glorious kingdom which is promised to them that believe. These are blessed thoughts, and dear Camilla, let me again entreat you to prepare for this. A few hours may, a few years must bring you to the close of life; and if I go first I want to meet you where there is no more sighing, neither any sorrow nor any crying. Dear Camilla, the spirit of Christianity is good to live with, as well as to die with. You may think this very strange language from one who has been such a skeptic and scorner as I have been, but in my calamity God has changed my heart and shown me the fallacy of my ways. Oh, Camilla! I have been a very great sinner, but God's mercy has been far greater. I am a very different man from the George S. Twitchell of five months ago, and a far happier one, even with the dark earthly prospects ahead. Jesus says, "Fear nothing, those who kill the body can after that do nothing." Please don't forget God, for He, through the blessed Saviour, is your only salvation. Dear Camilla, if the worst should come, I think I would like to sleep in Mount Moriah, near that beautiful stream of water, Brook Hedron, I think it is called, far away from the noise and bustle of the world, where you can come and commune with me, and I want you to put no costly monument over my grave, but plant some roses and some-

> [THIRD LETTER.] [Received Wednesday before Good Friday.]

DEAR, DEAR CAMILLA: I know that you think

thing that will be green in winter.

that you would not be believed if you made a confession; but I know that if you will make such a one as I tell you to, and do exactly as I tell you, it will be believed. If I were acquitted, and you were convicted. I would make one to save you, if it would be death for me. Now, I ask you to do the same thing, Camilla. You have my life in your hand. If you do as I direct, you will save it; and if you do not, no power under Heaven can save me. A friend of mine who talked a long time with to carry out the law, but if any mitigating circumstances should arise he would spare me. I am pledged not to tell who he is. The Governor told John McCully that the sentence would have to be carried out, unless somebody says they did it. Camilla, I hear that while you were in prison you said some very injudicious things. Mr. Bringhurst says you have done the same thing when talking with him at his house. I hope for the sake of charity and mercy that you will do so no more. You must never say to him anything about this, for he tells me in confidence, and I only tell you to show how careful you ought to be; and if he should know that I told you it would do me a great dear of harm. I want to tell you plainly, that he thinks you know something about it, and a great many others think so, too. This is one reason why you will be believed. Some of the leading lawyers of Philadelphia have told him that if you made a confession it would save me. Among them is a man who used to be Governor of this State, and also one who has known Gov. Geary all his life. Now I will tell you what steps I have taken to prepare the way. I have been urged to ask you here, in the presence of somebody, whether you know anything about it. Mr. Bringhurst thinks I ought to do this, and many other prominent men. So to-day I sent for Mr. Perkins, the Superintendent of the Prison, and asked him about it. He said I ought to do it. He said it was probable that you would say no; but if you should admit it, it would save me, and it was the only thing that would. I also asked Mr. Chandler; he said the same thing. I tell them that I expect you would deny it, although I don't helieve that you know anything. This sets their minds at rest about me. You must never say anything to Mr. Bringhurst, for that would ruin it all. I will write out a confession for you, and give it to you on Friday; and you must learn it thoroughly. will also give you all the directions how to act and when you will do it. Mr. O'Byrne told me that he did not want you to know anything about it. You must not say anything at all about this, not even to father. It must be kept perfectly secret, or it will do no good.

Camilla, spare me this horrible, awful death You, and you alone, can do it. Oh! do not dis appoint me; it would be more than I could bear. Oh! Camilla, I have tried to be kind to you; you cannot forget the days and nights that I have nursed you when you were sick-the nights I walked the road with you in the country when you had the asthma, and I did not complain. And, dear Camilla, you have been a good wife to me. Do not, oh! do not, I pray you, desert me now Save! oh! save me. You have got a noble heart, and I know that you will do this. Camilla, you would be awful lonely without any one, and in your present position. Oh, if you will save me, or at least make the effort, for if you do not make the effort you know that you can't do it; but oh, for my sake make this last effort—it's all you can do. And if it saves me I will starve if it is necessary to give you comforts; and in another State and under another name we may yet be happy. Dear Camilla, if you really intend to do this you must have a trunk packed all ready to leave the city at the shortest notice. I think I would go to Baltimore and stop at a second-class hotel. Of course you will have to change your name. Please urge Mr. O'Byrne to come down this afternoon, and get here as soon after four o'clock as he can. Good-bye; don't let any one see this. Burn it as soon as you have read it. It is an awful thing to ask you to do this, but dear Camilla, it is for my life. If it was for anything else I would not ask you to do it. Please, oh! please spare my life. Save me, oh! save me. You

