

THE SWAMP ANGELS.

Our Correspondent Among the Lowery Bandits.

A Week in the Hands of the Lowerys.

The Father of the Oxendines.

A Three Mile Horseback Ride Through the Swamps and Woods.

THE MOTHER OF THE LOWERY.

Her Bitter Story by the Grave of the Murdered.

Rhody Lowery, the Queen of Scuffletown.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE TERRORS.

Their Appearance and Equipment—The Correspondent in Their "Turn."

Reading McQueen's Story of Killing Boss Strong.

A Night in Rhody Lowery's Cabin.

THE LIFE OF THE HUNTED MEN.

How They Eat, Drink, Sleep and "Pick" the Banjo.

THE BANDIT CHIEF DEAD.

Killed Accidentally by His Own Gun in a "Blind."

TERRIBLE TALES FROM TERRIBLE TONGUES.

A Blindfold Journey to Their Hiding Places—The Island Army.

RELEASED FROM BONDAGE.

Presents from the Bandits and Faith in the Herald.

EXCITEMENT IN WILMINGTON.

Inner History of the Herald's Exploit.

The Chivalry on Outlaws and Enterprise.

WILMINGTON, N. C., March 25, 1872.

ARRIVAL OF THE CORRESPONDENT.

To the amazement, and yet to the great satisfaction, of the public here the HERALD correspondent who has been for nearly ten days past in the swamps of the Carolina outlaws returned to Wilmington this afternoon by the Charlotte road, which traverses the Scuffletown district. Up to the time of his arrival in Wilmington little or no hope was indulged of his safety, in view of the threats against him which have recently been made by the outlaws. His safe arrival in Wilmington this afternoon created an intense excitement, and despite the fearfully stormy weather the HERALD correspondent was the object of curiosity and the HERALD was the theme of discussion and praise. The universal sentiment in Wilmington is that the HERALD correspondent is the hero of a wonderful feat of daring, and there is universal rejoicing that he has finally escaped the great perils which have for more than a week past environed him. Details given by your correspondent regarding his adventures among the outlaws confirm the accounts given in the HERALD despatches of the PERIL AND DIFFICULTIES which he has undergone. He left for New York this afternoon, and will give to the HERALD the fullest possible details of his thrilling adventures. On Friday last your correspondent was taken by the outlaws farther into the swamp, and CONDUCTED BY THEM BLINDFOLDED from Rhody Lowery's cabin to several of their most secret hiding places. At the moment of leaving Rhody's cabin the HERALD correspondent experienced the greatest sense of personal danger suffered by him during his career with the outlaws. Tom Lowery had especially urged the killing of the "DAMNED YANKEE," and as the other outlaws conducted him away from Rhody's cabin, with the remark to Rhody that he would never see daylight again, your correspondent had little hope but that Tom Lowery's savage threat would be executed. Conducted by the outlaws through the swamp blindfolded, except when his captors chose to remove the bandage, he

traversed the swamp, in some places wading almost waist deep in water, and again reaching solid ground, thus gaining one of the hiding places of the outlaws, which he inferred to be situated upon an island. The blindfold was removed, and he found himself an inmate of a low, pitched cabin, in which a moderately tall man could not possibly stand erect. In this cabin were from THIRTY TO FORTY SHOT GUNS but no smaller arms. The outlaws would not permit him to look out of the window and make any observations of the surroundings. He was told that he was already the possessor of more of their secrets

THAN ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING outside of their gang, and more than they intended anybody else should ever have access to again. While in the swamps your correspondent was repeatedly informed by the outlaws of their suspicions that he would attempt to chloroform them, and that he was a government spy sent to repeat the rôle in which the Detective Saunders had been caught by them.

A DEMOCRATIC DEMON. He was also told by Steve Lowery that a prominent democrat of Robeson county had given them information that he was a federal spy and that he would undoubtedly do them great harm before he left them.

