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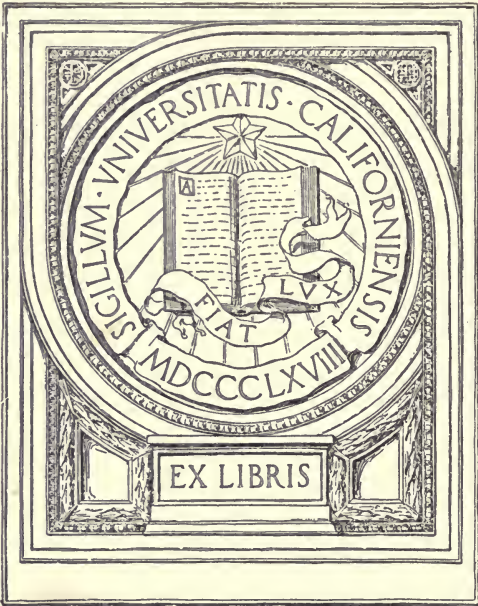
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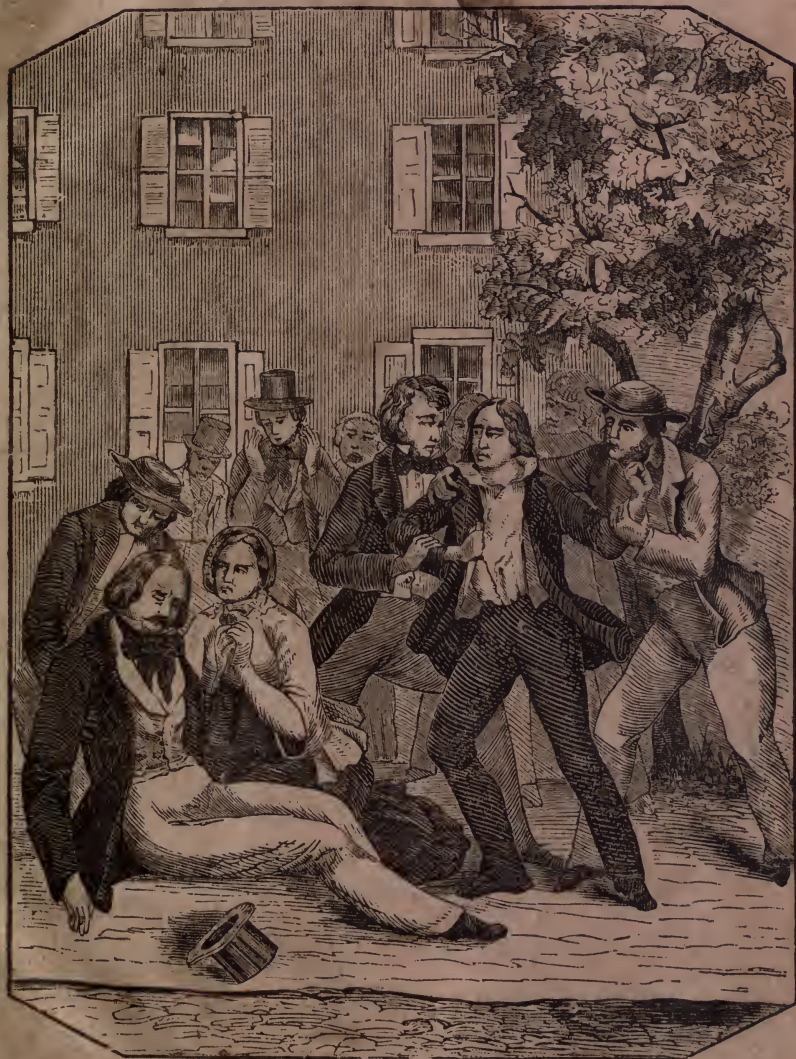
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**STARTLING CONFESSIONS**  
OF THE  
**TERRIBLE DEEDS**  
OF  
**HENRY MADISON,**  
And his Associate and Accomplice,  
**MISS ELLEN STEVENS,**

Who was Executed by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, on the 20th  
of September last



Arrest of Miss Ellen Stevens.

EDITED BY REV. P. SHILDEN DRURY.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO., 734 MARKET STREET.









MILLER ENG

"I rushed up stairs, and at the door of his room met the farmer armed, and about to fire! In a second I dashed the gun from his hand, and with one blow laid him lifeless. His wife, alarmed by the fall of her husband, had risen from the bed, and was rushing to his aid, when I served her in the same manner."—p. 89



THE STARTLING

AND

THRILLING NARRATIVE

OF THE

DARK AND TERRIBLE DEEDS

OF

HENRY MADISON,

And his Associate and Accomplice,

MISS ELLEN STEVENS,

Who was executed by the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco,  
on the 20th September last.



Miss Ellen Stevens.

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EDITED BY REV. P. SHELDEN DRURY.

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CINCINNATI:

PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO., 234 MAIN ST.

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THE STAR LINE

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THE STAR LINE

THE STAR LINE

THE STAR LINE

THE STAR LINE

Forwarded, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by

BARCLAY & CO.

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of Ohio.

THE STAR LINE

THE STAR LINE

THE STAR LINE



STARTLING  
AND  
THRILLING EXTRACTS  
FROM THE JOURNAL OF  
HENRY MADISON.

