

of the thickly grown bushes. It was not then occupied, and Henry Berry, believing it had been recently made by one of his pursuers, who would soon return to it, unconsciously himself in it, while Boss made a blind for almost a short distance off, covering the road. But a few minutes later they had placed themselves in their respective positions the report of a gun was heard from Henry's hiding place, and when Boss, who waited to hear a word from his chief or an answering shot from an enemy, cautiously approached the spot, Henry Berry lay on his back, with one arm bent over his forehead and his nose, forehead and his nose.

WHOLE FRONT OF HIS HEAD MISSING. The broken ramrod and the missing wiper showed he had been trying to draw a load from his gun. Boss drew the body into a thicket, and notified his companions, who straightway buried him where, in all human probability, the eye of man will see him never.

Thus vanished this remarkable man, and his death marks the dissolution of this most formidable band of desperadoes. The large sum of money he was said to be in possession of is also lost to the country, for no member of the band, not even Boss nor his wife, knew the whereabouts of his treasure chest. The remaining outlaws have made diligent search, but as yet have had no labor for their pains. Henry Berry was said to have had a good deal of money, besides his share of the proceeds of the Lumber Bank, from which some thirty thousand dollars were taken. It appears to have been his habit of appropriating to his own use.

THE LION'S SHARE OF ALL MONEY. taken, giving his subjects the other booty. But to resume the story of my life among the outlaws. A little after dark on the evening of the day I met Andrew Strong and Steve Lowery I returned to Henry Berry's house, in pursuance of his wife's invitation, to spend the night there. The dogs (of which she now has two, having sent the third to Andrew Strong's house since the shooting of Boss) giving warning of my approach, she appeared at the door, and, having driven her guardians away, welcomed me with:

"IT WAS THINKIN' YOU WAS SKEERED TO COME." She had prepared a supper of stewed chicken for me, for which, however, I had no appetite. It was not seasoned with either salt or pepper. Indeed, in none of the houses of the mulattoes here have I found any pepper, and nothing appears to be spared but the bacon, from which enough could be spared to bountifully supply all the other viands. The corn bread, the standing dish at every meal in every house, served up hot, was, to my notion, a most horrible compound—watery, doughy and tasteless. Their "wheat bread," which has always been provided for me when my entertainers discovered I could not swallow the corn bread, is simply baked unleavened flour and water.

CORN BREAD AND CHEESE. Next to corn bread, the great sustainer of life in South Carolina is cheese, of which all eat enormously, cutting off of a half or quarter standing on a table, as large as one's fist, and carrying it round the portions on their plates. The youngest son of the house of Lowery (Henry Berry branch), one year and two months old, has constantly an immense piece in his hands, which he nibbles at continually, or whenever he is not taking his proper mammalian nourishment. Coffee can be had at every house, but at Steve Lowery's alone have I found sugar. A very black, thin molasses, and sometimes honey, is used to sweeten it. The use of milk in coffee appears to be unknown.

After supper Rhody showed me THE HOLES MADE BY THE BULLETS, that had entered the house in the many fruitless attacks upon her husband. There were six or seven of them, most of them about the door opposite the woods. A coffee mill with a bullet hole through its sides stood where it had received the shot; and the nail on which had hung a small looking-glass that was shattered by a rifle ball was shown me. These observations, with incidents of the "war" rather volubly related by the Queen of the region, occupied about an hour, at the end of which I expressed a desire to retire, asking, with some misgivings, where she proposed locating me. She said:

I SHOULD SLEEP IN THE BED, while she would make a couch for herself, help and family on the floor. Except the occasional cry of the child, or the frequent barking of the dogs, the cry of the owls and the placing of additional coverings on my bed once in the night, nothing disturbed my slumbers, and I slept as securely in my feather bed in this log cabin of the greatest outlaw of the nineteenth century as in the enlightened North.

The next morning, after a breakfast on the same chicken we had tried the night before, with a guide furnished by the friends of the outlaws, I started on horseback for the New Bridge. On started my guide on the "Devils Den," a desolate wild spot at Back Swamp, where is said to be one of the hiding places of the outlaws. An account of a visit I afterwards made to this den with Steve Lowery will appear hereafter. Near the New Bridge we came upon Andrew and Steve lying beside an immense tree in the road.

