

Homicide in Williamson County, Illinois

Many town and county histories published in the nineteenth and early twentieth century contain detailed accounts of violent crimes and violent deaths. A number include lists of homicides, suicides, accidents, executions, and other sensational events. Such histories often contain evidence from eyewitnesses or from oral tradition that is not available in other sources.

One impressive history of homicide in a particular town or county is Milo Erwin's study of Williamson County, Illinois. It covers the years from 1813 to 1876. We have yet to annotate his account, but we are posting Erwin's history in the hope that others will find it useful. Please let us know if you know of other histories with detailed accounts of violent crimes or violent deaths. We would like to compile a list of such histories and make as many as possible available to researchers in searchable text files.

The file does not contain Erwin's entire history of the county. It contains, besides the forward material, only the pages on homicide: pp. 10-19, 92-230.

Thanks to Keegan Dwyer for converting Erwin's history into a searchable text file.

Citation:

Erwin, Milo (1876) *The History of Williamson County, Illinois, from the Earliest Times, Down to the Present, 1876*. Marion: n.p.

Note: Readers interested in Williamson County's homicides may also wish to read: Angle, Paul M. (1952) *Bloody Williamson: A Chapter in American Lawlessness*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Angle focuses on the twentieth century, but he includes a chapter on the county's great "vendetta" of nineteenth century.

HISTORY
OF
WILLIAMSON COUNTY
ILLINOIS

From the Earliest Times, Down to the Present,

1876

With An Accurate Account of the Secession Movement,
Ordinances, Raids, Etc., Also, a Complete History of
Its "Bloody Vendetta," Including All Its
Recondite Causes, Results, Etc., Etc.,

BY

MILO ERWIN

Attorney at Law

"Mine be the friend, less frequent in his prayers,
Who makes no bustle with his soul's affairs,
Whose wit can brighten up a wintry day,
And chase the splenetic dull hours away."

MARION, ILLINOIS

1876

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BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

Not to know what happened before we were born is to remain always a child; for what were the life of man did we not combine present events with the recollections of past ages?" This, said Cicero many ages ago. No community is without a history, and, few, it will be agreed by those of you fortunate enough to peruse the following pages, have to offer such an interesting history as this one written now nearly forty years ago of Williamson county. Its author, Milo Erwin, was, in his time, one of the county's most eminent lawyers. Many stories are told about the excitement the publication of this book caused. It is now republished for the first time, and with no other intention whatsoever than to enlighten the present generation of the turbulent period through which this community has passed. In behalf of the well known families connected with the terrible vendetta which is here related it should be said that they are now among the best families in the community and some of the persons named are counted at present, good citizens who have lived down all odium that once attached to their names.

[SKIP TO PAGE 10]

OF INDIANS

That portion of the Territory lying between the Big Muddy on the west, and the [PAGE 11] Wabash on the east, was for over thirty years inhabited by the Shawnee tribe of Indians. And that west of Big Muddy, to the Mississippi, was occupied by the Kaskaskia Indians.

In the year 1802, a battle occurred between the two tribes. These tribes would occasionally [sic] trespass upon the hunting grounds of each other, from which quarrels ensued, and finally the battle above mentioned. It was fought by agreement on the half-way ground, in Town Mount Prairie, in the edge of Franklin county, about three miles south-west of Frankfort. The Kaskaskians were under the command of their chief John DuQuoin, then quite an old man, and a good friend to the whites. The Shawnees were commanded by a chief of a treacherous nature, which was probably the cause of the fight. As to the duration of this battle, we have no means of knowing; but the battle-ground itself, though under a high state of cultivation, can yet be located by the marks. The farms occupied by L. D. Throop and the Dennings, are at the extremes of the battle-field, the main fight taking place a little south of Mr. Throop's residence. A large number of the Shawnees were slain, and the remainder driven to the Big Muddy River, at a point about a quarter of a mile below the bridge, on the Frankfort [PAGE 12] and DuQuoin road, where, in attempting to cross they were nearly all butchered and the tribe annihilated. The Kaskaskias after that held undisputed sway, until the encroachment of the whites drove them beyond the Mississippi.

Since the year 1802 there were a few straggling bands of hunters and fishermen in this county, but no tribe ever again claimed it. In consequence of the hostile disposition of the Indians, no white settlements were made this side of Equality until 1804, when seven brothers by the name of Jordan, John and William Browning, Joseph Estes' and a man by the name of Barbrey, a brother,-in-law to the Jordans, came from Smith county Tennessee, and located in Franklin county, and built a fort and block-house on the ground now occupied by the residence of Alexander McCreery.

Until 1815 little or no attempt was made by them to cultivate the soil, but they subsisted on the products of the woods. In the year 1812, James Jordan and Barbrey went out to gather wood, and they were fired on by the Indians. Barbrey was killed dead and scalped; Jordan was wounded in the legs, but was able to get to the fort. After obtaining re-inforcements from Frank Jordan's fort, they started in pursuit of the Indians and followed them as far as the Okaw [PAGE 13] River, but did not overtake them. Barbrey was buried at the fort, and his grave can be seen at this day. The murder of Barbrey was but a just and inexplicable epitome of that long catalogue of violent deaths, ushered in by the keen crack of the savage Indians' rifle, and ending with the hollow thud of the murderous shot-gun in this county.

A large portion of the Shawnee tribe lived in Indiana, and in 1811 were camped on the Tippecanoe, a tributary of the Wabash. The great Tecumseh was chief of the Shawnee Indians, and at that time was preparing for war against Governor Harrison; and while our government was fighting England, Tecumseh left his tribe in 1811 and taking twelve of his warriors with him, started south to enlist the Creek Indians to join him. He passed through this county, coming into it from the north-east to Marion, where he struck the Kaskaskia trail. He followed it to the Hill place and then on south. About a mile south of Marion he was met and talked to by John Phelps, who had been in the country but a short time and he was frightened very badly. But Tecumseh was a humane Indian and was never known to ill-treat or murder a prisoner, and denounced all who did, and employed all his authority and eloquence to [PAGE 14] protect the helpless. In the fall he returned north, and was greatly mortified over his brother's defeat at Tippecanoe. The next year he was killed at the battle of the Thames, in Canada.

But the Shawnee Indians were not all like Tecumseh. They were hated and dreaded by the whites, and were overwhelmed and obliterated by the relentless flow of the palefaces, and lived only in memory and history. They once claimed this county as their own, and the light bark canoe swam on the silver bosom of the Saline. As they wandered along its shores they passed forests whose somber depths were veiled to them by a vast screen of drooping birch, and then they pushed their little craft through wide-spreading beds of water lilies, and then, entering one of Nature's solemn temples, what weird, wonderous visions greeted their thrilled senses! As they glided slowly along, the heavens were almost shut out. Behind and before them rose up trunks of trees; now and then they stooped as they passed under some monarch of the place. They

pushed aside the thickly trailing vines and then the canoe would disturb a perfect surface of the most marvelous mirror, reflecting countless forms of leaves and twigs. How intense was the silence, broken only by the splash of a single blue heron, who, wondering at the [PAGE 15] intrusion, gazed, and then spreading his great wings, rose and slowly disappeared. Such were the scenes of these dirty, greasy, filthy Indians.

