

CHAPTER XIII.

CRIMES, SUICIDES, INCIDENTS.

First and Second Executions which occurred in the County under Sentence of Law — Melancholy Affair — A Man Shot and Killed near Moberly — The Murder — Peter Casper — Woman Shot and Man Hung — Railroad Collision — The last of Corlew, the Ravisher — James Hayden Brown Pays the Penalty of his Crime — Brown's Wife Commits Suicide — Murder most Foul — Distressing Fatal Accident — James A. Wright Commits Suicide.

There have been but three legal executions in Randolph county. As a community, the people of the county are as law-abiding in their character as the people of any county in the State. Yet there have been many crimes committed within her borders, a full and complete history of which would occupy too much space in our book for record. We have, therefore, recorded only some of the most prominent of these, including a few suicides, believing that a perusal of the same will be of great interest to the reader.

The first man who was executed in the county, under sentence of law, was George Bruce, a slave, for killing his master Benjamin Bruce.

The next person was John Owens, a free negro. Both of the above named persons were hanged between the years 1853 and 1860.

A MELANCHOLY AFFAIR.

[From the Citizen of 1861.]

Perhaps there is no feature more alarming in our social history than the rapid increase of the mania for self-destruction. Within the last few years it has been reaping a rich harvest of victims, and the communities are rare which can plead a total exemption from the effects of this fatal delusion. It becomes our painful duty to chronicle a case which has just occurred in our own county, the facts of which are about as follows: Mr. Robert Trimble, an old gentleman, some 75 or 80 years of age, possessed of a fine property, surrounded by a respectable family of sons and daughters, and enjoying the respect and esteem of all his neighbors, was found dead, on Saturday last, suspended to a limb, of an oak tree near a small ravine in a Mr. Baker's field, about two miles south of Darkville, in this county. When found, a rope was twisted tightly about his neck; he was on his knees, and no marks of violence were perceivable.

Coroner Calhoun, on being notified of the sad occurrence, promptly repaired to the scene Sunday morning, and proceeded to hold an inquest. The verdict rendered was, in substance, that the deceased came to his death by his own act by hanging. We append the testimony elicited at the inquest, from which it will be seen that the old gentleman had been laboring under some mental derangement, superinduced, perhaps, by a severe chronic affliction, and had repeatedly meditated self-destruction before the rash act was finally consummated. It is truly a melancholy affair, and the surviving relatives have our deepest sympathy in their great sorrow.

TESTIMONY AT THE INQUEST.

G. W. Chapman, of lawful age, being sworn, said: I went with Mr. Trimble, Mr. Waters and Mrs. Wright to hunt Mr. Robert Trimble. We found him in a branch on the farm of Mr. A. Baker; found him dead with a rope around his neck, and attached to a limb above his head; appeared to have been strangled to death; we found him on his knees; no marks of violence perceivable; I think he came to his death by the rope; it was tight around his neck; I helped to take the body down, and helped to bring him to Mrs. Wright's house.

E. Waters, of lawful age, being duly sworn, said: I was out on the hunt of Mr. Trimble with Preston Wright, E. H. Trimble and George W. Chapman. We found him in a branch in A. Baker's field; he was hanging on a limb; I helped to take him down and put him in a wagon.

E. H. Trimble, of lawful age, being duly sworn, said: My father has been suffering for some years with chronic diarrhœa, and for the last five or six months has shown repeated signs of a deranged mind, more especially in regard to his financial matters. He has lived with me the greater portion of the time since the 15th of May, and on several occasions has talked of putting an end to himself, which gave me a great deal of uneasiness when he was not in my sight. I was with E. Waters, Preston Wright and George W. Chapman. We found him suspended to a limb by a rope around his neck, to a burr oak tree in a small ravine, in A. Baker's field. I have no doubt but that he came to his death at his own hands. I was present when he was removed. I never knew him to attempt to commit suicide before. There were no other tracks discernable about where he was hung. We found him by his tracks.

Mrs. Eliza J. Wright, being of lawful age, and duly sworn, said: My father has been staying with me for the last two weeks. I heard him say several times that he wished he was dead, and that he thought it best to kill himself. Last Wednesday morning he went up stairs and got his pistol and stepped out, and I went up stairs to see if his pistol was gone, and found it was. I saw him up in the field, and I ran and called him, and he answered. I managed to get the pistol away, and locked it up. He slipped out yesterday a little after three o'clock. I was not very uneasy as I knew he had no weapons. I

never thought about a rope. They all hunted, and reported his absence until about twelve o'clock last night. I went with them to fetch him home after they had found him. He did not say what he was going to do with his pistol, but I believe that he was going to kill himself, and if I had not run and called him, I believe that he would have performed the deed then. I have reason to believe he wanted to kill himself. He showed no sign of self-destruction yesterday until he was missing. I have been watching him heretofore, suspecting that he wanted to kill himself, and I believe he came to his death of his own accord.

A MAN SHOT AND KILLED NEAR MOBERLY.

[From the Citizen.]

On Sunday morning last, 1869, near the residence of John A. McDaniel, Esq., in the neighborhood of Moberly, in this county, John Duggan, a laborer on the Hannibal and Moberly Railroad, came to his death under the following circumstances: He had been loitering around Mr. McDaniel's house for several days, apparently crazy, and on Sunday morning his movements were such as to occasion some alarm, and Mr. McD. determined to have him arrested, and started to Moberly for an officer, charging his sons (two little boys) to keep a watch upon Duggan until his return with the officer. The boys went to a neighbor's house and called upon George Boyd, a young man employed in the neighborhood, to come and assist them, telling him to bring a gun, as it might be needed to defend themselves. The boys returned, when Duggan made for them with a stick. The boys ran (McDaniel's sons in front), and Boyd, with his gun, between them and Duggan. The latter continued to gain upon them, when Boyd stopped, and after repeatedly halting Duggan and warning him that he would hurt him, fired upon him, the shot taking fatal effect. Mr. McDaniel heard the report of the gun, when about a half mile on his way, and returned to find Duggan dead. Coroner Calhoun, of this place, was sent for to hold an inquest, by which these facts were elicited. Boyd surrendered himself to a justice of the peace at Moberly and was discharged. Duggan is said to have been indulging strongly in liquor for several days, and his insanity was attributable to this cause. It is reported he leaves a family in St. Louis.

A MURDER.

EDITOR CITIZEN: I feel it a duty I owe to the citizens of Randolph, and perhaps kindred and friends, to give an account of such a scene of horror as never occurred before in our community, to my recollection.

On the 22d of May, 1870, a man was found dead in the neighborhood of Mrs. Betsy Elliott's, in this county. The way in which he was discovered was by the stench that came from his body. Two of Mrs. Elliott's sons walked out from the house to see about something

pertaining to their business, when they were arrested by a very offensive smell, which caused them to examine from whence it came, and upon examination found the body of a strange man concealed in a tree-top. One of the boys immediately repaired to the residence of M. H. Rice, a justice of the peace, and the justice, supposing that the body found was over 10 miles distant from the coroner of the county, issued his writ commanding the constable of Chariton township to summon a jury to hold an inquest on the body of the deceased, and after the jury was sworn and received their charge, they brought in the following verdict:—

“ We, the undersigned, a jury summoned to hold an inquest upon the body of an unknown man found dead near the premises of Mrs. Elliott, find that the deceased came to his death by being murdered by some unknown person or persons. As revealed by a *post mortem* examination, his skull had been broken in five different places; no other marks of violence were found on his body, and he is supposed to have been dead some 10 or 15 days.

“ Mc. B. Broaddus, -

“ A. M. Brogan,

“ H. F. Dennis,

Henry Brogan,

George Summers,

David Wright,

“ Robert Terrill, M. D.”

Since this thing has come to light in the shape that it has, it has caused considerable excitement, from an occurrence that took place in the neighborhood somewhere about the 12th of this month. In the evening of that day a two-horse wagon, with one man in sight (it is supposed there were more in the wagon, but they could not be seen, as it was covered), passed through Darkville about dusk and inquired the way to Macou City. They were directed to that place. The next we hear of them is at Hugh Trimble's, where they stopped and asked him if he could tell them where a man by the name of Frank Davis lived, telling Mr. Trimble that he had sold Mr. Davis a piece of land, and that Davis had sent him word that if he would come and see him he would pay him (the traveler) some money on the land, and he had heard that Davis lived about 8 or 10 miles from Huntsville, and although coming from the direction of Huntsville at the time, he asked Mr. Trimble if there was not a road east of that, that led to Huntsville. The next we hear of them is at Mrs. Elliott's, between eight and nine o'clock at night. Stopping the wagon before approaching the house, one of the men went to the house and inquired for this same Frank Davis. On being informed that they knew nothing of such a man, he asked if there was a house ahead that he could stay at. They told him they did not know. He then halloed, “Come on, boys,” when the wagon advanced in the direction of the house and passed by, and about half a mile from the spot where the dead man was found secreted by the side of the road—a road that is but very little traveled. The next account that we have of them is at A. H. Rice's, still later at night, inquiring for this same Davis. They were informed that they knew nothing of such a man, and they passed on.