"Still," said Steve, "we believe that you are honest, and we will trust you; but DON'T UNDERTAKE TO COME HERE AGAIN, because you know too many of our secrets." Steve then added, "We have trusted three other men besides you and they all betrayed us, but still we will trust you and let you GIVE THE HERALD ALL THE INFORMATION you can about us." After leaving the swamps the outlaws carried your correspondent on Sunday back to Rhody's cabin, and this morning accompanied him to Moss Neck, as the train left. As a mark of their confidence in the honesty of his intentions toward themselves, the outlaws gave the HERALD correspondent

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED SHOT GUN, formerly belonging to Henry Berry Lowery, the deceased outlaw chief, and Steve Lowery presented him with three silver pieces, to be given, one to his wife, another to his baby, and the third to be kept by himself as a souvenir of his trip among the Carolina outlaws. Your correspondent is warm in his acknowledgment of Rhody's services to himself in aiding him to retain the confidence of the outlaws, and

PRaises HER COURAGE and intelligence. Rhody carried him to many points of interest, among others to the grave of the unfortunate Saunders, a spot which the outlaws seemed to dread visiting with a remarkable superstitious apprehension. Upon one occasion the HERALD correspondent was within half a mile of the grave of Saunders and begged the outlaws to CONDUCT HIM TO THE GRAVE, but they refused, as they also did to visit the graves of other victims of their vengeance.

The satisfaction of the community of Wilmington at the safe arrival in their midst of the daring HERALD correspondent is heightened by his confirmation of the previous tidings from him of the deaths of Henry Berry Lowery and of Boss Strong, the second in cleverness and courage of the gang of outlaws. During the absence of your correspondent in the swamps the excitement in Wilmington was at fever heat and found some curious forms of expression.

INTEREST IN THE HERALD MAN. Mrs. Oates' dramatic troupe was performing at the Wilmington Theatre, and Mr. Allen, one of the troupe, recited, amid the greatest merriment, the following:— "Oh, have you heard the news From Robeson so lowery? Lowery has the HERALD blind; But the HERALD ain't got Lowery."

AN ILLUSIONIST WANTS HIM. Another incident, illustrative of public interest here in the recent career of the HERALD correspondent, now so happily escaped from the clutches of the outlaws, was the offer made to him by the agent of De Castro, the illusionist, of one hundred dollars per night if he would appear in a private box of the theatre during the performance of De Castro and permit the announcement of the presence of the HERALD correspondent.

FIRST LETTER FROM OUR CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT. SCUFFLETOWN, ROBESON COUNTY, N. C., March 25, 1872. That the thrilling pictures given in the HERALD of the outlaws of the Robeson county swamps, in North Carolina, with the history of their deeds of daring, murder and rapine, had awakened a deep sensation over the United States, was everywhere evident. It seemed incredible that a band of five men should persistently defy a community such as the Old North State. The criminal spines of the State authorities, the inactivity of the federal government and the terrorized condition of the inhabitants of the district all expressed an anomalous condition of affairs which

called for the fullest investigation. The account given by another correspondent had exhausted all the information surrounding the gang, and given graphic sketches of the now famous militia settlement, with its ominous name of Scuffletown, had detailed the outrages by the gang, and traced back their history to the days of the rebel fortifications at Wilmington, when Henry Berry Lowery first took to the swamps, to avoid imprisonment to work with the slaves of the Southern planters. Escaped federal prisoners, too, from the Confederate prison at Florence, S. C., were seen sitting across the swamps and

HIDING FURTIVELY AMONG THE SHANTIES of the free negro settlement of Scuffletown to take their places awhile with Henry Berry Lowery and his fellows in the swamps. By and by came the news of Sherman's army to the sea, and it was related how the "bummers" found guides and supporters among the free mulattoes of Scuffletown. It came out, too, in a glibly way, that the rebel whites of the district, wishing to wreak their vengeance on the colored people, came in the night to old Allan Lowery's cabin, and dragging forth himself and his son William, mercilessly

SHOT THEM, FATHER AND SON, with the one volley, and then went their way, putting two of their supposed enemies out of the way only to create a pack of avenging devils in the persons of the old man's sons and their outlawed friends. The war closed, and, rightly or wrongly, the white people of Robeson county, true to their murder of the father, exempted the Lowerys from the act of oblivion. How truly has it been said that "we can never forgive those who have injured!" The end of the strife between North and South brought no peace to Scuffletown. The "angels" were in the swamps robbing by day, murdering by night; the rebels had come to Ku Klux, and from fighting manfully in the sunlight were trooping in