Every valley of our beautiful county gives evidence of the existence of the race to which I refer. The delightful valley of the Crab-Orchard is replete with Indian history and reminiscence. But the Kaskaskias, who were friendly with the whites, continued to come to this county as late as 1828. They were sent out by Colonel Manair, a trader of Kaskaskia, to hunt for furs, etc. They would come in the fall and camp on Big Muddy, Hurricane, Crab-Orchard, Caplinger Ponds, and other streams. But these were Indians in whom the peculiar characteristics of the race had given place to some of the courtesies and confidences of civilized man. A very large number of them were camped at Bainbridge as late as 1813. James Maneece once visited this camp, and they had a large kettle of terrapins on boiling, making soup. They asked him to eat with them, but he declined. The Crain boys and others used to go to their camps on the Crab Orchard, and have fun with them. They asked them why they did not go down on the Saline; that there was plenty of all kinds of game there; but the Indian would shake his head and say, "Griffee live there; he [PAGE 16] kill Indians." Thos. Griffee had a character for killing every Indian he could catch in the woods, and they were afraid to go down there. When they camped on Big Muddy, the white folks would go down regularly every Sunday to see them. One old Indian who came here for several years had a white wife, by the name of Ellen, said to be very handsome. He would never leave her at the camp alone on Sunday, for fear the white boys would steal her. These hunters used to go quite often to farmers' houses for something to eat.

In Northern Precinct, they got so bad that the women were afraid to stay at home alone while they were loitering around through the woods. The men banded together, and gave the Indians ten days' notice to leave the country. They produced the Governor's permit to hunt, but it was not honored. They left before the ten days were out, Lind were never seen in Northern Precinct again. John Roberts, the Burns and Ratcliff were in the band. Wigwams were still stranding on Carl. Grave's farm, in 1820; and on Hugh Park's as late as 1823, were traces of camps. But after 1818, they never went into the eastern part of the county. They had a camp at a spring on the farm of J. S. Neely, in 1817. Also, on Indian Camp Creek, in the Burns settlement. [PAGE 17] A little south of the old station, near Pond Creek, are several Indian mounds; they are piles of dirt thrown up two feet high and twenty feet across to set the wigwams on to kept them dry. Many relics of the Indians have been found in this county. On Wesley Park's farm are rocks cut and carved in curious style by the Indians.

OF EARLY SETTLERS

The French settlers of Kaskaskia were mostly engaged in fur trading, and, in pursuing this business, would follow up the streams emptying into the Mississippi, near that place. As no stream runs from this county to Kaskaskia, it is not probable that any of these people ever entered what is now Williamson county until 1720. When Renault, an agent of the Mississippi Company, left France with two hundred miners to carry out the mining schemes of that company in Illinois, he bought five hundred slaves at San Domingo, to work in the mines. He settled at St. Phillip, and sent out exploring expeditions all over Illinois. He remained here twenty-four years, and spent seven millions of dollars. While there is no evidence of his search in this county, it is almost certain that he did so. Along the north side of Johnson county is found a shining kind of metal resembling [PAGE 18] silver, and many traces of extinct mines yet remain that at some day must have been the scene of much labor and expense. To reach these mines, he would necessarily pass through this county, and if so, was the first white man ever to break its solemn silence with the tread of his foot-steps. The next probable account of white men in this county was in 1766, when four men, who had been exploring with Col. James Smith in Kentucky, crossed into Illinois at the mouth of the Tennessee, and traveled fifty miles north, where they are lost sight of forever. It is likely they were killed by the Indians in this county.

The first white men known to have been in this county was in 1796. Col. George Rogers Clarke, with one hundred and fifty men, came down the Ohio *en route* for Kaskaskia. He left Fort Massac about the 14th day of June, and marched on foot to a point seven miles north-west of Golconda. Here he turned north-west, and came into our county at the south-east corner, marched by Sarahville to Thomas Hill's

place, then turned north, passed within one hundred and fifty yards of Marion on the west side, then through the east side of Phelps' Prairie to Herrin's Prairie, passing through where D. R. Harrison's fine brick mansion now, stands and crossing Big Muddy at the mouth [PAGE 19] of Pond Creek, or Odum Ford, and arrived at Kaskaskia on the 4th day of July. This has since been known as the Kaskaskia Trail, and in an early day was very muddy and hard to travel. So much so, that a new trail, known as the "Worthen Trail," was made through the east side of the county. It turned north near Sarahville, and ran along the ridge through the Hendrickson Settlement, then into Town Mount Prairie, and joined the old trail south-east of DuQuoin. In Phelps' Prairie, Clarke, suspecting his Indian guides of treachery, put bayonets behind them and gave them one hour to find the right direction or die. They found it. Clark spent twenty days crossing a country that at most would not have required more than four days for his sturdy back-woodsmen to cross. From this I conclude that he built what is known as "Stonefort," in Saline county, near the old trail. There are the remains of an old fort enclosing an acre of ground with dilapidated walls of stone on three sides, and a huge bluff on the north. A short distance from the fort up and down stream is a block house. That this was built about this time is evident from the growth of the trees in it. It is the shape and style of those built by white men on the frontiers.

[JUMP TO PAGE 92, where the author wrote about the participants in the county's great feud]

Twenty-two of these parties are young men like myself, and I know of no country where finer-looking, honester, friendlier or more sociable young men can be found. I associate with them with pleasure. Many of them are my lasting friends, and I will not denounce them because they have been charged with crimes of which they were not guilty. For the guilty I have nothing but charity; yet some of them committed the high crime of murder without excuse. I shall commence with the first homicide that occurred in the county, and give a brief sketch of each one as it occurred, up to the present time. Of the smaller offenses I have taken no notice, though they have been quite numerous and interesting. Some of them have been riots in which two or three men have been badly wounded. I estimate the number of assaults to murder that have occurred in this county at 285. Assaults with a deadly weapon, at 495; larceny, 190; rape, 15; burglary, 22; perjury, 20.

The first homicide occurred in 1813. Thomas Griffee was trying to shoot a bear out of a tree where the old court-house burned down in Marion, and he saw an Indian aiming his gun at the same bear. Griffee [PAGE 93] leveled his rifle at the Indian and shot him dead.

The next murder occurred in 1814. Thomas Griffee had a man working in a saltpeter cave for him, by the name of Elliott, who was a little colored. He came into Griffee's one Saturday night, and a surveyor by the name of John Hicks raised a fuss with him, and stabbed and killed him. Hicks then ran away, and at that moment a band of Indians came up to Griffee's from the camp at Bainbridge, and wanted to go in pursuit of Hicks, but Griffee would not let them go. Next morning Griffee and John Phelps started in pursuit of Hicks; they came on to him at the Odum Ford, and Hicks snapped his gun at Griffee's breast, but was taken. They took him to Kaskaskia, where the nearest Justice of the Peace lived, and he was "whipped, cropped and branded," and let go.

In 1818 a friend of Isaac Herrin came to this county and found a man dead at the Stotlar place, unwept and unknown. This man was doubtless murdered by the Indians, and if so, was the only one ever killed by them in this county.