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WHEN I think on the past—contemplate the future—the excited blood of imagination boils through my veins; my mind becomes excited to a pitch of desperation unknown to those who have not suffered as I have done, those who have not seen the world go against them, those who have been smiled and favored on, whilst I have been trampled, spat upon, kicked on one side as if I were a very monster. *I am that; I have done all—driven by contempt and desperation I am worse!* But I must complete my tale, and think not of my misfortunes.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was born in Walnut street Philadelphia above Tenth. My father was a wealthy merchant keeping his office on the wharf; prosperous and rich, he gave freely to the needy, educated myself and my sisters (I was an only son) in a manner princely at the same time substantial. My sisters had Italian, French and dancing masters, I Hebrew, Greek and Latin, drawing and painting—everything that would fit us to move in the highest circles in this or more aristocratic countries. With all this, he did not neglect to have my sisters instructed in sewing, embroidery, and other useful household arts. At the age of sixteen he took me into his counting-house. I was there till I became twenty-one years of age, when the progress I had made in becoming fully acquainted with mercantile transactions, and the inclination which my disposition shewed to follow such pursuits, induced him to admit me a junior partner; this was in the year 1846. At that time great exportations of corn and flour were taking place from Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, Baltimore and other ports to famine-stricken Ireland. We were extensively engaged in this shipping trade, and during the first year made great profits. Our



connections became enormous. The year 1847 came; the tide of affairs took a different turn. Our correspondents in Europe failed in their engagements and the house of G., R., L. & Co. stopped payment. My father who had been in a delicate state of health for some months past through over excitement from the speculative business he was engaged in, soon gave way to the disease which had firmly seized upon him. On his death bed he charged me to give up all to his creditors, pay every cent he owed as far as his assets would admit of, and trust to God and our own industry for the maintainance of my sisters and myself.

What a change from wealth to poverty! We who have been accustomed to every luxury and want that the former supplied, reduced to what the latter scantily afforded! However, the good education that both I and my sisters had received now saved us. They took in sewing etc.; I got a situation as salesman or clerk in a large dry-goods store in Market street. There it was I became first acquainted with Miss Allworth. One day a gentleman from Baltimore walked into our store accompanied by Miss Allworth; he was her uncle and a good customer to the house. I was immediately struck by her handsome appearance, for she was indeed a lovely girl. During their stay in the store, I became quite enamored of her, and hearing from the conversation that passed between her uncle and my employer, whereabouts they stopped in town, I resolved at all hazards to call at the United States Hotel where they stopped, and endeavor to become acquainted with her. Fortune favored me; during her stay in the store, I succeeded in getting into conversation with her; she had known one of my sisters who had been on a visit to a friend in Baltimore. I called accordingly, saw her, spoke, and on the third visit, found to my joy that I had made some impression—I imagined a sure one. Her uncle left her at a friend's in Chesnut street, to spend a few weeks, while he returned to Baltimore. Daily my suit progressed; I was her accepted lover. Woman, how deceitful is thy sex. We had settled between ourselves that we should be married in about three months if her uncle consented, as he was her guardian. I had informed my sisters of our engagement, and they were delighted at my happiness, as great affection existed between us. One evening I called, and as I entered the house a handsome looking Frenchman left it—I was received by Rose with a degree of coldness never before experienced. In two or three days, I found to my mortification, that the wily Frenchman had ingratiated himself into Rose's affections. In vain I pleaded to the heartless coquette. She was sorry that we had become so intimate, as she found our tastes did not suit. I would be happy with some

one else. I left the haughty beauty with rage and mortification. I resolved to be revenged. Having heard that an old woman who told fortunes, cured all sorts of diseases with herbs, lived in an alley at the corner of Christian and Third streets, I went thither and by the aid of gold obtained a deadly poison, but at the same time that it killed it left no traces of itself in the human frame whereby it could be detected. My object now was to get this administered to my intended victim. She had a maid who had been in our secret, and who had professed a great liking for me. She had been very much hurt at her mistress's treatment of me. I pretended to her that it was a love potion capable of restoring the affection of her mistress to myself, and that together with a bribe succeeded in obtaining her consent to administer the powder. A week, nearly a month, passed by. The object of my revenge still lived apparently in all her former health and beauty.

I doubted her maid, but she assured me that Miss Allworth had taken the powder, and consoled with me on its apparent want of success, in restoring the lost affections of my former mistress. Another week, and Rose was to become the bride of my rival. Daily, as I passed the house in which she stopped, I saw numerous deliverings of goods of all descriptions taking place; they were preparing for a happy wedding. I was passing one evening three days before the bridal; a carriage drove by me and stopped; in it sat Rose and her affianced. A frown passed over his countenance, as he recognized me. She looked coldly at me as if she merely gazing on a stone. My bosom swelled ready to burst with anger, mortification and revenge. I hurried away, my brain on fire, every sense maddened and excited. I directed my steps to the residence of the old hag from whom I had bought the poison; she recognized me at once. I upbraided her in no measured terms for her deceit; she listened to me patiently, and when I had exhausted my abusive vocabulary, she quietly remarked, "How long since the potion had been given?" I replied, twenty-seven days.

"It is well," she replied, "wait patiently three more, and your object is accomplished. I have never known it fail."

I could get no more information. The bridal-day has come at last. She has been married—there is a grand entertainment. Her gratified husband leads her to the dance, and as she passes through the crowded rooms, words of admiration of her beauty and accomplishments, fall quick upon her ear. The musicians struck up; she advances in the dance, and falls a lifeless corpse. Hurrah! my revenge is accomplished. I read from the morning Ledger:



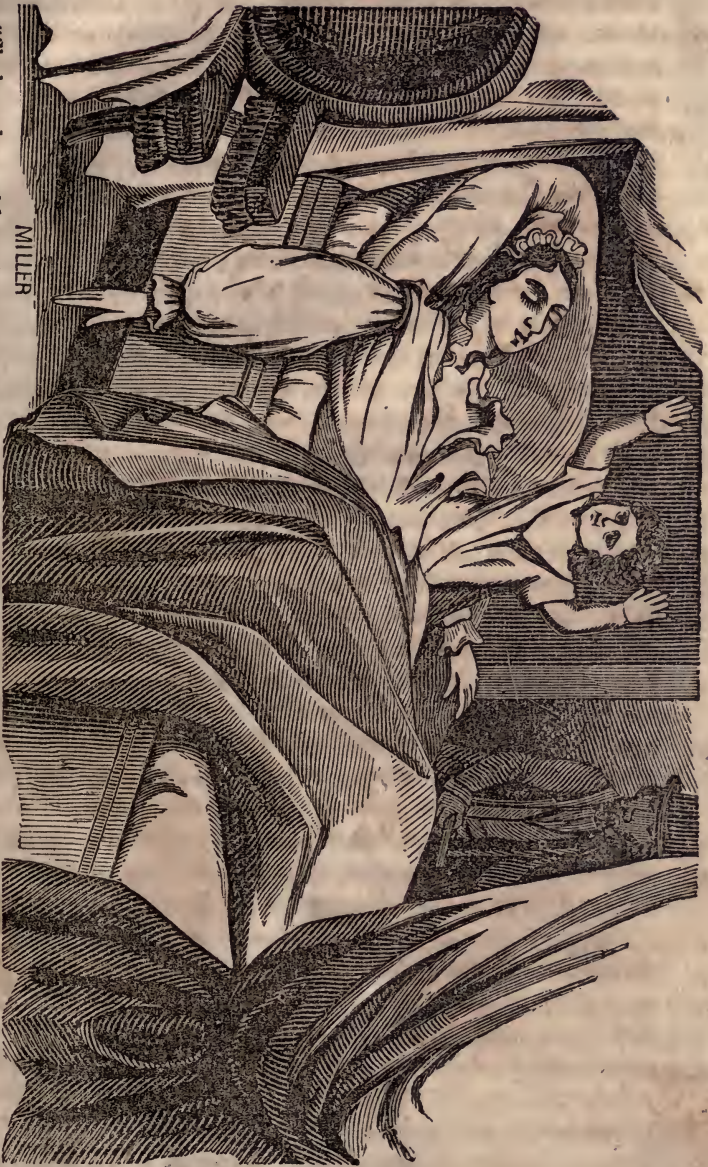
“*Horrible occurrence.*—We have to record a most melancholy and heart-rending occurrence last night. As the friends of Miss Allworth, long known in this city as a reigning belle, were enjoying the wedding festivities, the young lady advanced with her newly-married husband to take part in a quadrille. She had not taken above two steps, when she suddenly fell, and on being raised was found a corpse. Truly in life we are in the midst of death.”

My revenge is complete, but now the remorse of a guilty conscience attacks me. I have drank of the cup of crime, and I must now, like the drunkard, constantly renew the cup.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time flew by. No suspicion as to the cause of Miss Allworth's death was excited, as the coroner and jury gave it as their opinion, that she died of apoplexy. My revenge was complete, but my mind was not at ease. I could not rest. I resolved to leave Philadelphia. An aunt had lately died, leaving money sufficient to keep my sisters comfortably. I left, and went to San Francisco. One of the many crimes that I committed there I will relate. Disgusted at the duplicity of woman, I resolved to trust none again. I had not been many months in California, when I became acquainted with a beautiful, accomplished and affectionate young lady. Though I had forsworn the fair sex, her charms soon affected me. I found in her that which I had began to fear no woman possessed, but I, like many others who have been disappointed in the first love, was deceived. There does exist among woman the most pure and devoted love, for I found it to my joy in Miss Wilson. We both loved with strong fervor. Would those happy days had never past, that the *demon* of jealousy had never seized upon me. We were married and pleasantly passed the first three years of our married life. One lovely child was born to us. The horrid memories of the past were nearly obliterated from my mind, amid the domestic happiness that I enjoyed—the bitter thoughts of my past crimes gradually gave way to the more soothing influence of the former. My wife, though, had seen by my manner that something preyed upon my mind, and never attempted by undue curiosity to find out what it was that weighed upon my thoughts. Gentle, kind and loving, she endeavored to the best of her power to soothe my troubled mind. She succeeded, and I may say I was comparatively at rest. But it turned out that events of the past had taken too deep a hold on my nature. Returning one evening from my store on the south wharf, I found my Ellen gloomy and sad. I could discover no cause, and though I questioned her, she merely pleaded a little fatigue. My conscience





MILLER

"She lay asleep, with our infant in her arms; how beautiful she looked — so innocent — so happy and so lovely! Had I not the heart of a monster, I would have fallen upon my knees and embraced her, praying God to forgive me for the crimes I had committed, and the thoughts I had entertained."—*Type 23.*





snote me. Attracted by the features of a new actress who had just made her first appearance on the boards of San Francisco, whom my wife and self had been to see, I had visited her. Lured on by her fatal attractions, I yielded the affections due to my wife. In the excitement of my passion, I became fearful that the latter had discovered some clue to my transgressions. On returning to our chamber, I questioned her still more closely as to the cause of her indisposition, and at length after immense persuasion and with scalding tears in her eyes, she informed me of the following. That morning about eleven o'clock, she was surprised by the visit of her brother from Philadelphia, who came to inform her of the crime of which I had been guilty. Thunderstruck at my duplicity and crime, he had hurried to San Francisco, accompanied by the proofs of my guilt, to inform his father and relations, and at once to take proceedings against me. Ellen told me all, and added that she did not believe it. I soothed her agonized feelings, assured her that it was all a conspiracy; her brother was deceived by some designing villain. Calmed by my asseverations, she slept soundly on my bosom. The morning came; I rose early, as was always my habit, for with my brain clear and unclouded I felt better able to decide on the best course of action in this trying embarrassment. I resolved to see her brother at once. Our morning meal over, I kissed Ellen and started for his hotel. Now it was that I indeed repented of my former guilt and revenge; yet I felt that it was a just punishment for my unfaithfulness to my loving and devoted wife. I found him at home, and at once demanded what was the meaning of the false accusations that he had made against me. He answered, by requesting me to be seated, and stated as follows:

"You are aware, Mr. Madison, that shortly after your marriage with my sister, I went to Philadelphia, where I had got an engagement in a large wholesale general store. In a large city, a young man unaccompanied or restrained by those who have an interest in his welfare, is likely to mix with company who may lead him into the paths that he ought not to follow. I, situated as I describe, have mixed in improper society; and it was among that society that I heard first of what you have called a false accusation." I started with indignation from my chair.

