

CONFESSION

of

RICHARD H. SHUCK,

A Member Of The

Owen and Henry County Marauders,

Of The

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Written by Jesse Fears.

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C O N F E S S I O N .

The author of this confession and exposure of a band of marauders located in and near the little town of Lockport, on the Kentucky river, is a native of Henry county, Kentucky.

I was born in the year 1851. My parents, though possessed of but a limited education, were honest and frugal, and obtained the comforts of life by industry and perserverance, on the small farm on which they have resided for many years. Unfortunately, but few of the qualities that prompted them in their course through life seemed to descend to their son. At an early age I showed that I far excelled all the rest of the family in a peculiar low cunning, especially in the faculty of invention, which enabled me to have a story ready for any emergency.

Being guilty of many acts of disobedience, I was sharply reprimanded by my parents, and often received the lash. At an early age the remarkable talent for living without work seemed to overbalance all others, and I resolved that, when freed from the control of my parents, I would adopt some mode of obtaining a support other than digging it out of the ground.

Time passed slowly away, bringing me nearer and nearer manhood. Temptation after temptation presented itself, and I often engaged in the evils practiced by the gambler and visitor of drunken hovels, regardless of the constant rebukings and warnings of my parents to shun bad company, as a persistence in such practices would result in my ruin. But I was incredulous, and gave but little heed to their appeals; and now, with a heart ready to overflow with sorrow, I acknowledge their predictions verified. Disobedience to my father

and mother is the parent stem from which spring all the crimes I have committed, or been associated with others in committing. Had I given heed to their persuasions and advice, I would have escaped the untimely and ignominious death that now awaits me; the consummation of which will render the remainder of their days a burden, and bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

About the time I arrived at manhood, the notorious Ku-Klux came into notice in my neighborhood. It being an institution that invited all grades of persons into its ranks, an opportunity was soon afforded me to become a member. I joined them in the year 1871, but had little to do with their raids, excusing myself on account of the health of my wife, to whom I was married during the same year. This was an eventful year of my life. It was in this year that, by accident, I became associated with the band heretofore spoken of. Being out squirrel hunting on Six-Mile Creek, I suddenly came upon Joseph Goodrich and Robert Goodrich, who were about completing the murder of a peddler, the name of whom I cannot tell. It was the first murder I had ever witnessed, and it made me shudder and the blood to almost chill in my veins. I asked them what was the matter, or what had happened. They replied, it was none of my business, and ordered me to get away from there damned quick, which order was immediately obeyed; but desiring to see the termination of the act, and to learn the cause of the murder, I crept round on the hillside near them, but concealed from their sight, to a point commanding a full view of their work. I watched their manoeuvres; saw them dispose of the body by throwing it into a ravine, and then secrete his goods in a hollow log. I then started for home, and passing near the copse where the murder was committed, I came upon the same parties again. The first thought that entered my mind, on meeting them again, was that they would take my life, in order to prevent me exposing them. But they had no weapons

except an axe, and I resolved to use my gun for protection. They spoke to me friendly, and said: "Dick, we are good friends of yours, and if you wish to escape trouble, you must become a member of our band. We killed that peddler for his money; and we will give you twenty-five dollars now, and if you divulge anything we have told, or that you have seen us do, your life will pay the forfeit." They told me when I was ready to be sworn in to let them know and they would have it attended to. I accepted the proffered twenty-five dollars, promised secrecy, and started for home. I went directly home; remained there some time; but nothing seemed to enter my mind but the scene that I had just witnessed.

I thought of the dangers attending the situation in which I then stood, and the probable dangers to which I would be exposed after becoming a member of such a band; and the more I thought about it, the more fearful I became. It seemed that I had lost my natural mind. Imaginary fear took full possession of me, and I said to my wife that I did not feel like staying at home that night, and if she was willing, we would go to a neighbor's and stay. She consented, and we made the necessary preparations and started. On the way I told my wife what had happened, and the threats the Goodrichs had made against me if I divulged it. She was surprised to hear it, but told me to never say anything about it, as they would certainly kill me if I did. A long and weary night was passed, during which my sleep was broken and interrupted by the cries and appeals for mercy of him who had met an untimely death. I tried every means for some time to control my feelings, and to rid myself of contemplating the danger to which I was exposed, by being cognizant of the murder, and the parties that perpetrated it; but nothing seemed to quiet me, and I resolved to leave the neighborhood.

I went to Eminence, Henry county, rented a house, and moved immediately; but I had not been there long before Jos. Goodrich visited me, and told me he knew I had left his neighborhood through fear; and if I would return and become a member of their band, I would not be molested, and I could make money by doing so. I consented; went down and was sworn in by their chief, and immediately made preparations to move on my father's farm.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance of the peddler was the general talk of the surrounding country. The supposition was that he had been murdered by the Ku-Klux, which was gratifying to the Goodrichs. The facts connected with the murder, as related to me by Robert Goodrich, after I became a member of the band, are as follows: He stated that they were clearing some land near the creek, the name of which has already been given, and saw the peddler at a distance coming down the road. They immediately resolved to kill him, if he seemed to have any money. They started for the road on which he was traveling with an axe to do the work, but by a route that hid them from his sight. The plan agreed upon to draw from him some information relative to the amount of means in his possession was to introduce the subject of Ku-Kluxry, and the depredations committed by them; and if it drew from him the desired information, they were to carelessly walk along with him to near the entrance of a certain thicket, and then ask to purchase some of his goods. Bob said the plan acted like a charm. After being told of some of the depredations done by the Ku-Klux, the peddler remarked that he would not like to meet them in his present situation, from which it was evident that he had money. They were then nearing the place sought for as a suitable point to carry their plans into effect. Joe asked him what he was peddling. He replied that he had a variety of articles. Telling him they would like to purchase some things, he found a convenient place to sit down on a

log, which was near the edge of the copse spoken of above, and began to unfold his goods. Joe got his attention closely directed to the sale of some article, while Bob carelessly stepped to his rear and prepared to strike him with the axe, dealing him a blow that served only to stun him. He threw up his hands and implored for mercy, beseeching them to take all he had, but to spare his life for the sake of his wife and children. A second blow was dealt him, which had the desired effect -- mashing his skull, and causing instant death. They hastily carried the body to the ravine near the centre of the thicket, searched his pockets, and obtained three hundred and seventy-two dollars. They hid the goods, and after the mysterious disappearance ceased to be talked about, used them in their families.

Such was the murder of an unsuspecting man; and, to eternal disgrace of American justice, neither of the perpetrators has yet been punished; but the vengeance of heaven will not spare them. The crime was committed in daylight, under a clear sky and a bright October sun. The weather was pleasant, and the leaves were yet hanging on the trees, but had begun to assume the hue that saddens the feelings of the natural man at the recession of summer; with now and then one loosing its hold of the parent stem and slowly gliding to the earth, seeming to announce the awe of the Maker of heaven and earth that the workmanship of his hands could become so utterly void of humanity as to commit deeds at which the demons of hell would revolt.

I have given you the facts, as near as I can remember, that made me a member of this notorious band. From that time I became reckless, not caring what I did so I could evade the law. The drinking-saloon and the card-table were my constant resorts, depending almost entirely on the means accumulated by robbery and murder for a support; resorting to labor only enough to keep the people from suspecting that I was obtaining a living by theft or robbery.

My father, I think, suspected I was acting badly, and often told me he was fearful I would come to some bad end. I would reply: "O hush, Father; do not talk to me now."

Having now given you a brief history of my life from boyhood up to the time of my becoming a member of the band referred to, and the means that caused me to become connected with a murder as replete with atrocity as any now on record, I will try to give you a brief history of the workings of the institution after I became associated with it.

