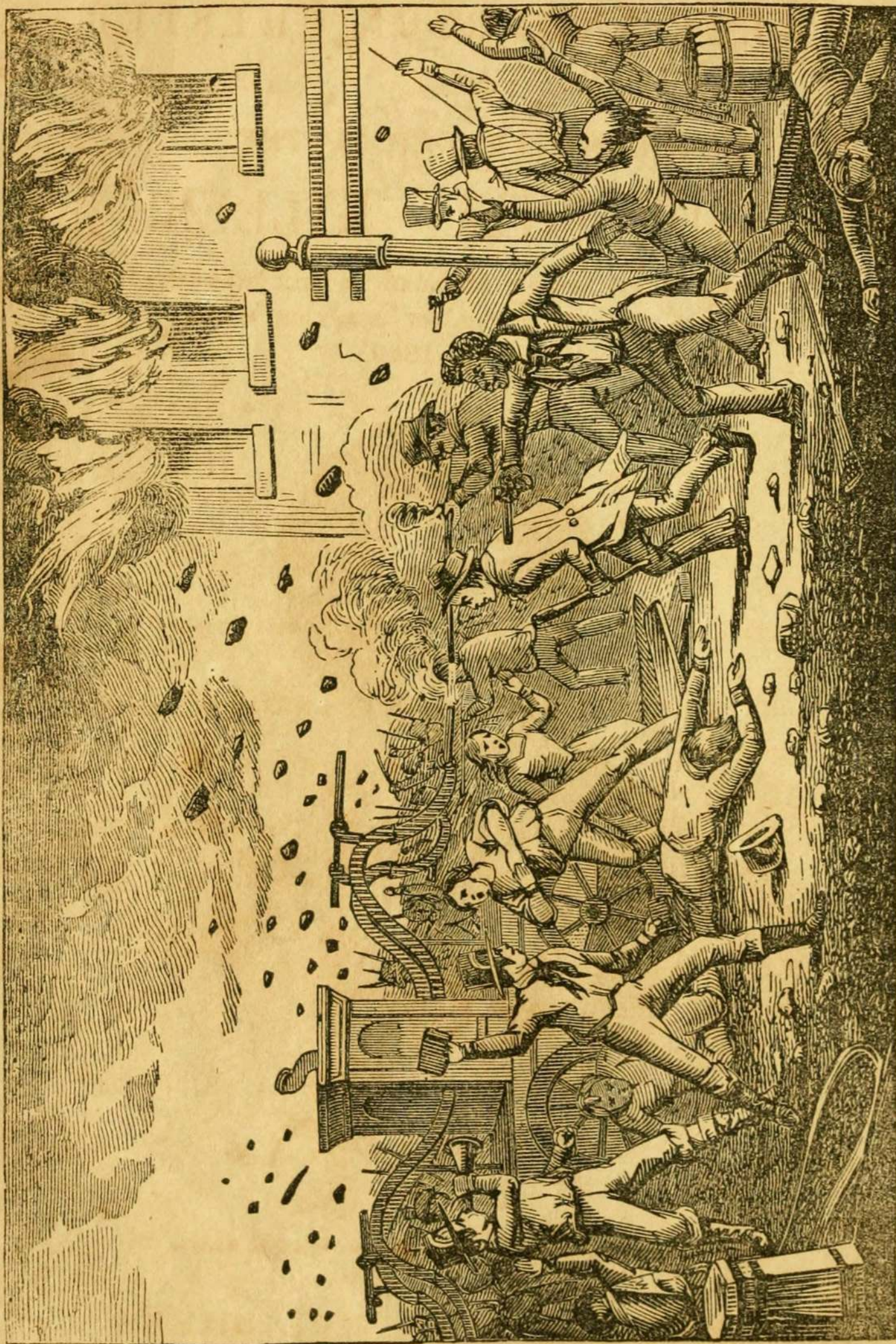




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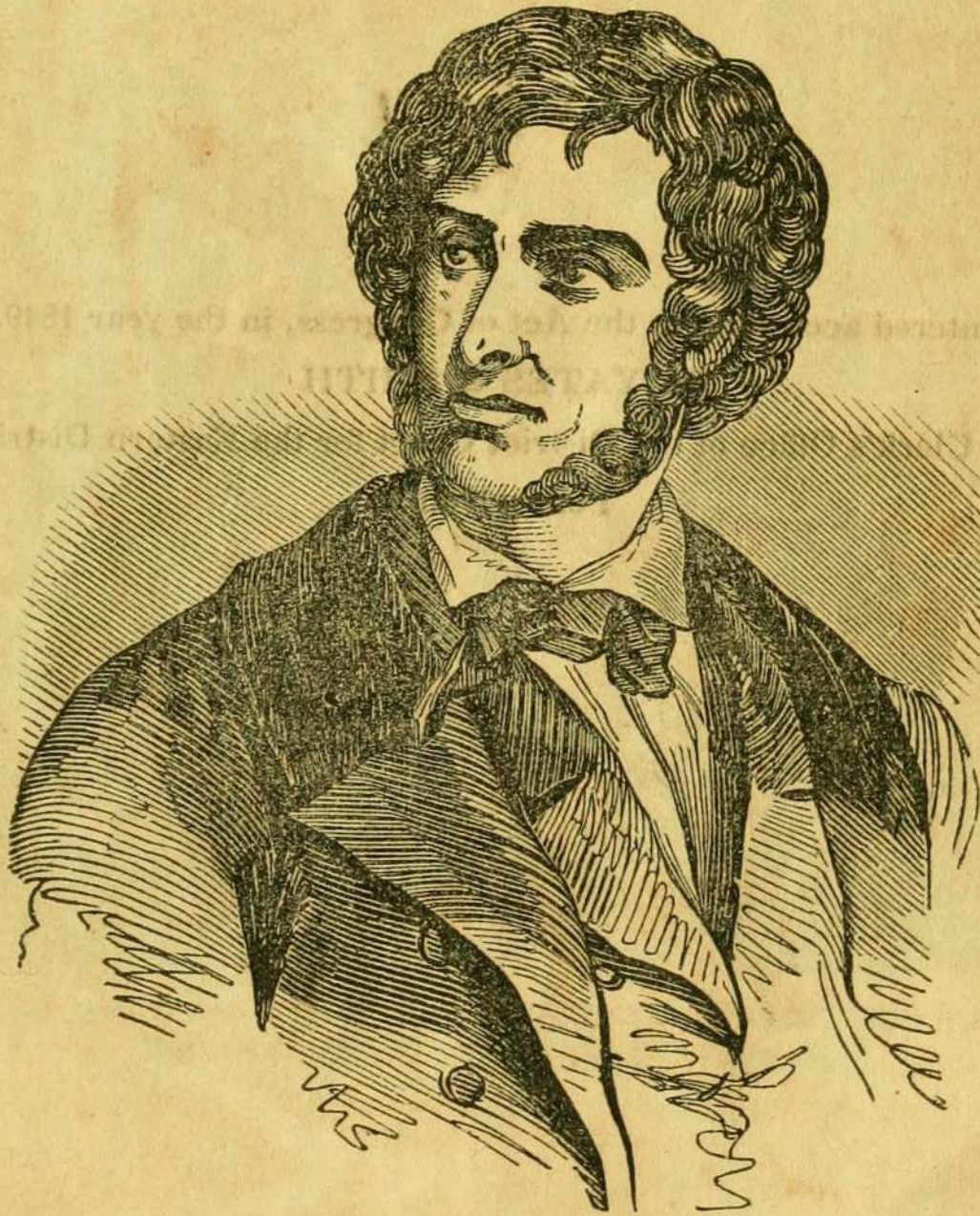




"A cry at once arose that a white man was shot, and the attention of the mob was directed to the California House, at the corner of Sixth and St. Mary street."—page 30

LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
CHARLES ANDERSON CHESTER,
THE
NOTORIOUS LEADER OF THE
PHILADELPHIA "KILLERS."

WHO WAS MURDERED, WHILE ENGAGED IN THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE CALIFORNIA HOUSE, ON ELECTION NIGHT,
OCTOBER 11, 1849.



Taken from a daguerreotype, previous to Chester's going to Havana.

PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHERS.
PHILADELPHIA.

1850.