The next account we have of them was at Silas Wright's, near Darkville, where they asked if they were on the road to Huntsville, when the said Wright directed them the right way, and they proceeded in that direction. On this road that they passed over that night, close to the residence of Jesse Rutherford, a day or two after, it was discovered there had been some things burned, supposed to have been clothes, as a piece of goods was found that was not consumed. A pocket-book was also found, and in addition some plates of ambrotypes, together with the irons of a satchel or trunk. These, Mr. Editor, are the facts in the case as near as could be given under the circumstances, and we hope the citizens of Huntsville and vicinity will take this matter into consideration and endeavor to ferret it out.

Respectfully,
A CITIZEN OF CHARITON TOWNSHIP.

PETER CASPER.

[From the Herald.]

Our readers will doubtless many of them recollect the circumstances of the killing of Clement Jeter, in 1871, by Peter Casper, on the farm of the latter, in Union township, in this county. The death of Jeter was caused by a gun-shot wound, produced by a small single barrel shot-gun in the hands of Casper. At the time the affair occurred, Casper was arrested and taken before a justice of the peace, but as Jeter's wound was not considered fatal, he was released on \$600 bail. Afterward, when it became evident that Jeter would die, Casper were scared into running off from the county rather than stand a trial, and his \$600 bail bond was forfeited and paid. His whereabouts were discovered by Dick Powell, of Moberly, and after the Governor had offered a reward for Casper's apprehension, Dick went over to Illinois and brought him back, the circumstances of which we gave in this paper a short time since.

On a Thursday morning in July, 1875, the day agreed upon, the trial of Peter Casper for murder in the first degree, for the killing of Clement Jeter, was commenced in our circuit court. Messrs. W. N. Rutherford, J. C. Crawley, G. F. Rothwell and W. T. McCanne, all of Moberly, appeared for the prosecution, and William Hinkleman, of Belleville, Illinois, and J. R. Christian, of Huntsville, for the defense.

The following jurors were selected to decide the case:—

M. S. Turner, Joel Rucker, Thomas Stockton, W. B. Hardister, John Hendrix, George D. Brock, M. T. Halliburton, A. L. Miller, W. C. Kirby, P. S. Baker, L. D. Maupin, Charles H. Hammett.

The jury were duly charged and placed in charge of Sheriff Williams, and were not permitted to separate again until after they had rendered a verdict, which they did on Saturday evening, having been guarded by the sheriff three days.

We have not space to give the evidence in detail, but the sum and substance amounts to about this: Casper had an oat field that a mare

of Jeter's had been trespassing upon, and an unfriendly feeling had sprung up between them on this account. Casper went with his gun, accompanied by his wife, to Jeter's house on Sunday morning, a few days before the shooting, and notified Jeter to keep his mare out of his oats, and it is also said he threatened to shoot Jeter. A few days later, Jeter's mare again got into Casper's oat field, and Casper sent for two of his neighbors to come and assess the damage done, but before they arrived Jeter came for the mare. Casper told him he could not get her until the neighbors came and assessed the damage, and ordered Jeter out of the field and off his premises. Jeter started to comply with this order, but when he got to the fence, he changed his notion and again returned for his mare. Casper saw him coming, and endeavored to keep between Jeter and the mare, but Jeter advanced on him, and grabbing the muzzle of his gun with his left hand, struck Casper over the head with the bridle and bridle bit he held in his right hand. After this lick Casper fired the fatal shot. This is as good an account of the evidence as we can give in so short a space.

The evidence was all in, the jury was first addressed by Mr. McCanne, for the prosecution, in an able speech of about an hour's length. He was followed by Mr. Hinkleman, in a speech of one and three-quarter hours in length, which was well delivered and was considered a masterly speech for the defense. He was followed by Mr. Rutherford in a speech of about one hour for the prosecution, which set forth the evidence in some points very clearly, but as a whole was more of an appeal for law and order than a prosecuting speech; then followed J. R. Christian for the defense in the master speech of the whole trial, it requiring two and a half hours for its delivery. John astonished his most intimate friends in the clearness and force with which he brought the evidence and circumstances of the case clearly and vividly before the jury, and we were confidentially informed by one of the jurymen that this speech saved Casper from the penitentiary. Mr. Crawley closed the case for the prosecution, but we had heard so much speech-making that we only remained to hear a portion of his speech. The case was then given to the jury.

The jury returned to court after an absence of about one hour, with the following verdict:—

“ We, the jury, find the defendant not guilty.”

GEORGE D. BROCK, Foreman.

After the reading of the verdict, the defendant, as well as the jury, were discharged, and all felt free again.

WOMAN SHOT AND MAN HUNG.

[From the Huntsville Herald.]

We are called upon this week to record a terrible tragedy and its sequel, which followed close after and is no less horrible. John W. Green, a farmer living on the farm of William Embree, two miles north-east of Roanoke, in this county, on Saturday morning last, July 12, 1877, about one o'clock, shot his wife, so badly wounding her that

she died in about 10 hours afterwards. Green claimed that he was trying to shoot a dog, and in passing through a door the gun was accidentally discharged, with the result stated. The *ante mortem* statements of Mrs. Green and other circumstances led people to believe that a foul murder had been committed, and on proper process being issued, Mr. Dameron, the constable of Silver Creek township, arrested Green on Saturday night last. He brought him to the residence of the constable's father, Mr. G. W. Dameron, near Silver Creek church, where he kept him under guard until Monday evening. Having suspicions that an attempt would be made on Monday night to lynch the prisoner, the constable moved him for greater safety to the residence of H. S. Newby. He was right in his surmises, for about twelve o'clock that night a body of men, variously estimated at from 40 to 75, visited the residence of Mr. G. W. Dameron, in search of the prisoner. On being told that he was not there, they searched some barns and outbuildings, and not finding him returned and searched the house. But they were not to be thus baffled, for they immediately began to search the neighborhood, and about two o'clock in the night found him. They were not long in overpowering the constable and guard and soon secured the prisoner. They then issued a written order to the constable not to follow them, and also stating that his body would be found next morning near Silver Creek church. This last statement proved true, for early Tuesday morning Green was found dead, suspended by the neck, where they had stated, his feet not being more than two feet from the ground. He was hung with an ordinary plow line, and in such a manner as to make sure work. Up to this time nothing is known of the men who composed the mob, but it is supposed that they were from the neighborhood of Washington church, in Howard county, as many of the dead woman's relations dwell in that section. The man hung was a son of 'Squire Green, a farmer living near Sturgeon, who is a quiet, well disposed man, much respected in his neighborhood, and the sad fate of his son is much to be regretted on his father's account.

The people of Randolph are peaceable and law-abiding, and while it is the general belief that this mob was from Howard, yet it is painful to us to be called upon to record such a proceeding on our own soil, tho' we doubt not that every man who engaged in hanging this man felt that he was discharging a sacred duty conscientiously and for the good of the community and his fellow man.

It is our hope that Randolph may never again have such an occurrence within her borders.

RAILROAD COLLISION.

[From the Herald.]

Two trains tried to pass each other on the same track, in the south part of Huntsville on Tuesday night, November 28, 1879, about six P. M. One was the regular eastern bound freight train drawn by engine No. 25, with C. Blessing as engineer. The other was a construction

train drawn by engine No. 71, with Engineer Johnson as driver. When the collision occurred the construction train was nearly at a dead stand but the freight train was moving very rapidly. The engineer of the freight train, Mr. Blessing, was caught between the engine and tender and so horribly crushed that he died in a short time. If he had remained on his seat he would possibly have escaped without serious hurt. No other person was seriously hurt, though some workmen on the construction train ran a narrow risk of instant death, as they were on a flat car in the rear of the tender which telescoped with the car. Fortunately they were sitting on a tool-box which was knocked out of the way.

The accident was caused by the freight train passing the depot without orders.

The damage to the trains is much smaller than usual with railroad accidents, as none of the cars were thrown from the track, and none of them damaged beyond the loss of draw heads. The cow-catchers and front portions of the engines were torn up and very much damaged, but we think none of the fine machinery about either engine was seriously damaged.

The wreck was cleared away that night and no trains were seriously delayed by it.

The dead man leaves a wife and probably a family at Kansas City.

THE LAST OF CORLEW, THE RAVISHER.

[From the Moberly Headlight of July 29, 1880.]

Another horror has been added to the list possessed by Moberly. A deed has been done, which, though just in the eyes of all men acquainted with the provocation, will make the name of our fair city a by-word and a reproach in other States, furnish political capital for unscrupulous politicians, and cause law-abiding men to look with distrust upon the county of Randolph.

