

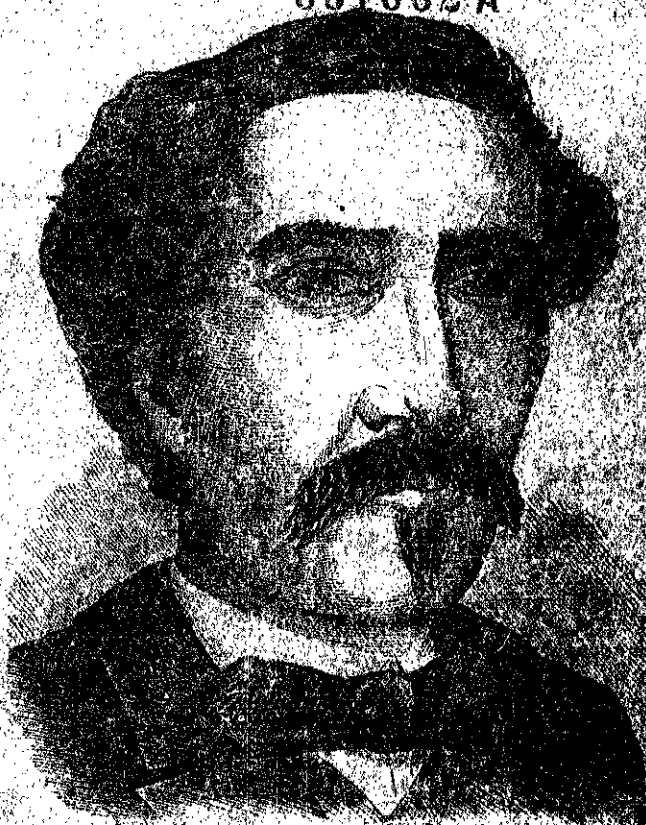
LIFE AND CONFESSION

OF

Benjamin Bunker,

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THE MURDERER

OF

BENJAMIN BUNKER

AT NEW YORK

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DETECTIVE GORDON'S OPENING REMARKS.

IN presenting the following facts to the public, I make no excuse, as I think none is needed for clearing up a number of mysteries and letting the light of truth shine upon some of the most atrocious murders that were ever committed in the cities of New York, New Orleans and elsewhere, which for boldness, brutality, and cunning are without a parallel in the history of crime. For years they have been completely enshrouded in darkness.

I had been out in the vicinity of the Modoc country, though not in the service of Uncle Sam. Many years I have spent upon the plains and mountains of the far West; however it is not my own, but another's history I propose to give, as well as how that history came into my possession, which was as follows.

The second day after the terrible slaughter of the United States troops by the Modocs I was making a reconnoissance on my own hook and alone, in the neighborhood and to some extent among the Lava Beds.

Having been over the ground many and many a time, I

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knew every nook and corner. After wandering around for several hours, without finding much of interest, and beginning to feel weary and hungry, I sought out and entered a cave to rest and refresh the inner man with that which every mountaineer carries in his bag—jerked venison, buffalo meat and hard tack. The cave I sought among the rocks was one I thought known to none but myself. What was my surprise on entering it to see an Indian—as I at first supposed—fast asleep. On examination I found he was not only dead, but not an Indian at all, but a white man of the pure Anglo-Saxon race, yet he was to all intents and purposes an Indian so far as costume and paint could make him. His body was literally torn to pieces; both hands and arms were gone, and looked as if they had been torn out at the shoulder, from which the muscles, nerves and flesh hung in shreds. All the right side of the head and face were gone. On lifting the blanket that covered him, a terrible sight met my view. His breast was torn open, and his heart was protruding from the wound. The eyes in their ghastliness were staring wide open; in all it was the most sickening sight I ever beheld, and I pray never to look upon the like again.

That he had been carried and laid there after death was very evident, as he could not possibly have reached the cave, after receiving such wounds, by himself, nor could he have received them where he lay when I found him.

Seeing he was a white man, my curiosity was excited to know, if possible, who he was, and why he was there in the guise of an Indian. After some debate with myself I

concluded to make a minute search of the body, disagreeable and disgusting as the job was. I did it, and was rewarded by finding the following

MANUSCRIPT AND CLUE TO THE MYSTERY.

It was encased in a buckskin pocket, and stitched fast to his Indian shirt, and so fastened as to remain firmly under the left arm. The following is the manuscript as it came into my possession.

Trusting that many may breathe freer now that such a villain is wiped out, I am with much respect

Yours truly,

JAS. P. GORDON.





THE LIFE

OF

Anson Bunker, alias the "Bloody Hand."

1.

Who the white Indian was—His parentage—Childhood—His home on Center Street, New York—Murder of his mother—Separation of the family—His first step in crime—Murder of Mr. Miller of Cincinnati—Bank robbery—Kills a Policeman—Leaves New York—Goes to Albany—Learns a trade—Gets married—Gets into trouble—Kills his wife—Goes to Canada—In Buffalo—Marries again—In the Steamboat business—Sinks her—Cruelty to his wife—Leaves her insane.

MY true name is Anson Bunker. But I have passed by so many different names that I sometimes almost forget what my right name is. And now as I write these pages, in what I feel to be the last few months of my life, for I feel a presentiment that before the conflict that is now pending between the Indians and the United States Government is over, I shall be numbered with the dead, and stand face to face with my victims before the Judge of the Universe. The presentiment is so heavy upon me I cannot shake it off, and as the shades that fall from that unknown land beyond the vista of time gather darker and denser about me, my heart throbs and trembles until I wish it would cease to beat, and thereby silence the groans of my victims and the many hideous jeers of the fiends that are now, and I fear will be forever sounding in my ears. I am impelled to write this history, and leave it behind me whether I will or no; and as it is written many years after some of

the incidents and crimes were committed, I have forgotten many of the dates, but I give them as best my memory serves me. When I have finished this, I start out on an expedition to the Indians, from which something tells me I shall never return alive. I will not spare myself, but will give all as I can remember it, just as it occurred. As I said my true name is Anson Bunker. I was born in New York city, March 8th, 1818, on Center street, I think but am not sure at number 90. Was raised so to speak until I was 19 years of age, right in the heart of the Five Points, then in its palmyest days, and was trained to the mysteries of crime in that locality.

I had three sisters and one brother, or at least I had once, but for years I have held no communication with any of my family. Two of my sisters went to the bad, and no doubt long years ago were laid in dishonored pauper graves. The saddest moment of my life is when I think of them and their hapless lot, forced upon them whether they would or no, by a father's hand. My youngest sister and brother—who was a babe of five months old at the death of our mother—were taken away by the Sisters of Charity, and we never heard of them again.

My mother was a good Christian woman. But my father was a drunkard, a thief and a murderer. I call him a murderer for he killed my mother by cruel treatment. I saw him strike her; she fell and never spoke again. I was frightened and screamed. When the neighbors came my father said mother had fallen off her chair, and struck her head against the stove and so hurt herself. But I felt and knew that my father had committed murder, for from that blow she never recovered. But I being only eight years old, and no other witnesses present, he escaped the gallows to die at last in the State Prison at Sing Sing, N. Y., to which place he was sentenced for ten years for burglary.



Bunker, when a boy, murders Mr. Miller in the "Five Points," assisted by four companions.
Bunker als Knabe ermordet Mr. Miller in den „Five Points," unterstützt von vier Kameraden.

Two of my sisters were older than myself. One was ten, almost eleven, the other in her thirteenth year at the death of our mother. In less than three years after our mother's death our father was sent to the State's prison; my sisters, were "street-walkers." (Many may think this impossible as they were both so young; all I have to say is, go among the haunts of vice in any of our large cities to-day, and you will find many just as young on the downward road to ruin.) And thus were my poor sisters at this tender age, and I, still younger, *an accomplished thief*.

When my mother died I had never been guilty of a crime, but from that time forth my downward course was very fast, and by the time I was sixteen I had been guilty of petty larceny times out of number, and had been engaged in five most daring robberies, and had helped to kill two men. The first man I helped to kill was a Mr. Miller, from Cincinnati, Ohio, a merchant (a fact we learned from papers in his pocket); he had come East to buy goods. This was in April, the spring I was sixteen years old. In walking about the city one Sunday afternoon, he had, accidentally or purposely, wandered into the Five Points; he came into one of the dens and sink-holes of crime, that abounded in that locality at that time, which in outward appearance was a respectable saloon, but woe to the hapless man or woman who came in there with any money; they never went out again, *dead or alive*.

Mr. Miller called for a glass of ale, which he drank, and in paying for it he exposed his money, and sealed his doom. He was disposed of in the following manner: One of the boys threw a handful of flour into his face, we then caught him, dragged him to a trap-door; one of the party slipped the bolt, and in less than a jiffy we were all in the cellar and the trap-door back to its place. Mr. Miller begged

piteously for his life, offering us all the money he had with him, and promising to send more to any address we might name; he pleaded for the sake of his wife and children in the West. I was but young, and my heart was touched at sight of his agony, and would have taken his offer and let him go; but my companions, who were older, called me a baby, and while four of them held him, made me cut his throat. As I cut the jugular vein the blood spurted into my face and deluged me with gore; we held him until he was dead, then searched him and got but a few dollars. There in the cellar we dug a hole, rolled him in, and in less than one hour all trace of it was removed, except every once in a while I could feel the blood spurt into my face; it was but fancy, yet it seemed so real it made me shudder, and it was years before I could forget it, in fact, I never fully forgot it, and to this day, hardened criminal as I am, I can feel that blood fly into my face.

Two days after this, myself and two comrades robbed the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank, in New York; we had the job in contemplation for some time before we did it, and to accomplish it, at that day and time when the *art* of robbery and murder was in the rough to what it is to-day, was no easy task, though we had as our leader and teacher an accomplished English thief, known as "English Bill." Our plan for robbing the bank was this: One of our party applied for and obtained the position of porter, they having advertised for one, and we were always on the watch for such chances.

When our "pal" got fairly to work in the bank, he got the impression of all the keys necessary for us to enter the bank, as well as of the safe-lock (safes then were not as perfect as they are to-day); so when all was ready, we unlocked the doors, walked in and helped ourselves to a large

sum of money, locked all things up, and departed for our den. Here we buried the money for a short time in the cellar; the money being mostly gold and silver, we could use it with impunity.

Of this sum I gave most to my eldest sister, to start business for herself, and the last I knew of her and the other one with her, they were keeping a noted fancy house on the Bowery and near the Bowery Theatre. Great was the mystery of how that robbery had been accomplished. Dozens of theories were set forth, but never the right one. In a few days after the robbery our "pal," the porter, was taken very sick, so that he could not go to the bank; when he got able to work again, his place was filled, which was all very fortunate for him, and I do not think he was ever suspected by any of the officers in the bank.

About two weeks after the bank robbery, one of our gang was detected in an attempt to rob a boarding house; he escaped at the time, but in a few days he was "spotted," and the police undertook to arrest him at the corner of Canal street and Broadway; in the mêlée I stabbed the policeman to the heart.

I dropped the knife, and hallooed "murder, somebody has stabbed this man!" at the same time pointing to an imaginary man, supposed to be running down Canal street. I screamed at the top of my voice, "there he goes." The crowd started after him, I with them, and so escaped.

After this, I did not feel safe in New York, so I left, and went to Albany, and being still but a boy in years, I went in to a bake shop and learned the baker's trade. Here I stayed three years, and kept honest all the time. At the end of that time I went to Lansingburg, and started business for myself, carrying on a bakery. I had then resolved to

live an honest life. Here I met with a Miss Mary Green, courted and married her, and was living happily and contented.

But my sins found me out. One day I met one of my old New York *friends* (!) and one of the worst of the gang, and he who had always had most power over me. So it was not long until the old life of dishonesty began, and not long before my wife suspected and then learned the truth.

My friend insisted on stopping at my house, and my wife overheard a conversation between him and me. She upbraided me, and threatened to leave me. I begged of her not to be hasty, assuring her that she was mistaken, and had not understood the conversation. At last she consented to wait a while longer, but on conditions that my friend left the house. I promised her he should do so the next morning.

My wife was in habit of drinking water through the night; I accidentally overturned the glass of water she had set at the side of her bed, on the stand. I went and filled it for her and put arsenic into it. She was quite sick in a short time; in the morning she was too ill to leave her bed. I got us something to eat; gave her another dose of arsenic; went off down town, and did not return home until afternoon, then found my wife in the last agonies of death, surrounded by a few ignorant neighbors. No doctor having been called I ran for one, well knowing she would be dead when he got there. I pretended she was well when I left the house, and from what he could learn from those that were there—which was very little, she was almost insensible when she was found—the doctor concluded she had died of cholera. I now sold out my business, settled up all my affairs and left, and I felt sure it was not any too soon: as

my friend still stayed around, and so conducted himself as to fully satisfy the community that he was a scoundrel, and his remaining with me on the terms of intimacy brought me under suspicion of not being all right. I hurried through with my affairs, and made a bee-line for Canada. I started my friend off the day before I left, promising to meet him in Buffalo, but I had not the least idea of doing so.