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THE AND ADVENTURES

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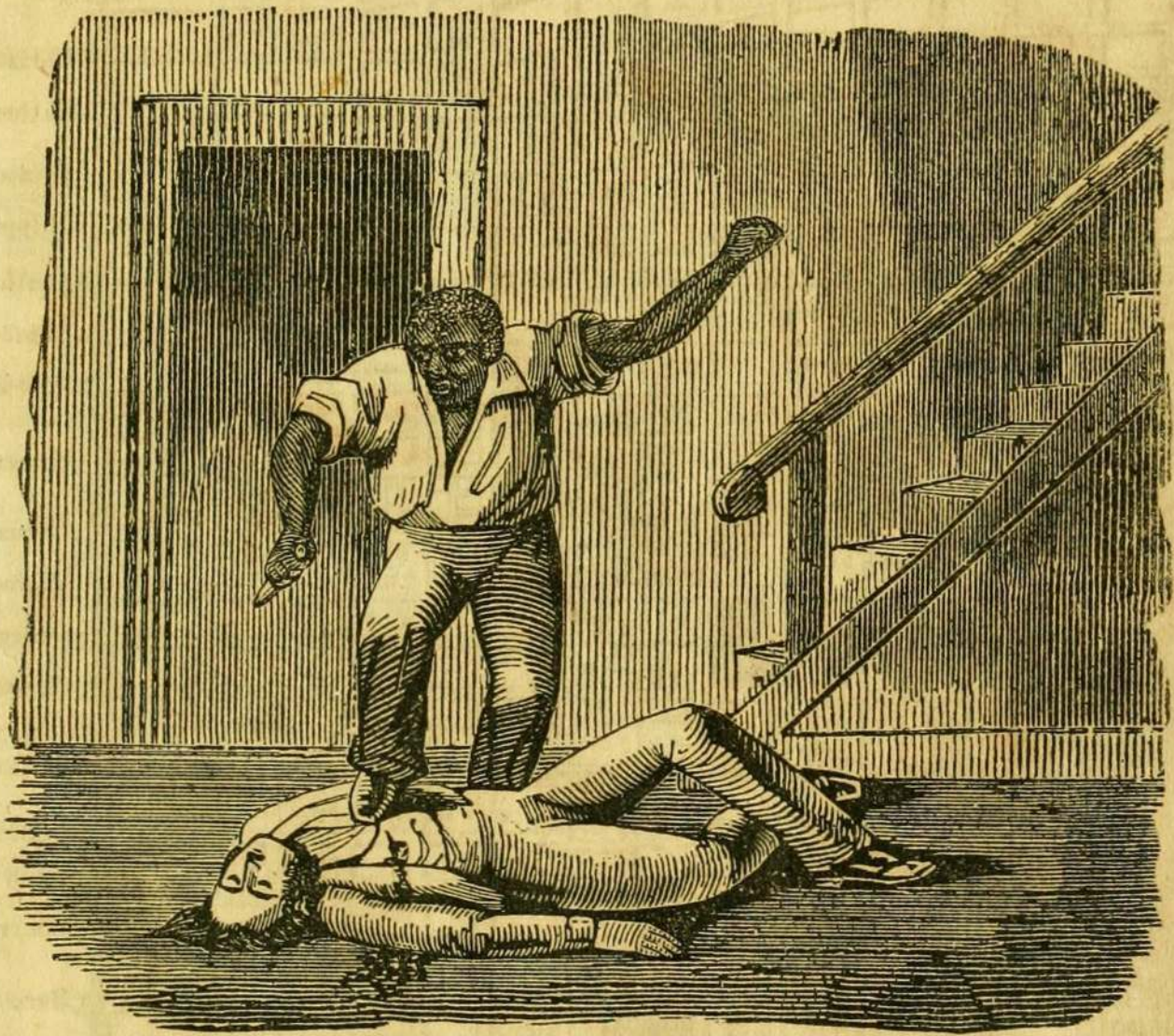
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In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

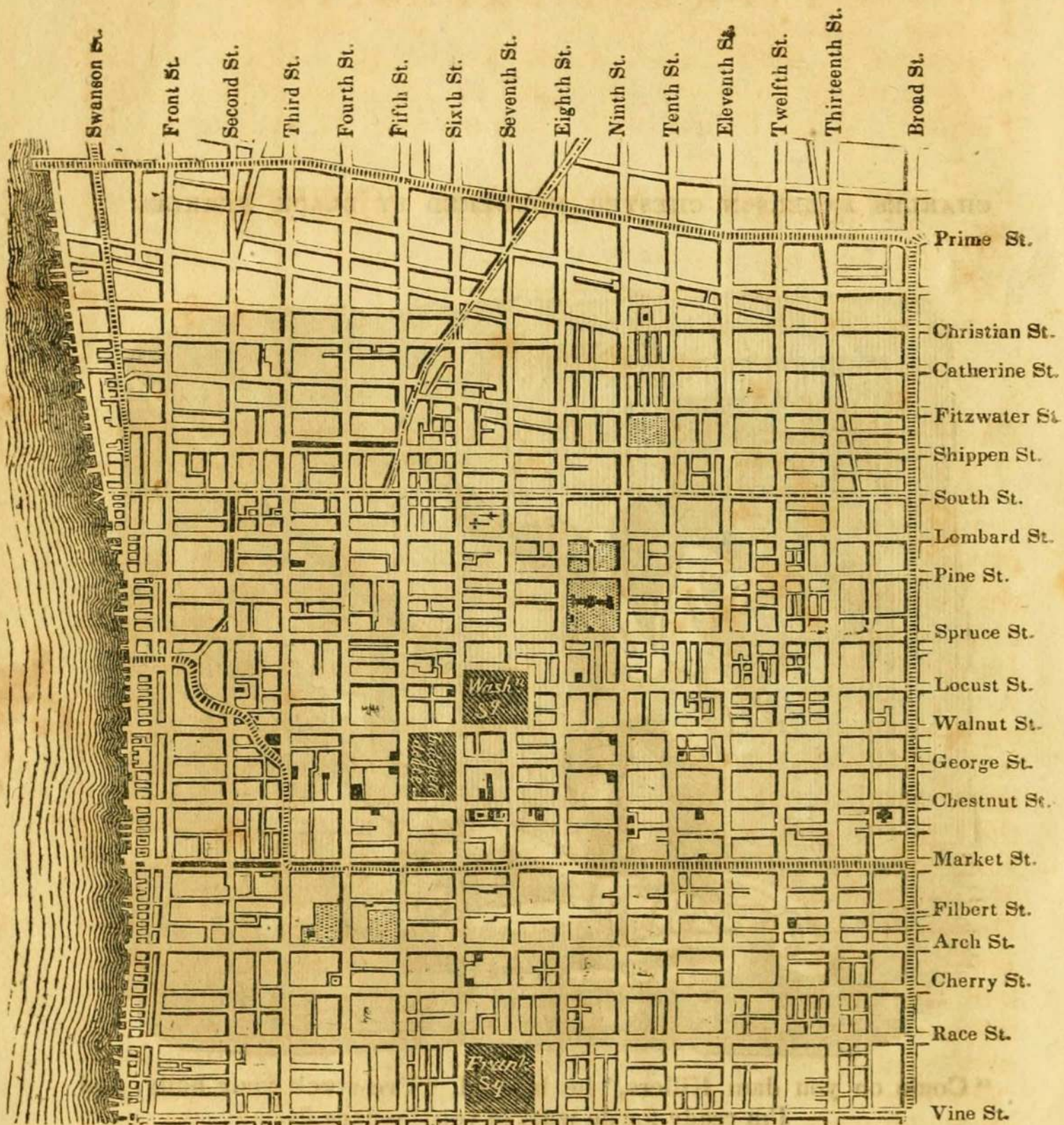
PRINTED FOR THE PUBLISHERS
PHILADELPHIA
1850

A. S. 2691

CHARLES ANDERSON CHESTER MURDERED BY BLACK HERKLES.



“Come on you dam Killers,” he bawled, “I’ve stuck your bully, and I’m ready for de wust of you!”—page 34.



MAP of the City and Districts of Moyamensing and Southwark, from the river Delaware to Broad street,

† † The scene of Riot at Sixth and St. Mary streets.

THE
LIFE AND EXPLOITS
OF
CHARLES ANDERSON CHESTER.

CHAPTER I.

Charles Anderson Chester—His youth and parentage—Adventures at College—Letter from his Father—Flight from College.