"Listen," said he, pointing to the chair; "when I have done you shall be heard, and I hope, for your sake as well as my sister's, that your assertions may be true. About two months ago, walking up Chestnut street one afternoon, I passed a rather pretty young woman. I fan



ced her glance peculiar, and, turning, I repassed her quickly; and when I had proceeded about a square, again turned round and met her. She gave a kind of half-smile. It was just at the crossing of Fifth street. I turned and walked into the square at the back of the state-house. I looked back two or three times, and found that she was following. As soon as she entered the square, I walked by her side and soon became well acquainted. I met her that evening, by appointment, at a house of rather suspicious character. We became intimately acquainted; and, I must say, I felt drawn toward this girl—Ellen Stevens."

I started again, (the very person I had employed to kill Rose Allworth was here brought against me). I trembled to hear the rest.

"Are you ill?" inquired Wilson, in a tone of alarm.

"Merely a spasm," I repeated. It was over, and I managed to control my emotions. He continued:

"I met her frequently for several months. One day she abruptly asked me what I intended to do—as she informed me that she was pregnant—and did I intend to fulfill a promise once made of marrying her? I evaded the latter portion of her question by stating that I would see the child properly cared for, and allow her a maintenance sufficient to live upon. This meeting occurred about three months since. She grew furious at my reply, called me the worst of names; and, upbraided now by tears, then by the most violent passion, unable to calm her and unwilling to yield to her demands, knowing that she was a guilty creature previous to my meeting her, I left her to her own thoughts in hopes that my absence would soothe her ruffled and violent temper. It had the desired effect, for the following morning I received a note from her requesting me to come to her that day and that she would forgive all if I kept the promise I had made the day previous, namely, provide a suitable maintenance for her and the offspring that she expected. I went and found her calm and reasonable. I left and returned in the afternoon with a friend who witnessed the agreement I had had drawn up by an attorney. She was perfectly satisfied, or at least seemed to be. Three days afterward I visited her again, and found her in a state of beastly intoxication. Though I had often seen her drunk, I never saw her in that state before. She flew at me the moment I entered the room, called me a monster and a villain, declared I should marry her or she would expose me. In her maddened frenzy, she gave utterance to the following: 'You are as great a monster as Henry Madison who poisoned Miss Allworth, and afterward went to California.' What! I replied, thunderstruck with amazement, and married my sister?"

“Ha, ha!” she replied, with a brutal laugh, ‘if you ruined me, I have revenge in knowing that your sister is as bad as I am.’ Monster, I exclaimed, and maddened by her taunt I rushed from the room. For some hours my senses seemed gone astray. Could her accusations of you be true? I inquired of myself; if they were, what ruin and disgrace had you brought upon me and mine! I resolved to sift the matter out. I accordingly went to a friend who, though not known to you personally, had often seen you in Philadelphia; from him I learned of your former love for Miss Allworth, of her slighting you and marrying another, and of her awful and sudden death on her bridal night. There seemed a degree of mystery about the matter which we both felt bound and determined to penetrate. He inquired the name of the woman with whom I associated. I replied, Ellen Stevens. ‘Why, he replied,’ that is the very girl who was maid to Miss Allworth at the time of her engagement to Madison. There may be some truth in it, we had better proceed at once and inquire further of her.’ We started for her residence, and found her somewhat more sober than before. She rushed to me on my entrance, and besought me not to mind what she had said in her passion, that it was not the truth, and that it might get her into trouble. I replied, that it was now too late; asking her to state the full particulars, and assuring her that no harm should come to her for so doing. For some time she obstinately refused, stating that she knew not what she said. At length, on my informing her that if she did not voluntarily inform us, we would be obliged to bring her before a magistrate, and convinced by our manner that we were serious, she said: ‘Be it so; all I know is that Henry Madison bought the poison of an old hag living in an alley near the corner of Christian and Third streets, who sold herb medicine, etc. You can easily find her by inquiring for Madge Faust. He endeavored to persuade me to administer it to Miss Rose, stating that it was a love powder. I refused. He afterward informed me, he had succeeded in doing so himself, at the same time saying that her affections would soon return to him. A month was nearly passed, and full arrangements had been made for Miss Allworth’s marriage with Mons. Silvester, when one day I accidentally met Madison in the street; I said, your love potion does not seem to take much effect. Wait a little, he replied; I will be revenged on her bridal night. You know the rest—fear kept me silent. From her who sold him the powder I heard of its being poison.’ When she had concluded we rose, informing her that I would soon be back, and that she would have to appear as witness against you, if we found her statement correct, we hastened



to the poison seller's habitation. On our way thither, it was resolved between us that I only should go in and endeavor to procure some of this poison from her. After a little search we found her residence out I entered and found her sitting by the dying embers of a pitiful fire she turned on her stool as I entered, and in a squeaking and angry tone demanded my business. After a few preliminary remarks, I stated that I required a love powder to restore me the affections of my mistress.

“‘Ha! ha!’ said she, in a hoarse and feeble laugh, ‘such powders as tell no tales, leave no trace behind, whereby the hangman is defrauded of his duties. Do you know my price?’ she demanded, staring me full in the face and reading with her searching and cat-like eye every feature and movement of my countenance. I replied not; but I supposed five dollars would pay her. ‘Five dollars’, she screamed, in reply; ‘nor ten times five; out with you all, some silly fool has sent you here; out with you; leave me,’ she exclaimed, pointing to the door. I remained, resolving to parley with her and endeavor to obtain the information, I required. Money I am willing to give—whatever you demand—name your price. ‘Four hundred dollars;’ she abruptly replied. Agreed, said I. ‘Who told you to come here?’ she inquired; ‘there is but one that I have lately sold to, one Madison, his lady love was Miss Allworth, a haughty beauty; her affections returned to him in the grave—ha, ha!’ she continued, with a wild and brutal laugh. She went to a corner of the room, and from out a cup-board took a small bottle containing some white mixture or powder. She put about five grains in a paper, and folded it up. Whilst doing this, she kept half addressing me, and half to herself. ‘Oh! this is beautiful in its effects; it does the deed so calm, and quietly; it has been handed down from generation to generation of our family since my ancestress, Gunnora, poisoned the good King Edward by base Northumberland’s order. Ay! in the land I came from, it is often used by the nobles of the land. I have known one fair girl, the daughter of a peer, who sacrificed her honor to love; her father indignant at the stain that was likely to appear upon his name, and too proud to allow her, though her lover longed to marry her, administered a small portion of this every week for a month, and in three more she was a corpse by a slow and torturing death. One half this will have its effect in a month. And now the money;’ she continued, drawing her stool close to the chair on which I sat. Depositing the paper of poison in her pocket, she watched with eager eyes while I drew forth my pocket-book and counted to her the money, which I had intended to have given Ellen Stevens, and for which purpose I had it