When I reached Toronto, the Canada rebellion was in progress. I immediately joined the rebels, and had the pleasure of lying in jail at Toronto for six months, and came very near being shot. When I was released I left quickly for the States, and made direct for Buffalo, N. Y.; here I again began to live by my wits. Being a musician—having learned to play the violin in my youth—I got up a band, played for balls and parties, ingratiated myself into good society, and for two years made money as fast as any honest man ought to wish. About this time I, having several hundred dollars, bought an interest in a boat, the steamer Rochester, which was running between Buffalo and Cleveland. I went on her as steward myself. Here the old propensity came over me to steal, so I stole about all the boat made, and thus got into a fuss with the other owners, who threatening to have me arrested, concluded to let the matter rest until we had made one more trip to Cleveland. I watched my chance, bored holes in the bottom, in fact completely riddled the hull; I bored them so that there were six holes large enough for a man to crawl through. I bored the holes not clear through, but so that I could take a hammer and peg and in five minutes have all the holes open, which I found in the end to be quite a dangerous operation to myself, as when I had knocked through five or six of the small holes, the force of the water would burst the entire block up. We had not got ten miles from Buffalo, when a heavy storm arose; when

I saw it was about to burst upon us, I hastened down to prepare her for destruction. The storm was so severe, and she sank so quickly, that I scarcely got my job completed, and came very near being drowned in the hole; but at last I got out, and reached shore, or rather was washed ashore, more dead than alive, was picked up by a farmer, taken to his house, and kindly cared for. Over a hundred persons were drowned, but one man escaped, who saw me in the hole at my devil's work, and had fired a pistol at me; as he fired I slipped and fell, he supposed he had killed me, and so reported; but when I returned to Buffalo, he met me in the street, and recognized me. Again the officers of the law were on my track, and I had to take "French leave."

While in Buffalo, I married my second wife, Miss Eliza Stanly. She had several thousand dollars in bank, for which I married her, and tried hard to get, but failed, as her uncle was her guardian, and soon seemed to fully understand my true character, and motive. At first I sought many ways to put the uncle out of the way, but in this I also failed. When I felt satisfied I could not get the money, I turned my attention to my wife and took my revenge upon her. My treatment was so cruel that she became insane, and no wonder, for I maltreated and degraded her as only a brutal fiend could. Many were the times I went home at the hour of midnight, took two or three friends along, of the same stripe as myself, and actually assisted them in degrading her and joined them in their vile epithets, and this too, when her mind was almost gone. She was so extremely afraid of me, that I kept her silent by threatening her life, and her family disliked me to such an extent, they never came near our house, nor permitted her to come to theirs, so long as she lived with me, so I had it all my own way, and thus with various modes of torture I heaped upon her, she became



Bunker and his "pal," disguised as negroes, rob the Bank of Lexington (Ky.), and murder the porter.
Bunker und sein Kamerad, als Neger verkleidet, berauben die Bank von Lexington (Ky.) und ermorden den Wächter.

hopelessly insane, or rather idiotic, and in this state I left her upon her uncle's hands.

2.

Arrival in Chicago, Ill.—Turns Hotel-keeper—Becomes Dancing Master—Murders Mr. Landsdale of Boston, Mass.—Marries Helen Pimoney, robs and deserts her—A Mock marriage with Ella Marks—Murders her out on the lake—Robs and fires the Hotel, and leaves the city.

FROM Buffalo I went to Cleveland, Ohio; but there my stay was short. I could get nothing to do, and dare not venture abroad to any extent, for fear of being detected. In Buffalo I was known as W. Bennett, and was called by the boys Buffalo Bill (not the one who has since acquired such a notoriety under that name). Not feeling safe in Cleveland, I left and went to Chicago, Ill. Here I called myself Albert Gordon Bennett, representing myself as a relative of James Gordon Bennett of New York.

When I reached Chicago, I had considerable money, so I looked about for business. I soon bought an interest in a hotel with a Mr. Barker; also got a partner, and opened a dancing school, he teaching dancing, and I furnishing the music. We soon had a very large and prosperous school; we also furnished music for balls and parties. Among the scholars of our school was a very beautiful young girl named Ella Marks. As soon as I saw her, I marked her as my victim. She was only fifteen years of age, and as innocent as she was beautiful; therefore easily influenced, and won to do my bidding. At my suggestion she would leave her home, telling her parents she was going to visit some of her acquaintances in a distant part of the city, then come direct

to my room, stay all day and often all night. Thus it was not long until her ruin was accomplished. One night I plied her freely with drugged wine. Never shall I forget the scene when she came to herself and learned what had been done. She was almost frantic; threatened to expose me to her parents, as well as to the school. I pacified her as best I could by telling her that I would marry her in a short time, and that no harm should come to her. Thus things went on for months. In the mean time I had been paying my addresses to a Mrs. Helen Pimoney, a widow and the handsomest woman I ever saw and worth considerable property. I liked her property and liked her for *its* sake. I proposed to her, was accepted, and married her forthwith.

When we had been married about a week, a Mr. Landsdale from Boston, Mass., who was stopping at the hotel, was taken suddenly very sick. He had been several weeks at our house, when he took sick, and sent for me, I being one of the landlords. Thinking he was going to die, he placed in my hands a large sum of money, saying, "Should I die, send this to Mrs. Sarah Landsdale, 25 Court street, Boston, Mass.," he also stated he had come West to buy real estate, I promised him faithfully to do as he wished in case he should die. But I laughed at him, cheered him up, told him he must not think of dying, that he was worth a dozen dead men yet, and thus I tried to calm his fears, though I had already determined he should never leave his room alive. In the course of thirty-six hours—the doctor having pronounced him out of danger—he sent for me again, and requested the return of his money. To gain time, I told him it was in the safe, and that my partner had the key, and was gone up town and that as soon as he came in I would bring up his money. I helped him to get up and dress, he being very weak, and much exhausted. By the time we had his toilet completed, I suggested he

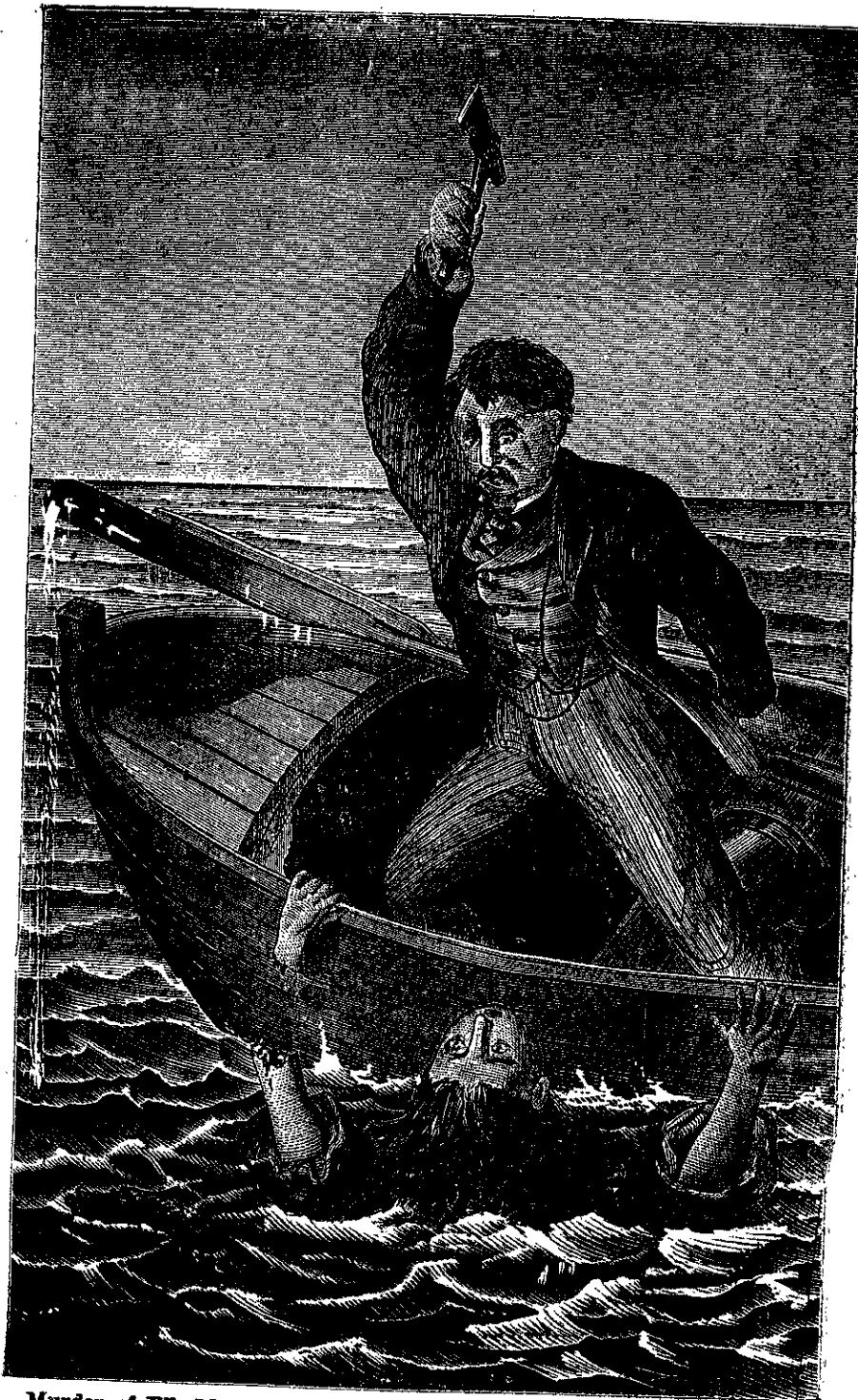
should take a glass of wine; he consented to do so. I went myself to the bar to get it, and as good luck would have it, the barkeeper was absent, so I procured the glass of wine, not forgetting to put a good supply of strychnine in the same, and sent it him by one of the servants with word I would be up presently; in a few minutes the boy came running into the office, saying Mr. Landsdale had fallen from his chair. I hastened to the room and found him dying, with but life enough to give me one look, which plainly revealed the fact *he suspected foul play*. He tried hard, but could not speak, and in a few moments was dead, and the money was mine, as no one knew it was in my possession, for I had not put it in the safe, as I had reported to him. I quickly gathered up the fragments of the tumbler (which had been smashed to atoms when it fell from his hand as he drank the poisonous draught), deposited them in the watercloset sink, and with them all chance of discovery disappeared. I rang the bell furiously, and sent for the doctor; but when he arrived his patient was dead. The doctor made but very little examination, pronounced it heart-disease, complicated and superinduced by his recent severe illness. The doctor I think was the more careless, as he left *no money to pay his bill*, in fact none to bury him; so I very *magnanimously* buried him *at my own expense*.

That job off my hands, I turned my attention to my little girl, who by this time was getting quite troublesome; she had heard the report that I was married to another. I met her on the street as I returned from the funeral of my victim (Mr. Landsdale). She was in a terrible state of excitement, threatened me with exposure and all sorts of vengeance. I laughed at her, called her my little darling, took her to my room, and there made her believe it was all false, and to

prove to her that it was, got her to wait in the room, until I went out and got a minister, that we might be married immediately, then I would take her right home to the hotel to a room I had fitted up expressly for her. Poor girl, she implicitly trusted and believed me, and her life paid the forfeit. I went out, got one of my chums, rigged him up as a minister, filled up a blank tax-receipt, to make a show of licence, and returned to the room with my friend, and we were soon made man and wife according to the "rogue's code." Poor Ella, she was so happy at the thought she was an honest wife, and the babe to be born in a few months would not be illegitimate, that she was ready to do anything to please me, particularly as I pretended to be a little angry that she had doubted me. She was ready to do anything I wished, so when I proposed we should take a sail upon the lake, she was delighted with the thought, and off we started as happy as two crickets. Although it was September, the weather was very pleasant, and though it was almost dark, she never thought of harm. I procured a boat of Bob Ingals; my friend, the minister pro tem. I being an expert oarsman was soon two miles at least from shore, but Ella was so happy she paid no attention to where we were going, and if she had she would have thought it all right. Suddenly I careened the boat to one side, and Ella being taken off her guard fell overboard. She caught the side of the boat, looking to me to help her in. I raised the oar and struck her on the head, but did not knock her loose from the boat. She now saw that I intended to kill her, so began to scream, beg and pray that I would spare her life. But she had just as well talked to the moaning winds of the lake, they would have shown her as much mercy as I. I still kept striking at her with the oar to get her loose from the boat, which every moment was in danger of being upset, and I dared

not go near her for fear she would get hold of me. So I caught up a hatchet that was in the boat, and with one blow severed the hand from her wrist. I thought she was dead, but such an unearthly scream as rent the air, when I struck the blow, may I never hear again, and the look her face turned full upon me, as the body sank beneath the waves, with her wild glassy eyes staring at me, I can never forget.