The next murder occurred in 1821 in Rock-Creek Precinct, and was committed by Henry Parsons. It was late one evening, [PAGE 94] when the trees were robed in the regalia of Spring, and the great molten orb was quenching itself in the wild winds as they come sweeping against the rolling reach of upland, and the gentle mist was seemingly set to eddying by the rough elements, that this ruffian went walking down a little brook; his keen, restless eye kept a constant look-out, he saw a man through the deep, green foliage, sitting on a log across the brook. He fired on him, and the unknown hunter slipped off the log into the water, never to rise again. Parsons buried him and his gun. He used to give as an excuse for this murder, that the Indians had murdered his father, and he intended to kill every one of them he could find, and he thought this man was an Indian. There never came a more infamous devil out of the legions of horrid blackness than this man Parsons. I give a sketch of him from the mere love of relief. He lived unmatched in

the history of villainy; he did not seek wealth, but lived in the woods. He was a cold, calculating miscreant. His passions had no touch of humanity, and his brutal ferocity was backed by a kind of brutal courage. Like an animal, he never pardoned an affront or rivalry, and to be marked in his tablets on either account, was a sentence of [PAGE 95] death. But still he was really a coward, and pulled the trigger of death with a hand that shook. His crimes were all cold-blooded, and not chargeable to passion. Free from rules and reckless of life, feeling no kindness for aught that was human, hated and dreaded by men, detested and shunned by women, he would lay around Davis' Prairie and kill Indians. With him the chambers of mercy had no relenting toward these blighted men of earth, but as a wasp is ever ready to inflict her sting, so was he ready to commit the crime of murder.

On one occasion A. Keaster met him on the prairie, and he threw up his gun and told Keaster to stop, which he did. Soon after he heard the keen crack of his rifle, and then met him again. Parsons told him he had just killed a bear back there and he could have it. But Keaster knew too well that down in the dark, thick bushes lay an innocent red man weltering in his own blood. The little birds of different species flew across the open space and 'back again turning and whirling in manifold gyrations over the scene, where the ineffable glories of sunset had been insulted by bloody murder. What a scene was this! an innocent, untaught man lying wounded in the bushes, dreading the return of his slayer! What [PAGE 96] a thrill of joy would have electrified his soul to have seen a helping hand! Alone with his God and the winds and trees and flowers and birds, he died. The traces of his blood are hidden by the bushes and tall grass, but so long as Nature knows her own lament, will the cries of this murdered man be borne on the wild winds of heaven. I can not contemplate the character of a man but with astonishment that can look with fiendish complacency on the bleeding form of a brother man slain.

In 1823, Parsons killed Parson Crouch. They lived on the Crab Orchard, near the Cal. Norman bridge, and Parson bought Crouch's improvements, and was to have possession as soon as convenient; but Parsons got in a hurry, and told Crouch he must get out by Saturday night, or he would get stung with the "yeller jacket," a name for his gun. Crouch went to Equality that week for salt, and when he got within a quarter of mile of home, as he was driving along in a bit of dark and lonely forest, this sluth [sic] hound shot him dead, from behind a tree. He was found with his pockets full of toys for his little children. Parsons went to D. Odum's, threw down his gun and demanded a horse. Odum was afraid to refuse him, and he left the country. The [PAGE 97] whole country was raised and went in pursuit, but never overtook him. He went to Tennessee, and one of his sons came to this county years afterwards and said that a black dog had always followed his father, so that he could see no peace. He died a violent death. Thus "doth Providence with secret care often vindicate herself," and justice is continually done on the trial stage of life.

In 1833, James Youngblood was at a rock quarry, on the Saline, and was making his dog kill a snake, when Gideon Alexander appeared on the bluff above and shot him through the breast. Youngblood rose and attempted to shoot Alexander, but fainted. Alexander ran down to him, helped him home, and protested that he saw nothing but a white spot down through the foliage, and thought it was a deer's tail. He waited on Youngblood constantly, and paid all bills. Youngblood lived five or six years, but finally took to bleeding at the bullet hole, and died on the cold, damp dirt of his cabin. This was a curious case. Nothing was ever done with Alexander for this foul murder.

In 1841, Jeremiah Simmons got into a fight with J. G. Sparks, in Marion. William Benson, constable, interfered and stopped [PAGE 98] it. Simmons then commenced on Benson. The latter started home, Simmons ran after him with a knife; Andrew Benson came up at the time, ran up to Simmons and asked him to stop. Simmons looked over his shoulder and saw who it was, and stabbed backward, striking him in the abdomen, from which he died. Simmons made his escape. Benson offered five hundred dollars reward and the Governor two hundred dollars for his arrest. In about six months he wrote to his wife and was detected and brought back from Iowa by Benson. He was tried and acquitted. His counsel were General Shields and General McClelland.

In 1854, John Mosley killed James Burnett, by striking him on the head with a club. The difficulty arose over a dog fight. Mosley ran away and was captured in Missouri by hounds following his trail. He was tried and sentenced for six years, but after one year's confinement was pardoned.

George Ramsey shot and killed Jack Ward in 1859. They had run a horse race, and Ward had won it, which made Ramsey mad. He threw a rock at Ward, then when Ward started towards him, shot him dead and ran away, and has never come back.

In 1859, John Ferguson, then a boy, [PAGE 99] went out into the country and found Ellen Reed lying in bed sick, when he shot her dead. He said his father had too much business with her. He ran away, and years afterwards came home and soon died.

In the same year, an unknown man was found hanging dead on the Crab Orchard, south of Marion. The facts about it were never known, but suspicion rested heavily on a man who lived near by in the bottom, at that time.

In the spring of 1861, an Irishman passed the house of R. T. McHaney, four miles east of Marion; McHaney came up about that time and found that the man had insulted his wife. He got his gun and shot the unknown Irishman dead. He was tried and acquitted on the ground of defending his family.

In 1862, Reuben Stocks, a soldier in the Seventy Eighth Illinois Volunteers, had been transferred to a gun boat and furloughed home; he brought several of the boys with him conducted himself rather offensively to some people. One day he was in Blairsville, and fell in with the "Aiken gang," some of whom he treated roughly. That night some men went to his house, on the Eight Mile, and called him up, telling him that they wanted him to go back to the gun boat. [PAGE 100] When he went to the door, they shot him full of buckshot, from which he soon died. The perpetrators of this murder have never been discovered.

In 1862, when the One Hundred and Twenty Eighth Regiment left this county, and got to the Crab Orchard bridge, in Jackson county, Terry Crain got into a difficulty with John Burbridge, and struck him on the head with a stone, from which he died. Crain was not indicted until October 1875. He was arrested and admitted to bail on habeas corpus, in the sum of \$15,000. In August 1876, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' confinement. In the same year, William Stacey stabbed and killed Henderson Tippy. They were boys, bathing in the Crab Orchard, near Marion, and got to fighting. Stacey was acquitted.

In December 1862, James Baker was assassinated in Bainbridge Precinct. He walked out one night and was shot dead with a shot gun. It was thought that this was done because he was telling where deserters were.

In 1863, James Emerson, an ardent Republican, was assassinated while hunting his horses in the woods, near Blairsville. No cause for his murder is known, unless it was his politics. The assassin is unknown.

[PAGE 101] After George Aikin was frustrated in his efforts to sell out the One Hundred and Twenty Eighth, at Cairo, he went to Missouri, and got Allen Glide and Charley Glide, and came back here. These, and his son John Aikin, are the ones supposed to compose the "Aikin Gang." This gang flourished here in the spring of 1863, in the north part of the county, during which time several murders were committed, and no less than fifty of our citizens robbed. Dr. Bandy was taken out and whipped unmercifully, and George Cox was attacked in his house and fired on several times. This band soon got so large that it became unwieldy, and they got to stealing horses. Several of them were arrested, tried and bailed and left the country. Among the men arrested was James Cheneworth.

