

CONFESSIO OF
ANN WALTERS,
THE MURDERESS !



ALSO, THE EXECUTION OF
REV. ENOS G. DUDLEY,

At Haverhill, N. H., May 23d, 1849.

To which is added the confession of
MRS. MARY RUNKLE,
Who was executed for Murder at Whitesboro', N. Y.

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PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

1850.

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CONFESSIO^N OF ANN WALTERS, A FEMALE MURDERESS!

It has probably never fallen to the lot of man to record a list of more cruel, heart-rending, atrocious, cold-blooded and horrible crimes and murders, than have been perpetrated by the subject of this narrative, and that too in the midst of a highly civilized and Christian community; and deeds, too, which for the depravity of every human feeling seems scarcely to have found a parallel in the annals of crime.

And it seems doubly shocking and atrocious, when we find them committed by one of the Female sex, which sex have always been esteemed as having a higher regard for virtue and a far greater aversion to acts of barbarity, even in the most abandoned of their sex, than is generally found in men of the same class, and we may truly say that we have never seen recorded a greater instance of moral depravity, or one so perfectly regardless of every virtuous feeling which should inhabit the human breast, as the one it becomes our painful lot to lay before our readers, in the account of ANN WALTERS, the subject of this thrilling and interesting narrative. And we will now endeavor to state the facts as they have actually transpired; and our readers may rely upon the account here given of her parentage, as they have been selected from the most authentic sources, which no pains were spared to obtain.

S. P. Smith the father of the subject of this narrative was the son of a wealthy nobleman residing in Yorkshire county, in the northern part of England. He had in the early part of his life received a liberal education, as we learn from the pen of one of his youthful companions, from which we principally quite so far as regards his career, but was regardless of the endeavors of his kind parents to plant in him that youthful impression of morality and obedience, for in vain did they labor to bend his stiff neck. As we learn, by his father's refusal to comply with his request in marrying the object of his first love, he fell a prey to that soul-destroying monster, intemperance. He then secretly married a woman, who, by her intrigue and artfulness, had succeeded in drawing his affections towards her, and was also very remarkable for the influence she exercised over the minds of men as will be seen by referring to circumstances which occurred subsequently; for by her great artfulness she succeeded in marrying her daughters, four in number, to persons of respectability, although they were every one of them prostitutes of the most common character. On this and many other similar accounts, she was considered by many superstitious persons a witch.

Soon after his father heard of his marriage, whose indignation and anger became so great, that he determined to cut him off with a shilling, and forbid his ever entering his house.

Matters had now come to such a pass that he had determined to leave his native country. and his wife concurred in the plan; she soon scraped up her effects, for she had a small estate of her own, and turned them into money. They then embarked on board of one of his Majesty's ships bound for Montreal, where he settled down, and for several years gained a comfortable livelihood for his family by industry, but as his family increased, and the means of living began to grow rather scanty, his evil habits of intemperance also gained upon him. He forsook all honest courses of getting a living and joined a band of smugglers, moving from Montreal to the village of St. Johns, situated on the St. John's River, about thirty miles from Montreal, and here carried on a regular course of smuggling between Montreal, Platts-

burg, New York, Burlington in Vermont, sometimes going as far as Quebec, to obtain articles which they could not readily get in Montreal, and as his house was situated at a convenient distance from those places, they made it a receptacle for their goods until such times as they should find an opportunity to run them in and dispose of them.

While things were going on in this style, it so happened that an old acquaintance whose name was Alexander Paine moved from Montreal and settled in the neighborhood in which Smith resided, and as they had formerly been on intimate terms, the acquaintance was soon renewed, though not much to the satisfaction of Smith, as he knew Paine to be a man of very sober, honest habits, and not likely to be easily persuaded to forsake the path of virtue, and it was on this ground, and the fear of detection and exposure, that Smith dreaded again becoming on intimate terms with an old acquaintance; for Paine was as yet entirely ignorant of the business Smith was following, for he, Smith, had always managed, through the influence of his wife, to keep up the appearance of honesty and respectability during his stay in Montreal.

As Paine frequently happened at the house of Smith, he soon began to suspect that all was not right. However he said nothing on the subject, until one evening he happened to be passing by Smith's house rather late, and seeing, as he thought, an uncommon stir going on at that late hour, he determined to go in and satisfy his doubts as to what he before suspected, and there he found Smith and two or three more of his gang secreting goods, which he knew must have been either smuggled or stolen. He therefore at once threatened to expose them immediately. Smith then tried every means of persuasion in his power to induce Paine to join in his unlawful pursuits, but all in vain, as Paine said that his duty to his God and his country would be the instant exposure of their misdoings.—Smith finding that he could not induce him to join at any rate, then had recourse to stratagem.

He begged of Paine to allow but three days to settle up his affairs and leave the country, swearing in the