This morning about 8:30 o'clock Sheriff Matlock brought the prisoner, Corlew, over from Huntsville, to stand his trial for rape, in the Moberly court of common pleas. The prisoner, guarded by the sheriff and deputies, came from the jail in a light two-horse spring wagon, and just alighted on the corner of Fourth and Reed streets, at the foot of the steps leading to the court-house, and had turned to go up the steps when Mr. Crump, the woman's husband, who had just come across the street with Mr. Waller, the prosecuting attorney, drew a self-cocking revolver and fired at the prisoner. His aim was disconcerted by Mr. Waller grabbing hold of his arm, and the ball passed through the right sleeve of Corlew's coat, setting it afire, burning quite a hole. The thoroughly frightened man ran up the steps into the court-room, pursued by Crump. In the meantime Marshal Lynch and others grabbed hold of Mr. Crump, but the gleam of revolvers in the hands of his friends made them let go. The court-room had but few spectators in it. Corlew ran through, or around the room, and was caught by Esquire Clarkson, who supposed

the man was trying to get away. Corlew broke loose from his grasp and ran again, catching hold of an old man named Trimble, pulling him down on top of him. Rising hastily he ran out of the room, down the stairs and diagonally across the street in the direction of Hance & Hardin's store. While in the street he was shot in the back by Crump, but the ball did not check his speed. He returned and ran up street, through Werries' dry goods store, followed by Crump, who endeavored to shoot him there, but could not get his pistol to work. The prisoner ran into the alley, next to Nise's building, across Reed street, through Harvey's grocery store, across Fourth street and darted up the steps leading to August Nietzsche's shoe shop, over Chris & George's saloon. He ran through the shop into the room adjoining, used as a store room, where Crump emptied his revolver into the poor wretch, finishing him, as he supposed, but he lived for at least half an hour afterwards, wholly unconscious. Crump then went down stairs, mounted his horse and rode off.

From the appearance of the room there must have ensued a desperate struggle, as there were several shots in the ceiling and wall, showing that Crump's pistol must have been struck, and it is probable that he was clinched by Corlew. The last wound, made back of the left ear, was badly powder burnt, and the pistol must have been shoved against his head.

The room was quickly thronged with excited individuals, anxious to catch a glimpse of the miserable wretch who was gasping his life away. He lay upon a lounge, upon the slats only, his feet hanging over the end, his coat rolled up for a pillow under his head, the head of the lounge lifted and resting upon a box. Cold, clammy sweat stood out in big beads over his face and neck; his lips were white, and his eyes had a vacant, wandering look, and not a gleam of intelligence escaped from them; though when he was moved, bystanders could see he was conscious and suffering terribly. His pulse was strong and full almost up to his last breath, which was drawn so quietly that it seemed as if he had gone to sleep; his features were not distorted at all, but bore the calm, placid expression so noticeable in all who die from the effects of gun-shot wounds. Before he died the room was cleared of all except physicians and reporters. An examination showed that he was shot three times in the head and once in the small of the back, near the spinal column, any of which wounds would have caused death.

The excitement attending the shooting was intense, though it seemed to be the general verdict that the fiend met with the punishment he deserved, though all regret that the law was not allowed to take its course, for the man would have undoubtedly been hanged.

The remains were taken in charge by the coroner and an inquest held. The jury returned the following verdict:—

“We, the jury, having viewed the body of Corlew, deceased, find that he came to his death by gun or pistol shots fired by unknown hands to the jury.”

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

The crime for which Corlew met his fate is fresh in the minds of many of our readers, but as there are some who may not be acquainted with the facts a short account of the transaction is given : —

Tuesday night, the 17th of February last, a woman with two children arrived at Moberly from some place north of here, coming in on the north branch of the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Road. The train reaches here about midnight. The woman and her children were sitting in the ladies' waiting room at the depot. She was approached by a stranger who told her there was no train going east for some time and that she had better accompany him to a hotel. He said his mother was keeping a hotel just across the street, and that he would take pleasure in giving her and the children a bed free of charge until morning. By such persuasions he induced the woman to accompany him to the Depot Hotel, and, representing to the clerk that the woman was his wife, he secured a room, and taking one of the children in his arms carried it up stairs, depositing it in the room. Immediately locking the door, he drew a pistol and forced the woman to submit to his hellish lust. The woman and children left next morning after telling her story to the landlady of the hotel. A representative of this paper traced the matter up and caused Corlew's arrest, but as nothing could be proven against him then, he was released and went to Huutsville, where he was subsequently arrested and lodged in jail. On the preliminary examination he was identified by the woman, picked out of a number of men, and was bound over for trial, being removed to Kansas City for safe keeping. The case has been postponed again and again on account of the illness of Mrs. Crump.

When Corlew was arrested he gave his name as Burton, and had a woman with him who claimed to be his wife, and probably was ; at least she was a wife to him in all that the name implies.

An attempt was made to mob Corlew once, but the jailor was notified in time and removed his prisoner out of harm's way. It has been a conceded fact in the minds of many that Corlew would never have a trial, and they were correct.

It seems the prisoner had a premonition of his fate, for while in the Kansas City jail he was made the recipient of a little Testament, the front fly-leaf of which has the following :—

“ CHAS BURTON :

“ May you take into your heart the words of this precious little book, as they have eternal life through the Son of God.

“ M. M. ROBSON.

“ See Luke xv : 17-20.”

On the back fly-leaf and on the inside of the back is the following letter, probably written for his wife :—

“ ARTIE, DARLING : When you read these lines I may be with our little Willie, and I hope you may meet me and him in a better land.

You can if you put all your trust in our great God. Remember Charlie. If anything should happen to me I want my dear wife Artie to have this little book, and may it do her good.

“CHARLIE M. C.”

The letter and inscription are both undated, and there is nothing to tell when they were written. Several poems clipped from newspapers are found between the pages of the Testament, and several pressed flowers. In the poem of Moore, beginning, “Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken dear,” under the line, “Thro’ the furnace thy steps I’ll pursue,” he has penciled, “If, Artie, you’re true.”

A tin type of his wife and a photograph, probably of his mother, were also found in the book. A postal card from his mother, dated July 27th, 1880, is as follows:—

“MY DEAR BOY: Your cards came to hand, but will not try to express my feelings; they are too sad for words. I can do nothing without money—have done all I can. (Name illegible) lied to me. Told me he would go down until the last moment, then refused to go. I knew “Art” was with you. Heard she was in La Plata. I will try if I can come down. Try and keep your trial off as long as you can. At least until I see if I can get there.

“YOUR MOTHER.”

Several letters from his wife while she was at Huntsville are also in his effects. The letters are all full of devotion, but are miserably written and poorly spelled. Among his papers is a letter written June 3d, by himself, to his wife. It is too long to give, but the tenor of it is despair for her desertion of him. A letter from Hade Brown is also found, which is given:—

“KANSAS CITY, June 2, 1880.

“DEAR FRIEND BURTON: You must not give up. You must keep up, and if your wife has gone home, let her go. Mr. Haley says she can’t do you no good if she was here. He says that clerk and the hotel keeper are all the witnesses you want. He says they can’t convict you on her evidence to save the world. Burton, you must not give up; you must keep up in good heart; you will get out all right. Terry Jackson said he was going to see you would get out all right. Burton, if Artie has gone, let her go; she is not true if she has gone home. She ain’t no true wife. I would be glad she was gone, if she was a wife of mine, for that showed she wanted your money, and when your money is gone she leaves you. Ah! I hope she is not gone. I hope she will be true and stand to you while you are in your trouble, is my wishes. Burton, keep up in your spirits, and whenever old Ferald will let my wife come around I will send her around to you. She wanted to go and see you Sunday, but Ferald would not let her go around. Keep in good spirits. You are young and can get another wife if she is gone home. Good night. Your true friend,

“J. H. BROWN.”

Brown's letter is chiefly remarkable from his never once alluding to himself, but it showed he was no true prophet, however good he might be at consoling.

Well, the deed is done. We regret that Moberly was made the scene of such a bloody transaction, but the way of the transgressor is hard, and Corlew deserved death, but not that way. Comments are useless and we will let it rest. We have tried to glean the facts in the case, but not being an eye-witness have to depend on the statement of others, and they disagree in some minor particulars. However, our version of the tragedy will be found to be, in the main, correct.

Corlew's mother came down from Kansas City on the twelve o'clock train. She knew nothing of the fate of her son till arriving in the city. His two brothers, living in Kansas City, have been telegraphed for and will come down on first train. It is not known where he will be buried.

JAMES HAYDEN BROWN PAYS THE PENALTY OF HIS CRIME.

[From the Huntsville Herald.]

On Friday morning last, June the 25th, 1880, the day fixed by the Supreme Court of the State for the execution of James Hayden Brown, the murderer of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Dr. Parrish, the sun rose clear and beautiful — not a cloud was visible in any part of the horizon. All nature seemed to smile approvingly upon the incoming day, as if rejoicing that, at last, retributive justice was about to be meted out to the red-handed assassin and murderer, who had willfully and wickedly violated the laws of God and man. Years had elapsed since the commission of the horrible crime, but justice at last stood ready and determined to demand the full penalty of the law — a life for a life.

On Thursday before the day of execution, Sheriff Matlock, accompanied by L. V. Heether, J. R. Belsher, James Ragsdale, E. L. Duval, Harry Wallace, Henry Herndon and G. L. Alexander, returned from Kansas City with the condemned murderer. A large crowd of men, women and children, attracted by that morbid curiosity that creates in human nature an uncontrollable desire to behold the doomed or the dead, awaited them at the depot, all excited and anxious to feast their eyes upon the poor doomed criminal who was so soon to pay the just penalty of his awful crime. He was taken from the cars pale and trembling, for the first time seeming to realize his true situation. He, however, soon recovered his usual levity, and greeted cordially all whom he recognized. He expressed great anxiety to have all persons whom he had wronged or offended to come forward and forgive him. He was incarcerated in the county jail, and securely guarded to await the hour of his execution.