are the only one who can. Camilla, think of this,

the last one that I will be able to send you, and I am young, and in the full flush of health, and it I is not too late yet to try and make you happy. I would go in rags to do it, if you will save me, Oh! remember this, and save me if you can. Oh! don't let your courage fall you; remember that you cannot give me life after I am dead; and oh! dear Camilla, do as I ask you to in this case Don't forget it is for my life. GEORGE.

[POURTH LETTER.]

(This was received on Good Friday.) MY DEAR CAMILLA: You must make the following confession if you would save me, and you must do just exactly as I tell you here; nothing else can save me but this, and this will positively do it. You have said you would give your life to do it, but that will not do unless it was accompanied by a confession, and I would rather die myself than have you to die; but you can dothis without death. and this is the way to do it. You must write out the following confession-write it out twice-put one away in some secret place so that after you have done as I tell you you can have one to look at so that you will not forget it in case you should ever be wanted; if the Governor or any of the authorities should ever send for you to ask you any questions you could answer them correctly. You must also learn this, so that if you are asked any questions you can answer so as not to contradict them or this

One afternoon last spring, my mother and I were

walking up Chestnut street, and, as we passed the

Continental, Mr. Gilbert came out and a gentle-

man with him. He came up and spoke to us, and

introduced his friend to us-his name was Lee,

Mr. Lee. They walked up Chestnut street to

Tenth with us, they went on up Chestnut and we

took the Tenth-street cars and came home. A

few days after I met Mr. Gilbert in Ninth street;

he came over and walked with me to Chestnut

CONFESSION.