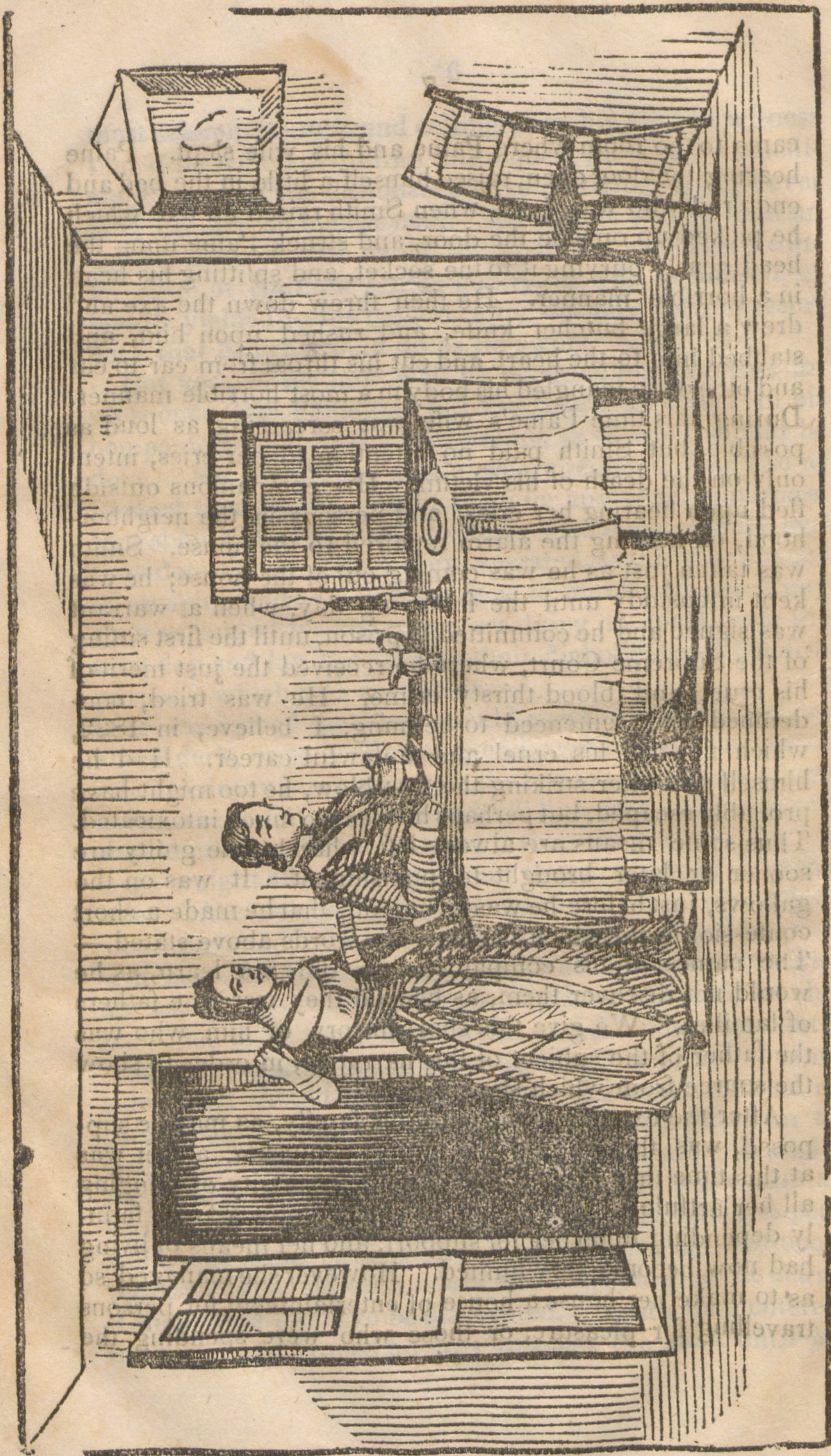
most solemn manner, and calling upon his God to witness that if he would grant him this request he would immediately leave off his dishonest course of living, and forever after become an honest man. All this he said in such an earnest manner, that Paine, seeing that it would be the utter ruin of Smith's whole family, as well as himself, at length yielded to his request, after the most solemn assurance that Smith would do as he swore.

But we will see how well he regarded his promise; for no sooner than Paine had left the house, he called in his companions, and held a consultation as to what should be done. Meanwhile the bottle was circulated freely so as to steel their hearts, and fit them for any fiendish purpose that should suggest itself to their maddened brain; and they determined, before they separated, as the only chance of escaping and avoiding the law, to murder Paine. They then separated for the night, resolving to meet early the next day and lay the plan for their diabolical and fiendish purpose, which was as follows:—

It was agreed that they should meet near Paine's house about dark, or soon after, and endeavor by some means or other to decoy him away from the house to the river, where they were to fall upon him and kill him with weapons they should provide for the purpose; then they were to tie a large weight about his neck and throw his body into the river. Accordingly they repaired to the place of rendezvous appointed, each one armed for the diabolical purpose with some deadly weapon. After waiting some time without being able to see or hear anything of Paine, for he happened to be away from home, and did not return until late, they repaired to a low public house near by, to consider what should be done, as they were now frustrated in their design. They here drank deeply, and urged on to desperation by the maddening and intoxicating draught they had taken, resolved upon the death of their victim at all hazards. After disguising themselves as much as possible, they went back again to Paine's house, and stationed themselves one on each side of the house, to give the alarm if they were likely to be discovered. Smith then entered the house and groped his way through the dark until he

came to the room where Paine and his wife slept. Paine hearing the door open, raised himself a little in the bed and enquired who was there, when Smith raised an axe which he picked up outside the door, and struck Paine upon the head nearly burying it to the socket, and splitting his head in a horrible manner. He then threw down the axe and drew a large butcher knife, and rushed upon him, and stabbed him to the heart, and cut his throat from ear to ear and otherwise mangled his body in a most horrible manner. During this time Paine's wife was screaming as loud as possible, but Smith paid no attention to her cries, intent only on the death of his victim. His companions outside fled upon hearing her cries, and persons in the neighborhood, on hearing the alarm repaired to the house. Smith was taken just as he was coming out of the house; he was kept in custody until the following day, when a warrant was signed and he committed to prison, until the first sitting of the Supreme Court, where he received the just merit of his cruel and blood-thirsty crime. He was tried, condemned and sentenced to be hung, I believe, in 1822, which finished his cruel and unlawful career. Had he himself fled after striking the first blow, he too might have probably escaped, but perhaps he was too much intoxicated. Thus some means are always left whereby the guilty are sooner or later brought to punishment. It was on the gallows, just before he was swung off, that he made a short confession from which we copy the words above stated.—The names of his companions we did not learn, as he would not discover them, as he said they were the fathers of families. We give this short history of him who was the father of the subject of this narrative, in order to show the source from which she sprung.

After the execution of Smith, his family, as may be supposed, was thrown into the utmost confusion, and it was at this time that Mrs. Smith saw the necessity of bringing all her artfulness into action, as she had now a large family depending upon her for support, and her means of living had now become very limited. However she managed so as to make her house a house of entertainment for persons travelling for pleasure, or those who were spending the



summer months in that delightful region, away from the more unwholesome air of a crowded and pent up city, and in this manner, as may be supposed, they formed many new acquaintances, and by keeping up appearances pretty high, and teaching her daughters well the art of deception, she soon succeeded in marrying them all to persons of considerable respectability. She had now an only son who was nearing the age of manhood, and who by his long associations with a set of low, drinking, gambling and licentious persons, was little better even at this age than a perfect sot, but of him we will speak in another page.