BROWN'S FIRST REALIZATION OF HIS TERRIBLE POSITION.

At the jail in Kansas City Sheriff Matlock had an interview with Brown, and although he had on many occasions sworn vengeance

against Mr. Matlock, he promised to do all that would be asked of him. He was in a very pensive mood, exhibiting no signs of anger, but on the contrary melting to tears when he spoke with the officer in regard to the execution. He asked the sheriff to forgive him for all the hard things he had said about him and trouble he had given him, and then remarked: "I've got to die and I propose to show the world that I can die like a man. I know it is just, and if anybody had killed my mother I should want him to be hung."

A Kansas City *Times* reporter had the following interview with him the day previous:—

"Well, Mr. Brown, how do you feel to-day?"

"Very well, thank you. I am all right as far as I know."

"You had quite a lively time down here the other night?"

"Yes, I was angry and didn't know what I was doing. One of the men called me a bad name and I didn't like it. If they had asked me for that poison I should have given it to them."

"Did you have any poison the officer did not get?"

"Of course I did. They thought they were very smart, and as soon as they got the stuff out of my mouth thought they had it all but they hadn't," with a sly twinkle of his eye. "I had some more, enough to kill all the men in this jail, in my shoe, and when they went away I took it out and showed it to Hoge, here."

"Have you taken any since that night?"

"Yes. I took some on Tuesday morning, but it was an overdose, and I threw it up."

"How did you get the poison?"

"Some of it was handed to me through the bars when one of the deputies was standing beside my friend but he didn't see it. That wasn't all, either. Some came in here under a plate of victuals, sent by one of my friends."

"Did your wife bring any of the morphine to you?"

"No, sir. She bought it though, and sent it by her friends. She bought it at Dr. Morrison's drug store."

"Did you ever have any other poison?"

"I should say I did. When I came from St. Louis I had a lot of it tucked under the lining of my cap, and the officers searched me but didn't find it. I had enough to kill 100 men — it was arsenic."

"Did you ever use any of it?"

"Certainly, I have a dozen times or more, but every time I threw it up, I couldn't make it stick on my stomach." This with a smile.

"What made you think of committing suicide?"

"Well, I saw in some of the papers that I was to be hanged in a wigwam and that there were tickets being sold for people to see me executed, and I didn't like that, and I made up my mind that I would not hang, but I know that it is all right now and I shall submit and not try to do anything bad."

"You are a Catholic, are you not, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, I am. The priests used to come and see me before this scrape Monday night, but since that they have kept away. I shall

telegraph to Father O'Shay, of St. Louis, to come and see me before I die. I used to go to church when I was there."

"You won't attempt any more trouble?"

"No, I shall not, I have made up my mind that I am going off like a man." Turning to the marshal, he said: "Mr. Ligget, I want everybody to forgive me, and I forgive everybody that has injured me. I want to go off now without any trouble, and shall go with the officers when they want to take me. I know I have done wrong, but I know I shall be forgiven. If not in this world in the next," and his eyes filled with tears.

THE DAY OF EXECUTION.

At early dawn Friday the eager crowd came pouring into town from every direction and in every conceivable way, until by noon the streets and alleys were completely packed and jammed with one living mass of human beings, all anxious to get a look at the doomed man. Early in the morning Brown swallowed a white powder from a paper supposed to contain morphine. Dr. W. H. Taylor was called in, but found upon examination that the drug had no perceptible effect upon him. Brown sent for Dr. Oliver and gave him a druggist's envelope, carefully folded up, requesting him not to open it until he (Brown) was dead, saying the doctor would then learn the cause of his death. He evidently desired to produce the impression that he had taken poison with the intention of committing suicide. Upon inspection, Dr. Oliver found the envelope marked, "Morphia; Dr. H. C. Morrison, Druggist, 12th St., between Locust & Cherry, Kansas City, Mo," but it contained nothing, having been previously rifled of its contents.

During the morning the little three-year-old orphan child was taken to the cell of his doomed father to bid him an eternal farewell. The meeting was heart-rending and beyond description. The anguish of the father as he clasped to his breast the innocent child whom he had doubly orphaned, covering his face with kisses and tears, was extreme. His brother Frankie, a boy about 15 years of age, was also admitted to the cell. Hade presented him with his breastpin and asked him to wear it for his wretched brother's sake. He also advised Frankie to take warning from his fate, and shun all dissipation and wickedness, they having been the cause of his disgrace and ruin.

His mother, who is a good and true woman, was not present to witness the sad fate of her wayward and undutiful son. Had he heeded her nurture and admonitions this sad fate would never have befallen him.

His last night on earth was a restless and sleepless one, spent principally in conversation with the guards and a few friends and acquaintances who were permitted to visit him. His mood was extremely versatile — sometimes joking and laughing, telling anecdotes, relating his exploits before and since the commission of his crime; but when the subject of his wife and child was mentioned he became unmanned, and gave way to feelings of grief and despair.

About nine o'clock Rev. W. T. Ellington, of the Methodist church, was sent for, and administered to the criminal the rite of baptism. The scene was one that impressed the audience with great solemnity, which was made manifest by the free effusion of tears from the eyes of all who witnessed it. The doomed man seemed to be exceedingly penitent, and expressed faith in Jesus.

A few minutes after twelve, shackled and accompanied by armed guards, Brown came out and climbed into the wagon, taking a seat on his coffin, which was lying on the bottom of the open wagon. The vehicle did not start for some minutes, during which a number of Brown's old acquaintances came up and shook hands with him. He received them pleasantly, betraying little or no emotion but showing a firmness that betokened the great change that had recently taken place in his disposition. Slowly the procession marched to the place of execution along a dusty road crowded with vehicles of all kinds, horses ridden by eager spectators, and still more eager men on foot walking to the place of death.

Arriving at the scaffold, which was erected in a woodland pasture, distant about one mile east of the court-house, on the Moberly road, Brown ascended to the platform with a firm step and seated himself on a bench placed at the north side. He was accompanied by Sheriff Matlock, Deputy Sheriff William Matlock, Sheriff Glasscock, of Audrain county, Rev. W. T. Ellington, and a number of reporters. Brown looked about him at the vast crowd, which is estimated to have numbered 15,000, and seemed to search the vast concourse for faces that he knew. His countenance was that of a person deeply interested but fearless. He looked like he had been contending with himself, and had conquered. After prayer by Mr. Ellington, the sheriff asked Brown if he had anything to say, to which the condemned man answered affirmatively. He stepped to the railing and said:—

“If you all will keep still a few minutes I will say a few words in regard to myself, to both young and old, men, women and children. I was a free man once, and never thought to be hung as I am to-day. As I was on my way out here awhile ago, I noticed several young men I used to know and was raised with, riding along near the wagon, coming to my—funeral, so to say, reeling on their horses. I was sorry to see them, and it made me shudder, for it was this that brought me where I am. Oh, God, the trouble it has brought in the world. I feel as though I hadn't an enemy in the crowd. I hope you all have forgiven me, as I have forgiven everybody. My God is the only one who has given me strength to believe this, and I hope it is so. I am going to meet my dear, sweet wife, who died for me. She loved me better than all the world. They say I put her up to it, but as my God in Heaven knows I never did it, and knew nothing of it. I committed a heinous crime, but didn't know it. It was done, and I must suffer for it on the gallows. I hope I have not an enemy here to-day. I forgive everybody and hope everybody forgives me. I ask pardon of Dr. Parrish and all his family. Oh, God! the trouble I caused them.

If Miss Lutie Parrish, Sarah Parrish, Dr. Parrish, Mr. Chris. Parrish, Mr. Henry Fort, or any of the rest of the family are here, won't they please to hold up their hands to show that they have forgiven me? [Here Mr. Chris. Parrish held up his hand.] Thank God! there is one. Are there any others? I see none. If any of you should meet my mother, brother, or darling child, don't snarl at them, but meet them in a nice way. It was the dying request of my wife that we be buried together in the same coffin, in the same grave. I want her family's consent to be buried by my side, and if they object let some of them say so now. I hope every one of you may remember the poor creature who stands here to-day, and I hope none hold malice, for I would die the most miserable of men if I thought so. Now, I have here some flowers that I want placed in my wife's sweet hand. If there is any lady in the crowd who will attend to this for me will she please raise her little hand? [One does.] Thank you. Now here are some others I want put on the breast of my coat. Will some one attend to this for me. Jesus Christ has given me courage to stand here to-day. I want you all to see that I am buried with my dear, sweet wife; and pray God for me, as wicked a man as I am. May God have mercy on every one of you."