In 1863, six men in disguise of soldiers went to Daniel Robertson's, in Lake Creek Precinct, and told him he must go with them to hunt a deserter. He said he would if they would go by for his brother, Joseph. They did so. About one and one half miles from Joseph's, one man fired on Daniel, the ball striking him in the forehead, and he fell dead. Then, all six fired on Joseph, shooting four holes in his clothing, but he jumped from his horse and made his [PAGE 102] escape. They turned back, went to Peter Wascher's, and fired at him, and he at them, and he escaped. It was supposed to be some of his gang.

In 1863, James Stilly was killed by Ben Batts. The latter was working in his field, and Stilly came to him and they got into a fight, when Batts killed him with a hoe, and ran away.

In the same year, William Moulton was killed by some unknown assassin. Joshua McGinnis, Dock Dickson, Thomas Murray and Henry Norris were arrested for this offense, but there being no evidence, they were acquitted. McGinnis may have been guilty, but the others were not.

One morning in 1864, Samuel Moore was found dead at the door of a saloon in Jeffersonville. Parties had been drinking late the night before, and some one had killed him with a club. A man by the name of Washum was indicted, tried and acquitted; and his blood is unexpiated to this day.

During this year, Vincent Hinchcliff shot and killed James Pickett, a young lawyer of Grassy Precinct, at Blairsville. Pickett was appearing in a case against the administrator of William Hinchcliff's estate, and he and Vincent got into a fight, with the result [PAGE 103] I have mentioned. Vincent was tried and acquitted on the ground of self defense.

The last homicide of this year occurred on the 24th day of March. Several of the Parkers and Jordans got into a general fight in Marion, over an old feud, and William C. Parker shot and killed Richard Jordan. Two or three others were wounded. Parker ran away and has never been caught.

In 1865, Isham Canady was shot and killed, in Marion, under circumstances of such a justifiable nature, as to render the homicide almost an improper incident for a catalogue like this, because the killing was not the result of malice, but of a combination of circumstances which made it absolutely necessary at the very moment. The defendant was tried and acquitted on the ground of self defense.

The next homicide of the year was that of Christopher Howard, who was assassinated near Herrin's Prairie, on Sunday, by some unknown villain, supposed to be on account of politics. He was a Republican.

In 1866, William L. Burton and Samuel McMahan were both shot and killed in a general fight in Sulphur Springs. The fight grew out of politics. They were both Republicans. Dixon B. Ward was indicted for the killing, but there was no evidence of his guilt and he was acquitted.

[PAGE 104] In 1867, Horace Sims and John Latta got into a rough-and-tumble fight, at Sim's Mill, on the Saline, and Sims stabbed Latta in the thigh, from which he bled to death. Sims was tried and acquitted on the grounds of self-defense, he being on the bottom at the time.

During this year, John Cheneworth was assassinated in the woods, near his house, in Herrin's Prairie. He was not found until several days after. Mr. Cheneworth was a still, quiet gentleman. William Chitty and one of his sons were arrested for the crime, but there was not a shadow of evidence against them.

At the November election, 1868, a shooting scrape occurred between the Stanleys and Cashes, in Southern Precinct, in which several shots were fired, and Wm. Stanley was killed. Isiah Cash was accused of the crime, but the evidence tended to show that another man was guilty. This was an old family feud, warmed up by politics, the Stanleys being Republicans. In 1870 Isiah Cash was driving along on his wagon, when he was assassinated, fourteen buckshot piercing his body. His slayer has never been known, but enough is known to say that suspicion has rested on the wrong man.

One summer night in 1868, Charles [PAGE 105] McHaney and a boy by the name of Rogers got into a fight, five miles east of Marion, when Rogers stabbed and killed McHaney. He was tried and acquitted on the ground of self defense.

In 1869 George Mandrel, a lunatic in Northern Precinct, met his father in the road and slew him with an ax. The scene was a bloody one, and Mandrel's lunacy is the only thing that saved his neck.

On the first day of January, 1869, Samuel Cover shot and killed Phillip Thompson Corder in Marion. The difficulty arose about a difficulty between Cover and a brother of Corder's. Corder was striking at Cover with brass knuckles [sic], when he was shot. Cover was then put in jail to keep him from being mobbed. He was afterwards tried and acquitted on the ground of self defense.

On the first day of December, 1868, William Barham shot and killed Andrew J. Lowe, in Marion. Barham was a young man, afflicted with lunacy, and while in this condition stepped into Mr. Lowe's saloon, and shot him in the forehead. Barham was arrested by B. F. Lowe, and lodged in jail. On the 7th day of September, 1869, he broke jail and escaped. Five years afterwards he was betrayed by a young lady in Tennessee, [PAGE 106] and arrested by Thomas Ballou, and brought to Marion. He was tried, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced for one year.

In 1870, Thomas Pinkey White, a prominent citizen of Herrin Prairie, was seen crossing his field in his shirt sleeves. He was never seen again. At the back of the field where he went out, were signs of violence a little blood and the tracks of two horses from there to Muddy River. It is evident that he was assassinated, but there are some who do not share this opinion. No cause for his running away was known to exist to anybody: He was an outspoken Republican, and his conduct in this line made him some enemies.

In 1871, Mastin G. Walker, an old and respected citizen of this county, living seven miles northeast of Marion, was met on his farm by a ruffian, beaten over the head with a barrel of a gun, and slain. John Owen, an old man (one of his neighbors, with whom he had some trouble about land), was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced for twenty five years to prison; and is now at Joliet.

In 1871, Valentine Springhardt got into a difficulty at a mill in Marion, and was struck on the head with a large wrench and killed. The defendant gave himself up and [PAGE 107] was afterwards tried and acquitted on the ground of self defense.

On the 15th day of April 1872, Isaac Vancil, the first white man born in this county, a man seventy three years old, living on Big Muddy, was notified to leave the county or suffer death. He did not obey the order, and on the night of the 22nd, ten men in disguise of Ku Klux, rode up to the house, took him out about a mile down the river bottom, and put a skinned pole in the forks of two saplings and hung him, and

left him hanging. Next morning he was found, and all around was still, blank and lifeless. I suppose that it must be a source of but little satisfaction to that infamous herd of desperate men to look upon that horrible scene, and feel and know they are the guilty authors. They are hid from the face of men, but a just, certain, inexorable retribution awaits them. In the last day, God will make requisition for the blood of Vancil, which has stained Heaven with its vulgar blot. Until then we must submit to the arbitrament of time, and calmly wait with patience and resignation the unbiased in quest of the future.

