CITY BULLETIN.

The Hill Murder—Statement of Mrs. Twitchell and Letters from Mr. Twitchell.

Mrs. Twitchell has made her statement in regard to her knowledge of the murder of Mr. Hill, her mother, and the means resorted to by her husband, to get a false confession from her. The statement is appended below and the letters referred to in it are written in dead pencil on small pieces of paper, and so close were the lines that it was difficult to decipher the words. The largest piece of paper was about the size of a sheet of note paper, but the majority were not more than two and three inches square, and all complete filled with writing, without punctuation, and in some parts were therefore obscure as to the meaning. Attached to these letters, these letters were kept by Mrs. Twitchell, a common sheet was folded into as small a compass as possible, and slipped into her hand as she would be leaving the cell. The letters then were delivered to her by having been thrown out, and that they are in the handwriting of Mr. Twitchell is apparent by a comparison between them and undoubted letters written to his father and Rev. Mr. Bringhurst. There were two letters, upon the death of Mrs. Hill, March 8, addressed to Mrs. Twitchell, and containing religious exhortations. These letters were written upon note paper, and were handed publicly to the prisoner, to be forwarded to Mrs. Twitchell. These are omitted as containing nothing to throw light upon the subject. Mrs. Twitchell was closely questioned by the counsel for the prisoner, as to the questions she asserted positively that it was her own language, for she knew the language she had been prepared for some time, but she preferred not to be placed in the position of swearing against the execution of her husband. The absence of dates to the letters made it somewhat difficult to arrange them chronologically, but Mrs. Twitchell took them up separately, and after some little time spent in examining them, arranged them in the order in which they follow below, although she said she was afraid she mistaken in regard to some of the smaller ones.

FIRST—PERSONALLY INTERESTING.

On Sunday afternoon, about half-past one, George and I were taking a ride, leaving at home mother and the girl. We went to the Abbey, I observed that George appeared low spirited, and in no way disposed to enter into conversation. I thought he was sick, and was afraid to question him. We returned about four o'clock, told he was not. We returned about four o'clock. I found my mother murdered, and George came in shortly afterwards, and remained in the dining room until called to tea, reading a paper. He was very thoughtful during the afternoon and evening. We took tea together. After tea he went into the parlor and lay on the dining room. In a few moments I was with him, leaving my mother in the kitchen. In a few minutes my mother came in the dining-room. Mother and I, George and Lee were talking no remark whatever. Mother said to me, I had better go to bed, she did not wish to be murdered. She would read the paper and wait for the girl herself. I went to my chamber about the same time, "George, I am going to bed," to which he replied, "Very well." My mother arose and went with me to my room, remaining and conversing pleasantly. I undressed, and was in bed when she passed out of the room, and in a short time, how long I cannot tell, I fell asleep. George came to bed, undressed and came to bed. I was soon asleep, I knew nothing more until I awakened by the girl ringing the door bell; I cannot say if George was asleep, but think he was, and, George, you must be the girl. He replied, he supposed it was. He asks no attempt at that time to get up and let the girl in. I came out of my room into the entry, and met George coming out of his room. 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, "I am coming, I am coming, I'll be up in a minute, go back and let the girl in." I remained at my room door, listening, waiting to come up, thinking mother was down stairs. I heard Sarah call him, and heard George say he was in bed into the yard. I flew down stairs and saw my mother lying on the settee, with her head on the floor. I ran back to my room and called the murder. I knew nothing about my husband's business. I believed it to be in a prosperous condition, being told by him not a few days before the murder that he was making plenty of 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 have been deserted by my husband, but to the contrary repeatedly offered to give second chance, and I would do so if it is possible. After my acquittal I treated him kindly. I visited him three times, and he was in no way my referred, by looks or word, to the murder, never spoke of it, never said, I told you 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 Governor Geary all his life. You will tell them what 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 would go with me, he would go my word for it. If you should admit it it would save me, and it was the only thing that would. I asked him if I would be hung, he said he was afraid I would. I told him I would not be hung, I tell them that I expect you would deny it, although I don't believe that you know anything. Take care of your minds, at rest, about Bringhurst were to receive any thing 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. I will also give you all the directions how 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, save me this horrible, awful death. You can you alone can do it. Oh do not disappoint me, I will be more than I could bear. Oh Camilla, I will be more than I could bear. Oh Camilla, I ought not to be hung, you know I cannot forget, I have suffered, I have suffered, I have suffered