street; he went into the Continental; he asked me how my mother was: he always did whenever I saw him, and asked me if she was any betternatured yet; he spoke about his friend Mr. Lee. and said he was a very elegant gentleman, and worth a great deal of money; that he always had plenty of money. I asked where Mr. Lee lived, and Mr. Gilbert said that when he was in the city he stopped at the Girard House, but he was a great traveller. I saw Mr. Lee as I was going down Chestnut street; he bowed to me; he was a finelooking man, rather tall, with a moustache and military side-whiskers, and dressed in the top of the fashion. I often saw him after this, sometimes on Chestnut street, and sometimes on Eighth street; occasionally he would join me; he was a splendid talker, and I got to like him very much. After I got right well acquainted with him I found out that he was a gambler. He always asked me how my mother was. After we got well acquainted I told him how my mother treated me when my husband was away; how cross she was. He asked me why I did not put her out of the way, and I said I could not do that. He then said, "Get your husband to do it." I told him that my husband would leave me if I ever hinted such a thing to him; and he replied, "That would be no great loss, for you could get another one as good as" him any day." I then told him that my husband was very kind to me. This conversation took place in Arch street between Seventh and Ninth streets. I was looking at the pictures in Gutekunst's window when he came up and spoke to me, and from there we walked up to Ninth street, where he took a car. I made an appointment with him to meet me that day one week, which was Tuesday, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in Franklin Square. I told him I would be standing around the fountain. He came at the time appointed, and we took seats and talked matters over. He asked me a great many questions about my mother; what her habits were; when the servant was out; what time she came in; if my husband stayed up to let her in; how much money my mother carried about her and where she carried it; if my husband slept soundly, &c. He then said he would fix it for me; but that he must have all the money and I must let him see the house. I told him to come to the house about half I st four o'clock on Thursda noon; that the girl would be out, and I would get mother to go out so that nobody would be home but me. He came, and I showed him all over the house and the yard. We then fixed the time for the next Sunday week; he said Sunday night was the best time, because there would not be so many people about and this would be the girl's night out. He told me to unbolt the gate on Tenth street as soon as it got dark, and that he would bring somebody with him; that I must have the dogs fed as much as they could eat, and put away where they would make no noise, and that then they would come in and hide themselves. I told him to go into the back privy; that no one ever went in there, and that when mother was up stairs I would get them into the cellar, Our plan was that I was to come out of the kitchen singing if the way was clear; and if he was there, he was to give a slight cough. This was to be done before I went to bed; then after my husband was fast asleep I was to come down and tell them. This was our plan, and everything seemed to favor it that night. I asked him when I would see him again, and he said we must not see each other again till the night we had fixed on, for if we were seen together it might look suspicious. He stayed at the house about half an hour, and this was the last time I saw him till that Sunday night. Everything passed off as we had expected. After my husband was fast asleep, I got up and went down stairs very quietly in my bare feet, and looked in the dining-room. The door was partly open, and the gas was turned low, but I saw mother lying down on the sofa. I went up to her and found she was asleep. I went right down stairs as quietly as I could, opened the cellardoor and told them to come as quickly and as quietly as they could; that she was asleep in the dining-room, and now was their time. Mr. Lee told the man who was with him to go out in the yard; he then went up stairs into the diningroom, and I shut the door and stayed outside. I heard several blows given, but do not know how many, and then all was quiet. I waited a moment and then went in. He said he guessed that would do. When I went in I did not see any blood, and I said to him, "let us throw her out of the window, and when the girl comes home she will think she fell out." I went and pulled up the blind and raised the window. He then came and gave a kind of low hiss, which the man in the yard answered. He wished to see if anybody was about. The man in the yard got on the ash barrel, and in a minute he gave a kind of low whistle. Mr. Lee told me to take hold of the feet, and he caught hold of her body and carried her and threw her out. Then I turned up the gas and for the first time saw blood on the floor. I said I would wipe it up. We went down stairs, and the man in the yard came in, and Mr. Lee took his overcoat from the man. I think he called him John. I opened the front door and let them out, and then shut it very quietly. I don't know whether I locked it or not; I don't think I did. Then I went out to the hydrant and got a towel that was there, and went up stairs to wipe up the blood. When I saw it was splashed around the room, I knew it was no use, so I went down stairs again with the bloody towel and washed it under the hydrant, and let the hydrant run a minute or two. I thought I saw mother move, and was afraid that she was not dead, so I went and got the poker from beside the range and struck her on the side of the head with the point, laid it down there, washed my hands, and went to bed, where I found

my husband fast asleep. In about fifteen or twen-

the girl, but I was afraid to go down and let her

in, so I waited, thinking that maybe she would

wake George, but after she rang several times I

woke him and asked him if he would not go down

minutes the bell rang, and I knew it was

and let her in. He asked where mother was. I said: "I guess she is asleep; I will look in her room." He put on his pants, his coat, and boots and went down and let her in. What happened after that is already known. Mr. Lee is, rather tall and spare, broad shoulders, dark eyes and straight dark hair; he has fair skin, and dark military side whiskers and moustache The night of the murder he had whiskers on his chin, so that I hardly knew him. I never saw him have them there before. The man he had with him he called John. I would not know him if I was to see him again, for I took no notice of him except to see that he was not as tall as Mr. Lee. Mr. Lee was a low, fluent talker, and laughed a great deal, which showed his teeth, which were very pretty.