As she sank from sight I looked, and there *still clung the hand to the side of the boat.* I brushed at it, thinking it would fall off easily, but it seemed to be glued on, and to get it off I had to loosen one finger at a time; as I tore them loose they clasped around my own fingers with the grip of death. Trembling and shaking in every limb, at the terrible spectre clinging to my hand, I jerked, twisted, tore at it to no effect, and at last took my knife and cut it loose, and let it fall into the lake; as it dropped that scream again rang out upon the air. I know it was but imagination, but I fancied I saw the wild staring eyes looking at me from the water, and to this day I can see and feel that trembling hand, in its terrible agony clinging to mine, and hear that awful scream ringing in my ears. I seized the oars, and made all possible haste to the shore. Again it may have been but fancy, yet every time I looked into the water, I could see that white face, with its wild pleading eyes still looking at me. When I reached the shore, I found my friend waiting for me; to his question, "Where is she?" I pointed to the blue vault above us, signifying she had gone to heaven; then placing my finger on my lips, I handed him some money, and turned as if to leave him. He had stepped into the boat, and was stooping over the side washing off the blood. I turned, fired my pistol, shot him through the head, and he dropped into the lake. I had not intended to harm him, but something in his look as I turned from him warned me



Murder of Ella Marks. "She clung to the boat, and with one blow of the hatchet I severed her hand from her wrist."
„Sonderung von Ella Marks. „Sie hielt sich am Boote fest, und ein Schlag mit dem Beil trennte die Hand von dem Gefenke.“

there was danger in him, and to make all safe I wiped out all chance of discovery. This scene took place near the mouth of the Chicago River. Feeling all secure now, I went to my room, to arrange my dress, compose myself, etc. It was ten o'clock before I reached the hotel, where I found my wife Helen waiting for me, to go home with her; I did so, and stayed that night, but had decided to leave the city inside of twenty-four hours. So I told my wife I had bought a beautiful house and lot for our future home, and was short a few hundred dollars to complete the purchase. She handed me quite a sum of money, saying she had that day drawn it from bank, with the intention of asking me to invest it for her. I took it, promising to do so to the best advantage. I left her next morning, promising to be home early and take her to the theatre. I stayed about the hotel all day, then while the guests were at supper, I went to the third story and there, in rooms not occupied, I poured camphene all over the floors, first covering the windows with blankets, to keep the light from being seen, until the fire had a good start. I then went to the office, of which I took charge while the clerk went to supper. My partner was up town, and I knew he would not be home for several hours, so when the clerk left the office, no one being there then but myself, I helped myself to the money in the safe and drawer, told the clerk I had put all in the safe and would keep the key, and go to one of the empty rooms and lay down; if anything was needed they could call me. I went directly to the rooms I had prepared, lighted the fires, then went down-stairs the back way, and very fortunate for me met no one, passed out into the alley, thence through back streets, and walked five miles out of town that night. The hotel was burnt and several lives were lost, and I reported as one of

the number, as nothing was seen of me after I had gone upstairs to lay down. I stopped at a farm house, and begged a night's lodging; I did not beg because I had no money, but because I thought it policy to do so, for I now had a large amount in my possession.

I now made my way to St. Louis, Mo. On leaving Chicago in the manner I did, I was forced to leave everything I possessed, but what I had on my back. By this I lost one of the finest and best violins I, and I think any one else, ever saw. I had paid a large price for it; yet it was not what I paid that made me value it, but the tone of the instrument. I dared not take it with me, as it would have betrayed my identity; so I left it in my room, on Lasalle street, near the Lasalle House.

3.

In St. Louis—Stops at the Pacific Hotel, Seventh Street—Murders and robs Mr. Nichols of Louisiana—Fires the hotel—Going down the Mississippi River—In New Orleans—Gets frightened, leaves the city—In Memphis—Joins a theatrical company—Marries again—Travels through Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio—Deserts his wife, and starts upon another career of crime—Many who read this will readily remember the burning of the Pacific Hotel in St. Louis, some years ago—The landlord, Capt. Stradder (I think was the name), was suspected as the incendiary, but was innocent.

MY next venture was St. Louis. There I stopped at the Pacific Hotel, on Seventh Street, near the Pacific Railroad Depot. I stopped there two weeks, keeping myself very reserved and quiet. Here I called myself Alfred Bennett, from New York City, a baker by trade, on the lookout for a job. Staying at the hotel was a rich old Southerner. I ingratiated myself into his good graces so thoroughly that he was never satisfied without I was with

him. He had with him quite a large sum of money and some very valuable diamonds. I soon made up my mind to rob him the first good chance that offered, and it soon presented itself in this way: we had been to the theatre one evening; when we got back to the hotel, he not feeling very well insisted I should remain with him in his room. Now was my time; I did not intend to kill or hurt him at all, but just as I had got possession of his money and diamonds, he awoke and attempted to give the alarm. With one blow of my fist I knocked him senseless, and stabbed him to the heart where he lay. I now secured all the valuables, set fire to the room, and it being about one o'clock at night, I went to my own room, and waited for the alarm of fire; when it was given, from some one in the street, the flames had gained such headway that it was all the guests could do to escape with their lives, and several perished in the flames. Myself and Mr. Nichols were reported among the number lost. When the alarm became general, I managed to leave the hotel unobserved.

By this job I added to my treasury largely in money; the diamonds I never knew what they were worth, as they in turn were stolen from me on the way down the river. When I left the burning hotel, I went direct to the levee, and found a boat ready to leave at daylight; I sauntered about—in my new and perfect disguise—among the levee saloons that are to be found there open all night. I watched the boat, and when she was just ready to leave, went on board, and in a few minutes was steaming down the Mississippi. I registered myself on the boat's book as Wm. Fontaine, of Springfield, Ill., and represented myself as on my way to Austin, Texas. The steamer was the Henry Chauteau, then a new and one of the finest packets between St. Louis and New Orleans.

On board were three noted gamblers, and thinking myself

quite an expert at cards, I took a hand with them, but in a few days got cleaned out of thousands of dollars. I thought it time to quit, and did so. Nothing further of any account occurred on the way down. One of the cabin boys had a violin, and having left it lying on the table in the gents' cabin, I picked it up and began to play. After that I had plenty of amusement in the ladies' cabin, and was always a welcome guest among the lady passengers.

When we reached New Orleans, I stopped at the St. Charles Hotel; here I lost sight of my gambling friends. The second day after I reached the city, as I went to the dining-room, I saw seated at the table a well-known Chicago detective; he had not seen me, so I did not go in to dinner. Whether he was looking for me or not, I never knew, *as I did not stop to ask him*, but turned away, and went direct to the wharf. The Memphis packet was just ready to start. I went on board. Nothing of importance occurred on the trip. When I reached Memphis, I stopped at the Commercial Hotel, kept by Mr. Cockerell. Here I met and formed the acquaintance of an actor by the name of White; he had no money, and I had considerable, so he took quite a fancy to me, and I must say I was much pleased with him. He was going up the river to join a travelling theatrical company; he said the manager, Mr. Wakeman, had requested him to get a musician, and as I played the violin, just what he wanted, he insisted I should go with him. While debating in my own mind the chances I should run by doing so, I read an account of the burning of the Lake House at Chicago, with quite a pathetic account of my death, the finding and burial of my supposed remains. So, on the whole, I concluded I should be safe to make the venture; but before leaving Memphis I had my hair and whiskers colored a jet black, their natural color being very light. After remaining

in Memphis about a week, we took boat for Cairo, where we found our party waiting for us. The manager seemed very glad of my services; again I started on my travels, and this time in a new role of operations. We visited various towns in Illinois with but moderate success; leaving Illinois, we went to Terre Haute, Ind.; here we did nothing. From Terre Haute we went to Green Castle; here we barely paid expenses. From there we went to Indianapolis; here we did well for a week, though we stayed two, and lost the last week what we made the first. From here we went to Crawfordville, from thence to Lafayette; at this place we remained five months, doing an excellent business all the time. From the time of joining the company up to this time, I had kept myself very quiet and honest; some times it was hard to do, but I did it, and won for myself the name of being quite a gentleman, and though I had thousands of dollars, I was very careful not to let it be known in the company, but pretended my salary was all I had to live upon.

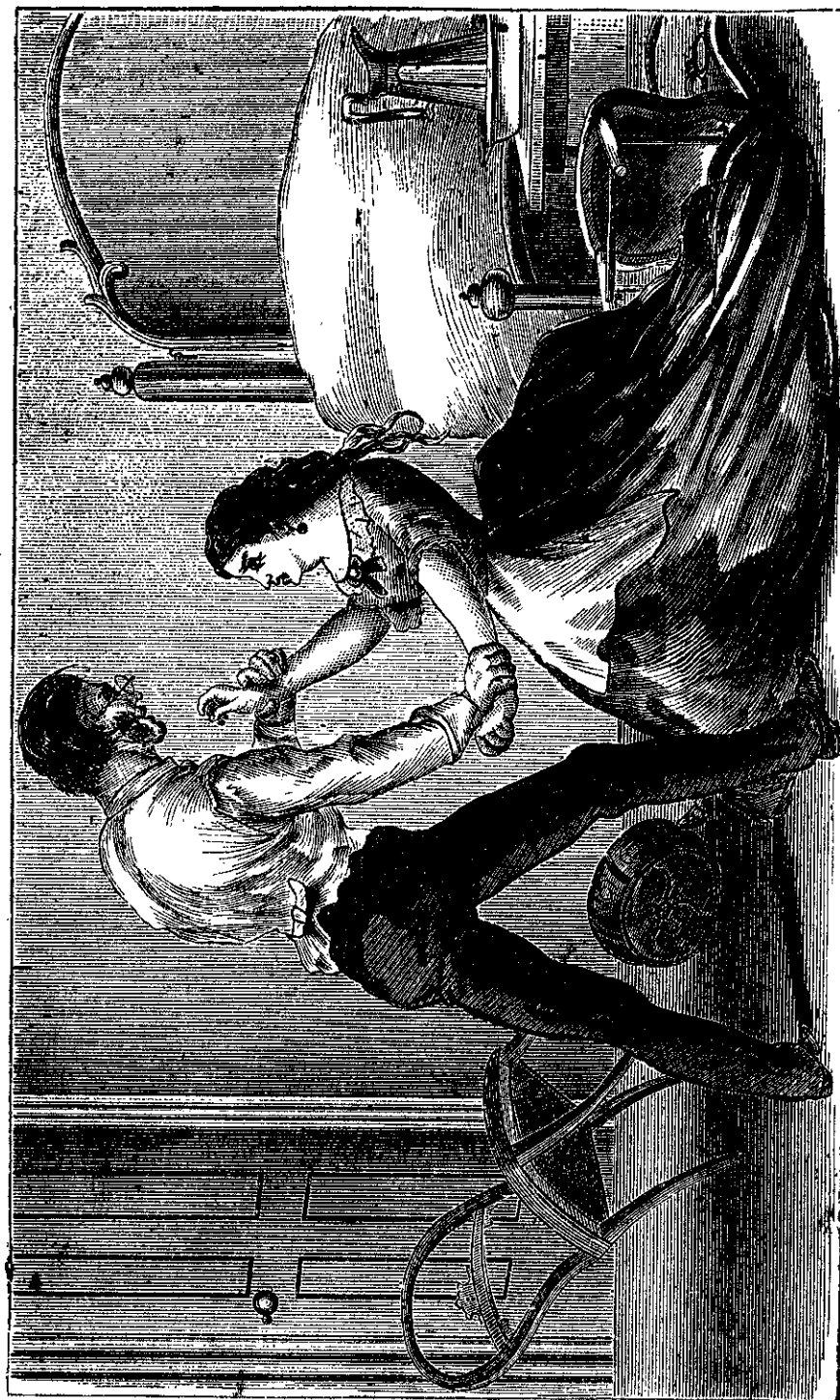
In the company among the lady actresses was a Miss Devere, to whom I took quite a fancy, and she seemed as well pleased with me. Although a widow, she was quite young, not twenty years of age; she was quite good-looking, in fact the best-looking woman in the company, though there were but three—the manager's wife, who was very much of a lady, and an old Mrs. Pratt, a perfect old catamaran, who was very sweet on a catfish-faced Jem that was in the company. Mrs. Pratt was noted most for her large mouth, and the peculiar way she had of opening and shutting it caused her to receive one night a large bouquet of different kinds of vegetables—beets, turnips, cabbage, etc., labelled, "A delicate morsel for the Mammoth Cave;" but this is digressing.

Miss Devere had dark hair and eyes, above the medium

height, and of more than ordinary intelligence. We had now been several months together in the company; I made her a proposition of marriage; thinking me all right she accepted it. We were married immediately by a justice of the peace, by the name of Dame; we still remained in the company for several months after our marriage, and so strong was the habit upon me to act dishonestly, when we left Lafayette, I made the landlord of the house where we boarded believe that I was not going with the company, and that my wife would only be gone a few weeks. Thus I took all her baggage and my own to the packet (canal), saw the company off, returned to the hotel, took dinner, went up town where a friend was waiting for me with a buggy to carry me out, and overtake the boat at a point ten or fifteen miles ahead, and also out of the county; thus I shirked my board bill, near seventy-five dollars.

