The Democratic Watchman.

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Miscellaneous.

The Captain's Confession.

BY BELA ROW PAINTER

Salem, in the State of Massachusetts, is a quaint old town, abounding in legendary lore. Traditions of strange events, from a period long anterior to the "witchcraft," down to the days of the White murder, still hang on the lips of older inhabitants. Many of them are no less marvellous than the well-known legend of the "Phantom Ship," yet having far more foundation in fact than that romantic tale. Some of these stories, like the one which I have mentioned, are connected with the seafaring men, Salem having been, before the Revolution and for some time after, a rival of Boston in commercial prosperity. The story which I purpose to relate is of this class, strange in its incidents but nevertheless strictly true, forming an excellent illustration of the oft quoted adage "Truth is stranger than fiction."

A short time before, there landed in Salem a young Englishman by the name of G——, arrived in Salem. His health had been broken by a long illness, and he had come on the voyage in the hope of recovering it. He belonged to a family of rank and wealth, who had reluctantly consented to part with him in obedience to the wishes of his physicians.

There lived at that time in Salem a well known physician, Dr C——, who had been recommended to the parents of the young man as a person both competent and trustworthy to take charge of him on his arrival. The captain of the ship in which he came was particularly charged with the care of him during the voyage. This man whose name was T—— had been long in the employ of a flourishing mercantile house in England and by them brought to the notice of the young man' family as a person of ability in his profession and worthy of the greatest confidence. To the care of these two men the anxious family entrusted the invalid during his absence from home hoping to see him return in due time with renewed health and strength.

When the ship which carried him arrived at Salem, Dr C—— received G—— with kindness, and treated him with utmost care and attention. G—— brought a large sum of money with him, more than sufficient to supply all his wants, if he desired to amuse himself by travelling through the colonies. A portion of this during his stay in Salem was placed in charge of the doctor for safe keeping. The knowledge that he possessed this large sum led the doctor and captain to unite in a plot for obtaining possession of it by destroying the young man. G—— remained in Salem for some time. The troubles which gave rise to the Revolution were then at their climax, and a few months after his arrival the war broke out. Of course this prevented him from carrying out any plans for travelling in the colonies, and as his health was slightly improved he determined to seize the first opportunity for returning to England. It was finally arranged by Dr. C—— that he should go back as he had come, under the care of Captain T——. He left Salem with the hope of soon meeting his parents and friends, and perhaps of further improvements in health.

CHAPTER II

In due time the ship arrived at her port but without G——. The captain informed the relatives of the young man that he had rapidly declined on the voyage, had died, and been buried at sea. Nothing could have been more plausible than this story. The family received part of the clothing and personal property that G—— had taken with him. If any doubt arose in consequence of the disappearance of the rest, including the money, it was easily accounted for, by supposing that it had been stolen by some one belonging to the ship. If his friends had wished to make further inquiries in Salem, it would have been very difficult to do so while hostile relations existed between the colonies and the mother country. Besides, it would have been useless; for the same story had been told there to the few persons who had become acquainted with him and his affairs, during his stay in America; and the fate which he was said to have met, although in time of peace it would have excited the commiseration even of those who had not known him, was soon forgotten by all but his fond parents, amidst the stirring event of the war. Not long after G——'s death, Dr C—— suddenly disappeared from among his neighbors, leaving no clue to tell whither he had gone. Of course this incident caused much astonishment at first among his friends, but as time passed on he, like young G——, was gradually forgotten; nor was it ever suspected that the latter was in any way connected with the departure of the doctor. Captain T—— had never been very well known in Salem, for the greater part of his time was spent on the ocean. He departed on another voyage to some distant place, but not returning as formerly, before long, he too was forgotten.

CHAPTER III.