INSTRUCTIONS. When you come in on Monday morning Mr. Perkins will come in with you, instead of a keeper Mr. Chandeler may be with me, or he may not. will meet you the same as usual, and will talk to you about general matters. You must not appear to be the least suspicious while I am talking to you. I will ask you, very suddenly, "Camilla, do you know anything about this murder?" Mr. Perkins will watch you very closely, and on your actions now the result depends. You must act, as well as speak. You must be awfully taken off. You must half get off of your chair and appear to be greatly excited. You must act just as you think a guilty person would act when asked such a question suddenly. Then you must answer, very quickly, "How should I know any thing about it?" The reason of this is, our theory is, that if you know anything about it that you would deny it; but that you would show it in your manner. Remember this, and act quilty. After you answer this I will say to you: "Don't you know in your own heart that when this murder was committed that I was in bed and asleep?' You must hesitate a moment, when I will repeat the question, then you must answer, "Yes." Then I will ask, "Do you know anything about it?" You must not say anything to this. Then I will say, "Camilla, if you know anything about this, say so, before it is too late. '' You must not answer this. Then I will say, "Do you know anything?" Then say, "Yes." Then I will say, "Did you do it?" Answer, "I helped." Who was with you? Answer, "You would not know if I told you." Then I will ask Mr. Perkins to talk to you. He will probably ask you who was with you? You must answer, Mr. Lee and another man! Then you will probably be asked who Mr. Lee is. Your answer will be, A gentleman whom Mr. Gilbert introduced to your mother and you in front of the Continental last spring. Then you will probably be asked what time last spring? Your answer will be, About May, you think. You will also no doubt be asked if your husband knew him, or if you ever spoke to your husband about him? To this you will answer, No. Why did you not ? Answer, I did not think it necessary. You need not go on and tell this whole confession right through, tell it by piecemeal as you are asked; make all your answers fit together and coincide with this theory, and don't contradict yourself. Study this well. You must not be surprised at anything I do or my; it will all be for the best. I may speak unkindly to you, but don't let that worry you; I will be acting for my life. When I ask the first question you must try to show consternation in your countenance; life is the stake you will be acting for. No doubt you will be asked a great many questions; you must not be eager in your replies. but rather reluctant. If you are asked what motive you had to do this, you must answer that your mother was very cross to you; that she was willing to let your husband have gentlemen's company, but would not allow you to have ladies company at the house, and you got so that you hated her for it; and you thought that if she was dead you could rent the house, and we could live and be happy. Camilla, the reason I want you to write the confession twice, is this: I wish you to put one in your bosom: then if you feel that you cannot tell this theory, why after I ask you if you don't know in your own heart that I was asleep, and you answer "Yes," and I ask you to ell what you know about it, you can, after a little hesitation, open your dress and hand me the written confession. If you are asked why you wrote that, your answer is, "That if you were to die it would be found, and would clear up your husband's character." If asked if you did not intend to make it known before your husband's death, answer "No." Question, "Why?" Answer. "You thought you would not be believed." You must write nothing but the confession, and that in your

Now, dear Camilla, I have done all that I can; it remains for you to do the rest; when you come in my cell the next time you bring either life or death with you. Remember, this I know, from the very best authority, will save my life; if I did not know this, I would not ask you to do it. Camilia, how would you feel to let me die this way, without making this effort; would you not blame yourself all your life? If I die this awful death you never can be happy. Save, oh! save me from this horrible, horrible death; you can do it, and no one else can. If your courage should grow weak, think of this and be strong. Don't forget to act as I have told you; you must see the necessity of acting-your own good sense will show you that. I have been urged by many persons to ask you if you knew anything about it; they all think you would deny it if you did, but you would show it in your manner, so you see the need of acting. Please to study this well, and be prepared for Monday morning. I dare not leave it any longer. There will only be nine days, then. You will have to leave the city. The people would tear you in pieces, if you went out. The best place to go, I think, would be either to Baltimore or to New York. Change your name. Pack your trunk so as to be ready to leave at a moment's notice. You can send word to Mr. Bringhurst where you are, and what your name is, in case you should be wanted. You must always stick to this confession. You must not breathe to any one that we are in communication, or that you have any idea of doing this. Not even to Mr. Bringhurst or anybody else under Heaven, or it will kill me. If Mr. Perkins should tell you that you must tell this to any one else, you must do it, and if the Governor should send for you, you must go. If you should be asked if you are not sorry your mother is dead, you must say, no, the reason of this is, the world thinks you are a very cold-hearted person, and you must keep up this idea now. And now, dear Camilla, study this well, and do just as I have told you and you give me life; fail, and it is death; don't forget that the next time you see me you bring life or death to me; and oh! dear Camilla, for Heaven's sake, let it be life. Don't, don't, for God's sake, don't fail me now. If you are asked if your mother and I ever quarrelled, your answer will be, no, he never quarrelled with any one. If you can remember this confession I would prefer you to tell it, but, if you think you cannot repeat it, then you can give me the written one; if you should give me the written one, and you should be asked when you wrote it you can fix any time a week or two ago. Your own wish may be to let this be till after Mr. O'Byrne comes from Harris. burg; but he only does that out of a sense of duty to me; he knows that he can do no good, and you will be believed more, because the people will say that if it was not so you'd have walted till everything else was done, and not have confessed while the counsel was up to see the Governor. Any questions you may be asked your own good sense will tell you how to answer. Good-bye. Don't forget to burn this. Camilia, do your best, and GEORGE. all will be right.

own language. If you can tell it I should prefer it.