Having finished his remarks, the prisoner took a seat on the scaffold bench and looked around over the immense crowd, while Deputy Sheriff Will Matlock read in a clear, distinct voice the death warrant, after which Brown was asked to take his stand on the fatal trap. He complied with this requirement promptly and like a brave man, and as Deputy Sheriff Will Matlock placed the black cap over his head he remarked, "Now, Will, don't make a botch of it," which were his last words. The noose was adjusted by Sheriff Glasscock, of Audrain county, and at 1:28 o'clock the trap was sprung by Sheriff N. G. Matlock, resulting in instant death from a broken neck. Drs. Taylor, Oliver, Dameron and Aldridge examined the body and pronounced life extinct in 6½ minutes. The body was cut down in 20 minutes, placed in a handsome double coffin and turned over to his relatives, who conveyed it to the depot to await the arrival of the remains of his wife, who committed suicide in Kansas City the Monday night previous, a full account of which appeared in last week's *Herald*. The bodies of the two unfortunates were conveyed on the night express train to Moberly, and at the depot in that city the remains of the two were placed together in the same coffin, according to their dying wish. The most perfect repose rested upon the face of the dead woman, the features wearing a pleased expression and being in a perfect state of preservation. Brown's face wore a look of calmness and presented only slight discoloration. The lady who promised the doomed man on the gallows to place the bunch of flowers in the dead hands of his wife was present and performed her mission faithfully, after midnight, when the vast throng who observed her make the promise were wrapped in slumber. She refused to give her name, but it is said she resides at Higbee. The two bodies were placed in

each other's arms, and the roses lay between them. They were shipped on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Road to Madison, Monroe county, and were buried the following day at a family burying ground three miles from Milton in this county. The coffin, transportation, etc., were paid for out of private subscriptions raised in Huntsville and Moberly, the citizens of each place contributing about \$60.

HISTORY OF THE CRIME, ETC.

James Hayden Brown, the murderer of Mrs. Dr. Parrish, was born in Cairo township, Randolph county, Missouri, July 12, 1856, near the place where the crime was committed. He was a son of the notorious Bill Brown, who murdered William Penny at Jacksonville, in this county, in 1865, and who was afterwards shot and killed by his brother-in-law, young Hayden, for the brutal abuse of his wife. He was endowed with an ungovernable temper, had been an unruly, turbulent, bad boy during his whole life, ever ready to shoot, cut or kill whoever or whatever crossed his path, and always boasted of his ability to whip or kill any one who dared to insult him. At the age of nineteen he married, against the will of her parents, Miss Susan Parrish, the daughter of Dr. J. C. Parrish, a respectable and highly esteemed gentleman of this county. Soon after the marriage Hade's devilish temper and cruel disposition was manifested towards his wife, which resulted in his whipping and otherwise cruelly treating her, all of which she bore with fortitude until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, when she left home and appealed to her parents for protection. They advised her to return home and live with him if possible. She returned, but his cruel treatment soon again compelled her to flee for safety. She naturally sought that protection which is due from loving parents to their children. She appealed to their sympathies, protested against again returning home to be beaten and cursed like a cur. The parents, in their goodness of heart, yielded to her entreaties, and her father carried her off to his son's home in Howard county. When Brown found that his wife had gone out of his reach, he became enraged and threatened to kill his wife's parents for affording her shelter and protection against his cruelty, which threat he carried into execution on the 23d of July, 1877, by shooting the Doctor and killing Mrs. Parrish, the mother of his wife, one of the kindest and most affectionate mothers that ever lived, thus committing one of the most cruel and cold-blooded murders that marks the annals of crime. After the murder Brown made his escape, eluding the most diligent search of the officers of the law, and 11 months afterwards was captured in the distant State of Minnesota, and returned to this county for trial.

Brown's first trial was in February, 1879, and resulted in a hung jury. The case was again set for December, 1879. The jury had been selected and the taking of testimony commenced, when one of the jurymen was taken seriously ill. The judge discharged the remaining jurors, ordered the sheriff to summon another panel of 40

men, and set the case for trial January 26, 1880. The greater part of the first two days was occupied in an effort to get a change of venue. The trial proper commenced Thursday at one o'clock P. M., and by Monday night following the testimony was all in. Tuesday and the early part of Wednesday was consumed in arguing the case. The defense was most ably represented by Messrs. Martin, Priest, Christian and Provine, while the prosecution was well conducted by Messrs. Porter, Hall and Waller.

The case was given to the jury Wednesday morning, and they were only out some 15 minutes when they returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree.

The Supreme court was appealed to by the defense, with the hope of having the case reversed. But on the 6th day of May, a decision was rendered affirming the finding of the court below. The day of execution was fixed for June 25, 1880.

Below we give a synopsis of the important testimony in the case : —

J. BENNETT.

On the 23d of July, 1877, I was in the lane east of my house ; Brown was there in my lane ; the old lady Parrish came driving up the lane from the east ; Brown said here comes the d — d old b — h now, I'll go and give her a couple of loads ; I said Brown you wouldn't shoot an old woman ; he said yes I'll finish her ; he reached the wagon, and got off his horse ; Mrs. Parrish clumb out of the wagon and seemed to try to keep the wagon between Brown and her ; he shot her once and she started to run when he shot her again, when she was brought to my house ; the middle of the lane running by my house is the line between Cairo and Salt River township ; the shooting was in Cairo township.

Mr. Priest here objected to the indictment, on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction in Cairo township.

Prior to the shooting of Mrs. Parrish, Brown was at my house, about noon ; I didn't hear Brown say anything about the shooting of Dr. Parrish ; I didn't see Brown shoot Dr. Parrish ; heard the report and saw Dr. Parrish bleeding ; it wasn't but a few moments till Brown made the remarks about Mrs. Parrish until he shot her ; I was about 300 yards from where he shot Mrs. Parrish ; there was nothing to obstruct my view ; my eyesight is good ; I have never had to wear glasses until the last year.

Cross-examined : The first time I ever saw Brown was the day of his father's sale ; have known him for several years ; I saw Brown first that day about noon ; I was sitting at the table ; he drove up to the house and stopped ; I told my wife to tell him to come in and eat his dinner ; had no conversation with Brown that day, prior to his difficulty with Dr. Parrish ; my wife was talking to him but I do not remember any of the conversation ; he had a double-barreled shot-gun in his buggy ; did not see him jnst previous to the difficulty ; did not see Dr. Parrish before I heard the gun ; did not see the shots fired but

heard two shots, and when I went to the lane I saw Brown riding off with his gun in his hand; Dr. Parrish came to my house and ran in; did not follow the Doctor into my house until Brown shot the old lady; the Doctor said nothing to me as he passed me; while Dr. Parrish was in my house I saw no fire arms in his possession.

I stood in the lane until Brown went to his house and returned; his house is in full view of me; he was riding fast; Brown's house and Dr. Parrish's house are in view of each other; do not know what Brown said when he came back to my house, but think he said something about shooting him again for taking off his wife and child; he hitched his horse a little south of my house, went round in the pasture and said he would shoot Parrish again if he had to shoot him through the window; he had just returned from the pasture when he saw Mrs. Parrish coming; he then made the remark: There comes the d — d old b — h; he was walking about, talking about Dr. Parrish taking off his wife and child; did not hear Brown swear, laugh or cry; before she came he picked up a wagon seat and slammed it over the fence a time or two, I cannot recollect what he said; it was Parrish's wagon seat; didn't see him tear off or break any palings; didn't see him load his gun after shooting Dr. Parrish; Lou Patten, Jack Amick, young Jack Amick, George Amick and John Will Smith were in the lane. I think there were but three in the lane when Brown came up. Patten said to him: Hade, leave that old woman alone. He (Brown) then started for his horse with his gun in his hand. When Brown and Dr. Parrish met, I suppose Parrish was going home. I did not state at the former trial that Dr. Parrish was going home and that Brown was going to Cairo with a cow. It was a mistake. I did not say so. When Brown returned from his house he appeared to be out of humor. Did not seem to be excited. He wasn't swearing, at least in my presence. Will Palmer was in the yard. Did not see him in the lane. My wife met Brown at the fence. I think Mrs. Amick met him at the gate. It is prairie in front of my house. There was no wagon in the lane or anything else to obstruct my view. When Brown shot Dr. Parrish it frightened the horses and they ran off. Do not know what speed Brown was going when he left my house to meet Mrs. Parrish. Don't know what speed the wagon was coming. Think a negro was driving. Beatty Clutter was riding horseback behind the wagon. Did not see Clutter stick a rifle through the fence just before Brown met the wagon. Don't know if Clutter was working for Dr. Parrish. Don't know what became of Brown after he shot Mrs. Parrish second time. I saw him no more. Mrs. Parrish was riding on the west side of the wagon and Brown was sitting on his horse on the east side of the wagon. Mrs. Parrish walked towards the heads of the mules in a stooping posture and then walked and raised her head when Brown shot her. George Amick went with Brown to his house from mine. I do not know what he went for. While at my house Brown was talking of some difficulty with Dr. Parrish. I did not pay particular attention to what he was talking about. Saw some of the shot extracted

from Dr. Parrish's face. They were small shot, not the smallest or the largest.

Re-direct: I do not know where William Palmer was when Brown started down to meet Mrs. Parrish. When I went back into the yard he was in rear of my kitchen. Did not see him in the lane at all. He would have had to pass by me had he gone into the lane. He did not pass me. Plat of ground shown.

Objected to by defense, objection sustained. Questions asked as to height of fences and other questions of minor importance.

MISS LUTIE PARRISH.

