

L I F E
O F
H E N R Y W I L S O N ,

A L I A S

WILLIAM A. CARSON, ALIAS JAMES MORGAN,

The Murderer,

WHO CONFESSES FIVE MURDERS,

AND WAS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL BURGLAR AND ROBBER IN THE
UNITED STATES.

WAS EXECUTED AT GENESEO, N. Y., DEC. 22, 1865, FOR THE MURDER OF HENRY DEVOR.

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WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
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1866.

THE

HENRY WILSON

WILLIAM A. CARSON, ALIAS JAMES MORGAN

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by

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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of New York.

WILSON BY HENRY WILSON

PUBLISHED BY C. K. SANDERS & CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

1866

This Book is
of
Darius Kelly
Caledonia

Henry Wilson
alias

William A. Carson
alias

James Morgan

written by himself

C. K. Sanders

New York

THE
LIFE, TRAVELS, AND ADVENTURES
OF
HENRY WILSON,
THE MURDERER.

I was arrested on the 16th day May, 1865, charged with the murder of Henry Devoe. I had on my person a revolver, match box and matches, a pocket compass, some twine or cord, a mask for my face, and several other articles, which a man pursuing any ordinary business would not be likely to carry, and which were sufficient to stamp me as a burglar and a robber. I was taken to the house of Henry Devoe, in Portage, and was present during the latter portion of the proceedings at the inquest held by the coroner, and which had been commenced on the 16th and finished on the 17th.— O. Olney, Esq., was introduced to me at the inquest, as a lawyer, and I asked his counsel. He advised me to waive an examination, for the reason that I would stand no chance of getting discharged upon an examination. I therefore waived an examination and went to the jail at Geneseo. Mr. Olney was assigned by the Court as my counsel, at my request, and I informed him how I happened to be where I was when I was arrested, and I think he believed me. While I was in jail awaiting my trial, he called on me several times, and went to Buffalo two or three times to look for my witnesses, and wrote to every place where I thought a letter would be likely to reach them, but all to no purpose. And when my trial came on, he associated his brother, R. Olney,

Esq., with himself, upon my defense. They were both very truthful and candid with me, and informed me before the trial, that unless I could produce respectable proof of my whereabouts on the night of the murder of Mr. Devoe, the most they could hope to do, was by a thorough cross-examination of the witnesses for the people, to raise a doubt in the minds of the jury, and thus cause them to disagree. And if they had not manifested a greater desire to help me than lawyers generally do when there is no prospect of pay, this little work would never have been written. Mr. O. Olney knew from the first that I had no money to pay with; but that appeared to make no difference with his efforts in my behalf. He and his brother both done all for me upon my trial that could be done by counsel, for one who was compelled to go to trial without any better defense than I had. I have been very careful since I became a burglar and robber, to keep the knowledge of it from my relatives, and I hope that the publication of this will not enable them to find out the manner in which I close my career. And to guard against that, I shall in giving the history of many things which I have done when others were with me, or things that others know that I have done, endeavor to give them in such a way that if they shall read this sketch they may not recognize me. That is, I shall give fictitious names, without changing the facts or the results of the incidents here related. But if any one should recognize me by any thing herein written, I ask all such to keep my real name a secret, and not only my real name, but any name by which they or any one has heretofore known me. If one whom I left suddenly, should by this publication recognize me, I will say to him, "I did not leave you intentionally. We went to the place where we all started to go, and staid there all of the next day waiting for you, and looked all over the city for you. And the next morning we went to the place where we left you to look for you, fearing that you had fallen through the bridge and killed yourself, or fallen into some culvert and hurt yourself so that you were not able to meet us as expected. We found a place on our route where a fire had been built the night before, and thought it might have been you. You should not blame us for leaving you as we did, for, although you could not get on the cars as we did, you said you were willing we should try it, and it was not my fault if I succeeded in getting on board and you could not."

Now one to Charley: If you should know me by any thing here written, I will say, that the night you left me I feared that you had been arrested, and I sat up all night to wait for you.

And if a certain female who was in jail, and depending upon me to assist her in getting out, should read this, I will say to you that I got two men to go with me, and I got each of them a revolver, and when it was time for us to start in the business, they both backed out, and I could not attempt your rescue alone, with any hope of success. I had another plan to help you, but it was necessary for me to have more money than I had to try it. While I was in Elmira I talked with a lawyer about your case, and he told me that there could be no accessory where there was no principal, and that you would have to be discharged. I done all I could for you, and if those two men had not backed out, I would have got you out, for we could have done it; and now I ask all who may recognize me by this, to keep my true name, and also the one I was known by in Auburn a secret, for though I am, and have been for years a burglar and a robber, and even in some instances a murderer, I have, or had about one year ago, living relatives who were respectable, and on whom I would not like to bring any reproach. And if Ella should read this away in some of the Western States, and recognize me in it, I say to you, "good bye;" and I hope you have lived a happier life than I have, and though my life has nearly closed, yet when I think of my association with you, all my old affection for you springs up again in my breast, and I wish things had been different. And if the people in R. in Illinois should recognize in me the subject to whom they gave a whipping, and whom they robbed of about \$320 and a gold watch, I say to them that I am very sorry that I have not lived long enough to carry out my plan of revenge mentioned hereafter. Now after such introduction, I shall proceed with the incidents of my life, as nearly as I can by my memory, and what little notes I have preserved to aid my memory; but I shall say very little about my early life—on that subject it is sufficient to say, that I was born in Massachusetts, near the city of Boston. I had honest, respectable parents. My mother was a very hard working woman; and it may truly be said that she mostly supported the family. I had two brothers, older than myself, who were at sea, and my mother often said she wanted to keep the rest of the family together, and she worked very hard to do so, but she died when I was about twelve years old, and I was put out to live with a farmer, with whom I lived and worked about two years. About this time, one of my brothers came home, and I went to the city of Boston to see him. I learned from him that he held the berth of first mate, on a steamboat running between Boston and New York. This was the first time I had ever seen a steamboat. My brother showed me

about the boat, and asked me if I would like to go on the boat with him. I replied that I should like it very well; he said he wanted a boy, and would give me ten dollars a month, which offer I accepted immediately. The next day I returned to the farmer for whom I had worked, and told him I was going on a steamboat. He advised me not to go, and said that if I did, I would be likely to get into bad company and get to drinking, and never be anybody. He talked to me a long time, and said if I would stay with him until I was twenty-one, he would give me a good education, and a good start in life; but if I went to steamboating, I would never get to be anybody; and I believe he would have done as he said, for if there ever was an honest man, I believe he was one. He used all the arguments he was master of to induce me to stay with him, but without effect. When he found I was determined to go, he paid me for my work, and his wife put a little bible in my satchel, and I started on foot for the city. I do not recollect that I ever read a word in the bible she gave me, nor do I remember what finally became of it.

I remained at work on the steamboat two summers, and late in the fall I learned that some boys of my acquaintance were about to start for Chicago, and they wanted me to go with them. That just suited me; so I left the steamboat and got ready to go, and we started a few days before Christmas. It took nearly all the money we had to pay our passage, and when we got there, the boats were all laid up for the winter, and but a very little work to be got there. We were advised to go to St. Louis, where, as we were informed, the boats were running. We got emigrant tickets for St. Louis, which took nearly all the little money we had left on our arrival at Chicago. We rode in the caboose of a freight train running very slow. One of the brakemen asked us where we were from, and we told him we were from New York. He asked us if we had no money; we told him we had but a very little. He then went into a freight car and got us some crackers. We eat what we wanted of them, and at noon he took us into an eating house, and paid for our dinners. That night the conductor put us on an express train, and we went through to St. Louis in a hurry. When we got there, the river was full of ice, and no boats running except the Alton boats and the ferry boats. We were here advised to go to Cairo if we wanted to ship on a steamboat. We all had just money enough to pay for our lodgings that night, and for breakfast in the morning, if we took no supper; and after breakfast in the morning, I sold a pair of pantaloons and got money enough to buy our dinners, and just at night we went to the ferry boat and told the ferry man we wanted to cross

the river, but had no money; he took us across free; and we staid in a stage coach that stood on the bank of the river that night, that is, we staid in it part of the time, covered up as well as we could be with the cushions, and when we got so cold that we could not stand it any longer, we got out and ran up and down the road to get warm again.

It was 220 miles to Cairo, and we should have staid at St. Louis that winter but for the reason that there was but very little work to do there, and a great many to do it. All of the men, or nearly all that had been steamboating that summer, were looking for work; and while there was so many that were acquainted there, unable to obtain employment, it was useless for strangers to look for it. So we started south to find warmer quarters than we had in the stage coach the night before. One of the boys said he would not go any farther, so he started back, saying he should try and make the best of his way back to New York and Boston. The other one, (whom I will call John Converse,) and myself, started on foot for Cairo. We had gone but a short distance when we came to a Dutch grocery. I went in and got two five-cent loaves of bread, leaving us just fifteen cents. This day was not as cold as the day before, and at night we went into a barn to sleep. The next morning the road was filled with snow, and we could hardly tell where the track was, for the roads then were cut through and traveled, without any fences; and there had been no travel that day to make a track, and to us, every opening through the woods looked like a road. We had not gone far before we got wrong, and traveled several miles before we came to a house. We found no one in the house except an old Dutch woman, and she could not speak a word of English, but we made her understand that we had got lost; and when we saw that she had a pot of venison, and a big johnny-cake by the fire, we made her understand that we were hungry. We eat what we wanted, but could not make the old woman understand where we wanted to go; but it cleared of in the afternoon, so that we could see the sun, and by keeping in a southerly direction, we came to the road, and just at night to a little town, where we spent our fifteen cents. We staid in a barn that night, and the next day arrived at the town of S. We entered a grocery, and I offered my knife for some crackers. The grocer gave us some crackers, but refused to take my knife. After we had eaten the crackers, we asked a man who came in to get a drink, if he knew of any place where we could get work. He said he was getting out ice for the hotel, and perhaps we could get work there. He said he would speak to the landlord, and tell him we were out of money, and if he

would let us go to work, he would come back and tell us. He came back in a few minutes and told us that the landlord said that he had all the men he wanted, but we could go to work and try it. We went to work at it, and that job lasted about two days. We staid at the hotel during the time we were at work. The landlord allowed us two dollars and a half per day, each of us for our work, and charged each of us one dollar and a half per day for board and lodgings. When that job was done, Mr. Williams (as I shall call the man who got us into this job) said that he was going to chopping wood by the cord, and that if we had a mind to do so, we could go to work with him. He said we could board with him at the rate of two dollars per week, for each of us. We agreed to this and went home with him. In a few days we went to chopping. I had never done any chopping, and I think John Converse had never done much. Mr. Williams could chop more in a day than both of us, if we done our best. He was one of those generous fellows who never complained, and he divided wages even with us.

Now, in order to make my story intelligent, it is necessary for me to describe the family of Mr. Williams. He was about forty years old; a native of Arkansas, or "Arkansaw," as he called it. He had removed from that state to Missouri, and from there to Illinois. He was an honest, jovial fellow and depended on his ax and gun for a living, but the gun was his favorite. He had an old rifle with a straight stock, and whatever he shot at he was sure to hit. No matter how small the bird was, and I have seen him shoot a great many, he usually shot off its head, and his wife was nearly as good a shot as he was. They could neither read nor write, and had always lived in the woods. When I made their acquaintance they were living in the woods about two miles from the town, and that was as near a settlement as they had ever lived. We spent the most of our time that winter hunting for game, and chopped just wood enough to keep us in groceries. According to our contract we were to pay two dollars a week for our board; but after we had been there a while, we became such good friends that the one who had the most money paid for the groceries when groceries were wanted; and in short, we were treated as if we belonged to the family. But perhaps I had ought to tell who my partner was: John Converse was a native of Boston, a confectioner by trade; had been to California, where he worked at mining and tending bar. The next spring after we arrived at S. he got a situation as bar tender, where I shall now leave him. But I had forgotten to give a description of Mr. Williams' family: he had a wife and five children, Sarah

was about sixteen, Ella about fourteen, William about twelve, Joe about eight or nine, and Emma four or five years old.—The children had never been at school; but Ella had worked out by the week some, and had just began to read and write a little. She was a very intelligent girl for the opportunities she had enjoyed, and we spent many an hour in writing notes, or letters, as we called them, to each other. I was then about sixteen, and Ella, I have said was about fourteen. She was my favorite, and we were together most of the time. We got acquainted very quick, and she was as a sister to me almost from the first. Ella went out to work in the spring, and I went to St. Louis and shipped on a steamboat for New Orleans. Steamboating on the Mississippi river was so much harder than it was out of New York and Boston, that I left the boat in New Orleans and staid there until my money was nearly gone, and then shipped on a boat for Cincinnati. I left her in Cincinnati, paid my passage to Louisville, and then shipped on a boat for St. Louis. I think the name of the boat was the High Flier. After we got in St. Louis, I then shipped on the Reindeer, running between there and Alton. I staid on the Reindeer the rest of the summer, and then returned to S. and staid with Williams through the winter. Ella had come home and I did not pretend to work any that winter. Ella and I were as good friends as ever, and I believe we never disagreed about any thing but once. Some time that winter we got to talking about negroes, and she said that a negro was as good as any body if they behaved as well. I did not believe that, and we had quite an argument about it, and I finally told her that a negro was not as good as I was, and if a negro was as good as she was, she was not as good as I was; but we soon got over this quarrel and was as good friends as ever, and passed the time as before, in reading and writing together. That winter I was as much at home as if I had been at my father's house. Ella went out to work in the spring and I went again to St. Louis. That spring I shipped on an Illinois river steamboat for Peoria, left her there and went to Chicago. In Chicago I shipped on a propellor for Buffalo. I made one trip on her and left her, and shipped on a steamboat running between Buffalo and Cleveland. I made several trips on her and then shipped on the propellor Toledo, for Chicago.—When we arrived there it was nearly time for the boats to lay up for winter.

I staid in Chicago that winter, and the next summer ran on the lakes. In the fall I returned to S., and learned that Williams had removed to another town. I went there, and learned he had gone from there. I could not then learn where he had gone. I

returned to S., and in the course of the winter a man of my acquaintance told me that he had seen Williams in De Soto, that is on the Illinois Central Railroad, about sixty miles from Cairo, and three hundred from Chicago. About the first of April I started for De Soto and found Williams engaged in clearing land about two miles from the railroad station. He was to receive ten dollars an acre for clearing it, and the owner was to furnish team to plow it, and seed to plant it, giving Williams all he raised the first year, and one half of all he raised the next year. I think that is the way it was. Williams wanted me to go in with him. He had got two or three acres cleared, but was willing to make an even thing of it with me if I would go in. I consented to this, got an ax and went to work. Ella was at work in the town, but in about a week they sent for her to come home. When I saw her last, about two years before, she was a little girl, but now she was so much larger, and had changed so much in her appearance that I hardly knew her. Ella and I had always been very intimate, as much so as brother and sister generally are. But now she was different, and treated me only as a friend. I thought at first that it was because she was a woman now, and it would be all right after a little while. I had heretofore loved her as I would a sister. But now my love was of a different kind. I loved her, because she was Ella. Other young men in the vicinity came frequently to the house, and I well remember how jealous I felt, when she talked to any of them. After I had been there ten or fifteen days, a young man came there on Sunday afternoon, and sat down by Ella, and staid there until about twelve o'clock that night. Then it was I began to understand why she was different to me from what she used to be, but said nothing about it. In a few days, I think it was on Wednesday night, he came again, and staid until one or two o'clock in the morning. I had seen enough then, and in the morning I told them that I was going away. They asked me where I was going, and I told them I did not know. I did not say anything to Ella about my love, but merely said to her as I was going away, good bye, Ella, if you marry that man I hope you will always live happy with him. She answered, I hope I shall. This was in 1857. I believe there is in the lives of all persons, some incident, that shapes their course, and has a controlling influence for good or evil through life. I know it was so with me.