If you are asked how the men could come out the gate and it be locked, answer, they could lock it themselves, it was a spring padlock, You must not come to see me any more after you

Received on Wednesday succeeding ood Friday.) DEAR CAMILLA: I have concluded to alter the

[PIPTH LETTER.]

plan of making a confession. I do it in order to make it easier for you. Instead of asking you here, I want you to go and see Mr. Bringhurst tomorrow morning; go early, he does not know that you will be there, and make a voluntary confession to him; tell him you cannot endure the thought of my being executed without telling what you know about this murder; you must be positive about my being in bed and asleep when it was done. If, when you go there, the girl should tell you that he cannot be seen, you must insist on seeing him, giving your name. Camilla. you must make the confession that P gave you on Friday, but I wish you to alter it some. I wish to make this alteration: Instead of being introduced to Mr. Lee by Mr. Gilbert, you must have it that you got acquainted with him in an Eighth-street car in this way: You got in the car at Eighth and Spruce streets to take a ride, as you often did. A gentleman got in at Chestnut street, and took a seat alongside of you. After riding a short distance the car became very much crowded, and you dropped your parasol, and this gentleman picked it up. You thanked him, and he spoke about the nuisance of riding in a crowded car. This opened a conversation, and you talked along a quite pleasantly, until he got out of the car at Spring Garden street. In the course of conversation he told you his name was Lee, and then asked your name; you told him. After this you often saw him on Chestnut street and on Eighth street; he always bowed to you and you returned his bow. After awhile he would speak to you, and finally shook hands with you, and after that you got quite familiar, and used to meet like old friends. This will avoid saving anything about Gilbert, and will not bring him in the matter at all. You can connect this theory with your after conversation with him by degrees, until you make him the person who was in the house on that night. This will not seem strange, as such acquaintances are often made. and the people think you bad enough for anything but you must not mind this now, for you have my life to save. You need not be afraid of this, because there is no such a man as I have mentioned, so he can't come forward and prove where he was, and Philadelphia is a large place to find such a man; besides, such a man as you will describe him to be would be likely to travel, and it is such a long time since that even if there was such a man he could not be found now. You can use any other name if you like. If, after you have made this confession to Mr. Bringhurst, he should want you to make it to any one else, you must do it. Ask him to go with you, and he will do it, and he will treat you kindly for my sake; but you must not even hint to him that I know anything about this. He thinks that you know something about this; consequently this will have weight. You must not forget that it was you who proposed to throw the body out of the window; this is plausible for a woman, but not from a man. Now, Camilla, I wish you to tell this if you can; but if you think you will fail then write it, and give it to him or any one he tells you to. If you should be asked if you have seen Mr. Lee since, you must say no. Now, Camilla, don't make any mistake, and don't stop to say you are afraid that it will not avail, or that Mr. O'Byrne thinks so, for I tell you it will save me. I have got it from the best authority. I will mention some authority, but you must keep it secret from O'Byrne or any one else, for I am bound in confidence not to reveal it, but I tell you to assure you. A lawyer, whose word cannot be doubted, has spent a night with Governor Geary's private secretary, Dr. Gihon, and he told him that both himself and the Governor think that you are the guilty party, and that if anything new was to turn up, or you was to come forward and confess, the Governor would spare me. This is from too good a source to be doubted. Now you can see the need of a confession; it is the only thing that can save me, and you must make it to-morrow morning, for there is not an hour to be lost. I have laid the ground for this, and you must do the rest. Here are some questions that you may be asked, bedes those I gave you before Question. Which way did those men go when

they left the house? Answer. I don't know; I did not look; I stood behind the door.