Am a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Parrish. I was present in the lane near Mr. Bennett's the day mother was killed. I first saw Brown within a quarter mile of Mr. Bennett's. He was in front of Mr. Bennett's. When Brown met us he said, by G—d stop that wagon. Mother said O, go on he didn't want us to stop. He said yes, I do. Get out of the wagon. Ma said don't shoot me. He said yes I will. Ma got out of the wagon on the west side and went toward the head of the mules, then came back and he shot her. After shooting her she came back and rested her head on the wheel of the wagon; I asked her if she was shot and she replied that she was, "right here," pointing to her neck. I said don't shoot any more. His answer, oh, by G—d she ain't dead yet. I told her to run which she did, up the fence, when he fired again. I reached my mother's side and asked her to speak and she tried to and couldn't. There was present in the lane at that time, Mrs. Osborne, my sister, Jack Amick, Beatty Clutter and the negro. That was all there until Mrs. Bennett came. She told me to run to the house, which I did.

Cross-examination: I am a sister-in-law of defendant. They had been married for about two years. They did not marry at home. They ran off and got married. They first visited at our house. There was not very kindly feeling between Mr. Brown and my father. It was at Brown's solicitation that father let him live on the place. I once saw a difficulty between Brown and father, when he attempted to shoot Brown but was prevented from so doing by my brother-in-law. Father always carried a pistol; had one the day he was shot by Brown; never heard him say he would kill Brown; we met Beatty Clutter and he joined us; asked if he had a gun, answered in the affirmative, but the question was objected to and objection sustained. When Brown came up to the wagon he spoke about shooting, nothing else that I heard; said nothing about mother having tried to poison him; if he said anything to Mrs. Osborne about his wife and child I did not hear it. Beatty Clutter and I never talked about what our testimony would be on the trial. When at the wagon he told ma he was going to kill her; my sister asked him not to kill her. He replied: "Hush up, or I'll kill you." The horses to wagon were going in a trot, his horse was walking. I just saw Mr. Brown. Ma made Mr. Clutter put his gun away. Do not know why he had it, it was father's.

Do not know when he got it. When we first met him he had been up towards Mr. Bennett's with the gun, but on turning around to accompany us mother made him leave the gun. Do not remember of mother telling him she would tell him where his wife and child were if he would not shoot her. If I stated at former trial that Brown seemed to be very mad it is correct. Did not hear him say: "I am a dying sinner of the cross, I am going to die and go to hell and want to carry a few passengers with me." I heard Brown tell mother that he had father. I have told all I know. Am not conscious of remembering anything I have not told.

Re-direct: I met Beatty Clutter at the bridge, this side of our house, going towards the house. It was about a quarter of a mile from our house when he put the gun away at mother's request. The difficulty between father and Brown happened at our yard fence two months before mother was killed. Do not know if Brown and father ever met afterwards. Mrs. Brown came to our house. Mother never went there, I and my sisters visited there. Father took Brown's wife away from him the Saturday before mother was killed. She came to our house and left from there with father. Sister Sarah went with Mrs. Brown and father when they left.

MRS. BENNETT.

I was at home on the 23d of July, 1877. I first saw Hade Brown at my house that day. I was on my porch when Dr. Parrish was shot. It was near five o'clock that day. He saw Dr. Parrish and shot him. He came back to the house and tried to shoot him again. When he saw the wagon coming he said, "There they come now." He made no threats. I then left to take Mrs. Brown, his mother, some things, which put my back to him. I met John Will Smith; he told me to go down there as there would be trouble. When in about 25 yards of the wagon I saw Mrs. Parrish in a stooping posture on the west side of the wagon. Brown was on the east side. When she raised her head he fired, she then started to run towards me when he fired again. She fell at the crack of the second barrel. Mrs. Osborne, Lutie and myself reached her about the same time. Lutie first. They were afraid of Brown and ran to my house. I staid with her till she died—about 20 minutes. Mrs. Osborne, Lutie Parrish, Beatty Clutter, Jacky Amick and the negro, Frank, were all that were there in the lane.

Cross-examination: It was about noon when Brown was at my house; there was quite a good many there when he was, his mother, sister and others. I heard at church Snnday that his wife had left him. His mother told me that day that Susan had left him. He seemed in cheerful spirits that day, and said he was going to have his child, that he didn't give a d—d for his wife. When Dr. Parrish was coming up, his mother said, "There comes Hade, and they will meet." Dr. Parrish was in a two-horse spring wagon with his daughter Sarah. When Brown shot the second time, the horses ran away. We took the Doctor in the house and cared for him, as he looked like

he would die. When Hade left, after shooting the Doctor, he left in a hurry, but soon came back. I saw a pistol taken from the Doctor's person; it was a small one. Know it was not a five or six-shooter; do not know what kind of one it was. When he came back, he ripped around, and made threats that he would finish Dr. Parrish; he tried to get in, but did not try very bad; he was prancing around and making threats. I saw him cry once; it was when he said his mother had thrown him away, and his wife and child had been taken away from him. I stated last winter that he acted like a wild fool; I meant a mad fool. He did not act like a crazy fool. Saw him break up the wagon seat, and he said what he could not destroy one way he would another. I went down to see if Hade would not let Mrs. Parrish come and see the Doctor. I was not near enough to hear anything that was said. I did not see him stop the wagon. After he shot Mrs. Parrish, he loaded his gun, got on his horse, and called Lou Patten to him, and told him to see that Frank had his horse, and to kiss his wife and child. He then rode to Mrs. Kunnell's and stopped awhile; rode in a canter when he left. If I said last winter that Brown said give the black horse to Frank Wilson, I don't think I knew the negro's name was Wilson. I said last winter that he acted like a gentleman while at the house; I meant at dinner. I am not an enemy to Brown, only to the crime he has done. He has always treated me gentlemanly. When he was talking about his mother, while on the fence, I saw the spittle flying from his mouth; did not see the slobber running down his mouth; if I said slobber last winter, I meant spit. He said that he meant to kill that many more, throwing up his hand, and then die in the same house old Bill Brown died in, the bravest man that ever lived. I asked him if he was prepared to die; he said, "Hell, no!" I don't know how fast he rode when he left after killing Mrs. Parrish.

Re-direct: When examined last winter I was so hoarse I could not speak, and Sheriff Williams had to interpret what I said. When he came back he called his mother, and she left, saying, "I will have to get away from here." When he called her, she would not go.

JACK AMICK, JR.

I was present on the 23d day of July, 1877, when Mrs. Parrish was killed. I was in Mr. Bennett's field when Dr. Parrish was shot. I then went to Dr. Parrish's house after Mrs. Parrish. I left the house with Mrs. Parrish, the girls, and the driver in a wagon. When close to Mr. Bennett's I met Brown. He stopped the wagon and told Mrs. Parrish he was going to shoot her, and did shoot her. When I first saw Brown he was about 200 yards distant at Mr. Bennett's. When he came to the wagon, he told Mrs. Parrish if she had anything to say to Lutie, she had better say it, as he was going to kill her; told me and the negro man to get out of the wagon. Brown was on the east side of the wagon when he shot. When Brown first shot Mrs. Parrish was standing near the front of the mules; she ran north, and he shot her

again. He walked around to the back part of the wagon to get to her. Before he shot Mrs. Parrish, Brown said to her that she had taken his wife away. She said she would like for them to live together if they could; she begged him not to kill her and to let her go to the house and see Dr. Parrish. I was sitting on the spring seat of the wagon. He told Mrs. Osborne he was going to kill her, too, for giving a couple of dresses to his wife for his child. Mrs. Osborne told him his wife wanted them and she thought she would give them to her. Those present at the time of the shooting were: Mrs. Osborne, Sarah Parrish, Lutie Parrish, Beatty Clutter, Mrs. Osborne's children, Mrs. Parrish, the negro Frank, and myself. After Mrs. Parrish was shot the second time, others came down; Mrs. Bennett was one. Brown, after shooting Mrs. Parrish the second time, went towards the blacksmith shop.

Cross-examination: I testified at former trial. All the part of the difficulty I saw was at the wagon. First saw Beatty Clutter at Dr. Parrish's. Mrs. Parrish asked him to come and go along with us to Mrs. Bennett's. I saw Brown shortly before he shot Mrs. Parrish sitting on his horse in the road, between the blacksmith shop and Mr. Bennett's. When he came to the wagon, he said something about his wife and child; did not ask where they were; do not remember of her telling him she would tell him where his wife and child were if he would let her go to her husband; remember something of the kind. Heard Brown say to Mrs. Parrish that she had tried to poison him, and he could prove it by the doctors at Cairo. She denied it, and he said he was going to kill her; saw Brown laugh; don't remember what he said before laughing; did not hear Mrs. Osborne say she would have Mr. Osborne to whip him for talking; did not see Brown talking with Lou Patten; don't remember of Brown's having any conversation with Mrs. Osborne. I heard him tell Beatty Clutter he believed he was taking the Parrish's part, and threatened to shoot him. I asked Brown to let Mrs. Parrish go to the house. He drew his gun on me and told me to hush or he would shoot me. I don't remember of seeing Palmer; heard Brown say that he had killed Dr. Parrish, was going to kill Mrs. Parrish, and expected to die before sunrise next morning, and that they would be buried together. Did not see Clutter put the gun down; it was a rifle. Saw no revolver in the party. Clutter had the gun when he came to the house; do not know whose gun it was; have not heard since; don't know if I ever saw it before. Miss Lutie Parrish was at home when I got there; don't know whose horse Clutter was riding. I was at Mrs. Bennett's when Brown took dinner; he ate before I did. Had no conversation with Brown that day. Met Brown that day close to Cairo in a buggy; if he had a gun I did not see it. Don't think I saw Brown the day before. I was not at church. Did not see him on Saturday as I remember of.