A SUFFICIENTLY AN FRESH. A more picturesque scene can scarcely be imagined: on the left a dark, thickly shrubbed swamp, long festoons of moss hanging from and binding together the gums and cypresses; on the right a heavy growth of pitch pines, with the bark removed from their butts; in front the deep (and here wide) channel of the Lumber River, with the remains of what has once been a bridge, and in the foreground by a blazing fire two of the robbers of the swamps reclining on the ground with their six guns and other equipments of war lying by them.

After both had shaken hands with me and proffered me a drink of whiskey, they started me on my homeward way, and I returned to the stream. Long ago, when this bridge was built, it was known as the "New Bridge," and still retains the name, though there is but slight vestige of any bridge left. Upon Andrew's remarking it would be a pity to make me waste the stream when it was not used to his use, Steve proposed that if Andrew would "take" the guns over he would:

HE WOULD "TOTE" ME. He shouldering the guns, I got upon a log and then upon Steve's back, with my arms about his neck, and he carried me through the water about eighty yards, at times being up to his knees, and landed me dry on the other side, where Andrew followed us directly with the guns. Steve said I was no heavier as his "turn," and as I weigh but 115 pounds I guess he told the truth. Here Andrew asked me to carry one of his guns, and, as I was not in a situation to decline, gave me his lightest shot gun. He told me I must keep up with them, and I would not permit to fall behind them. Our destination was Moss Neck, where I wanted to mail some letters, and send some private despatches to the telegraph office at Wilmington, and they wanted to:

SEND THEIR MESSAGE TO THE HERALD. We heard the train cast coming when we were about a mile from the station, and ran the whole distance from there. They would not go up to the train, nor would they let me go until I promised them solemnly, with my hand on my heart, that I would not go off in it, and would hand their despatch, as well as my own, to the conductor. From Moss Neck, with a young man who had been taken prisoner by the outlaws, when they captured the detective Saunders, but who now appeared to be on very good terms with them, we went down the railroad about a mile and then half a mile south into a "bay," where Saunders' "camp" had been located.

THE SCENE OF SAUNDERS' MURDER. Steve leading and Andrew in the rear from the railroad, we wound about the most crooked, circuitous path that can be imagined, until we came to a spot where the bushes were more thickly covering the ground than elsewhere. "Here," said Steve, "was my mind when we were laying for Saunders; that thicket was full of our men." As fifty yards nearer the camp—here is where I arrested him—Saunders came up and where I reached the camp.

A LOVELY PICTURESQUE-LOOKING SPOT. It was a roof twenty feet square, supported by four corner posts, covered some dozen empty barrels and some parts of machinery used in the distillation of whiskey. Besides these and a pair of old shoes and a paddle for stirring up "mash" there was nothing left. And here, sitting about on the barrels, Steve told me the history of John Saunders, the detective, and his end—

STEVE LOWERY'S STORY OF THE DEED. "About the middle of 1869 Saunders came down here to teach school; he boarded around among the colored people and always said he was a republican. For several months after he came he made no effort to make our acquaintance, though he often met us in the roads and would bid us the time of day very pleasantly, and he would tell the colored people about here that we outlaws had been driven to the swamps against our will. After he had been here about four or five months he said he had authority to organize Masonic lodges, and he told us all about Masonry. We had heard before there was such a society, whose members stood by each other through thick and thin, but we did not know anything about it, scarcely. He told us (I mean the colored men who were not outlaws, for he didn't know us yet, except to speak to us) the Masons had started over a thousand years ago, and that from that time until this one man ever broke his oath and refused to help another Mason, and that that man had been killed. He started a lodge, and charged two or three dollars to get in, and two dollars besides for a chart that had all the figures on it used in Masonry. A heap of our people joined it, and they would come and tell us outlaws what a good thing it would be for us. They said if we were Masons, and any other Mason would come to hunt us, or if we were arrested and to the jury or the judge were Masons, all we had to do to get clear was to give them a sign, and they wouldn't trouble us any more.

SAUNDERS HAD A MIGHTY SWEET TONGUE, and could talk like a preacher. When the colored people told us so much about him and the Masons we went to see him, and after that we were mighty thick with him until the fall of 1870. None of us joined the Masons, but we believed what he said, and that he was the best friend we had. He finally offered to get us out of this country down South, if we would pay him for it, and trust him, and we had made some of our arrangements to leave when we found him out.

When he had finished they were taken to a proper distance from their captors to be shot at, when Andrew, who had been working at his bonds ever since they were put on him, broke them suddenly and rushed for the woods, followed by the shots of the enemies. Steve and Saunders' bodies were found the next morning near McNeil's millpond riddled with bullets. It was said he was standing on a plank over the race, and at the first fire fell into the water still alive, and crawling out on the land below was shot on the ground where his mangled body was found.