From Lafayette we went to Fort Wayne, then to various other towns along the Wabash canal until we reached Toledo, Ohio; thence to Dayton, then Hamilton, and then to Cincinnati to disband. While in Lafayette, I found out our manager was an inveterate gambler as well as myself. So we took a hand with each other, and the consequence was I lost several thousand to him. After the company was disbanded in Cincinnati we remained there, I doing nothing; but my wife got an engagement in the National Theatre. During this time I fell in with a regular sharper and by the 4th of July, the time the theatre closed, I had not only lost all the money I had but all my wife had.

Finding no good chance in that neighborhood to steal or kill anybody to make a raise safely, I proposed to my wife we should go to her father in the country and spend the remainder of the summer, which was only about fifty miles from the city. It suited her very much, as she had



Bunker's cruel treatment of his third wife whom he afterwards murders.
 Bunker a genuine Separating piece with a real emerald.

not been home for some time, and was very anxious to see her son.

While at my father-in-law's I induced him to go my security for the material to make and paint a set of theatrical scenery; being considerable of a "dauber," I managed to get it up after a fashion. When it was completed, my father-in-law went with me to Wilmington, hired for me two horses and a large carriage to go to Cincinnati and bring out a theatrical company for the purpose of playing in Wilmington, and then making a tour through Ohio.

I had now been over a year living comparatively honest, but when I found myself in Cincinnati with a carriage and two good horses, all my good intentions and honesty disappeared. Sauntering round, maturing in my mind a plan of operation, I met one of my former acquaintances from Buffalo, N. Y., and in less than two hours I had sold the team at auction on Sixth street, and with the proceeds and my friend left for Louisville, Ky.

4.

In Louisville—Goes into the "burnt-cork" business—Rebs a bank—Kills the porter—Meets his wife—"Fiddling" again—Starts his wife Fortune-telling; treats her cruelly—Meets an old friend—Gets exposed and is arrested for bigamy—In jail; gets out—Kills his friend (?)—Pursues his wife—Arrested again; gets released—Still after his wife—In the Toombs at New York—Slips through the meshes of the law—In the jail at Lafayette, Ind.

WHEN we reached Louisville, we put up at the old Louisville Hotel, I as Mr. Jackson, and my friend as Mr. Richards. We kept on the watch, but found nothing we dared to take hold of; we managed to rob a couple of rooms one night, and raised a few hundred dollars,

and were the first the next morning to raise the hue and cry that we had been robbed, of course the thief was not caught nor were we suspected. Funds getting low again something must be done. My friend wanted to rob the Louisville Bank of Kentucky. I demurred, not thinking it a safe job. So he got "on his ear" and left, and I saw him no more.

A day or two after I met a party of young men that were forming a negro minstrel troupe. I joined them and started again upon my travels, and resumed my old trade of stealing at every chance. We took a short trip out in Indiana, but made nothing either stealing or otherwise. We visited Vincennes, Evansville, then to the different towns along the Ohio river until we reached Albany, Ind. Here myself and one of the party spotted a man at the hotel who seemed to carry a large quantity of money about his person. Every night he was at the show; we had made it a point to get on terms of intimacy with him. So after the performance that night, we stayed out to have a high old time, it being our last night in the place. I picked his pocket, and got several hundred dollars. I secured the money in the leg of my boot, and then before he had time to miss his money, I placed my hand on my pocket, and called out I was robbed; he missed his, and another man had lost his pocket book; my partner had relieved him. We were in a crowded saloon; being rather good at swearing, I practised considerable just then and left for our hotel, the victim along with us. If they ever suspicioned the facts, we never heard of it. Early the next morning we left for Lexington, Ky.

It was now very cold weather, being the dead of winter. When we reached Lexington we stopped at the Phoenix Hotel. Here we stayed two weeks, and had good houses everynight. While here myself and pal laid our plan to rob the Bank of Lexington, which we did, but were forced to kill the porter

who slept in the bank. We entered the bank by way of the window, first removing the shutters, then cutting out the glass we succeeded in getting in, but had not yet got the safe open, when the porter came upon the scene. Before he could time to speak, we knocked him senseless with a large fire-poker, striking him on the side of the head. He gave us no further trouble; we now opened the safe and were proceeding to help ourselves, when we heard the alarm, and sprang to escape, which we succeeded in doing; but would not, if the party who in passing saw the window shutter had stood still and halloed, instead of which he ran off to give the alarm, thus leaving the way for our exit. We had our faces blackened, so when they returned and entered the bank, they found it empty except the dying porter, who was only able to say, "Two negroes," and died. So two negroes, who bore very bad characters in Lexington, were arrested for the murder and robbery, when we left. In this grab we raised a large amount, which my pal and I divided equally between us.

Our next point was Maysville; here we did but little in the show line, and here my pal took a notion to go south; so we parted, he going south, and I remaining with the company. From Maysville we went to Ripley, Brown co., Ohio, then to Georgetown, then on through the country until we reached Circleville; then Massillon, and then down to Sandusky and the lake shore.

Through all this campaign we made but little, often not paying expenses, and in many places had to leave without paying our bills. Though I had plenty of money I dared not let it be known, as I was fully satisfied that our manager and most, if not all the rest, of the party were honest men. When we reached Sandusky, we concluded it would not pay, and disbanded and scattered off; most of the men

having trades, painters or printers, found employment at their trade.

It was now about the middle of April, 1850. I started off on a tour by myself, and not liking the atmosphere of the lake, and for fear it might prove unhealthy for me, I started inland, travelling by stage, passing on through Ohio into Pennsylvania. After wandering around considerably, I brought up at Erie, Pa., and there I found my wife with a theatrical company under the management of John Powell. I made peace with her by telling her a trumped-up story, and made arrangements with the manager to lead the orchestra; but the company soon bursted up, as Powell was one of those men that never paid a dollar to any one if he could avoid it.

I had often noticed a peculiarity about my wife, and at last became satisfied that she was a natural clairvoyant, though she was ignorant of the fact herself. I told her what I thought; she only laughed at me, but finally I, partly through persuasion, and partly by force, made her adopt the profession of a travelling clairvoyant and fortune-teller. My health at this time was very poor, so we started, I doing nothing, but making my wife support me. We travelled all over New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana; I always kept closely to my room in the hotel, besides being well disguised with my black hair and whiskers, and wore green glasses to hide my blue eyes, though under the pretext of weak eyes. During these three years I was honest, for I did nothing but abuse my wife; I got so I scarcely ever gave her a kind word. She always seemed to mistrust me, and watch me in such a way that irritated me, so I treated her cruelly. At last we reached St. Louis, Mo., where we remained all the summer, and though I did nothing, I resumed my old trade of gambling, and picking pockets when a good

chance offered; in gambling I not only lost all I could steal, but all my wife made. When she would not give me her money willingly, I would hold her, and take it from her by force; she had disappointed me so, for I hoped when I got her to turn out fortune-teller, that in time I could induce her to assist me in all my schemes; but she conducted herself in such a manner that I never dared to make a confidant of her, or reveal to her my true character; so I took revenge by treating her as but few people would treat a dog. She bore it as best she could, thinking she was my lawful wife, and knowing well from past experience how useless it would be to try to get rid of me. But fortune they say favors the brave, and this time it favored her.

I met one of my old Chicago friends; I tried hard to deny my identity, but it was no use, he knew me. After talking to him a while, and thinking I could trust him, I took him to my house, and introduced him to my wife, telling him at the time we were not married, only living together. She employed him to give her son lessons on the piano. It was not long until he began to think I had lied to him, seeing how I treated her (which was no better in his presence than behind his back). One day when he was present giving her son his lesson, I so far forgot myself as to knock her down, and take her money, and go—as he knew I was going to do—to give it to my fancy woman, “Eliza Haycraft.” After I had left, he said to my wife:

“Why do you live with this man, when he treats you as he does?”

“How can I get rid of him? He wont leave me, nor let me leave him.”

“Prove to me you are his wife, and I will tell you how to get rid of him fast enough.”

“There is our marriage certificate; is that any proof?”

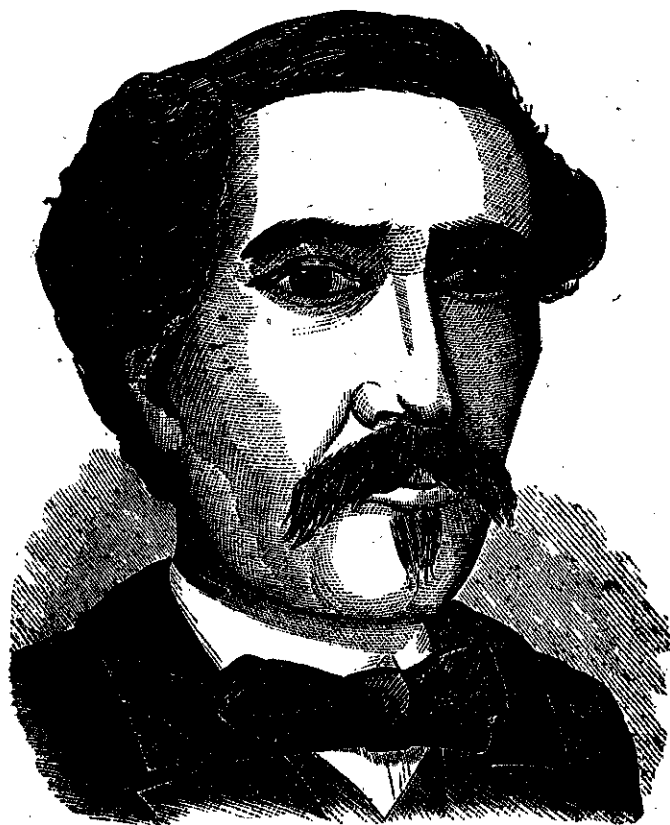
"Yes, that's enough. This man, who calls himself your husband, has a living wife in Chicago, from whom he has never been divorced. What his true name is, I do not know; there he was known as A. G. Bennett."

"Are you sure his wife is living?"

"Yes, I saw her but two weeks ago; she thinks he is dead."

Then giving her instructions how to get the proof of what he told her, he left the house, and when I returned in the evening, she told me plainly what she had learned, and that she should take the necessary action immediately to get the proof; and more, if I was in the city at ten o'clock the next day, she would have me arrested and held until those proofs came, on the evidence of my friend, and then take me to Chicago and have me tried for my crimes. Feeling the game was up, I left, trusting in time to soften my wife's anger, and vowing vengeance on my false friend.

I left St. Louis that night on a steamer for Cincinnati; she immediately broke up house-keeping, went to Chicago, and there obtained the proof that would convict me of bigamy, not as it seemed for the purpose of prosecuting me, but to protect herself against me. It was near two months before she left Chicago; in the meantime I had become desperate. I was too lazy to work, and I felt a dislike to pick up my old trade; not that I was too honest, but only too lazy, and did not like to run the risks I would have to in following it. So when I learned my wife was in Louisville, Ky., I went immediately to that city, and went to the hotel where she was stopping (the Exchange), kept by a Mr. Mosher. It being midnight when I reached the city, I went to the hotel office, told the clerk on watch that I was the lady's husband; he knowing nothing of the trouble, gave me the number of her room. I went up and knocked, but



ANSON BUNKER, THE MURDERER.
Anson Bunker, der Mörder.

she, suspecting who it was, refused me admittance; so I left the hotel and wandered around the streets until daylight, mad enough to cut my throat and everybody else's. When morning came I went back to the hotel. She would not see me, but informed me through the agency of the landlord that it was no use to come near her, as she would not live with me, and that I would only get myself into trouble. I hung around for a day or two, finding I could gain nothing, as everybody in the hotel approved her course and condemned me. At last I sent her word if she would give me the money to leave the city, I would do so and trouble her no more. She sent me the money, and I returned to Cincinnati; but went back to Louisville in less than a week, and demanded that she should live with me or furnish me what money I wanted to live on. She very promptly refused to do it, and thereupon had me arrested, tried and held to await a requisition from the Governor of Indiana, to take me to Lafayette on the charge of bigamy, and as I could not give bail I had to go to jail. I now became thoroughly frightened, and began to beg for mercy, and promised her faithfully if she would not take me back to Indiana that when my sixty days for which I was committed were up I would never come near her again; thinking, now that I knew she was determined not to have anything more to do with me, I would let her alone. She took my word, and let the requisition go by default and went on down south. No requisition coming, when my sixty days were up I was set at liberty. I was penniless and so had to make a raise, and knowing the best place to do that would be about the levee saloons, I went there, and before an hour had passed I replenished my pocket with several hundred dollars, out of the pocket of a hog-dealer. Just as I was leaving the saloon, and before the theft was discovered, who should I meet in the door but Frank

my false friend of St. Louis. I hailed him, but he seemed a little shy at first, still as I feigned entire ignorance of his telling my wife anything, he came to the conclusion that I did not know it, and when I invited him to go over to Jeffersonville with me, saying I thought we might make a raise over there, he readily consented to it. It was now near ten o'clock, very dark and cloudy. I purposely got near the gangway, and when about the middle of the river stumbled against him, he lost his balance, and fell overboard. He hallooed, but no one seemed to hear him, and I walked unconcernedly off to another part of the boat; no one saw or missed him, and I had my revenge. Knowing he could not swim I am sure he was drowned.