MURDER OF MRS. MASTER, NEAR NIAGARA FALLS.



about me. Her looks kindled with a wild and hellish animation as she gazed upon the gold, and when I gave her a twenty-dollar bill, to make up the required sum, her eyes flashed with rage. 'Give me gold,' she said; 'I want not your flimsy paper. I like the gold, the bright and beautiful gold, that sparkles with love and happiness;' and as she spoke she grasped the coin with a violence that made the blood swell up her withered veins. I have no more gold, I replied, but will bring you more to-morrow, and will add the like sum to it, on your informing me who administered the powder to Miss Allworth—as I would like to engage that person to do the same for me. 'Bring me the gold,' she replied, 'and I will tell you.' Tell me now, I answered, and I will double the sum. 'How am I to know that you will keep your promise?' said she; 'however, I will trust you—one Ellen Stevens, an ungrateful hussy.' She handed me the powder, and I rose from my seat and said: Now, monster, in woman's shape, I go to get those who will punish you for your crimes. She made a rush at me but she was too feeble to proceed far. She stopped, and shaking her withered arm at me, said: 'Go, I defy them to punish me;—they can not swear that powder kills;—they can find no trace of poison in it;—it defies all their skill!' I waited to hear no more, but joining my friend, we returned to Ellen's, and told her that what she had stated was true, not saying anything about our having ascertained that she administered *the poison*. We then proceeded to the mayor's, and procured a warrant for their arrest; they are both in the city. There is a warrant from the chief magistrate of this city to arrest you. I wish to give you time to collect evidence to defend this charge, as I, as well as my father, am concerned that you may prove yourself guiltless; and I have therefore delayed the execution of the warrant."

He stopped, and waited for me to reply. There was yet a chance of escape. Delay was all I required. I knew and felt my guilt. I replied firmly and calmly that I was not guilty of the deed attributed to me; that it was a gross conspiracy, and that, if he would get bail for my appearance to answer the charge, I was confident I could procure two material witnesses from Philadelphia who would prove that it was all a got-up conspiracy—a pack of most flagrant lies, as well as of imposition. The very idea of thinking for a moment that poison would show no effects of its existence in the human frame for the space of a month, and that there it left no inward trace behind, was perfectly preposterous. Convinced by my arguments, and anxious to prove me guiltless, he consented to my proposal. We went at once to a magistrate; I de-



livered myself up; bail was entered for my appearance, and I was again free. By the advice of the lawyer engaged to defend me, a trusty messenger was dispatched to Philadelphia to procure the two witnesses I required, or rather professed to require. As I knew of none, it was merely a scheme to gain time to develop a plan I had made in my own mind. By blood I had fallen into trouble; by blood I should escape. There was no other means by which to get two months to complete my plans; for before that time nothing further could be heard from Philadelphia.

Ellen Stevens and the old hag remained in custody, though treated kindly and well.

I attended to my business as formerly. Five years had passed since the death of my father. When I looked back upon it, what a short space it appeared, yet through what a variety of changes had I gone! Then I was innocent, happy, and free from guilt; now, I was a self-condemned wretch, deserving the punishment which others less guilty have often received. Ellen, my loving, doting wife, was fonder, more devoted than ever; she believed firmly that my accusers were base, and their asseverations false; and daily, as I received her kind attentions, how I repented my former hastiness of temper, that had brought me into such trouble, and utter ruin, both of body and soul. There seems to hang over some in this world a fate which guides them to that which their conscience dictates to be wrong. I am one of those.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month had passed. I found there was no longer time for delay; so I collected all the ready money I could possibly call together, and engaged a passage in a vessel bound for Liverpool, on board of which I had sent a quantity of goods. The agent of the vessel knew nothing about me, save that I was an extensive merchant.

The vessel was to sail on the 28th of July, 1852. This was the 27th

I had determined and agreed to join a party going by an overland route to New York, *via* St. Louis, on the same day. They knew nothing of me. The crime I have contemplated I was resolved on committing; first to gratify my revenge on Ellen's brother; secondly, for jealousy lest another might hereafter enjoy her affections.

My reason for engaging the two routes will be shown hereafter.

The evening of the 27th came. I left my office, my pockets well lined with cash. On my way home I met the two marauders whom I had employed to execute my purpose. They followed me, and after entering the house, I admitted them privately by a gate into a small garden at the rear of the house, where they were enabled to conceal themselves. I had told them, when they heard a pistol-shot, to commence operations by entering the kitchen, binding the servants, and after rifling the house to make off as fast as they could. The house was situated in a lonely part of the town, well fitted for the purpose we were engaged in.

I went up stairs unnoticed by the servants, as I had a latch-key to admit myself. Not finding my wife in the sitting-room, I entered our chamber. She lay asleep, with our infant in her arms; how beautiful she looked—so innocent—so happy—and so lovely!