The youngest daughter, whose name was Ann and who is the subject of this narrative, was at the age of sixteen married to a man whose name was Walters, a respectable wheelright from the lower part of Delaware, who happened to be travelling in that section of the country in the summer of 1828, and stopped for a day or two at St. John's, where he was taken sick, and as he had put up at the house of Mrs. Smith, and she found her guest to be a person of very good personal attraction, and possessing considerable money, she determined at once to bring about a marriage between him and her daughter. Consequently he was treated with the greatest care and attention during his illness; Ann being his constant and daily attendant. She was an uncommonly agreeable person, and by no means bad looking, although rather large. She was extraordinarily fond of music and dancing, a great talker, very witty and fascinating in her conversation, and concealed her real character so well that he soon fell in love with her, and her mother also exercising an influence over him, he was induced to marry her immediately on his recovery.

The following year he returned to Delaware, taking his wife with him, and settling down on the Nontioke river near the Maryland line, about ten or twelve miles from Laurel, where he established a ferry now called by the same name, also working considerably at his trade whenever opportunity permitted,

He had not been married long, as may be supposed, before he found out the real character of his wife which preyed upon his constitution. His health soon began to

decay rapidly, and at the end of three years he died, leaving her a young widow just twenty years old. His death was not so much grief to her as was supposed by those who dealt out sympathies towards her, as the tender hearted but deceived people thought, she being so far from her relatives if she had any alive, for none were ever seen visiting her since they moved there. But it has since been ascertained by her own confession that he died by the effects of poison which she gave him through her negro slave whom she kept as cook, taking care lest suspicion might occur after his death and examination take place, that it might appear a mistake, or through the ignorance of the illiterate slave. This she did, thinking no doubt, that she was clear of him, as his health seemed declining, she could then carry out any plan she might devise for the gratification of propensities, for she was very sensual in her pleasures and totally incapable of appreciating that high toned feeling and the dignity of self respect and refinement which should govern the female sex. She was almost indifferent to any principle of justice, as well as to human sufferings. She was bold, revengeful, and courageous, and cunning in the subjects of her pursuits. She was also very deceitful, shrewd, and had great influence over the weaker minds. After the death of her husband she became one of the most abandoned and notorious of women, giving loose to every species of licentiousness and extravagance, and there was no crime too great, no deed too cruel for her to engage in, to accomplish any object of her design, after engaging personally in acts of the most outrageous butcheries and robbery.

After living in this manner for three years after the death of her husband, her previous course of life being secreted from public censure, 1835, she moved from her place of habitation to near Johnson's cross roads, on the line between Maryland and Delaware, five miles from her old place of habitation. She here set up a low tavern, as she knew she would then have a much greater chance of carrying on her unlawful and wicked practices here. She made use of a great variety of artifices to induce slave-dealers and other, who she thought would be likely to have any quantity of money with them, to put up with her, and she was considered by some to be a very hospitable woman; seldom charging her visitors anything. Besides, being a young and fascinating widow, just in the flower of life, it was nothing remarkable to see gentlemen of various ranks frequenting her house

some under the pretence of paying addresses to her, besides its being a tavern, as taverns in the southern countries differ in regularity from those of the northern or free States. Although born in a free country where slavery is abhorred, she soon imbibed a taste for the traffic in slaves, as our readers may easily perceive that her location was in a slave State where morality is not very exalted, as such a course could not possibly have been carried on in a free State so long, without meeting the eye of detection. However, she so managed matters as to make her house a kind of headquarters for slave dealers, who generally had plenty of money, she soon got round her a gang of ruffians who were perfectly obedient to her will and ready to do the most bloody acts whenever she commanded. Of this gang she was always the master-spirit, and deviser of ways and means. Whenever travellers called upon her she marked her man at once, laid her plans, then gave the watchword and frequently became the leader herself in the most horrible crimes.

About the middle of November 1835, a gentleman whose name was Parker, from Richmond, Va., on his way to New York, stopped to feed his horse, and called for dinner. Finding that he had a large quantity of money by him, she placed her unsuspecting guest at a table so that his back was near an open window, through which he was shot by one of her accomplices. They then robbed him of every thing he had in his possession, amounting to three thousand dollars. They then secreted his body in the cellar until the night, when a hole was dug in the swamp in the rear of the house, where he was afterwards deposited without much hesitation. His horse they afterwards sold for two hundred dollars in Baltimore.

In about two months after, two slave dealers from Norfolk, Va., called at the house on their way to Baltimore, the travelling being very bad, and finding it necessary to stop and feed their horses, and refresh themselves. After calling for dinner, and making some enquiry about the slave market in Baltimore, they engaged in conversation, and whiled away the time by exciting and gratifying their feelings by the wit of their hostess. Three times they called for their horses, which were at length brought, but an-

other glass of wine was passed around, and they were enticed to stay a little longer. Thus she kept them until night, when they started expecting to reach Laurel, which was about fifteen miles distant, via Perkin's ferry. But no sooner had they departed from the house than she dressed herself in men's attire, and took with her three of her gang. One was named Griffin, of whom we will speak immediately; another, whose name was Hunt, was one of Griffin's early associates; but the name of the other we are not certain of, as he has yet escaped; it is thought he made his way to Texas. However, they mounted some of their fleetest horse, and started in pursuit, determined on killing and robbing them. Taking another road crossing the river above Perkin's ferry, and placing obstructions in the road as it passed up a sandy hill, they there laid in wait for them; stationing themselves to fire upon them as they ascended the hill, she and her gang rushed out and fired, wounding both of them—one of them so badly that he died in a few hours—and so frightening the travellers' horses that they run away from both robbers and drivers, though the wounded travellers managed to drive safely through to Laurel that night, where the one who was most hurt died almost immediately on his arrival at the inn.

The above named Griffin was executed for murder, at Cambridge, Maryland, on the 14th of June last, and when brought upon the scaffold, he declared, as he stood in the last moments of his earthly existance, and on the brink of eternity, expecting in a few moments to meet his God in judgment, that he was innocent of the crime, for which he was about to die, but still acknowledged that he was guilty of other murders of the most awful and blackest shade. He begged a little time as he said he could not think of appearing before his eternal Judge, without confessing to the world, the awful crimes of which he was guilty. He then proceeded as follows:

I was born in the year eighteen hundred and eleven in the town of Freeport, Cumberland county, Maine, of temperate, moral, and honest parents, who were kind, tender, and loving towards me, their unworthy son. Instead of adding comfort to their venerable years, I brought grief and sorrow to their heart, and disgrace to their gray heads. I lived with my father until I became nineteen years old, when I left home in consequence of my father's contrary disposition, which I then thought I had much reason to complain of; but alas, to my

sorrow, I since became sensible of my error, but too late. An uncontrollable desire to leave home seized me, I dispised my father's counsel, and strolled about from place to place associating myself with idle and dissipated company and by this means soon became one of the most idle and dissolute wretches in existence. In this manner I roved about, and finally went to Philadelphia. Here I fell in with a young man whose name was Hunt, a low gambling sort of a fellow. We agreed to join companionship and share equally in whatever we could make. We then kept a good look out. Whenever we discovered a man intoxicated after dark, or any we thought it possible to make so, we enticed him in to some dark alley, or other secret hiding place, and robbed him of what money watches, or other valuables he happened to have with him. Some time late in January, we robbed a traveller on the Wilmington road, about five miles from the city. We rushed upon him, endeavoring to knock him down, but the blow missing its aim, he made a desperate resistance, nearly overpowering us, when, drawing a large knife which I always carried with me, I stabbed him in the back, when he fell, exclaiming, "I am murdered." We then robbed him of four hundred dollars. Seeing an account of the murder, two days after, in the papers, and that the Mayor had offered a thousand dollars reward, I feared my companion might turn State's evidence, and I should suffer; I determined to leave for New Orleans, or some southern city, as I had plenty of money, but I only reached Baltimore, when I was induced to stop. I then dressed up pretty fine, intending to play the gentleman. I here became acquainted with a very pretty young lady, whose name was Eliza Morton, whose father was a respectable merchant of that city. She received my addresses very cordially for some time, but at length began to suspect that I was not exactly what I pretended to be, and grew daily more cold and reserved in my presence. I then tried to persude her to elope with me, but this she at once refused to do, declaring that she would never marry against the will of her parents. Finding that I could not induce her to accede to my plans, I then determined upon her ruin. I then persuaded her to accompany me in a ride for pleasure, and conducted her to a house of ill repute called for a room, and desired not to be disturbed. I then locked and bolted the door. Perceiving this, she inquired why I did so. I then told her what my intentions were, promising her at the same time, that if she would consent to marry

me before returning to her father's home, I would desist. This she flatly refused, saying at the same time, that she would rather die than ever permit herself to be led to the altar by me after taking such a dishonorable course. She then attempted to escape, but finding that I prevented her, she began to cry out for help, that so enraged me that I caught up a towel which was hanging up and tried to force it into her mouth. I then twisted it around her neck, choking her until she was insensible, I then proceeded to accomplish my heinous purpose, and knowing that if she should recover she would immediately expose me, I therefore resolved on her death, which I consummated by tying a pocket handkerchief around her neck so tight as to prevent the possibility of her breathing. I then left her, and, making my way unperceived, fled from the city. After that, my disposition became if possible, more reckless. I cared little what I did. I reproached myself with all the bitterness of anguish, and my very soul was tormented for years, as though I felt the wrath of God, and the torments of hell. I would this moment, if I had the choice, suffer twenty mortal deaths, such as she did, then again enter into the like feeling which I have suffered. But I am about to be released. But if you who hear me could but conceive the slightest idea of the sufferings my poor heart felt, you would no doubt, look on me with pity and not with scorn; but I hope my death will be an example to those who survive me, for I am satisfied to leave this world, and deserve the fate that awaits me.

He then faltered back, faintish and silent. The above named Eliza Morton was murdered on the twenty-second of June, 1833, as we ascertained from the coroner's books, and from her bereaved parents, whom he left to sigh after their only daughter.

Ann's cruelty and atrocity at this time reached to a mature age, for she was enveloped in innocent blood, and it seems almost impossible that such crimes could possibly be committed by one of such tender looking countenance as she possessed even at the bar.

Such a course continued quite smoothly for four years. On one occasion, an intended victim had a child about eighteen months old, sometimes subject to fits. In these fits the child would scream in a most horrible manner. It happened to have one of these fits while in Ann Walters' house. She was so enraged upon hearing its cries, that she flew at the child,

tearing the clothes from off the victim of her wrath, biting it at the same time in the most dreadful manner, and as if this was not enough to satisfy her brutal disposition, the child still continuing to scream, she caught it up and held it with her own hands to the fire, until its face was burned to a cinder. She then threw it in a cave in the cellar.

Shortly after this, a gentleman was travelling through that section of the country, where he owned a grist mill.

On his return he stopped at her house. She ascertained that he had considerable money, and seemed anxious to get home, but she determined this should never happen, and while he was at breakfast she came behind him, and plunged a large dagger into his heart. He fell, and then expired. Two of her accomplices, Griffin and Brown, were sent for but did not arrive in season. Being anxious to secure the prize she attempted and accomplished the murder herself, without any assistance. She robbed him of seven hundred dollars, took his body in a small boat and threw it into the river, with a stone attached to it, to prevent it from rising.

Soon after, we believe in April 1840, a slave dealer who was on his way from Wilmington, Del., to Norfolk, Va., with two valuable slaves, was overtaken by a heavy rain, and obliged to put up at her house for the night. She put him to sleep in a room separate from the main part of the house, and during the night, she entered a secret way with one of her gang, armed with a large club prepared for the purpose, and finding him asleep, they tied him to the bed and passed a cord around his neck to prevent his breathing.

They then robbed him of four thousand dollars with a watch worth one hundred and twenty dollars. The body was buried in the garden, under a clump of rose bushes.

She concealed the slaves for upwards of a week, barely giving them enough to support nature, until she sold them to a slaver who happened to be on the coast.

Soon after this, she murdered a negro boy, of twelve years of age, who was for some time previous in her house, in the capacity of waiter or servant, because he accidentally saw her perpetrate the deed of burning the child, and one



day, when angry, said he would discover her. But she resolved like the pirate, that the dead tell no tales, and immediately ordered him down to the cellar to regulate something there, then taking with her a large knife, she followed him in person, and drove it through his body while stooping. She then dragged him over, and threw his lifeless body amongst the skeletons.

It was about this time, that she received the news of the death of her mother, and untimely death of her only brother, of whom she had heard nothing for several years, whose name was James Smith. He was hung in Kingston, U. C., for horse stealing. He had continued his riotous and dissipated course of life for some time after the marriage of Ann, and finally joined a gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters, which infested the country round about the lakes. This gang had a regular communication established from Detroit, through to Toronto and Kingston, and across the States through to New York and Philadelphia.