CHARLES ANDERSON CHESTER, the subject of this eventful narrative, was the son of a wealthy, and as the world goes, a respectable parentage. His father was at once a Merchant and a Banker; and his mother was the daughter of a millionaire. Accustomed from his earliest years to all that wealth can offer, to pamper the appetite and deprave the passions, Anderson grew to manhood with a great sense of his own importance derived from the wealth of his father. He was sent at the age of eighteen, from the roof of his father's splendid mansion, to a New England College, "to complete his education." His education supposed to have been commenced at the University of Pennsylvania, had in reality begun at the Hunting Park Race Course, at the Chesnut Street gambling hell, the Theatre and the Brothel. At eighteen he was already known as a "man about town." He drove the handsomest turn out on Broad Street; he played "Brag," with the oldest gamblers, and drank his four bottles of Champagne with the most experienced of veteran drunkards. And thus initiated into life, he went to New England to finish his education.

Here his career was short and brilliant. He flogged his tutor, attempted to set fire to the College buildings and was very nearly successful in an attempt to abduct the only daughter of the President. These, with numerous minor exploits produced his expulsion after a brief period of six months.

At this state of affairs Anderson knew not what to do. He did not like the idea of returning home. His father was a

bon vivant,—a good liver of the canvass back order,—liberal at times,—but again as obstinate as the pride of money, and the habit of commanding men's lives with the power of money, could make him. He was withal a nominal member of a wealthy Church. He might possibly wink at Anderson's Collegiate exploits, and term them the effusions of a "spirited nature" winding up with a check for a \$1000, or he might bid his son to go to sea, to list in the army, or go to a place not mentioned to ears polite. What would be his course? Anderson could not tell.

He was sitting in his room, at the crack hotel of the College town, when he received his father's letter. He had spent his last dollar. He was in arrears for board. He was beset by duns, duns of every shape from the waiter to the washer-woman. While meditating over the state of affairs he received his father's letter. It was terse and to the point.

SIR:—You have made your bed and you must lie down in it. Expect nothing from me. You can choose your own course. At the same time, you will distinctly understand, that by your conduct you have cast off all claims upon your family, who desire to hear nothing from you until you are sincerely repentent for the disgrace which your behaviour has heaped upon them.

JACOB CHESTER.

This was not a very fatherly letter it must be confessed, though the conduct of Anderson had been bad enough. He read it over and over again—held it near the light until the glare played over his face, corrugated by silent rage,—and after a few moments consigned it to his vest pocket.

All was still in the hotel. He at once determined upon his plan. Dressing himself in a green walking coat trimmed with metal buttons, plaid pants and buff vest, Anderson walked quietly from his room, and as quietly left the hotel at the dead hour of the night. He left without "bag or baggage," and striking over the fields, through a driving mist, he made his way to a railway station distant some five miles. The passions of a demon were working in his heart, for the manner in which his father had winked at his early faults, only served to render his letter more intolerable and galling.

How he obtained passage in the cars we cannot tell. Suffice it to say, that after two days he landed in Philadelphia, his apparel dusty and way-worn, and his shirt collar hidden ominously behind the folds of his black cravat.

He was tall for his age. His chin already was darkened by a beard that would not have shamed a Turk. Light com-

plexioned and fair haired, he was the very figure to strike the eye on Chesnut street, or amid the buz and uproar of a ball.

Dusty, tired and hungry, he made the best of his way to his father's mansion. He was determined to have an interview with the old man. Stepping up the marble stair case, he rung the bell, and stood for a few moments with a fluttering heart. A strange servant answered the bell, and greeted him with the news, "that Mr. Chester and his family had left for Cape May the week before."

This was bad news for Anderson. Turning from his father's house, he sauntered listlessly toward the Exchange, until he came near his father's store,—a dark old brick building, standing sullen and gloomy amid fashionable dwellings of modern construction. He entered the counting room. It was situated at the farther end of a large gloomy place, and was fenced off from bales of goods, and hogsheads of cogniac, by a dingy railing of unpainted pine.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Smick the head clerk—The check for \$5,000—Charles contrives a scheme—Its result—Interview with a certain personage which has an important bearing on his fate—The British Captain.

"WHERE is Mr. Smick?" asked Anderson of the negro porter, who was the only person visible.

"Jist gone out," answered the porter, who did not recognize his employer's son, "Back d'rectly.

"I'll wait for him," was the answer, and Anderson sauntered into the counting room, which was furnished with an old chair, a large desk and range of shelves filled with ledgers, etc.

An opened letter, spread upon the desk, attracted the eye of the hopeful youth. It was from Cape May, bore the signature of his father, was addressed to Mr. Smick his head clerk, and contained this brief injuntion.—

"Smick—I send you a check for \$5,000. Cash it, and meet that note of Johns & Brother—to-morrow—you understand."

"Where the deuce is the check?" soliloquized Anderson, and forthwith began to search for it, but in vain. While thus engaged his ear was attracted by the sound of a footstep. Looking through the railing he beheld a short little man with a round face and a hooked nose, approaching at a brisk pace. As he saw him, his fertile mind, hit upon a plan of operations.

"Smick my good fellow," he said as the head clerk opened the door of the counting-room—"I've been looking for you all over town. Quick! At Walnut street wharf! There's no time to be lost!"

He spoke these incoherent words with every manifestation of alarm and terror. As much surprised at the sudden appearance of the vagabond son in the counting room, as at his hurried words, the head clerk was for a few moments at a loss for words.

"You here—umph! Thought you was at college—eh!" exclaimed Smick as soon as he found his tongue—"Walnut street wharf! What *do* you mean?"

"Mr. Smick," responded the young man slowly and with deliberation, "I mean that on returning from Cape May father has been stricken with an apoplectic fit. He's on board of the boat. Mother sent me up here, to tell you to come down without delay. Quick! No time's to be lost."

Smick seemed thunderstricken. He placed his finger on the tip of his nose, muttering "Chester struck with apoplexy—bad, bad! Here's this check to be cashed, and that note of Johns & Brother to be met. What shall I do—"

"I'll tell you Smick. Give me the check—I'll get it cashed and then go and take up the note, while you hurry down to the wharf."

He said this in quite a confidential manner, laying his hand on Smick's arm and looking very knowingly into his face.

In answer to this, Mr. Smick closed one eye—arranged his white cravat—and seemed buried in thought, while Charles stood waiting with evident impatience for his answer.

"You've been to Cape May—have you?" he said, regarding Charles with one eye closed.

"You know I have not. I have just got on from New York, and met one of father's servants, as I was coming off the boat. He told me the old gentleman had been taken with apoplexy on the way up. I went into the cabin of the Cape May boat which had just come to, and saw father there. Mother gave me the message which I have just delivered. Indeed, Mr. Smick you'd better hurry."

"Then you had better take the check," said Smick extending his hand. "Get it cashed and take up that note. It is now half past two, it must be done without delay."

His eyes glistening Charles reached forth his hand to grasp the check, when Mr. Smick drew back his hand, quietly observing at the same time "I think Charles you had better ask your father. Here he is. Rather singular that he's so soon recovered from his fit of apoplexy!"

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when at his shoulder,

appeared the portly figure of the father,—Mr. Jacob Chester, a gentleman of some fifty years, dressed in black with a white waistcoat. His ruddy face was overspread with a scowl; he regarded his son with a glance full of meaning, at the same time passing his kerchief incessantly over his bald crown. He had overheard the whole of the conversation between his son and his head clerk. He had indeed returned from Cape May, but had seen his clerk, *only five minutes previous to this interview*. His feelings as he overheard the conversation may be imagined.

“Scoundrel!” was his solitary ejaculation, as he gazed upon his son, who now stood cowering and abashed, in one corner of the counting room.

“Father —” hesitated Charles.

The merchant pointed to the door.

“Go!” he said, and motioned with his finger.

“Forgive me father,—I’ve been wild. I know it,” faltered Charles.

“You saw me in a fit, did you? And you would have got that check cashed and taken up Johns’ note, would you? You’re a bigger scoundrel than I took you for. Go!”

Charles moved to the door. While Smick stood thunder-stricken, the father followed his son into the large room, which, filled with hogsheads and bales, intervened between the counting-room and the street. Charles quietly threaded his way through the gloomy place, and was passing to the street when his father’s hand stopped him on the threshold.

“Charles,” said he, “let us understand one another.”

Charles turned with surprise pictured on his face; the countenance of his father was fraught with a meaning which he could not analyze.

“In the first place,” said the Merchant, “read this.”