Had I not the heart of a monster, I would have fallen upon my knees and embraced her, praying God to forgive me for the crimes I had committed and the thoughts I entertained. As it was, I walked to the bedside, stooped, and softly gave her a kiss; and as I did so a happy smile seemed to cross her countenance; tears burst involuntarily from my eyes, and I was on the point of relinquishing my foul ideas, when—revenge, love of life, selfishness—name it what you will—an evil thought predominated;—the tempter succeeded. I had previously quietly bolted the door; ascending from the kitchen to the other apartments, I drew a pistol from my breast, fired, and lodged the contents in Ellen's body! I rushed from the room; and as I reached the hall-door, I heard the stifled screams of the servants as the two burglars secured them, warned



for the time of action by the report of the pistol. All was not yet complete. I hurried to meet Ellen's brother with whom I had made an appointment that evening. On meeting him, I pleaded in excuse for not going to the place we had appointed, that I wished to go on board the vessel bound for Liverpool, as I understood she was to sail early in the morning, and I wished to know whether all my goods had been put on board. I asked him to accompany me. He consented. A boatman whom I had previously engaged, and who belonged to the party that stopped and plundered my house, as we went upon the wharf, immediately hailed us with, "Want a boat, sirs?" We were rowed to the vessel; inquired of the mate if the goods were aboard, were answered satisfactorily, and we left on our way back. When midway between the shore and the vessel, all calm, dark and still, naught to guide us but the lights on shore, I suddenly clapped my hand to my victim's mouth, while with the other I seized him firmly by the collar; my partner in guilt, pulling in his oars, caught hold of his legs, and lifted them in spite of his struggles over the side of the boat. We then both shoved him in under the water in spite of his most desperate struggles; gradually he became weaker and weaker; we let go our hold, and he sank to rise no more. And as he sank, what a look he gave me!—so horrible that it would haunt my dreams, aye my waking senses, were I to live for ever. From the time our crime was committed we neither spoke a word;—silently but swiftly my partner in guilt rowed us ashore. He let the boat go loose. I handed him the price nominated for his guilt. He was satisfied, and we parted.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Nine months have gone by. I am still free,—wandering about and knowing not where to lay my head. I gambled away my money in St. Louis;—joined in every scene of debauchery in the hope of drowning the burning thoughts within my breast. Bowl after bowl I quaffed but in vain,—it maddens, but it does not soothe. I am in New York—I have

yet a few hundred dollars left. In an old paper which I took up accidentally, my eye was caught by the following:

“SAN FRANCISCO.—The whole of our city has been thrown into greater excitement (save by the revolutionary cities of Europe), than we have ever heard or read of. The circumstances, as near as we can gather, are as follows: On Thursday last, the bark *Mary* was to sail for Liverpool. A large portion of the cargo belonged to Mr. Henry Madison, well known to the mercantile world. On Wednesday evening rather late Mr. Madison, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Wilson, came along side of the vessel, rowed by a single man. Mr. Madison inquired of the mate whether all his goods were aboard, and was answered in the affirmative. Wishing the mate good-night, the boat pulled toward the shore.

“ In the morning, when inquiry was made for Mr. Madison, as a sad occurrence had taken place at his residence, which we shall presently relate, he was nowhere to be found; neither were his companions, Mr. Wilson, or the boatman. Strict inquiries were made, and the vessel alluded to was boarded. The mate stated what we have already placed before our readers. On the return of the boat from the vessel they discovered the head of a man above water. They rowed quickly toward it, and were horrified in finding it to be the body of one of those for whom they were searching, Mr. Wilson; they took the body in and came ashore. In the course of the day, the boat in which the drowned man and Mr. Madison were known to have been in, was found driven by the tide beating against one of the south wharves. No sign or trace of the boatman has been discovered. As each incident of this most extraordinary occurrence has only reached us piece by piece, our readers must pardon us for not giving it in a more regular form. We now give a few more particulars regarding this mysterious transaction, and hope in our second edition to place before our readers full particulars in a condensed form of the whole story. On Wednesday evening about half-past



seven o'clock, the report of a pistol, proceeding from their mistress's chamber, was heard by the servants of Mr. Madison, who lives in the outlets of the city. They, with one accord, rushed up stairs, but found the door which led from the kitchen to the apartments above fastened on the other side. On their descending again to obtain some weapon whereby to burst the door in, two men with their faces blackened and well armed, rushed into the kitchen, and, before the servants were able to make any resistance, firmly secured them. They then proceeded to rifle the house. They first went to the butler's pantry where the plate was kept, and finding sufficient there to satisfy their fastidious taste, they decamped, leaving the unfortunate servants in durance vile. They remained in this unpleasant situation till the morning, when the milkman, who came in by the rear of the house, relieved their excitement and suspense. Notice was immediately dispatched to the city, and the mayor, accompanied by three officers, proceeded to the spot. What was their horror, on arriving there, to find the body of Mrs. Madison weltering in blood, and her infant child smothered by her side, from the blood that flowed from the pistoi shot that killed her! We can inform our readers no further, but hope in our second edition to be able to announce the arrest of the villains and perpetrators of this most murderous outrage."

Let me pen the rest quickly. I have one crime more to relate ere I extinguish that life which has been a curse to the world, and a burden to myself.

I left New York and went to Boston. I had not been more than three months there, when, one day, I met Ellen Stevens. She was little altered. We both started on recognizing one another. I felt that I was in her power; that she, if no other one, truly devised the San Francisco affair. I thought it best to curry favor with her, secure her friendship, and then take my own time and place to get rid of her. Love of life now predominated over all other feelings, either of revenge, hatred, or elfish gratification.

I feared the punishment from man due for my crimes, and *therefore* dreaded to meet my God.

Ellen Stevens received my overtures, and we became more closely bound than ever; however, as we were both fond of pleasure, our funds, which were already scanty, began quickly to disappear. She proposed for us to go to her father's, in the village of Cambridge near Boston, who had often written to her to come and visit him and her mother both understanding her to be married. As she stated they had some money which we might be able to secure; and as I had become a gambler and a drunkard, in addition to my other heinous villanies, I neither heeded nor cared whither I went or what became of me.

We accordingly started for the old couple's. I passed as Ellen's husband. They received us affectionately. Little did they imagine the viper they were receiving into the bosom of their friendship.

We stopped for four weeks. Getting tired of the monotonous course of life which they pursued, I inquired of Stevens what she meant to do? She replied: stop with her father and mother, repent the past, and endeavor to behave better for the future—and she hoped I would leave, as if on business—a few days after my absence she would break all to her parents, pledging her most solemn oath, that she would never tell aught concerning my past life.

