

noises as much as I pleased for a day or two, and if nothing occurred before I must go to Moss Neck on Wednesday. In the meantime they would be near me, and look out for Donahoe, and if they did not see him before he would certainly meet me before reaching Moss Neck, and I was earnestly cautioned to look out for Donahoe continually.

Sunday night I slept in Rhody Lowery's cabin, and the next two in old Mrs. Lowery's house, spending the days in writing, reading (an abundance) and going out for precious little. On Tuesday morning RHODY SENT A MESSENGER to me with the information that her dogs had been barking savagely the night before, and in the morning in the sand near the house she had found the track of a large boat and the butt of a Henry rifle, and she advised that I remain close in the house all day. This advice I obeyed, notwithstanding it was contrary to the spirit of the outlaws' order.

On Wednesday morning, March 25, I started for Moss Neck, which, after waiting two streams, one knee high, I reached about ten minutes after the outlaws, who told me

from the time I left Mrs. Lowery's plantation. They had thought of showing themselves to me and "noting" me as one of the streams, and a fear that Donahoe might be about prevented them.

Here Steve took me aside and asked me again if I was honest in the representations I had made to them, and I indeed simply a correspondent, or

WHETHER I WAS A DETECTIVE OR SPY. He said they had been informed by some intelligent white men that I was sent here for the purpose of learning their paths and hiding places, and that in a few months I would return with some United States soldiers, when, knowing all the roads well, without assistance from the inhabitants of South Carolina, I could guide the forces and give them more trouble than they had ever before met with. He told me further that

TOM LOWERY WAS IN FAVOR OF KILLING ME, at once, as that would be the safest plan; that Andrew Strong had suggested that I be sent away in the next train, out that he, Steve, believed me to be honest in my professions, and that I should stay longer and safely if I meant no treachery to them. In reply I told him the truth and he seemed to realize it, for in the end he expressed himself satisfied. I then asked his permission to go down as far as Lumberton on the next train, that coming back on the up train I might have time to talk with Captain Morrison, the conductor. After a little hesitation he said, after making me place my hand on my heart, and

SWEAR I WOULD COME BACK, "Well, I'll trust you may get out by God, as sure as you live, if you don't come back I'll kill the next stranger that comes in here; so if you don't want any innocent blood on your head you had better come back."

At Lumberton I was gazed at curiously by both blacks and whites, a large number of the latter being at the depot, where I awaited the arrival of the up train. I was acceded, however, by no one but

A DISAPPOINTED LOOKING YOUNG MAN, who wanted to know if I had any news for the people of Lumberton. He had been charged with being implicated in the murder of Ben Beatra, who had been killed last summer, but that he wanted the HERALD to announce his perfect innocence of the charge. He gave me his name as French McQueen, a name I had heard connected with the Lumberton safe robbery, where it had been alleged by the mulattoes (other than the outlaws) that the Lowerys had received assistance in the town.

I came back to the outlaws, and with Steve, retraced my way across the swamps, he carrying me over the stream on his back, as he had done once before. Andrew and Tom had gone from Moss Neck before I returned to Lumberton.

After dinner, with Steve in his own cabin, by his permission, I returned to old Mrs. Lowery's, where I remained in peace until the next day (Thursday), when, through Rhody, the outlaws sent for me.

They had received another suggestion from some white people, they assured me, and that was nothing less than that I might either

BETWICH THEM OR CHLOROPORM THEM. Here was a dilemma. It was easy to prove to them that I could not administer chloroform to them; but their superstition was so great that I feared my powers of argument would be insufficient to persuade them that I had no complicity with the devil.

Here for the first time (and we were in Rhody's cabin) they searched me, and a most thorough examination they made. Every letter or scrap of writing about me they made me read to them. To be sure they could not know if I read correctly or not, but as I never hesitated nor faltered, they expressed themselves satisfied.

