

Statement of the Prisoner



My name is **Nicholas E. Carr**. I have been residing in the house on Twenty-fourth street about sixteen months. Came here on the 20th February, 1871. I am 59 years of age and was born in England.

Mr. Burnett at this point said to the wounded man:



"Mrs. Carr is dead, and you killed her. You may recover, and then this will become a matter of judicial investigation; and now you are at liberty to make a statement at this time, or you can reserve it for another time, as you see

fit. If you make any statement at all, my advice to you is to make a full one, as the whole statement would have to be introduced if offered at all against you."

The prisoner, then said he would make a full statement from the time he became acquainted with his wife. He desired to make it under oath and said:

I advertised for help, and in that way got acquainted with **my wife** about the year 1844, in the city of New York. She came to work for me for about five years at the tailoring business.

I came to California in 1849. During my acquaintance with her during the five years, she was, as far as I know, a good moral woman. Six months after that, she got married to John Boucher. They parted, and she informed me that her husband died in

New Orleans, after they had lived together about a year. If I were on my oath, I can not say whether he is dead or not. This she informed me by letter. We corresponded together for a long time, and she came here in December 1861. When she arrived in the city, she telegraphed to me in Oroville, and I answered that I would meet her at the Saint Nicholas, in Marysville. Met her there, and married her in 15 minutes afterwards. From there, I took her to the Del Monte de Oro claims, in Butte County.

While there my wife drank horribly. We had a very nice place there, but we were obliged to keep liquor. There was an old man who worked for us and used to get our letters and papers, and when I forbid her drinking, she used to send this old man after it and hid it in quantities in the garden. We then lived in Oroville, and while there, I took sick with the chills and fever. While I was sick, my wife used to get drunk with Sam Jones and Tom Fields, two of the worst men in the place. We then came to Marysville where we remained for about a year. She there carried on the same kind of a life, drinking often, going off on a spree about once a month.

Then we came to San Francisco, took rooms on the corner of Seventh and Howard Street



and we worked for George Walter. Here she continued to drink and disappointed Mr. Walter in his work. By doing this, she got so much delayed with work on hand that we were not making anything, as we were obliged to pay for such work, as was not delivered. We

then moved to Third Street, where she still carried on the same way. There I was taken sick and she continued on at the same rate up to that time. I kept everything as close as possible between her and me; but here I called in our landlady to see the state that my wife was in, as I was afraid she would choke. We then moved to the corner of Eddy and Mason streets, where she agreed not to drink. In a period of about five years from this time, we saved enough to pay for a lot and built the house about three thousand dollars.



Three years ago we got this girl **Lizzie Healey**. We left Eddy Street in February, 1871 and moved to Twenty-fourth street. From the time we moved to Eddy Street up to three weeks ago I had the handling of the money. Then she wanted to handle it. I knew from her previous conduct that the more money she had the worse she was off.

Last Saturday evening she got about \$35 and got drunk; for three weeks before she was always under the influence of liquor. Whenever she would get drunk, she commenced smashing things, and on these occasions, she would break everything in the house and would not leave a whole pane of glass or a door.

On the third of July she was very drunk outside of the house, and I coaxed her to get her in, but she would not come, so at last I told her I would give her a bottle of wine; she said she must have the wine before she came in. I talked to her and told her to be a good woman and stop drinking. She replied, with an oath, that she would not, and that she did

not want to live with any man except such a one as she could turn off when she wanted to. On the morning of the fourth, she was about the house cursing and swearing, and would not let me nor the girl work and I asked her to let me alone and as I had some work to do.

During the forenoon of that day she threw a hatchet at me because I would not let her have her own way. I believe she had been breaking something in Lizzie's room – Lizzie went up to her room to get ready to go out for the afternoon, but soon came down and commenced to tell me something, but she never finished the sentence, for my wife, who had a carving knife in her hand, caught her by the arm and drew her to her, intending no doubt to cut her; and when I went to prevent her, she threw the carving knife at me.

