

WILLIAM LANSON'S

BOOK OF SATISFACTION:

1. Showing the cause of his situation, since the year 1843.

2. Showing the management and conducting of his house-keeping for the last five years.

3. Showing the good character of his house, by

TO THE PUBLIC.

4. Showing the reason of which the reader must find out for he does not know.

5. Showing that the murder of Paris by Yem-
meh in his house, was without any cause.

NEW HAVEN.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1848.

WILLIAM LANSON

WILLIAM LANSON'S STATEMENT,

1. Showing the cause of his situation, since the year 1843.
2. Showing the management and conducting of his house-keeping, for the last five years.
3. Showing the good character of his house, by the acknowledgments of city officers.
4. Showing that he has been kept in Jail 369 days in the last three years, the reason of which the reader must find out, for he does not know.
5. Showing that the murder of Parkis by Yemans in his house, was without any cause.

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6-Miss Anne S. Pratt (Lb A 2006)

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STATEMENT.

It is well understood by some, that I carried on the Wharf Building and Livery Stable business until 1843, when I had a fall and hurt me to that degree, that I was obliged to give it up, and on account of losses by fire and other ways, I have been obliged to occupy some small places for the purpose of selling clothing and other small notions, to support myself and wife. I have been in the way of getting a place near where the sailors come, because some of them were in my debt. I have been in this business, more or less, for about five years. I did not expect to make much, but was in hopes of making a living, not meaning to infringe on the rules of the city in the least. My family is, and generally has been, small. I should not think, taking the whole five years, that I have averaged more than four in my family.— Up to the 22d of April, 1848, if the police had not troubled me, I should have made a living. When this last misfortune took place, I had paid up my rent to the Friday before, and as far as I had gone endeavored to pay. The next week I meant to have gone into the clothing business altogether.

There have been a great many observations made without the least foundation, but I mean to satisfy the city, and some of the public, that my desire has been not to break the rules of the city, but to keep every thing as orderly as possible. There has not been a fight in any of my housekeeping in the last five years, nor a game of cards played. I did not keep any of

the gay young company, and but very few of any other, and for reference to satisfy, I shall refer you all to call on Mr. Jesse Knevals, one of the city officers, who, as the citizens know, is a very enterprising man. Mr. K. has paid great attention, and often looked and seen for himself, that every house which I have kept for the purpose of selling, for the last five years, was all right, at all times. He generally had several other men with him, and I have known him to call at my house three times in 24 hours.

About two years ago I kept a house on the hill, nearly a mile from the Green, where I did not think of keeping any shop, but he was on the spot, let the wind blow high or low, hail or snow, rain or shine, dark or light, cold or hot, it made no difference with him, he was the most thorough man I ever saw. One night when I kept on the hill, although he had been there the same day, about 1 o'clock at night some one knocked at the front door, I got up and unlocked the door, and in came Mr. Knevals and several others, who took lights and looked all over the house, up stairs and down stairs, and when he left he said every thing was all right, and that was what he had always said before. He made several such night visits over there, when he had several men to guard the outside doors; and in the Potter house, where I kept last, I had Mr. Knevals and his company, and Bromham and his company, and now and then they met together, being nearly a dozen in the whole, making my house look quite respectable. They used to take lights and look all over the chambers and in the closets, and when they came down, Mr. Knevals would say, come Lanson, suppose you unlock your bed-room door, and let us see what is there. I always unlocked it. This and the chamber door, were the only doors with locks, but those officers said that all was right. Mr. Knevals had always found every

thing so for the last five years. He never told me what they were looking for, but sometimes asked me if such and such articles had not been left or sold to me, and if they had I always said so, and got them at once. The last article he took from me was a new coat I had paid six dollars for; that was stolen, and he took it away. I have given up a good many articles that were stolen. When I consider a thing stolen, I notify some officer immediately. There were several taken from my house by my detecting them. Stealing is what I do not hold to. There was a gentleman that lost about sixty dollars, and he notified me, describing the man, and I got over fifty-five dollars and the rogue. I think I might do a good deal in this way for the town, as I have had a pretty good experience in human nature for the last 30 years. But as Mr. Knevals has visited my places day and night, and has not found the least thing against any place I have occupied for the last five years, I hope that the readers and hearers of this will be satisfied that I have kept a better house than could be expected, which you will find to be all true; and if any person or persons are at a loss about it, ask Mr. Knevals. I shall refer the city to all the officers that have been in the way of looking for crimes.