About the 1st of April last, the Sheriff believing it unsafe for Brown to remain in the county jail, removed him to Kansas City for safe keeping. During his incarceration at Kansas City he kept up the

character he had established, defying God and man, and showing no signs of contrition for his dreadful deeds up to a short time before the day fixed for his execution. When the paper was handed him containing the last decision of the supreme court in his case, he called his fellow prisoners around him, and with curses upon the courts and the officers of the law, read in mock judicial tones the decision that doomed him to die upon the gallows, and made his little child the son of an executed felon. Later, as her letters unquestionably indicate, he conspired with his true and devoted wife to simultaneously commit suicide, thereby doubly orphaning his innocent and helpless child. His never faltering wife, brave little woman that she was, had the courage to fulfill her part of the compact, but he seems to have shrank from his, and clung to life to the last possible moment, and died an ignominious death upon the scaffold.

BROWN'S WIFE COMMITS SUICIDE.

[From the Kansas City Times, June 22d, 1880].

It was half-past seven o'clock last evening that the report of a pistol shot was heard near the corner of Cherry and Thirteenth streets. Mrs. Fisher, who resides at 1305 Cherry street, was sitting on her front porch at the time. It seemed to her as if the shot had been fired near the rear of her house. Her first thought was of burglars, and she stepped quickly through the hall into her bedroom. From the threshold of the door she saw the sight that explained the mysterious shot. A woman lying dead on the floor, a pistol by her side, a hole in the forehead, and the thin clouds of smoke curling up to the ceiling—that was all, yet it told the story of the last act of a brave, faithful little woman. Hade Brown's wife dead—dead by her own hand, just four days before the time appointed for the execution of her unworthy husband. Hers had been a sad, weary life, full of anxiety, care, excitement, suffering, disgrace and sorrow. For three years past, during all the while her husband had been hunted by the officers of the law, during his trial, during the suspense of waiting for the final decree of the highest tribunal, and during the last weeks of the doomed man's stay on earth, this wife had been true to him, ceaseless in her attentions, tireless in her devotion, unremitting in her love. A more beautiful and touching instance of womanly fidelity and wifely devotion the world never knew.

The story of Hade Brown's crime is familiar to every one. In a fit of passion he slew his mother-in-law. He fled to Iowa and for a year lurked about, pursued by detectives. He was finally captured and taken back to Randolph county, the scene of his crime. He was doomed to death on the gallows. The supreme court was appealed to as a last resort. Pending their decision he was removed to Kansas City. The supreme court refused to interfere in his behalf, and the Governor declined to interpose his executive clemency. The date of the execution was fixed for Friday, the 25th, only three days hence.

When the wife heard that her husband must die, she came at once to Kansas City, bringing with her an only child, a little boy just past his third birthday. The meeting between the doomed man and his family was touching in the extreme. The woman gave vent to her sorrow in heartrending shrieks and a flood of tears. Hade Brown — the careless, blasphemous and scared wretch that they called him — was overcome by emotion. The woman and the child were all he loved. During his trial and when sentence was passed on him he had expressed himself only in oaths and threats. Now the sight of the woman and child unnerved him. He was the braggart no longer. He dropped on his knees and wept and sobbed as though his heart would break.

That was four weeks ago. Ever since that time the woman has been a ministering angel to the man. Each day she has trudged to the jail, through rain or shine, to renew her pledges of devotion and offices of love to the husband already under the shadow of death.

The woman loved the man. He had disgraced her. He had blighted her young life. He had amassed a heritage of shame for her child. He had broken her heart. And yet she loved him, and when the hope that he might be spared was dead, the resolve came upon her that she would die too and sleep in the same grave with him. The end came quickly. A pistol shot — a gasp — a sigh — and the troubled soul was at rest.

THE CONSPIRACY OF DEATH.

Yesterday afternoon Hade Brown was visited in his cell by his wife. What passed between them is not known and probably never will be. It is known, however, that both man and woman had made up their minds to perish by suicide. This plan had been discussed before. All along Hade Brown has, with the most hideous oaths, declared he would never perish on the gallows. These declarations did not particularly impress the authorities, as Brown was supposed to be more expert at threatening than at executing. Nevertheless, as is usual in the case of criminals about to die, he was closely watched, and no means for accomplishing his self-destruction were suffered to come within his grasp. There was no suspicion that the wife would convey to him any weapon or poison by which his threats at suicide might be carried into effect. She Brown was regarded as a quiet, modest, shrinking little woman, one who would naturally revolt at any such action, which it now appears she was so ready to perform, and of course was not watched. The visit to the jail yesterday was for two purposes. The first was to bid her husband an eternal farewell, for she had resolved to die. The second was to provide him with means whereby he might end his life and thus escape the gallows. The means she had to offer him were poison — a heavy dose of morphine, which, secreted in the folds of her dress, she had no difficulty in conveying to his cell. Where she obtained the morphine has not yet been developed. That may come out among the dry details of the coroner's inquest, but probably not. Hade Brown took the deadly powder and placed it in

his vest pocket. It was decided between the two that the wife was to die first; she probably told him how she intended to end her wretched life. She was to leave a note for a friend, and the friend was to hasten to the jail and "tell Hade that Sue was dead." That was to be the signal for the husband's preparations for death to begin. He was then to take the poison, retire to his pallet and pass to his eternal sleep. The morning was to find his body dead and stark and stiff in the cell.

When the two parted there was no unusual display of emotion between them. There was not a look nor a gesture nor a word that was calculated to excite suspicion. They kissed each other good-bye, and the wife said: "We will see each other in the morning," and these were her last words to him. She had said the same words many times before, and the guards took no particular notice of them.

At the door she turned and looked back at him, but said nothing. The door closed, the man went to his cell and the woman went to her death.

THE SCENE OF DEATH.

Upon her return to Mrs. Fisher's residence on Cherry street, there was nothing in Mrs. Brown's appearance or actions to convey even the remotest hint of the dreadful purpose she had in mind. She ate her supper with the family and conversed as usual. After supper she took the child over to a neighbor's and left him there to play. She was observed to embrace him and kiss him before she left him. The child went about his play in his bright, nervous way.

She returned to Mrs. Fisher's house and found Mrs. Fisher sitting on the front porch talking to a lady friend. She passed into the house and was not seen alive again. From the evidences at hand, it is clear that upon leaving Mrs. Fisher she went into the bedroom, near the rear of the house, and wrote the two letters found after her death—wrote them in the dim, uncertain light of day, upon two slips of commercial bill-heads, and in very uncertain scrawling chirography. This accomplished, she took a comforter from the bed and with it made a pallet on the floor. In one of the bureau drawers there was a small thirty-eight caliber five-shooter. The woman opened the bureau drawer, took out the weapon, stretched herself out on the pallet, placed the weapon to her right temple and discharged it. The bullet crushed through the bone and lodged in the brain. Death was instantaneous.

When Mrs. Fisher found her lying there dead, the body was turned slightly over on the left side, but the attitude was so natural and easy that the repose might have been mistaken for that of sleep instead of death. Mrs. Fisher was terribly shocked. Her cries soon attracted the neighbors, who came pouring in, and among them the little boy whom his mother had but a half hour previously kissed good-bye for the last time.

What did the child know of death? When he saw the woman lying there, he tip-toed softly back to the staring, frightened group of women

and said softly, "Mamma is asleep — we mustn't talk or we'll wake her up."

Everybody wept — the strong men as well as the weaker women. A lady took the child up and carried him out into the street and there he romped and played as gaily as if he were not indeed the loneliest and most blighted of orphans.

THE TWO LETTERS.

Two letters were found, conveying the last wishes of the unhappy woman. The first was pinned on the bosom of her dress and read as follows:—

"MRS. FISHER. — Please tell my darling husband immediately, will you, that these are my dying words. Please see that Hade's relations take me to Sundell graveyard and bury me with my dear husband, and in the same grave and coffin. These are my dying words, good-bye forever and ever. Please see that my child is raised right no matter who takes charge of him. I forgive every one who has wronged me and ask forgiveness. Good-bye to Chris and his family, and to Moses and those sweet children; also my sister and dear old father and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, and last of all my dear, sweet child and husband. Oh forgive me, God, is my prayer, for the time draws near when I must die. Good-bye, my dear, darling child and husband. This is written by Sue Brown."

The other letter was found on the bureau and was as follows:—

"TO MY DARLING HUSBAND AND CHILD AND MY FRIED BELLE FISHER, THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN SO VERY GOOD AND KIND TO ME. — My darling husband and I will both die to-night. My life is a misery to me for I know that James is to hang, and I am very near crazy over my troubles, they are more than I can bear. Oh, how I hate to leave my darling, precious babe. I hope my relations will take charge of him, and raise him right, and always be good and kind to him and for my sake never let him be imposed upon. I love my dear husband better than the whole world, and he can't live and I wou't—we will both die together. I want to be buried in my darling's arms, and in the same coffin with him.