He handed his son a copy of the New York Herald, dated the day previous. The finger of Mr. Jacob Chester pointed a paragraph embodied in a letter from Cape May. Charles read in silence, his face displaying every change of incredulity succeeded by surprise. Thus read the paragraph:

“By the by you have heard that a distinguished scion of the British aristocracy, who passes under the title of the Hon. Capt. Fritz-Adam, has been figuring rather extensively at this place. The Captain is a gallant gentleman, with a pale mouse coloured moustache and aristocratic air. He has excited quite a sensation. He is altogether a man of ton—elegant and fascinating; so much so, that yesterday the young wife of one of our old Philadelphia merchants was detected in a rather embarrassing situation, with the gallant Briton, and

worst of all, the discoverer was her venerable spouse. The affair has created a great talk. To-morrow I will send you full particulars."

"Well, what of this?" said Charles looking into his father's face.

"Nothing much. Only that young wife of an old merchant, was your mother. I married her at sixteen; married her out of regard for her family, and have lived with her these nineteen years. She is now about thirty-five, but as young and lively as ever. The day before yesterday she disgraced me at Cape May, and strengthened a resolve which I have long indulged, to wit, to cast her and her son to the winds, or to the d—l. You comprehend Charles? You are not my son. The conduct of your mother breaks all ties between us. For nineteen years I have supported you. You can gamble, drink, and act the gentleman in every way. Your education is complete. My advice to you, is, to follow your mother, who yesterday eloped with her British Captain. From me, from this hour, you can expect nothing. Beg, starve, or steal, as you please, do it in a gentlemanly way if you like, but from me you shall never receive one cent. We understand one another. Good day, sir."

With these words the old man turned away, leaving Charles pale and thunderstricken on the threshold. The thunderbolt which had fallen upon him, deprived him for the time of all control over his reason. He was stupefied

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Joe Bright and the letters—A peep into important correspondence—Mr. Wilmins the Broker—Drafts for \$5060—New York and Havana.

AT last, still holding the New York Herald in his hand, he took his way from Mr. Jacob Chester's store. As he passed along the street, he tried, for a long time without success, to realize his situation. His mother a disgraced woman—himself pronounced an illegitimate by the man whom he had always known as his father—he could not believe it. But the New York Herald was in his hands, the words of the old Merchant still rang in his ears. Then when he contrasted the youth of his mother with the age of her husband, her fondness for admiration and show with the painstaking habits

of the merchant, the story appeared more reasonable. A thousand things came to the memory of Charles, which served to confirm the story of Mr. Jacob Chester. Suffice it to say that after an hour's walk up one street and down another, Charles found himself at the corner of Fourth and Walnut street with three facts impressed rather vividly upon his mind. He was without a father; his mother had eloped with a mustache (appended to a British Captain) and he, Charles Anderson Chester, was without a cent in the world.

Charles surveyed his apparel. Green coat, plaid pants and buff vest looked remarkably seedy. He felt his pocket. They were deplorably empty. He looked up and down Walnut street, as night began to gather over the town, and brought himself to the conclusion, expressed in these words, muttered through his set teeth—"Without father or mother, friend or dollar, my chance of a bed and supper to night gets dim and dimmer."

In this mood he took his way toward the Exchange. He was roused from a reverie by a hand laid on his arm, and by the words, "How d'ye do, Mister Charles."

Starting from his gloomy reverie, Charles beheld a youth of some fourteen years, whose snub nose and red hair, together with nankeen pants and cassimere jacket, brought home to him the fact, that he beheld no less a personage than Mr. Joe. Bright, who was employed in a double capacity,—half as errand boy and half as under clerk—in his father's store. Joe was delighted to see Mr. Charles,—asked him when he had arrived in the city—how long he intended to stay, et cetera. As for Charles quietly keeping his eye upon the youth, who held a package in his right hand, he said:

"Give me the letters Joe. I'll take them up to the house. As for you, father wants you to go up to the Baltimore Rail Road Depot, and bring down a box that is there, addressed to him. Just tell the Agent that father sent you, and he'll give you the box. Mind that you hurry back."

Without a word the red haired youth handed the letters to Mr. Charles, and hurried up Walnut street, on his way to Eleventh & Market. Charles slipped the letters into his pocket, gazed for a moment after the form of the errand boy, and then hurrying down Walnut street, turned into a "pot house" whose sign displayed tempting inducements to "sailors and emigrants." It was a miserable place, with one chair, a bar, and a little man, with a dirty face and one eye.

"What'll yez plase to have, Sur?"

Charles called for a glass of whiskey, and turning his back to the landlord, drew the package from his pocket and proceeded to count the letters which he had received from Joe.

There were ten in all; one was particularly heavy; and all of them were carefully sealed. Did one, or did all of them contain money? This was an important question, but Charles did not choose to solve it in the pot house. But how shall he pay for his glass of whiskey? He had not a penny in the world. This placed him in a decidedly bad predicament. Waiting until the landlord had turned his back, for a moment, Charles passed quietly from the place, and hurried up Walnut street, turned into Dock, and in a few moments was in Third street in the vicinity of Chesnut.

He had decided upon a difficult step. The letters which he held, bore the postmarks of distant parts of the Union, and very possibly they contained drafts upon houses in New York. It was his resolution to ascertain the fact in the first place and in the second to get these drafts cashed. It was after bank hours, and only two broker's offices in the vicinity remained open. Charles's brain was in a whirl; conscious that whatever he did must be done without delay, he stood on the sidewalk, with his finger raised to his forehead, anxiously engaged in cogitating some scheme, which might enable him to cash the drafts in the letters,—that is, if said letters happened to contain drafts, or money in any shape.

But was this the case? Charles turned into an alley and with a trembling hand broke the seals of the letters. His brain reeled as their contents were disclosed to his gloating eyes. For those letters did contain drafts at one two and three days sight, drawn upon certain firms in New York, and amounting altogether to five thousand and sixty dollars. Crumpling the letters drafts and all into his pocket, Charles staggered from the alley like a drunken man. He had resolved upon his course of action. Entering a small periodical agency, he called for pen and paper, and (while the boy in attendance was waiting upon a customer) our hero, proceeded in quite a business like manner to sign the name of "JACOB CHESTER" upon each of those talismanic slips of paper. Habit had made him familiar with his late father's signature; he wrote with ease and facility; in a few moments the work was done. He carefully sanded the signatures, and then made the best of his way to the office of a celebrated Broker, with whom his father had dealt for many years. On the threshold he paused; his heart beat like the pendulum of a clock; gazing through the glass door he beheld the familiar face of the Broker, bald-head, high shirt collar, gold spectacles and all. For a moment the young gentleman hesitated; at length commanding all the force of his nerves he entered, and spreading the magic slips of paper upon the counter, said with great self-possession, "Mister Wilmins,

father starts for Niagara early in the morning. He would take it as a favour, if you would cash these drafts to-night."

The Broker recognized Charles, addressed him by name, and after a word or two as to his father's health, examined the drafts, first one side and then the other. This done, he paused, and surveyed Charles through his gold spectacles. Charles never forgot that scrutinizing gaze. "He suspects something," he muttered to himself, while, in fact, the worthy Broker, who was somewhat absent-minded, was cogitating whether or no he should ask Charles as to the truth of that story about the British Captain.

"Five thousand and sixty dollars," said the Broker.

"Can you do it?" gasped Charles, much agitated, but endeavouring to look as calm as possible.

"Certainly," was the answer. "Would your father like city or New York funds?"

"As you please," faltered Charles, "only he wanted a thousand in twenties."

The Broker unlocked his iron-safe and counted out five thousand and sixty dollars; forty \$100 bills, and the balance in \$20 notes; Charles watching him all the while with a feverish eye.

Charles extended his hand, and could scarce believe the evidence of his senses, when he felt the silken slips of paper between his fingers. He thrust them into his breast pocket, and hurried to the door.

"Ah! come back, young man," he heard the voice of the Broker.

It was the first impulse of Charles to put to his heels, but turning with a pallid face, he again confronted the spectacled Broker.

"Young man—that is, Mr. Chester," began the Broker, "if its not impolite I'd like to ask you one question."

Charles shook in "his boots," but managed to falter out the monosyllable, "Well?"

"Is there any truth in that story—eh, eh—about the Brit—British Captain—and—" he paused.

Charles raised his handkerchief to his eye, and in a voice broken by emotion, faltered—

"Too true! Alas! It is too true!" and as if overcome by his feeling hastened from the Broker's store.