THEIR MURDEROUS MASQUERADE, under the pines and oaks at night, and dragging a negro here and there from his shanty, letting him sing his wild, horrid prayers for a minute or two, and then stopping it all with buckshot, but carefully skirting the outlaws themselves, some day to fall, like John Taylor, under a "bead" drawn by Henry Berry or one of his brother outlaws. This was not civilization. The irrepressible *ira tonitruis* of the later and hated, the state of things that created in the land of Muscovy between serf and feudal master the phrase that described the murder of the latter by the former as "the wild justice of revenge," existed in the land of the Lowerys with more degrading surroundings than ever before or in any other country. That social, restraining force called government had failed to put an end to it, and there seemed, previous to the HERALD'S exposure, to be a sort of *laissez aller* agreed on in tacit apathy by all parties.

But even yet the outlaws themselves had not spoken. THE OUTLAW'S STORY FOR HIMSELF was unuttered, except through his sentence of death by word of mouth, followed pretty surely by execution through the barrel of a rifle. In perhaps any other state of things no more would be needed previous to setting about his capture. As things stood it seemed that there must be something needing fuller detail—something of moment in their position which neither the shivering sympathizers of their own race nor the vaunting but trembling whites fogs thereof would or could impart. This was to be got from the outlaw's lips alone. It did not require much deep reasoning to arrive at this conclusion. It forced itself naturally forward, and the journal which had enterprise enough to gather the first part of the story could surely learn the second. Without, then, any feeling of rashness or bravado that I am aware of, but simply in the exercise of a grave duty, to shrink from which would be abhorrent to my nature,

I LEFT FOR THE WOODS AND SWAMPS of Robeson county. My preparations were simple as my mission was direct, and relying on my ability to make the most of the nature of my purpose apparent even to the desperate men it was my deliberate purpose to meet face to face. Passing over the incidents which do not properly belong to my narrative, I may say that on my arrival in Wilmington I found the Lowerys and the HERALD exposed to be the only topics of interest in that quiet Carolina town, and the tone of the well-dressed, lounging chivalry about the hotels was not at all encouraging. I told the object of my visit to several, and the universal verdict was,

"A DANGEROUS GAME, STRANGER, rather you than me." They recalled to me with all the discouraging emphasis which a slow ejaculation of alternate words and tobacco-spittle can command of the fearful fate of Saunders, the detective, and generally finish by saying:—"CAN HE BE SMARTER THAN YOU LOOK, STRANGER?" This continual replication or warning did not tend to cheer me. It recalled in a painful way I had never before imagined the poem of Keats with its dismal forebodings of a fatal end to my venture, but I dashed these all away in the thought that Longfellow's smiling young madman who died in the snow had no doubts in common with a man, endeavoring in his own humble way to serve the destination which he had set out in the swamp region beyond. If the scare had reached Wilmington, I reasoned, I shall not then have much difficulty in getting the whites of Robeson county to assist me in ridding them of the objects of their terror through, perhaps, a more merciful way than killing them off like dogs. But in this I was destined to be mistaken. Excepting Captain Morrison, the "king of conductors" on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, and Ed Hayes, of shoe heel, no one encouraged me to proceed. From the ticket agent, from whom I bought a ticket for Moss Neck, at Wilmington, with his horrified ejaculation:—"My God! stranger, you are not going to stop there!" to the merchants of Shoe Heel, who assured me death would be the sure fate of any stranger who would venture into Scuffletown, I heard but the one opinion, that the Lowerys were devils and would welcome an opportunity to kill a white man. Before leaving Wilmington I prepared

A LETTER, DIRECTED TO H. B. LOWERY, stating that I desired to interview him for the HERALD and offered to give myself into his hands if he would grant me the interview. It was my intention to stop at Moss Neck and to accept of a ride to the swamps with my letter, but on the train Captain Morrison advised me to go on to Shoe Heel where I would find better accommodations than at Moss Neck, and from where I could certainly send a messenger to the outlaws. I took his advice, but was unable to find any one in or about Shoe Heel who would deliver or who knew any one who would present my petition to the "King" of Robeson county. The reported killing of Boss Strong, it was supposed, had