It is supposed that at one time, before the gang was broken up, there were upwards of one hundred persons engaged in it, although the precise number has never been ascertained.— Their method of operation was this. A horse stolen by one of the gang was conveyed by night to the next station, the thief returning immediately to prevent suspicion. In this way the business was managed until the horse was out of the reach of pursuit. They had regular stations where the horses that were stolen were kept until they had collected a sufficient number, when they were taken in small droves to New York, Philadelphia, and other large places, and disposed of. The route on which James was statined, was between Kingston and Toronto, near Coburg, where he had been engaged for some time. On one occasion he had been to Kingston with a horse thus stolen, and there received a considerable sum of money for his service to the company, and, on his way home, broke into the stable of a British officer, and stole a very valuable horse, but the noise awakened an old inmate who got up, and perceiving the door opened, he went in and found the horse missing. He immediately gave the alarm to the officer.— Several men were sent out in pursuit. He was overtaken before he got ten miles from the place where the horse was stolen. They were brought back to Kingston, where he was tried before a magistrate and thrown into prison, until the sitting of the Kings Court, when he was condemned and sentenced

to be hung. He was executed at Kingston, some time late in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Thus ended the unhappy career of both father and son—the father setting the example.

After this news, she became, if possible more cruel and barbarous than before. She now seemed to take no delight whatever in anything but acts of the most blood thirsty and inhuman nature; nothing now satisfied her murderous disposition but the death of some innocent, and to her unoffending victim; but her career of guilt was nearly run; she had carried it to such a height that it was impossible to continue in this way much longer, without being overtaken by justice, and it was not long after this that she was, by the following circumstance, exposed, and her gang broken up and some of them brought to condign punishment, for the high handed and outrageous crimes, they had for a long time committed, thus far without detection.

She, and her associates, Griffin, Brown and Sharp, murdered a Quaker, who was travelling in that section of the country in November. 1843. During his stay in that vicinity; he had formed considerable acquaintance, and had intimated to a friend with whom he had considerable business, that he would stop at that tavern that night, and probably board there while he remained in the neighborhood, which he did, for he was seen there four days after.

After the lapse of two weeks, a box and parcel came in the care of a gentleman for him from New York. Another week elapsed, during which time Mr. Jones, in whose care it came, thought it strange why he did not call, and as he was driving past, he called to see Mr. Morse, to let him know that a package had arrived for him. He enquired for Mr. Morse. He then returned home, opened the parcel, and found among other things, a letter from his wife which stated a dissatisfaction at his boarding at a tavern, which seemed rather uncommon among Quakers, as she said.—She was sorry it was not in his power to come home sooner, as it seemed that he stated to her that he should stop there some time. She said she hoped that he was in good health, but was much afraid that he was not, for she was annoyed with disagreeable dreams about him, and it was utterly impossible for her to rest. These things looked strange; suspicions spread around the neighborhood, until some persons came into the store, who said they talked with Mr. Morse, in Walter's tavern, a few days after his going

there, when some remarked the idle, sauntering fellows that were perpetually hovering about there, having no business, and many other circumstances were alluded to, until suspicion became so strong in the minds of the people, that they finally resolved to make a private sarch, but not until Mr. Jones, accompanied by some others, went again to make enquiry. The answer was the same as before, but she seemed a little confused which strengthened their suspicions.

Accordingly they went one afternoon, and visited the house, making some pretence for the visit, one of them said that he was about to build himself a new house, and asked permission of her to examine her house, that he might measure and take the demensions of it at the same time, and the plan on which it was built, saying that he wished to build after the same plan. Not suspecting anything, she allowed them the privilege though not permitting them to enter the cellar. They then made such examination as they were able, discovering nothing above, however, to confirm them in their suspicions. They were now diverted entirely to the cellar, and in her absence from the room for a moment, they questioned an old wench, one of her domestics, as to what was kept in the cellar. She replied she dare not tell for fear she should be killed. They promised to liberate and protect her, if she would disclose to them what she knew of the matter. She replied, that there was something awful in that cellar, but for the life of her she dare not tell what it was. Her mistress coming in at that moment, prevented any farther discourse with her. They then left the house, and concluded that they had got information enough. Next morning they proceeded to the house, accompanied by the sheriff with a warrant. She was taken after a resolute resistance, together with three of her associates, Johnson, Brown and Sharp, on the sixth day of June last, to await the sitting of the Supreme Court at Georgetown, where they were tried and received the sentence of the law; but as Sharp turned State's evidence, and favored the other two, she alone was sentenced to die. The other two were recommended to mercy by the Jury, and were sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

But the jury found a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, and she received sentence. They have not as yet made any public confession, but have acknowledged much of the guilt of which they are charged and from which we select considerable of the above atrocious crimes committed, and

the mode of executing their plans. But while in prison awaiting the day of execution, three days after receiving sentence, she obtained a quantity of poison by some private correspondant, yet unknown, which she took to avoid the exposure of a public execution. She died a most terrible and awful death. After the poison which she had taken began to operate, she raved like a maniac, tearing the clothes from her body in handfuls, attempting to lay hold of and bite every thing within her reach, and cursing God and the hour that gave her birth. After these fits of insanity had a little subsided and reason had again returned, the pangs of a guilty conscience, and remorse with all its horrors and bitter anguish, would seize her soul, and she would cry out in the bitterness of her torments that she already felt in flames of hell, reproaching herself in the most bitter anguish for the awful crimes she had committed. Then she would again rave like a maniac, cursing and swearing in the most horrible manner, and attempting to destroy every thing within her reach, and so strong was she in her fits of raving, that it was with difficulty that three men were able to tie her on the bed. She appeared to be in great agony and pain during the whole time until she died. About two hours before her death, she was visited by a minister of the Episcopal Church, who endeavored to console her, by telling her to acknowledge the crimes she had committed with sorrow, and ask forgiveness, telling her that there was no doubt that her soul would reign in happiness in heaven. Then she felt a little consolation, and expressed the following—or rather, more than we give here, as the narrative is principally compiled from her confession, and the confessions of the other two who remain in prison awaiting the reward of their cruel and atrocious crimes. Here follows her confession:—