Making the best of his way down Third, he struck into Dock street, and then turned down Walnut street. As he approached the corner of Front and Walnut street, he heard the ring of a bell. Utterly bewildered by the incidents of the last hour, he was hurrying at random,—he knew not whither

—when the ringing of the bell decided him, as to his future course.

“It’s the New York bell!” he muttered, and in five minutes had purchased his ticket, and was on board the steamboat, on his way to New York.

That night at ten he landed at the foot of Courtlandt street. Without pausing to eat or sleep, he proceeded to a barber shop and had his face cleanly shaved. Then, in an hour’s ramble he provided himself with a large trunk, a black wig, a pair of false whiskers, and two suits of clothes. He assumed the wig and whiskers in the street; put on a single breasted frock coat, buttoning to the neck, in a tailor’s store; covered his forehead with a glazed cap, and then calling a hack directed the driver to take his trunk to Bloodgood’s Hotel.

He entered his name on the books in this style, “ALFRED DUFRENAY, CHICAGO.”

His next care was to look at the New York Sun of that date. The shipping advertisements first arrested his attention. One in especial rivetted his eye. He perused it attentively, and presently sallied from the Hotel, called a cab, and directed the driver to carry him, in “double quick time,” to the Battery. Arrived at this point, he took a boat, and rowed out into the stream, and was presently on board of a steamer which lay at anchor in the bay. He saw the Captain, paid his fare, despatched a messenger for his trunks, and before morning was fifty miles beyond Sandy Hook on his way to Havana.

On the second day of her passage the steamer spoke a vessel bound for Philadelphia. Letters were exchanged, and Charles took this opportunity to send the following to his late father:

VENERABLE SIR:—You told me to follow my mother. I am after her.

Your obedient son,

CHARLES ANDERSON CHESTER.

P. S.—Hope those drafts came to hand?

This letter reached his father, at the very moment, when he was sitting over his wine, engaged in conversation with the Broker, who was calmly endeavouring to convince him, that certain drafts which he held, bore the signature of “JACOB CHESTER.”

And here, while the son is on his way to Havana, and the father and the Broker are talking together, we will leave our characters, while two years pass away. These events occurred in 1846; it is 1849 when we again resume our story

Between these years Mr. Jacob Chester failed, and it was rumoured in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1849, that his son had returned to that city, in disguise, on business connected with the celebrated Cuban expedition.

CHAPTER IV.

Ophelia Thompson—The "Supernumary"—How she was followed and what was the result.

IN the month of October 1849, a young woman, who was connected with one of the Theatres in a subordinate capacity, excited considerable attention, on the part of those gentlemen who prowl about the stage seeking "whom they may devour." We allude to that class of persons, young and old, who insult respectable women in the street, parade opera glasses in the pit, while the dancing is in progress, and hang around the green room, where the actors congregate when their presence is not needed upon the stage.

This young woman was altogether a subordinate; she did not appear in any leading character, but was seen as an assistant in the ballet; or as a part of some dramatic spectacle; in fact, she was what is generally denominated "a supernumary." She was about eighteen years of age; rather tall, was known by the name of Ophelia Thompson; with brown hair, dark eyes, a noble bust, and a walk that would not have disgraced an empress. She was new to the stage. Who or what she was, no one knew; not even the manager who paid her 37½ cents per night, for her services in the *ballet* and spectacle. She had only been engaged a week, in October 1849, when her beauty made considerable buz among the libertines of the pit, and the loungers of the green room. Her modest manner, and her evident desire to remain unobserved and unknown, only whetted the curiosity of these vultures who prey upon female beauty and innocence.

One night, however, as winding her faded shawl about her shoulders, and drawing her green veil over her face, she left the Theatre, on her way to her unknown home; she was followed,—at a discreet distance—by one of those gentlemen of the character named above. He was rather portly; wore

a bangup which concealed the lower part of his face, and carried a large bone headed stick. The object of his pursuit led him a devious chase. Up one street and down another, now passing through narrow alleys, and now along the streets, she hurried on, until at last she reached a small frame house, which stood at the extremity of a dark court, in that district somewhat widely known as "Moyamensing." A lamp standing at the entrance of the court, emitted a faint and dismal light. When she reached the lamp she paused, and looked around her, as though she was conscious or afraid that she had been followed. The gentleman with the big stick saw her turn, and skulked behind a convenient corner, in time to avoid her observation. In a moment she resumed her way and entered the frame tenement, from the window of which, a faint light shone out upon the pavement. The portly gentlemen stole cautiously to the window, took one glance and then crouched against the door of the house. That glance however, had revealed to him, a small room miserably furnished, with an old woman sitting near a smouldering fire, and a young one—"the supernumary" of the Theatre—standing by her side, one hand laid upon a pine table and the other raised as if in the act of expostulation.

The portly gentlemen did his best to overhear the conversation which took place between the two. Pressing his ear against a chink of the door, and balancing himself with his stick as he knelt on one knee, he managed to overhear a portion of the following conversation.

"So you've come,—have you?" said the old woman, in a voice between a grunt and a growl.

"Yes, mother. And there's my week's salary—just two dollars and a quarter."

"Two dollars and a quarter! And how's a-body as is old and has the rheumatiz, to live on two dollars and a quarter?"

"Mother I do all that I can, I'm sure. I'd earn more if I could."

"Bah! If you only know'd what's what, you might earn a heap I tell you. Here since your father's been dead,—killed by fallin' off a buildin' two years ago—I've had all the keer of you and tuk in washin' when you was goin' to school. And now when you're grow'd up and kin do somethin' for your mother, why you don't do it.

"What *can* I do mother?" said the young woman, in a voice of entreaty.

The old woman replied with a sound between a cough and a laugh as she said.

"What kin you do? Why if I was young and handsom' and had a foot and a face like yourn,—and danced at the

Theater, I'd show you, what *I* could do. Ain't there plenty of rich gentlemen, as 'ud be glad to pay you your weight in goold if—

The rest of the sentence was lost in a whisper, but the gentlemen in the big stick who listened at the door, heard the reply of the girl, which consisted in a simple ejaculation, uttered in a tone of reproach and shame.

“My God, mother!”

“Yes, it is easy to say my God, *mother!*” replied the old woman mimicking her daughter, “But if you only had the spunk of a lobster you might roll in goold an' be a great actress an'—what not!”

The listener did not wait for another word, but pushing open the door, entered the apartment. The old woman looked up in surprise, her haggard face looking almost ghastly, by lamp light, while the daughter (who had thrown her bonnet and shawl aside) gazed upon the intruder in evident alarm.

“Don't mind me, my good friends, don't mind me,” said the portly gentleman, in a thick voice, as he approached the table; “I'm a friend, that's all. Have seen your daughter on the stage, and would like to make a great actress of her. Will take charge of her tuition. That can't be managed without money, but money's no object to me.”

And stepping between the mother and daughter he laid five bright gold pieces upon the pine table.

“Here's luck!” screamed the old woman, grasping for the money.

“What say you?” asked the portly gentleman addressing the daughter.

“I—don't—know—you—sir—” she exclaimed with a proud curl of the lip, as her bosom swelled under its shabby covering. At the same time she wrenched the money from her mother's grasp. “Take your money, sir.”

There was something queenly in the look of the young woman, as with her form swelling to its full stature, she regarded the intruder with a look of withering scorn, extending his gold pieces in one hand and at the same time pointing to the door.

“The very thing! That voice would do honor to Fanny Kemble! I tell you Miss that nature cut you out for an actress—a great actress.”

“So nature' did,” exclaimed the old woman, rising from her chair—“Take the money girl, and let this gentleman make a great actress of you.”

“Either you must leave the house or I will,” said the girl, and dashing the gold pieces into the face of the portly gentleman, she retreated behind the table, her eye flashing and her

bosom swelling with anger. This action rather disconcerted the gentleman. Retreating backward, and bowing at the same time, he stumbled over the threshold, and gathered himself up, in time to receive the gold pieces in his face a second time, from the hand of the girl.

She had gathered them from the floor, in defiance of the objurgations of her mother, who earnestly sought to retain only a single piece.

CHAPTER V.

The old woman and Mr. Jacob Chester—It's a bargain.

"Now mother," said the girl closing the door, and placing her hand firmly on the old woman's shoulder, "if I hear, after this, one word from your lips, like those you have spoken to-night, we part forever."