But I know the reader's heart is growing sick at the depicting of this murder committed in cold blood. I will therefore give you some facts relative to its author, and then turn my pen to the relation of one still more daring and heinous.

Robert Goodrich is a native of Henry county, State of Kentucky; is about 35 or 40 years of age; is about 5 feet 7 or 8 inches high; is of fair complexion, with auburn hair, and has something in his appearance that depicts cowardice; but when possessed of power over any one's life, he commits the most inhuman murders without compunction.

MURDER OF JOHN O'NAN.

On Friday night, during the latter part of July or the first of August, 1871, a collection of some ten or twelve, including myself, gathered near Harper's Ferry, where the proposed victim had been decoyed for the purpose of disposing of him, and, after consultation, it was agreed that we would take him to the Kentucky river, kill him, and tie a rock to him and feed him to the fish. This agreed upon, we started on our journey to complete the hellish design. The night was one of unusual darkness, and before we had proceeded far on our way one of the most fearful clouds that ever curtained the heavens began to arise.

But little wind being connected with it, it rose slowly and steadily, and every moment seemed to grow darker, until nothing could be seen save the flashes of lightning that so vividly lit the heavens, followed by peal after another of thunder that seemed to be speaking the disapproval of the choir of heaven, in tones that were truly appalling; so much so, that any other than heaven-daring demons would have relented, gave up their purpose, and sought safety in some secluded place, where they might have asked pardon at the hands of Him who seeth all things. But nothing daunted, having our brains well charged by whisky, we feared nothing, but pressed on to complete the mission for which we started. Having arrived at the destined place, preparation for the completion of the work began. The night was so dark we had some difficulty in finding a suitable rock for the purpose; and how to obtain a rope, not having brought one, was another perplexity. But we soon found one; and now for dispatching the victim. How should it be done was then the question. Should he be killed by a lick, or should he be shot? At that juncture some of the party said: "Shoot the damned son-of-a-bitch, and make quick work of it." At that moment flash went a pistol; but the shot was not aimed right, and struck him on the arm and broke it. Then began the most touching implorings that ever I heard fall from the lips of man to spare his life. He begged that if we could not spare his life to give him time to pray. This was only answered, "Damn you, there is no time for praying now."

It was then concluded, that as the shot had not killed him they would put him into the river alive. The rock being already tied to the rope, it was speedily lashed around his neck, and he was roughly hauled into the boat and carried to as near the centre of the river as could be guessed, and plunged headlong into it. His last words were appeals to us for mercy, and that we ought to give him time to pray. He sank suddenly, and the rising bubbles seemed to cry to God for mercy.

This crime was perpetrated by some, the names of whom I do not now remember. Some of the band of which I had lately become a member were officiating, and I think that Jackson Simmons, David Carter, assisted by myself, were the ones that put him in the river. Our work being completed, we started for our homes. The clouds had broken, with now and then a star peeping from the clear spots in the sky, whose dazzling brightness seemed to bespeak our guilt. The wind that was whistling through the forest appeared to be telling in more than audible accents the disapproval of heaven, and sealing us as demons not fit to be the associates of the damned in hell. But I know the reader is weary. I will therefore direct his attention to something that will perhaps get his mind in a measure suited to listen to the revolting scenes of a murderer's life.

On Saturday, during the month of August, in the year 1871, there being a number of the Ku-Klux at Lockport, Henry county, and, as was their custom, imbibing freely of intoxicating liquor, it was decided that something must be done the ensuing night. What should it be? Many ideas were advanced before the final conclusion was reached. There lived a man in the Six-Mile Hills who was indolent and addicted to drunkenness, giving his family but little of his attention, and of which they greatly stood in need. We concluded that we would wait upon him that night, and see what he had to say. The place for meeting agreed upon, we all left for home, made ready, and met according to arrangement. We took up our march for the place designated, having no detentions on the way save that of stopping a few times to assuage our thirst with a little Old Bourbon made in Owen county. We soon arrived at the place, found the family at home but asleep. The door was easy to enter, being fastened with an old-fashioned wooden latch raised by a string. We entered, walked quietly to the bed, and caught him by the nose to raise him. The sudden checking of his breath, and the hasty manner in which we brought him to a sitting posture, alarmed him so

desperately that he roared for help. We placed our hands over his mouth and told him he must not halloo. He then began to beg, and asked us if we were going to kill him. We told him no, that we were only going to paint his back a little. He wished to know what for, as he had been quiet in his neighborhood. We told him he had been a little too quiet in some respects; we wanted him to be more active; it would be good for his health. We wanted him to go to work and earn something with which to feed and clothe his family. In the meantime his wife had gotten up and was mad and becoming abusive. We told her to be quiet, or we would paint her a little too, which brought her to a stand-still.

We escorted the man about twenty or thirty yards from the house and began to strip him. He implored us not to lash him; that he would certainly go to work and do his duty if we would excuse him that time. We told him his promises were reasonable, but we thought a little trimming would buoy him up a little, and cause him not to give us any more trouble. We had prepared some willows for the purpose. We appointed two to hold him, while another did the whipping. The work began, with the understanding that it should not be severe. It was soon completed, and we retired, leaving him to soliloquize upon what should be his future course of life. The chastisement had a good effect, causing him to quit the tippling-shops and give himself to industry, which was the means of causing him to prosper. The Ku-Klux did some good acts, but overbalanced their good ones with some too damnable to be countenanced by the heathen.

MURDER ON SIX-MILE.

I presume the reader's mind has, by the relation of the preceding, become sufficiently composed to hear the relation of another of the deeds of atrocity in which the author of this confession assisted. During the year 1872, I think, I was at Louisville, in company with Robert Goodrich, Jackson Simmons, and David Carter, three of the band

of which I was a member, and there fell in company with a gentleman who had been transacting some business for his widowed sister with the Government, and had drawn a considerable amount of money, and was then on his way to pay the same to her. This was just such information as we were waiting for and seeking. We put our wits to work to devise a plan by which we could obtain it and escape detection. To rob him in the city would be a risk that would probably result in our detection; consequently the work must be done at some other point. Knowing that it was his design to come up on the train the following morning, and if he did, there would be but little chance for such work from the depot to his home in daytime, we proposed to him to remain until evening, and we would all go together. Being his acquaintances he readily consented, and remained. That much accomplished, we then fixed our plans as opportunity offered so as not to excite his suspicion. The usual time of the arrival of the train at Pleasureville, at which point we expected to get off, was about four o'clock in the evening, and the distance from that point to the home of this man was some eight or nine miles, entirely on the public road; but we, being afoot, would bring dark upon us before we could reach Six-Mile Creek. We therefore planned our work in the following manner: On the southeast side of the said creek, and near the side of the road where we had to pass, was a noted cavern, and that was the place selected to accomplish our design. We landed at the depot at the usual hour, disembarked, and started on our journey. Having a good supply of whisky, we drank and traveled slowly, night coming upon us before we reached the creek. Now to rob him and let him escape with his life would not do, as he was acquainted with us all, and would certainly have us arrested; so it was determined to kill him, and cast his body, satchel, and all except his money, into the cavern, which was to be done in the following manner: When we came near this cave we were to feign that we heard

something in it, and get him to looking down into it, and while he was in that act shoot him, rifle his pockets, and get away quickly.