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I agreed to this, and left the house, resolving to be avenged, and to make sure of her death who held my life in her hands. I repaired to the village inn, and on entering the bar-room, I rejoiced to see the boatman of San Francisco. His appearance there at the very time I needed such service as he could render, seemed almost as if the evil one had specially sent him there to help to plunge me into more crime.

Our arrangements were quickly made. We were to attack the farmer's house that night. I promised McGee, the boatman, a rich booty.

Night came. We reached the family yard. No lights burned in the house. When we were within forty yards of the house, a dog began to



bark furiously ; a window was raised, and a voice, which I recognized to be the old man's, demanded, "Who is there." We still advanced. The question was again asked. No reply from us was given. A gun shot—and McGee fell a corpse. I rushed to the hall door, and with a small crow-bar which I had taken from McGee as he fell, burst it open. I rushed up stairs, and at the door of his room met the farmer armed, and about to fire ! In a second, I dashed the gun from his hand, and with one blow laid him lifeless. His wife, alarmed by the fall of her husband, had risen from the bed, and was rushing to his aid, when I served her in the same manner.

Footsteps coming up the stairs now warned me to depart. I leaped from the window, and narrowly escaped being caught by two laborers, that had come from the rear of the house.

I fled ; I reached the village ; waited till the earliest dawn, and then, hiring a horse from a party who knew me, started for Boston. Arrived there, I put up the horse at a stable, saying I would call again, and started by train for New Jersey. I arrived at Camden, stayed a day there—my mind in a state of madness.

\* \* \* \* \*

It must be so—life is no longer endurable—I will die—the river flows swiftly by—no eye is upon me—this rock suits well my purpose—the pistol fired—and I drop into the stream to be hurled into the ocean's depth. Farewell then to life!—which to some has been a blessing, but to me a curse. One gratification bears me through—I am revenged on those who did me harm!!







## APPENDIX.

THE body of Madison was found lying on the rock, on which he was seated when he committed the act of suicide; he had apparently fallen backward on the discharge of the pistol. The top of the skull was blown off, a portion of the brain was scattered on the rock, and the weapon, with which he committed the act, lay by his side.

The journal from which the foregoing extracts were taken, was found on his person.

The curiosity of the reader will undoubtedly be excited, and indeed he will be anxious to know the subsequent fate of Ellen Stevens, who, according to the tenor of the journal, was left at Cambridge.

On the discovery of the body and papers of Madison an inquest was held on the body, and the papers were placed at the disposal of the police of Camden. A telegraphic communication was sent to Cambridge; the premises of Ellen's father were searched, but it appears that she had decamped, from the fact that she was not to be found.

The police of Boston and the neighboring towns were then put on the alert, but their vigilance failed in the apprehension of the criminal. She was then advertised in the public prints, but with no better success. No intelligence could be obtained of her, until about a year after the discovery of the body of Madison. A girl calling herself Adeline Myers, was at that time arrested, and executed in California, at the instance of the Vigilance Committee, on a charge of murder.

Adeline, on being convicted of the charge on which she was arraigned, confessed herself as the original Ellen Stevens, and made disclosures which led to the following information:

It appears that, with the death of her parents, vanished all her resolution with regard to reformation.

The assassination of her parents, at that particular time, naturally led her to suppose, that Madison was in some way connected with the act, and that he had some ultimate design with regard to herself. She, therefore, availed herself of the opportunity to get possession of such money and valuables, as were then in her father's house, and made her



way to the city of New York, assuming the name of Harriet Frame. She there succeeded in obtaining a situation as waiting-maid to an elderly lady, who chanced to be married to a young man of good appearance and address, and who, it appears, had married the lady on account of her fortune.

The age of the lady was forty-nine, that of the gentleman only twenty-two. The family name was Master.

Whether or not the gentleman had been addicted to profligacy previous to his marriage, we have no account.

The disparity of the ages, however, of the married pair, would lead us to suppose, that there could be but little of affection existing between the couple.

The health of Mrs. Master being delicate, she spent most of her time in travel; that mode of living having been recommended by her physicians.

At the time of the engagement made with Ellen, Mrs. Master and her husband were preparing for a tour through the northern part of the States, by way of Niagara and Detroit, and thence to St. Louis.

The preceding extracts have said but little of the comparative beauty of Ellen. We may safely say, however, that, compared with that of Mrs. Master, the preponderance was decidedly in her favor.

Ellen, also, being considerably the younger of the two, her health being unaffected, and vivacity being somewhat a feature in her composition, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that she should receive a share of attention from Mr. Master.

All things being in readiness Mr. and Mrs. Master, accompanied by Ellen, set out on their journey. Nothing of importance occurred until they reached Niagara.

At that place the visible dislike of Mr. Master for his consort, was first made manifest. In fact, it was at that place he formed the resolution of ridding himself of her, by some means.

Many induced her, on account of her infirmities, to give him full power as to the management of her estate, &c., he could lay his plans with perfect security, so far as the loss of property was concerned.

Ellen was not tardy in observing the dislike of the husband for the

wife, and she determined to profit by it, as far as circumstances would admit. She, therefore, spared no pains, nor neglected any artifice, to ingratiate herself into the favor of Mr. Master.

As matters were progressing from one step to another, Mrs. Master could not help noticing the preference which her husband entertained for her maid, and at length began to take measures for her dismissal, but a trial soon proved that her efforts were altogether futile. Having become satisfied of her impotence, she was under the necessity of bearing the insult of her position, with as good grace as the nature of woman could admit.

When about to leave Niagara, a plan was devised by Mr. Master and Ellen, to rid themselves of Mrs. Master before their departure, and journey without her.

Accordingly, when all things were arranged for their departure, they induced Mrs. Master, one evening, after the shades of night had settled, to walk with them in the neighborhood of the Falls. They managed to induce her to walk near-the precipice, then, they gently and in a very apparently proudly manner, raised her over the precipice—when, accidentally letting go their hold, they let her drop and left her playing with the bubbles of water below.