Years passed away. The American colonies had become the United States, and were already far advanced in the march of progress and prosperity, which they had began as soon as their independence was acknowledged by Great Britian. One day a ship arrived in Salem harbor, bearing an invalid, an old sailor, whose weather-beaten face showed the traces of long and hard service, wearing at the same time an expression which marked the possessor of a conscience ill at ease. It was Captain T——, who had come home with little hope of regaining his health, but wishing, at least to lay his bones on his native land. He had money, and was well cared for. A room and all the comforts possible for a sick man were provided and an excellent nurse was hired to wait on him. But comforts and care were of little avail to him. He had murdered the young man years ago, placed in his charge, for gold, and remorse, far more than disease, was gradually undermining his life. The voice of conscience would never let him rest. Asleep or awake by day and a hundred fold more by night, he was constantly tormented by her "thousand tongues."

Men who have perpetrated horrible crimes sometimes laugh at the idea of conscience afterward they are the very persons who have been horribly tortured by remorse. So it was with Captain T——. The gold for which he committed the deed was worthless to him, and the thought of his crime haunted him continually. In vain he attempted to forget it in the excitement and ever varying scenes of his toilsome profession. He fled from his friends; he fled from the scenes which reminded him of G——, but alas! guilty man that he was, he could not flee from himself! His conscience pursued him everywhere.

CHAPTER IV

Captain T—— was on his death bed. Sometimes he was in a raving delirium, at others in a conscious state. Long afterwards his nurse declared that she never spent such fearful hours as those she passed watching Captain T——. At first none knew what disturbed his mind, but it was at last discovered in the following manner by the nurse who before suspected that he had committed some terrible deed, from the broken sentences which he uttered in his ravings. One night when a fearful storm raged without, beating against the walls of the house, and a solitary lamp flickered in the chamber of the sick man, he was in that half reasonable condition which sometimes intervenes between a state of perfect consciousness and a delirium.

"Do you hear that?" said he, calling his nurse to his bedside.

The wind was howling without and blowing the boughs of the trees against the house but the nurse terrified by the loneliness and the sick man's awful manner almost thought she did perceive a sound which was supernatural and could be attributed to neither wind or rain.

"Don't mind it," he continued, "it isn't for you it's for me," and then lowering his voice to a whisper, the conscience stricken wretch continued. "That's G——'s body beating against the ship! 'Twas just such a night as this when I threw him overboard! He begged and prayed for mercy but I was deaf to his entreaties. The storm was loud and no one heard him but me. I shall never forget the look of his white face. It has haunted me ever since.

"There! there it is now! I heard him strike the ship's side just as he does now. Listen! don't you hear it? I have heard it night and day for years past!"

He raved on. Afterwards he confessed to the nurse the compact with Dr C—— and all the circumstances of the murder. He also explained to her the doctor's mysterious disappearance. His conscience also had been at work and had terrified him with the fear of discovery. He was constantly tormented with the dread of G——'s parents coming to Salem, to institute inquiries about their son. He had carefully concealed himself in his house for many years, known only to a servant and to Captain T——. He had made, with great care, a contrivance for close concealment, by means of secret pannels in the walls. The place was well stocked with provisions, for he was fearful that the house would some day be searched. He also had a large chest constructed with apertures for the admission of air, in which he was carried about on a cart, when he wished for exercise without suspicion.

Not long after making this confession Captain T—— breathed his last. The nurse then divulged the dreadful secret. Dr C——'s house was immediately searched; he was discovered in the place of concealment described by the captain, and arrested, but died in prison it is supposed by his own hand, before he could be brought to justice.

This tale adds another illustration to the number which might be brought to show that wealth or other advantages obtained by crime are never productive of happiness to their possessors; and that of all the ills which can beset mankind none are so terrible as the chidings of a guilty conscience.

Here is something that happened "out West;" The latest dog story is told of two brutes of that species who fell to fighting on a saw mill out West. In the course of the tussle, one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued to fight, and whipped the other dog. Another proof that the ruling passion is strong in death.