THEY TOOK MY REVOLVER AWAY from me, saying, however, they would return it from me later. The letter from the HERALD directing me to come here, in its envelope, with the engraving of the HERALD building, made a favorable impression upon them, and confirmed my story.

I asked their permission to go to Moss Neck the next day, to mail my letters, which they at first declined to give, saying they would take them themselves; but on my further representing that I wanted to hear the news and get some papers from Captain Morrison, after a long consultation, in which Tom Lowery appeared to be very much excited, Steve told me I might go, but that some of them would be there.

TO SEE THAT I DID NOT ESCAPE, most earnestly telling me that I need have no fears from them if I was what I represented myself to be. Andrew Strong has since told me Tom Lowery insisted on killing me there and then.

On the same afternoon Steve Lowery took me to the "Devil's Den," about two miles from my headquarters. He was unable to give me any other origin of the name than that that some of the militia, who were out on hunting the outlaws, so terribly to them they incautiously took to their heels. This is a diabolical looking spot, enough, but I have seen shows more drearier ones. It is simply a low marsh, thickly grown with bushes and reeds, the latter being used by the natives as pestholes.

The next morning, Friday, I went to Moss Neck, without meeting any of the bandits on my way except Steve, who addressed me in a much more surly, morose manner than he had ever done before. He said I would find Tom and Andrew at the station, and added,

"WELL YOU LOOK OUT FOR YOURSELF NOW." Just before reaching Moss Neck I was hailed by the two villains from a thicket by the roadside, and after a short half-hour's conversation with them was permitted to go on. While with them my nerves received another shock. Warning me not to take the train and escape, Tom Lowery said—

"You've got to see Boss before you leave this country."

As I felt satisfied that their assertions to the contrary notwithstanding, Boss Strong was actually dead, this promise did not inspire me with joyful feelings. Indeed this morning I was more alarmed than I had been hitherto, and when Captain Morrison, on the up train, told me the HERALD had been received at Wilmington stating that I had

A PLAN TO CAPTURE THE OUTLAWS, and that they would be sure to hear it before night, I jumped on my train to escape. But in the cars I saw a copy of the HERALD referring to me, and that was Sanders' plan to capture the gang that was spoken of. Two miles above Moss Neck, the Captain occupying the train, I returned to the outlaws, though with some misgivings. When I returned to the point where I had left Andrew and Tom they were gone, as I was informed by a light mulatto girl who volunteered to guide me to them. Her countenance was so smiling and her eyes so bright that I hastily declined her services. And here let me speak of

THE MORALS OF SCUFFLETOWN. Its inhabitants are a strange people, an anomaly in North Carolina, so near her Southern sister. Numbering from seven hundred to a thousand souls, neither white nor black, before the war, non-slaveholders, but looking with contempt upon the negroes—their white neighbors being hard, prejudiced Scotchmen, having an availing faith in their own superiority to savagism and that of all colored people to barbarism—these mulattoes have grown up a people by themselves. Antagonizing since with their neighbors, the succeeding generations are lighter in color than the preceding, and from all I can ascertain by careful inquiry, the brightness or lightness of the female mulatto's complexion is in inverse ratio to her mode of morals.

SCUFFLETOWN, IN TWO INSTANCES," said Steve to me on this subject, "the girls are all alike in Scuffletown," and I believe they told the truth.

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The morals of the outlaws themselves were not, if common report meant anything, any better than they might be; their reputed observing being scattered far and wide. Rhody Lowery said that her husband, Henry Berry, was very jealous about her. I was informed that there were illegitimate children in almost every house, and that nobody thought very much about it. Sometimes the parents of the seduced (or would be) "powerful discouraged," out in a week or two it ceased to trouble them. It appears to be the law here to arrest a female who has given birth to an illegitimate child, and to release her upon her swearing to the paternity; the reputed father is then arrested, but released if the injured female refuses to appear against him, which she generally refuses, for a consideration, \$25 being the usual sum, inasmuch as the law, as it is taken when the culprit is very poor. Wherever the outlaws went while I was with them they were hailed with delight by the dusky beauties of Scuffletown, who received their oftentimes very coarse jokes and rough caresses with every manifestation of pleasure. I believe the female inmates of old Mrs. Lowery's household to be strictly virtuous, and I saw nothing in Rhody's conduct that would induce me to doubt her chastity. But if the mulattoes of both sexes are bad, the