I was born a short distance from Montreal, in the year 1812 but when I was very young, my parents removed from that place to a village in the vicinity of Quebec, where I lived until my father was hung for the murder of Paine. I then lived with my mother until I was sixteen years of age, when I was married to Mr. Walters, and settled near the neighborhood of my late residence, in the lower part of Delaware.—When I had been married about three years, my husband's health began to decline, and to free myself from the trials incident to a protracted illness, I gave him a dose of poison. I administered it through my negro cook. I strangled to death

my first and only offspring when three days old, which was the only son nature ever furnished me with. Afterwards, in the fall of eighteen hundred and thirty-five, I shot a traveller who stopped for dinner on his way from Richmond, Virginia, to New York. We robbed him of eight hundred dollars.—His horse we afterwards sold in Baltimore for two hundred dollars. In the beginning of February following, I and my comrades followed two slave traders, stationed ourselves and fired upon them, and killed one of them instantly, of which no account was ever heard. I burned to death a negro child eighteen months old, soon after. In eighteen hundred and forty, with my own hands I killed Isac Smith of Baltimore, on his way home, About two months afterwards, I was accessory to the murder of a slave trader from Wilmington, Del. on his way to Norfolk, Va. We robbed him of four thousand dollars and a gold watch. Soon afterwards I killed a negro boy twelve years old, whom I owned as mistress. Last of all, we murdered Morse, the Quaker, after he had boarded three days at the house. I am guilty of ten murders with my own hands, and accessory to a great many others. I can confess no more. For I do not expect forgiveness, and feel already the pains of hell.

She was seized with another fit of despair, crying out that she felt the wrath of God punishing her. Thus she went on until she sunk back on her pillow exhausted, and her immortal spirit winged its way to appear before the bar of its Judge, there to answer for the dreadful deeds committed in the body. Her death was truly heart-rending and awful, and should serve as a warning to all those who read this account to be prepared to meet their eternal Judge, to render such an account of their past lives as shall be acceptable in his sight. She breathed her last on the 25th of September, four days after trial, thus terminating the cruel and unhappy lives of father son and daughter.

In giving to the public an abridgement of the life of this atrocious woman, we hope that our readers, either moral or immoral, will not be in need of such a lesson or example as that already detailed, but it may be truly looked upon as the most astonishing circumstance of the age in the midst of civilization and morality. We deem it unnecessary to give an account of the trial, as no doubt a greater portion of our readers throughout the United States have already seen it in the columns of the weekly journals. As regards the truth or authenticity of the facts contained in the foregoing pages, we presume it will not be doubted by any. The publishers deem it not unimportant, and perhaps interesting to our readers, to state that in consequence of the strong and prevailing propensities ever manifested by her to commit crimes of the most heinous as well as unprovoked nature, was considered by a celebrated and highly respectable phrenologist, as worthy of examination, and her skull was obtained for that purpose a few days since at Georgetown, Del., and which will probably remain in the possession of that gentleman, Mr. O. S. Fowler, of Philadelphia, and the publisher in delineating and presenting to the public view, the atrocious crimes of this vile and wicked woman, is in a very great degree prompted by a desire to preserve the honest fame of those who enjoy a moral reputation, and to secure peace of mind to those who are not as yet conscious of offence; as it is well known that an artful mind, actuated by illusion, if not checked, may pass on to acts of violence, and, in some instances to cold-blooded murder, as it appears that even the tenderness of the female sex, of which the foregoing pages furnish an example, is converted into the barbarity of a traitor; that she who should make her arm a pillow for the head of her husband, conspired to raise it against his life; that the bosom which should be filled with fidelity and affection, in addition to other crimes, planned his destruction.—Hence, it is hoped that in sending this narrative abroad, that it may be the instrument of rescuing some misguided youth from similar offences. There are many in the

moral retiracy of a village life, who when young hear much of the enterprise of a city life, and resolve on trying it, unconscious of the depravity and vice which is set to entrap them in a net, as they advance without caution on their journey of life. A road which every youth should walk with the greatest care, by keeping still in view one general rule to avoid intemperance and bad company, which are always linked together; if the unfortunate subjects of this narrative had done so in early life, they would have avoided their unhappy lives and untimely end.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The reader may depend on the truth of the fact in the foregoing pages; but, in consequence of their singularity, the author was induced to search minutely into her parentage, and has spared no exertion to obtain his information from the most authentic and respectable sources. After perusing it, he will pause and reflect, "Poor human nature! how weak and corrupt thou art, if not checked in the morning of thy existence." The father of this wicked woman was the victim of disobedience to kind but arbitrary parents, and this narrative is a solemn warning against intolerance, which together with the vice of intemperance, has sent more victims to the dungeon, the scaffold, and an untimely grave, than any other calamity that has ever afflicted our race. If there be any who think this narrative should not be published, or that the innocent should not read it, lest it should corrupt their feelings, I would entreat them first to read it, and then to enquire what portion of the community crowds our jails and State prisons, and where the inmates of the abodes of vice and infamy are generally born and educated, whether in the city or in the retiracy of the moral village? They will find three-fourths of them, at least, are from the latter. The reason of this is, because they know not the wickedness of the world, and its allurements, until they were on the journey of life, piloting their craft—many of them, alas! never to reach a harbor.

EXECUTION OF ENOS G. DUDLEY,

AT HAVERHILL, N. H.,

MAY 23d, 1849

A large number of people from the surrounding country came here early this morning, all anxious to witness the execution of Enos G. Dudley, convicted at a recent term of the Court of Common Pleas of Gratton County, N.H., of the murder of his wife. The town throughout the day was the theatre of intense excitement.

The evidence on which Dudley was convicted was entirely circumstantial, and, in the opinion of many, inconclusive. Strong expectations had been entertained since the period of conviction that he would be reprieved by Gov. Williams, and that hope was indulged in by the friends of the wretched prisoner up to the last moment.

They were, however, doomed to a terrible disappointment. The Executive, however much his personal predilections might have been disposed towards clemency, believed it their duty to let the law take its course, although the sacrifice of the life of the victim was its termination.

As the hour assigned for the execution approached, the anxiety manifested by the prisoner's friends was painfully intense. They had clung to hope, even hoping against hope—for the spectacle of the execution of a fellow being among them, was a thing so unusual, that it could scarcely be realized, especially when that fellow being was one with whom they had enjoyed many years of intimacy.—The fatal hour at length arrived. At half-past one o'clock on the 23d of May, 1849, the prisoner was informed that but a few more moments were allowed him to live. He

then appeared to be resigned to inexorable fate, and, having made final preparation of religion, in a few minutes after the above hour, he, with a firm tread, approached the gallows erected in the jail yard.

He was accompanied by the Chaplain and Sheriff Powers, and not a waver in his step or tremor in his frame, was noticed by them even at that awful hour.