I am now under sentence of death, writing the history of my life, and I hope that those who read it will believe me when I say, that up to this time I had always been honest. And if Ella had returned my love, I should now probably have been an honest man, but I don't blame Ella. I never have blamed her. If she

loved another man better than she did me, it was not her fault. But I cannot believe she loved him better than she did me. But his father owned a farm, and my opinion is that she thought it would be better for her, as to property, to marry him than me. I have read books where novelests have described, or attempted to describe a love sick man or woman, but I can't describe how I felt that morning when I started away. Perhaps some who read this can judge for themselves. At first, I though he did not intend to marry her, but to ruin her, and that I would get work some where in the vicinity, and watch him. And if he took any advantage of her, I would avenge her. And then again, I thought, if I only had money enough, I could get her away from him, for I believed then, and do now, that as far as the man was concerned she would have preferred me, but as I said before, this man's father owned a piece of land, and she thought it would be better for her to marry him. I believed that all it was necessary for me to do to obtain her, was to get money. But how was I to do that? It would take too long to earn it at work, and then I determined to become a robber, but did not know how to commence. I went back to S., and said good bye to John Converse, and my other acquaintances, and without telling any one where I was going, or what I was going to do, got on a steamboat and took passage for St. Louis. I remained there one or two weeks, revolving in my mind what to do, or if I became a robber and burglar how to begin, but could come to no conclusion. I knew there were robbers and burglars in St. Louis, but did not know where to find them, and I was afraid to begin by myself. Previous to this, I made the acquaintance of one Thomas Carter, of whom I shall speak more hereafter. He was a reckless, lawless fellow, and had gained a great influence over me, I don't know how.

When my money was gone, I shipped on a Missouri river boat for St. Joseph. On the way up the river, I became quite intimate with Joseph Cushman, I believe that is his right name, who was at work on the boat. When we arrived in St. Joseph he proposed that we should leave the boat. To this I agreed, but the mate refused to pay us, and while we were up to a Justice's office to commence proceedings for our pay, the boat shoved off, and started back for St. Louis. Cushman was entirely out of money, and I had but little, and there was more men in the city than there was work for them to do. I did not care for that, for then I wanted money, and not work, but was afraid to tell Cushman. So about noon I went into a store and got two pounds of crackers and we went down and sat on the river bank to eat them. After we had eaten them we began to consider what we should do when my money was gone. I told Cushman that

steamboating was a d—d hard life, and that I would never go steamboating again. He said I won't either, but what will you do? I don't know. Well, if we get out of money I will tell you what we will do, said he, I traveled with a burglar last summer, and I'm not afraid to go into a house, I can get something to eat, if nothing more. That was just what I wanted to hear, and I asked him why he had not told me before. He said he was afraid to trust me. I proposed that we should try it that night. He agreed to that, and we went back and lay around the levee until night, and then went out to see what we could find. We got nothing that night, but the next night we got a piece of dried beef and part of a loaf of bread. The next night nothing at all. This discouraged us a little, and we decided to leave St. Joseph and try some other place. About three o'clock in the morning we stole a skiff and went to Atchison, and that night we got four loaves of bread and fourteen dollars in money. This encouraged us, and the next day we went back to St. Joseph; that night we got about thirty dollars in money, a gold pencil, and some other trinkets. Then we started down the river, and the next money we got I think was at Leavenworth City, where we got into a house and found about sixty dollars. There were five ten dollar bills on the bank of the State of Missouri, some small bills and some silver. We continued on down the river, stopping at all the principal places until we arrived at Independence, there Cushman saw the man that he traveled with the summer before and we parted; I had got by this time so that I thought I could take care of myself, and was willing to start out alone. The other boys went up the river, and I continued on down, stopping at all the principal places on both sides of the river until I got to New Port; then I struck out into the country to see if I couldn't do better than I had along the river; I did not know where I was going, but thought I should come to some place before I went a great ways, and I did, it was the town of Union, the county seat of Franklin county, Mo., I got into the hotel, and then into a sleeping room up stairs; found the man's pants, and in the pockets about seven hundred dollars. There were eighteen \$20 gold pieces, a hundred dollar bill, two fifties, some twenties, and a number of smaller bills. That was the first big raise I had made, and I felt proud of it; I had over one hundred dollars before this, and now I had about eight hundred and twenty dollars in all. But I was afraid of being caught, and to guard against that I thought I would go down the road as far as could before day-light, and then stay in the woods until the next night; but just at day-light I came to a railroad station, and I noticed there was no telegraph office there, so I knew I was ahead of the news at that point. I had been seen at Union, and as there was no

telegraph office at that station, I knew that if they heard of the robbery and got my description, that some person must come and bring it, so I went into the edge of the woods where I could see if any one came. I remained in the woods until about eight o'clock, and seeing no one come, I concluded that if they suspected me, they had telegraphed to St. Louis beyond; so I went to a store and bought a suit of clothes, such as a farmer usually wears, and went into the woods to change. I left the ones I had worn there, and put my watch and chain in my pocket, so it could not be seen, for it did not correspond very well with the farmer clothes I then wore. This was a gold watch and chain which I had forgotten to state that I got in Lexington, Mo. I then went into town, and putting my hand in my pocket, found that I had left my money in my other clothes. I went back and got my pocket book. When I came into the road again, I saw two Irishmen who told me that they were out of money, and were going to Illinois to work at harvesting. I gave each of them one dollar, and told them if they would wait until the cars arrived, I would pay their passage, and that I was going to St. Louis myself. This they refused to do. They said I had helped them enough already and started off down the track on foot. That was the first time I ever knew an Irishman to refuse money when he was hard up. I went into a grocery and got a box of sardines, some crackers and beer for my breakfast. This was about eight years ago; but I remember every thing that passed, as well as if it were but yesterday. The train arrived about ten o'clock, or at least, that was the first train that stopped at that station, and I took passage for St. Louis. I had now about eight hundred dollars, and I thought that was enough to obtain Ella with. Then I thought I would give up burglary forever and go to De Soto, get Ella away from her other lover—buy a farm some where, and be an honest man the rest of my life. But again I was disappointed. The day after I got in St. Louis I went to S. I have said that Thomas Carter was the means of influencing my life to a certain extent.—When I arrived in S. he was there. I had seen him in S. several times—I made his acquaintance there. He had gained a great influence over me in some way, I do n't know how. I never liked him, he was mean and ugly, and if I had fifty dollars, I think he would have killed me to obtain it, if he could not have what he wanted without. Still at the same time, if he had told me to kill my best friend, I believe I should have done it. He often asked me to lend him money and I always gave him more than he asked for. He never returned any of it, and I should not have taken it if he had offered to. At times I fairly hated him—not him, but what

he said and done. At one time he saw his wife riding in a buggy. He stopped her, and without any cause, took the whip out of the buggy and whipped her with it. And there were several other things that he done, that I hated him for, or, as I said, not him but what he done. He had me completely under his control while I was with him. There was a kind of fascination about him that I could not resist—perhaps some one can explain it, I can't. I said that when I arrived in S. he was there, out of money as usual. I gave him twenty dollars, then he wanted to see how much money I had, and I showed it to him. He then said: Why, we have got money enough to buy a grocery with. I will go to the store and get a pair of pants, and then we will go and buy F's. grocery. He then went to a store and got a pair of pants and came back, and then wanted me to go right off and buy the grocery. (The reader will notice that in speaking of my money, he used the term *we*, as he would have done if he had as good a right to it as I had myself.) I told him I did not want any grocery. He then wanted to know where I got so much money—what I was going to do with it—and where I was going. He did not know that I cared any thing for Ella, nor that I had seen her that spring. I did not want him to know it, so I told him that I was going to Chicago. He said, well let's go to Chicago and we will start in the morning. To this I consented, for I thought that when we got there I could give him the slip, and he would be so far away that he would never get back. He spent part of the money I gave him for clothes, and the rest for whisky, before bed time, and came to me for more. I gave him another twenty, and back he went again and staid there all night. When I came down in the morning he was playing cards, and was not very drunk. After breakfast we started for Chicago. Our route lay through the town of R., where we arrived about half past eleven, and sat down in the porch of the hotel to wait for dinner. We had been there but a few minutes when a man came to Carter and told him that he was authorized to request him to leave town by three o'clock. Carter told him he would be g—d d—d if he would. I asked him if he had not better go, and he said no, now I will wait until morning. I liked his spunk, and told him I would stay and see it out. He went down to an old house and sat down in a corner and said, right here, by God, I die, and right there he did die. At about half-past three o'clock, about forty or fifty men, about all there were in the place, come marching down the road, some with rifles on their shoulders, some with shot guns, some with pistols and some with clubs. They surrounded the house, and a lot of them rushed into the door. Carter fired

two shots with his revolver at them, when there were three or four balls fired into him, killing him instantly. I do n't believe Carter tried to hit any of them, for if he had, he could not have missed them; but he thought if he fired at them, they would think him reckless, and let him alone. I then determined that if I ever fired at a man, I would shoot with the intention of killing him. But that was not the last of the fracas. They searched him, and found ten or twelve dollars with him. They knew that he had no money, as a general thing, and seeing me come there with him, they supposed that I gave him the money, and told me to go with them. They took me up into the Temperance Hall, and told me to sit down. Soon after, one of them asked me where I lived, and I told him in S. What is your name? I told him. How long have you known Carter? About two years. Did you give him money? No. Has he been a gambling? I do n't know. Is that your satchel he had? No. Where did he get that revolver? I do n't know. Now I knew all these things. I gave him the money; the satchel was mine. There was nothing in it but clothes, and I had no reason to deny it. But I would not satisfy them by owning it. Carter was a gambler by profession, and that was the reason of their asking me if he had been playing. After they asked me those questions, they searched me and took my watch and pocket book, and told me to sit down again. There was but very little more said to me that afternoon. At night they took me to a hotel, where I got supper, then took me back to the Temperance Hall. They kept me there until about eleven o'clock, that night. Then they took me out in the woods and told me to sit down. I sat down on the ground, and they began to question me about a gang of counterfeiters. I knew nothing about any counterfeiters, and told them so. They then told me to get up. I got up. Take off your coat! I took that off. Take off your vest! I took that off. Take off your shirt! I refused, and a man came up and took it off for me and tied a rope 'round my hands and then to the limb of a tree—then cut a whip and struck me ten blows. Then they stopped to question me about the crunterfeiters. I denied knowing any thing about them. He cut another whip and whipped a while longer, and then stopped to question me again. They kept at it in that way until they concluded that I either did not know any thing about the gang, or would not tell, if I did know. Then they took me back to the Temperance Hall, at about three o'clock in the morning. After I was brought back, a person came to me and told me that the citizens supposed that Carter belonged to a gang of counterfeiters, and they took me to be one of his accomplices.

who had been off on a tour, and came back and divided proceeds with him. He also said that Carter would lie around town and drink whiskey—and was getting their boys in the habit of drinking; and that they had been trying for some time to get some thing against him to get him in jail, but could not, so they had ordered him to leave town, but did not anticipate such a result. This man further said to me, that he was not out with the men who whipped me, and he was very sorry they were so severe with me—and that if he had known it, he would have objected to it.

Now Carter had been staying there some that summer, and the winter before, but I was a perfect stranger there, one whom they knew nothing about. I had never injured any of them, and they had no right to whip me. I had never been there before, and at this time I only stopped to get my dinner. I should have gone on soon, if I had been let alone. They robbed me of my watch, which was worth with the chain, two hundred dollars, and they also robbed me of three-hundred and twenty dollars of my money. Now these men were all temperance, church-going men, and did they think to make a better man of me, by whipping me until I was nearly dead? and then robbing me of my watch and money, when I had never wronged any of them. Even the women and children laughed and jeered, and hallowed after me, as I left town. The men told me that the way of the transgressor was hard, and they would do all they could to make it so. And did they think to make a better man of me in that way?—if they did, they were seriously mistaken. While I walked along the road that morning, thinking over how I had been treated, whipped until I was nearly dead—robbed by those honest, church-going men, I planned my revenge as follows: I would go to that place some time in the cold winter, on a windy night, and get hay or straw, and put it against the houses in such a way, that by setting fire to it, I would burn the whole town. I thought I would pour oil over the sides of the houses so as to make a sure thing of it, and then set the whole town on fire in the night; and I am very sorry that I cannot live to carry out the plans I then formed. Previous to this time, I had never robbed a house of any thing, except money and watches. Carter often took coats, shawls and other clothing, and would carry them off into the woods, and hide them. He said it was safer for a robber to do so, for the reason that people would be looking for these things, which they would identify; and oftentimes a thief might not be suspected, because none of the clothing taken at the same time, would be found on any one. I objected to this formerly, because I thought if I got their money, it was enough, without carrying off, or

destroying, or throwing away any thing, which could do us no good. But my whipping had driven from my breast all care or sympathy, which I thought I had for any person; and as I walked along the road that morning, after I had been whipped, I determined that I would make my persecutors (or some others, I cared very little who) feel as bad as I did that morning, and I have often done it. I had intended to go to DeSoto, but I was afraid Ella might hear of my adventure in R., and if so, I could not look her in the face; but I finally concluded that if she should hear that a person was whipped there, she would not know it was me. I concluded to go on to DeSoto, and there was no one in DeSoto who knew me, except Williams' family. I took the cars and went there, but when I got to the house my courage failed me; I felt sure that she would hear of the matter in some way. It was evening, and I approached the window and looked in; I saw Ella sitting at the table reading a book which I had previously given her, but I could not muster courage enough to go in, so I took my last silent look at my loved Ella, and breathing a whispered "good bye," turned back to the station and took the cars for Chicago. I then concluded to go home and see my folks, after which I would start out on a different kind of an expedition from what I had ever tried. When I got home, my folks asked me where I had been, and what I had been doing. I replied that I had been steamboating on the western lakes and rivers. They said my hands were very soft and delicate for a laboring man. I then told them I had been sick a while, and just recovered. I staid there but a few days, and then went to New York. I there saw some boys I had known before I went west, and I spent the rest of my money with them; then it became necessary to make a raise of money, and without telling any one that I was going away. I started up the Hudson River Railroad on foot, with just twenty-five cents in my pocket, the last of the eight-hundred and twenty dollars that I had, not more than two weeks before. I stopped at nearly all the towns I came to, but did not get any thing; and when I got up to Poughkeepsie, I had sold every thing I had that would sell, in the morning after I arrived there, I started out into the country to see if could not do better. This was Sunday morning. I went out back from the river, and just as I got fairly out of town I met an old negro and asked him, "What is the name of the town on ahead of me, I have forgotten it?" He answered, "Union." "Yes, Union," said I. "How far is it?" "About two miles," said he, and I passed on. That was just what I wanted to find, a little town about two miles from the railroad, so that after doing my work there I could walk to the station and take the cars before daylight.