WHITE MEN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD are far worse. Without taking into consideration the stories of the people here as to the associations between white men and colored women, the color of the mulattoes themselves shows the result of much miscegenation. The general name mulatto is applied to all persons of mixed negro and white blood; but the fact is that wanton and outrageous abuse here. But in my wanderings to and fro in and about Scuffletown and Snow Hill I found many cases of white men living openly with females of African blood; and it is a most significant fact that while these white men are not all of the class known as "poor whites," they are almost universally active members of the political party that opposes negro suffrage.

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some blankets, a bench, a small table, two stools and a few iron cooking utensils scattered about made up the total of the cabin's furniture." I was not permitted to open the door, which was secured by a "nuton."

A VERY CARD PARTY. Here, then, we spent the night, principally in conversation and card playing, I teaching them euchre and California jack, while they taught me "blind," "waiting game," and "three up."

Towards morning, with one blanket under and over me, between the outlaws, with my feet to the fire, I went to sleep, but before long was awakened by Steve, and after cutting me

A COUPLE OF POUNDS OF VENISON from one of the dried quarters hanging up, and tying up my eyes, we started out, and reached Rhody's cabin at about nine o'clock, he said. Notwithstanding my mind was not troubled on our return tramp as it had been going over the time, we were walking seemed twice as long. I am certain we did not return over the same ground we went out on.

Upon reaching Rhody's house we found that, filled with apprehensions as to my fate,

SHE HAD GONE TO MOSS NECK and communicated her information to the HERALD's special messenger.

Nothing particularly interesting occurred on Saturday, but on Sunday Steve returned my revolver to me and Rhody took me to the grave and place of execution of Saunders.

LEAVING THE OUTLAWS. On Monday morning, March 25, I started alone for the New Bridge (where I was to meet Andrew and Steve) in a drenching rain, which in fifteen minutes wet me to the skin. To add to my discomfort I lost my way, for I had never gone on this road before, and fears that I could not arrive at Moss Neck in time for the morning train increased my perturbation. I made a mis-step on one of the numerous foot-logs I was obliged to cross, and stepped into the muddy water of Turkey "branch" above my knees. After I had been wandering about the paths and roads that are so numerous in that vicinity for over an hour, I heard a shot perhaps a quarter of a mile distant. I answered with one from my revolver, and a reply told me the road to take.

The walk from the New Bridge to Moss Neck was a rapid one, and nothing worthy of record was seen, but the advice from Steve that I should never return; "for, if you return, you are in our hands, and we won't see you, while it is in our favor the WHITE PEOPLE WILL KILL YOU."

At Moss Neck I received an invitation from a gentleman of Snow Hill to revisit that village before my departure. As I was fearful of the feeling that might have been produced among the whites by the strong denunciations of my course in the Robesonian I declined to stop, and for the same reason determined not to stop in Lumberton.

At Moss Neck the two outlaws, Steve and Andrew, presented me with

AN OLD DOUBLE BARRELED SHOTGUN, which, they assured me, was one of the three used by Henry Berry Lowery at Wiregrass Landing, where alone he dispersed a body of militia. They also gave me a few pieces of silver coin as mementoes of my sojourn among them.

And now, the piece approaching, with a cordial shake of the hand, they bade me "go in peace."

THE OUTLAWS ON THEMSELVES. In all my intercourse with the outlaws and their mulatto friends I found a strong desire to have their justification of their course given to the country. From full notes of the many conversations I had with them, submitted to and approved by them before my departure, I am enabled to give the defenses of the three surviving outlaws, Steve and Tom Lowery and Andrew Strong.