Her flashing eye and deep-toned voice impressed the old woman with a sensation between rage and fear. But ere she could frame a reply, her daughter had gone up stairs, and the old woman heard a sound like the closing of a bolt.

"One of her tantrums. When things don't go right, she goes to bed without supper and locks herself in. Lor' how they brings up children now-a-days!"

For a long time she sat in silence, stretching her withered hands over the fire; at length she took the light and hobbling to the door unlocked it, and went out into the court. Bending down, the light extended in her skinny fingers and playing over her haggard face, she groped in the mud and filth for the gold pieces, which her daughter had flung into the face of the portly gentleman.

"*Won,*" she mumbled seizing a bright object which sparkled in the mud, when a hand touched her lightly on the arm, and looking up she saw the portly gentleman at her side.

He pointed to the door of the frame house, and led the way. She followed, and after closing the street door and the door which opened on the stairway, they sat down together and conversed for a long time in whispers, the old woman's face manifesting a feverish lust for gain, while the portly gentleman suffered his coat collar to fall on his shoulders, until his face

was visible. He next removed his hat. It was the face of Mr. Jacob Chester, bald-head, white cravat and all,—a little older than when we last beheld him—yet with a bright twinkle in his eyes, and a sort of amorous grin upon his lips. They conversed for a long time and the termination of the conversation was in these words:—

“To-morrow night as she is going to the theatre,” said Mr. Jacob—“It is election night and the streets will be full of bonfires and devilment. She can be seized at the corner of the street, put into a cab which I have ready, and kept quiet until her temper is a little managable.”

He laid some bank notes and bright gold pieces upon the table, which the old woman seized with a hungry grasp as she replied:—

“Yes, and Black Herkles is the man to do it. Have everything ready, and it kin be done. You’d better see Herkles, he keeps a groggery at the corner of the Court.”

Mr. Jacob rose, and bidding the dame good night, proceeded to the “Hotel” of a huge negro, who went by the name of Black Hercules or “Herkles,” in the more familiar dialect of Moyamensing. Picking his way through the darkness, he presently entered a low and narrow room, filled with stench and smoke, with negroes, men, women, and children huddled together in one corner, and a bar in the other, behind which stood the negro himself dealing out whiskey to a customer. The scene was lighted by three tallow candles stuck in as many porter bottles. The negro was a huge burly fellow, black as the ace of spades, with a mouth like a gash, a nose that looked as if it had been trodden upon, and fists that might have felled an ox. The customer was a white man, rather tall and muscular, dressed in a miserable suit of grey rags, with his hair worn long before his ears, and a greasy cloth cap drawn low over his forehead.

“This ’ere whiskey burns like real ——,” grunted the customer, concluding his sentence with a blasphemous expression.

“Dat it does. It am de rale stuff—hot as pepper an’ brimstone.” After these words “the loafer” in grey rags stretched himself on the floor, and our worthy gentleman approached the negro. A few words sufficed to put the negro in possession of the object of Mr. Jacob Chester’s visit. He grinned horribly as the worthy man bent over the counter, and communicated his desire in a confiding whisper.

“Dars my hand on it,” he said, “for a small matter o’ fifty dollars, Brac Herkles put twenty gals in a cab.”

“To-morrow night, remember. The old lady’s agreeable

and I'll have the cab at the street corner. There's twenty-five on account."

"Y-a-s sah; dats de talk," responded the negro grasping the money.

"Who's that fellow?" whispered Mr. Jacob, touching with his foot the prostrate form of the "loafer," who by this time was snoring lustily.

"Dat,—eh, dat? I raly dono his name—but he's a KILLER."

This seemed perfectly satisfactory to Mr. Jacob who left the groggery and made the best of his way homeward. After his visitor had gone, the negro approached the prostrate loafer, and kicked him with his splay foot.

"Get out o' dis. Dis aint no place for you dam white trash."

CHAPTER VI.

The mysterious Sign—One man followed by twenty—The Leader of the Killers—The Den of the Killers.

THE loafer arose grumbling, and lounged lazily to the door, which the Black Herkles closed after him, with the objurgation—"De dam Killers; dar room is better as dar company."

No sooner, however, had the loafer passed from the groggery into the Court than his lazy walk changed into a brisk stride, his head rose on his shoulders, and he seemed to have become in a moment altogether a new man.

He passed from the Court into the street, where a couple of ruffian-like men, stood beneath the light of the street lamp. As he approached them, he made a sign with his right hand, and the two ruffians followed him like dogs obeying the whistle of a master. Along the dark and deserted street the loafer pursued his way, until he came to the corner of a well known street leading from the Delaware to the Schuylkill; a street which, by the bye, was lighted at every five yards by a groggery or a beer-shop. At the corner and near the door of every groggery stood groups of men or half-grown boys—sometimes two and sometimes three or four in a group. The loafer passed them all, repeating the sign which he had given to the first two ruffians. And the sign the men and half-grown

boys fell quietly in his wake; by the time he had gone half a square he was followed by at least twenty persons, who tracked his footsteps without a word. For a quarter of an hour they walked on, the silence only broken by the shuffling of their feet. At length arriving before an unfinished three story brick building (unfinished on account of the numerous riots which have so long kept the District of Moyamensing in a panic) they silently ranged themselves around the "Loafer" whose sign they had followed.

"All Killers?" he said, anxiously scanning the visage of the ruffians, boys and men, who were only dimly perceptible by the star light.

"All Killers," was the answer.

The "Loafer" jumped through the open cellar door of the unfinished house and in a moment was followed by the twenty. Scrambling through the dark cellar, they ascended in silence into the upper rooms of the unfinished house, and in a few minutes entered an apartment on the third floor. It was brilliantly lighted by a number of candles stuck into porter bottles. The walls were black with tobacco smoke, and ornamented with numerous devices, such as, "Go it Killers! Death to the Bouncers! Killers, No. 1.—Killers No. 2, etcetra. The place was without chair, table, or furniture of any kind. The porter bottles containing the candles were placed at various distances along the uncarpeted floor. Around each candle, seated on the floor, was a group of men and boys, who were drinking whiskey, playing cards and smoking and swearing like so many steam-engines.

This was the "Den of the Killers."

And into this foul den, entered the "Loafer," succeeded by his twenty followers. He was hailed with a shout, "Hurrah for Dick Hellfire, Captain of the Killers!" He answered the shout in as hearty a manner, and then flinging a couple of dollars on the floor added, "Some more rum boys! We may as well make a night of it."

Then looking beneath the front of his cap he silently surveyed "the Killers." They were divided into three classes—beardless apprentice boys who after a hard day's work were turned loose upon the street at night, by their masters or bosses. Young men of nineteen and twenty, who fond of excitement, had assumed the name and joined the gang for the mere fun of the thing, and who would either fight for a man or knock him down, just to keep their hand in; and fellows with countenances that reminded of the brute and devil well intermingled. These last were the smallest in number, but the most ferocious of the three. These, the third class, not more than ten in number, were the very worst specimens of

the savage of the large city. Brawny fellows, with faces embrowned by hardship, rum and crime; they were "just the boys" to sack a Theatre or burn a Church.

It was to these that Dick Hellfire, the leader of the Killers addressed himself.

"Come lieutenants, let's go into the next room. While the boys have their fun here, we'll cut out some work for to-morrow. To-morrow's 'lection day."

The eleven ruffians rose at his bidding and following him into the next room, the foremost carrying a porter bottle in his hand. There were pieces of carpet huddled up in the corners; there were the beds of the lieutenants, and in this room they slept during the day, after a night of riot and drunkenness. Taking his position in the centre of the room, with the eleven ruffians around him, Dick Hellfire surveyed the hang dog faces in silence, for a few moments, and then began:

"In a week my boys we'll start for Cuba. Cuba, gold and Spanish women, that's our motto! You know that I'm in communication with some of the heads of the expedition; I was told to pick out the most desperate devils I could find in Moyamensing'. I've done so. You've signed your names, and received your first month's pay. In a week you'll go on to New York with me, and then hurrah for Cuba, gold and Spanish women!"

"Hurrah for Cuba, gold and Spanish women!" was the chorus.

Dick Hellfire raised his cap, and displayed a sunburnt face, encircled by sandy whiskers, and with the marks or scar of a frightful wound under the left eye. There was a kind of ferocious beauty about that countenance. It was the face of a man of twenty-three, who had seen and suffered much, and known life on land and sea, in brothel and bar room, and perhaps in the Jail.