SO ENRAGED THE OUTLAWs that the time was particularly inauspicious for my visit. I met here James McQueen, of Donahoe, of Richmond county, N. C., who asserted he had killed the notorious Boss. He is a tall, awkward, shambling, dark complexioned man, of Scotch accent, twenty-five years of age; he has very small eyes, which he has a trick of dropping the instant he is looked at. His story will appear hereafter. The next morning, March 14, I left Shoe Heel and came to Eureka, or Blue's Store, half way between Moss Neck and Red Bank. At the store, close to the railroad, the colored clerk, of whom I inquired the road to Patrick Lowery's, left the store to point it out to me. To him I stated the object of my visit, and asked him to inform any of the outlaws he might see what I was after.

THE FATHER OF TWO MURDERERS. Soon after leaving the store I met an old negro who asked me if I was looking for anybody, when I told him I wanted to go to Pat Lowery's. He told me I was in the right road, and added:—"I's skeered of strangers most to deaf, but you ain't got no gun."

This was Jack Oxendine, the father of Henderson, who was hung in Lumberton in 1870, and Calvin, who is now in the Wilmington jail, charged with being implicated in the King murder. At the conclusion of his introduction he said:—"Fore God, dis is a powerful bad country to live in; ebery now and den de Ku Kluck come in yer, and with their shootin' an' whippin' an' hangin', an' de men out by deyveses toin' dere guns, I's scart to deff."

A short half mile from the station brought me to the HOME OF PAT LOWERY, the oldest brother of Henry Berry, and a preacher. When I got there he was working in his carpenter shop near his house—for he is not above honest labor, notwithstanding his profession. I at once unfolded the object of my calling, and asked if I could be permitted to stay with him a few days while I was making efforts to meet the outlaws. He was perfectly willing to accept of my house my home while here, but thought my chance of seeing Henry was very slim. It had been reported for the past four weeks that he was dead, and many believed it, even some of his friends, while the majority thought the story had been originated by his wife and brothers to cover his escape from the county. Patrick told me Steve and Tom Lowery had passed his house a few days before, but it might be a long time before they would be in their immediate neighborhood again. After a long conversation between him and James Oxendine, a well-to-do mulatto farmer living near by, it was

decided that my best plan would be to go over to the home of old Mrs. Lowery, the mother of Patrick and Henry. They both assured me it would be perfectly safe, for the outlaws never interfered with any but those who troubled them. For a consideration Patrick consented to give me his horse on which to ride over, and his son Allen, a bright boy of sixteen, to guide me. After a dinner of CORN BREAD, RACON AND COFFEE we started on our journey, and I must confess to the slight sinking of the heart as I lost sight of the railroad and plunged into the swamps, the lurking places of the Lowery outlaws.

IN THE OUTLAW'S LAND. I had ridden about a mile, when the discomfort produced by my horse's miserable gait, and the banging of my valise against my legs, became too great, and I proposed to my guide that he should lead the way, but the change was not for the better, and it had scarcely been made when we came to one of the low places in the road that are so common here, called "branches," and which are feeders to the swamps. Along one side of these branches are laid, or erected in stumps, logs for the convenience of pedestrians. They are generally uneven, all very narrow, many of them decayed, are very few that stand firm under any movement. At the first of these I came to, after dismounting,

I LOST MY BALANCE, and got into the water knee deep. I remounted the horse, then, and, excepting the gait and banging aforesaid and crushing of my legs against the trees, first on one side and then on the other, as I followed Allen in the narrow footpath through which he led me, I suffered no great inconvenience. About two and a half miles from Patiedo we came to the "Back Swamp," where for about three hundred and fifty yards the black water crosses the road, flowing sluggishly through the brush and cypress trees. Along the foot logs here Allen ran, with the confidence inspired by long practice.