Ascending the scaffold, (which was a high structure, affording a full view to the immense concourse outside,) Dudley desired to address a few words to those within hearing. Permission was of course granted, and in a few earnest and truly affecting remarks, the doomed man *asserted his entire innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer death.* He called God to witness the truth of what he said.

Upon the conclusion of his address, the fatal cap was drawn over his eyes, and the rope attached to his neck.

Sheriff Powers then asked him, "Are you prepared!"

Dudley replied, "I am ready."

At that instant the rope was severed by the Sheriff, and after a few spasmodic struggles, the unhappy man—guilty or innocent—was launched into eternity.

It was a saddening, sickening exhibition, and those who witnessed it, left the scene with troubled hearts.

Below we present a communication from Mr. Morrison, counsel for the deceased, and a letter from Dudley himself protesting his innocence.

Perhaps I should disclose the manner in which the following statement came into my possession. About nine o'clock on the day Mr. Dudley was executed, I visited him to ascertain his last wishes, and afford such aid and comfort in his last extremity as might be in my power. When I entered, he was writing in a book made up of about a quire of paper, which had been mostly written over. We spoke of his approaching end. He expressed disappointment and regret that his brother had not arrived, but hoped that he might before the execution, which he wished for that reason

to have delayed as long as possible. He then divided his testament, hymn book, two tracts, some other small articles of property, and a few sheep among his children, and gave me letters which he had written for them. His bible had been given by an old neighbor, to whom he directed it to be returned. He completed the last line of his statement, and signed his name to it. I enquired if he wished me to take charge of *that*, and he said he did.

He remarked that he intended to have revised and corrected what he had written—that some things had better been omitted—that there was some things in it which would please some, and which others would be sorry to see. I replied that the essential thing was, that they should be true, and he said yes. During the whole interview he was entirely composed, except when he spoke of the little pittance that he could leave for his children, when he was considerably moved, and wished me to say to his brother to take care and not be too selfish with them. I carried away the writing without examining it or knowing its contents, till all was over with Enos G. Dudley for this world, and he had gone before that God to whose final judgment he, with so much apparent confidence appealed. The greater part of the book is made up of Mr. Dudley's account of the trial and his comments upon the testimony—and so much is here given as appears to have been written the morning before the execution. C. R. MORRISON.

May 23, 1849.

I am not the first innocent victim that has wrongfully been hurried from this to another world, through the prejudice of public opinion. I am only one among the many that have been thrown from existence on a charge of guess work and false supposition, and the falsehood that always attends supposition, where prejudice dethrones and becomes the master of the government. There is not much trouble in gaining victory against the innocent, however falsely charged. The charge against me has been perfectly false, falsely sustained by false testimony. Yet, although I am just about to be hurled from time to eternity, a curse forbid-

den both by the New and Old Testament, Deut. 17, ii, viii. &c —yet I am innocent of the charge—innocently convicted, innocently sent into the presence of that God who knows every thought, even of the human heart, thank God, too, that there is nothing hid, and that my final sentence is not to be passed by the base rabble of false witness, nor the base conjecture of supposition.

At that bar I stand an innocent man, and I hope all who have lent their acts or voice in favor of such an achievement will not hide under the witnesses, but remember they are accountable for lending their aid or voice in favor of a course that is repugnant to the Scriptures. These are given us for our guide, and they that lend their influence in favor of a law repugnant to the Scriptures, inasmuch as they deny the requirements of the Bible, disown the truth therein contained, deny them as their rule and guide and assent to take the life they cannot give.

O, may not such think they are innocent to take the life that God has given and forbid others to take it away—though we may flee to that law that was given to the Jews, which was bounded, inside the land of Canaan, imposed on no other people but the Jews, and those that dwelt in their land, and still we fail to support a case of conjecture, Deut. ii, viii, &c. Then, when we assent to take human life in a manner forbidden in this law even, do we consent that the law is not good, and which God gave? Certainly we do—and refuse to give it place in our hearts. But I forgive all.

I hope that all will seek for pardon at the hand of mercy, and hereafter be more careful to secure the rights of the innocent, and sure to detect the false testimony, guard themselves against prejudice, give reason its thorne, and let justice find its place in every heart. I am glad this morning to tell all, my faith is unshaken; I have no doubt to enjoy a home in Heaven, again to reunite in singing praise to God in a more perfect world than this. Bless the Lord. So I bid a long farewell until we meet at the bar of God.

ENOS G. DUDLEY.

Haverhill, May 21, 1849.

Dear Brother and Sister Hoit:

I am about to leave you. I rejoice that I feel within the fullest assurance that I shall enjoy a far more desirable state of existence. I feel as calm to day and my mind as clear as

when you last saw me at the school-house, endeavouring to exhort my fellow men to seek an interest in that Savior, that I have found so precious to *me*, during my soul-trying afflictions. The same gospel that I then preached I find sufficient for me in all my trials, notwithstanding their severity; and I doubt not that the same will sustain me until death shall close the terrific scene through which I am about to pass; yes! that same Jesus will go with and ever near me safely across the valley and shadow of Death. The blessed prospect that is before me smooths the roughness of the way. Bless God, I can say with Paul, "I am ready to be offered. I am glad my sorrows end so soon, then I shall enjoy the presence of Him that died to save us all, and of my dear companion who has gone before me. I have often wondered how the martyrs could stand in the midst of flames and shout praises to the Most High. It is no longer a wonder. "Christ was with in them, the hope of glory." And though I must die by the gallows, yet I am confident it will be the passport from this ungodly world, to one of bliss and beauty. Jesus has promised to stand by, if we will put our trust in him, I have found it so thus far, and have no reason to fear that his promises will not all be fulfilled.

* * * * *

A little more than one year since, I was torn from my home to which I had as good a right as any earthly being has to his home, and by false accusation I was shut out of the pale of society, and away from my children, who are as dear to me as ever children were to a father. By the circulation of these false reports the public mind has been prejudiced to so great an extent that I am condemned to die for that which I never did. Many of these reports were so completely false that they could not have been told but to injure me designedly and at that time it stirred bitter feelings within me, but they are all gone now; yes, now I love them, and I pray to God they may prepare to meet their murdered subject at the bar of Him who judgeth righteously. Thank God I am innocent of the crime for which I am condemned to die, and innocent shall I stand before that tribunal where conjecture and circumstance are not heard. But it is not so here, therefore must I leave you, and by your request I leave in your care that little girl, In tears I give her to you in all confidence that I leave her in the hands of those who will be parents to one whose father and mother can no longer guard her youthful years. Teach her

to pray daily, and O, may God be with and bless you and her and together save you in heaven.