The Execution of Dr. King for the Murder of His Wife

HIS SPEECH ON THE GALLOWS

We have already given a short telegraphic account of the execution of Dr King at Coburg, Canada, for the cruel murder of his wife by poison. A correspondent of the Hamilton (C. W.) Spectator gives full particulars of the case, with a short account of the previous life of the unfortunate man. It appears that he was brought up in the neighborhood of Brighton. The sheriff who had to direct his execution had known him from a boy, as had also the Rev Mr Bleesdell, who attended him in his last moments. His life had been a chequered one. When a youth he was fond of reading theological works, and his demeanor was so serious that it was imagined by many that he would go into the church. There he married a Miss Lawson of Brighton, and went to the Normal School, Toronto. Next he became a teacher at the Central School, Hamilton. Finally, he studied homeopathy at Philadelphia, and settled down to practice at Brighton.

He seems to have thought his wife beneath him in station. She certainly was inferior to him in education and of late years, while he was educating himself more and more, she seems to have become more and more distasteful to him. His wife bore him a child some two years. Since which only survived a short time since, and, as she was about to become a mother again he destroyed her in the most heartless manner. No valid excuse can be found for the crime nothing can be told in palliation. He says he was infatuated with a Miss Vanderpoort, and felt he must have her as his wife, whatever happened. He acknowledges that he administered arsenic in repeated small doses. After giving arsenic, time after time, he intended to do similarly with chloroform, but the first dose of it proved too strong for her enfeebled constitution, and she died of it.

King was a fine looking man, with a thick beard and moustaches, and only about 24 years of age. On the scaffold he was dressed in black, and looked the gentleman. There was nothing whatever in his appearance that would lead one to suspect him of crime. One of the clergy asked him, when all had taken up their places, whether he had anything to say. "Where," he asked, "is that paper?" A document was given him which he had written that morning early, in a fine, free, firm hand. "Must I stand on the drop?" he said. The Sheriff told him "where you please." He went to the front and read in tones which were clear, distinct, but sorrowful, the following address:

"My fellow Christians, I stand before you to day in the most awful position in which a human being can be placed—convicted of the most dreadful of all crimes, and sentenced by the laws of my country to pay the penalty of my guilt by sacrificing my own life. It is very hard to be deprived of life in comparative youth, but I do not dispute the justice of my sentence, nor find fault with the most righteous dispensations of an all-wise Providence. I have had time to think over the evil of my ways; to bewail my grevious sins and great wickedness with a deep contrition, and to go to the fountain of healing for pardon. I have besought Almighty God night and day for forgiveness. I look to the cross of Christ, to the merit of his precious sacrifice, as my only stay, my only hope. Unworthy as I feel myself to be of God's compassion I have a firm reliance on his gracious redemption, that He willeth not the death of a sinner. I humbly and devoutedly believe that He has pardoned me, chief of sinners though I be, for the merits of Jesus Christ, our blessed Redeemer.

I fully and entirely confide in the all sufficiency of His atonement, and I humbly trust that through the efficacy of His precious blood, my Heavenly Father will accept me, a broken hearted penitent, into His kingdom of peace and blessedness.

I entreat my fellow Christians to take warning from my fate, and to beware of the temptations of the evil one. I have been blinded by the evil passions of our corrupt nature, and seduced by it into the greatest of crimes, through the instigations of the corrupt flesh, and the snares of the devil. I affectionately exhort you to guard against this, and to seek steadfastly the Grace of God as your only sufficient protection and safeguard. Acknowledge him in all your ways; live in the fear and love of God; honor His Sabbaths; keep close to him in prayer, and by the reading of His word; and maintain communion with him in the blessed ordinances of religion.

My Christian friends I leave this world in charity with all men, and with a heartfelt prayer that God will bless the souls of all my brethren of the human family. I pray that his kingdom of peace and truth may spread everywhere, and that His will may be done on earth as purely and universally as it is in heaven.