Having thus dispatched his wife on her final journey, Mr. Master and his paramour hastened to a conveyance which they had prepared for the occasion, and drove immediately to Chippewa. Thence they crossed to Buffalo and took passage for Detroit.

Arrived at Detroit, Master disguised himself with a wig, mustachios, &c., and assumed the name of Fenton; Ellen, of course, became Mrs. Fenton.

Being now possessed of unbounded wealth, and Fenton, also, being somewhat accomplished in music, and those little "*et ceteras*" which are calculated to make one agreeable, they found no difficulty of mingling in the best society, and of allaying suspicion of any kind.

Detroit, however, was not the kind of a place to detain them long, it being more in accordance with their disposition to seek some larger city, in which places of amusement were conducted on a larger and more magnificent scale. They, therefore, took a formal farewell of the



acquaintances which they had formed during their stay at the "Bidela House" of that city, and started in a private conveyance, through the southern part of Michigan, traveling in the direction of Toledo, in the northern part of Ohio.

There being nothing in Toledo of sufficient moment to detain them, they drove immediately to the "Island House," discharged their conveyance, took some little refreshments, and immediately engaged a passage to Cincinnati.

At Toledo, a circumstance occurred, which liked to have proved fatal to the further progress of the guilty pair.

Toledo, it should be observed, is situated at the head of navigation, or near the western extremity of Lake Erie, is the great thoroughfare of the tide of emigration which is flowing West, via the "Lake Shore Railroad." It is also the starting point for trains to different parts of the States of Ohio, Michigan and Indiana.

Whilst waiting the time of the train for Cincinnati, Ellen, in the temporary absence of Fenton, turned her attention to her personal appearance—being, in perfect accordance with human nature in such cases, anxious to stand as high in the affections of her pretended husband, as neatness in the dress, and other matters connected with the person, could please him.

The accommodations in the "Ladies Parlor" of that house offering such superior facilities for adjustment, Ellen did not fail to avail herself of the opportunity to scan herself before the extensive mirror.

She accordingly unveiled herself, and while in the act of contemplation, a laborer, formerly a resident of Cambridge, Mass., who knew Ellen, when she resided at that place, and who was now emigrating to Indiana, chanced to pass through the hall, on his way to the ticket office.

The door entering the ladies parlor was open at the time, and by chance, he caught a glimpse of Ellen, as she was standing before the mirror. He, at once, thought he recognized her features, but was at a loss to account for her superb and costly dress. His suspicions, however, were excited, and he determined to watch.

He, therefore, seated himself in one of the accomodation chairs in the hall, and opposite the door entering the parlor.

Presently Fenton made his appearance, and escorted his lady to the cars.

The laborer then enquired of the landlord, who, it appears, by some means, had learned the name of Fenton, although his name was not entered on the book. On hearing that the name was Fenton, the laborer concluded there must be some mistake, and let the matter drop.

Mr. and Mrs. Fenton were now snugly escorted in the cars for Cincinnati, with no other object in view than the pursuit of pleasure; and the abundant means which they now had at their disposal, rendered it possible for them to gratify their desires, so far as desire can be gratified, by any earthly enjoyment.

Arrived at Cincinnati, they put up at the "Burnet House," at which place they remained for a time, and occupied themselves in visiting the theaters, and such other places of amusement, as the city at that time afforded.

"Variety is the spice of life," is an old adage, and experience taught Mr. and Mrs. Fenton its truth. Having remained in Cincinnati, until they had become cloyed with the amusements afforded by that place, they concluded to set forward, in quest of other objects of enjoyment.

In pursuance of this design, they embarked for St. Louis, at which place, they arrived in safety.

Here, again, Ellen was recognized by some person, and as she was promenading one evening, in company with Fenton, she was accosted as Miss Stevens.

The address of the person alarmed her, but as the person who addressed her disappeared immediately in the crowd, and was obscured by the shades of the night, she lost sight of him, and consequently had no means of ascertaining by whom she was recognized.

Guilt is always cowardly, and fear immediately took possession of the bosom of Ellen. She determined immediately to take further measures against recognition, and possible apprehension.

Concealing her real object from Fenton, she proposed to him, as a sort of novelty, that she should dress herself in male attire, that they should provide themselves each with a mule, and that they should take an overland route to California.



Fenton, whose affection for Ellen, was as yet unalloyed, without much hesitation, assented to the proposal.

Accordingly, they made arrangements for the journey, and embarked in company with a caravan, then about to start for Santa Fe.

Nothing extraordinary occurred on the route; they saw the usual number of Indians and buffaloes, slept on the prairie, killed rattlesnakes, forded rivers, crossed mountains, arrived safe at Santa Fe, and ultimately at San Francisco.

Here, however, affairs took a change.

Whether the appearance of Ellen, in her male attire, was too masculine, or whether it was from some other cause, yet, it is certain, that the affection of Fenton for his paramour, began to decline.

Subsequently, he fell in, with what, in common parlance, is called a "flashy piece," from New Orleans.

Ellen now became altogether supplanted, and finally, was cast off entirely. She at this time took the name of Adeline Myers.

Destitution created a desire for revenge, and revenge she was determined to have.

Accordingly, she provided herself with a dirk, and watching her opportunity, as Fenton, on one occasion, was walking with his new mistress, she stabbed him to the heart.

A mob was the natural consequence, and some of the "Vigilance Committee" happening to be on the ground, Ellen was immediately arrested.

She protested against the legality of her arrest, imprisonment, and the subsequent trial, which was granted her, in accordance with the forms adopted by the Committee. She was constrained, however, to succumb to the principle, that "might makes right," and was ordered to prepare for execution.

A clergyman was provided for her, at the instance of the Committee. When on the scaffold, she was asked, if she had any thing to say, or any thing to disclose.

She then avowed herself as the original Ellen Stevens, stated the circumstances attendant upon her brief career, and died, protesting against the legality of the acts of the "Vigilance Committee."