The plan was complete, and worked as we anticipated it would. Arriving at the cave, we made a sudden halt as if surprised, and remarked that we heard something in it, which drew the attention of all, and some of the boys said, "Let's look in it;" and so we marched up to it, accompanied by this man, and while he was in a stooping posture, Jackson Simmons, being by his side, slyly placed a pistol near the rear of his head and killed him dead at a single fire; after which his pockets were hastily relieved of all that was valuable, and the body, with his valise, were cast headlong into the yawning abyss. It fell with a crash that echoed back, and inspired an awe that would have made the blood run chill of any but such as had had their consciences seared by the repetition of crime. Of such men were the few who had launched another of their fellow-men into eternity without a moment's warning, and while, as he thought, in the company of his friends. Having completed the well-planned work, we set out for home. The night was clear and unusually calm. The stars seemed to shine with more than usual brightness. Naught could be heard but the bark of the sleepless watch-dog which saluted our ears with its familiar sound. And the owls and night-hawks seemed to be unusually full of glee, saluting our ears with "Wa-o-o" and chantings that spoke in tones of solemnity the disapproval of heaven. But being accustomed to imbruing our hands in our fellow-man's blood, we even dared the very hosts of our Maker, and frowned at the dire punishment which is to be awarded the wicked as being a farce and wholly untrue; harboring the unreasonable notion that there is nothing of man after he closes his career on the present earth; and the one that lives the easiest, no matter how he procures the means, enjoys the most happiness. But ah! my thoughts have changed, which will be fully set forth in another chapter.

Having given the reader as near as practicable a true delineation of the murders committed during the years 1871 and 1872, in connection with some other incidents suitable to amuse and draw his mind from the horrid reflections that must certainly characterize it at the rehearsal of such daring and damning deeds of inhumanity as the three just described, I will call his attention to one even more dire, and one that will throw a stigma on Henry county that nothing but the stream of time can erase or wash away.

MURDER OF THE SON OF JOHN JAMES.

Between Lockport and Hardin's Bottom -- the two places being about six miles apart -- meanders a small rivulet, running almost directly east, and flowing from the west. At the season when the crime was committed the scenes presented along its shores were exceedingly picturesque. The trees, with leaves almost full size, and myriads of flowers with variegated tints, would seem to direct the mind of man from everything that had the least semblance of sin, and cause the emotions of his heart to exult in thanks to an all-wise Creator who had made them, and placed him as a sojourner in their midst, and blessed him with the gifts requisite for their enjoyment. Let us carry the reader's mind a little nearer the scene to which I propose directing him.

At or near the source of this little stream lived a man who, though not possessing the industry and perseverance that should characterize one who proposes to get his living by the sweat of his brow, yet lived in a frugal and quiet manner. Having been married the second time, and his second wife not filling the place of a stepmother as she should, in a Christian point of view, the son of the first wife, being some seventeen years of age, felt unwilling to bear the impositions of the stepmother, and resolved to run away. Being destitute of means by which to defray expenses, he disclosed his designs to Robert Goodrich,

David Carter, and Jackson Simmons, two of whom were brothers-in-law to his father. They were cognizant of the fact that the father of the boy was the possessor of fifty-six dollars, and induced him to steal the same from his father. They promised to assist him in making his escape. The boy consented, and knowing the money was deposited in a bureau drawer, sought an opportunity to get it, which soon presented itself. He thought it would be too bad to rob his father of the whole amount, and therefore only took fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents, and started immediately to seek the company of those that were destined to be his murderers. Finding them at the appointed place, he told them he was ready. They told him they would see him safe to a point that would prevent his father overtaking him, and immediately made preparations to start. It was then dusk or twilight in the evening.

Having decided upon a plan during his absence, they set off to make a boy only seventeen years of age the victim of an untimely death, he having not the least apprehension of his destined fate. The route selected was along the public road, which traversed the meanderings of the little stream before spoken of, until near its source. Here they left the stream, and ascending the hill to its summit, a few moments' travel brought them to the place selected to do the deed. The route was now along a narrow ridge, on which was a road used principally for neighborhood purposes, inclosed on each side by a dense forest. Skirting the edge of the forest, they soon reached a place well adapted to the wishes of men who were wont to commit deeds of atrocity such as was now meditated.

But I hasten to the scene, for I know the reader's mind is becoming anxious. We arrived at the point chosen, and it being understood that we would shoot him and make sure work of it, Robert stepped one pace in his rear, made ready to accomplish the hellish purpose, and at a suitable point, he being at rather quick step for a walk, the shot

was discharged, and the youth fell upon his face and died without a groan. The sound echoed through the surrounding hollows with a solemnity that would have brought terror to the hearts of any other than such as were led captive by the wiles of the devil, and prompted by a spirit that bid defiance to the retributions of eternity. On examining his pockets, imagine our chagrin at finding but fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents, when we expected to get fifty-six dollars. Had we known that he possessed but that amount, he might have escaped; but it was our sworn motto to not let a chance escape in which there was any money. We could hardly believe that we were deceived, and searched every part of his person and clothing. After carrying him some distance from the road, and finding no more, we hastily placed his body in a sink-hole, which was sufficient to hide him from the passers-by, threw some leaves over its entrance, and started for our homes.

The night was calm, with a clear-star-lit sky, beaming forth with, seemingly, more than ordinary splendor, and which seemed to tell of the utter astonishment of the heavenly hosts, that man could become so utterly reckless and destitute of morality as to commit such barbarous and unprovoked murders for the pitiful sum of fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents. Can it be that the good citizens of Henry county, in the old State of Kentucky, with her boasted chivalry, will, after the disclosure of these facts, though given by one who is soon to be suspended between the heaven and the earth to make restitution for his crimes, suffer such characters as the ones engaged in this terrible deed to remain unmolested in the community. But I will not trouble the reader with a further recital of this case, as my heart has grown heavy with thoughts that have crowded upon my mind during its rehearsal. I know he is weary, and feels like seeking the associations of the good, in order to relieve his heart of the pangs which the above recital has inflicted.

On the bank of the Kentucky river is situated a little village of Lockport, in which resided a few of the Ku-Klux party, who thought that the very appearance of masked men would cause common citizens to succumb to their demands, be they what they might, without resentment. The past season having been productive of abundance of fruit, some eight or ten of the boys concluded to visit the overseer on Brown's farm, which lay opposite the little town, carry some sacks, and demand a supply of apples. Preparations being made, they set out on their journey to have a little fun, as they thought, and to return with the apples. They arrived at the destined place, found the man at home, but not yet retired to his bed. They called upon him and made their demands; but he, being one that could not be intimidated at every little thing that came in his way, tried to reason the case with them, and induce them to believe that the apples were the property of another person, and that he would be held accountable for the disposition of them. But the boys, not willing to take a refusal, ordered him to come out and comply with their demands, or they would force him to do so. This was more than a brave man was willing to bear. He seized a double-barreled shot-gun that stood near the door, well charged with bird shot, and made rather a circular fire at the company, which so alarmed them that they scattered and made for the river, where they had left their boats. Some of them were so badly scared they missed their boats, and ran pell-mell into the river. This incident will show the utter cowardice that pervaded the Ku-Klux party, even when taking advantage of unarmed and unsuspecting persons. But I will change the scene, and return to the relation of some other acts committed by me and the band with which I was most intimately connected.

ROBBERY OF BAER.