This town of Union, or Union Corners, as I afterwards learned it was called, was comprised of a hotel and a few farmers or mechanics' houses, forming a little huddle. I staid about in the lots picking blackberries until night, then went to a farmers' house and got into the kitchen window, then into the buttery to get something to eat—the first thing I found was a piece of cheese, and was looking for something else when I heard some one walking towards the house. He was too close to the house for me to get out before he would get to the house, so I put a bold face on the matter and met him on the porch. He said, "Good evening, sir." I replied, and then he asked, "How far is it to Union?" Now I supposed that he lived in that house and only asked this question to put me off my guard, so I answered him, "I do n't know." "Do n't know!" said he, "why I have been walking these two hours, and have asked several, and they said it was but a little ways farther, and I heard a noise in here and thought I would come in and inquire the way." I thought it strange if he had heard any noise in there, for I had eaten nothing that day except some blackberries, a cucumber and an onion, and I was very hungry, and had been very careful about making any noise in there, for fear I would have to leave without my supper—and I supposed still that he belonged there, and was playing upon me; and having the piece of cheese still in my hand, standing on the porch and he just at the edge of it about four feet from me, I raised the hunk of cheese to strike him with it, when he jumped back off the porch and then I ran away. I waited about an hour, and then went to the hotel and made my entrance into one of the windows of the dining room, went through the hall and opened the front door, and then proceeded to examine the house. The only persons I found below were the landlord, as I supposed, and his wife and child, in a room near the foot of the stairs. I did not go in that room, but I heard a child cry and heard a man and woman talking—so I kept quiet until all was still, and then went up stairs. There was a bed at the head of the stairs with one man in it whom I took to be the ostler. I searched his pockets and found no money. I opened a door into a room which had three beds, one each side of the door as I went in, and one across the room at the opposite side with a man in each bed. The moon gave light enough that I could see quite plainly in the room. The pants belonging to the two men near the door hung upon the bedposts—I examined them and found no money, I could not see the pants of the man in the other bed, so I passed across the room to the bed—then I could not see them, and concluded he must have money or he would not have taken pains to conceal his pants. I thought they must be folded up and placed under

his head—and I was afraid to try to get them for fear of waking him, and I stood and considered my chances of escape if I should happen to wake him and he should give an alarm. There were two men between me and the door of the room, one at the head of the stairs, and the landlord near the foot of the stairs, and at this time I had nothing to defend myself with, not even a pocket knife. But I determined to try it, and I succeeded. I took his pocket book and left the room, went down stairs and out on the porch without disturbing any one. I counted the money and found there was one hundred and nine dollars of it, all on the bank of Poughkeepsie. I have been thus particular in giving the details of this transaction, because green as I was in the business then, I think there are very few who would have dared the same under similar circumstances. I went back to Poughkeepsie before daylight and took a train for Albany. I bought a revolver in Albany and then started for Buffalo—stopping at several places on the way to pick up any money I could find lying around loose. I got into Buffalo with about five hundred dollars. From Buffalo I went by steamboat to Cleveland, then to Detroit. From Detroit I started off on foot through the country and came to the Michigan Central Railroad at Kalamazoo. I walked a part of the distance and rode in the stage some. I traveled several days without meeting with any adventure worthy of notice, when one day I saw a house ahead of me and thought I would stop there for a drink of water.—There was a rail fence in front of the house, and just before I got opposite the house there was a gap in the fence and a path to the house. I followed the path and was just at the door before any one saw me. The door was partly open, and just inside sat two girls facing each other and not very modestly employed. They jumped up and screamed, and before they could recover from their confusion I drew a revolver and demanded a surrender. They were very much frightened and retreated into a bed room—I pursued, and to use military language, took them prisoners. I ordered them to sit down on the bed, and then inquired where their father and mother were. I found out by questioning them that the parents of one of the girls had gone to Grand Rapids and would not be back until night, and the other was a neighbor's girl who was staying there for company. The children had gone to school and the girls were having a good time by themselves. There were only three rooms below, viz: kitchen and two bedrooms. I asked the girl who lived there where her father kept his money. She said in the bureau, and that the bureau was locked. I told her that perhaps I had a key that would open it. I opened the drawer and found about three hundred dollars, which I

confiscated and put in my pocket. I staid with the girls nearly all the afternoon; they got over their fright and became quite sociable and got supper and I took some with them, and when I left they both urged me not to tell how we became acquainted. I never learned how the girl accounted to her father for the loss of the money. At Kalamazoo I took the cars for Chicago, and there took the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad to St. Louis, and then worked my way back through the country to Chicago, where I arrived about the first of November, with about sixteen hundred dollars. When speaking of Thomas Carter, I said he was a gambler by profession, and he was a skillful one, but liked whiskey too well. I had taken lessons of him in gambling and at this time thought myself pretty good at it. I staid in Chicago the winter following my arrival there at this time; and I passed away the time as a general thing by reading novels in the daytime and going to the theater in the evening. Sometimes I would go to a saloon and play poker a while—generally kept pretty quiet; but managed to spend the most of my money by spring, the girls in Chicago getting their share of it. In the spring I went to Rock Island, then down the Mississippi to Hannibal, and then took the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, stopping by the way to make a raise occasionally, and arrived at St. Joseph about a month after leaving Chicago, with about twelve hundred dollars. After staying there awhile I thought I would try a new mode of traveling, and bought a skiff and made preparations to go down the Missouri river in that. I got a piece of cloth and put a string on it in such a manner, that I could tie it over my face and conceal my features, having some eyeholes in the cloth through which I could see. I got a boiled ham and a box of crackers, and fixed a box in the stern of my skiff in which to carry my store of provisions. When I was about to start, a large, red-headed, shabbily dressed man inquired of me where I was going. I replied that I was going down the river to St. Louis. He asked, "May I go down with you?" I said I had rather go alone. He then asked if I would let him go down as far as Leavenworth City. I told him I would; so he got in, and I shoved off. He soon asked to take the oars, and I consented; and instead of pulling the oars, he let the skiff float, and began conversation by inquiring of me as follows: "What makes you go down in this way?" I replied, "For the fun of it." "Could n't you go cheaper in a steamboat?" "I do n't know." "What do you generally work at?" "Almost any thing that comes handy." "If a man will keep his eyes open, he will get along well enough. I have had a good deal of money in my

time, have n't you?" "Not a great deal." "How much did you ever have at one time?" "About sixteen-hundred dollars." "Well, is n't that a great deal?" "I do n't call it so." "Where did you get so much money?" "I picked it up at different places and in different ways." "I thought so, and I often thought this would be a good way to travel." "Then why did n't you try it?" "I had no one to go with me, and a fellow had not ought to go alone." "I think he had, if he goes at all. If he goes alone, there will be no one to blow on him." "No, but it is dangerous to go alone." "It is dangerous if you are not alone." "Yes, I know it is, but then a fellow has more courage if there is some body with him, I know I do, do n't you?" "No." "What do you do, are you any thing on the crop?" "What is that?" "Why, it is only another name for burglarly." "I have tried it a little." "I thought so; but are you not afraid to enter a house in the night, alone?" "No." "Suppose some one should get up in the house and head you off, so you could not escape?" "Well, then I should do the best I could." "Suppose some one was to come home when you were in a house, and you had no one outside to watch, a person would be on to you before you knew it." "When I am in a house, I do n't intend to let any one come in, nor any one get out of bed without my knowing it; and if any man attempts to head me off, then the best man wins the day." "Would you shoot?" "I do n'd know; I never have as yet." "I guess you would; I know I would, and I like this way of traveling, so let us go on together, and then if one of us gets nabbed, the other can help him out; and if it comes to a fight, two is better than one." "I have generally traveled alone, and I think I am able take care of myself, but if you want to go with me, you can try it for a while." "Well, I will, for I am out of money and want to make a raise; and I don't like to go alone. Have you got any money?" "Yes, I have got a little." "Well, then we had better pull down 'till we get to some town and stop and get some dinner." I showed him the provisions I had in the skiff. "Well," said he, "You are well prepared, ain't you? I like this." And at it he went, as if he had not eaten any thing for a week; and he was about such a fellow as I expected he was: too lazy to work, too cowardly to steal, in short, such a person as would lie around, and watch for some opportunity to beat some country boy out of his handkerchief or pocket knife, or the few cents he might happen to have, or any thing else. When we got to Leavenworth City, we pulled ashore and stopped. Then, as before, he was full of plans, telling me what to do, and what he would do. He said, "You must go into the house, and I will watch outside, and if any one comes

I will whistle." "What good will that do?" said I. "It will let you know that some one is coming." "Yes, it will let some one know that I am here, and if you did not whistle, and was not seen by any person, they would probably go by without seeing, or discovering any one. No, there is no use in any one watching outside, I do n't believe in it; if you watch at all, you must go inside to watch, that is the place to watch, if any where." "Well, go in, and then I will follow you in." "No, you go in first, you know what I am, but I do n't know what you are. You must go in first, or I shall not go in at all." So I made him raise the window and go in, and then I went in after him. I went into the bed room and got the man's pants and pocket book; then I opened the bureau drawer with a key that I took from the woman's dress pocket; I found a purse in the drawer that contained some money. In all, we got about seventy-five dollars at this place. My comrade, Tom — (something he called his name) staid near the window where we got in, while I secured the plunder. We entered two other houses that night, and made a raise of about two hundred dollars for our night's work. We went back to our skiff, and pulled down the river a few miles, then up a creek, and lay there until the next night. We got nothing this night; and the next morning we pulled ashore and tied up, and ate our breakfast. After breakfast, Tom wanted to drop down below to a town, and stay there through the day. I wanted to stay where we were; I told him that I got the skiff to go to St. Louis in, and that I did not intend to stop at any place in the day time, until I got there. Well, said he, "I have as good a right to the skiff now as you have, and if you do n't want to go, you can stay where you are," and he took hold of the chain to let the skiff loose. I also took hold of it, and said to him, "Stay where you are, and let go of this chain; if you get to town, perhaps it will be the means of keeping us out of several hundred dollars, and when we get to St. Louis, we shall want money." But he had a little money then, and he wanted to go where he could get some whiskey. I tried to reason the matter with him, but he was determined to go, and said to me: "You let go of that chain!" "I will not." "You will not?" "If you knew me, you would n't say that, for I will shoot any man that crosses my path." "Will you?" "Yes I will! and if I should shoot you now, who do you suppose, would ever know it?" I put my hand in my pocket, took out my revolver and cocked it—and without another word, shot him through the head, killing him instantly. He saw me take the pistol out of my pocket and cock it, but he probably thought it only a threat. He had told me that if I knew him, I would

not have refused to let go of the chain of the skiff, but I think if he had known me better, he would not have threatened to shoot me. When I raised the pistol to his head without saying any thing, he began to think I was in earnest, and raised both hands to his face at the same instant I fired. I took the money out of his pockets, and rolled his body into the river, then shoved off and crossed the river. I lay there until near night, and then pulled down, until I got in sight of Kansas City. At night, I dropped down to the city and entered three or four houses, and in all that night, got only ten cents. The next money I got, was when I got to Lexington. At that place I raised fifteen hundred dollars, without any thing interesting taking place. A few nights after this, I was in Jefferson City. I arrived there about sundown, and dropped down below the city and pulled my skiff in some bushes and staid there till after dark, and then went up to the city. In looking around to select some good place to work at, I discovered a house where there was a dance, and at about eleven o'clock, I went back to the place, and they were just going home. I followed along after some of them, and saw a gentleman and lady go into a house. I went a little below there, and turned into an alley to watch. The man came out in about an hour. The lady came to the door, and said, "Good-night" and went to her room and went to bed. I waited about an hour longer, and entered the house through a parlor window, over a piano. I went to the room where I had seen the woman go with her light, and found her asleep—I found no one else below. This was a moonlight night and I had put my mask on before entering. After examining the house below, I went up stairs and opened a door where a man raised up in bed. I told him to lie down and keep still or he was a dead man. He laid down and I tied his feet together, tied one hand to the head board and the other to the bedstead on the other side, I then put a string around his neck and tied that to the head board. His wife had fainted from fright. I tied her hands together, then her feet. Then I struck a light and searched the bureau and found four thousand dollars, and in his pocket I found about fifty dollars and a gold watch. I then went into the other rooms, but found no one else there. I then went back and told the man that I was going down stairs and if I heard any noise from him I would come back and kill him. I put out the light and went down to the room where the young woman was a bed. She had been dancing and probably was tired, for she still slept soundly—so soundly at least that I tied her hands without waking her. Then I waked her up and she screamed and called, "Father." I told her to keep

still for her father could not help her, she asked, "Have you killed him?" I answered, "No, but I have tied him fast so he can't get away." I then undressed and went to bed. Many persons will not believe that I ever done this in a city; but it is true. I was reckless of consequences—for the taunts and jeers and scoffs of those women and children at R. were fresh in my memory, and I was reaping my revenge on whom I could. She was a very pretty girl about nineteen years of age, and informed me she was engaged to be married to the man who came home with her from the dance, and that her father was a drover. I slept longer than I intended, and found it was nearly day light and a man across the street splitting wood to kindle a fire with. Then I was a little scared, I dared not wait for him to go in, for more people would be up every minute, and perhaps the servants in the house would be getting up, (the servants were down in a cellar kitchen,) and I thought the best thing I could do was to get out of the way as soon as possible; so I walked boldly out, nodded my head to the man splitting wood and walked on until I turned a corner and then ran until I got to my skiff, then I got into it and pulled across the river and drew my skiff up into the bushes and went back into the woods some two or three miles and got into a large hollow tree. In the Western States it is nothing uncommon to find a large sycamore or button wood tree with a hollow large enough for a man to lie down in it. I lay there until night and then went back to the river. I could see the lights of the city and knew that I was too far down the river, and I was afraid that my skiff might have been discovered by some one who would be watching for me, so I approached the skiff very cautiously, but found it all right. I went on down to St. Charles—there I left the skiff and took a steamboat to St. Louis. This was about the middle of June, 1858, and that summer I had made over five thousand dollars, besides my expenses.

On Main street, and (I think,) near Elm street, there was a lager bier saloon with quite a large yard in front of the house, with several large trees in it, and tables under the trees for persons to sit and drink beer in the shade of the trees. The house had the appearance of having once been a private residence; I was in there one evening and saw quite a company of Dutchmen there. They had all been drinking enough to make them feel pretty good, and were talking, laughing and singing all together, and having a good time generally. One them took out a well filled pocket book to pay for beer, and took particular pains to show his money. I noticed a thousand dollar bill, one or two five hundreds, several one hundreds, some fiftys and twentys, and I deter-

mined to have it. I had never robbed a man's pocket when he had his pants on and I was afraid to try it; but I determined to try it, and to have it too. So I stepped out of the door and cocked my revolver and put it in my pants pocket and kept my hand on it, so that if any one should detect me in the act and attempt to arrest me I would level my pistol at the nearest man and trust to my pistol and legs to escape; but I got it without being discovered. I then went to my room at the Planters house and counted my money and found there was about three thousand and four hundred dollars, and I thought I would lay still a while. I passed the time as I did the winter before in Chicago. I would get up at nine or ten o'clock, take breakfast, one or two drinks, and go back to my room and read novels until I got hungry or till dinner or supper, as the case might be, and then go to the theater. Of course there was some variety in my manner of passing the time: sometimes I would ride out with the girls and then visit them in the evening, instead of going to the theater. I staid in St. Louis till about the first of September, and then took passage for New Orleans. When I got to Memphis I thought I would try an experiment. I handed a porter a quarter and said to him, "Put my trunk ashore!" at the same time tapping one with my foot. He took it up and put it on the wharf boat—a hackman put it on his back and I got in and went to a hotel and took a room, had the trunk carried up to my room and I opened and examined it—the contents indicated that it belonged to a planter, who lived in Natchez, and was returning home from St. Louis with his wife and another lady, as I afterwards learned by the account of the matter in the papers. The next day I went on for New Orleans and left the trunk at the hotel. Soon after arriving in New Orleans I went into a saloon on the levee and sat down. In a few minutes a man who appeared to be a laboring man came in, took a drink and paid for it and started to go out. The landlord asked him to pay what he owed him. The man said he would when he got the money, but had no money now. The bar tender then told the landlord that the man had money. At that the landlord asked him again, "Will you pay me what you owe me." He replied, "I have not got any money now, but will pay you as soon as I can get it." Then the landlord struck him a blow under the chin and laid him senseless on the floor, then searched his pockets and did not find a cent. The landlord turned to the bar tender and said, "I thought you said he had money." The bar tender replied, "He did have a little while ago." I thought it pretty cool to knock a man down in a public bar room in the middle of the day, with the doors

wide open, and search him for money. I went from there to another saloon. I do n't remember the exact place, but it was a short distance from the levee. There was quite a crowd in there, and three or four card tables. Four men were sitting at one of them playing bluff, or poker as it is called, at twenty dollars ante—each one had a pile of money before him and they were betting high. One of them bet one thousand dollars on a full hand—two of the others threw up their hands, and the other was going to throw up, when the one with the full hand said, "Come, come, put up, and lets make a stir." He then put up a thousand dollars, and a full hand won it. They all appeared to be strangers there, but acquainted with each other, and pretended to have just come from California. I heard several persons speak of them, and it was suspected that they were thieves, and had stolen their money. I called there a few evenings after, and one of them asked me to play. I sat down and we played a pretty strong game, for he would not play for less than ten dollars ante, and I had lost about one thousand dollars, when I discovered that he was playing marked cards upon me. I said nothing about that, but got up to quit the game. He objected, and I told him as I was the looser I had a right to quit the game when I pleased. "O, certainly!" said he, "Come and take something?" I drank with him and went out and stood on a corner, where I could see him when he came out, which he did about eleven o'clock. I followed him two or three blocks, and there being no one in sight, I walked up within a few feet of him, and shot him in the back—he fell on his face and I rolled him over, took his pocket book and money belt from him, and then returned to my hotel. Now I did not kill this man because I was in want of money, but because he had cheated me; for a thing of that kind, most men are willing to take it out in fight, but when a man wrongs me, I want to kill him. I got about two thousand dollars from this man, besides what he won of me. I staid in New Orleans about two weeks, and went up to Napoleon; there I got acquainted with one Wm. Smith, a poor, ragged, half starved, drunken fellow, laying around the saloons most of the time, begging for whiskey from every one whom he saw drink. I had never taken any notice of him until one day as I was standing in the door of a saloon with another man, a girl passed the saloon, and I said, "There goes a d—d pretty girl." "Yes," said he, "That is Smith's daughter. "The hell it is; Smith, is that your daughter?" "Yes," said he. "Well," said I, "She's a d—d pretty girl, what is her name?" He said, "Mary." I said, "Come, take a drink. Come boys, let's drink the health of Mary Smith." We all drank, and