I know nothing of Ku Klux, but conclude that they are bound by abhorrent oaths, for a squadron of devils could not drive them from their allegiance. It is a hard thing for [PAGE 108] a man to swear blind allegiance and implicit servitude to a master over both soul and conscience, and never again feel the pure, untainted, dashing blood of freedom course his natural veins. Who can succumb to such a disgraceful yoke? Leon in his holy indignation could make no greater demand than this. A den of these infernal demons holding their hellish, midnight rively [sic], with their blood shot eyes glaring with untold crimes, and their haggard visages bloated with an impress that tells of woe and mean distress, must be a nice gathering! It may be that some old bridge, on some lone creek, could tell a tale of a soul in mortal strait, and the constellation of the weeping Hades dropped tears on a scene like this, where the trees have plead for mercy for some other man in the clutches of these men, sneaking, lowdown, white livered scoundrels. Vancil was an honest, hard working man, but had some serious faults. Still, God gave an equal right to live and none the right to deal death and ruin in a land of peace. Soon after his death eighteen men were arrested in Franklin county, charged with the murder; but were acquitted. Pleasant G. Veach, Francis M. Gray and Samuel Gossett were then arrested in this county, and admitted to bail in Benton. In a few days, Jesse Cavens, [PAGE 109] Wm. Sansom, Samuel Sweet, Jonas G. Ellett and John Rich, of this county, were arrested and lodged in jail at Marion. In eighteen days, Ellett and Gossett were bailed, and the others sent to Perry County jail, where they remained until December, when they were all tried in Franklin county, on change of venue, and acquitted. Some of these parties were indicted in the United States Court at Springfield, under the KuKlux Act, but all came clear. Colonel Ambrose Spencer prosecuted them, and he was, on the 6th of January 1873, arrested for having them falsely imprisoned, and put in jail himself for a short time, and Jonas G. Ellett got \$4,000 damages against him in this county.

In 1872, James Myers was hauling, near his house on the Eight Mile, when he was shot from behind a tree with a shot gun. He was taken to his house, and Samuel Tyner, one of his step sons, with whom he had had a few words, was there and asked him what he could do for him. Myers told him to go for a doctor. He went to Dr. Hinchliff, and told him where Myers was shot, when he had no time to find out. He had the day before borrowed a gun from Dr. Hinchliff, and it was found the next day where he had hid it. Young Tyner was arrested and admitted to bail. Myers not being dead, he [PAGE 110] ran away and has never been found. Myers died soon after.

In August 1872, Richard Allison shot and killed Samuel Absher, in a fight which arose about some chicken coops, in Rock Creek Precinct. Allison ran away, and has never been caught. He stands indicted for manslaughter.

In April 1873, Francis M. Wise and William Newton, of Saline, were riding along the highway together. They had bartered mules, and Wise wanted to rue, but Newton would not. Wise then shot him dead from his horse and made his escape. He is indicted for the crime of murder.

In 1874, James Gibbs and Dock Burnett, two young men, got into a fight at a party, seven miles south of Marion. They agreed to fight fair, and walked out with seconds. Bennett had a knife handed to him, with which he stabbed and killed Gibbs. Young Gibbs stood up and fought desperately with his fist, while Burnett was cutting him to pieces. He fell, and a cry went up to Heaven from the more tender hearted in the crowd, at the cruel murderous exhibition. Burnett fled the county, and a reward of \$500 was offered for his arrest.

September 17, 1874, Stewart Culp, a respectable citizen of this county, was on his [PAGE 111] way from DeSoto, when he was shot and killed. He lay in his wagon with his head and one arm hanging out. His neck seemed to be broken. His horses went home with him in that condition. Nothing is known of his murderers.

During this same year, William Meece was assassinated by Samuel Keeling, who shot him in the back at church in Northern Precinct. They were both young men, and had had a fight a few days before. Keeling escaped, and one year afterwards he was arrested in Kansas by John Fletcher, and brought back to Marion. He changed the venue in his case to Saline county, and was tried and sentenced for life to prison.

The next homicide that occurred in this county was that of Capt. James B. Murray, who was walking along a street in Marion, when he came to where Leander Ferrell was sitting. He made a halt, and was fired on, by Ferrell. Several shots were exchanged between them, and Murray fell, mortally wounded, and died next morning. Ferrell was arrested and bailed *on habeas corpus*, and was tried in 1876, and acquitted of manslaughter. Murray was a large, powerful man, cool and deliberate, but a man of the greatest courage. Ferrell has been a quiet, peaceable citizen. They had several difficulties [PAGE 112] before, in which Murray came near killing Ferrell.

In the summer of 1876, John Kelly and Samuel Lipsy got into a fight in Cartersville, and Kelly stabbed Lipsy in the back. Lipsy afterwards died, and it is now claimed from the effects of the wound. Kelly is in jail awaiting a trial.

I have now come to those troubles which were known as

"THE BLOODY VENDETTA,"

And first, I will give an account of the families that have been suspected of belonging to the Vendetta. And first of the Russells : Philip T. Russell, who settled on the Eight Mile Prairie in 1817, brought with him three sons, James, Samuel and Jefferson. Jefferson Russell's family consisted of himself and wife, and eight children Harriet, Winifred, Scott, Nancy, Adelaide, Mary, John R., Thomas J., and Hope. Four of these girls are married, but none of this family have been implicated in the Vendetta but Thomas. They are among our wealthiest and most respectable farmers, possessing good intelligence and education, and none of them ever did anything to bring reproach upon themselves, except it was Thomas. They live in the center of the Eight Mile, on the west side of the county, in a large [PAGE 113] residence, surrounded by the conveniences of life.

The Sisney family consisted of George W., who first married Panina Brown, and had four children who are now living: Winfield S., John, George W., Jr., and Martha Jane. The latter is now eighteen years old. Mrs. Sisney died in 1863, and Sisney then married Miss Fredonia Williams, who now has four small children. Winfield married Miss Malissa Williams; John Miss Molie Higgins; George, Jr., Miss Hannah Tippy. Sisney was a man of more than ordinary ability; was medium size and compactly built, dark complexion, a very passionate and fearless man, but high toned, generous and open hearted. He served as captain in the Eight First Illinois Volunteers, and was one of the number who volunteered to run the blockade at Vicksburg. In 1866 he was elected Sheriff, and again ran in 1874, but was defeated. At his death he had accumulated property to the amount of several thousand dollars. In 1872 he wrote some sensible articles against the stock law, and argued that it would benefit him, but would be a hardship on the poor farmers. The young Sisneys received common school educations and stand well in this county for honesty and fair dealing.

Of the Hendersons, Joseph Henderson of Kentucky, had three sons who came to this county: William, Joseph W., and James. William has seven children: Felix, James, Pad, John, Emma, Margaret and Nancy. Margaret and Nancy are married. Joseph W. has six children: Samuel, William, Thomas, Synoma, Lucy and Dike. James had but one child, Granite, eleven years old. Joseph W. came to this county in March, 1864, and William, March of 1865. Samuel and James, Jr., served four years in the Twentieth Kentucky Union Volunteers. James, Sr., the leader, was born on the head waters of Blood River, Kentucky, and was forty four years old when he was killed. He was raised on a farm, but never worked one until he came to this state. When a boy, he drove a team, and one day got drunk, and from that day until his death he never drank a drop of liquor. He then went to Missouri, and then to Texas, and back to Kentucky, and lived with his brother William. In 1851 he went to California, and remained seven years, and came back to Kentucky with \$6,000, and followed buying and selling notes until 1860, when he went to peddling tobacco; his brother John manufacturing it. Felix G. traveled with him all over the Southern States. In Guntown they saw seven men hung for opinion's sake. James' indignation was excited, and he declared he would go home and join the Union army. He left his bills uncollected, and went to Paducah and got permission to raise a company. This company he raised by going around in the bushes at night. The gunboats met him, by agreement, up the river, and took his company to Paducah, and he joined the Twentieth Kentucky Infantry. He then went up the river and captured the Agnew ferry boat, which he piloted down the river himself. But, not being a pilot, it sometimes took the brush on him. After four months' service, he procured a substitute and started out with five men as a spy. On this raid he captured