I stayed that night in Jeffersonville at the Jeffersonville Hotel, I think was the name. Next morning bright and early I went to New Albany, and took passage on the Aleck Scott for New Orleans; on the boat I registered my name as W. White, the English of my wife's fortune-telling name. I was now more than ever determined, to wreak vengeance upon the "Madam." When we reached Vicksburg, I saw by the papers of that city that my wife was there or was two days before. I left the boat, went to the hotel, and found she had gone to Jackson, Miss. I had to stay over night here, and in the morning took the cars for that place. When I reached there it was noon. I went boldly to her room and told her she must live with me or die. She refused, and I caught her, with the intention of choking her to death, but for fear of harm to myself changed my mind, took from her her pocket-book, tore her watch and chain from her neck. Then went down stairs, to tell the landlord a cock-and-bull story, and get her turned out of the hotel. While I was talking to the landlord, the "Madam" left the house by the back way, found a squire's office, got out a warrant, and before my story was

half told, an officer walked up, and arrested me; to say that I was taken by surprise, and fairly beat, but too poorly expresses my feeling on that occasion. I was immediately tried, and remanded to jail in Jackson to await the requisition from Governor Wright of Indiana. This time the Madam took the required steps to put a quietus to further annoyance from me, and returned to Lafayette, went before the Grand Jury, got an indictment against me for bigamy, procured the requisition, and sent the Deputy Sheriff of Indianapolis to Jackson after me. Being no railroad to reach Jackson, travel was only by boat, and as the officer went down after me, I went up after my wife. After she had left Jackson, I sent for a lawyer, and told him my story, gave him a good fee, and he not only freed me on a writ of habeas corpus, but had turned over to me all my wife's papers that she, at her lawyer's request, had left with them.

Being free two days after she left, having all her papers, knowing she was powerless without them, I started up the river, stopped at Memphis, began to hunt up the Madam's whereabouts, which I soon found to be Cincinnati, where she was waiting the return of the officer. I kept quiet where I was, waited for her to leave Cincinnati, which she did, as soon as she learned I was gone. I then went boldly to that city, and learned she was in Wheeling, Va.; so I took boat for that city, reaching there just as she was leaving the hotel to go to Pittsburg. I went on the boat with her; when we landed at Pittsburg, I went to the hotel with her, and registered our names as man and wife. She had kept quiet all the time. I got a room; she went to it; I went along; when we reached the room, I took out the papers which she had left in Jackson, and laid them on the fire, and let her see them turn to ashes. She never said a word, but turned and rang the bell; when it was answered,

demanded to see the landlord quickly. I asked her what she was going to do, not supposing she could do anything; she merely said, "Wait, and find out." When Mr. Bennett, the landlord of the hotel, came in, she told him the whole truth, and demanded protection, that I should be moved immediately from her room, and that he should remain there until it was done. He felt she had told him the truth, though we were both strangers to him; he rang the bell, and sent a boy after a policeman. I concluded now it was about time for me to go; I left without any further invitation.

The Madam remained in Pittsburg, at the St. Clair Hotel, six weeks; I went to Philadelphia, and there watched her movements by the papers. From Pittsburg she went to New York City; I followed her, and once here, I was more bold than ever. She did not stop at a hotel in New York, but took rooms, and kept house by herself. For over two months I gave her no peace day and night; she consulted a lawyer; he told her not to have me arrested until she got the requisition. I knew she had sent for it, but I followed her wherever she went, fully intending when the papers came to follow her home, and take them away. At last a copy of the indictment, but not the other papers, came; I had followed her to the post-office, but when she got the letters, she put them in her shoes, and went home, I with her. As soon as we got there, I searched her for the papers; finding none, I laid down across the door to rest, and fell asleep. She quietly stepped over me, went to the Jefferson Market police court, and had an officer sent up after me. When they got within a square of the house, the officer waited until she came to the house to see if I was there yet, having arranged a signal with him; she came in, and found me fast asleep, took off her bonnet, and gave the officer the

signal. When he came to the door, she awoke me, saying, a gentleman from the Bowery Hotel, where I was stopping, wanted to see me, and had sent for me to come up there. I jumped up, put on my hat and coat, and started with the officer; when we had got about two squares from the house, he arrested me. As soon as I realized the situation, I started to run; it was a very hot day, and there was a very merry chase for about three blocks, but the police got thicker and more of them. Trying to dodge into an alley I ran into the arms of a six-footer, surrendered at discretion, and quietly walked down to the police office; I was tried before Judge Stewart, and committed to the Tombs to await the inevitable requisition. The Madam now refused to pay any more expense, in fact, she did not have the money to do it with; so when the requisition came, there was no money to pay for sending me back. I had been committed for ninety days, but when forty days had gone by, some of my friends and my lawyer made Judge Stewart believe, that if he would release me, I would immediately go to sea on a whaling voyage, and not go near the Madam; on these conditions he released me, and instead of shipping to sea, I walked as straight to the Madam's room as I could go. She now felt it would be useless to think of having any peace with me there, and left the city, went directly to Indiana, where I had the audacity to follow her, as I was determined to make her live with me, or have revenge, if it cost me years of imprisonment or my life. I followed her to her mother's; with the help of one of her brothers and her mother she beat me; they were to treat me kindly, and pretended to being coaxing her to live with me, while she would not say much anyway. After remaining for two weeks at home, she got ready to start, and not very graciously told me, if wanted to live with her to come; off I went as tickled as a

boy with a new whistle, thinking I had conquered. When we reached the depot, which was eight miles distant, I found myself in the hands of the Sheriff of Delaware county, arrested on a bench warrant from Lafayette, Ind. No requisition was needed now; the trains going east and west passed at this place, Muncie. With a pair of bracelets on my wrists I started for Lafayette, while the Madam, no doubt feeling much relieved, started back to New York. I arrived at Lafayette safe and sound, took up my quarters in the jail, and there I remained from November, 1854, to April, 1855. Was then tried for bigamy, and only escaped the State's prison by Statute of Limitation. I never saw a living human being so pale as the Madam was, when that verdict was given. She felt then it was war to the death with her and me, as long as one or both of us lived, and knowing of none other of my crimes, she felt herself almost powerless, and I never left a place with so light a heart as I walked out of that court-room.

5.

Out of Jail—Commits another Robbery in Cincinnati—After his Wife—In New Orleans entraps and kills her on Paydras Street—Sails for China—Tries to get up a Mutiny—Deserts Ship—In South America—At a Fandango—Gets into a Row—Leaves in Hurry—At Buenos Ayres—At Sea again—Shipwrecked—In Buenos Ayres again—In New Orleans—Turns Soldier—Goes Bushwhacking.

I WAS again free, and no longer feared my wife or the law as far as she was concerned. But I was fully satisfied that she would never live with me again. And more, she had warned me, in the court-room, in presence of the Court, that she would no longer appeal to the law, but take vengeance into her own hands, and that she would always be prepared, and if I ever in the future crossed her

path, and by word, look or move showed that I recognized her, she would kill me on the spot. I knew that she would do as she said, and that she was an expert with the pistol. But I was as fully determined to kill her, and not to lose sight of her until I had done it; yet I thought it best to adopt a different mode of operation, so let her go, yet always kept posted as to her whereabouts. In the fall of 1855 she went to New Orleans. I followed her, and on reaching the city took a room down on Deadman street, in the French part of the city. I soon learned the Madam's location from the daily papers of the city, which was Paydras street, between St. Charles and Ch—— street. I was now so thoroughly disguised, that she did not recognize me, though she met me several times on the street. I waited and watched for the chance I wished; at last it came, and better than I had hoped for. I was on the watch walking along Paydras street; the Madam came out about half-past-seven o'clock in the evening, passed up to St. Charles street, into the St. Charles Theatre. I went in also, and kept watch of her, until the play was over. When she left I got near her, and in the crowd kept so. I had no definite plan of operation formed; but as good fortune would have it, or the devil, I don't know which, she had not got half-way home, before she was rudely insulted by two drunken rowdies. I quickly sprang to her assistance, sent one of her assailants into the gutter, the other on the flat of his back in the middle of the street. I then turned and very respectfully offered my services, to see her to her home in safety. She very thankfully accepted. When we reached her door, I remarked, I believed I had mashed my hand, as it had begun to pain me very much. She invited me into the light, to examine it. Once inside the room, I felt all was safe. I followed her up-stairs to the second-story front room; the Madam turned up the gas, went into another



INTERIOR VIEW
OF
THE N. Y. TOMBS.

room, to remove her bonnet and shawl; in the moment she was absent, I had removed my wig and false whiskers. As she came out of the room into the parlor, we mortal enemies stood once more face to face, I with a revolver within two feet of her head, and she so frightened that she could neither move nor speak. I ordered her to sit down, telling her, if she kept quiet I would not harm her, but if she made the least noise, or attempted to give the alarm, I would shoot her instantly. She obeyed, feeling she could do nothing else. I told her she must and should talk with me, and that I proposed to stay until I was ready to leave. She begged piteously in suppressed tones that I should go, saying,

"You know you have no claim upon me, that you have always abused me."

"That subject admits of considerable difference of opinion, what some would call abuse others would not."

"You certainly cannot call your treatment of me kind, and more, you must acknowledge that I am not your wife, inasmuch as you had a living wife, from whom you were not divorced, when you married me."

"It is not to talk over any of my misdeeds or the past that I am here, but to talk of the future."

"Why of the future? with you and I there can be nothing in common in the future."

"But I think there can be; there, sit still and hear what I have to say."

"Say on!"

"It is just as well we fully understand each other, and that you know me as I am; then you can decide better what to do, and how important it will be to you to make peace with me."

Then I told her all my past history just as it was, and assured her that her fate and mine were one and the same for

the rest of our days, be they many or few. She fell upon her knees, begged and prayed for mercy, promising she would support me, if I would only stay away from her; but to live with me she could not. I told her it was useless to talk in that way; but if she would live with me and consent to do my bidding in all things, I would not only spare her life but treat her more kindly than I had ever done.

She staggered to her feet, saying, "I cannot, I cannot! is there nothing that will induce you to leave me, and let me have a little peace? Happiness I do not expect; that you have already destroyed; leave me,—for the love of God, leave me!"

I caught her by the arm and said, pointing to the clock (it was 3 A. M.), "I give you but three minutes, to say yes, or no; if no, you die; if yes, it will be all right."

She tried to free herself, but I held her fast; again she groaned rather than spoke, "I cannot, I cannot; I *will not*; kill me."

The strain had become too much for her nervous system, and she fell fainting to the floor, or would, had I not caught her and laid her down. While in this condition, I proceeded to bind her hands and feet. As soon as she showed signs of returning consciousness, I gagged her, and thus had her completely at my mercy. I waited until she came to, so she could feel all the torture I inflicted upon her. I seated myself upon her feet and legs, and when she was fully conscious, then I began (first asking her if she would live with me; she shook her head, all she could do) by stabbing her through the lungs. Again I asked her, would she live with me; still she shook her head; then I stabbed her in the stomach, then in the bowels, and thus I kept stabbing her until I saw she was unconscious, and beyond feeling, so I stabbed her through the heart and cut her throat; in a few moments she was

dead. I had kept her lying on her back so that no blood was scattered about, but what had run upon the floor when I cut her throat. At the inquest it was a great source of wonder how such a murder could be committed and such terrible wounds inflicted and so little blood to be found; this is why it was so. When she was dead I unbound her, took the gag from her mouth, got all the money and valuables, and left the house about five o'clock A. M., returned to my room, and slept all day as calmly as if I had never committed a crime of any kind. Next day the daily papers were filled with accounts and theories of the mysterious and shocking murder of Mrs. Ford, a fortune-teller on Paydras street, stating that persons in the adjoining rooms heard no noise, saw no stranger; so the mystery was never solved and will not be unless at some future day this should see the light.