Along the banks of the beautiful Kentucky river, and leading from the lead mines on said river, runs the county road, which, for a

space of about two miles, commencing one mile below said mines, is skirted by a dense forest, with here and there a notch through which you get a glimpse of a farm on the opposite side of the river, or a view of the waters as they flow along its channel. This uninhabited waste was chosen as a suitable point for the robbery of a wool-trader named Baer, from Madison, Indiana. Robert Goodrich, Jos. Goodrich, and Jackson Simmons were in Lockport at the same time with the trader, in the month of April, 1874. Having obtained information relative to his business, and where he intended to travel on that day, they immediately arranged a plan to relieve him of whatsoever means he possessed. Ascertaining that he was going down the river by the route before described, they decided to intercept him on the lonely portion of the road spoken of above. They disguised their person so as to escape recognition by Baer, with the intention of robbing him and letting him escape with his life, if it could be done without attracting the attention of persons occupying the farms on the opposite side of the river. They hastened to the place designated, and selected a suitable point for their operations. They secreted themselves in a thick copse, and awaited the arrival of their victim. Time passed slowly, until at length, through the small openings in the undergrowth, they saw him come into sight, traveling with that alacrity and vigor characteristic of the German people. When he reached the point selected, they suddenly sprang from their hiding-place, knocked him down, searched his pockets, and found seventy-two dollars and a gold watch -- a watch that was known by many citizens in Lockport and the surrounding country. This fact being known to Robert Goodrich, so enraged him, because he could not possess himself of it and escape detection, that he threw it upon the ground and stamped upon it. He then gathered it up and handed it to the owner, saying: "There, take the damned thing; it will not do you any good in the future." They then quickly entered the woods, leaving him to wonder who were his assailants.

These facts were made known to me by Robert Goodrich, who said that "The d---d fool was so badly scared that he could hardly keep his mouth closed, and I came very near shooting him and leaving him a prey to the buzzards."

I know the reader is somewhat disappointed in not finding the above robbery end in murder, after reading what I have heretofore said in regard to the parties engaged in it. The writer must himself confess astonishment that they should let one escape with life who was able to pay them seventy-two dollars, when they could venture to take the life of a boy only seventeen years old for the paltry sum of fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents.

ROBBERY OF A PEDDLER.

I will now direct the reader's attention to a point a little higher up the river, and give the details of a robbery committed by myself, Robert Goodrich, Joseph Goodrich, and David Carter, on the road leading from Lockport to Gratz, and almost in the suburbs of the little town just named. This was one of the most daring adventures of my life, being done in daylight; but it had to be done then, or the chance would be lost. Knowing that our victim was going to take that route, we sought a secluded spot on the road, and, disguising our persons, as was our custom when operating in such business, waited for his approach. This was not long delayed. When he arrived at the point desired, we sprang from our hiding-place, which alarmed him so that he threw up his hands and begged for mercy. We told him to keep quiet, or we would shoot his d---d brains out. We demanded his money. He implored us to let him keep it, as he had a family to support, and was needy. We told him we could not do it, and Robert Goodrich presented a pistol at him, when he quietly surrendered his pocket-book, which we hastily relieved of its contents, and sought our homes in haste. After counting the amount obtained, we found it to be seventy-eight dollars.

This was the second robbery committed by our band upon the persons of men with families at home awaiting their return with the means to procure the necessaries of life. What must have been their grief and surprise to see them return without a dollar, having the last cent torn from them by a party of masked cut-throats, for the sole purpose of gratifying their appetite for intoxicating drink, or to spend in revelry at the saloon or round the card-table, fit haunts for such hell-deserving beings as those engaged in such atrocious murders and robberies?

MURDER OF GALLIGAN

I will now direct the reader's mind to another point on the Kentucky river, and to the perpetration of a crime even more damnable than those already related. About two miles above Lockport empties into the Kentucky river a small brook known by the name of Pot Ripple. Near its junction with the river, and below its mouth, rises from the brink of the river a hill, in height resembling a mountain, and seamed with ledges too precipitous for the foot of man to traverse, with two or three ravines, and water constantly trickling and falling from precipice to precipice, which, when viewed from below, strikes the beholder with awe. Near the bottom of this elevation meanders a bridle-path, used by the citizens of the surrounding country for visiting the little town below. The hill is covered with shrubbery and trees of almost every size and kind, which give it a romantic and picturesque appearance.

Among these wilds, and near the path described, was the point chosen by myself and Robert Goodrich, Samuel Goodrich, David Carter, and Jackson Simmons, for murdering a man from Indiana. I think his name was Galligan, and he was acting as agent for fruit trees. He had been in our vicinity several days. The above named parties were

in Lockport the week succeeding the August election, saw this agent, and learned something about the amount of money he was supposed to have, and also the route he expected to take on leaving there. Having obtained all the information necessary for the arrangement of the plan to accomplish our design, and knowing that he was going by the route called the river route, we left the town, one at a time, to avoid suspicion, and met at the appointed place, which was in one of the ravines in the hill described above, and secure from the sight of anyone that should chance to pass. We waited until the dusk of evening appeared, and then changed our position to near the verge of the road. Our victim soon appeared. On his approach we suddenly stepped from our hiding-place and seized his horse by the bridle. We determined to make quick work. We ordered him to dismount and deliver his pocket-book, which he seemed reluctant to do. Then was the time for Samuel Goodrich to show his hand as a murderer. He drew his pistol and shot him. But one fire was needed. Being in possession of his money, we hastily drew him to the river's edge and cast him in, and then tied a rock to his saddle and threw it in. The amount of money obtained was two hundred and twenty dollars; also a silver watch, which I took to Eminence, in Henry county, and sold to a silversmith. Robert Goodrich kept the horse some time, keeping him concealed, and then made some disposition of him, but I never learned what.

Not long after the commission of this brutal and inhuman murder -- to find the equal of which we must cast our imaginations back to the days of the Crusaders, when the hellish Inquisition was exterminating the Christians, and laying waste their homes and possessions --done, too, just at nightfall, when the sound of voices could be distinctly heard on the farms and at the dwellings on the opposite side of the river -- we sought our homes. The night was calm and the sky clear, studded with an innumerable number of stars, that seemed

to be crowding its canopy to get a gaze at a part of God's workmanship degenerated beneath the level of the brute. We wended our way to the presence of our families, our pockets filled with the means obtained by the sacrifice of the life of one, the mysterious disappearance of whom left many hearts to wonder; yet they entertaining a hope that, like the long lost son, he would again unexpectedly greet them with his presence. But long years have rolled away, and that anxious desire, characteristic of those united by the ties of nature and bonds of relationship, still clings to them. Perhaps a fond mother is from time to time, kneeling at the altar, and pouring out her soul in prayer to God for the protection and final return of her son, with that earnestness of pleading which none but a mother can possess. A sister may be watching and waiting for the return of a brother with that anxiety and solicitude that none but a sister feels. But their suspense will be changed to deep mourning when the sad information greets their ears that their long absent son and brother has falled victim to the Henry county cut-throats, and been ushered into eternity without a moment's warning, and who awaits their coming in a world where the cares of a sinful life will not burden them, and where their union will be final and unbroken.

KU-KLUX DEVILTRY.

As the reader will no doubt expect to hear of some remarkable things done by the Ku-Klux, I will quiet their expectations by telling them that but little was done while I was with them, save the shipping of a negro occasionally, and one or two white men who were indolent and would not provide for their families.