In these, my last moments, I heartily thank all those who have showed me any kindness, especially those who have aided me, during my recent trials, with their counsels and their prayers, and from my soul I forgive all those who have done me any wrong or injustice.

I beseech you my dear Christian friends, pray now for me: join your prayers with mine, that my faith may not fail at this my last hour, that no weakness of the flesh, no power of Satan may separate me from God. Pray that I may experience His full pardon, and that, believing as I do, heartily and sincerely in the Lord Jesus Christ, and deeply contrite for my sins I shall be saved.

WM H KING

Coburg Jail, June 9, 1859.

After which he said "I hope I shall see her again—I think I shall."

The paper was then given to Mr Vanneburg, and King said to the crowd, "Farewell. I bid you all a long farewell."

There was hardly one upon the scaffold whose eyes were not moistened with tears. All the clergy sobbed audibly, the sheriff too was much affected. Nor was there wanting of the bobbidies. Descend when the criminal was directed to kneel and the executioner tied his hands and feet and put a white cap over his head. Then the Rev. Mr. Blessdell read the sentence from the service at the burial of the dead beginning, "Man that is born of woman." Then the Rev Archdeacon Bethune began and finished the beautiful commendatory prayer used in the visitation of the sick "unto God's house."

Before the prayer had been concluded the sheriff signal was given, and the drop fell a heavy "thud" was heard and the body was seen to fall. Men drew a long breath and sighed, a few women shrieked loudly, one or two fainted. King's muscles twitched slightly, and all was over.

Anecdote of John Randolph.

He was in a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted. During the time he stopped a night at an inn near the forks of a road. The inn keeper was a fine gentleman and no doubt one of the first families of the Old Dominion. Knowing who his distinguished guest was he endeavored during the evening to draw him into conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr Randolph was ready to set out, he called for his bill, which on being presented, was paid. The landlord still anxious to have some conversation with him began as follows:

"Which way are you traveling, Mr Randolph?"

"?" said Mr Randolph with a look of displeasure.

"I asked," said the landlord, "which way are you traveling?"

"Have I paid my bill?"

"Yes."

"Do I owe you anything more?"

"No."

"Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?"

"Yes."

The landlord by this time got somewhat excited and Mr Randolph drove off, but to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes he sent one of his servants to inquire which of the forks to take. Mr Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his voice, "Mr Randolph you don't owe me one cent, just take which road you please." It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph.—*Norfolk News.*

THE CHAMPAGNE BET—GEN SCOTT. An item has been "going the rounds" that Gen Scott had offered to bet 500 bottles of champagne that Napoleon would never return to Paris. Herman Von Wendekemd explodes himself and the story in a letter to the New York Express which runs as follows: "In regard to the bet said to have been made by Gen Scott, an explanation will be necessary. I made the assertion that I would bet that Gen S would be willing to wager, &c. I am now willing to bet on my own responsibility, any sum from 2500 francs to 20,000 francs that Louis Bonaparte will never return to Paris. I am a Baron of the Kingdom of Prussia, and Knight of the Iron Cross, *de jure*, but in consequence of having too freely expressed my opinions, am exiled. My estates are confiscated both in Prussia and in France. If Louis Napoleon was killed to-morrow I should be worth $1,000,000 francs."

A QUICK QUARTER. A boy worked all day for a quarter of a dollar. With the quarter he bought apples and took them to town and sold them for a dollar. With the dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep brought him a lamb and her fleece brought him another dollar. With this he bought another sheep. The three fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He had now six with a fair prospect. He worked where he found opportunity, for hay, corn and oats and pasturing for his sheep. He took the choicest care of them and soon had a flock. Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them and by the time he was twenty-one he had a fair start in life, and all from the quarter of a dollar he had earned in a day.

The way the body of the railroad conductor, drowned in Shrewsbury pond, Vermont, some days ago, was found, was thus:—Some quicksilver was put into a loaf of brown bread, and the latter, placed in the water; immediately it started off like a wild animal, against a strong current of wind and waves, and went as fast as some men who followed it could row a boat, till it came to where the body was found, which was sixty feet under water, and there stopped.