"Mrs. Fisher, will you please see to us and not let them separate us in death is my dying wish. That God will forgive me and take me safely home is my dying prayer. I want my sisters, Sarah and Luta, to have my things between them. A farewell kiss to my dear old father, one I love. Mrs. Fisher, will you please for my sake have this published. I want you to take the news to Hade, it makes no difference who says no."

THE SCENE AT THE JAIL.

The discovery and perusal of the two letters left by Mrs. Brown let the authorities into the secret that there was an understanding between the murderer and his wife, and that the murderer himself con-

templated suicide and was probably in possession of the means whereby to accomplish that result. To frustrate any such design, Deputy Marshal Freeman, accompanied by Jailor Farrell, Sergeants Deitch and Snider, officer Barrons and several other patrolmen, made haste to the jail and quietly slipped up in front of Hade Brown's cell.

"Come outside, Hade," said Freeman, in as careless a tone as he could feign.

Brown looked up and saw the squad of officers. In a flash he divined that something deeply affecting him had transpired. He did not know what, nor did he care. As quick as lightning he plunged his hand in his vest pocket, drew out the package of morphine and crammed it into his mouth. Before he could swallow the fatal drug, however, the officers had seized him and powerful hands had fastened their vice-like clutch about his neck. Then ensued a frightful struggle. The baffled wretch floundered and fought with the desperation of a madman. His blasphemies and oaths and imprecations were too terrible for recital in a public print. Alternately he cursed himself and his assailants.

"Kill me, you dogs of — !" he shrieked. "I've got to die anyway next Friday, and I might just as well die here and now."

It was a dreadful scene. The struggle lasted several moments, till absolutely exhausted, blue in the face, his eyeballs protruding from his head and the froth bubbling from his mouth, the miserable wretch lay feebly writhing on the jail floor. As if he had been a beast, his mouth was pried open and the poisonous package dragged forth. Then he was hauled to his cell and placed under heavy guard, and even then, exhausted as he was, he continued to utter the most revolting blasphemies and imprecations.

It was decided not to communicate to him the fact of his wife's death till to-day.

MURDER MOST FOUL.

[From the Moberly Headlight.]

One of the most dastardly, cold-blooded and unprovoked murders on record has just come to light in this county, and speedy justice has already been meted out to the bloody perpetrators by an infuriated mob, composed almost wholly, if not entirely, of colored men.

Some three weeks ago, George Matthews, an old negro man of industrious habits and good character, living four or five miles east of Moberly, suddenly disappeared from his home, and his continued absence aroused the suspicion that he had been foully made way with, and the people of the neighborhood, enlisting the aid of officials, set to work last Saturday to ferret out the mystery, and they were not long in bringing to light one of the most brutal murders on record. On Monday the body of old George was found in Elk fork, a creek close to his late residence, with a bullet hole through the head and the head badly beat up.

Abe Lincoln, a stepson of the murdered man, aged about 20 years, Henry, a negro boy about 17 years old, Alfred Cason, a negro neighbor, the wife of the victim and another negro were arrested and taken to Moberly, charged with the crime. At the coroner's inquest in Moberly, Tuesday, Abe Lincoln, the stepson of the murdered man, confessed to having shot his stepfather, and implicated the boy Henry with him in the murder. According to his confession, they went to the residence of the old man in the afternoon of the day of the murder for the express purpose of killing him. They found him alone, and sat and talked with him for an hour or two, when they arose and set about their bloody work. The stepson put his pistol to the old man's head and fired, inflicting a deadly wound and causing the old man to fall to the floor in a heap. The boy Henry then stepped to the door, gathered a club he had left on the outside, and dealt the dying man several heavy blows on the head with it. The stepson then took the club and proceeded to beat the last spark of life out of the prostrate body, after which the two dragged it from the house into a fence-corner near by, and then went to Cason's and stayed all night. They returned about sunrise the following morning, dragged the body to the creek and threw it in.

No cause whatever is assigned for the brutal deed, but the negro Cason is supposed to be the principal instigator and the planner of the affair, and all the parties arrested and some others are believed to be more or less implicated. It seems that Matthews' wife and his stepdaughters are of a very loose character, and that he protested against feeding and entertaining the worthless characters that this case of affairs drew around him, which, no doubt, led to the bloody deed.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock Tuesday night a body of heavily armed men rode up to the Moberly calaboose and made the guards give up the prisoners — Henry Mitchell, Dick Yancy (Abe Lincoln) and Alfred Cason. They were taken to a trestle bridge, about a mile east of town, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and all three swung up. Cason was let down and then swung up again. He would not or could not confess anything, and was let down and sent back to the calaboose. Mitchell and Yancy were left hanging until the following morning, when they were cut down and an inquest held over them. The jury returned verdicts to the effect that deceased came to their deaths at the hands of unknown parties. The mob was not masked, and a good many are known, but the ones who know will not tell. The negro, Cason, is scared half to death, and will answer no questions. The bodies were taken in charge by an undertaker and buried. Everything was conducted quietly, and few in Moberly knew anything had happened until the following morning.

DISTRESSING FATAL ACCIDENT.

[From the Herald.]

The old tank pond just east of the corporate limits of Huntsville, which contains a large body of water, from 10 to 12 feet in depth, was

the scene of a most distressing accident between five and six o'clock on Wednesday evening of last week, January 13, 1881, whereby one happy home was made suddenly desolate by the loss of its head and protector. Mr. Richard Hotchkiss, an industrious and hard-working coal miner, living in the east side of the town, having finished his day's work in the pit, hitched his horse to his buggy, and with his two little boys drove to this pond for the purpose of washing off the vehicle. Not knowing the depth of the water, and being unable to swim, he unhitched the horse and rode him in to try it before driving the buggy in. He had only got a few yards from the bank when his horse suddenly struck deep swimming water. The first plunge of the animal jerked the rider's hat off, and in attempting to recover it, he fell off the horse and was drowned. The only witnesses to this sad tragedy were the two little boys, who, upon seeing their father sink beneath the water the third time, ran for their home screaming at the top of their voices. As soon as the sorrowful news reached the ears of the unsuspecting wife, she was almost crazed with grief, and rushing wildly to the pond she attempted to plunge into the deep water after the body of her husband, whose face she had looked upon but a few moments before in perfect health; but, happily, a number of persons were attracted to the place before her by the screams of the children and prevented her from becoming a victim of her own rashness. It was only a short time until the banks of the pond were lined with people, and the work of dragging the pond was at once commenced and kept up until between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the body was recovered. The face showed a number of bruises and cuts, and bled freely for hours. It is more than probable that these injuries were inflicted by the horse's fore feet, for it is an established fact that all horses become greatly frightened when they first strike swimming water, and if a rider falls off at such a time the horse will in every instance claw the water desperately to get to him.

The deceased was 31 years of age, and leaves a devoted wife and three interesting little boys to mourn his untimely death; and these have the sincere sympathy of our entire people in this their hour of sad affliction. He was an honest, upright man; was loved by his friends, and respected by all. His remains were buried Thursday evening in the city cemetery by the Odd Fellows, of which fraternity he was an honored member, and were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people.

Peace to his ashes, and may the good God comfort the bereaved ones.

JOHN H. WRIGHT COMMITS SUICIDE.

John H. Wright, a young married man about 32 years of age, residing with his wife and two children four miles south of Huntsville, on a farm adjoining the one occupied by his father, Mr. James Wright, committed suicide about nine o'clock Tuesday morning, January 29, 1884, by hanging himself to a tree in a woods pasture about a half a mile

from his house. He got up Tuesday morning and dressed himself and walked over to see his father. Finding that his father had gone to see a neighbor, a Mr. Yager, he returned home, told his wife that he was going over to Mr. Hunt's, another neighbor, and started in that direction. He walked down the road over which his father would have to return to a point about half a mile from his house, climbed over the fence, walked about 50 yards to the edge of the woods pasture, tied a comfort around his head and deliberately hung himself with a rope which he had with him, dying from strangulation. Life could not have been extinct very long when his father returned over the road in company with Mr. William Bagby, who noticed the dangling object and called Mr. Wright's attention to it, saying he believed it was a man. Mr. Wright replied, he guessed not — it was only a "scarecrow." But Mr. Bagby kept his eye on the object, and again declared his belief with more firmness, when Mr. Wright thought it might be and that they had better go over and investigate, and they did. Finding that it was a man in fact, but not knowing who it was because of the face being concealed by the comfort tied over it, Mr. Wright suggested that they had better go and get some of the neighbors before interfering with the body, and they each started in different directions for neighbors. Mr. Bagby and his companions returned first and cut the body down and removed the comfort, when they recognized the face, and the body of the dead man was at once removed to the home of his parents. A note found pinned on the coat stated that the deceased was tired of living, asked to be buried in the clothes he had on and that no inquest be held on his body.

The cause is ascribed to physical infirmities. He had been in poor health for several years and a few months before he had a severe spell of sickness, which left him in a still more enfeebled condition. He had been quite despondent for some time, and about a month previous bought laudanum with the view of taking his life, but his wife persuaded him from it. His wife says their domestic relations were the most pleasant and happy, and that he had never given her a cross word.

At an inquest held on the body a verdict in accordance with the above facts was found.