While speaking of the Ku-Klux, I will relate one little thing that occurred during one of our raids. We were returning from visiting some negroes on Flat Creek; and having notice of a certain lady

immediately on our way who kept a very unclean and illy-regulated house, we determined to stop and clean up for her. We were not disappointed in our information relative to the house. We allotted the work in proportion to the number we had in our company. Some were to scour the floor, some the cooking vessels, others the milk vessels, while others were to attend to the washing and cleansing the woman's face, neck and ears. They procured some corn-cobs and commenced the execution of their allotted work. The lady heartily protested, and begged leave to attend to her person herself; but the boys were determined that she should at least once have a clean face and neck. They went to work with their cobs and soon completed their task. In the meantime the other work was progressing, and was soon completed. We then parted with her, leaving her with many good wishes and hope of her future prosperity.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

During the year 1874 a proposition was made to me by two of the Goodrichs and Jackson Simmons to murder William Wainscott, who was then residing in Brown's Bottom, Owen county, near me, to which proposition I refused to accede. I informed them that said Wainscott had brought about eight hundred dollars from the city. They replied, "We will go to him to-night." I told them I would not assist, as I lived so near him. This was early in the morning, and during the day some of the party learned that he had paid all his money out to some man in Gratz. This was the cause of his life being spared. William Wainscott is yet a resident of Owen county, and I have no doubt that he feels thankful that he was at that time the object of God's special providence.

It was during the year 1874 that my wife died. This hurt me worse than anything that ever happened to me. She died happy, imploring me to become a Christian, and try to meet her in heaven. Her appeals

had a good effect upon me, and I resolved to change my course of life; but temptation soon presented itself again, and I yielded, and became reckless, which has, as you see, resulted in my ruin.

MURDER OF PARISH.

Nelson Parish was murdered on the 26th day of July, 1876. It was a beautiful day. The sun shone brilliantly, and there was not a cloud in the sky. About ten days previous to this, Sam Goodrich and Joseph Goodrich had proposed to me to murder Parish, and then take possession of his crop. I refused to do this, and told them I would have nothing to do with it. I told them that Parish was my father-in-law, and I could not be guilty of such a horrible crime as to murder the father of my wife and the grandfather of my little children. They then told me I must get out of that bottom, and stay out of it. From this time on I felt a great uneasiness on account of Parish; and though my oath had bound me not to reveal anything which was said or done by the clan, and I knew they would kill me if I told anything, still I told Parish he was in danger, and begged him to leave, although I did not tell him what the danger was.

On that fatal 26th of July Parish, his son Wesley, and I went into Parish' tobacco patch to work. Parish and I left the patch and went to the house for some water. He asked the time. I went upstairs and looked at my watch in my trunk. It was ten o'clock. I took some apples and went downstairs. Parish and I went to the barn and stayed there five or ten minutes talking. Then I returned to the house and got a lot of clover, which I had cut that morning for my horse. When I again entered the house, Parish was putting on a clean shirt. He brushed his coat, and told me that he was going to Henry county. This was the last I saw of him.

On that morning Parish and I had had a settlement, and he had fallen in my debt \$72, and he had given me a note on Jack Johnson for \$65 as part payment; and he also paid me \$10 in money. The \$5 counterfeit note I had had for some time previous to this, and therefore I did not get it from Parish. Robert Goodrich gave me three counterfeits at one time, and I passed them all but this one. Parish agreed to sell his crop to me for \$250 and leave. I agreed to do it. After Parish left I went to Gratz, arriving there about 11 o'clock, and spent the day there drinking. I concluded to go to Owenton that evening to see if I could sell the Jack Johnson note, for I wanted money to pay Mr. Parish for his crop of tobacco. I passed Jim Kemper's on my way, and arrived there about one hour before sunset, and took supper there. I stayed there about half an hour, and then started for Owenton. I was taken sick on the road, and went into an orchard on the roadside, hitched my horse, sat down and went to sleep. When I woke it was late in the night and my horse was loose. I found him after awhile, and then started on to Owenton, and arrived there between 11 and 12 o'clock that night. On my way I saw the light from a burning building, but did not know at the time it was the school-house, which it turned out to be. The next morning I returned home and heard about the school-house near Gratz being burned, and that the remains of a man had been found in the ashes of the building. I went over there and found a lot of persons collected, one of whom was John Weiser. He called me on one side and told me that Sam Goodrich had done the shooting. He told me that he, Sam Goodrich, and Ben Goodrich, were in Sam Goodrich's tobacco patch at work, Parish came along, and stopped and talked with them awhile, and then they all went to a spring near by to get a drink of water. There Parish and Sam Goodrich got into a quarrel when Sam Goodrich went to his house and got a pistol and came back and shot Parish. Parish was sitting down breaking up little sticks and talking to the others when Sam Goodrich slipped up behind him and shot him in the back of

the head. The spring where the murder took place was in a little ravine about 500 yards from the river, in Brown's bottom. After the murder, they left the body there till night, and then Weiser, Sam Goodrich, and Joe Goodrich carried the body to the school-house -- which was about 300 yards distant, and put it into the house and burned the building. Parish's remains were found to be almost entirely consumed, or so badly disfigured by the flames that he could only be recognized by a couple of teeth that were missing, and an old knife and a pair of suspender buckles.

After the inquest, I started to go home, when I was stopped by one of the crowd and told I was suspected of the crime. I did not feel much apprehension at the time, as I believed the clan would get me out of it, as they were bound to do by their oaths. I was arrested there and taken to Owenton, and had an examining trial before the County Judge. When I was searched they found the Jack Johnson note and a counterfeit five dollar bill, which was identified as having belonged to Parish. This, however, was a mistake, as I before said. Parish never had had this bill, and it had been in my possession for a considerable time. None of the clan appeared in my defense, and I was held over in a bond of \$5,000 which I was unable to give, and consequently had to go to jail. At the fall term of the Owen Criminal Court I was indicted and tried on the charge of murder. The case was hurried through very rapidly. I had no counsel, and no money to employ any, consequently the court appointed counsel to make my defense. Counsel was also employed by some one to assist the Commonwealth's Attorney in the prosecution.

The Jack Johnson note being found in my possession, and the counterfeit five dollar bill, which was identified (wrongfully) as Parish's being also found in my possession, and my late trip to Owenton

that night, were circumstances I could not possibly explain, except by my own testimony, which, of course, was not allowed. The case was submitted to the jury with the evidence all on one side, who retired, and in a very few minutes returned a verdict of guilty, and fixed my punishment at death. Being thus deserted by the clan, who were the only men upon whom I could rely, with the public strongly incensed against me, as nearly everybody seemed to think me guilty, it was thought I would be lynched, and therefore I was sent to the jail at Frankfort to remain until my execution. It is proper here for me to say that this clan were men, none of whom were under the tongue of good repute. Old Jim Simmons, the organizer and chief, is a very bad man and has been noted all his life for his evil deed. He has pretended to be crazy for the last fifteen years and boasted to me that he had merely pretended so in order to deceive the people, and better carry out his villainies.

My case was taken to the Court of Appeals. I did not have money enough to pay the tax on the appeal, which was one dollar, and consequently a subscription was made by several of the lawyers of Frankfort to give me a chance to file the record. The Court of Appeals affirmed the decision of the lower Court, and overruled a petition for rehearing. The jury refused to sign my petition for a commutation of the sentence, the Governor refused to pardon, and I found myself at last a doomed and ruined man.

THE EXECUTION.