"But to-morrow night is election night, and we may as well make a raise before we go." This sentiment was greeted with a chorus of oaths.

"To make a long story short boys, to-morrow night, a rich nabob of Walnut street, who has failed for \$200,000; and who carries a great part of his money about him, in fear of his creditors, who would lay hold of houses or lands if he owned either—to-morrow night, this nabob, comes down to that groggery kept by the big nigger—"

"Black Herkles! D—n him," said two voices in a breath.

"He's coming their on some dirty work. Now I move that we set a portion of our gang to raise the devil among the niggers of Mary street, while we watch for the nabob and get hold of him, and bring him to our den."

This sentiment met with a unanimous response. Placing the candle on the floor, Dick squatted beside it, and motioned to the others to follow his example. Presently a circle of "gallows" faces, surrounded the light, with the sunburnt and seamed visage of Dick Hellfire, in the centre.

"He carries some two or three thousand dollars about him," said Dick. "His name is Jacob Chester. Now follow my directions. You Bob will take care and get a police officer or two to help our gang to raise a muss among the niggers. You Jake will head one half of the boys, and first raise an alarm of fire. You Tom will come with me, and hang around Black Herkles groggery to-morrow night after dark. Let's understand one another."

And while he communicated his directions, the shouts and songs of the Killers in the next room, came through the partition, like the yells of so many Texian hunters about to charge a detachment of ranchoeros.

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Riot on Election Night, Philadelphia, October 1849. The Killers.

ELECTION night, October 11, 1849, presented a busy scene in the city and districts of Philadelphia. Bonfires were blazing in every street, crowds of voters collected around every poll, and every groggery and bar-room packed with drunken men. The entire city and county was astir. And a murmur arose from the city, through the stillness of night, like the tramp of an immense army.

There was one district however which presented the details of an excitement altogether peculiar to itself. It was that district which partly comprised in the City proper, and partly in Moyamensing is filled with groggeries, huts, and dens of every grade of pollution, as thick and foul as insects in a tainted cheese. Occupied by many hard working and honest people, the District has for two years been the scene of perpetual outrage. Here, huddled in rooms thick with foul air, and drunk with poison that can be purchased for a-penny a glass, you may see white and black, young and old, men and women, cramped together in crowds that fester with wretchedness, disease and crime. This mass of misery and starvation affords a profitable harvest to a certain class of "hangers on of the law" who skulk about the offices of Aldermen, trade in licenses

and do the dirty work which prominent politicians do not care to do for themselves.

Through this district, at an early hour on the night of election, a furniture car, filled with blazing tar barrels, was dragged by a number of men and boys, who yelled like demons, as they whirled their locomotive bonfire through the streets. It was first taken through a narrow street, known as St. Mary street, and principally inhabited by negroes, and distant about one square from the groggery of Black Herkles and the home of the young woman, mentioned in the previous pages. As the car whirled along a shot was fired; a cry at once arose that a white man was shot, and the attention of the mob, was directed to a house at the corner of Sixth and St. Mary, kept by a black fellow who, was rumored to have a white wife. The mob gathered numbers every moment, and a conflict ensued, between the white mob and the negroes, who had fortified themselves within the California house (a four story building) and in the neighbouring tenements and hovels. The inmates after a desperate contest were forced to fly; the bar was destroyed, and the gas set on fire. In a moment the house was in a blaze and the red light flashing against the sky, was answered by the State House bell, which summoned the engine and hose companies to the scene of action. The Hope, the Good Will, the Phœnix, the Vigilant, and other engine companies arrived upon the scene,—amid the clamor of the riot, while pistol shots broke incessantly on the ear, and the flames of burning houses, ascended to the heavens, lighting with a red glare the face of the mob,—and attempted to save the houses, which were yet untouched by the flames. Their efforts were frustrated. The mob took possession of the Hope Hose, and ran it up St. Mary street; as for the other companies, they were greeted at every turn by discharges of fire-arms, loaded with buckshot and slugs. Charles Himmelwright, a fireman of the Good Will, was shot through the heart, while nobly engaged in the discharge of his duty. He was a young and honest man. He fell dead the moment he received the shot. Many were wounded, and many killed. It was an infernal scene. The faces of the mob reddened by the glare, the houses whirling in flames, the streets slippery with blood, and a roar like the yells of a thousand tigers let loose upon their prey, all combined gave the appearance of a sacked and ravaged town, to the District which spreads around Sixth and St. Mary street. The rioters and spectators on the streets were not the only sufferers. Men and women sheltered within their homes, were shot by the stray missiles of the cowardly combatants.

CHAPTER VIII.

*Black Herkles—Ophelia—Mr. Jacob Chester—Choloroform—
The father and son.*

WHILE scenes like these were progressing, and while the troops of approaching soldiers was heard, all was quiet as the grave in the vicinity of the "groggery" kept by Black Herkles. The huts of the court were either deserted or closed; and every tenement looked as though it had not been occupied for a month, with two exceptions. There was a light in the groggery of Black Herkles, and in the home of the old woman and her daughter.

Black Herkles was standing at his door, with folded arms the light from within playing over one side of his hideous face, when footsteps were heard from the further extremity of the Court, and a female figure was seen approaching through the glass. It was the poor girl, Ophelia Thompson, "the supernumerary" on her way to the theatre. With her shawl thrown over her shoulders, and her veil drooped over her face, she came along with a hesitating step, pausing every moment as if to listen to the noise of the conflict which was progressing at the distance of not more than two hundred yards.

She came on; the light from the groggery shone over her tall form; she passed, when a hand was laid upon her mouth, and her arms were pinioned to her side, by an arm that encircled her with a grasp of iron. She attempted to scream, but in vain. She struggled, but the iron-arm held her arms firmly against her sides. Tossing back her head in her struggles, she beheld with a horror that no words can paint, the black visage of the negro.

It may be as well to observe that the events of the night had in some measure changed the plan of Mr. Jacob Chester and the negro. Instead of placing the cab at the corner of the Court, they had placed it in a neighbouring street, which communicates with the back door of the groggery, by means of a narrow alley. Therefore Black Herkles bore the struggling girl into his bar-room, and from the bar-room into a room in the second story, where waited Mr. Jacob Chester, anxious to confront his victim, ere he had her conveyed to the cab. He designed to have her kept within this room, until the riot would reach its height, and the additional confusion serve to render his passage to a mansion in "the neck," (which he had rented for the purpose) near Gray's Ferry, at once convenient and safe. The negro ascended the stairs, applied a bit of rag wet with some pungent liquid to the lips

of the girl, and the next moment, tumbled her insensible form into the room, where Mr. Jacob Chester waited. The liquid was chloroform.

This accomplished the negro descended, hurried along the alley and saw that the cab stood there in the street, according to the plan agreed upon. He then returned to his bar-room, which he had entirely cleared of its usual customers, an hour before. Busying himself behind the bar he was surprised by the entrance of the "loafer" in the grey rags, whom he had ejected the night previous. In his African dialect, he bade the fellow quit his premises, but the "loafer" whined piteously for a glass of whiskey, which Black Herkles at last consented to give him.

As he poured out the liquid poison, the "loafer" leaned over the counter, one hand upon a large earthen pitcher supposed to contain water.

"Dars yer whiskey. Take it and trabel," said Herkles, pushing the glass toward his customer. The loafer raised his glass slowly to his lips, and at the same time kept his hand upon the handle of the pitcher, but instead of drinking the poison he dashed it in the negro's eyes, at the same time hurling the pitcher, with all the force of his arm, at his head. Blinded by the liquor, half-stunned by the blow, Black Herkles uttered a frightful howl, and attempted to "get at" his antagonist across the bar. But a second blow, administered with a "slung-shot" which the "loafer" drew from his rags, took the negro in the forehead, and laid him flat upon the floor.

The moment that he fell, the room was filled with "Killers" who surrounded their leader, known as the "loafer," or "Dick Hellfire," with shouts and cries. They were eleven in number, whom Dick had instructed the night before. Drunken, furious, and brutal, they were about to beat and mangle the prostrate negro, when Dick stopped them with a word.

"Look here, boys." The devil's delight is up at St. Mary street, and we must be busy while the fun lasts. Four of you go to the end of the alley, and take care of the cab; two of you guard the front door, and let the rest remain outside, on the watch, while I go up stairs. When I whistle ALL come. I'll go up and see the old fellow and his gal."