Marriage.

From a lecture recently delivered by Bulwer, we extract a few passages:

"The law that binds the one man to the one woman, eloquently exclaimed the lecturer," is indelibly written by nature, that wherever it is violated in general system the human race is found to deteriorate in mind and form. The ennobling influences of woman cease, the wife is a companion a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all; unless man look to woman as a treasure to be wooed and won for single heart the range of his desires that which desires the same cannot exist, it is struck out of the healthful system of society.

"Now, is there less a passion in the human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self, which most teaches us to live in another, which purifies and warms the whole mortal being? it is love, as we of the North hold it and cherish it. For even when the fair spring of youth has passed, and when the active life is employed in such grave pursuits, that the love of our early years seems to him like a dream of romance still that love having once lifted him out of egotism into sympathy, does but pass into new forms and development—it has locked his heart to charity and benevolence, it gives a smile to his home, it rises up in the voices of his children—from his heart it circulates insensibly on to the laws that protect the hearth to the native land which spreads around it.

"Thus in the uniform history of the world we discover that wherever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned by that equality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of the heart with another proclaims; there, too patriotism, liberty, the manly and gentle virtues also find their place, and wherever the contrary is practiced and love disappears in the gross satiety of the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity nor reverence for home, nor affection for the native soil.

And one reason why Greece is contrasted in all that dignifies our nature, with the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrew, was that Greece was the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of those great monarchies, marriage was the sacred ties between one man and one woman—and man was the thoughtful father of a home, not the lord of a seraglio."

A Woman's Bonnet

A woman's bonnet (always providing that her means are sufficient to gratify her taste) is a sure index of her character. Show me a gaudy bonnet, loaded with feathers and ribbons of all the hues of the rainbow, decorated with jonquils and cabbage roses, of bright blue and glaring yellow, and I will know its wearer before I see her, to be a vulgar woman, loud voiced intrusive and fond of show and finery. Beneath the brim of that little straw bonnet, with its band of white ribbon, its little bouquet of half opened and delicate face trimming of spotless blonde, with just one blossom nestling amid its purity, I can see a fair young face with eyes as blue as violets, and a mouth rosy and kiss inviting. It is a young wife, perhaps living the first halcyon days of a newly married life. Under that fairy compilation of white and green, transparent as a gossamer, with its soft, white marabouts and floating fall of lace I can imagine a pair of wicked dark, coquettish eyes and a mass of chon brands and ringlets, truly terrible to susceptible masculine hearts. Yonder black velvet, with drooping plumes and drapery of lace, and just a thought of white and crimson about the face, betokens mamma, matronly and plump—who would look too gay for the world, but tells the milliner to put a little crimson on her bonnet because "she" likes it. That is just as certain as the fact that the drab satin without a particle of face trimming, and no cape to speak of, will grace the countenance of aunt Mehetible, who lives up to Tompkinsville, and belongs to a Methodist meeting. Various pretentious bonnets, with a multiplicity of bows, and a perfect arbor of flowers and fruit about the face, and evidently the property of single ladies who have long since forgotten their birth days, and earnestly wish that other people would forget them also. And that gorgeous concern, evidently made with the intention of discovering how much a bonnet could cost if it tried, belongs most certainly to Miss Skewton, or one of her clique. *Laugh if you choose*, but show me a woman's bonnet, and I'll draw her portrait for you.

THE BEAUTIFUL WORLD!—"Ah! this beautiful World! Sometimes it is all sunshine and gladness, and heaven lies not far off—and then it suddenly changes, and is dark and sorrowful; and the clouds shut out the day. In the lives of the saddest of us there are bright days like this when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come gloomy hours when the fire will not burn in our hearts, and all within is dismal, cold and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold when he is only sad."—*Longfellow.*

There are three dangerous institutions in the world; kicking colts, pretty calico and gunpowder.