On the stepping forth of the prisoner, the cry was heard from the assembled multitude "Here he comes." He was escorted by his minister and Sheriff Gray to the wagon in which he was to take his last ride; and after taking a hasty glance at the surrounding company, started for the gallows escorted by one hundred guards. Arriving at the destined point at ten minutes past one, he ascended the fatal platform and announced

his desire to give the true facts in the Parish murder, as related to him by one of the participants. He said a few words declaring his innocence, when he was interrupted by a heavy fall of rain, and ceased talking. John James then ascended the steps to inquire about the murder of his son. William Smoot was then called for, and came forward, desiring Shuck to correct the mind of the people relative to his being connected with the robbery of a man by the name of Baer, from Madison. Shuck said the report was unfounded; that Robert Goodrich, Joe Goodrich, and Jackson Simmons were guilty of that robbery, as stated to him by Robert Goodrich. The rain was yet pouring in torrents, and the prisoner took refuge under an umbrella with the sheriff and the attending preacher. The rain continued to fall until the time was nearly expired. Shuck then resumed the Parish case, by saying that there were men within the sound of his voice who had sworn falsely against him, and could release him if they would try. One of said witnesses had been honest enough to come and acknowledge he had sworn falsely in his trial. The time then being within eight minutes of expiration, he ceased, and prayer was offered by Brother Humphrey, and then, by request of the prisoner, Mr. Humphrey sang the beautiful hymn: "Oh think of the friends over there;" at the close of which the preacher and sheriff bid him farewell. Shuck said that there were but three persons on earth that he regretted leaving, two of whom were his children, and the other he would not name. When the sound of the axe was heard he begged them not to hang him, for he was innocent of that crime, and when the platform fell, was praying the Lord to have mercy on his soul.

This last appeal from one ready to drop into eternity caused such an excitement in the dense crowd that were gathered around, anxious to hear all he had to say, as to cause them to make a sudden movement toward the stand, creating such an excitement among the guards that they were thrown into proper position by the peremptory commands of the

officers, creating a sudden panic among some two or three hundred persons who were collected inside of an adjoining field and causing them to run pell-mell towards a ravine in their rear for safety.

EVIDENCE.

B. G. Morgan being called, stated: that he knew Parish and Shuck; saw them go to the house together on Wednesday, the 26th of July last, between 10 and 11 o'clock, from the direction of the tobacco patch. They stayed in the house about two minutes; then then came out, Parish in front, and went towards the barn; saw them till they got to the barn, but did not see them afterwards. A few minutes after they got out of my sight I heard a pistol shot in the direction of the place where I afterwards saw blood, and saw weeds and grass broken down. Parish lived two or three hundred yards from my house. I went up to the school-house the next day; found it burned, and saw what looked like human bones in the ashes. I was frightened, and ran down to Wiser's; was astonished; found a knife in the ashes; the one shown me; on the same day before I had Parish's knife in my hands; it was like this; I did not notice any wear on the knife Parish had. Saw teeth out in the remains; don't know which teeth were out; always thought Parish had the two upper front teeth out, and don't know whether they were out on the right or left side; they were not much shorter than the other teeth. Saw Shuck on the next day; he came there and looked at the body, and walked off across the road and sat down on a log; looked depressed and troubled; he got up directly and started to walk off, and Ed Hord told him not to go; he made no further attempt to go. I looked at the body we found there in the ashes. In my judgment they were the remains of Nelson Parish. I went down into the corn-field; found where the weeds were broken down; there was some blood on leaves, and some green flies about; saw new tracks at

the place; examined closely for tracks. This place was at the head of a hollow, under a mulberry bush; the weeds were very tall -- polkberry bushes and others. The school-house is surrounded by woods; is three hundred yards from where the weeds were broken down. Saw a place where it looked like a horse had been hitched up by the fence. Saw horse-tracks at the fence, and the top rails were removed at one end. There was lint on the tops of the rails -- not the lint of the rails, but cotton lint. I thought at the time they were Parish's remains. The remains that we found at the school-house were burned, charred, and, in places, almost consumed. The back part of the skull had crumbled off. It appeared as though one of the sills had been under his head. There was some little flesh on the back of the remains. From the place where I saw crisped boot or shoe heel, with iron tacks in it, to the top of the head, it must have been the remains of a man about six feet tall; and the feet and head were on a line lying crosswise the joists.

Cross-Examined. When Shuck came up to where the school-house was burned and the body was, he did not appear as much agitated or frightened as I did when I first went up there. He turned and walked off, and I turned and ran off. I saw no tracks going toward the road from that place. Examined for weeks, and only found tracks coming to the place from towards the road. I had horses running out in the road there, and they frequently jumped over into Parish's field.

Mrs. Morgan was then called, and stated: I knew Nelson Parish and Richard Shuck. Saw Parish alive the last time between 10 and 11 o'clock on the 26th of July last. Saw him and Richard Shuck go to the house from towards the tobacco patch together. They stayed in the house but a few minutes till they came out, Parish in front, and walked down towards the barn, in direction of tobacco patch. In a few minutes Shuck came back alone and went into the house. Went to the barn again

with something under his arm. Saw him then climb up the ladder and get corn to feed horse. He then came back to the house, stayed only a few minutes, when he passed my house going to Wesley Parish's. He came back in a few minutes; stopped at our yard fence awhile as he passed, and talked to one of the boys. I was on my porch with my husband, who has just testified. Shuck shortly afterwards rode away from Nelson Parish's house.

Cross-examined. Could not tell what the bundle was that Shuck had under his arm when he went from the house to the barn. Could not distinguish it might have been clover. After he and Parish went to the barn together, it was but a few minutes till Shuck went back to the house. As he came back from Wes Parish's he was laughing and joking with the boys at our yard fence; he bowed and spoke to me as he passed.

J. W. Parish was then called, and stated: Shuck and my father came from the field together. I am Nelson Parish's son. Was at home when they came. I didn't stay at home the night before. My mother was away washing. When Shuck and my father came, Shuck went upstairs and opened his trunk, and called down that it was ten o'clock. He kept a pistol in his trunk and a watch also. When he came down he had some apples. Father and Shuck stayed at home only a little while. Shuck said: "Let's go to work." They started off, father in front. Before they started Shuck told me to go to my brother Wesley's and get dinner; that there was nothing cooked at home. When father and Shuck left the house they started down towards the barn. In a few minutes after they left I started off to my brother's. Had got out of the house a short distance, and heard a pistol or gun shot in the direction of where they had been working. I went on to my brother's, and in about a half an hour Shuck came up to my brother Wesley's and told me to tell mother not to come home that night; that pa had gone over to Bethlehem in Henry county, to settle with Dr. Long for some lumber. Shuck told

me he had bought pa's tobacco crop. The knife shown me looks like pa's knife. I don't remember on which side the teeth were out in the jaw of the body. I saw it; there were two teeth shorter than the others. Pa had two teeth broken off; don't know which side they were on; think on the left side. The buckles shown me are the buckles that pa wore; he got the suspenders from Shuck about a year ago. The pistol shown me is Shuck's pistol, and the one he kept in his trunk. The broken teeth in the remains were like those of my father.

Cross-examined. I can't say whether the teeth were out in father's jaw on the right or left side; but they were out on one side or the other. I can't say whether those were the remains of my father or not; there were no features that could be distinguished. I could not tell whether the teeth were burnt, broke, or worn off in the remains.

E. B. Hord was then introduced, and stated: I know Nelson Parish; had known him for a year; lived a miles from him. Saw Shuck Wednesday, 26th of July last, at Leech's (Leitch) Hotel in Gratz, nearly 12 o'clock. He said he had bought Parish's crop of tobacco; and then I asked him if he and Smoot had not bought it in partnership. I knew they had been talking of buying it. He said he had bought it out alone, and that Robert Smoot was not in with him; but he said he expected he would have to rob me of a hand; that he was going to hire Smoot to work for him. I asked him what Parish was going to do. He said he had gone over to Bethlehem, in Henry county, to settle with Dr. Long for some lumber, and was not coming back; I would never see him again. I asked him what he was going to do with his corn. He said that Parish's wife would arrange about that, he supposed; he said he had bought Parish's crop, horse and plows, at two hundred and fifty dollars, and, tapping his side-pocket, said, "I have one hundred of the money here to pay for it, and am going to Owenton to get the balance."