ANDREW STRONG'S CABIN. About a mile from the Back Swamp we passed the cabin of Andrew Strong, one of the outlaws, where his younger brother, Boss, was shot the Friday before. We passed close to the house, and a couple of women came to the door, and stood there as long as the house was in sight. As I have since learned, there was another pair of eyes watching us from a thicket near the house. Andrew Strong himself, with

HIS GUN READY FOR A SHOT, in his hand, studied me as I passed. Another long stretch of water, mud and sand, and we came to Henry Berry Lowery's house, now in the occupancy of his wife, Rhody. A quarter of a mile further and we reached our destination, the home of

OLD MRS. ALLEN LOWERY. Here we were greeted by the loud and decidedly savage barking of three large dogs. Two or three very light mulatto girls drove them away, and opened the gate for me; as I passed in I was put in the presence of the old woman, who gave me a very hospitable reception, and assured me I was welcome to stay as long as I pleased, if I could put up with their rough fare.

Mrs. Lowery has the largest house in this section of country; it is weather-boarded, has four good sized rooms, and a kitchen attached, and a wide porch in front. It is on a plantation containing about seventy-five acres, and has numerous outbuildings connected with it. There has been no division of the estate or property since old Allen Lowery was killed, the children

GIVING ALL THE PROFITS TO THEIR MOTHER. One son, Sinclair, living near, superintends the farm, and assists her when necessary. This little plantation produced last year eight bales of cotton and four hundred bushels of corn.

Soon after my arrival I met Sinclair, who is a dark mulatto, with a good countenance. He told me he did not know whether Henry Berry was alive or dead; that no one had seen him for four or five weeks. Mrs. Lowery said the same. Sinclair added:—"I will be glad if he is dead, for he is a very bad man, and has done a heap of harm."

He further told me he had not been on friendly terms with Henry since the marriage of the latter to Rhody Strong; the marriage it had been announced would be solemnized at his mother's house, and the ceremony had been performed there. When Henry was arrested he accused Sinclair of having informed on him, and they had never been on good terms afterwards. Steve and Tom

TOOK PART WITH HENRY in the quarrel; so that Sinclair could give me no information of the outlaws. I would here remark that this band are known in their neighborhood by the name "outlaws"; their friends call them and they style themselves "outlaws."

When I returned to the house after the conversation with Sinclair, who was working in a field, I was presented to Rhody, the wife of Henry Berry Lowery, THE "QUEEN OF SCUFFLETOWN." This young woman is remarkably pretty; her face oval, of a very light color; large, dark, mournful-looking eyes, with long lashes; well shaped mouth; white, small, even teeth; well rounded chin; nose slightly retreating, with a profusion of straight jet black hair, combine to make her a very pleasant object to gaze at. She has small hands and feet, and on the latter she wears No. 24, though she could wear No. 2, and still cramp her feet less than the majority of white women. She is of medium height, with a very well developed figure, and is between the twenty-one and twenty-two years old. When I told her she has a low, sweet voice, and that she has a great many graceful motions of her head and body, it will be seen that she is a *parade* in Scuffletown. To the above description I regret that I am compelled to add that this queen cannot write, and that she

SHOES A PIPE AND RUBS KNIFE. When Rhody learned the object of my visit she said she would undertake to have my message conveyed to the outlaws, and she had no doubt they would grant me an interview. Henry Berry, she said, was away, and she could not tell when he would return. I walked home with her, and examined carefully the home of the notorious outlaw leader.

THE OUTLAW'S NEST. The cabin of this man is built precisely as are all those of the poorer mulattoes—one story high, logs from three to eight inches apart, the interspaces not filled in as in log houses of the North, but covered by boards on either the inside or outside, never both. This house had the boards on the outside. There are two doors, opposite each other, secured by the modern bolts and buttons, and on the third side is a capacious hearth or fireplace, with chimney built of logs, lined and floored with clay. On the side opposite the fireplace stands the bed, and above and beside it are stretched several poles, upon which hang the clothes of the family.

There are no windows, not any openings for light but the doors and chimney. Indeed, of some twenty houses of mulattoes I visited, I found but two, those of Mrs. Allen Lowery and Patrick Lowery, in which there were windows.