PREFATORY. Prior to the murder of Sheriff King the outlaws of Robeson county were Henry Berry Lowery, Boss Strong, George Applewhite, John Dial, Henderson Oxendine and Zach McLaughlin. All of these, save George Applewhite, who was a pure negro, and Zach McLaughlin, a white man, were of the mixed race that make up the settlement of Scuffletown.

The circumstances that drove these men to the swamps for refuge—the murder of old Allen Lowery and his son William, by whites led by James Barnes, the murder of H. B. Lowery's three consorts by Brant Harris, and the punishment of Barnes and Harris by the incensed mulattoes—have already been fully shown in your columns, as also the cause of the enmity of the whites against those people—viz., the assistance they extended to escaped federal prisoners.

A year or two after the close of the war, when the outlaws of Lowery's gang prevented their maintaining themselves by labor, ex-Sheriff Renbow King was wounded while defending his property from the robbers, who had broken into his house, from which wound he died some six months afterwards.

Upon a charge of being concerned in this murder John Dial and Henderson Oxendine were arrested.

HOW STEVE BECAME AN OUTLAW. Dial, turning State's evidence, testified that Steve Lowery was one of the band who hands King me his death, and soon afterwards Steve was arrested, he offering no resistance to the officers of the law.

Steve had until this time been unmolested by the State or county officials. To escape from work on the rebel fortifications during the war he had sought and found a situation that would exempt him from military duty, and was for three years a freeman on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad. To be sure he was one of the hated Lowerys, but peacefully working in the woods getting out material for the manufacture of turpentine, he had until now avoided all trouble.

After he was arrested and imprisoned and before his trial all his fellow prisoners escaped from jail, he going to the outer door, but refusing to accompany them, "for," said he, "God knows I am innocent of any whittier, unless in quick succession through my mind, and I regretted, how earnestly no one not similarly situated can imagine, that I had ever undertaken this dangerous work.

How long we walked I had no means of determining exactly, though it seemed to me to be about two hours. My fears may have doubted the actual time we were on our journey.

A JOURNEY OF HORROR. We trod every kind of ground that is to be found in that region—over sand, mud, swamp and creek; through cleared fields, thickets and open pine woods; now dogging an overhanging branch at the foot of a tree, now switching in the face by the bushes, and the step into water ankle deep, we went on and on, as if we would never reach the end. An attempt by Steve to stride my steps across a foot-log, while he waded in the water beside, failed once, and after that I waded with him. We had walked some distance on the dry land, when we stopped and the bandage was taken from my eyes.

WE WERE IN PERFECT DARKNESS, but in a few minutes Andrew had a bright fire on the hearth. Whether it was night or day I was unable to tell, for there were no windows in the habitation in which I found myself, and the door fitted so nicely that no light was admitted if it were still day. Before I had time to observe all my surroundings Steve again asked me if I were not really and truly in the

EMPLOY OF THE UNITED STATES, telling me he had been so positively assured by all his friends that I meant nothing but evil towards them that he began to think he had been mistaken in his opinion of my motives, and that I might be other than a mere correspondent after all, notwithstanding he had been satisfied as to my intentions the day before.

Now ensued again a long argument by your correspondent, in the midst of which he was interrupted by Andrew Strong:—

"Mr. —, you needn't waste your breath; it has been proved to us that you are a spy, and we would do right to kill you right off. But you can't hurt us much yet, and if you'll admit you are a detective I am in favor of letting you go away safe, provided you leave in the first train and leave all your papers behind you. But if you deny what you are

ALL I HAVE TO SAY IS, REMEMBER SAUNDERS." I had always before found Andrew the most suspicious and moderate of them all, and to say I was surprised at the threats conveyed by his address but faintly conveys my feelings. However, I talked on and succeeded finally in satisfying them, and I was not troubled by any expressed suspicions afterwards.