He had some money with him; small change was all I saw. Had some larger bills, but I don't know of what denomination. He took quite a number of drinks at Leech's bar-room. I took one drink with him. He said he was going to Jack Johnson's that evening. I noticed something peculiar about him at Gratz, but it was only that he was getting under the influence of whisky. The next time I saw Shuck he was at the burned school-house on Friday morning. He looked dejected when he came up, and looked and looked at the remains; turned and walked off across the road about twenty feet; sat there on a log for awhile; then got up and started to walk off. He just walked off like any one else would have done. I stopped him and told him he could not go. He asked me why. I told him just because he couldn't; that he was suspicioned of having killed Nelson Parish, and that he couldn't leave. He seemed excited. I kept him in charge till in about half an hour a constable came with a writ. I noticed the remains found there; they were the remains of Nelson Parish. I knew them by the teeth which were broken out. I would have known Nelson Parish's remains had I seen them in the Gulf of Mexico. I noticed teeth, ten in number, out of the body. Parish had two teeth out on the right side, and in same place as those out in the skull. The body was so badly burned that none of the features could be recognized, and it was very much contracted -- not more than four and a half feet long. The jaws were entire. I don't know that I would have taken them for Nelson Parish's remains on any other occasion. From the knife and buckles I would have taken it to be Nelson Parish's remains had I seen it in the Gulf of Mexico. Shuck took two drinks in Gratz in twenty minutes, and he appeared to be getting drunk.

Susan Parish was then introduced: I am the wife of Nelson Parish. Shuck married Mr. Parish's daughter. He had been living there with us and working with Mr. Parish. I saw my husband alive the last time on Wednesday morning, before he disappeared, in last July. When

he and Shuck left to go to work, I told them that I had cooked enough dinner for them. Mr. Parish said that I had better put it in the stove. Shuck was present. I never saw any remains; didn't go to look at them at the school-house. Mr. Parish had two teeth out; it was the two teeth right in front; one was broken off shorter than the other. The knife shown me is the knife which my husband had; I had it in my hand often. Mr. Parish had about twenty-five dollars in his pocket-book. Tuesday evening before I gave him a ten, five, and two dollar bill, four silver half dollars, and I think he had five or six dollars other than that. I have not heard of him alive since the last time I saw him. I know of no reason why he should have left home. The buckles shown me are like the buckles my husband wore on his suspenders.

Cross-examined. My husband and Shuck thought much of each other. I have never heard of any ill-feeling between them. Mr. Parish left me once and stayed away a year; it was on account of lies which he heard that made him go. I went to see him once or twice while he was away from me, in Shelby county.

The evidence through the whole trial is similar to that already written -- all entirely circumstantial.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Having now given the reader a correct account of all the crimes with which I was in anywise connected, or of which I had any knowledge, I now propose giving young men and boys some advice that, if followed, will be beneficial to them, and result in the establishment of a character that will insure the esteem of all good and honest people.

In the first part of this work you have been informed of some of the thoughts of my boyish days; the efforts to accomplish the ends then desired has resulted in my ruin, and being the means of placing me

where I now am - in a loathsome dungeon, loaded with shackles. Oh, reader, let me admonish you to read this book with care and attention. It may serve as a beacon by which you may escape the wretched condition which I am now in - incarcerated in a dungeon, with the images of my murdered fellow-men haunting me day and night, and soon to be taken to the gallows, and there, in the spring season of my life, to be hurled into the presence of an offended God, who cannot look on sin with any allowance, especially upon whose life is more heavily burdened with crime than any other so young.

I have already said that my parents were honest. I wish the reader to know that my mother was a strict member of the Church, and a pious Christian. Often admonishing me with tears in her eyes to cease my evil practices, and be a good boy, reckless as I was and have been, young as I am in years but old in crime, my heart's desire, as one ready to pass into eternity, is, that these lines may be a warning to the youth of the country and if they are the means of reclaiming one wayward youth from the paths of sin, it will be considered ample compensation for the exertions of your humble writer. Suffer me to admonish you to be obedient to your parents, especially to your mother, who gave you existence, and watched over you in your infancy, and whose soul is wrapped up in your present and future happiness. My young reader, look for a moment on my condition, then look back at the agonizings of a bereft mother, that gave you existence, and has all her life given you the best of counsel, and who would never participate in your guilt, be it what it might: would you then be willing to bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Your answer is, no, as a matter of course. Then let me caution you as to the company you keep. Shun the gambler, the tippler, the profane swearer, and the idle and dissolute of every grade. Young reader, suffer me to say to you that idleness is the parent of vice. If you persist in it, you will be led

from bad to worse, and finally end in utter ruin. Little did I think, at this time last year, that, before the coming of another August, I would have to meet the fate that now awaits. If I had, and had taken warning by reflection, things would have been different today from what they are. Alas! it is too late. The deeds which I have committed in the bloom of my youth have to be atoned for on the scaffold -- requiring my life to pay the debt. It seems incredible that one of my age should have assisted in the perpetration of such enormous crimes. Yet it is true, and I must pay for them by being taken from all the enjoyments of this world, chained down in a loathsome dungeon, not to come out until I start to the fatal and awful platform, there to meet an ignominious death.

It seems hard that one should have to part with all his friends and playmates, just after passing the bloom of youth; but I hope my fate will be a warning to the rising generation, and deter them from following my example. I would say, young reader, the only way to avoid it is to shun bad company, abhor bad example, and act honestly toward all persons. Think of my fate, I must soon pass from time to a never-ending eternity: I will not say without hope, for as long as there is life there is a glimmer of hope. However great the sinner, there is still a greater Saviour; and may He have mercy on my soul. Alas! I must very soon be hurled into eternity, and that, too, by a fearful and ignominious death. Oh, young reader, before that time let me warn you against the commission of crime, and of evil habits of all kinds, that you may not have to share the fate which I must soon suffer. Shun this by acting honestly toward all persons, and endeavor to avoid the paths of vice and immorality. By doing so you will gain the love and esteem of all with whom you form an acquaintance. I care not how successful you may be in indulging in evil habits, they will be very sure to render you unhappy. When you get into the company of those whom you know to be honest, you will feel uncomfortable, because your guilt will be

burdensome to you while in their presence.

How different are the innocent. They breathe the air of freedom, the value of which is inexpressable. What is life without freedom? Liberty is one of the greatest blessings vouchsafed to us by an all-wise Benefactor. I desire you, young friends, to appreciate its value without having to be confined inside the walls of a dark and gloomy jail, as I have been, for the past ten or eleven months. I am not speaking from imagination, but from woeful experience. I once enjoyed freedom and innocent life. I have also lived in wickedness and crime, the latter bringing me, as you will soon see, to an early grave -- cutting me off from all the enjoyments of life -- from children, father, mother, brothers and sisters, while almost in the bloom of my youth.

If I had taken the advice which I am this day giving to you, my young friends, I might now have been free as air, and an honor to my relatives; but Alas! instead of that, I leave a stain upon them that probably time can never efface. Young friends, I desire this to be a warning to you, and keep you from being led captive by this world's allurements or the temptations of the wicked; for if you do, you will come to dishonor, and finally to destruction.

I have told you that my present condition is the result of disobedience to parents, and it is unquestionably true. Therefore, let me implore you to be submissive to your parents in all things. By so doing you will insure their and your own happiness. Reflect for a moment what would be more displeasing to a parent than the willful disobedience of a child. Young reader, let me impress upon your mind the importance of the counsel which I am now giving you; for if you take one step toward crime you will soon become hardened to it; so much so that you will not shrink from the commission of any crime, no

matter what its character, and thus you will soon be fitted to share my fate, sad and deplorable as it is. What a heartrending thought, to be cut off in the morning of life, and in the enjoyment of vigorous health! But I have violated the laws of my country, and must suffer the penalty, which I acknowledge is just. It is but natural for any person to try to avoid punishment, even though it be just. Young reader, if all crimes were to go unpunished, our government would soon come to dissolution and relapse into heathenism.