The house of H. B. Lowery is within a small enclosure, which is surrounded by a larger one, and is on his father Allen's estate. The furniture of this house consist of

A BED, A TABLE, THREE CHAIRS, and three stools. Over the fireplace are pasted a number of pictures out of the illustrated papers, while a colored print, labelled "The Two Beauties," hangs over the table. Rhody had left her "help"—a light mulatto, who had been engaged by Andrew Strong to stay with her for six weeks for a pair of shoes and a calico dress—on the charge of

AN OLD CHILDREN. Sally Ann, aged five; Henry Delany, aged three, and Neelyann, aged one year and two months. They are all of a very bright color, strong, active and healthy, the boy being particularly bright. He is said to bear a strong resemblance to his father. I spent an hour or more with Rhody. She told me, further, if I would come back the next morning she might have some information for me, and that in the meantime I might rest assured I would be in no danger from the outlaws or their friends.

BY THE OLD MAN'S GRAVE—OLD MRS. LOWERY'S STORY. The next morning (March 15) old Mrs. Lowery took me to a small unenclosed grave in a field near her house, where, marked by four rails lying on the ground, was the grave of her husband and son William. The old woman's voice was broken, and the tears rolled down her withered face even now as she told me how they met their death. They

had been no trouble between them and any of their white neighbors, except that some of their sons had fed from the officers who wanted to take them to work in the rebel fortifications at Wilmington. Patrick and Sinclair had gone with the officers, but Henry, Thomas and William had evaded them. Steve was a freeman on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. The Lowerys had also been accused of assisting soldiers who had escaped from the rebel prison at Florence, S. C., to the federal lines. In 1864 a party of whites, commanded by James Barnes, came to the house and took the old man and William, away, at the same time,

and took some along with them; some of them returned directly and carried old Mrs. Lowery and her two daughters to the house of a white man, Robert McKenzie, where they were locked up in a smoke house. While they were confined there they heard McKenzie propose that they burn them up in the smoke-house, but this was opposed by others, who said it would make too much talk; then McKenzie said there would be no use in killing the men if the women were allowed to live, because he could not get the plantation if any were left alive. McKenzie then went away saying he was going up to see how the Lowery men were faring. After he had gone, some one outside wondered if they were going to kill the old man and Bill, or only the old man, to which another answered:—

"McKenzie's got to kill both, and get the rest of the boys out of the way before he could get the plantation."

THEY HEARD THE REPORT OF GUNS. Towards morning, a little after daylight, they were released with the threat, "If you deny that your family has robbed from us whites it will be mighty bad for you."

When they returned home in a thicket, not far from the house, they found a new-made, shallow grave, in which were the bodies of Allen and William Lowery, lying one above the other, riddled with musket balls.

The next day they came back and took me out into the woods, and said they were going to kill me if I didn't tell them where the Yankee prisoners were hid. I didn't know, and I told them so, but they wouldn't believe me. They blindfolded me and tied me to a tree, and said they were going to shoot me. I heard them fring, and then I fringed. When I fringed they untied me and sent the girls to bring me tea.

This was old Mrs. Lowery's story, and all the mulattoes whom I met and questioned about it told me about the same thing. That its truthfulness is denied by the whites is no more than is to be expected, though several of them told me they had never heard of Allen Lowery being accused of stealing. He was said to be a consistent member of the Methodist Church, in which he was a class leader. Mrs. Lowery is a member of the same church and

SEEMS TO BE GENUINELY PIOUS. She has family worship night and morning, in which she leads herself, and always asks a blessing at the table.

From the grave of the Lowerys I went straight to Rhody's house. As I entered the gate of the outer enclosure I noticed a man standing in the doorway who stepped back within the house. As I reached the inner gate he again came to the door and

I CONFESS TO SOME NEARABOUTNESS as I saw his equipments. But it was no time to stop now, and in a moment I was in Henry Berry Lowery's house, in the presence of Steve Lowery and Andrew Strong, two of the famous swamp outlaws. With as composed an air as the nature of the case would permit I stepped forward.

"I believe these are the men" (I am not sure but that I said gentlemen) "I wanted to see," and extended my hand to the one nearest me, who grasped it cordially as Rhody mentioned his name, Andrew Strong, and mine, and then repeated the ceremony with Steve. Both of them offered me chairs; but I accepted that from which Andrew had just arisen, it being nearer the fire, and immediately

EXPLAINED MY PURPOSE in seeking them. I told them the great paper of America had given some attention to them, and had published their histories as furnished by the white people of Robeson county; but that the people of the United States might have a clearer view of the case, had their stories and the circumstances that had made their outlaws and see how they lived. I told them further that

I HAD NO WEAPON BUT A SMALL REVOLVER, which they could have while I was with them, but which they would oblige me by returning when I left them.