I have something further to state, which will give further satisfaction, that my intentions were to keep as fair a house as I could. And this will show that my friend Knevals spares no pains to attend to his duty. Sometime last January, there was a woman came to my house and wanted work, and my wife being unable to do any thing, and this person was acquainted with the police, and they with her, I told her if I could get their consent she might stay. I did get their consent, and in about three days, in the first of the evening, she fell off from five stairs and broke

her arm, and I got it set, and kept her about six weeks, till she could help a little with one hand. One evening there was some extra company came in about 11 o'clock, which was seldom. They wanted some refreshments, and I was not ready to shut up till about 5 o'clock, this woman setting up and helping me what she could. The house was clear, I thought, and when she went up stairs to bed, I took the padlock off from the chamber door, and left it off, as I had two railroad men up there, who wanted to get away early. About 7 o'clock Mr. Knevals came in and went directly up stairs, as usual, and he found a sailor in bed with this woman; and it appears that this was the great object that those gentlemen and Mr. Knevals had been so long looking for, which is the only crime that Mr. Knevals can say he ever found in any of my housekeeping, in the whole five years. I had been begging Mr. Knevals to take her away for two weeks before, at two or three different times, but could not get an answer. This he cannot deny. This man I knew no more about, than I do those in Canada, which every body knows I should not have left the doors open clear to the street.

The second day after the great deed was committed, in April, 1848, I was up town, and saw Mr. Bromham, the officer, he asked me to call into Esq. Bennet's office, about 4 o'clock, P. M., this was about half past three. I went there about the time, and the Esquire was all ready to proceed. He told me he had got two or three counts against me, when I tried to get permission to get my witnesses, but it was not granted. The Esquire went right forward with his claim. He had two or three witnesses of his acquaintance who appeared to understand it better than I did. Bad house appeared to take the best, and I thought Mr. Knevals was one of the main witnesses, and he was sworn and had to speak against me. He

said it was a bad house, very bad. I had a lawyer, and Mr. Knevals was asked by him, what he knew about my house, and if he would tell? He said he found a sailor man in bed with a woman,—the same old story,—and he had seen a white man about there two or three times, who had sore eyes. Now what happened to the woman and sailor, I knew no more about, than I did that Yemmans was going to strike Mr. Parkisson. Therefore, I see no other crime raised against me by any of the city officers, in the last five years, excepting this old white man, who had sore eyes, made out by Mr. Knevals before Esq. Bennet, last April. I think all the city officers have paid very good attention towards keeping my houses orderly, and I should think Mr. Knevals had taken lights and looked at my house in the night season, more times than I have hairs on the top of my head, and he has always been about so good natured for the last five years. This white man that he described is one of two that came into Mr. Potters, that kept under me, and got their meals, and they slept together up in my chamber about three nights each. Those men were about 45 years old, each, were well clothed for laboring men, very civil, and paid their lodging every night before they went to bed. One of them had sore eyes, but I did not know that such a thing would be brought up against me in court for keeping a bad house, which I consider as the only crime that has been discovered in any of my housekeeping, in the last five years.

I did not intend to keep any of the young gay company, they all went to the two dance houses. I did not board one of them a day last year. That kind of old men was all my custom, unless some happened to come in from one or the other of the dance houses. I hope I may be considered more favorable than was expected. My principle is to do as I would have

others do to me,—a principle I always mean to live by. I am always one thing, and mean about right. I never endeavor to be the author of a quarrel or fight, or tell a willful lie, or play a game of cards, or steal, or secrete stolen property. I prefer to do any one a kindness if I can do it as easy as to do an injury. I defy any one in this city to say that they have seen any thing to the contrary of what I have named, for the last thirty years; or got drunk once in the time. I hope I may be understood; I do not say there has not been a crime committed in any of my house-keeping in the last five years; but I wish to be understood that Mr. Knevals, with all his exertions, nor any other city officer has found any crimes, excepting some one might have come there with something stolen. If there had been crimes found they would have been introduced to Esq. Bennet. I think the city will be satisfied that my intentions have not been very bad. My business, last season, was mostly dealing in clothing. If I have sold a few drinks, I do not feel as if I had committed a crime, for it was so common, that I could stand on Mr. Potter's steps and throw a stone on to 19 places where they sold liquor last April, and think likely that I might find a good many more, where they sell it as public as they do meat and bread. I hope that all will be right, sooner or later and the city satisfied.