eleven rebels, and among them, Captain Bolen, who now lives in Paris, Henry County, Tennessee. He next acted as guide, and conducted General Smith's brigade to Fort Henry. After this he left the army, and moved into Massac county, Illinois. Here he remained one year, and then joined the Fifth Iowa Cavalry as guide, in which capacity he served for eight months, and was then guide for General Lowe. He was in a skirmish at Clarksville, and in' chasing one man whom he knew, shot at him, and cut a lock of hair from his head, which he picked up and kept. The man came to Marion with Hendricks, from Kentucky, when he had a suit against Henderson, and they had a hearty laugh over it. While he was with the Fifth Iowa he took a few men and went out from Fort Henry where a man was harboring five rebels. When Henderson got there they were all in the lot but Captain Ozburn, of Callaway County, Kentucky, who was standing at the gate. Henderson told him to surrender, Ozburn said nothing, but drew his revolver, when Henderson shot him, and walked up to him, and Ozburn fell into his arms. Henderson not thinking he was hurt, again called on him to surrender. Poor Ozburn surrendered his life to his Maker, and sank, and died at his feet. He came to this county February 1864, and in October bought the land, then in the woods, on which he died. Henderson was a large man, weighing over two hundred pounds, and without doubt the most powerful man, physically, in this county. He could not read, but was a coherent thinker; shrewd, cunning, and cautious; a man of but few words, but pleasant and child like in manners, making him a very safe friend, but a dangerous enemy. Such is the man who was the reputed leader of the Russell side of the Vendetta. Felix always lived with James until within two or three years before his death. Some of the Henderson girls are very handsome, and are excellent school teachers. The men are illiterate, but shrewd and cunning. They have dark skins, coal black eyes and raven hair, and some of them are fine looking men. They are men of few words, and are not the kind of people that turn over mountains, but a braver set of men don't live on earth. With the exception of Pad, they are considered honest and fair in all their dealings.

This comprises the leading families on the Republican side of the Vendetta. Many others are implicated in the bloody feud with them but I will describe them as they come upon the scene.

The Bulliner family consisted of George Bulliner, his wife and eleven children. Elizabeth, Mary, Nancy Emeline, Rebecca Adeline, David, John, Monroe, George, Emanuel, Amanda Jane and Martha Lane. The youngest is now sixteen years old. Elizabeth married Jordan C. Halstead; Mary, John Gamble; Nancy, W. N. Berkley; Rebecca, Aaron Smith; Amanda, Pierce Crain; Monroe married Miss Josephine Council, a very handsome and accomplished lady; Emanuel married Miss Mary Tiner, and David, at his death was engaged to Miss Cornelia O'Neal, of Tennessee. George Bullner lived in McNair county, Tennessee, and was a man of considerable means and influence. At the breaking out of the war, he was a loyal man, and in September 1862, raised what was always after known as "Bulliner's Company," They first served as state guards, and finally entered the Union Army. Bulliner served without pay. He came to this county on the 28th day of January, 1865, and bought a farm from Arthur Blake, two miles south east of the Eight Mile, on which stood a two story brick residence. In 1876 he put up a horse mill and a cotton gin. His son, David, first kept store with F. M. Sparks, a half mile north of his house, and then put up a store at home. This he kept a few years, and then moved to Crainville, and went in with Wm. Spencer, to whom he afterwards sold out, and with whom he had a little suit, but not one that generated ill feelings. The other boys worked on the farm, and are young men of fine personal appearance, light complexion, dark hair, social, jovial and very pleasant in their manners and address. George Bulliner was a man of more than ordinary ability, a large, stout built man, of homely appearance. He was noted for his zeal for what he regarded as right, for his sterling honesty and boldness in asserting and maintaining his opinion, and defending his principles. He was energetic, and a shrewd business man, and was kind and lenient to the poor, buying what ever they had to sell; and in building up the country, and

his neighbors, he not only became wealthy, 'but built up a character that was conspicuous and honorable. To a stranger he appeared like a cross, ill natured man; but that was not his nature. He was not a religious man, and sometimes resorted to rough sports and amusements. At the time of his death he was sixty one years old.

The Hinchcliff family consisted of William Hinchcliff, who settled here in an early day and died in 1858, his wife and three sons: Vincent, Robert and William. As a family, they are very intellectual, and noted throughout this county for integrity and his social qualities. They live on a farm on the north side of the Eight Mile, a half mile from Russell's. They used to keep store there, and Vince was a physician, a good musician and a man of fine ability, but of a very violent temper. He was agreeable and social to his friends, but unpleasant and offensive to his enemies, growing out of politics. Robert is a man very different in

temper. Educated, refined, a splendid musician, sociable, honest, and a gentleman from the ground up. He is also an artist, and paints with great skill. He lives in a lovely little cottage amid bowers where roses, honeysuckle and jessamines mingle, their colors and rich perfumes with the poseys and daisies. A meadow in its green livery, with tall, wild flowers oscillating in the breeze, and fields and forests so bended as to make a landscape of every varying beauty, surrounds his house, where the song of the little bird is pouring forth, and insects sport playfully in mid air, which makes their bright hues appear more resplendent by the sun's golden rays. Near the cottage is a flower garden, containing every thing that can charm the eye or delight the senses. I will not attempt to describe the little floral world, for there is no end to it. This is a picture of his home, and imagination can furnish nothing more delightful than a life gliding away amid a scene like this. Robert and William have never had anything to do or say in the Vendetta, but both have been studiously exonerated from all suspicion by all parties.

The Crain family is a very large one. Spencer and Jasper Crain settled in this county in an early day. Spencer had several children; among them was Jasper, U.; Jasper, Sr., had several, among them was William and Spencer, Jr. William Crain had eight children: Nancy Ann, George F., Terry, alias "Big Terry," Noah W., alias "taller Bill," William J., alias "Big Jap," Warren, Marshal T., Wesley. Jasper U. Crain has seven children: Terry, Samuel R., Lorenzo, Alonzo, Mary, Pierce, Eva. Spencer Crain, Jr., had three living children, Wm. J., alias "Black Bill," Martha, and Elizabeth.