Now, my brothers and sister, these are the dying words of your unfortunate companion. There are some of you old enough to know how to behave yourselves, and I wish you to so act as that your conduct will be an example of morality to your younger brothers and sisters, who are less conscious of right and wrong. There are some of you who are in the habit of profane swearing. Now, the last request of a dying brother is, to quit that practice; for it will lead to greater evils. Do not let this admonition remain unheeded. Let me implore you to try to meet your Saviour in peace. Do not put it off, for you may be called away in the dawn of youth without a moment's warning. Remember that we have no lease on life; consequently do not put it off until it is too late, but seek the Lord while you are young; falter not at the first effort, but persevere.

Now my dear father, mother, brothers and sisters, when you read this I shall be in the cold and silent grave; but oh! forgive a dying son, for the grief brought upon your gray hairs by his recklessness. I cannot say more, but farewell forever, and may God bless you, my dear little children, and brothers and sisters, and prepare you all to meet Him in peace when He shall come to judge the world. This is the prayer of your unworthy but affectionate dying son.

Young men and veterans too,
Give heed to the words I say to you;
And may you to them ever cling,
For they will guide you through a world of sin.

For murder I am now convicted,
And in a dark dungeon bound and weighted,
Where I am compelled to lie
Until the twenty-seventh of July.

And I leave my dungeon berth,
To be consigned to mother earth.
My spirit will then arise to eternal light,
Or sink to endless night.

Come see me meet a youthful end,
With trouble then no more to blend.
I do not fear to die, and fly
To meet my Saviour in the sky.

My sins are great, I do confess,
But my Saviour is all righteousness
Then on His goodness I rely
Now, and when I come to die.

O, welcome death, how sweet thou art,
When I shall no longer feel the smart!
I've three days yet to meditate
Upon the horrors of my fate.

And then my soul must fly
To darkest night or brightest sky;
And there it must forever stay
To wait the fearful judgment day.

Come, stand around me young and bold,
And see me meet death so cold.
My youthful heart is so chaste
I do not fear to meet the Saviour's face.

Young men, receive my admonitions,
And shun all wicked propositions.
Now I must bid you all farewell:
Remember my advice, and it to others tell.

LAWLER'S EULOGY.

To all who may chance to see this document, I wish to present to your favorable consideration ROBERT W. LAWLER, of Frankfort, and JAMES LINEBACK, of Owenton, jailers of said places. While they did their whole duty in regard to my safe custody, yet they treated me with the humanity and kindness that all brave men should bestow upon

a helpless, subdued prisoner, regardless of what his crimes may be; and it is my dying wish that if the vicissitudes of this uncertain life should ever throw them upon the bounty of any of my friends, that they will remember their attention to me, during my forlorn captivity, while under their control, treating me with that kindness and forbearance that a father would extend to a son if placed in a similar condition. I hope all good men will remember and requite their kindness, if it should ever be their privilege.

RICHARD H. SHUCK.

Owenton, July 17, 1877.

MR. LAWLER. Dear Sir: I thank you very kindly for your good treatment whilst I stayed with you. Tell all of your family "howdy" for me, and tell them all goodbye for me. I am agoing to a better world than this. I will soon go home to live always, and I want you all to meet me on the beautiful shore where parting is no more. I will soon be with my dear companion who is now at rest. So no more for this time. Remember me, you and all. Goodbye forever. Love, peace, good will to you all.

RICHARD H. SHUCK.

To Robert W. Lawler, Jailer.

WHAT BECAME OF DICK SHUCK'S HANGING HOOD.

Mrs. Rena L. Yancey, of Glencoe, Ky., sent the story of the hanging hood that shrouded Dick Shuck's face on the day of his execution to Allan Trout's Trotline in the Louisville Courier-Journal. With her permission, part of her story follows. The story was related to her by the widow of Sheriff Thomas Gray, the official hangman. Mrs. Gray was Mrs. Yancey's mother-in-law, and she lived with Mrs. Yancey

from the time of her husband's death in 1907 until her own death in 1937 at the age of 91.

Shuck's confession from the gallows identified a notorious gang that for sixteen years had been terrorizing the Kentucky river country between Frankfort and Carrollton. This confession led to the arrest of four of the gang -- "King Jim" Simmons, the leader; his son-in-law, Bob Goodrich, and two of Bob's brothers, Joe and Sam. Forty days after July 27, 1877, the day Shuck was hung, a mob of citizens stormed the Henry County jail, seized "King Jim" and his three confederates, and hung them from the bridge over Drennon Creek at the edge of New Castle.

The gallows on which Shuck was hanged was built a mile from Owenton on the Gratz pike. On the day of execution a crowd a half mile square was packed around the scaffold, and along the road back to town to the public square. Shortly after noon Shuck, Sheriff Gray, and the Rev. C. M. Humphrey, a Methodist minister, mounted a spring wagon at the jail and started for the place of execution. Armed troops with fixed bayonets forced a passage through the crowd. Shuck sat on top of a coffin for his last ride. They arrived at the scaffold at 12:45, at 12:50 Sheriff Gray read the death warrant. Then Shuck started his confession which was shortly interrupted by a torrential downpour of rain, the awful black storm clouds opened and spilled their fury on the scene of vengeance below. The minister opened his umbrella and Shuck and Sheriff Gray moved under it, and for twenty-five minutes the trio stood there in sheltered but tense silence.

The rain ceased, and at a suggestion from the crowd Sheriff Gray lowered the rope a trifle. He put a black hood over Shuck's face and fitted the noose snugly around his neck. The Sheriff had thought of resigning rather than officiate at the execution, but Shuck

prevailed against that, saying he would rather be hanged by a friend. "Goodbye, Tom" said Shuck. "Farewell, Dick" said Sheriff Gray as he kicked away the first prop, then the second, that supported the death trap. Shuck's body dangled 26 minutes and 45 seconds before they cut it down.

Sheriff Tom Gray lived near the Yancey home on Possum Ridge in Owen County. He knew many unique stories and perhaps the strangest of them all involved Mr. Gray himself. It occurred right after he, as high sheriff, officiated at the hanging of Dick Shuck. This is the story. "As was the custom at legal hangings, they cut Shuck down and laid him in the coffin he had ridden on to the scaffold. Sheriff Gray took the hood off Shuck's face and, not knowing exactly what to do with it, dropped it in the pocket of his raincoat and forgot all about it. A few weeks later, urgent business called him to an isolated section of the county. He donned the raincoat, mounted his horse, and started out around midnight.

By wee hours of the morning he reached a strip of woods near Hallum, noted as a nesting place of hoot owls. The darkness was so intense he had to trust the instinct of his horse for guidance. Suddenly a big tree loomed directly ahead. The horse stopped. A big old hoot owl hooted defiantly: 'Who? Who? Who are you?' Ordinarily Mr. Gray was not afraid of men or beast. But, as he confessed later, the situation seemed too supernatural to suit him. He felt his spine tingle and his hair rise on end. At that moment Mr. Gray reached instinctively for a weapon. As his hand slid into the pocket of his raincoat he felt the death hood of the man he had hanged. The unexpected shock restored his confidence, and he was his old self again. So he spurred his horse forward and stopped directly under where the old owl was perched beside a hole in the tree. Standing in the stirrups, he reached up and dropped Shuck's death hood into the hole.