Then she picked up a poker and a toasting-fork. Lizzie went out while this was going on, and I told her to go to her guardian. My wife threw the poker and fork at me and then ran through the hallway. I went over to Mr. Park's and asked if he was in; learned that he was not. After I returned from Mr. Park's, my wife took the hatchet and went upstairs to smash the windows. It was about this time, when I attempted to prevent her, that what is done occurred. This is all except the stabbing.

I will describe it as best I can. In the back bedroom, I picked up these old scissors, which were on her table. I was telling her to keep still, and she wanted to fight. It was then I stabbed her with these scissors half a dozen or a dozen times. I don't remember. When I stabbed her, she fell in the position she lays now, and I put the pillow under her head. I then took off my overshirt, which was torn and laid down by the side of her and stabbed myself three times, thinking that was enough to end me. I found I was not dying, and felt no pain, so I cut my left arm with the small blade of a jack-knife, thinking I would bleed to death. I went into the front bed-room for this knife. I suppose she had scissors for some purpose, but I do not know – no, I will not blame her for anything I do not know. The

pool of blood, which was on the floor is blood which flowed from my arm. The blood which flowed from the wounds in my breast saturated my clothing. I went off in a faint, and lay there for an hour or more, I crawled to the bed, and in doing so was affected with nausea: then got on the bed. This all occurred before dark. I got up in the night to get in the bathroom to obtain a drink, after which I returned to the bed.

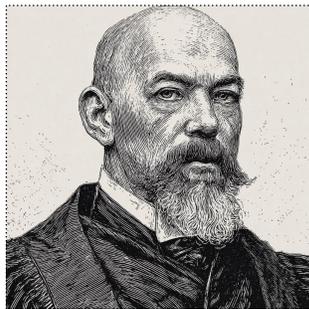
About six o'clock in the morning, I saw how things were. I washed my face and hands and put on my coat and hat, and thought I would get some laudanum. I went to the corner of Mission and Twenty-second, and told him I wanted some laudanum for diarrhea. He offered me something which he said would act better. Told him I wanted that for a chronic disease. After I returned from the drugstore, I took off my clothes, except my shirt, and then went into the kitchen, got a cup with some tea in it, poured all or nearly all the laudanum into it, drank it, and then soon after got into bed again.

In a short time, the door bell rang, and I went to the window to see who was there. Saw Lizzie and Mrs. Eager. I do not recollect that I told them that I had taken laudanum, but do know that I directed them to go for a police officer. And told them where to go.

I am not very positive, but am of the opinion that she had a hatchet in her hand when I stabbed her.

There is one thing more I wish to stay, and that is when she was not under the influence of liquor, she was a pretty good and industrious woman.

I followed her upstairs to prevent her from breaking the windows. I was always in dread of my life when she was under the influence of liquor.



Coroner.—*Why did you stab her so often after you gave her the first blow?*

Carr.—I stabbed her to make her fall, because I intended to kill her: she had worked me up to a point of madness. Whether guilty or innocent, I am telling the truth. While I was stabbing her, she was cursing me. Do not recollect her last words.

I tried to shoot myself with a four-shooter, but it would not go off. I tried to shoot it off four times.

On Wednesday night she burst in the door while I was in the room and asleep. After she had removed the locks, I was in the habit of placing the board behind the door.

On Tuesday, my wife locked the doors, put the keys in her pocket and would not let Mrs. Eager out. So I got her down on the floor, held her two hands with one of mine, then got the keys out of her pocket with the other after which I locked her up in the back parlor. It was then she broke the back parlor door, also the side door to the kitchen.

The carving knife now shown me is the one she threw at me and I threw it under the work table.

About two years ago, he attempted to kill himself with strychnine on account of the trouble he had with his wife.

The prisoner was in the evening, removed to the county hospital, or he will be detained until it can be ascertained, whether the self-inflicted wounds will result, fatally or not.

The inquest. The Coroner has sworn, Charles E. Frederic, A.W. Kennedy, J.R. Prushaw, Duncan Henderson, E..W Park and F.F. Pardee, over the body of the deceased and will hold an inquest on Tuesday evening at eight o'clock.