For this murder John Taylor was arrested, but held to bail in the sum of \$500. When H. B. Lowery heard this he remarked: "We mulattoes must carry out our own laws: I will kill John Taylor," and on the morning of January 14, 1871, with a company of soldiers within 200 yards of him, he and Boss Strong rose from the road, a hundred yards from where Saunders had been killed the fall before, and at a distance of less than ten yards shot the top of his head off.

AN OUTLAW CONCERT. After Andrew had told me this history and had shown me where Saunders and Taylor were killed, and where Henry Berry and Boss were buried, we returned to the store, where for a couple of hours in a back room, Steve and Andrew "picked" the banjo, played on the violin and sang negro melodies to an appreciative and enthusiastic audience. Steve sings very well, and the peculiar airs with which he was accompanied on the banjo were novel and exceedingly pleasant.

A LODGING PLACE FOR. When we finally left Moss Neck it was for the purpose of finding a place for me to spend the night. About three miles up the railroad we came to the residence of Tom Chavis, a well-to-do mulatto, where Steve engaged lodgings for me, telling them to give me a good supper and allow me to retire to bed immediately after, for I was "clean done worried out," and he would pay the bill; and, fixing a point to meet me the next day, the outlaws strode away toward the swamps.

PRIVATE LETTERS AND DESPATCHES. A Peep into the Inner Life of Journalism—Struggles to Achieve a Great End. The inner life of a great daily journal is seldom revealed to a public audience for results. In this instance, that a full appreciation may be gained of the difficulties and dangers which the correspondents of the HERALD meet with daily in the performance of their duties, we lay before our readers a string of letters and despatches which, read between the lines of the letters just preceding, will evince the devotion and determination necessary to achieve a success in journalism.

THE CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 20, 1872. To the Editor of the HERALD:—In reply to my letter sent Henderson by special messenger I have received his correspondence, together with his personal note, which I enclose. My difficulties here are very great, and I am compelled to be on the quiet always and to consult all possible expedients of information. The train from Robeson county arrives late in the afternoon, and it is necessarily late at night before I can obtain data from passengers, conductor, &c., upon which to predicate my despatches.

THE CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 20, 1872. To the Editor of the HERALD:—I have been among the outlaws of this county for five days and propose remaining several days longer. They appear to place perfect confidence in me, and are pleased with the opportunity given them of getting their histories before the people. They have taken me through the swamps, shown me how they lived, carried me across the streams on their shoulders and promise to take me blindfolded to one of their secret hiding places. I enclose my first installment of information. If you are satisfied with it, and the composition is satisfactory, you will not hesitate to advance me enough money to enable me to reach New York. A halt more or before reaching Washington, on my way here, I lost my pocketbook—whether stolen or not have no idea—so I discovered at Washington. Knowing no one there to whom I cared to apply I pawned my watch for \$50 and came on. Now I have enough of that left to pay my expenses back as far as Washington, and I would be obliged to you if you would send me \$75 or \$100 to Washington immediately on the receipt of this. In about three days I will send you my second letter, and if you will send the money as requested to Washington I will be in New York on Wednesday (27) when we can make any further arrangements that may be necessary. If you care for any more references as to character than I gave you before, Rev. Mr. Sheahan, of Rahway, N. J., lives near you, and you may apply to him for information.

THE CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 20, 1872. To the Editor of the HERALD:—Enclosed is Henderson's correspondence received by this evening's mail. I have no information regarding Henderson not already communicated to you by telegram. If he shall fail to effect his escape on Monday I shall certainly feel very serious apprehensions as to his fate. Very respectfully, E. CUTHBERT.

THE DANGER THICKENING—SUSPECTED AS A SPY. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 22, 1872. [Private despatch to the New York Herald.] Note from Henderson states he is in great danger. He has been searched and his revolver taken from him by the outlaws, who now regard him as a spy and fear that he may chloroform them. He sends information not to be published, as it might cost him his life, that both Boss Strong and Henry Berry Lowery are dead. If not killed sooner, he expects to escape Monday. Will start report in about two hours. E. CUTHBERT.

THE CAPTURED CORRESPONDENT. WILMINGTON, N. C., March 22, 1872. [Private despatch to the New York Herald.] Henderson has arrived safe; he starts for New York this evening. Publish at once deaths of Henry Berry Lowery and Boss Strong, as I reported. Will start despatches in about two hours. E. CUTHBERT.

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