They replied that Rhody had told them the nature of my business, that they were glad of an opportunity of giving their story to the country, for the "papers were telling so many d—d lies about them," that I would be perfectly safe with them, and that I might keep my pistol.

THE MEN I MET. Steve Lowery is five feet ten inches high, thick-set, with long arms and legs, and is very strong; he has a very dark yellow complexion, hazel eyes, bright and restless, black straight hair and thin mustache and goatee. He was armed with a Spencer rifle, two double-barrelled shot guns, one of the latter and the rifle being slung from his shoulders, and three six-barrelled revolvers in his belt, while two United States cartridge boxes hung from his shoulders.

Andrew Strong is nearly white, about six feet high, with rather mild eyes and reddish beard and hair, the latter cut short. He carried a heavy rifle and the same number of shot-guns, revolvers and cartridge boxes as Steve Lowery, besides a heavy canvas haversack. His *impetivita* "turn," he calls it, weighs not less than a hundred pounds. He

ADJUSTED ALL HIS EQUIPMENTS ON ME, and I could barely stagger across the floor with them. After a few general remarks, Andrew told me they would tell me all I wanted to know if I would question them. As the shooting of Boss was the chief topic I had heard discussed after leaving Wilmington, I told them I had seen James McQueen or Donahoe, at Shoe Heel, and had taken down his version of the affair, and would now like to know if it was correct. I read to them McQueen's story as follows:—

DONAHOE'S STORY OF KILLING BOSS STRONG. "Last Thursday night (May 7), I reached the town of Andrew Strong, on the edge of Scuffletown, about ten miles from here, at twelve o'clock. I had a good blind about 150 yards from the house, and lying down I watched the rest of the night and all the next day, eating some provisions I had brought along. About half-past seven P. M. Friday Andrew came out of the woods, and after stopping and looking around him in all directions he went into the house, and directly came out and gave a low call, when Boss came out of the woods to the house; they were each armed with two rifles and two or three revolvers. A little after eight o'clock, when I thought they would be at supper, I slipped up to the house and looked in through the cat hole in the door, as I supposed they were eating their supper by the light on the hearth. Besides Andrew's wife, Flora and a Miss Cummings were there. I kept watching there until Boss laid down on the floor with his feet to the fire and his head towards me and commenced

PLAYING ON A MOUTH ORGAN. Then I saw my chance, and I pushed the muzzle of my rifle (Henry) through the cat hole until it was not over three feet from his head, took a steady aim by the light of the fire and shot. When I fired the women screamed and said:—"HE'S SHOT!" "NO HE ISN'T," "YES HE IS," and I looked in as quick as I could get my gun out of the way. Boss' arms and legs had fallen straight from his body, and there was a little movement of the shoulders as if he was trying to get up. Andrew Strong was then standing

IN THE SHADOW IN THE CORNER and he stayed there until I left. He said to his wife, "Honey, you go out and see what it is," and opened the door opposite the one I was at and pushed her out. She came out, but did not come around to the side I was at; but went in directly and said there was nobody about. He sent her out again, telling her to look in the corners and jams; but before she had got well out he said, "Come back, honey, he was blowing on that thing and it busted and blowed his head off," and directly after he said, "My God! he's shot in the head; it must have come from the cat hole," and sent his wife out again, and I slipped out. When I returned the cat hole was shut up and the house was all dark. Then I came back to Shoe Heel and

WENT TO THE CAT HOLE A GOOD HALF HOUR AFTER I

shot Boss and there was no sign of life after that movement of his shoulders. The next day when we went back we could not find the body nor any blood, but the floor had just been scrubbed and we asked what they had been scrubbing for, and they said they had a dead body in the house all night, but that Steve and Tom Lowery and Andrew Strong had carried it off about an hour before. We searched the house and found a lot of boots, shoes, blankets, wine, brandy and cigars concealed about the house and in the woods. Boss has been

IN THE WOODS SINCE HE WAS FIFTEEN years old. I tell you I was a thousand times worse than Henry Berry Lowery was. He would ravish women, burn houses, abuse children and do everything else that is devilian if it was not for Henry Berry. I am not afraid to stay here now. I would like to have the reward that was offered for Boss, dead or alive. It is now over \$2,000, and I think I ought to have it, for I know I killed him, and no person can ever find his body."