then some of the others treated, Smith drinking his glass full every time, and by night he had as much as he could carry. I found out very nearly where he lived, and just after he started for home, I went around a square or two, and came out ahead of him. He soon came staggering along, and I took hold of his arm to steady him. I went home with him, which was about a mile up the river. I told his wife that I saw her husband, and was afraid he would fall into the river, so I helped him home. She was very much obliged to me, and asked me to sit down. I sat down and looked about the room. There was a bed in the corner, a table and four or five chairs in the room, the most of them broken, and some other things in the room to correspond. Mrs. Smith was about thirty-five years of age, and Mary I learned, was sixteen. They were dressed poorly, but looked clean and tidy, and appeared to keep themselves and house as nice and clean as they could. Smith had partially recovered from the effects of his whiskey at this time, and wanted some supper. His wife asked him, "Where will you get it?" He replied, "I will get it here." She then went to the cupboard and got a piece of corn bread and brought it to him, and said, "That is all the supper you will get here to-night—you ought to get your supper where you get your whiskey." "Well," said he, "You need not scold me to-night, scold Henry, for he got me drunk to-day." "No," said I. "I only treated you once, and you was sober then." "Well," said he, "You drank Mary's health, and then every body had to treat." "Well, every body did not drink their glass full, as you did. When a man finds he has got enough, he ought to stop; and as to drinking to Mary's health, I do n't think there is any harm in that, if there is, I did not mean any." "No, there is no harm in it, but I was a telling the old woman how I came to get tight. You drank to Mary's health, and that got the boys started, and they all had to treat." The next day, Smith was in town again, as usual, and I gave him a coat, a pair of pants, and at night, as he was going home, I gave him two dollars, and told him to go in a store and get some flour and meat, to take home for supper; he asked me to go home with him, but I refused. The next day I got him drunk without his knowing that I had anything to do with it. I went home with him at night, and after I got home with him, I gave him a severe lecture about being drunk all the while. Mrs. Smith said she would ask me to take supper with them if she thought I could eat such things as they had, and Mary said she thought I had a right to it, as it was bought with my money. So I sat up and took supper with them, that is, I ate some of the meat, and bread that was made of the flour bought with my

money, and that was all we had for supper; no butter, no tea or coffee. I told Mary that her father did not appear to like the corn bread when I was there before; and as he had not drank much the day before, I thought he would be hungry and want something else for supper, and that as he got it where he did his whiskey, they ought not refuse to cook it for him. They said they were very much obliged to me for it, and for the clothes I had given him, and if he would work, he could get enough to eat and to wear, but that he would do nothing but lay around the grocery. Smith said that he couldn't get work. His wife said he could get work, if he wanted it. I told him that a man ought to know enough to take care of himself, but could not if he was drunk; and that a man that would make a practice of getting drunk, was not fit for any thing, and any man that would lay around a grocery drunk, and let his family go hungry and ragged, was not fit to live; and that if he would promise me that he would not drink any more, I would give him five dollars to start on. He promised me, and I gave him the money and told him he could be as much of a man as any body, if he had a mind to; and that he had decent clothes now, and five dollars to keep his family in something to eat, until he could earn more. Then I asked the woman if I might send her and Mary something, for each of them a new dress. She said she did not care, if I had a mind to do so. So the next night I sent each of them a new dress, and told the bar-tender to let Smith have all the whiskey he wanted the next day, and that I would pay for it; and if Smith did not ask for it, to treat him occasionally, but not let Smith know that I paid for it. In this way I kept Smith drunk most of the time, without being suspected by him or his family; and whenever I had an opportunity, I would give him a regular lecture in presence of his wife, for getting drunk every day. And sometimes, when he was sober and by himself, I would tell him that he ought to have more control over himself. At such times he would promise not to get drunk any more—but the first time the bar-tender, or any one else, offered to treat, he would drink until he got drunk, if he could get enough; and I knew he would. So I gained my point. I won the entire confidence of the family, for I wanted to possess Mary. And in about a month after this, I started with Mary for New Orleans, to be married, at least so I told her, and she believed every word of it. In short she believed all I told her, and was perfectly contented on the way down the river, but when we got there and did not marry, she began to feel uneasy, and to cry, but did not once upbraid me, or ask me if I was going to marry her. She asked me once, when we first got there, when we

would be married, and I told her I did not know. I went down there with her to enjoy myself through the winter, and I could not do it when she was sad and melancholy; and I hated to see her unhappy, so I married her to make it all right with her. She sent a copy of the marriage certificate home, and I sent her mother one hundred dollars. Mary was herself again then; and when I got her dressed up to suit my fancy, she was so happy that she did not know what to do with herself. She had never been in a large city before, and every thing was new to her, and she liked the theater as well as I did. In the spring, in March, we returned to Napoleon, and I told her I was going to St. Louis, but would not be gone long, and she had such perfect confidence in me that I did not have the heart to leave her destitute, so I gave her five hundred dollars. If I had staid with Mary, I should have had just as kind and loving a wife as any man could have. But Mary was not Ella. I have never seen or heard from Mary since. I went up the river to St. Louis, from there to Chicago, and from there to New York. Then I went back again to Albany. On my route up I stopped off some where between Poughkeepsie and Hudson—I do not now recollect the name of the place—I went to a house in the night and entered by a window. I then went into a bedroom and found persons awake there, and a man asked, "Who is there?" I said, "I am here and I want your money and you had better keep still." I heard him feeling for something and I thought he was trying to strike a light, and I told him if he struck a light I would shoot him. He said he was not going to strike a light. I heard him open a drawer and then heard the click of a pistol. It was very dark in the room, and I could not see enough to tell where he was exactly, and I knew if I fired and did not drop him, that the flash of my pistol would reveal me to him, and then he would be the best man. His wife begged of me to go away, and also she begged of her husband to give me his money, and for God's sake not to kill any body. I wanted him to shoot first, and I think he wanted me to shoot first. I had stooped down behind the foot of the bed and he spoke to me but I did not answer. I had my head just high enough to see the flash of his pistol if he should fire, but he did not shoot, and there we remained some minute or two, neither daring to shoot, for fear of missing and thus revealing himself to the other. So I crept very still out of the bed room into the other room, and went out of the window without even knowing what kind of a looking customer I had been dealing with.

I went from Albany towards Buffalo, on the Central Railroad, and was finally arrested for burglary and sent to Auburn

for five years. This was in 1859. Having changed clothes and got on the convict's dress, I was taken to a work shop and told to sit down. Soon after a man whom I afterwards learned was a relief keeper, asked me my age, and I told him I was twenty-one. "Ah, you got into bad company did you? Well we will make a man of you here." We will soon see how they intended to make a man of me, and how well they succeeded. Soon after another man came in and set down at a desk and motioned me to come to him. I went up to the desk and he said, "Take off your cap." I took it off. "What is your name?" I told him. "How old are you?" I told him twenty-one. "Have you ever been in prison before?" "No." "Well, I guess you won't find it as bad a place as you think for, if you behave yourself." "I intend to behave myself." "Yes, I guess you do, and when a keeper speaks to you, or you speak to a keeper you must take off your cap, and if you want to speak to a convict, fetch him up to my desk and I will give you permission to talk with him here where I can hear what you say; but you must not speak to a convict without permission. Do you chew tobacco?" "Yes, sir." He gave me a plug and told me to sit down. Soon after a foreman came and set me to work. The keeper and foreman evidently thought I was some honest country boy who had been led into a scrape; and I have been generally taken for a quiet, green, country chap. Even the convicts set me down for a greenhorn; but before I came away they made up their minds that I was not so green as they thought I was. I discovered that the keepers, some of them, would induce certain convicts to play the spy on others, and then show them some favors, such as speaking without permission, or without taking off their cap when speaking to a keeper, &c. There is in every shop such men who will knuckle to their keepers and get on their knees and kiss the feet of the man who has whipped them, and then play the spy on others to get them punished. I have also witnessed some very barbarous treatment of the prisoners when they were not to blame, by drunken keepers and foremen. And the treatment that the convict generally receives has a tendency to sour his nature and disposition towards all mankind, and in nine cases out of ten he comes out of prison a great deal worse than when he went in. He knows when he comes out, that he must always wear the name of convict, and having been associated in prison with old offenders, has learned from them all the arts and schemes of burglary, robbery, theft, &c. Then when he comes out he finds the door of respectable society closed against him, and naturally becomes more of a criminal than ever before. I think there should be some other place of

reformation for the young offenders, though I am in favor of a prison for drunkards, kept just as Auburn prison was when I was there, and if the example of some of the drunken keepers and foreman that I saw, did not disgust them so they would leave off themselves, I would say they were incurable. How it sounds to hear the chaplain preach about love, and mercy, and forgiveness, when there is no such thing for the convict. Who ever knew a convict to be forgiven, unless he was one of their convict spies. I thought it was a one sided doctrine when I heard it, and I thought the chaplain had better teach that to the people outside, before he taught it to us. And one time after I had a difference of opinion with a keeper and had been taken back to my cell, as I lay there brooding over my wrongs and thinking of the tyranny of that institution, sustained as it was by the people of the State of New York, I determined if I ever lived to get out, the rest of my life should be devoted to revenge, and convict should be my name, and that name should be known all over the United States. I formed a plan in my mind to go to the house of some prominent man, tie the parents in their bed, bring in the children and kill them before their parents eyes, then I would cut a slice of flesh from one of the children and build a fire in the stove and roast it and eat it before their eyes, and swear eternal enmity to all mankind; then murder his wife and leave him to mourn over his wrongs, and leave my name, "convict," there. I formed other plans equally as horrid as this while I was suffering there. But when I came out and found the country involved in war, everything was so different that I in a measure pursued other plans; but never for a moment forgot my thirst for revenge. When I was discharged from prison I almost thought they had made a mistake and let out the wrong man. But when I got on the cars for Buffalo I said, "Good bye Auburn, I have been in prison for the last time." Soon after I came across the the following lines, and they accorded so well with my feelings that I copied them:

"For time at last sets all things even;
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

I said to myself, "That is true, the time has now come for me to act, and I will play a lone hand. I will never be arrested again, and if any one attempts to arrest me I will draw my revolver and fight it out on the spot." These were my thoughts as I rode along to Buffalo. About a week after I

arrived in Buffalo I got about eight hundred dollars out of a substitute broker's pocket. The next job I done was on the night of the fourth of July, 1864. After the fireworks I went out to see what I could find. I went to several houses but got nothing. I went to another house and shoved up a window, got in on a bed, and then off that on to the floor. In a few minutes a woman raised up in bed and looked at the open window. I knew by the looks of things they were poor; but I considered rich and poor both enemies of mine, for the rich offer rewards and the poor are always anxious to obtain them, so I had as much to fear from the poor as the rich. And while she was looking at the window I struck her with a club and knocked her senseless. I looked through the house to see if any one else was there, but found no one. Came back and found her recovering and struck her two or three times more, and then searched the house. I found two trunks and turned the contents of one of them on the floor, but found nothing in it that I wanted. The other bothered me some in opening, and I set it out of doors. I then took the lamp and poured kerosene oil on the contents of the trunk and set it on fire. The woman had partially recovered again and asked, "Who be you? Say, who be you?" I answered by drawing my knife across her throat, but did not cut it so that it bled much. There was a nice light in the room by this time, and fearing some one would see it and come there, I carried the other trunk off aways and broke it open. I found a little box in it, and in the box was a ten dollar gold piece and five dollars in scrip. I then went back to see how the fire was getting along. There was no one in sight, so I went in. The fire was going on nicely, and the room was full of smoke. The woman had crawled to the back door, and lain down on the floor. I took hold of her to draw her back where she was before, but concluded she could not get up to open the door, and that the fire would soon reach her, so I left her. I afterwards learned that she did open the door and crawled out of the house. This was in the western part of the city. I went around the city to the eastern part, and in a little while after I left the house, I could see the fire burning nicely. Many persons have built similar fires, but I do not believe any one enjoyed the sight as well as I did that night. The next day I went to Rochester; there I got a map of this State, and a pocket compass, then went on to Syracuse and back to Buffalo. From Buffalo I went up the Lake Shore Railroad to Erie. Then I went to Corry and Meadville; there I got a map of the State of Pennsylvania, and went on to Franklin. At night I went a little out of town and went into an unfinished building and laid down

until it was time to commence work. I had been there but a short time, when two men came in. I asked them if they had come to take lodgings with me. One of them said "Yes," that they had come from Pittsburg, and had no money. I told them I had some crackers in my satchel, and they were welcome to them, if they wanted them. They ate them, and we laid down to sleep. Their coming spoilt that night for me, and in the morning I paid for their breakfast and gave them a dollar apiece and was just going to part with them, as one them saw his brother and introduced me to him. He worked in a brick-yard and was just going to his work, and asked us to go down with him. So we went, and in a short time he sent for a bottle of whiskey. I said good bye to them, and went back to town. Soon after, I started for Titusville, and when just out of town, when I saw the three boys playing euchre under a tree, and drinking their whiskey. They called me, and I went and drank and played a while, and soon they got to talking about a raise that they made once; and the brother that lived there, said that he knew of two places where we could make a good raise—one in Oil City, and the other in Tionesta, and he wanted me to go with them and get it. I agreed, and we started for Oil City, but disagreed on the way; he wanted to have his way, and I wanted mine. He wanted to try that in Oil City first, and I wanted to try the other first. He finally consented. So we went to Oil City to look around a little, to see how that was situated, and then go to Tionesta. The two brothers had a good deal of privacy during the day, and at night they said they were going to Oil City to raise that. So the brothers went off and left the other fellow with me. We went back to Franklin during the night, and arrived there in the morning. I found the fellow to be only a poor, green country boy and I felt very sorry for him; so I gave him two dollars and left him, for I did not want any one with me. At night I left Franklin and started on the same route I had laid out before I went to Oil City, that is, across the country to Titusville. I went two miles perhaps, and stopped at a house and got through the back door and went into the bed room, and got a pocket book out of a man's pocket, and a purse out of a coat pocket that hung up on the wall and was just going out when the wife woke up and told the husband there was someone in the room. He said, "No, I guess not." I had started to go out when she woke up, but now I concluded I would search the bureau. So when the man said "No, I guess not," I said, "Yes, there is, and if you want to live, keep perfectly still." He said, "I won't make any noise." I tied their hands and feet, and then searched the bureau, but found no money there. The man