NEW HAVEN, OCT. 9TH, 1848.

I have here attempted to describe something of the misfortune that took place at my house one Sunday morning last spring, on the body of C. Parkisson by S. C. Yemmans, and without the least cause whatever. Mr. Parkisson had been at my house about ten days. He was a very mild tempered man, and I never knew those two men to have ten words together at any one time. Mr. P. had been short of money about four days, and he wanted to stop over Sunday, and he had made a bargain with me to exchange shirts. His was a common cotton shirt, and mine was clean and whole; this was on Saturday evening. He went to bed about 9 o'clock, and Sunday morning he went out to walk, and returned about 8 o'clock; as our breakfast was most ready, he took his shirt and went into the entry and had gone up three or four stairs, when this blow was given by S. C. Yemmans. We all thought he had a fit, he bled so much, but his head was hurt so, that the Doctors took out 23 pieces of bone. He lived one hour and a half. This Yemmans had been about my house a part of four days, but did not stay in it but one night to my knowledge; then he slept with me in the first room. His dress and appearance was every way well. I had a house of six rooms. These two men and a woman about 45, and one that used to go out washing, sometimes more than a mile from home. These four persons were all my family during the month of April. My being engaged in this unhappy state, I have composed a few lines in my weak way, for truth, meaning to have them have a bearing on what took place on that Sunday morning.

LINES

Descriptive of the Murder of C. Parkisson.

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM LANSON.

- 1 On the twentieth day of April
 C. Parkisson was slain,
 By Samuel C. Yemmans,
 From the northward did hail.

2 He put up at William Lanson's,
Who never saw him before;
He behaved very properly
Until the four days were o'er.

3 C. Parkisson was an inmate
Of Lanson's that time,
Who lived in New Haven,
In William Potter's saloon.

4 C. Parkisson rose early
And went out to walk,
And when he returned
It was about eight o'clock.

5 This morning being pleasant,
Which was on the Lord's day,
Something past eight o'clock,
And as pleasant as May.

6 He had just then got ready
His shirt to exchange,
And in less than one minute
Struck senseless and dumb.

7 The people that were near,
Supposed he had a fit;
He bled very freely,
And all from his head.

8 C. Yemmans was standing
On the top of the stairs,

And with a big bed-post
All clasped in his hands.

9 And when Mr. Parkisson
Came within his reach,
He was seen for to strike him
With the bed-post, when he fell.

10 This blow was so fatal
That nothing could be done;
Mr. Parkisson was senseless,
And his life almost gone.

11 The Doctors did probe him,
And searched for his wounds;
And they did find in them
Twenty-three pieces of bones.

12 O Samuel C. Yemmans,
O how he did stare,
About four thousand people
Had soon gathered there.

13 This man was surrounded
And fully bound down;
Don't you hear the chains rattle
Which he wears on his hands?

14 When the jury were ready,
Mayor Peck just came in,
He said, William Lanson,
Who saw what was done?

- 15 On this Sunday morning,
 So brilliant and still,
 There was no liquors stirring,
 Nor spoken of by him.
- 16 The four days I saw Yemmans
 He was sober and kind,
 Not disturbed by liquor
 To fracture his mind.
- 17 The Doctors they found
 That his life very short,
 Just eighty-four minutes
 From that pleasant walk.
- 18 Observations may be made,
 But we know not for why;
 There is no one to decide
 But the All-seeing Eye.
- 19 Parkisson was a white man,
 About fifty years of age—
 Had a kind disposition,
 Neither fractious nor bad.
- 20 Yemmans is a white man,
 About forty years of age,
 The four days he was about me
 I saw nothing bad;
 Those two old men boarders,
 Was all that I had.