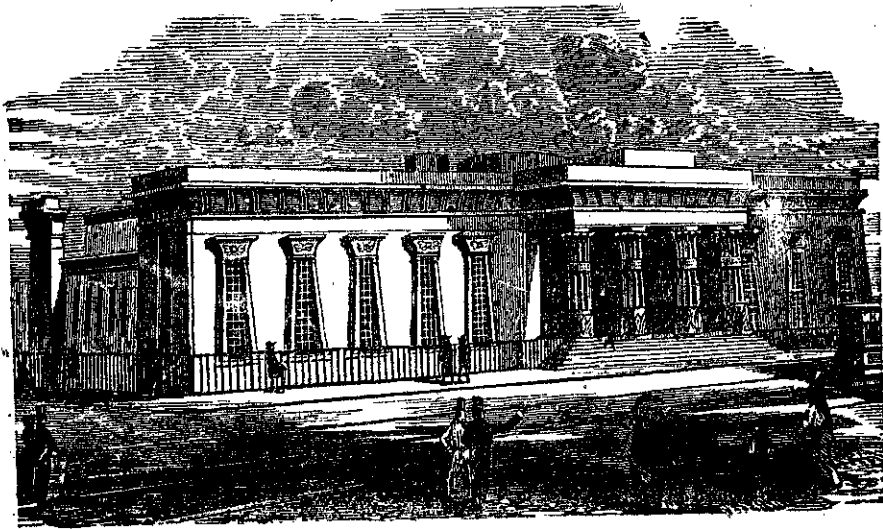
Having completed my revenge, and added a few hundred dollars to my pocket, I removed my disguise, went to the levee, and shipped as a common sailor on board of a ship bound for Hong Kong, China. When I shipped it was my intention to get up a mutiny among the sailors, seize the vessel, and turn pirate upon the high seas; but in this I made a failure, and came very near being swung from the yard-arm. Arriving at Hong Kong, I deserted, and I have no doubt the captain thought, "Well rid of bad rubbish." After deserting the vessel, I was fortunate enough to find one the next day bound for South America. I took passage for Rio Janeiro, which place we reached in safety. On the trip I had noticed two of the sailors; one was an American, the other was English. I was not long in learning they were of the Mystic Brotherhood; so we soon became fast friends, and when we reached Rio Janeiro I went on shore; the two sailors deserted, and kept hid until the vessel left. Then we joined company, and started inland, with very little

idea of anything definite in the future. We crossed the Brazilian Mountains on foot; once in a while we met with a slight adventure with a wild animal or one of the enormous serpents with which that country abounds, but never anything to amount to much, but the reason may be we always ran when the danger began to thicken. So living most of the time in the wilderness, and travelling short distances daily we reached the headwaters of the Parana river and followed it down to the town of Parana, a small Spanish village of "adobe houses," where gambling and cockfighting was about all the business that was done. Here the lazy, indolent life just suited us. So we concluded to rest awhile, and enjoy ourselves in gambling and attend cockfighting. All went well until one night we went to a Spanish Fandango, and as always is the case the women showed partiality for the Americans, the natives became jealous, and the consequence was a row, during which the Englishman, John Allen, was killed, while myself and Ambrose Stoddard merely escaped with our lives. But for the life of our friend we took four of the natives' lives. We now knew that the game there was up, and that our safety only was in flight, so we did not stand upon the order of our going but went at once, did not wait for daylight to take our departure, and say our adieus. But when the "first blush of rosy morn kissed the eastern hills" we were miles on our way to Buenos Ayres, which journey we also made on foot.

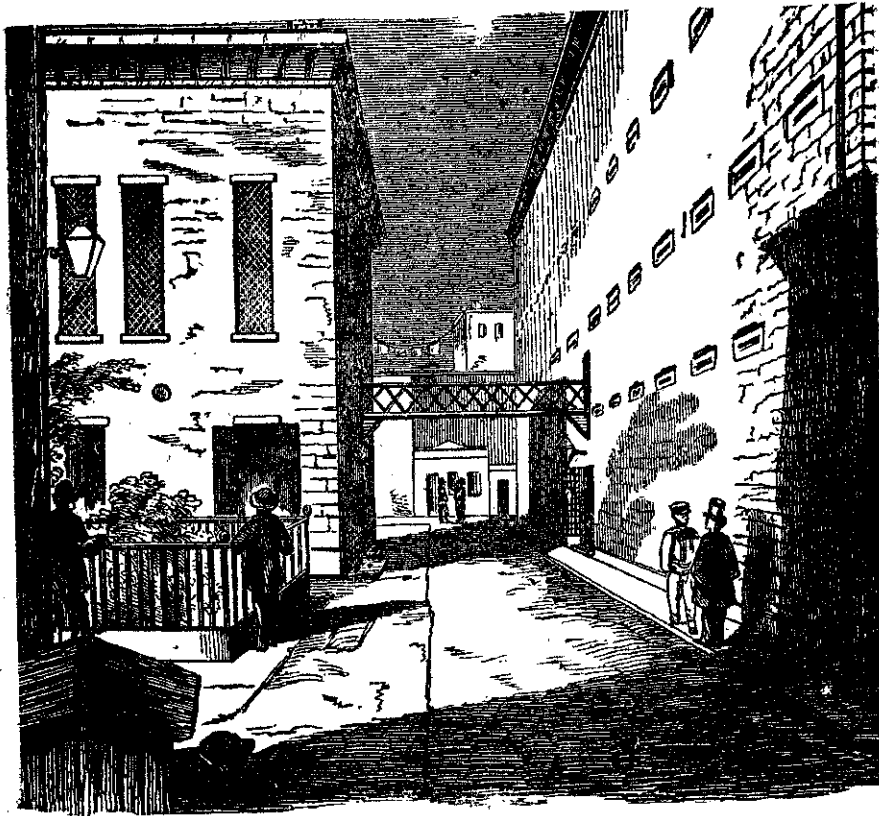
South America may be a very fine country, but it is a very poor place for a common pickpocket. When we reached Buenos Ayres, we found some Americans here, and representing ourselves as shipwrecked sailors, we received every care and attention usually bestowed on such persons. Here we remained for three months before we got a chance to leave. While here I often took short journeys inland, went

on hunting excursions, etc. At last being heartily weary of the country, and finding the thieves in that country so far superior to myself in skill, I left, on a vessel about to sail for France. Three days after we sailed, we were shipwrecked, and after being four days in an open boat, and two days of that time without anything to eat or a drop of water, were picked up by a vessel, and carried back to Buenos Ayres. Here from exposure and privation I was taken sick with a fever, and for five months lay helpless, and when I had so far recovered as to sit up, it was two months more before I could walk. I now found it was necessary to find something to do, so I turned my fiddling to account, and remained here for three years, married a rich old "Don's" daughter, and though he gave his consent to our marriage, yet he did not like me. In a few months after our marriage the old man passed away; he was taken sick, and might have got well, but it was so easy to help him off I could not help it; so when he was gone, the great old castle and his only daughter were mine. I laid my plans now to get hold of all the valuables possible, and leave the country; everything being left in my hands, I gathered together all the money and jewelry I could, and the first of September, 1859, left Buenos Ayres for good; it was in a sailing vessel, and took months before we reached New Orleans.

It was now over four years since I had left New Orleans, the second day after the murder of Madam Ford. I have often since wished I had remained in South America with my little Spanish wife, and though I brought with me over a hundred thousand dollars in gold and jewels, it was but a drop in the bucket; my passion for cards soon swallowed up the sum I had brought from South America. I stopped at the St. Charles, passing for a rich South American. I remained at the hotel for over a year, and preyed upon the guests for my



CORRECT VIEW OF THE NEW YORK TOMBS. (From a Photograph.)
 Correcfte Ansicht der New York Tombs. (Nach einer Photographie.)



MAIN YARD OF THE TOMBS.
 Haupthof der Tombs.

support. A chambermaid in the house became my mistress as well as aid in robbing; she would find out the rooms of the guests who had plenty of money about them, then post me, and in the evening come to my room, bringing the pass-key. The rest was very easily done; in the morning the guest awoke minus his money, with a strong odor of chloroform about the room. It is strange, that all the time I was in the house, I was never suspected of being anything else than I had represented myself. One day Mary—that was the chambermaid's name—caught me kissing one of the other girls; a furious quarrel was the result. Having now quite a sum of money, I said good-bye to nobody, and left for Mobile.

As the war was now about to break out between the North and South, I kept going, until I reached Charleston, S. C., and was there at the firing upon Fort Sumter. Not having any partiality for either side, and no idea of being an honest soldier for either party, I entered the Confederate service. My name on the Confederate muster-roll was Albert Harrison. While in New Orleans, I passed as "Don Miguel," the name of my putative father-in-law of South America.

6.

Bushwhacking—Kills an Old Lady and her Two Daughters—Roasts Two Children Alive—In New Orleans—Fires a Store—In State's Prison at Baton Rouge—Free Again—Another Fire—Robbery of Balston Bank—Murder of Dr. Mead—Again in New York—Murder of Mr. Thorne of Dutchess County—Makes a Mistake—In Philadelphia—Snow Hill Murder—Again in New York—Murders and robs Benjamin Nathan, at No. 12 West 23d Street—Escapes to California—In San Francisco—Goes to Utah—Becomes a Mormon—Goes out among the Indians.

IN joining the Confederate army I did not do it with the least intention of being any benefit to the cause, but to be able to steal, under the garb of a soldier, on my

own hook, and for my own benefit. After we went into the field for active service, I was scarcely ever with my regiment, but got together as soon as possible about twenty regular "cusses," left the regiment altogether, and went to bush-whacking, and preyed upon Union and Secesh alike. To tell how much I stole, how many persons I killed or helped to kill during the war, would be impossible. I will, however, mention one accident that occurred near the close of the war. Myself and a man went out for a "lark" one night, back in the country about ten miles, stopped at a grand old plantation to stay all night, representing ourselves as Confederate soldiers. We found the mistress of the place a regular fire-eating Secesh. She was very communicative, because we belonged to her party; she told us all her troubles, how she had disposed of all her plate, jewelry and money. We were not long making up our minds to take most of it away; the things were buried in the cellar, to reach which we had to pass through the room the old lady slept in. So about two o'clock we made the venture; the old lady, feeling so safe because she had Confederate soldiers in the house, had not locked her bedroom door. We opened easily, and had got about half-way through the room, when the old woman awoke, and seeing men in the room, she screamed; I sprang upon her, put my hand over her mouth, bent her head back, and cut her throat, then plunged my knife into her heart. The noise roused her daughters, and they came running into the room; Larkins grabbed one, and I the other, and in a few moments we had them silenced; thinking both dead, we proceeded to the cellar, and searched every nook and corner, found the plate and jewelry, but only a small sum of money. We took the jewelry, left the plate where we found it, and left the cellar in disgust; when we got back to the old lady's room, one of the girls was

gone; we made search for her, and found she had crawled back to her own room, had got on the bed with her two little children, and there she lay dying, while the poor babies were sobbing and crying as if their hearts would break; I saw the woman was dying, so I left her. My partner could not leave with all the plate in the cellar, so he returned with a sack, and brought it up, while I fired the house, which I did in five or six places; the fires were so arranged as to surround the room where the children were, and thus no escape was left them. We hunted up a box, put in our "swag," and as we could not take it to camp, we buried it under a pear-tree in the orchard, and there I suppose it is yet, as I have never been for it, and the man who was with me was killed two days afterward in a saloon quarrel in Mobile.

I was in Lee's surrender, and in a short time found myself in New Orleans, with only a few thousand dollars. I stopped at the City Hotel, and began the old life of robbing rooms, was caught, tried, and sentenced for an attempt at robbery. I had not got anything from the room I was in, but when my baggage was searched, property that had been stolen from other rooms in the house was found in my possession; so I was sent up to Baton Rouge for three years, served my time, and when released, went direct to New York, from which I had been absent for near fifteen years. I was forgotten by all my former acquaintances, and gladly would I have forgotten myself, but could not, and therefore plunged into vice with renewed vigor, and was not long in getting acquainted with the boys.

My first job amounting to anything of moment here was to fire 63 Liberty Street, for the purpose of drawing together a crowd, and then pick pockets. In this fire a man, wife and two children were burnt, a fireman hurt, and I enriched my

pocket by quite a sum. This was in October, 1869; I now had two "pals," Gipsy Jack and English Bob. About the first of November we began to mature a plan to rob the Balston Bank of Boston; Gipsy Jack went to Boston, assuming the name of Judson, representing himself a dealer in wine and bitters from California; when he had got all arranged, I and English Bob went over, and every night worked, until we had bored a hole through the wall of the bank-vault, removing the dirt in our wine-boxes. In this job we were assisted by a policeman, who kept watch for us, and found us a safe place to hide not only the money but ourselves. By this job we got over \$400,000; there were four of us concerned in this work, so we got over a hundred thousand each. The paper money was safely stored until such times as we dare to set it afloat; the gold was used.

I now took a hasty trip out west as far as Pittsburg; there I met an old pal; he wanted me to help him do a job. I did so, and helped him to rob and kill Dr. Mead of Allegheny City in December. He was quite an old man, but I never had such a hard job; he seemed to have the strength of a lion, and fought like a tiger. While he and my pal were scuffling, I struck him with a large iron poker, and with a few blows finished him. We went to the office, and knocked; the doctor being alone came to the door himself. Seeing we were genteel-looking strangers, and one of us pretending to have been knocked down and hurt, he asked us in; the moment the door closed we presented a pistol, ordered him to keep quiet, and deliver up his money. He seemed bewildered, but as he realized the situation he sprang forward, knocked up the pistol, closed with my pal, and a scuffle ensued; at this point I struck him with the poker.

My pal took some of his jewelry; I said it was best to leave

it, and only take money, as jewelry is always such a dangerous thing to handle. I think he did so; I do not know just how much he got by this job, but I think quite a sum; I did not share in the "swag," having plenty yet of the bank affair. The man who put up the job, and helped to rob and kill Dr. Mead, was known as Snapping Jake among the fraternity, and with the first train going west he went to rig out as a minister; to look at him none would suspicion he was otherwise. I stopped at Pittsburg, at the old St. Clair, but it had changed hands, and my friend Bennett was no longer there. I registered my name as John Harrison, of Baltimore.