was badly scared, but his wife was not frightened at all. While I was tying her hands, she said, "Well this is funny. I have heard of robbers, but never saw any before." The woman begged of me not to take the purse and money, as it was her market money. There was only five dollars in it, so I gave it back to her—purse and contents. Then she told me if I wanted to eat, I would find bread and butter and meat in the buttery, and milk in the spring house, and asked me to close the door, so that the cats could not get in. The man said if I had come a week sooner I would have got more money. I got something to eat, filled a bottle with milk and left. I got into Titusville the next day. I went into six or eight houses that night, and although Titusville is a lively speculating place, I only got about thirty dollars, a gold pencil and a silver watch. From there I went back to Corry, then to Erie. It was then about time for me to meet some boys in Cleveland, whom I had know in prison, and had agreed to meet. I went there and found them. They got a supply of counterfeit green backs, and wanted me to go with them. I told them I had rather be alone, but that we could appoint a time and place to meet again, so we could keep track of each other; so we agreed to meet in Harrisburgh, Penn. About the first of March, I got a piece of cloth for a mask, and some cord to tie persons with if necessary. I staid in Cleveland three days, and then started back for Buffalo. I was out all night in Painesville, Ohio, but got nothing. The next day I lay in the woods about a mile west of Painesville, and just at dark I crossed the railroad to the carriage road, and the first house I came to was a nice house with a porch in front, and windows on each side of the door, reaching to the floor. I went up to the windows and looked in and saw several persons in the room. I put on my mask and went in, and they were scared nearly out of their wits. I fired my revolver two or three times, but don't know as I hit any one; then as there was a house close by, I left without anything. When I left the house, I went a little ways and turned a corner, and took a road that I thought would lead back to the railroad; so I went into the corner of the fence and lit a match, shading it with my hat, and took my course for the railroad by my compass. I walked all night and lay in the woods the next day. I started on again just at dark, and got into Ashtabula about nine in the evening, and went into a saloon and got some cakes and beer. When the express came along I got on without any one knowing of it, and rode to Erie, without paying fare. From Erie I went to North East, and came to a house a little out of town, and looked in the window, and saw a woman and a girl about 18 years, I should think. When I thought it time for them all to

be asleep, I got into the kitchen, then went into the room where the old folks were, and found them awake. I told him I wanted his money. He asked "how much I wanted," I said "all I could get." He said, "well, get it then." I said, "that is just what I am going to do, but first I am going to tie you." He objected to that, and in spite of my threats tried hard to get hold of my revolver while I was tying him. I got him tied after a while, and then I tied a string around his neck, and then to the headboard. Then I lit a piece of candle which I carried for convenience, and searched his pants and the bureau. I found about \$100 and a silver watch. Then I went up stairs to the door of the girl's room and found it fastened. I gave the door a blow which woke her up and she asked "who is there, what do you want?" "I want money," said I. "There is no money in here" said she. "Well I want to see for myself." "Won't you touch me if I open the door?" Now I would not lie to her, for I did intend to touch her, and to sleep with her, so I said, "open the door or I will break it open." "Well wait a few minutes and I will open it" said she. I waited a few minutes and then again asked if she was going to open the door, she said "my clothes are all tangled up, and I am so frightened that I can't find any thing. I asked her again if she would open the door. "Wait one minute," said she. Then I heard the noise of a window, and I broke open the door. The window was up and the lady was gone. I ran down stairs and out under the window, but could not find her there. I looked about the grounds, then went back to her room, and then into every room in the house, and even into the cellar, but could find nothing of her. Then I went and looked over the grounds again, then up and down the road, thinking that she might have hurt herself in jumping from the window, so that she could not get far, but I could not find her. She told the truth when she said her clothes were all tangled up, for they lay on the floor in that condition. I heard afterwards, that she escaped into a swamp, and staid there till nearly noon, before she could get up courage enough to go back, with nothing on but her night clothes. From North East I went to Westfield and took car to Buffalo, then down the Central Railroad to Albany, then back to Syracuse, then to Binghamton, on the Erie Railroad, then back to Buffalo, then to Hornellsville and Elmira, and back to Buffalo, by the way of Canandaigua and Rochester. While I was in Buffalo, I made the acquaintance of a fellow whom I will call Ben Hoyt; he had been out between Buffalo and Hornellsville that summer, and said he knew of two places where a man could make a good raise, but that he did not like to go alone. I told him if he knew where it was, I would go with him and get it. He said that one of them was at

Lancaster, and the other was near Nunda, and that the money was in gold and silver, and that they always kept it in the house, and that the man at Nunda had taken \$100 in silver to the bank a few days before, and got greenbacks for it, and he thought the Nunda place the best one to try first. He said he had never been to the house, but could easily find it. He also said he did not know how many there were in the house. I said "that would make no difference if he was good for anything—let's go and take a walk by ourselves and talk it over." We went down by the lake shore and sat down, and I asked him how he worked it when he went into a house? He said, "why I get in the best way I can." I replied, "and if they wake up what do you do? Do you run?" "Yes, don't you?" "No, I never or very seldom wake them up on purpose; but if they do wake up, I either tie them or put them to sleep again." "What do you put them to sleep with?" "This," said I, showing my revolver. "But that would make a noise." "Well, what of that. It will not be as apt to draw the attention of any one as a person would by screaming; it makes a louder noise of course, but then it is all still again immediately." "Yes, that is so," said he, and I replied "I think the best way to do if they wake up is to tie them all, and then you can have every thing your own way. I always carry a string with me for the purpose, as it is so much handier than to have to look for something to tie with. Then he said, "but if you should be arrested, and that found with you, it would go hard with you." "Would it be any worse than that," said I, showing him my mask. "No, not so bad. What makes you carry such things with you?" said he. "Are they any worse than the money?" "Yes, but you had not ought to carry that." "What would I do with the money; throw it away?" "No, hide it somewhere." "And then perhaps never come back, or perhaps forget where I had put it." No, I shall never be arrested again. I have been to Auburn once and I know what it is. I know as well as you do, that a man couldn't do worse than to carry such things with him, but if any body attempts to arrest me, and I can't get away, I shall die there; and if they kill me, or if I kill myself, it won't make any difference what they find with me, and if I get away from them they won't know what I had with me, and if I should go to traveling with you, and at any time I should get wounded so that I can't get away, or you can't get me away, shoot me, and not leave me to be arrested, and if I go with you into either of those houses, I shall get the money if there is any there. There is no use in going into a house and then running away without getting anything. When you go into a house, go in as if the house and every thing in it was yours; if they wake up, walk right up to them boldly, and tell them what

you want, and what you will do if they don't do as you tell them to, and then if they don't do as you tell them, you should do to them as you said you would, and not run off like a cowardly dog, and you will soon be master there in reality and have every thing your own way." "Yes," said he, "but what if you should get nabbed?" "There is no use in getting nabbed, you have every advantage. You have time enough, or ought to have, to walk ten or fifteen miles before daylight, and then there is woods and barns on every side of you, or if there is a train that you can take before daylight, take it. No one has seen you enough to describe you, or if they have, shoot them. And another way I have been thinking about is to tie their hands behind them, gag them and lay them on the floor, and then tie every one's feet to the bed-post in their own room, then throw some clothing on their heads, pour kerosene oil over it and set it on fire, and when they are found in the morning no one will know but what the house took fire accidentally, for every one would be found near the place of their own room, and no marks on them but the marks of the fire. In that condition persons would not suspect it to be the work of burglars and robbers. "But every one would not have the courage to do that." "No, a man that would do that, would do any thing," said he. "Yes, but what if we do, we are enemies to all, or if we are not, they are our enemies, and what difference does it make how you injure an enemy, or how much you injure him." "It don't make any difference. I had just as lief shoot a man as not, if I thought I could get away," said he. "And if you can't get away you might just as well be executed for shooting a man as for burglary and robbery. They can send you to State Prison for ten years for burglary, and I had rather be hung than to go for ten years; and if you get into a house and tie the folks, and are caught, they will be likely to send you for life. So when I go into a house, and see any thing I want, I take it if I can get it; so if you go into a house and see a girl, or any thing else that you want, you might as well enjoy yourself, when you can, for if you are arrested, it won't be any worse for you." "Is that the way you do?" said he. "When I am in a house and see any thing I want, I take it, if I can get it." "Well, I believe you are about right; you might as well be hung for killing fifty men, as for one," said he. "Well, shall we start out on that expedition of yours?" "Why yes, that is what I want," said he. "Have you got a revolver?" "No," said he. "You will have to get one, I carry two." "Well, you can let me take one of yours," said he. "No, sir. I want them myself; have you got money do get one with?" "No," said he. "Well, I will get you one like mine—it is the best kind. I have tried a good many kinds,

but like Smith & Wesson's the best. They are always a sure fire, and are the easiest to load in the dark. And here, Ben, take some of this string, you may want it. Do you know how those places are situated, and where they keep the money?" "The woman in Lancaster keeps her mency in her bedroom. I know where that house is," said he. "Well I will get you a revolver and we will start in the morning, and go and find the place in Nunda." We then went back to the city, and I got him a revolver like mine, and in the morning we started for Nunda. When we got there, he got off on the back side of the cars and started back towards the crossing, and I followed to see where he was going so quick. He said he got off on the back side of the cars so that no one should see him, for "You see, I was here this summer, and there is some about here that would be likely to know me," said he. "Well, there is no use in my going with you now, is there?" "No," said he. "Where shall we meet?" said I. "Any where you say, only I don't want to come back here and stop, for fear I might be known," said he. "Well, be here to take the half-past eight o'clock train, for Hornellsville, to-night, and I will get your ticket," said I. This was agreed to, and he started. I went to the hotel near the station and got my dinner, and when it was about time for the train, I went to the depot and got two tickets for Hornellsville. I found him there at the depot, and asked him if he found the place. He said he did, and that it was all right. We went to Hornellsville and from there to Corning, and then back to Buffalo. The evening we arrived in Buffalo, we took the six o'clock train for Nunda. We got off before the cars stopped, and started for Devoe's house. In going, we passed three or four different persons in the road, and gave up the job for that night. We walked back to Portage Station and took the Baltimore express back to Buffalo in the night. About a week after this, we took the six o'clock train again for Nunda. We got off as before, and started for Devoe's, and before it was time to go in and do our work, it commenced to rain, and soon rained very hard.

The rain spoilt our work for that night, for we were intending to walk to Portage, and take the train at three or half past three in the night after committing the robbery. But we did not like to go and get on a train in the night all wet through and muddy, as we should have been, for it would look very suspicious, so we went into the barn and staid till morning, and then walked to Portage and took the train back to Buffalo. Then I told Ben that as we had met with such bad luck at Nunda, we would go and try that place in Lancaster; so we walked to Lancaster and passed the house. Ben said I could get in the best at the cham-

ber window; said there was no one down stairs but a woman and a boy, and no one up stairs but a girl, and that she slept at the east end of the house. So we looked around until we found a ladder, and placed it against the house. I put on my mask and went up the ladder, and opened the window, went in and then went down stairs. There was a roof of one part of the house that came up about even with the chamber window of the girl's room. So before I went in I told Ben that if the girl came out on this roof to shoot her, and when I got down stairs I went to open the sitting room door, and in doing so, I hit a bird cage and frightened the bird and it fluttered. The old woman heard it, and came in to see what was the matter. I stepped back out of sight, and pulled the door to. She looked around and seeing nothing went back, and as I went to open the door again, I hit against the same thing again. She then came back into the room looked around, and turned to go back again, without seeing me. I thought there was no use in waiting for her to go to sleep, as I should probably wake her in searching for her money, and that I might as well proceed. So I opened the door, and went into the room. When she saw me she sat the lamp on the table and screamed. I took her by the arm, and told her to stop her noise. She continued to scream, and I told her if she did not stop I would shoot her. Then she screamed louder than ever. I had told her if she did not stop, I would shoot her, and I always made my words good if possible. I held her by one arm, and fired, with the revolver but a few inches from her head. I thought the noise of the revolver would be less likely to alarm the neighbors than her screams. After I fired, I went out to see what Ben was doing. When I went out of the door somebody asked "What is the matter?" I looked up and saw two girls standing on the roof, and I told them to go in the house, or I would d—d soon tell them what was the matter. Ben had got up into the corner of the yard under some trees where he could not be seen. When I came out of the house he came and took hold of my coat and said, "Come let us be going." "And leave the money?" said I. "Yes, yes, the whole town will be after us," said he; and there he stood, frightened nearly to death, and trembling, as if the rope was already around his neck. One of the girls had disappeared from the roof, and I supposed she had got off the roof and gone to give an alarm; so we started and went out of the gate into the street, and turned the first corner—crossed the Erie Railroad and down to the Central Railroad. Then I said to him, "Well, you are a hell of a man for a burglar, you had better go to farming; any way, we part company here." "Why," said he, "Won't you go and try that place in Nunda again?" "No. I have seen enough of you. If you want to try that

place, you must get some one else to help you, for I won't have any more to do with you. Now you go whichever way you may chose, and I will go the other." He said "Good bye," and started towards Buffalo on a run. I went to Batavia—then I took the Erie Railroad.

Sixty miles from Batavia, on this road is Bloods Station. I mention this now, because it is connected with one of the circumstances which led to my arrest. I stopped at Bloods Station, and while there in a store, I saw that the store keeper had, as I thought, some seven or eight hundred dollars in his pocket book. I watched him, to see where he lived, and after I found that out, I started for Bath—staid there two or three days, and then went back to Bloods Station at night. I went to the house and listened at the windows. The man appeared to be asleep, but his wife was restless, and partially awake. I tried the fastenings of the house, and found that I would have to take out a window light. It was cold for the season, and to get it out without being heard by the woman I should have to cut it out with my knife, and that was a tedious job in a cold night; so I went back to Bath, thinking I would come and try him on some other time. From Bath I went to Corning, then to Hornellsville, to Salemanca, then to Corry, from there to Erie, and then to Dunkirk. There I got talking to a man, and after the civilities of the day had passed, he asked me if I was traveling. I said, "Yes." "Which way are you traveling?" said he. "The way the wind blows," said I. "That is the way with me. When do you start?" said he. "To-day, or to-morrow," said I, and thus we found out each others business, and started off together. We went to Erie and Cleveland, then came back to Ashtabula. I will call this fellow's name Tom—. From Ashtabula we started on foot; and one evening, as we were near Girard, we got to talking about what we had done, and what we would do. He said he dare do any thing that I dare do, and that he would follow me any where and do any thing that I told him to do, for a good soldier would always obey his captain. He had been in the army, and was a wild, reckless, dare-devil fellow. But perhaps the reader will say that he was no worse than I was, yet, I was neither wild, nor reckless; I always took time to consider, before commencing any job—what I was going to do, how to do it, and how I should get away afterwards. As we were talking about what we dare do, I saw a house a short distance from the railroad, and said to Tom, "There is a house over there, and we will go over there and see what you dare do." So we got over the fence, and crossed a field to the wagon road. When we got in front of the house, we saw what we took to be a man and his wife, and three young

women and a boy, eating supper. I proposed to Tom that we should go in and ask to warm, and sit down by the stove a few minutes, and I would look over the chances a little, and if I concluded that we could not guard the doors and windows sufficiently to prevent the escape of any one, I would say: "Come, Tom, let's be going;" but if I should say, "Well, Jack, are you ready?" he was to place himself between the front windows, to guard them, and I would guard the door—draw our revolvers, and demand a surrender. I told Tom not to shoot any one, unless it was necessary to prevent their escape, and we would tie them all—rob the house of what we wanted, then kill them and set fire to the house; and if any one should come in while we were at work, we were going to shoot him as he should come in the door. "Dare you do this?" said I to Tom. "Yes, I dare do any thing that you dare do," said Tom. So I went to the door and knocked. The man said, "Come in." We went in and asked to warm by the stove. He said, "Yes, you can warm." We sat and warmed till they were nearly through supper, and I thought best to make the attack before they got up from the table. So I got up to give Tom the signal, and the man supposing I had got up to go, said, "Won't you stay and take some supper?" I hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, we will take supper with you." The man looked as if he thought I accepted his invitation to supper rather coolly; but if he had known what our intentions were, he would have been perfectly satisfied with my answer, for his kind invitation at the moment when I was about to give the signal to Tom, saved his life and that of his family. I could have got my supper just as well after securing them as then; but after he had asked me so kindly to take some supper with him I had not the heart to injure him or his family. I will relate one more incident of this kind, when I get along to it, to show what a kind act or a civil word will sometimes do with a stranger. After supper we went to Girard and took the night express to Dunkirk. I should have liked Tom well enough for a comrade, except for the reason that he liked whiskey a little too well, and when he was tight he would say things that he ought not to say. So I parted with him in Dunkirk. Then I went to Elmira, then to Williamsport, then back to Elmira, then to Port Jervis, where I had an adventure that perhaps is worth relating. It was a little east of Port Jervis, I think, however, at a hotel. I looked in the bar room windows and saw a man lying on the floor in one corner, and I thought I could get in without waking him. I got in through a window, then unlocked the door and opened it so as to have a way of escape if I wished it. Then I went to the money

drawer and took out a lot of papers and laid them on the counter; but before I got through examining the contents of the drawer, the man woke up and saw the open window. I sat down under the counter out of sight. He looked around the room, came to the counter and looked at the articles I had taken from the drawer, and started as I supposed to call the landlord. I thought it was time for me to interfere, so I came out from behind the counter and told him to stop. "Who the devil are you?" said he. "Stand where you are and keep still, or I will show you," said I. He took hold of a chair, and I leveled my revolver to shoot him, and was trying to get a good aim so as to make a sure thing of it, when the chair struck my finger and knocked my revolver out of my hand. He followed up and I changed my base and made a skillful and masterly retreat, leaving my revolver. From Port Jervis I went to Lackawanna, from there to Scranton, then down the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad to Pittston and Kingston. When I got to Kingston I was entirely out of money and it was cold weather. I had been short of money for several days, and after being out all night without making a raise, I had to go to some other place to work the next night, so I had little or no chance to sleep, and was not only sleepy, but hungry. I generally depended on the houses I visited in the night for provisions the next day, and not getting any thing the last night, I was hungry. I had noticed a store about two miles back, so I went there to work the next night. I had no key that would fit the lock, and there was shutters to the windows fastened with iron bars. I tried to pry one of them open, but it was too strong for me. Then I went to the door and succeeded in prying it open. It was a little country store and post office. All I got there was two three cent stamps. Then I went to a dwelling house and tried to raise a window. A woman knocked on the glass and asked what I wanted. I went away without answering her and went to another house and got in at the back door and went into the kitchen. I heard a noise in the other part of the house and I reclined on a table to wait for them to get still, and I fell asleep. I roused up after a few minutes, and in feeling around found a vest hanging on a chair. I got about a dollar and a half out of the vest pocket and then heard the noise again as if some one was up in the house. So I waited for them to get still again, and went to sleep again myself, but started up in a few minutes and opened a door, when a girl got up from a lounge and ran to the other side of the room, but said nothing. I stepped back and closed the door, and waited a few minutes to see if she would wake up any one, or give any alarm, and hearing nothing, I opened

another door into another room where there was a lamp burning dimly, and a man and woman in bed. I got his pants, but found no money in the pockets. Then I went out and went on to town. I went to the engine house and lay down by the stove, and slept till morning.