Question. How were those men dressed Answer. In dark clothes. Question. Were the clothes black? Answer, I don't know; they were dark; I did

not take particular notice. Question. Was the overcoat he had on long or

Answer. I don't know; I did not notice. Question. Did you get any blood on you? Answer. I got some spots on my night-cap. Question. What did you do with the nightcap Answer. Burned it.

Question. Where? Answer. In the range in the kitchen. Question. When did you first see that you had blood on your nightcap? Answer. As soon as I came in the kitchen. Af-

ter washing my hands I looked in the lookingglass and saw it. Question. Have you seen Mr. Lee since that night?

Answer, No. Question. Have you heard from him?

Question. Did your mother and husband ever

Answer. No, he never quarrelled with any one Question. Did you have a candle? Answer. Yes; my mother had the entry gas turned off, and the candle lit standing on a chair in the entry. I took it out to the hydrant when I went to wash my hands, and took it and put it on the kitchen table.

Question. Did you hear the blows very loud when you stood at the dining-room door? Answer. No; I could just hear them, that was

Question. Was the door open or shut?

Answer. Shut. Question. Who shut it? Answer, I did.

Camilla, these questions may be asked and they may not: Question. Why did you say to your husband, when you were going to prison, "George, if you know anything about it, tell it and save me?"

Answer. To throw suspicion off myself. Any other questions of a like character about remarks you have made, you must answer the same.

Question. If that was so, why do you make this confession now? Answer. I can't endure it any longer. If my husband should be hung for this I would kill myself, because I am the one that ought to be hung.

Question. Don't he know something about it? Answer, No. Now, Camilla, here is another confession, and you can make which one you please, but you must

make one or the other to-morrow morning, as I have directed you.

[SIXTH LETTER.]

CONFESSION NUMBER TWO. You will know what to say about our going to bed that night, because it has all been produced in evidence. Now, you must tell the following story: After my husband went to sleep that night, which was in a very short time after he got in bed, I could not go to sleep; so, after lying there a long time, I looked at my watch. It was a quarter to nine o'clock. I thought I would get up and go down and see what mother was doing, and sit and talk awhile with her. I often used to do this when George was asleep, and he knew nothing about it. I found her in the dining-room, sitting beside the fire. We talked awhile,