THE BANDITS' COMMENTS. While I was reading they interrupted me frequently with such expressions as:—"Well, that's a d—d lie." "He is nothing but a robber himself." "Let me get a bead on him once," and at the conclusion Andrew said:—"We can prove that Donahoe is a liar; gal (addressing Rhody's servant, come here; you was in the house when Boss was shot. Now, which of us got up from supper first?"

"Flory did," she drawed out. "Did I hide in the corner?" "No; you went to pick Boss up." "Dar, now, he's proved to be a damned liar; and he didn't stay about dere no half hour. Why, I'll take you out dere to-morrow an' show you de tracks he made when he done run away." "Fears if he

JUMPED SIX YARDS BERRY TIME. I jumped for my gun an' ran out soon as de shot was fired, an' heard him gwine fru de bushes powerful. I'll 'saw' him yet. Why, his back is full of shot holes now dat he done got up in Richmond county for stealing chickens. He had to go away from dere. He is a low, no-account nigger. He ain't no white man. He call hisself McQueen. I'd like to know what right he has to call hisself McQueen when his mother's name was Donahoe, and she

WASN'T NEVER MARRIED TO McQUEEN, and his mother was a mulatto same as me is. If dey was anybody dey wouldn't marry niggers, would dey? His two sisters is bof married to niggers in Richmond county. By God! I'll lay for him. He didn't kill Boss neither, but he hid him powerful bad. He hid him in the rock, but he ain't dead yet. Now, Rhody, you was dere de nex' day when dey came after Boss. You tell dis gentleman about it."

THEY WERE OVER IN DE MORNING an' told me Boss was shot, an' when I went dere Andy an' Steve was just gwine to tote him away; he wasn't dead, no-how. Den we done scrub de flo'; peoples kin scrub they's flo's if dey want to, I reckon. Den when Donahoe's party come up dey stopped 200 yards from de house an' axed if dere was any men about, an' den dey come up. None of us didn't tell him, Boss was killed; we jus' said dey had toiled him away. Den dey searched de house, but all dey found was a pair of boots and shoes and a bottle of peach brandy dat Andy had bought at Floyd Oxendine's sto' dat day, as you kin prove if you ax him."

"YOU PUT DAT ALL IN DE PAPER, MISTER, and den put in dat we is gwine to kill Donahoe sure; we'll find him an' we won't shoot him through a cat hole, neither," said Andrew, to which Steve, who had been perfectly silent before, added, "Yes, God damn him, his life is gwine to be powerful short."

"WHERE IS HENRY BERRY LOWERY? It is reported at Shoe Heel that he is dead, and most of the people seem to believe it. Mr. Hayes, though, told me he had seen him last Wednesday night, about ten o'clock, near Oxendine's store."

"Well, sir," answered Steve, "he ain't dead, but he's went away; he went high into four weeks ago, and he's 'spected to be back in five or six weeks. But he ain't dead, no-how."

"Have you any objections to telling me what he went away for, if he expected to return?" "Well, he didn't tell nobody his business, I de paper dat Henry Berry Lowery ain't dead."

SPENDS THE DAY WITH THE OUTLAWs. I spent the day with these men until four o'clock. About noon Steve, Andrew, Rhody and I sat down to a dinner of fried eggs, bacon, corn bread and coffee. Andrew, for Rhody, apologized for the dinner, saying if she had known I would be there she would have "done killed a chicken." Steve, who was very taciturn for an hour or more after I met them, gradually became more loquacious, and has ever since been the most communicative, most friendly and

MOST JOLLY OF THE PARTY. After dinner Steve asked to see my pistol; he examined it and pronounced it rusty, whereupon Andrew took it apart, oiled it and returned it to me. Steve wanted