The next evening I was in the depot, and saw that the ticket agent kept his money in a box, and I thought there was several hundred dollars of it, and I supposed he carried the box home with him at night, and I determined to get it if I could. So I followed him when he went home at night, intending to shoot him and take the box, but I found no good opportunity, but I had found out where he lived, and I considered that a point gained. I concluded to go away for a while, and then come back, and either take him on the way home, or enter his house and get it. This night was not as cold as the one before, so I walked out to Plymouth, three miles from Kingston, and went to the hotel, cut one of the slats from the blinds, and opened them; then I took a pane of glass from the window and opened that, and found iron rods across to protect the glass. These were put on with screws. I had a screw-driver, and took one or two of them off and went in and opened the door, then went to the money draw and opened it, but found no money; then I went to the landlord's room; there was a lamp burning in there, but I got his pants, and in the pockets I found about five hundred dollars. Then I went back to Pittston, and this time, I got about two hundred dollars. From there I went down to Bloomsburg, and got a suit of clothes, and started for Williamsport, and went as far as Reupert, two miles from Bloomsburg, where the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg road connects with the Catawissa road, and the train being late I laid down in the depot and went to sleep. When I awoke, the train I had intended to take had been gone two hours, so I went to the hotel and got supper, and then went to bed, telling the landlord to call me in time for the next train. He called me, and I went to the depot, and found that train was about three hours behind time, and I waited in the depot till morning. When the train came I got on and sat down in a seat with a man who was going to Buffalo, and we talked on various subjects till we arrived at Williamsport. I then lost sight of him until just at night, I went into a hotel to get supper, and found him in the bar-room. We took a drink together, and then he informed me that the young woman who sat near us in the cars had her purse stolen the night before. She was at that hotel, and I asked her if she had lost all her money, and she said she had. I asked her if she was going any farther, and she said she was. I asked her if she had any ticket. She said she had. I asked her if she would have some supper. She said the

landlady had given her a cup of tea, and she was not hungry. "Well, you will want something to eat on the way, and if you will accept this, you are welcome," said I, handing her a five dollar bill. She took it, and said, "Thank you sir, you are very kind." I then went into the dining room and got supper; then I came out into the bar-room, paid for my supper, took a cigar and went out, and up the street. I always paid my hotel bills. While going up the street, I got to thinking about the woman. I could go into a house and rob or kill the inmates, but if I saw any one away from home, and in trouble, I always helped them if I could, and I had no selfish motive when I gave that woman the five dollars. I did not even ask her where she was going, but after thinking about her a while, I concluded I would carry her satchel down to the depot when it was time for the train, and find out where she was going, and if to Buffalo, I would go with her. About six o'clock I took her satchel, and we walked down to the depot. On the way I asked her where she was going, and she said to Detroit. I told her that I was going to Buffalo, and would like her company as far as I was going. She replied that she would be very glad of my company. I asked her how she came to lose her money, and she said that the evening before a lady came in the car and took a seat beside her, and that she took out her purse to pay for some cakes brought in by a little boy, and put it back in her pocket, and the lady cautioned her against pickpockets, &c., and always to be careful who she sat with; that during the night she went to sleep, and when she woke up, her purse and the lady were both gone. She said she had a sister in Detroit, and another one at Grand Rapids, Michigan; and she did not know what she would have done but for my kindness. She told me her name, but I will not mention it here for her sake, and if she ever reads this, she will remember me. We arrived in Elmira too late to take the train we should have taken to Buffalo, and it being in the night, we had to stay till morning. She started to go into the passengers' room to stay, and I told her it was cold, and crowded in there, and she had better go to a hotel. We went to a hotel and took a room. She objected to my going in the same room, but I told the landlord it was all right, and shut the door. There were two beds in the room, and I told her she could sleep in one and I would in the other. And I did have to sleep in the other bed. I had been at the same house before, and knew that they asked no questions about lodgers. The next morning we took the train for Buffalo, and somewhere between Hornellsville and Buffalo, we had to stop for a train that was in a snow bank. The men from our train went and helped the others through, and just at night, an engine came from Buffalo and helped put us through. We got

to Buffalo in the morning, and put up at the Merchants' Hotel. I think I registered my name as James Sherwood. I asked my friend to let me see her ticket, and I saw that it was to go through Canada, and I told her it was good for nothing. "Why not?" said she. "Have you any passport?" said I. "No," said she. "Well, your ticket is to go through Canada, and you cannot go that way without a passport." So I persuaded her that she had better stop in Buffalo until the trains got to running regularly again, on account of the snow having hindered them. Then she proposed to telegraph to her friends in Detroit for money. I told her there was no need of that, as I had money, and she had better stay and be my wife until the roads got so she could travel. I told her that her sister would not be likely to question her very close about the delay, as she would most likely know of the storm, and would not expect her until the cars could run, and that she need not tell her sister that she had lost her money. "But, there is two ladies in the sitting room, going to Detroit as soon as the road opens, and suppose they should see me there and ask me about you?" said she. "Your name is already registered on the hotel books as my wife, so you may as well make the best of it, and stay with me until the roads get open," said I. She finally consented, but as soon as the cars began to run she wanted to start, but I did not want her to leave yet. So to keep her, I got a dress for her, and told her I wanted she should get it made before she left, so I could see it on her. That kept her two or three days longer; and then I bought her a ticket by the Lake Shore Road, and went as far as Dunkirk with her, and as bad as she wanted to go on, yet she cried when we parted. I gave her ten dollars, and found out where she would be in the spring, and I agreed to go and see her. I had agreed to meet the boys in Harrisburg about the first of March, so I started back that way, and got there about the time agreed on. I found the boys there, and we then agreed to meet in Buffalo about the first of May. From Harrisburg I went up the Pennsylvania Central Road to Pittsburg. About twenty miles from Pittsburg I had a little adventure. My usual mode of proceeding was to ride twenty or thirty miles on the cars, then get off at a small station, and walk to the next one, to see what I could find to work at the next night. On the night I speak of I had done nothing, and about two o'clock I came to Irwin's station, and concluded I would give up for that night and lay down awhile. So I took the road that lead back into the country to look for a barn to sleep in; I went about a mile and found one. I went into it and found a dog there; he ran out but did not bark. There was a wagon on the floor which felt like a pedler's wagon, and I lit a match and found it to be a meat pedler's wagon, and I supposed the

man who lived there supplied the village with meat, and would be likely to have money; but it was too late to try him that night, so I concluded to go on to Pittsburg, and come back in a few days, and get his money. I laid down and slept until just before daylight, and then went to Pittsburg, where I stayed two or three days, and then started back for Irwin's station. I took a train to Turtle Creek, and then walked the rest of the way. I went to the house and looked in, and found them eating supper. I found two dogs there then, the one I had seen before, and a large watch dog, and when I stopped in front of the house, they both began to bark. In a few minutes the man came to the door, and I sat down under the fence. He soon went in and shut the door, but the dogs kept barking. There was one man, two women, and a boy, in the house; and about nine o'clock the man and boy went to the barn with a lantern, and in a few minutes came back to the house. Just before the boy went to bed, he came out and shut up the large dog in a little building near the house. About ten o'clock one of the women went up stairs leaving the other one and the man sitting at the table, but he came out and went away about eleven o'clock. Then I concluded that the man who lived there had gone away, and that this man was a neighbor who had called in the evening, or perhaps he was the lover of the girl he had been sitting with. Soon after, the other woman came down stairs again, and sat down by the table awhile, and then went into the bedroom, and the other one went up stairs, and left the house dark on the front side. In about an hour I went to the house. It was a log house, and I found the only way for me to get in was to pry the casing off at one of the back windows. There was a light up stairs, and I could hear footsteps on the floor. I took the window out and went in, lit my candle and went into a bed room, found no one there. I unlocked a trunk in that room and found three hundred and forty-three dollars in it. This was on the night of the 28th of March, 1864. I was intending to go up stairs to see the girl, but it took me so long to get into the house, that I had not time for fear of being too late for the train. So I went back to the railroad, took the cars, and got into Pittsburg about six o'clock in the morning. I left Pittsburg for Buffalo, and then started for Grand Rapids, in Michigan, to see the young woman who had been my wife in Buffalo for a short time. Her sister had moved from there, so I did not see my wife as I called her, but left a letter in the postoffice directed to her, and then I went home to see my folks. I staid at home only two or three days, just long enough to look at them, and let them see that I was alive, and then I came back to New York, then up to Albany, and up the Central Road. When relating that affair at Girard, Ohio, I said I would mention another in-

stance of the effect of a kind word. When I got to Herkimer, I left the railroad and took the carriage road, and about a mile from the town, I saw a man and woman in the road before me going the same way. I thought I would pass them, and see how they looked, and if well dressed, I would turn back, shoot the man and rob him, and take the woman over into the fields away from the road and keep her company until about one o'clock, and then kill her, and I would have time to take care of myself before morning. This was about ten o'clock in the evening. So I went on and passed them, and saw that they were well dressed and walking very slow and appeared to be lovers. I went on just out of sight of them, and then started back, took out my revolver and cocked it, and just as I was going to shoot him, he spoke very pleasantly to me. "Good evening, sir." I answered, "Good evening," and passed on. Since I have been writing my history, several persons have said to me, they hoped I would give good advice in it. The best advice I can give is "always treat a stranger kindly, for you don't know who, or what he is, nor do you know how much good a kind act or a civil word may do you." I know that in the two instances I have named, it has saved the lives of several persons. The same night about four miles from Utica, I went into a house, lit my candle, and went into a bedroom. As I went in a man rose up in bed, and I told him to lie down. He did not do so, and I pointed my revolver at him, and said, "I have got a shooter here, do you see it?" "O, you have," said he, and laid down. I tied his feet and hands, and then tied his wife. I asked him where his money was. He said he had not got any, that he was a poor man and hired the house he lived in, and that he was a tailor. His wife said I might know they were poor, by the looks of their furniture. I found some two or three dollars in good money, and a fifty dollar bill on some College Bank, the same that was taken from me at the time of my arrest, and is now in possession of my counsel. The man informed me, that he kept the College Bill as a keepsake. After I left there, I went on to Utica, and went around to the western part of the city and got breakfast, then walked to the next station, and took the cars to Oneida, and was either there or at Canaseraga below Syracuse, when Lincoln's funeral car passed through. Then I came on to Canistota, and while I was in a hotel there I heard the landlord say he had sold out and that was his last day there. I saw his pocket book and thought there was some six or eight hundred dollars in it. His family had moved out already, and when he went to dinner I watched him to see where he went, and thought I would come there in a few days and get his money. So I left the railroad and took the

carriage road again. When about half way between Canistota and Syracuse I passed through quite a large town, and soon after stopped at a very large farm house and entered it through a window, lit my candle and went into a bed room and found a girl asleep there; went into another room and found another girl asleep also. Then I came back into the first bed room and that girl had awoke, but was so frightened that she did not speak and I passed on without saying any thing to her and went into still another room where there was a woman asleep; but when the light of my candle fell on her face she woke up and I put out my light. She asked, "Who is up?" I asked, "Are you the woman of the house?" "Yes." "Where is your husband?" "He is dead." "Where is your money?" "In the bank." "Have you none in the house?" "No, but I have men in the house." "So have I, and if you are sensible you will keep quiet," said I; which was false, for there was no one with me. I supposed the men were up stairs, and I did not fear them as much as I did the girls in the other room. I did not fear the girls themselves, but feared they might get out of the windows and get help, and considering every thing, I thought I had better leave them. I stopped at the gate of the next house and was about to open it, when I saw something black a few feet from the gate and thought it was a large watch dog, which I would probably have trouble with, and I passed on 'till within about three miles of Syracuse. I stopped at a house and looked in the window and saw that there was a bed room at the back part of the house. I then went to the front door. There was a window one glass wide on each side of the door. I struck one of the lights with my revolver, then waited a few minutes to see if the noise had aroused any body. All remained quiet, and I reached my hand in and unlocked and unbolted the door—I think it was both bolted and locked. After entering I went into the parlor and lit my candle and searched the bureau, I found a large sugar heart with "Remember me." I think it was on one side, and some lines in verse on the other side, and I ate it up. It was very dry and hard and had the appearance of having been kept a long time. I ate some other sugar toys that I found there. Then I started to go into the bed room, the door being open, and when the woman saw the light she said, "Who is there?" I said "Keep still." At that the man jumped out of bed. I put out my light and cocked my revolver and leveled it for his head, for he had jumped out of bed so quick when I told the woman to keep still that I supposed he was after a pistol. It was moonlight and I could see very well in the room. The man came to the door of the bed room. I had stepped one side of the door

and while I was looking to see if he had a pistol, he saw mine but a few inches from his head. He gave a scream, turned and jumped on the bed, went through the window and out through an orchard screaming like blazes. I went on to Syracuse, where I arrived before daylight and went around through the suburbs to the western part of the city. I staid about there that day and at night I started out to see what I could do in Syracuse. I went first to the railroad depot, then across the Carroll bridge and out to the suburbs near the northern part of the city, where I found some nice looking houses. I walked around the block twice to examine the houses, and picked out one to work at that night. I got over the fence on the opposite side of the road and pulled a board from the fence and laid down on it to watch the house. In a short time a carriage drove into the yard, and then I concluded that the person who lived there was a merchant in the city and had just come home from his business.