when we got to quarrelling. (Camilla, you know what you used to quarrel about, so if you are asked what it was about, you will know what to say). We often quarrelled when my husband was not about-white we were both angry. She said that if it was not for her that I would be a beggar, and would have to go to the almshouse. This made me so angry that I did not know what to do. I saw the poker lying beside the grate, and I ran and got it and struck her with it several times before I knew what I was doing. She fell on the sofa; then 1 got frightened and did not know what to do. Then I thought I would throw her out of the window, and people would think she fell out, and I would wash the blond off the floor. I, went to the window in the moking room, because I thought the willow tree would hide me. I pulled up the blinds and window and went and tried to lift her. At first I could not move her; then I got desperate, and it seemed that I had five times my natural strength, and I lifted her as easy as though she had been a baby. I did not feel her at all. I could have carried three times as much. After threw her out. I felt so weak for a moment or two that I had to hold myself up by the wall. Then I felt stronger, and went down stairs to get something to wipe the blood off of the floor. I took a towel that hung up near the hydrant, and went up and began to wipe it; then I saw that I could not do it, and when I looked around and saw the blood on the walls, I knew it could not be hid. It then occurred to me to go down and take her money; then it would look as though it had been done by some one for her money. After I took her money, she moved, and I went up to the diningroom and got the poker and came down and struck her in the temple with the point of it, and then left it lying there. When I went up after the poker I laid the money on the table. After I struck her in the yard I washed the towel and my face and hands under the hydrant, and let the hydrant run a short time. Then I saw I had a great deal of blood on my night-gown, so I took it off, and my night-cap also, and put them in the range and shut it up and pulled out the drafts, and in a few minutes they were all burned up, and I went up stairs in the dining-room, and picked up the money and found that it had blood on it, and I was afraid to keep it, so I put it in the fire and waited till it was burned up; then I went up to my room, and put on a short night-gown and a red sack, and got into bed. I was in bed about five or ten minutes when the girl rang the bell. I was afraid to go down, so I waited to see if she would wake George; but he did not wake, so I woke him, and asked him to go down and let her in. He asked where mother wast I told him "I guessed she was asleep." He then put on his pants, coat, and boots, and went down and let her in. What followed is already known Camilla, you must make one of these, or I am lost. Do it, and I am saved. This will do me more good than three times all the money you have got. You may be asked this question, "How you could carry her yourself?" You must then remember that at first you could not, then you got desperate and it seemed to you that all at once you had supernatural strength given you; that you never was so strong in your life. This is not unnatural at such a time. If they should insist that you had some one to help you, you must be emphatic about it, and never give in to them. If you are asked how you were dressed when you came down to talk with your mother, you can say, in your night clothes; a long white muslin night-gown with a chemise under it, and a night-cap, and bare feetnothing else. Camilla, to-morrow morning is your time. If you do it, you must not come to see me any more. If you do not do it you will never see me alive; for I cannot have my arms tied behind me, and be led down to the gallows, there stand and have a cap tied over my face, then a rope put around my neck, and then let drop. Oh! it is terrible, awful, horrible! Think of this, and save me. Oh! for Heaven's sake, save-Oh, save me! Now, dear Camilla, if you are willing to do this, you must do it just as I tell you to do. They might arrest you, to try your sincerity, but if they should do so, you must submit. They cannot do anything with you. Now, Camilla, you must not seek to know how I have got my information; but, if you do as I wish, you will know some time. You must not hint to any one, except father, that I am in communication with you. I have it from the Governor's private secretary, through an undoubted source; furthermore, I have it from ex-Governor Pollock, Wm. Meredith, Horace Binney, ex-Mayor Henry, Daniel Dougherty, and many others, the most substantial men of the city and State. But for Heaven's sake don't you go to any of these persons or to any one else, for it must appear to be voluntary and unpremeditated on your part. Camilla, if you would save me from this awful fate, make either of these confessions, whichever you like, but you must make one. Think of my position. I know it will be an awful mortifying thing for you to do; but then it will not take you long to do it, and then my life will be saved. If you don't do this it will just be the same as if you had killed me, because you could have saved me, and would not. Camilla, for God's sake don't stop to say I am afraid; it will do no good; but do it because I ask you to do it, and you must know I would not ask you to make your position any worse than it is, without it would save my life. You have told me several times you would do it; don't, for Heaven's sake, fail me now. 'Tis your last chance to help me, and there is not an hour to be lost. You can say to Mr. Bringhurst, after it is all done, to say to me

that you have told what you know, and tell him to ask me to forgive you. This will look natural. I think, perhaps, the last confession will be the best, but either will do; but whichever one you make, you must write it down for future reference. Don't forget this. Put it in your own language. Remember that the time is very short, and, for my sake, Camilla, don't delay. Oh, Camilla, I will idolize you if you will do this. Place yourself in my position, and me in yours, and you knew I could save you, and would not make the only effort that would do it. If you do this you will not fail me; only do it as I tell you. Don't think that you know a better way, for if I could only have a short conversation with you alone, you would know that I am right. Despairingly yours, in hope. "GEORGE."

CAMILLA: If you should make the last confession, you must remember that you were perfectly furious, and also that when you first tried to lift the body you could not, but when you got desperate you had such strength as you never had before; and don't forget, if you are asked, that all the imprudent remarks you have made were to cast all suspicion from yourself. If you are asked if any of your counsel knew anything about your confession, you must say no, and be very decided about it. You may say you are sorry or not, just as you please. If you are asked anything about the doors of the dining-room or our bed-room, say

(On the reverse side of this page is the follow-

[SEVENTH LETTER.]

day, and I wish you to see him alone.

they were shut. I will tell father to see you to

CAMILLA: Here are two confessions; choose which one you please. First, You killed your mother. You got up out of bed on that night. You could not sleep. You husband was asleep, and you thought you would go down stairs and set and talk awhile with your mother. You used to often do it when your husband was asleep. He went to sleep almost as soon as he got in bed, and always slept very sound, so that you could hardly wake him. You went down stairs to the dining-room. When you got in the diningroom you saw her asleep on the sofa. You don't know what came over you-it must have been the spirit of the devil-but something [Continued on the Third Page.]