The other families are too numerous to name. Then, in fact, it would be useless, as only five of those I have mentioned have been implicated in the Vendetta. Most of the Crains are religious, and live honest, pay their debts, and deal fairly with their neighbors. William and some of his boys would often get into rough and tumble fights; but never used weapons. "Big Terry," now dead, was a powerful man. Aside from this, there was nothing to distinguish them from the rest of our citizens. George F. is a Justice of the Peace, and one of the most respectable and honorable citizens of the county. The same could be said of several others of them. They received common school educations, and none of them are very wealthy; but all are good livers, and farmers, and live three miles east of the Eight Mile. They belong to the sanguine temperament (excepting Black Bill who is bilious) and are social and agreeable men to meet. These are the leading families on the Democratic side. I will give account of others as they appear on the scene. The first difficulty in the Vendetta occurred on Saturday, the 4th of July 1868, in a saloon one and a half miles east of Carbondale; but it is right to say that there is not a drunkard, excepting Samuel Music, in all the Vendetta. Felix G. Henderson was on his way from Carbondale, about 4 o'clock p. m. It was raining very hard, and he stopped in the saloon, where the Bulliners, for the same reason, had stopped a few minutes before. The Bulliners were playing cards. After a while George Bulliner bantered "Field" for a game. They went to playing. Presently George Bulliner, Jr., (a son of David Bulliner) of Tennessee, commenced by betting on the game, and got to putting in. Field told him to shut up, that it was none of his business. Young George said Bulliner was six and "Field" five. "Field" said he was six and Bulliner five. Bulliner said "Field" was right. "Field" then got up and called young George a dam lying son of a Young George first got a chair, which was taken from him, and then they clinched. George broke away and got some bottles "Field" drew his knife, and George Bulliner, Sr., struck him with a bottle, and knocked him six or seven feet. A general fight followed, in which "Field" was badly 'beaten up. The bar keeper's wife and James Russell parted them. At this time, "Field" did not know the Bulliners, and asked who they were. In the fight, "Field" had cut David Stencil on the arm. Next day Stencil sent Farmer to Henderson to apologize for him. When Farmer came James Henderson cursed "Field," and told him that a saloon was no place to be in. After the fight was over, "Field" fearing the Bulliners would follow him, went an unusual route to William Hindman's in this county, where George Sisney washed off the blood. "Field" did not feel satisfied, so next week he went to where young George was plowing in David Stencil's field. They spoke, and Bulliner asked him how he was getting, and if he was hurt. "Field" said

"I am bodily hurt. I was overpowered the other day, and if you want to try it over I am willing, any way you want to." Bulliner said that he did not want to fight. "Field" told him that he had an equal show now, and that he himself had been mobbed. Bulliner, fearing that Henderson was going to shoot him, broke for a tree and called for his pistol. Henderson told him that he came to offer him a fair fight, and rode off home. In the September following, Bulliner had three ricks of hay burned. The tracks of two persons were observed leading in the direction of Carterville. The next week his cotton gin was burned and had at the time one hundred thousand pounds of cotton in it, fifteen thousand pounds of which were taken out of ruins, a week after the fire. Suspicion was thrown by some on Felix, but a large majority at that time supposed it was incendiaries from Tennessee, and it is not known to this day who did commit this arson.

In 1872 Thomas J. Russell and John Bulliner commenced going alternately with Miss Sarah Stocks. They soon became cool rivals. Bulliner finally succeeded in making himself the most acceptable visitor. Envy seized Russell, and they became enemies; but other than a few short words, had no difficulty until the riot at Crainville.

In 1869, a man by the name of Samuel Brethers, who lived at Bulliner's, cultivated a part of Sisney's farm, which joined Bulliner on the east. He raised a crop of oats, and after they were thrashed, he left them on Sisney's farm. He then sold the oats to Sisney to pay the rent, and also sold them to David Bulliner, to pay a debt, and went to Texas. Bulliner claimed the oats, and replevied them from Sisney, but got beat in the suit. On the 26th day of April, 1870, they met at Sisney's blacksmith shop to settle. They differed about each other's account, and Sisney said, "If we can not agree we will leave it to our betters." David said, "I tried you in law once." Sisney replied "Yes! and I beat you." David said "Yes! and you did it by hard swearing;" Sisney knocked him down with a shovel. David ran home, got his father, John and Monroe with their pistols, and started back. Sisney, on seeing them coming, retreated out the back way, from his house, with a Henry rifle. John fired on him, near the house, at about 15 yards. David fired with a gun, and again at 250 yards, just as Sisney went behind an old tree that stood in the field. Four of the balls took effect in his leg and hip. Sisney then asked for quarters, and George Bulliner stopped his boys, Sisney was carried to his house, and Bulliner waited on him faithfully for several days. They were all indicted in September following, and four of the Bulliners and Sisney each fined \$100. This was the only difficulty that occurred between the Sisneys and the Bulliners.

I have now given the three original causes of the Vendetta; first a deck of cards; second a woman; third, oats. The Crains next came into the scene in a fight against the Sisneys. Marshal T. Crain and John Sisney had had a fight eight years before, but had made it up. Still later, they had another fight, at Mrs. Clements, about some "tales." John was accused of striking Marshal with brass knuckles. They, at this time, agreed never to be friends again, yet not to fight any more; but in November, 1872, they got at it again, with "Big Jap" and Wash, (George, Jr.) Sisney, thrown in for strikers; but nobody was hurt.

About the 15th day of December, 1872, James Henderson went into the Company store, in Carterville, and bought a pair of boots, and a dog fight occurred at the door, in which the Crain boys had a dog. "Big Terry" was cursing Elijah Peterson for interfering. Henderson thought that they took the other dog to be his, but he said nothing, and started off. "Big Terry" said

"I would like to knock that dam black rascal."

Henderson, not thinking the remark intended for him, walked on, when Terry added,
"That rascal with the boots."

James told him it was a good time, to "lam in." A few more words were passed, but no fighting. This affair threw the Hendersons and Crains into line against each other. The Crains, now being enemies of the Sisneys and Hendersons, become pliant allies to the Bulliners.

On the 25th day of the same month the Carterville riot occurred. John Sisney, Wesley and Marshal Crain were in the Company Store, when Sisney threw out some banter to Marsh, who struck him three times with a weight. Milton Black started them, and "Big Terry" told him not to interfere, that they were boys. Black said he would not. Then Terry said

"I am a better man than you, Black."

Black said, "That is untrue."

Terry said, "I am going to whip you."

Black replied, "You ain't done it."

Terry started at him, and Black knocked him down three times, and it was supposed with brass knuckles. The other Crain boys started towards Black, and George Sisney cried out

"Give Black fair play."

Just then some one knocked him (Sisney) senseless to the floor, and Warren Crain fell on him. They fought around for a while, and then got outside; the fight stopped, and, after a few words, Wesley Council struck Sisney on the forehead with something in his hand, supposed to be a weight. After that the Sisneys and Blacks went into Black's grocery, when Terry again came on to Black, but George Bulliner interfered, and said Black should not be imposed upon, and there it had to stop. Sisney and Black went to the hotel to wash, when Terry and posse came in to arrest Black for using knuckles. Black resisted, saying that a private citizen had no right to arrest him. This ended the riot. Some of the parties were arrested, and their trial set for December 30th, at Crainville. The Hendersons had heard that the Crains had said, if any of them came down on that day they would be to haul home. So, on that day all the Hendersons, Sisneys, Bulliners, Crains, Council, Thomas Russell, some of the Stotlars, and several others, were on hand, and, in place of a

trial by law, they had a trial by wager of battle. Russell raised a difficulty with John Bulliner. They commenced fighting on the east side of Wm. Spence's store, and fought around to the south door, John with a little stick, and Tom with his fist. James Henderson told Tom to get a brick, which he did and threw it at Bulliner, who then drew his pistol. Russell then drew his. At this instant David Bulliner came out of the store, and James Henderson drew a revolver about a foot long, and said no man should touch him. The Bulliners then went into the house, where some of the Crain boys were. Sam Henderson struck the house with his fist, and asked

"Where are those God d-- n fighting Crains that were going to whip the Hendersons?"

James H. said

"I can whip any man on the ground."

George Bulliner, standing in the door, said

"Henderson, I don't know so much about that, that is hard to take."