Soon after a lady and gentleman came out of the house and walked down the street, and came back in about an hour; I think they both came back. There was a celebration of some kind in the city, for I could hear cheering and music. About ten o'clock, I went to the house to examine it, and thought I could get in through the window on the back side of the house. There was some girls up stairs in the back part of the house, who appeared to be fixing for bed; but the old folks had not gone to bed yet. So I went back across the street again, and after a while went back to the house. The man had gone to bed, and the woman was preparing to go. I watched her through the back window; finally the light disappeared, but I could not exactly tell which room she had gone into. I went back across the street to wait until they should go to sleep. The house that I was watching stood at the top of a hill, on the right hand side of the road going from the city, and a little below the foot of the hill was a cross road. On this cross road, a short distance from the corner, was another house. Just as I was going to try to get into the house I had been watching, a carriage, containing two ladies, and I think two gentlemen, drove up in front of the house on the cross road, and began to sing. I went down and stood on the lower corner of the cross road to hear the ladies sing. There was another man stood on the opposite side of the street. Soon after the ladies began to sing, some body came to the door of the house to listen. They sang four or five songs, and then drove up to the house on top of the hill to serenade the man that I was going to rob. The man who was standing on the opposite side of the street started on towards the city, and I

went up to the upper corner of the cross road. No one came to the door of this house and the ladies only sang one song, and then started back. As they started I heard one of them say, "That is a negro," meaning me. The other one answered "No, a negro would not" something, I did not understand the rest of her answer. They drove towards the city, and went to examine the house that they went to first. There was a man and woman still up, but I determined to stick to the house that I had been watching all the evening, but it would not do to try so soon after the ladies left there. So I lay down on the board again, pulling off my coat and putting it over me, and went to sleep. When I awoke, it was about two o'clock. Then I went to the house and around it. When I got most to the part of the house where I started from, I saw a light through one of the end windows. I went up to the window, or door, for the window was in a door that opened on the porch. I thought at first, that the room where the lamp was, was a bed room, but when I looked in, I saw that it was a small room, and I thought it might be a wash-room. The bed room was back of this, and the door was open between the two rooms. I could see the man's pants, or what I supposed was his pants, and it was so late then that it would not do to spend much time in getting in, and I did not know who was in the house, nor how many were there, but I determined to break one of the lights of the door, and before they could recover from their surprise, reach my hand in and unfasten the door—rush in and get his pants and out again; and to make sure of breaking it enough so it would not bother me in putting my hand in, I put my foot through the glass and then reached my hand in to unlock the door. I passed my hand up and down the door but did not find any bolt or key. By this time the man had got out of the bed and came to the door that connects the two rooms and asked, "Who is there?" Now a man had got away from me the night before, and I had to run for nothing, and I was determined that I would not run for nothing this time, nor let any one escape from the house if I could prevent it. I had my revolver cocked in my hand, and without telling him who I was, I took as good aim as I could with the light there was, and fired. After I fired, I ran my hand up and down the door again, but did not find any bolt or key. By this time some one up stairs was stirring, and I thought I had better be going. I ran a ways, and then walked towards the eastern part of the city. I staid in the eastern part of the city till nearly daylight, looking for some body else. I felt ugly, and I wanted to shoot some body else that night, but I did not see any one, not even a policeman; and just before daylight, I

started down the track for Canastota. I arrived at Canastota a little after dark, and there I saw the man I wanted sitting in the hotel. I got behind a wagon that he would have to pass in going home, intending to shoot him as he passed; but fearing he might have company with him, I concluded to wait till he got home—so I went to the back side of his house and came up through the garden to examine the house, and while I was there he came home, and a big, black dog with him. The dog began to bark, and ran at me. I ran to the back part of the garden, then turned and shot at the dog. He ran back howling, and I went on, giving that up as a bad job. I started off to look for something else. I had not gone far when I found a house where I saw a man and wife preparing for bed. After they had time to get asleep, I went into the house through a window and went into the bed room and got his pocket book. I don't remember how much I got, but I think about one hundred and fifty dollars. I felt better natured that night than I did the night before, and went away without searching the house, or waking them up. I walked back to Chittenango and took the cars for Buffalo. I got in Syracuse about seven o'clock in the morning, and got a morning paper which stated that the usually quiet town was thrown into a state of excitement by the murder of the Hon. Barr Burton, and that a reward of one thousand dollars was offered for the arrest and conviction of the assassin, for assassin he was, and not a robber; and that a man had been arrested on suspicion, but the ball that killed Burton did not fit his pistol. That ball fitted my pistol, which was the same one taken from me at the time of my arrest, and now belongs to my counsel. I heard that the reward was afterwards raised to three thousand dollars. I arrived at Buffalo about noon, on Friday, May 5th, and found two persons there whom I had known in prison; I will call them Charles Cecil and John Baldwin, and a third, one Thompson, had not arrived as had been expected. It will be remembered that I have stated heretofore that "convict" should be my name. I had been taking things moderate since I came out of prison, but now I said to myself it is time to begin to let my name be known. So on Monday morning, May 8th, I went up on Main street and got a box of plain cards; then I went to Cotter's Globe Hotel on Exchange street, and wrote the word "convict" on two of them, and put them in my vest pocket. I bought the cards for the purpose of leaving one in every house I should enter. Thompson had not come yet, and the boys were going to wait a week or two longer for him; so I told them I would take a trip off for a few days. I went to the depot and got a ticket for Hornellsville, intending to go

there and work back to Buffalo. Before the cars started, I saw Tom and Ben Hoyt and went into a saloon and took a drink around, and by that time the cars had started, so I waited and took the six o'clock train. I asked Ben if he had ever tried that place in Nunda. He said, "No; have you?" I said "No." He asked, "Are you going to?" I said, "No, that place is yours, I have nothing to do with it. Are you going to try it?" He said, "I don't know, but I think I shall." I left then at six o'clock and got in the cars. I thought no more about the Nunda matter until the conductor sung out Nunda. Then, although I told Ben that I was not going to have any thing to do with it, I determined to go and see how the place looked, and if I liked the looks of it well enough, to go in and see what I could find. I had never been farther than the barn, but this time I went down to the house and a little below there. I had gone but a short distance, when I saw a woman coming, and after she passed I stopped and followed her back to see where she went. She went into Devoe's house and I went up to the barn, and then to a white house west of the corner and took a look at that. I did not like the looks of that, so I went back to the barn, went in, and laid down to sleep. Now if I had intended to go into that house at all after looking at it that night, I should have gone in then, which was Monday, May 8th. Seeing that woman go in there would not have prevented me. That would have been an encouragement if any thing. Although I got off the cars thinking perhaps I would rob him, I knew I had no right to do it, for he belonged to another. And then it had the appearance of being an easy house to enter; but it did not look as if the man was rich, and I wanted to get hold of some rich and popular person, for the first one where I should leave my name of "convict." For I was intending to kill all that was in the first house I went into, except the man, and the richer and more popular the man was the more excitement the matter would create. These are the reasons why I did not go into Devoe's house that night. I slept longer than I intended, and the next morning when I came out of the barn I saw a man coming out to milk. I went out into the road and soon after passing the corner I turned around to see if I could see him. I supposed it was Mr. Devoe, and I wanted to see what kind of a looking man he was that I had been there so many times to rob. He was standing in the yard, near the barn door, looking at me as if he never saw a person in his life. I thought I never saw a man look more green, or more surprised than he did, and I felt certain that such a man had no money. I went down the track to Portage and

got breakfast. In the evening I took the same train for Hornellsville that I was on the night before. On Wednesday I walked down the track to Canisteo and back again to Hornellsville. I saw a tannery and thought the man who owned it would be likely to have money, but that I would not try him 'till I should come back from Buffalo. I staid about Hornellsville Thursday and Friday, and at evening started out to see what I could do. I had not gone far when I came to a very large barn, surrounded by a high fence. I judged the owner to be the man living across the road, and that he would be likely to have money. So I put on my mask and went to the house and got in at the pantry window and went to the bed room, found the man awake and asked him where his money was. He said, "I have n't got any." I told him I should look and see whether he had any or not, but first I would tie him. I told him to lie down and keep still. Then I tied him and his wife and asked him who else was in the house. He said, "No one but some children." "Who is that on the lounge?" "A little girl," said he. "How old a girl?" He said, "Thirteen." I then examined his pants but found no money. I only had the man's word that the person on the lounge was a little girl, and I was not in the habit of taking any person's word when I could look for myself. So I went to the lounge and found her asleep. I took hold of her hands to tie them; but before I got them tied she woke up and jumped up on her feet and screamed. Her mother said "For heaven's sake do n't hurt that girl? She is a poor, delicate, sickly child." I told her to keep quiet. When the girl jumped up, I caught her in my arms and told her to keep still. She asked me, "What is the matter?" I said, "Lie down and keep still." "What are you going to do?" "I am going to tie you and then get your father's money. Where does he keep it?" "I do n't know." "Well I want you to lie down and keep still." "I wont make any noise." "But you did." "Well, I was so frightened." Then I laid her down. Before this she had hold of me to prevent me from laying her down, but now she let me lay her down without any resistance. I had the string around her hands before she woke up, and after I laid her down I tied it and then went to tie her feet. She asked me what I was going to do. I told her I was going to tie her feet. "What are you going to tie my feet for?" "To prevent you from getting up and running away." "I wont stir nor say a word." "But how do I know that you wont?" "I wont." "Perhaps not, but I shant trust you." I tied her feet and then asked her again where her father kept his money. "I don't know as he has got any, and if he has I do n't know where it is." Then I went to the bureau and

found a pocket book with some money in it and then went back to the girl and asked her what her name was. She answered, "Curry." "Curry who?" "Mary Curry." "How old are you?" "Thirteen." I had an idea that there was more money in the house than what I had got. I went to the bed room again and told the man that if he did not want that girl hurt, to tell me where his money was. He told me that all the money he had in God's world was eighty dollars; that he had that little place and that was all he did have. He said the money was in a pocket book in the bureau. I think he said in the second drawer from the top. But I had this money already and asked him if there was not more some where else. He said, "No, that is all I have got." I went to the bureau again and examined the other drawers, but did not find any more. Then I opened the back door and counted the money, there was just eighty dollars of it. I then went back to the girl to see if she was there yet. She was sitting or lying on the back side of the lounge in the corner, with her head and shoulders against the wall. I then took one of the cards out of my pocket, laid it on the table and left them. I walked to Canaseraga and got on the ten o'clock train without the conductor seeing me and rode to Attica without paying any fare. I stopped off at Attica and took the next train to Buffalo. That night I went to the theater and at about ten o'clock the telegram announcing the capture of Jeff. Davis was read and the orchestra struck up Hail Columbia. I staid at the Globe Hotel, and in the morning went to Dean's eating saloon for my breakfast. He always called me "Custard Pie," for when I was in Buffalo I usually went there as often as once a day for a custard pie and a glass of cider. That night was Sunday night, I stopped on Canal street, and the next night, Monday night, I stopped at one of the boarding houses on Exchange street. This was the night that Devoe was murdered, for which I am to be hung. Thompson had not come yet, and Cecil and Baldwin said they would wait a few days longer for him and we agreed to meet in Chicago the first of August, and we parted Tuesday morning. They started for Albany and New York, and I to go to Hornellsville, Blood's Station, Kingston in Pennsylvania, then to Erie, Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago, where we were to meet. When I was walking the track from Hornellsville the Saturday before, I had noticed some very good looking houses between there and Canaseraga, and I thought I would try some of them and then the tanner, then to Blood's Station, then to Kingston, then strike across to the Philadelphia and Erie road and go to Erie. I took the Tuesday morning train to Attica, laid off there till mail train came

and took that to Canaseraga, then I walked down the track a ways and went into the woods. During the afternoon I altered my mind and concluded not to try those houses that night, but go on to Hornellsville and try the tanner. So just at sundown I went to the hotel at Canaseraga and got some supper, and after supper went into a store and got some tobacco. This was Tuesday evening and on the Friday night before I had robbed Curry, only twelve miles from there, so I kept a little out of sight until the train arrived. When it came I got on and sat down in the first seat I found unoccupied, which was near the door. I had just sat down when the conductor sung out, "Ten minutes for supper." I got up to go into the saloon and get a drink. I went to the door that I had just entered and it was fast. A man stood near the door on the inside. I asked him what the door was fastened for, and he replied, "I guess they fastened it to go to supper." I turned around and saw the other door open and went there to go out. There were four or five men standing near the door, and I stepped one side to go around them, when one of them said, "Hold on here!" I knew then there was something up and asked, "What do you want of me!" And at the same time I put my hand in my pocket to get my revolver from the inside breast pocket of my coat. They saw the motion and two of them caught hold of my arm and two or three that were behind me caught hold of me also. A crowd soon collected and I never saw a party of men so excited as they were. Some were trying to pull me one way and some another. Some were trying to throw me down, and none of them seemed to know what they were doing, and at one time I came very near getting away from them all. If I had not been taken by surprise they would not have got hold of me, and even as it was if I had been prepared as I was two weeks before, they would not have been arrested me. I generally carried two revolvers, viz: Smith & Wesson's largest size in my inside breast pocket, and the smallest size in my pants pocket. And almost always carried my hand in my pocket, having hold of it, and before it would be out of my pocket it would be cocked and ready to fire. I practiced that considerable, so that in case of surprise I could shoot a man at an instant's notice. The only motion necessary to make, was to take my hand from my pocket. But I had sold the small one, and when in Buffalo that time neglected to get another. That neglect will cost me my life. They finally succeeded in pushing me down over a seat, and then got hand cuffs on me. And then they were afraid to trust me to walk, so they picked me up and carried me into the depot and laid me on the floor, then sent a man to get a rope to tie my feet

with. After tying me with that they did not think I was safe and sent for a strap. After binding me with a rope and a leather strap both, and with hand cuffs on my hands, they thought I could not get away if they watched me close. Then they carried me into the ladies sitting room, laid me down on the floor and searched me. I managed to get the card that I had written "convict" on out of my pocket without their knowledge, and put it in my mouth and chewed it up. After they got through searching me, they sent a telegram to Hornellsville, to have the next express stop there and at Nunda. While we were waiting for the express, I heard them talking about my shooting a man near Nunda. Then I knew what I was arrested for. I crawled up to the side of the room and fell asleep. The train came at about three o'clock, and they took me to Nunda. We sat in the depot till daylight, and then they took me down to Devoo's house. There had quite a number collected there already, and soon after we got there, a young lady came in, and was asked by one of the men if I was the man. She answered, "Well, I don't know—I can't say whether he is or not." She then asked me to stand up. I stood up. She said, "Turn around so I can see your back." I turned around. She then asked to take hold of my hand. I held out my hand and she took hold of it, felt of it and then said, "His hand is soft, but not small; his voice sounds something like it." She then looked at me sharp for several minutes, and then said again, "I can't say that this is the man—he had such a hat as this man has, and had no pockets in the side of his coat." They soon got breakfast ready, and the girl who had inspected me helped me to my breakfast. Soon after breakfast the coroner came and continued the inquest, which had been commenced the night before. After a while they took me in the bed room to see the corpse. There was quite a crowd there, and one of the girls present said she should think that man would be frightened. I think all the rest were more positive that I was the murderer than Harriet Newton was herself that morning. When the coroner got ready to examine the articles found on me at the time of my arrest, he showed me the cord and the mask, and several other articles, and asked if they were mine. I told him they were. He asked me what I had in my pocket book, and I told him as near as I could. He then asked me if the revolver was mine. I told him it was. He then took out the cylinder, and laid the revolver on the table. If he had left the cylinder in it, I would have shown him that I could use it with hand cuffs on. At noon they took me to a hotel for dinner, and then back to the house. Soon after dinner Mr. Olney was introduced to me as counsel.

I consulted with him for a short time, and the coroner proceeded with the examination of the matters, and soon learned that I had been talking with the counsel, whereupon he sharply reprimanded the persons who had me in charge, saying that he had directed them not to let me converse with any one, and that I had no right to have counsel. Mr. Olney informed the coroner that his was the first Court he ever heard of in the State of New York, wherein the accused had no right to have counsel, and then advised me to answer no more questions, and said he thought I had better waive an examination and go to jail, for the coroner would hold me to trial any way. I thought so too, and done as he proposed. I was brought to Geneseo to jail the next day, which was the 18th. I had been in jail but a few days, when the ticket agent, in behalf of himself, and several others, wrote to the sheriff, Mr. Chase, telling him that their lives were in his keeping, and that wood could not hold me. So the sheriff put irons on my feet. Mr. Olney came in to see me soon after, and I think if I had written to my friends then, or got him to write to them, I would have found them. But I had no thoughts of having a trial, and I thought I could get out of jail without help as well as I could with it, for the jail was watched so close, that tools would have been of but very little use to me. If I had been in there alone, I should not have staid in jail a week; but there was two others in with me, who were expecting to get bail, and I waited for them to get out. A few days after I was ironed, a constable brought in a prisoner, and forgot to fasten the hall door of the jail. If I had not been ironed I could have got out then without any trouble, and thinking that the same thing might occur again, I would be ready for it, so I went to work at my irons. I made a wooden key, and unlocked one side, the other was screwed down so tight that I could not turn it with a wooden key, but I succeeded in breaking one of the links, but found no opportunity to escape. An extra term of the Court was appointed for the first of August, and the other boys had not procured bail, and it was now about the first of July, and I laid my plans for an escape, having determined to wait no longer, but take the first opportunity. On the third of July, the sheriff gave the boys a quart of whiskey, and this made them feel very friendly towards him, and they betrayed my plans to him. He then put a heavy pair of shackles on me, and I had nearly got rid of them when the boys betrayed me again. My trial was put over to the last week in October, while Charles Capron and Anthony McCoy, the boys who betrayed me, were sent to Auburn for 15 years each, and then I was left alone. But since the fourth of July, I had heard something from the outside world, and so I waited for a sure thing, which I had reason to expect.