He was implicitly obeyed. Four of the Killers hastened through the back door; two remained in the bar-room, and the rest went out into the Court. Pausing for a moment ere he ascended the dark stairway Dick Hellfire wiped from his hands the blood which he had received in the conflict, near the California House, for he had been in the thickest of the fight. Then casting a glance toward the prostrate form of the negro stretched behind the bar, his forehead covered with

blood, Dick crept up the stairs and placed his ear against the door at the head of the flight. All was still within. Dick pushed open the door and entered. By the light of a candle, Mr. Jacob Chester, hat and overcoat thrown aside, was contemplating the form of the insensible girl, who was stretched upon a miserable bed. Her hair fell in disorder about her neck; her eyes were closed and her lips parted; she looked extremely beautiful, but it was a beauty like death. And over her, his bald head shining in the light, stood the aged sinner, his eyes fixed upon his unconscious victim, and his mouth parting in a salacious grin. The noble form of the poor girl was stretched before him—in his power,—in a few hours she would be safe within his mansion near Gray's Ferry. Thus occupied he had not heard the opening of the door, nor was he aware of the presence of Dick, until that personage laid a hand upon his arm, saying mildly,

“How d'ye do father.”

The surprise of Mr. Jacob Chester may be imagined. Turning he beheld the stalwart figure, clad in rags, which were stained with blood. The cap drawn over the brow concealed the upper part of the whiskered face. Mr. Jacob could not believe his eyes. He started as though he had received a musket shot.

Dick removed his cap.

“I heard that having become aware of my return from Havana, you put a police officer on my track. Here I am. Now what do you want with me?”

Mr. Jacob Chester grew pale; he could not speak. He gazed at Dick Hellfire, otherwise known as Charles Anderson Chester, with eyes that seemed about to fall from their sockets.

“Come father, it really won't do. You must really give me that belt about your waist, or I'll have to be cross with you. I've been in rough scenes since you kicked me out of the store, and am not disposed to stand on trifles. Strip!”

Mr. Jacob Chester unbuttoned his vest, and took from beneath his shirt a leather belt, which to all appearance, contained a considerable amount in specie.

“It's all I have in the world. Take that and I'm a beggar,” he faltered. Charles took the belt, unlocked it, and having ascertained that it contained gold and bank notes, he locked it again and fastened it about his waist. As for the old man he watched his movements with a stupified gaze.

“Now I'll just wake the girl and leave you to your meditations,” said Dick *alias* Charles, and approaching the bed, he laid his hand upon the hand of Ophelia Thompson. He started as he encountered the touch of that hand. Again he seized it, and dropped it, as though its contact had filled him with

inexpressible terror. When he turned his face towards the old man, it was lived with horror.

"By G—d, old man you're worse than I thought you was!" he cried, and staggered to the door, leaving Mr. Jacob Chester alone with the dead girl. She had been killed by the chloroform.



CHAPTER IX.

The Stab—Black Herkles at bay—The Killers take signal vengeance—The figure on the house top—The double death.

DESCENDING the stairway, he felt the belt which encircled his waist, in order to assure himself that it was safe, and was passing into the bar-room, when he received a violent blow upon the breast. He never lived to know the cause of that blow. For a large knife had sunk to the hilt in his left breast; he was stabbed to the heart, he uttered one groan and fell a dead man. And over him, triumphant and chuckling stood Black Herkles, the knife dripping in his hand. He wiped the blood from his mangled brow, and stamped upon the dead body, in the extremity of his rage.

The cause of the scene is readily explained. An alarm at the corner of the street and court, had summoned the Killers from the scene, but a moment after Charles ascended the stairs. Neglecting their posts, they had hurried to join in the affray at the street corner. They were only absent a few moments. During their absence the negro had recovered from the effects of the blow, and seizing a knife, waited for Charles, as he heard him descending the stairs.

When the comrades of "Dick" alias "Charles" returned they found the negroes standing in one corner, the bloody knife in his right hand, and his foot planted upon the breast of the dead man.

"Come on you dam Killers," he bawled,— "I've stuck your bully, and I'm ready for de wust of you!"

The surprise of the Killers may be imagined. It was not their intention to fight the infuriated negro. Whispering together, they retreated from the room, half of their number went round to the back of the groggery, while the other half watched the front of the door. That door and the back door together with the windows, they closed, fastened and nailed; sending one of their number to the corner of Sixth and Mary for reinforcements. In less than fifteen minutes the groggery was in a blaze, and by the flames, the faces of a thousand combatants were visible. The riot had swelled like a wave from the corner of Sixth and Mary to the court, at the corner

of which was situated the groggery of Black Herkles. And when the firemen attempted to play upon the burning pile, they were beaten back, shot and maimed by the rioters, among the most demoniac of whom, were the comrades of Charles Anderson Chester. A sound came from the burning house; it was the yell of the negro imprisoned in the flames.

“There’s a man in that house,” roared twenty voices.

“Let him burn,” answered the Killers.

The contest was renewed; negroes and whites were fighting in the narrow court, and the flames, mounting to the roof, began to communicate with the adjoining huts. In the midst of the scene, a dark and gigantic figure, appeared on the roof of the groggery, environed by flames, and bearing the form of a woman in his arms. A yell of horror from a thousand voices, was heard at the sight. He stood there for a moment, and then the roof fell beneath him, and his burden fell like lead upon the pavement.

It was the dead body of Ophelia Thompson.

As the crowd gave way, one shuddering pervaded every heart, two figures, hastening from opposite directions approached the corpse.

One was the mother of the dead girl; and the other an old man, whose apparel was burnt to cinder, while his face was horribly marked by the ravages of fire. It was Mr. Jacob Chester, who had escaped through the back window, in time to save his life, though his face was horribly deformed. He and the old woman, formed the centre of the crowd, and looked in silence into the face of the dead girl.



CHAPTER X.

The killed, wounded and arrested.

The riot continued throughout election night. At 6 o’clock, on the ensuing morning the military assembled in force in Independence Square under command of Gen. Patterson and Col. Bohlen. Their approach to the ground, became known, and the Killers, rendered cowardly by the death of their leader, slunk to their den. The following is a list of the killed and wounded:—

KILLED.—Charles Himmelmwright, white, shot through the head.

Colored man, unknown, at the hospital.

Ophelia Thompson, white.

WOUNDED.—Mrs. Smith, residing in Sixth street, above South, shot through the head.

Charles Westerhood, residing near the corner 13th and Race streets, thigh fractured by a ball.

Jeremiah M'Shane, shot in the temple, not expected to live.

Jacob Chester, burnt.

Wm. Coleman, shot in the thigh and leg.

Charles Shearer, shot in the leg.

Edward Matthews, shot in two places, the breast and ribs, mortally wounded.

Geo. Williams, shot in the breast.

Augustus Green, shot in the hand and leg.

John Hall, wounded in the neck and arm.

R. Rundel, colored, wounded in the last riot this morning.

Chas. Anderson, colored, shot in the thigh and arm, in the last conflict.

Here are only a part however of the killed and wounded.

The following persons were arrested: George Hosey, a powerful negro, formerly a dog-catcher. He was arrested after a powerful resistance: Wm. Shinkle; James Murphy; John McVey; Daniel Roberts; John Thompson; James Devine; Wm. Jones; John Fritzimmons; Joseph Walker; Alex. Cambry; Wm. Simpson; Frank. C. Riley; James Jones; and Jacob Chester, all white. Also Alex. Wilson, Jacob Perkins, coloured.

Thus ended one of the most terrible riots which ever disgraced a civilized city. The facts in the preceding narrative are based upon the written statements of James Jones, now a convict in the Penitentiary and the admissions of Mr. Jacob Chester, who did not long survive the wounds which he received on election night. James Jones is penitent, and states that he was thrown into the matter by Charles Chester, the leader of the Killers.

As for Charles, his body was found the second day of the riot, amid the cinders of the demolished groggery. The belt of money about his waist, although scorched by the flame was not altogether destroyed. It fell into the hands of a worthy police officer, who would have kept it to himself had he not been obliged to buy himself out of the hands of justice.

The funerals of the victims of the riot were attended by a vast body of citizens, particularly that of the brave Charles Himmelwright, who so nobly fell in the discharge of his duty, shot by the murderous pistols of the Killers.

That terrible body of outlaws still exists in a broken state, and no one knows how soon their misdeeds may again shock the moral sense of the world. The youth of our land should learn wisdom from the fate of Charles Anderson Chester, the
LEADER OF THE KILLERS.



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