On the 25th of January I started again for New York, which I reached in due time, and found one of my friends ready to start on a lay; he insisted I should go with him. I will here say that I was looked upon by the "kidney" with a kind of superstitious awe, from the very fact I never had to their knowledge got into trouble, and therefore was known among the mystic tie as "Lucky Bill." When in the city, I did not associate with the boys, but stopped, if not at the first-class, still at good hotels, so never became thoroughly spotted by the police, or detectives. I knew a few police in New York, and they knew me and my business, but when they held their hands behind them I filled them, and nothing more was said; I greased the palm of one to the tune of over \$10,000 after the robbery of the Balston Bank.

My friend's job lay up in the country, so off we started, and brought up at Poughkeepsie. Here pretending to be sewing-machine agents we visited the house of a farmer by the name of Thorne; I think he was reported among the boys of New York to have a large amount of money about his house. After getting all our plans laid to rob Mr. Thorne, we took the night train for New York, but before we were three

miles on the way, and as the train was slacking up at a station, we slipped off at the rear, walked out to Mr. Thorne's, found no trouble in effecting an entrance to the house, but in hunting for the money, aroused Mr. Thorne, and he came at us. We dared not fire a shot, for fear of raising the alarm, so I grabbed him by the throat, while my pal kept beating and kicking him; thus I held him until he dropped limp as if dead, and we thought he was, but learned afterwards he did not die for several days, and after all our trouble we only got a few hundred dollars.

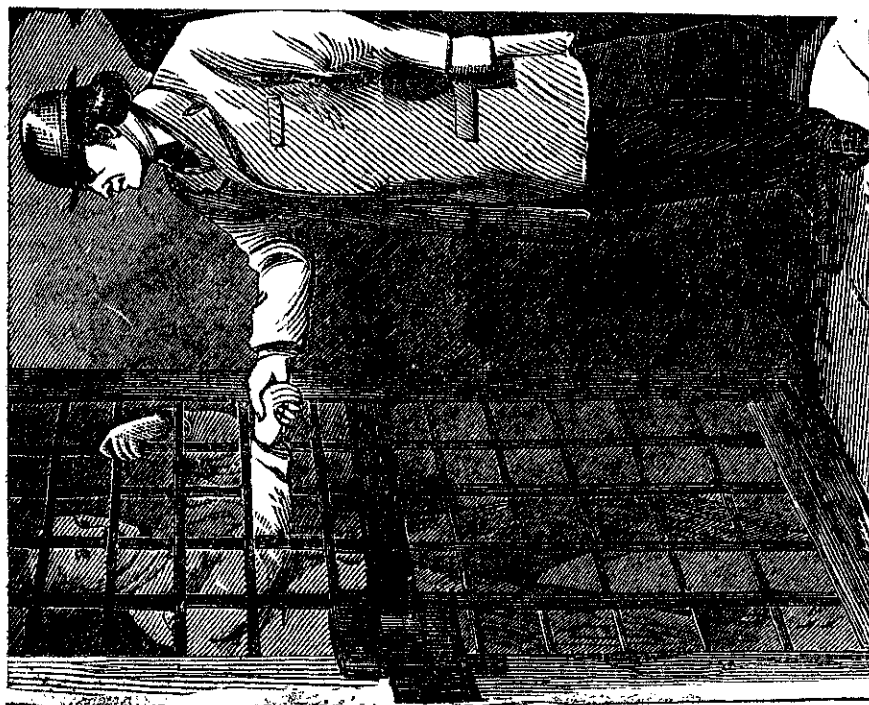
After leaving here we walked ten miles to a depot, and took the train for Albany; here my pal went to the home known to all "foot-pads," and I to the Delevan House. I gave my name as Daniel O'Connor, right from Liverpool, hunting up relatives. One evening about the last of January, I was walking out to keep an appointment with my pal; as I came up to him, I found him in a tussle with some one, pitched in, and helped him to finish the job, rifled the pockets, and threw the body into the canal basin. We only got a small amount by this job.

We were now getting short of funds, and seeing no chance for a good job in Albany, went back to New York. I stopped at the Lovejoy House, kept very quiet, as they were still looking sharp after the bank robbers, went out on a lay one night with another cove, and knocked down a man on East Twenty-ninth Street, intending to rob him, but got nothing, and found we had mistaken our man, as we were on the look-out for a Mr. Sweeney, from the Railroad Office on Broadway. We did not know the man, but the papers soon informed us that it was a Mr. Dorman B. Eastman.

This was some time in February; I now went over to Philadelphia, and stopped at the American Hotel. Here I met Gipsy Jack, who had been tramping around through the



CAUGHT AT LAST!
Endlich gefangen!



In Prison. Bunker meets a "pal."
Im Gefängnis. Bunker trifft einen Kameraden.

country, and who said he had found a good fat crib, and easy to crack, at Snowhill, N. J. We went out, and did the job, but had to kill the old woman; she fought terribly for a woman, but we silenced her, yet had to fairly cut her to pieces to do it. We then secured the money, which we found in an old trunk under the bed. When we had finished the job, we changed our clothes, removing all traces of blood from ourselves, put on an entire new rig, which we had along for that purpose, left our old clothes lying on the floor, with the rest of our disguise, set fire to the house, and made our escape. We did not intend to kill the old woman, and if she had kept still, we would not; so much for meddling with other people's business.

This was some time near the first of March. I now remained quietly in Philadelphia until the last of May, took a trip once in a while into Maryland to the Gipsy Farm, where the proceeds of another branch of our business was secreted and disposed of, and which is the head-quarters generally. This farm is well known to the "fly-cops" as well as one near Dayton, Ohio. All this time I was doing nothing but picking a pocket occasionally, and going through a room at the hotel; and here let me say I always had an accomplice in the person of a chamber-maid in the hotels where I operated, who furnished me the pass-keys to the rooms. I now began to feel tired of such small game, and determined on a large lay; so I returned to New York to work up one that I had long contemplated, that of the robbery of a retired banker, one with whom I had often done business in the banking line, and whose acquaintance I had formed in that way, and one whose confidence I possessed to considerable extent. I had often gone to his house to transact business with him, but more for the purpose of becoming familiar with the house, and to lay my plans. I had pretended to Mr.

Nathan that I was a connoisseur in diamonds and other precious stones, of which Mr. Nathan was very fond, and with the peculiarity of his race was hoarding away all he could get. I knew he had quite a number in his safe in the library at his private residence at No. 12 West Twenty-Third street, as well as a large quantity of money. So I determined to rob him and leave the country.

I had all my plans matured, and proceeded to put them into execution on the evening of the 28th of July. I knew workmen were engaged at repairs about the house, and that all the family were in the country except the sons, who were not about the house during the day. I went to the house later in the afternoon, rang the bell and was admitted by the housekeeper. I claimed when she opened the door to be one of the workmen, and had the very instrument in my hand, though wrapped in paper, with which I killed Mr. Nathan. And here let me say I had no accomplice and no intention of killing Mr. Nathan. I knew he was out of town, and would be in that night, and have money which he would put in the safe at his house. I had reasoned in this wise, that when he came into town he would come direct to his house, deposit his money in the safe, then go out to make his visits; in his absence I could complete my work and leave. I was dressed as a common laborer. When I first went in, I went direct to the garret rooms, in which I stayed about for some time. While there I heard men talking and feared they were coming to the room, but they did not; fearing I would be seen there I watched my chance and hid in one of the closets adjoining the billiard-room, until between sundown and dark, then went into the closet between Mr. Nathan's bedroom and the bath-room, in the large wardrobe, and was concealed by the clothes hanging in it. Once I thought I would smother, as the air was so hot and close; heard Mr. Nathan

come in; once he opened the closet door but not the wardrobe door. Waited patiently thinking he would go out, but he did not; he lighted the gas and turned it very low, then seated himself by the window for a long time; after a while one of the sons came in, went out again, then some one else came in, went up-stairs and I heard no more of them; then the housekeeper came in with a pitcher of ice water, to have had a drink of which I would have given much. After the housekeeper left, Mr. Nathan undressed and, as I thought, was going to bed, but he did not. He prepared the bed as if to lie down, and then sat down by the window. I had opened the closet-door, and was just going to work when I heard some one come past the library-door and stop, so I hastened back to my hiding place. In a few minutes some one else came to the door and spoke, the old man answered, but did not move from his seat. I waited for at least an hour, though it seemed to me an age in my hot position; it seemed Mr. Nathan had fallen asleep in his chair. It was thundering considerable and a storm was imminent. I made up my mind to wait no longer but to do the best I could to rob the safe and leave without waking Mr. Nathan, thinking the storm and thunder would help to drown any noise I might make. But it appeared I had miscalculated Mr. Nathan's condition, for I had only left my position, and taken a step or two into the bed-room, when he roused up and spoke, asking who was there; as I gave no answer, he sprang up and came toward me; then for the first time the idea of killing him came to my mind. I stepped back a step, with the thought of getting into my hiding place, but it instantly flashed across my mind that Mr. Nathan would turn up the gas and call help, make a search, and I would be discovered; so I stopped, and as soon as he was near enough struck him, knocked him down on his back; he whirled over, sprang to his feet, with his

back to me, and started for the library door, with the intention, I suppose, of calling assistance. I struck him again on the back of the head with the point of the dog; he fell and lay still, and I hastened to close the door of the library leading to the hall, which all this time was ajar. When I returned to where Mr. Nathan was, he had raised on his hands and knees, and was crawling toward the window. I struck him several times as I stood over him; he sunk down dying on his hands and knees. I caught him by the arm, jerked him over on his back, and struck him in the face two or three more times. As I turned him over he caught me by the leg; when I tried to loose his hand, I found again I was clasped with the grip of death, and a vision of the little white hand and the scene on the lake floated by me, and made me shudder, and again I had to crush and tear a hand almost to pieces to get it loose from me.

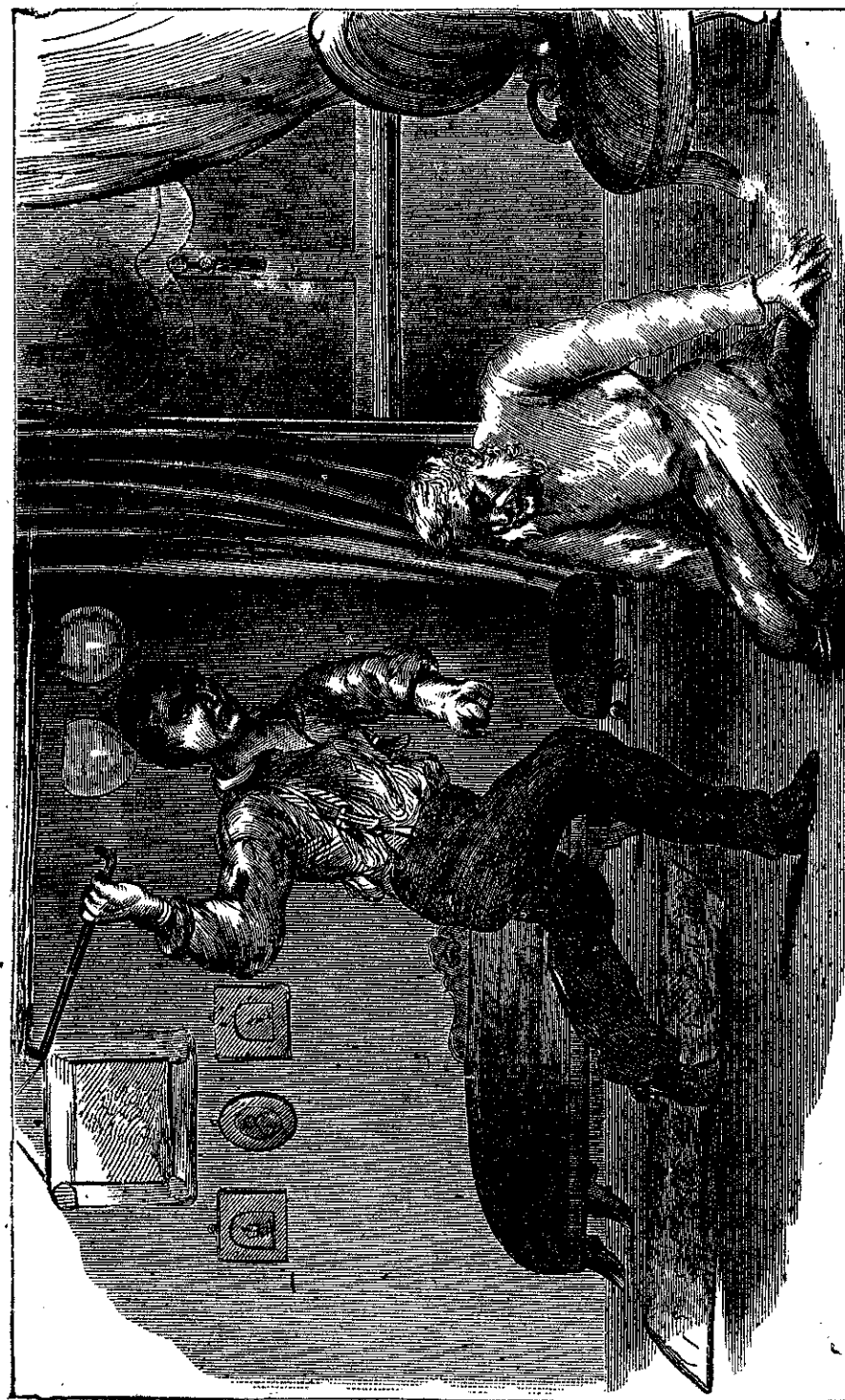
Mr. Nathan was now dead, and had the house been one that would have given out a sound, the noise we made could have been heard a square. My hands were now covered with blood trying to get Mr. Nathan's hand loose; I went to the bath-room, and washed them, closed the window shutters tight, turned the gas just high enough to work by, then proceeded to rifle Mr. Nathan's pockets, got the keys, and rifled the safe of its contents. I got \$58,000, took two packages of papers, and a small tin box containing diamonds and other valuable stones, set and unset; I then took Mr. Nathan's watch and chain, and three diamond shirt-studs; both were lying on the table, or I doubt if I had taken them. After all was over, I sat down and rested; I was so warm and excited that I was afraid to go into the street, for fear of meeting a policeman, who would notice something unusual, question and perhaps arrest me. I waited until daylight began to show in the east, which admonished me it was