And now I bid you all—farewell.

Yours, in love,

ENOS G. DUDLEY.

Below is a copy of a note enclosed within the above and addressed to the little girl above mentioned.

HAVERHILL, May 22 1849.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER ELIZABETH;—I can no longer be your FATHER nor provide for your wants in childhood, nor protect you from surrounding dangers therefore I have given you to your father and mother Hoit; they will be kind parents to you and you must be with Him and her, where we shall die no more. Now, my dear, be fatherless; with Him your mother now lives, and soon I shall live care, you will there learn that God has said he will be a father to the them, and improve your mind daily—and read the Bible with great love; always be obedient and good; love a good child, and when you are in the field or in the house, ask God to bless you and save you in Heaven to dwell with your parents.

God loves little children, and you must love Him and ask Him to purify your little heart, and fit it for the kingdom. Always love the truth; be kind and loving to all your playmates, "do unto them as you would have them do unto you." I should be glad to see you but I cannot; but if you are a good humble little Christian, you will soon come to me, so I must command you to God, praying you will ever trust in his grace and meet your parents in Heaven—there will be no more parting.

And now, my dear, I must bid you farewell, until we meet in heaven

This is from your poor dying father—FAREWELL! it makes my heart ache to part with you, but oh! do well and it will be well with you when you leave this world. May God be with you, and comfort you all the time, and sanctify this afflicting dispensation to the spiritual good of your brothers and sisters, and finally may all dwell together at last at Christ's right hand.

CONFESSIO

MARY RUNKLE,

WHO WAS HUNG FOR MURDER.

Mrs. Mary Runkle was born in the town of Root, Montgomery Co. N. Y., and at the time of her execution was about fifty years of age. She was married to her late husband in her native town, and says she became jealous of him about a year after marriage, since which time a continual series of difficulties have occurred between them.

She acknowledges that she obtained goods upon a forged order, about ten years after her marriage, and says that it was her first crime.

Not long afterward a pedlar passed through the section where she resided, and sold goods on a credit of four or five weeks. Not appearing at the expiration of that time to make his collection, suspicions were aroused, and as the result of enquiry, the pedlar was traced as far as the house of Mr. Runkle, but no further trace of him could be obtained.

Her children, when spoken to about new dresses, said that their mother had plenty of such cloth, and having repeated the remark in their mother's presence, were soon after found drowned in a tub of water—the depth being but a few inches. It is generally believed that she murdered the pedlar, and afterwards her own children, to prevent detection. This she denies.

One of the offences she acknowledges, is the robbing of a church in Fulton, of its cushions, &c. She was arrested, but evaded the law by a settlement. She has also been charged with poisoning her son, who, she says, died of the measles.

The circumstances of her husband's death are yet fresh in the memory of our readers. He was found dead in the morning, when the neighbors were called, with bruises upon him, which afforded sufficient evidence of her guilt in the mind of the Court. She acknowledges a quarrel between them, but charges the blame upon him, and avers that she did not intend to murder him, but did so in defending herself from his assault. She gives the following version of the affair.

“ The general health of my husband was not good ; on or about the 20 of August, he procured four vials of medicine, and one fourth gallon of brandy ; a portion of the brandy he applied externally. At tea time, he became furiously mad, venting his feelings upon me. I tried to quiet him, but all to no purpose ; after tea, in his continued rage, he caught hold of my hair and pulled me over on the floor, continuing to kick and strike me, until I thought he would kill me. At length I got free from him, suggesting that I would call for assistance, he declaring that if I did so he would break my neck. At the proper hour he prepared to retire for the night, calling for some milk which was promptly furnished.

Within a very short time he took twice of the medicine, complaining that the milk was sour, he then took a large drink of brandy, and lay down, soon calling for the wash, which he applied to his neck. I found myself in much distress from the bruises inflicted upon me. While engaged in bathing my bruises he frequently called upon me to come to bed.

Near eleven or twelve o'clock, he called me up to get some drink. At his request I lay down with him ; the first thing I was sensible of, I found him on my stomach, clinching me by my throat. A desperate fight ensued between us ; I made every effort in my power to defend myself ; while the struggle lasted, I struck him with such force that he fell over a chair. He beat me with such violence that I bled profusely at the nose.

After the fight was over, I helped him up and he sat down, calling for a dry shirt. There was a dry shirt hanging near him, which he procured himself, and partly put on. I then helped him to put on the other sleeve, after which he expressed a wish to lay down, as he was tired ; he accordingly did so. I then lay down with him, soon after which I heard him make a strange noise. I immediately arose and procured a light, when, discovering froth on his lips, I directed my daughter to call in the neighbors, it being then about daylight.

I did not for one moment suppose that I should be suspected of the crime of murder, as I had no intention of terminating his existence. The representation that I made at the time, though not in strict consonance with my present statement, was prompted by no other motive, then that of suppressing his conduct from public gaze.”

A relation of the criminal, was present, to take charge of her body for her friends, who are said to be respectable.

THE EXECUTION.

Mrs. Mary Runkle was executed at the Jail in Whitesboro; The gallows was erected in the room over the Jailor's office and consisted of a strong lever about fourteen feet in length the long arm of which eight feet in length, was held by a cord, and loaded with weights.

To the short arm was attached the hanging, which was extended down through the floor into the jailors office, the noose being attached to it.

During the day, up to the time of her execution, she lay almost motionless on her bed, her eyes half closed, and her right hand resting upon the bed-clothes on her bosom. Her fingers only moved slowly as if she was engaged in deep and unhappy thought. She spoke only whispers, and assisted some in dressing herself for the event.

She said she was prepared for death, having made peace with her Maker

At two minutes past twelve o'clock she was carried down to the room assigned for the execution, and placed in the chair under the spot where the cord passed down.

Having been placed in this position, the jailor seated beside her, she rested her head upon his shoulder, while a feeling and appropriate prayer was made.

The sheriff then asked her,

"Mary Runkle, have you any word to say to this jury, to these people."

To which she gave no answer.

The bell rang the cord was cut, and she was launched into eternity! Not a word, not a motion, but a very little heaving of the chest.

After hanging twenty minutes, her body was cut down, put in the coffin, and delivered to her friends.

Thus closed the earthly fate of Mary Runkle.

THE END.