A Woman Rescued from the Mormons

A company of returning Pike's Peaker's passed through here last Sunday having under their protection a young lady, whom they had taken from a Mormon train, a few miles west of Gaton a short time previous. It appears that on last sunday morning, as the Pike's Peak boys were crossing Shoal Bottom they passed a train of Mormons who were busily engaged men, women and children in endeavoring to extricate a number of other wagons that were stuck fast in the mud. While stopping for a moment to witness the exertions of the Saints, they accidentally overheard a young girl of about 16 exclaim "I wish I was drowned in that slough!" Their interest was at once awakened and they interrogated her as to why she made such a foolish wish. She replied that she was tired of life, that she had started from Iowa City for Salt Lake with her father, who is a Mormon Elder; that she had been compelled to walk all the way thus far, and that when she expressed a wish to leave the train and return to the city they invariably stopped her mouth. She was informed by the Pike's that if she desired to return to Iowa City she should go back with them, to which she replied that she desired very much to return. The Mormons numbering some fifty men gathered around, armed with clubs, knives, pistols, &c., &c., and declared that she should not go back.

The Pike's boys, nothing daunted, armed themselves with guns and revolvers and announced their determination to take the girl at all hazards, and proceeded to carry out their intentions. For a time fight seemed inevitable, but finally Mormon courage gave way, and the boys succeeded in placing the girl safely under their own protection. She then informed them that the Saints had a trunk and other baggage belonging to her which they at once proceeded to obtain. The followers of Brigham boldly announced their intentions to fight before they would permit the things to be taken from their wagons.

A show of guns and revolvers, however, and a few more Mormon courage oozed out at their fingers' ends while the boys proceeded to transfer the baggage to their own wagons, the Saints looking on and uttering terrible imprecations against the perpetrators of the horrid outrage, as they termed it. After obtaining all they sought, the rescuers drove away with the young lady in their possession, leaving the Mormons to console themselves as best they could in their loss.

The Pike's Peakers who were engaged in the rescue, who numbered only about twenty eight men, were from Indiana, Illinois and Iowa City.

A Marriage at Washington

We hear that on Tuesday, the Rev Mr Rogers (M E) the pastor of Ryland Chapel, united in the holy bonds of wedlock Sir Antonio Buckignam and Mrs. Margaret L Eaton. The announcement of the marriage of this lady will create quite a stir in the world of fashion the country over, for no other in the federal metropolis has been better known since the accession of General Jackson to the Presidency, to distinguished sojourners here and their families. She will be recollected by those who frequented Washington during "the seasons" in the course of the Presidency of General Jackson as the brilliant wife of his Secretary of war, Gen John H Eaton (at whom she then the widow of the late Purser Timberlake was united, if we remember correctly, in 1829 or in 1830) in whose behalf the "old man of mark" separated from his first cabinet on the occasion of social difficulties in their families. The happy bridegroom is an accomplished Italian professor of the Terpsichorean art, a gentleman of brilliant address, his countrymen usually are at his age perhaps (60 to two—yet hardly more sprightly than he bride under the genial influence of some sixty summers' suns in this delightful climate.—*Star.*

THE ATLANTIC BALLOON.—The Lansingburgh (N Y) Gazette of June 1st says—Mr La Mountain's aerial ship "Atlantic" is about finished. The silk is all cut and sewed, and only needs one coat of oil to complete the balloon. The machinery for propelling purposes is building in Troy and Waterford, will be finished the present week, and when complete and in operation will weigh but fifty pounds. Mr. Wise is now in town. He has become a partner in the enterprise with Messrs. La Mountain and Gagger. The three will make a trial trip of 1,200 miles from St Louis, starting on the 15th of June, after which they will give an account of the performance of the "Atlantic."

"Speaking of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obdurate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best mirror to shave by." "Yes, many a poor fellow has been *shaved* by them," he replied.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I dunno 'bout that. I've blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it yet."