time to leave. I had partly opened the shutters to get air, and left them so, also left the gas burning low, closed the door of Mr. Nathan's room when I left it, went down to the front-door, had some trouble to open it, but finally succeeded. When I had reached the bottom of the front-steps, a news-boy came around the corner near the hotel; I walked back up the steps, picked up a piece of newspaper, went down again, and to Sixth Avenue. When I left Mr. Nathan's room, I carried the dog with me to the front-door, with the intention of braining any one I should meet in the hall. I met no one; I laid it down in the hall by the front-door and there left it. I went back up the steps for the purpose of appearing unconcerned to the boy or any one else who might happen to see me. The clothes I had on were daubed with paint. I did not have a dinner bucket as the boy stated, but I did have the tin-box of jewels, and a bundle of papers rolled in a newspaper under my arm; well might any one take me for a laborer going to his work. I had heavy black whiskers over my natural light ones, also a bushy black wig. When I reached Sixth Avenue, and out of sight of the Nathan house, I made my way to my room on the Bowery. I do not propose to tell what house it was in. I did not board, only had a furnished room; the people I believe were honest and were ignorant of my movements or character in any way whatever. When I reached my room it was sun-up. I got into my room without being seen by any one about the house.

I locked my door and proceeded to hide the swag. I had a trunk in which I had constructed false ends; in this way the cross piece, on which the tray rested, rested also on a double board in the end; and was held to its place by a spring; a diamond of brass-headed nails on the outside of the trunk had the appearance only of an ornament, but the spring that

fastened and loosened the bar was in it; no one that examined the trunk, unless shown the secret, would ever suspicion it. Into one end of this I put the proceeds of the Nathan murder and robbery, in the other my whiskers and wig; within five minutes after I had entered my room a dozen detectives might have searched my room, and unless they had cut my trunk to pieces they would have found nothing to hang a suspicion upon. All secure I went to bed and slept until about 10 o'clock; then got up, went to where I usually took my meals at a restaurant on Bleeker street, then about the city for the rest of the day, heard nothing but the Nathan murder and the theories of it. I now kept perfectly quiet, and stayed in my room for three weeks and never once, during all this time, did any one of my "pals" or the police who knew me show a sign that they suspicioned me of any complicity in the Nathan murder.

Feeling now that I could leave the city safely, I took passage on the steamer for California, resolving that never again would I kill a man in cold blood, or in any manner but self-defence. For till my dying day will I feel and see that little white hand clinging to mine on the lake, and the clasp of the trembling quivering hand, around my ankle, of Mr. Nathan. The little white hand has followed me for years; I have seen and felt it a thousand times, and now it has a companion around my ankle that shakes me like the clasps of doom. As yet I had not dared to examine any of the papers I had brought from Nathan's safe, only took enough money to pay my way decently to California, and I had yet a large sum of my share of the Balston Bank affair, so when I bid farewell to New York I had near \$100,000 in the ends of my trunk. I sailed on Saturday from New York. Without anything worthy of note we reached California, and landed at San Francisco. There took a furnished room,



"FEARING THAT MR. NATHAN WOULD CALL FOR HELP, I STRUCK HIM WITH THE 'DOG.' HE FELL UPON HIS HANDS AND KNEES; I STRUCK HIM AGAIN, AND HE LAY A CORPSE AT MY FEET."
 "Nathan's life befehlen würde, (denn ich ihn mit der eiferigen Stange). Er fiel auf seine Hände und Knie; ich schlug ihn nochmal, und er lag als Leiche da."

and remained quiet, examined the papers and found them to contain certificates of stock, namely Bank, Railroad and other stock, Deeds and Mortgages, Notes and Receipts. Some of the mortgages had not been recorded, as well as two of the deeds; there was also an old "will" of Mr. Nathan's, made five years before.

Feeling those things would never benefit me, I consigned them to the flames. I now examined my jewelry box, and found it very rich in precious stones, each little package labelled, and stating how, when, and where he had gotten them, and who intended for at his death, with their relative value. I sold during the year and a half I remained in San Francisco over \$20,000 worth of them, and gave away untold numbers. The diamonds in the shirt studs I had put into a new setting of California gold, and wore them. The watch and chain I dropped into the sea the second night out from New York, and unless some monster of the deep swallows it and gets caught, the heirs will stand but little chance of ever getting it.

I now began to get weary of San Francisco, so I went to Sacramento City; did not remain there long; went to Marysville and out to the mines, but still felt restless and uneasy, so made my way to Salt Lake City, and fraternized with the Mormons very soon, and was not here long before I learned there was more going on in Utah than Polygamy. There I found my old friend I had last seen in South America, Ambrose Stoddard. He was an active member of the Mormon church, and had his three wives. From him I soon learned there was more going on in Utah than Polygamy. He told me that there was a league between the Mormons and most of the Indian tribes, extending throughout the United States among a class of people known as Free Lovers. The object to be attained by the League was the overthrow of

the U. S. government. An Indian war was to be inaugurated, and continued, until it spread far and near; if subdued in one tribe, another was to raise the revolt. They were trying hard to consolidate the Indians, but there was one unruly "cuss," Capt. Jack, who had a private complaint of his own and wanted to begin the fight when and how he pleased. The understanding between the Indians and the Mormons was that of protecting each other from further encroachment of the U. S., but between the Mormons and the other party the destruction of the U. S. government, and the establishment of the Mormon and Free Love doctrines; but comparatively few of the latter party know what their leaders are aiming at, but when enough are committed to its doctrines, they are then to boldly announce their alliance, league and co-operation with each other. Spies and allies from Utah, and also from the States, are all the time out working among the Indians, and always in the disguise of an Indian. On such a venture as this I am now going to Captain Jack, this the 2d day of January, 1873, and from which I feel I shall never return alive, as the tightening of the clasp around my ankle of that ghostly hand warns me that my days are over, and makes me tremble in every limb at the thought of meeting at once my victims and my Judge. And the little white hand ever pointing at me, and looking me in the face are the wild staring eyes I saw sink beneath the waters of the lake, and sounding in my ears is that plaintive voice as it plead for life, but now saying, Write! write! and tell the world the truth. Should I return,--but no; that will never be.

ANSON BUNKER.

ON THE CHARACTER AND HABITS OF THIEVES.

NET I cannot close this imperfect sketch of my life, without saying a word to my old comrades and thieves generally.

The old saying, "Honor among thieves," none better than ourselves know it is false, in proof of which I will state that I have been repeatedly robbed by professional thieves, and those too who knew that I was of the same trade. I could give many instances of thieves stealing from each other, but will only mention three in my own case.

I was robbed, while going down the Mississippi river, of the diamonds and jewelry that I had taken from the old Southerner, at the burning of the Pacific Hotel, St. Louis, Mo. The parties who stole that jewelry well knew I was a thief, and that I had stolen them; so would not dare to claim them, should I see it in their possession. Then again, while I was on a visit to the farm in Maryland, the thief's home, with none around me but professional thieves, all my money was taken by one of them, who well knew who and what I was. Again in California, while keeping quiet after the Nathan murder, two of the craft had rooms in the same house with me; so they one night entered my room in my absence, and took all they could lay their hands upon of value, and among other things they carried off a bundle of papers, and some of the jewelry I had taken from Nathan's safe. What all the papers were I knew not, as I had not thoroughly examined them, for just as I was about to do so I was interrupted by one of the party coming into

my room. I laid the package back into the tray of my trunk, in which was also a few of the diamonds and some other pieces of jewelry I had got in the Nathan mansion. I went to the theatre that night and forgot to put the things back into the secret receptacle in the trunk; when I returned I found the trunk had been opened and the package and jewelry gone. For a while I was considerably alarmed for fear there would be trouble following, but I never heard of them, so know not what became of them. Of the Nathan property they got one topaz, four large diamonds, one emerald, a package of papers and two small memorandum or account books. One of the men who took those things from me was a well-known thief in New York city and vicinity, and it may be well for him if he destroys those things before he returns to the States, or he may get into trouble for the Nathan murder.

Though I say there is no honor among thieves, and that they often rob each other, yet I have never stolen a dollar from one I knew to be a thief.

It seems though that once a man has become a thief he is lost to all sense of honor or truth, and works with a zeal worthy of a better cause to drag all they can by any means to their level. The thief never commits a robbery that he does not boast he gets five times as much as he really does, and even when he makes what he calls a good haul it does him no good; he is always penniless within a week but oftener in twenty-four hours after his richest "grab." As soon as he has a dollar in his pockets he flies to the gambling hell, and is in his turn robbed by those who well know who and what he is; then he boasts of the rich cribs he has cracked, the large hauls he has made, and how sumptuously he fares, and that too in the presence of those who have but recently started on a career of crime, and who would if they knew all the truth gladly return to the path of honesty, and

would, but for the boasting lies of the old professional thief which lure him on and on, following a phantom until he ends in perdition. Thus the thief does a threefold wrong: he steals, he lies, and he betrays. If the thieves would only tell the truth and be honest among themselves, thousands that end their days in prison, and too often on the gallows, would be saved; did they but picture truthfully the miserable vagabondish, penniless life of the professional thief to the new beginner in crime, the bravest of them would turn back while they could, but they never do this, but on the contrary wilfully and maliciously mislead their fellow-man, and drag him down to endless misery; and one of the most staunch allies of the thief in dragging down the young and innocent to endless misery and ruin is the rum-shop, and when I say I know that two-thirds of all the rum-shops, saloons, or by whatever name they may be called, are kept by professional thieves, when I say this I speak the truth. This they do for two reasons; first to rob men of their money; second to supply the ranks of crime with victims. I have known many a young man who was an honest mechanic, when he has got his wages on Saturday evening go into one of those gin palaces, get what he supposed was a pure glass of ale, but instead get a cup of liquid fire steeped over the flames of hell and sweetened with the drugs of doom, prepared and given by the fiend behind the bar, expressly for the unwary. Then while under the influence of this subtle poison, which runs through his veins like molten lead, making him for the time insane, in this condition he is taken charge of by one of those boasting, lying thieves, and ere he is aware of the dangerous road he is travelling he is sunk beyond rescue. This is a daily occurrence with hundreds of young men and women too in all large cities, and the more whiskey that is drunk the more criminals graduate.

Again I assert, never prate of honor among thieves: a falser assertion was never made, and I never hear it repeated but it makes my blood run cold. I know well what it is worth; it is like the boast of their great gains, a lie from the beginning to end, and though I have committed hundreds of robberies and often got large sums thereby, I never obtained one dollar by theft or crime in any way that did me any good, but on the contrary brought with it a curse not only to myself, but to all others I supplied with those ill-gotten gains. As a result, to-day I am not only a beggar, an outlaw, accursed of God, alone with neither kith nor kin in all the world, but the most miserable wretch on earth. I have earned but a few dollars by honest toil in all my life, but that few dollars did me more good and brought me more happiness than all the thousands I have got by crime. All the happiness that stolen money brings, never pays the thousandth part of a cent of the misery it entails; and oh, young man or woman, you who have just started on the downward road to ruin; no matter how flattering the prospect, or how brightly the picture of the thief's life is painted, believe it not, it is a lie, and those who tell it know it is a lie. The criminal is always a penniless vagabond forced to go skulking through the by-ways, hiding like rats in the dark holes and corners, scarcely daring to show themselves, and walk upright in the noon-day sun.

But of all the humbugs romancingly connected with the rogue's life, that of "Honor among thieves" is certainly the greatest.

A. B.

DETECTIVE GORDON'S CLOSING REMARKS.

THE foregoing manuscript I have given the public in its original entirety. That Anson Bunker was very illiterate the manuscript plainly shows, but with the exception of misspelled words, and some altogether unpardonable grammatical errors, I have made no corrections.

We have thus raised the curtain upon some mysterious tragedies, among others that of the Nathan murder, and all is now clear where once existed impenetrable darkness.

THE END.