THE OUTLAW'S DEN. When I again fell at sufficient ease to look about me I saw that I was in a log cabin about fourteen feet square and not more than six feet high, the whole inside, except above the fireplace, lined with sawed boards. A small fireplace, not larger than ordinary coal grates, at one end, gave light and heat, while at the opposite end of the room there hung from the ceiling several pieces of bacon and dried venison.

On either side of the fireplace there were, leaning against the wall,

THIRTY OR FORTY SHOTGUNS, double and single barrels. A few empty bottles,

was immediately outwined, a price set upon his head, and he has ever since been a fugitive from the justice which is to be found in Robeson county, North Carolina.

ANDREW STRONG IN THE SWAMPS. Andrew Strong worked on the rebel fortifications at Wilmington, N. C., whenever he was called upon to do so. The work was of the hardest description, and was performed under fear of the lash, which was not spared.

At the close of the war he married Flora Sampson, and building himself a log cabin about a mile and a half from Henry Berry Lowery, he commenced to work in turpentine and soon left this to engage in cutting trees for the manufacture of lumber.

In the latter part of January, or beginning of February, 1870, some meat was stolen from a white man shortly afterwards he was operating, and it was shortly afterwards found in the possession of two negro employes of Andrew's, upon a raft he had sent down the river. The negroes escaped, and shortly afterwards, when Andrew was at his own house, he was visited by a deputy sheriff, who, after a short conversation on general subjects, told him he must accompany him to Lumberton. Upon Andrew's asking him for a sight of his warrant he presented his revolver, saying that was his warrant. Andrew immediately drew his revolver, and after an interchange of shots, in which he received a slight wound in the shoulder, the deputy sheriff fled.

At the next term of Court, in August, Andrew was arrested to answer the charge of the theft of the meat, and at the first week of Court was released upon his own recognizance in the sum of \$20 to appear for trial at the next term.

Upon the next Sunday he was arrested upon a charge of being concerned in the King robbery and murder, and for safe keeping was taken to the jail at Wilmington. While in this jail he was approached by the District Attorney of Robeson county and assured that if he would testify against Henry Berry and Steve Lowery he would not only be released, but handsomely rewarded. Testimony to secure himself he was detained at Wilmington until the next term of Court in Robeson county, when he was taken there, tried for the theft of the meat and acquitted. At the same term of Court he was

TRIED FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY in resisting the Deputy Sheriff and convicted, but not sentenced. A bench warrant was issued by the Court, however, for his detention until next term and a bond in the sum of \$1,000 required for his appearance for sentence. Not being able to furnish this he was kept in jail until the latter part of September, when, by order of the Court, he was released upon giving his own bond for his good behavior in the sum of \$200, and a bond of the same amount to appear at the February term, 1871. At that time he appeared and was discharged. At the same term Andrew Oxendine, who had been arrested, was tried and convicted of the King murder, and was sentenced to the State Prison for life.

GENERAL GORMAN'S STRATEGY. As related by Steve Lowery, the campaign of Adjutant General Gorman was unique. In the spring of 1871 the Governor of North Carolina visited Lumberton to consult with the prominent men of Robeson county as to the best means to rid the county of its pest. It was unanimously agreed by the citizens that if the Governor would send a democratic officer to head a body of determined men, the bandits would be killed or captured with little trouble. The Governor then directed this democratic adjutant, appointed for the purpose, to proceed with a company of United States troops, furnished for the purpose, and a body of one hundred and fifty militia (to be mustered by the county and to be renewed or changed weekly), to the headquarters of the outlaws and kill or capture them.

The military were stationed along the railroad by General Gorman, who, immediately upon his arrival, made efforts to have an interview with the outlaws. After a month's exertions, during which time the soldiers were merely passive, Gorman succeeded in meeting with Henry Berry and Steve Lowery. To them he made the extraordinary announcement that