I waited for help until about the middle of October, and then came to the conclusion that I must depend upon myself, and in order that the reader may understand my plain, it is necessary to give a slight description of the jail. The sheriff's family live in the south end, and it consisted of himself, wife, son, daughter and son-in-law. On the east and on the west side of the jail, is a hall six or seven feet wide, running the whole length of the prison department. Another hall running east and west, connects these two, but has a door at each end of it, leaving all the cells in the centre of the building. Another door opens from the center of this cross hall into the hall of the habitable part, which hall leads to the front door and out to the free world. The door between the front hall and the cross hall was kept locked, and also the two doors at the ends of the cross hall. When any one came into the cross hall (although no prisoners are kept in the cross hall,) the door behind them was secured by some one outside of it, before opening a door into either of the side halls where the prisoners were kept in the daytime. One of the women usually attended at the outer door when the sheriff or turnkey was in, and when he wanted to come out a certain signal was given at the door, and then it was opened. My plan was to get my irons off, and just before the one came to lock us in our cells at night, which was generally about eight o'clock, I would take a leg out of one of our stools which we had to sit upon and secrete it in my coat sleeve, and when he was unlocking my cell door, knock him down with it, then take his pocket book, his knife and revolver if he had one, and when he recovered so as to understand his condition, I would tell him that the only way he could save his life, was to get the other door open without giving any alarm; and if he did not recover from the blow, I would pick him up, and carry him to the outer door, hold him up where his face could be seen through the diamond hole by the person outside, and give the signal myself, and if I succeeded in getting the door opened, I would threaten the one who opened it with death if any alarm was given; then I would let out the other prisoners, and lock the family in the jail, plunder the house, and then go to the barn and get a horse and leave, or if the woman should find out what was the matter and refuse to open the door, I would, if I had found a revolver in the turnkey's pocket, kill him, and stand a siege, and shoot as many as I could before I would submit. My intention was to try this sometime when the sheriff himself was away, as he sometimes was. At this time there were five persons in the east side with me, viz: James Sherwood, Thomas Howard, and Jeremiah Roberts, charged with murder; Henry Fox, charged with robbery; and James _____, I don't recollect, charged with grand larceny; and there

were seven on the west side—two charged with murder; two with robbery, one with burglary, one with grand larceny, and the other with some petty offence. I thought I could get my irons off in one day, and on Sunday morning, one week before the sitting of the Court which was to try me, I made up my mind to commence the next day. Monday morning I commenced at my irons. James Sherwood asked me how I was going to get out. I told him it would depend upon circumstances; that I did not want any help; but if I should get the door open, all could go out that wanted to. I did not get my irons off that day. The turnkey often looked at them, to see if I had been at work at them, and I did not know but he would do so that night. The sheriff was away and I told the boys that if the sheriff did not return before some one came to lock us up, I should try it with my irons on, and if I got the door open, they could go out if I couldn't, and perhaps I could find a hammer and cold chisel, and get them off before the woman could get help. But the sheriff came home just before they locked us up, so I gave it up for that night. He did not look at my irons, and the next day I went to work again, but did not get it off Tuesday. Wednesday noon I had gotten it most off, when the sheriff came in and said, "Wilson, where is that knife?" "I have not got any knife," said I. "Yes, you have, tell me where it is," said he, and caught me by the throat. I motioned to him that I could not speak while he was choking me, so he let go, and I gave him the knife. Then he locked me up in my cell, and also locked up Sherwood, Howard, and Roberts, in their cells. He also locked up the boys on the west side for the same thing, but if they knew anything about my plan, I don't know how they learned it. I found out afterwards, that Henry Fox was the main one in betraying me this time. The sheriff probably feels friendly towards Fox, and perhaps thinks that Fox saved his life, or that of his son, but that same Fox, would betray him, or any friend he had in the world, if he could reap any benefit from it himself. In short he was one of your paltry, mean, lounging, petty hounds, who never had the skill, the grit, nor the courage to rise high enough in his profession, to be called even a respectable thief. He is like one of those Auburn convict spies, ready to kiss the feet of the man that whips him. After this attempt to get out I was kept alone until my trial came on. Some of the evidence against me was true, and some of it was not true. I believe Harriet Newton testified as she thought. She undoubtedly believed me to be the person in the room, and who shot her uncle Henry Devoe. She did not swear positive. She was mistaken. I do not blame her, for she told what she thought to be so. Nelson Devoe testified to seeing me at the barn Tuesday morning, May 9th, which

was true. He also testified that he saw me at Nunda Station about noon at one time. That is not true. One John Wesley Passage, testified that he saw me one evening near a brick school house north of Devoe's about sundown one night. That was a lie. The first time I was ever there, was after my arrest. Several other persons testified to seeing me at and near Nunda village on Monday, May 15th, among them Mr. Brinkerhoof and a fellow called William Young, a strolling fiddler, claimed to have seen me sitting on the porch of the hotel, and in the hotel drinking with Devoe. This is not true, for I never was in Nunda village until after my arrest. I understood my business too well to be seen publicly treating and drinking with a man, and then rob and murder him the same night. Some bills found in my pocket were proved to be similar to some that Devoe had. Four silver American quarters said to have been found in my pocket, were also proved to resemble some which Devoe had. Only one witness, Mr. John Fitch, attempted to swear to any particular marks on Devoe's quarters, and the District Attorney was about to hand the quarters in Court to Mr. Fitch to look at, when my counsel objected to letting him examine them until he should describe Devoe's quarters. The witness said he preferred to do so, and went on to say that he had often examined Devoe's quarters; never saw him have more nor less than four; that there was a mark on one of Devoe's quarters, by which he could recognize it; that on one of them the letter "U" in the words "United States," had the appearance of having been obliterated with some sharp instrument, that the raised mark, making the letter was entirely gone, down even with the surface of the piece. The quarters in Court were then handed to him, and after a very careful inspection of them all, he said none of them had any such mark upon it. I think the Judge before whom I was tried was very fair and impartial during the trial, but when he came to charge the jury, I thought his feelings were against me, yet I don't think but that the jury would have found me guilty in any event. After the verdict, when I was brought up for sentence, and the Judge asked me if I had anything to say, I told him he had not got the man yet who killed Devoe, but I would as lief be convicted for killing him, as for robbing Curry, at Hornellsville. Since my sentence, I saw an article in the Rochester Democrat, stating that I heard the verdict without the movement of a muscle, that I had probably anticipated the verdict, and had nerved myself for the result. I will say to the Rochester Democrat, that I nerved myself for the result of that or any other verdict, while I was in Auburn prison. A few lines more in regard to prison life, and my story is finished. I do not believe in sending a man to prison for punishment, for I

don't believe that any punishment can be so severe, that the fear of it will prevent crime. If I was going to build a prison for punishment, I would arrange it for solitary confinement, and keep them there for life. If I wanted prison life to reform criminals, I would have them treated decently, and learn trades to those who had none. I would not keep old offenders with young thieves. I would give them liberty to converse with each other in the presence of a keeper, without asking for permission. I would prescribe no punishment for refusing to work, except solitary confinement, until the convict expressed himself ready to work again, and then they would not feel that the work itself was a punishment, and most of them would work from choice. I would allow them books of travel and histories to read, and bibles, if any chose to read. I would place men over them for keepers, who would treat them as if they were human, and had some human feelings, even though the convict had forfeited all right to the name of man, and not put men over them who will show their authority, merely because they have authority. If such a plan was adopted, I think when a convict was discharged from prison, he would not come out with a feeling of revenge, even though the prison discipline had failed to make him an honest man. I think the people try to make the prison serve too many purposes. They wish, first, to protect society. Second, to punish the criminal for his offence. Third, to reform him and make a better man of him. And Fourth, make him work to pay his keeping, and perhaps make a little something for the State. I have given my idea of what such an institution should be, but while I was in Auburn, I was made to believe that the officers of that prison, were not only my masters, but my enemies, all except the chaplain. He always told us that he was our friend. The people of the State of New York paid these officers, and sustained the institution; and for that reason, when I came out, I declared myself an enemy to all. And the only thing I am sorry for is, that I was stopped in my work as quick as I was; I had only just commenced to let my name be known when I was arrested, and convicted of a crime, of which I was innocent, although I had committed other crimes, as great as the one for which I am to die.

HENRY WILSON.

December 14th, 1865.

REMARKS.

KIND READER :

I hope no apology will be deemed necessary to be made by me for presenting for your perusal a few reminiscences of the life and character of the man whose history you have just read. There were other incidents of his life which he might have penned here, and would have so done, but for the desire in him to keep the knowledge of his end from his relatives. Never until the judgment of the law had been pronounced upon him, did he confess to his counsel that he had committed any crime. He said, "of course, Mr. Olney, you know what my business was, by the "kit" that was found upon my person when I was arrested." After his sentence, he conversed freely with me upon the subject of his crimes, admitting many as you have read, but always persistently denying the murder for which he was to be executed. He delivered to me his written history on the 14th day of December, 1865, and earnestly requested me to be present at his execution. He said he had no fear of death, and as he had finished the history of his life according to promise, he did not care how quick he was hung. On the 22d of December, 1865, at a quarter before two o'clock, P. M., he was led out of the jail, and into a yard adjoining, to be executed. I was with him when the sheriff came in for him. Wilson said, "Have you come after me, Mr. Chase?" "Yes," said the sheriff. "Well, I am ready," said Wilson, and he walked out with a firm unflinching step. A camera had been placed in front of the jail to try to get a photograph of him when he came out. The sheriff halted him on the steps, and his quick eye instantly detected the object, and throwing up his head he said, "You'll be d—d smart if you get my photograph here." He was immediately led into the enclosure where the gallows was erected, and placed under the dangling rope, which he looked at with a smile. Chaplain Ives, of Auburn Prison, made an impressive prayer, after which, the sheriff informed Wilson, if he had anything to say, he had the privilege then. He again persistently denied the murder of Henry Devoe. He showed strong feelings of anger against the sheriff for the attempt to take his photograph, saying to him, "If I had the power, I would take your photo-

graph d—d quick. I don't think they got a good one—perhaps it may be the means of finding out who I am, but I doubt it d—dly." He expressed regret that a young woman in jail should have been accused of giving him the knife, with which he cut his irons, whereupon the sheriff said he had thought it was her, but did not think so now. Wilson said, "I'm obliged to you for that, for I don't want an innocent person suspected on my account. I have nothing against Mrs. Chase, nor Charlie, (sheriff's son.) I have had enough to eat, and find no fault with my treatment. I have nothing more to say." The sheriff then said, "Mr. Wilson, you have four minutes to live." Wilson replied, "You need not wait any longer on my account, I would as lief go now as any time, for it is no consolation to me to be kept standing here in the cold. The sheriff again said, "Mr. Wilson, you have one minute to live." Wilson made no reply. The cap was drawn over his face and the sheriff said, "Mr. Wilson, your time is up." Wilson replied, "Go ahead," with as much coolness as he would have given any direction in the ordinary business avocations of life. The weight fell, and Henry Wilson, alias William A. Carson, alias James Morgan, was launched into eternity. James Morgan is the name by which he was known to some in Buffalo, and William A. Crason, is the name he wore when he went to Auburn prison, from Batavia, Genesee county, N. Y., in 1859, for burglary. He came out of prison in June, 1864, and as hardened a criminal as his history shows him to be, yet there was a tender spot in his heart when reached. At one time while he was writing his history, I picked up and commenced reading aloud a portion of it in his hearing; I happened to be reading about his early love, Ella Williams, and while listening to what he had written, the tears chased each other down his cheeks, and when he saw that I noticed it, he laid his head upon the table and sobbed and cried like a grieved child. The thoughts of Ella were what made him so anxious that the girl Hester should be free from the suspicion of having given him the knife, as the following letter will show :

GENESEE JAIL, November 12th, 1865.

"HESTER :

I am very sorry that I am where I can't talk with you any more; but while having my trial, Howard told me that Mr. Chase had forbid you talking with me. If you had known what kind of a man I had been, I don't think that would have been necessary; but whether it would or not you might like to have something that was mine, so I will send you my pencil, and after I am dead and you have read the history of my life, and are talking with your friends about me,

perhaps it will be a pleasure to show them the pencil that Wilson took note of his robberies and murders with. And, perhaps, after a while you will show it to your little ones, and tell them about the terrible Wilson that you once saw. Perhaps you will tell them that he was once an honest man; but cruel wrongs, bad company and evil influences made him what he was. Perhaps you will wonder at my sending you this, but I had an Ella once, or I thought I had, I called her my Ella, but while I was away she got another lover. She was a good deal like you in shape and size, but prettier than you are. You put me in mind of her every time I see you.—Good bye.

“HENRY WILSON.”

The reader will indulge me in a few more lines to show what the mind of Wilson dwelt upon during the last week of his life, in spite of the hard exterior which he presented to spectators. When he was led out for execution I lingered behind long enough to secure some scribblings which he had written since finishing his history on the 14th, and among them I found a sheet upon which, to all appearance, he had copied from memory or from books which he was reading certain sentiments which appeared to interest him. I give some of them which I think will be interesting to the reader:

“Look back upon the silentness
Of unreturning years,
Thy faded hours of early bliss,
Of passion and of tears—The destiny.”

“I am a wanderer, the world is my home,
My inheritance the future. Time is my father—
All will be his—then why not mine.
I like ruins, I take after my father;
But pleasure is my mother, and pleasure goes before ruins;
Otherwise life would be a cart-before-the-horse sort of an affair,
And we would do better to die first and live afterwards.”

“Of all sad words the tongue can pen,
The saddest are—‘It might have been.’”

“Reader, do you know how we can live and suffer, while the business of life goes regularly on, giving no token of the tears that are silently shed?”

“Many a peril have I passed;
Nor know I why this next appears the last,
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear.”

The foregoing extracts indicate somewhat the thoughts and feeling of the man, when alone during the last hours of his earthly existence—and though he was hardened in crime, seeming beyond hope of repentance or forgiveness; though he bore himself with such stoic firmness when the stern judgement of the law was about to be executed upon his person; though to some minds he may present a striking proof of the truth of the doctrine of “total depravity;” though when he was excited or angered, his eyes gleamed like the basilisk, and his breast heaved with passion, like the mountain with volcanic fires, yet, underneath all these, he possessed a feeling of sympathy at times for the distressed, a feeling of tenderness even to tears, when he thought upon his early but unrequited love, an admiration for good and beautiful in others, though not practiced by himself, and a proper appreciation of his situation in view of the last “earthly peril” that awaited him; though he was entirely indifferent as to the future. He was a waif cast upon the waters of life at the tender age of twelve years, and has been tempest-tossed, and blown about, without sail, helm or anchor, sport of ill winds and angry waves, finding no secure haven of rest, till at last he is swallowed up in the great ocean of eternity—there to receive the reward of his merits and demerits in time; and may he find more mercy at the hands of the Supreme Architect of the universe, than he meted out to his fellow beings upon earth.

And now, kind reader, asking your pardon for trespassing upon your patience for the few minutes that I have occupied your time since your perusal of that portion of that little work written by Henry Wilson, I take leave of you, hoping that the lesson presented by the perusal of these pages, may be both, lasting and instructive.

O. OLNEY,
Nunda, Livingston Co., N. Y.