

George S. Twitchell, Jr.'s History—His Failures in Business—Callers Upon Him in Prison.

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Unless Mrs. TWITCHELL should make a statement as to her knowledge of the murder of her mother, the epilogue to the drama of blood just enacted will have been wholly completed. Mrs. HILL is in her grave; Young TWITCHELL awaits the resurrection morning in the cemetery at Sixth and Washington streets, while his widow has taken temporary refuge in a cloistered convent in the upper portion of the city.

The history of all the parties is full of terrible interest. Much of it we long ago knew, but withheld, because the tale would confer no benefit upon anybody, and might—as it cannot now—do injury to some. That young TWITCHELL had some earnest friends is shown in the willingness of one of them to act as an accessory to suicide before the fact, by supplying him with the means to perform it. The identity of the person who furnished the fatal acid will never probably be known. No respectable druggist would sell it to a stranger. It is not used in the arts, and, only in a dilute form, in the shape of medicine. It is supplied when directed by prescription, but never otherwise. As an article of commerce, it is sold in ounce phials, with glass stoppers, carefully labeled, the phial being hermetically inclosed in a case of tin. As found on Friday, in TWITCHELL'S boot, the half-emptied bottle was stopped only by a cork, and without either label or external case.

TWITCHELL, Jr., was not born in wedlock. Proving childless at the expiration of two years after his marriage, Mr. TWITCHELL induced his mother to relinquish him to his care, and brought him to his home. The mother of the child was then about 19 years of age. She lived in Brooklyn, in a domestic capacity, with a respectable family. She afterward married wealthy, and now resides not far from the confines of this city, in circumstances of affluence. It is alleged that there came to the house of Rev. Mr. BRINGHURST, a few evenings before the execution, a young girl so very like to TWITCHELL as to warrant the inference that she was his sister. She was introduced by a lady member of Mr. BRINGHURST'S congregation, but not by name. The object of her visit, he first understood, was to be permitted to accompany the clergyman to TWITCHELL'S cell on the occasion of his next call. Mr. BRINGHURST assured her that she had over-estimated his influence; that in the first place, the consent of the Prison Inspectors was indispensable, and next that TWITCHELL begged that no women except his step-aunt, Mrs. MOORE, should be admitted to his privacy. Pressing still more earnestly her request, she said that Mr. BRINGHURST had misapprehended her meaning; that she desired to see the body of GEORGE after he was hanged. If he were reprieved she would withdraw the application. She shed tears profusely, and left with the promise that after the execution her identity should be disclosed by the side of the corpse. Whether she persisted in her endeavors to do this we know not; she probably thought that the body would not be relinquished to the family, as it was.

A costly equipage drove up to the prison two days before the execution, from which alighted a female of mature years, expensively but not showily attired, who besought at the prison gates an interview with the murderer in his cell. As TWITCHELL had begged that no woman other than his relatives should see him, her request was denied, but the idea of those who have known the TWITCHELL history is that that lady was his mother.

TWITCHELL was a freethinker. All who knew him speak of him as a gentle young man, a non-entity in business matters, with habits and tastes tending toward refinement. Of his cowardice it is unnecessary to speak. It equaled his repugnance to exertion and his spendthrift prodigality with whatever money he could obtain. The suicides of Jonas Chuzzlewit and Mr. Gammon in the novel of *Ten Thousand a Year*, are somewhat parallel to his own, and the means employed were the same. Upon the walls of the cell were left portraits of Mr. BRINGHURST and two friends, in glass-covered *passe-partouts*. That TWITCHELL had brooded over the idea of anticipating the gallows is certain. As he shuddered at the view of the gibbet as its distance shortened, he wondered to Dr. BUTCHER "whether there really was a God." And when on the day before his death he chafed and agonized in his cell at the thought of the halter, his anguish took the shape of appeals to God—"if there was a God"—to strike him dead in advance of death by the noose.

TWITCHELL'S business ventures were all failures, and finally, a few weeks before the murder, he sold, without his wife's knowledge, her carriage, which was her sole property, the sale not being discovered until after his arrest. His habits were extravagant, and his expenses were still further increased by the fact that he was unfaithful to his marriage vow. And when the discovery came of his efforts to raise money by a mortgage upon property which was not his own, his affairs were in a desperate condition. The exposure was to have been made the day following the murder.

The full verdict of the Coroner's jury is as follows:

"The jury find that GEORGE S. TWITCHELL, JR., came to his death by the use of prussic acid, administered by himself. The evidence did not disclose in what manner the poison was obtained, nor by whom it was administered. The jury are of the opinion that greater vigilance on the part of the prison authorities might, if not have prevented the poison being furnished, at least have led to its discovery before it was swallowed by the prisoner. They respectfully recommend to the Inspectors of the County Prison the adoption of such rules and regulations as will prevent a similar occurrence in the future."