Henderson told him to come out and fight like a man. Bulliner said he had nothing against the Hendersons. James said

"I have against you; you beat my nephew."

"Field" spoke up and said

"I am the one; come out and fight a man of your size."

Bulliner started out, but was caught by Wm. Spence, who shoved him back and shut the door. Henderson cursed around for half an hour, calling the Crains traitors, cowards, &c., and then went home, alleging that the Bulliners and Crains were so thick in Spence's cellar, that when they drew their breath the floor raised. Marshal Crain was indicted for an assault with a deadly weapon on John Sisney, but never had a trial. The State's Attorney filed an information against about twenty of these fellows for riot, and at the February term of the County Court, 1873, they were all in Marion. The information was quashed. Thomas Russell went back to Crainville, and at Spence's store he met with three of the Bulliner boys. They soon determined on a fight, but Russell ran off to Carterville, a half mile, where he found the Hendersons. He told James to go back with him and see him a fair fight. James started back in a wagon, and they met George Bulliner coming down. James got out of his wagon and said:

"Bulliner, you are the cause of all this trouble; why don't you make your boys be have, and let people alone?"

Bulliner said he could not control them. James said:

"That's a lie; get down and let us stop it, for you are heading it; let's fight it out between me and you, and stop it, or, stop it without fighting, just as you want to."

Bulliner said he was for peace. So they agreed to have no more fighting.

Soon after this Henderson was driving along by Vincent Hinchcliff's with a load of rock, when Bulliner overtook him and they had some very hot words, Bulliner threatened to kill him on the spot, and Henderson challenged him to fight. Behind Bulliner was a wagon with five others in it, but they said nothing. Henderson drove on. He always contended from that day that he was waylaid. And it is almost certain that Bulliner had been before this.

Along in the summer of 1873, Marshal Crain and John Sisney met in Carterville one night, and talked about shooting each other, but put their pistols away without firing.

Jennings, the State's Attorney, had these rioters arrested four times, and the information for riot was as often quashed. On the fifth trial, some of the rioters on the Crain side were convicted; those on the other side changed venue to Jackson county, where they were acquitted. At one of these attempted trials George Sisney got mad at Jennings, and was cursing him to me, in the County Clerk's office, when Wesley Council stepped in at the door. Sisney called him a "hell cat." Council drew his revolver, and I caught him and told him he should not be hurt. Sisney drew his revolver, but could not shoot without striking me, which he would not do. Wash Sisney was present, and did some talking of a threatening character. Council behaved himself with remarkable coolness to be in the presence of a man of the nerve of Sisney. I got him out of the door, and he went into an adjoining house. After the danger was all over, there were some wonderful exhibitions of bravery among the outsiders. The next difficulty in the Vendetta was Nov. 6, 1873, at the election in the Eight Mile, when Thomas Russell, David Pleasant and David Bulliner got into a fuss over an old feud, and James Norris, a new actor on the stage, (as was also Pleasant) who worked for the Bulliners, took it up for Bulliner. He went for B's for a gun and soon returned with one, and Tom drew his revolver, but parties interfered, and prevented any killing. This was a serious affair. It was two desperate young men on each side, facing each other with deadly weapons, and it took the greatest exertion to prevent the death of some of them.

On the morning of December 12, 1873, George Bulliner started to Carbondale, on horseback. The sun was standing against the murky haze of the east, red and sullen, like a great drop of blood. The pearly, vapor like sails dotted the sky, and covered the more delicate sculptured clouds with their alabaster sides. The great oak trees lifted their parapets to the morning sky, and spangled the earth with shadows. The voiceless winds swept with sublime resignation lawless through the leafless woods, and a melancholy breeze stirred the dead ferns and dropping rushes. A cold scented sleuth hound had followed the tracks of Bulliner remorselessly. This morning two of them, with stealthy movement, took their position near the Jackson county line in an old tree top, on the ground. There, planted on the spot, their ears drank in every sound that broke the air, mouth half open, ears, eyes, soul, all directed up the road to catch, if possible, each passing object. They thought they could tell the thud of Bulliner's horse's feet from all others. They lay down on their breasts, and fixed their eyes on the road. winding down the valley. They stuck up brush to shield them from observation, like an Indian watching for his victim, alertly awake to every noise. Bulliner came riding along and one of the assassins fired on him; only two or three of the balls took effect in his hip and leg; but his horse wheeled and threw his back to the assassins, who fired on him again, and forty four buck shot took effect in his back, and he fell to the earth. The assassins then escaped. Bulliner was soon found and carried to the nearest house, and his sons notified, but after desperate riding John reached the place only in time to hear his father say, "Turn me over and let me die." He did so, and George Bulliner escaped from the cruelties of earth to the charities of heaven. Look here, all you infernal wretches, and contemplate a spectacle which should inflame our hearts with mercy. Right in the face of heaven, and among men, George Bulliner was slain by one of the most sordid mortals that ever disgraced the black catalogue of crime, or befouled the name of civilization, and his death, today, is unexpiated in Williamson County.

On the night of the 27th of March 1874, while Monroe and David Bulliner were on their way home from church, about half a mile westward from their home, in a lane, they were fired on by two assassins, who were concealed in the fence corners, about twenty feet apart. The balls went in front of their breasts. David stepped forward a few steps, both drew their revolvers and commenced firing on the assassins. A per feet hurricane of shots followed. The people going home from church knew what it meant, and they stood still. The assassins emptied two double-barrel shot guns and two navy revolvers. David fired three shots, and Monroe six. The last shot from the assassin's gun struck David in the back, and he cried out, "I'm shot!" and at the same time heard a voice further down the road. He asked who was there; a voice replied, "The Stancils." Mrs. Stancil, about fifty yards down the road had received a severe wound in the arm and abdomen, from which she afterwards recovered. The assassins retreated southward from the field. It was a scene worthy of the gods to see these two young men facing two concealed assassins, and fighting them like men of iron. At one time, Monroe charged on one of the villains, at the same time firing, and drove him out of the corner and forced him to take refuge behind a rail, which Monroe struck with a ball. Who can read this without wishing a thousand times that he had shot the life's blood out of his black heart! David was carried home by a host of friends, who had gathered at the scene. At the gate he asked: "Is it a dream? is it a dream?" and each broken word gurgled up out of the red fountain of his life. His brothers were standing around, their faces sealed with the death seal of inexpressible suffering, and their hearts hushed in the pulsation of woes. His mother lay trembling against the casement, her heart throbbing with its burden of sorrow, while the issues of life or death were being waged in the soul of her son. His sisters were standing in the vortex of misery, praying for the dreadful slaughter to be stopped, and suing for happiness with the sunny side of life in view, Convulsive sensations of horror and afright, and smothered execrations pervaded the men, and audible sobbings and screams, with tears, were heard among the women.

This was the worst murder of them all. No other equals it in heinousness. You may combine corruption, debauchery and all the forms of degradation known to inventive genius of man, and cord them together with strings drawn from maiden's hearts, and paint the scene in human blood bespangled with 'broken vows and seared consciences, and still it will redden Heaven with revengeful blush and leave you blacken hell to make it equal. It had not been long since the flash of fire from the gun of his father's assassin had sent a blasphemous challenge to his life. The echo from the gun had not ceased to ring, when this deed of barbarity was committed. David was a gentleman in the fullest sense. There was nothing mean in his appearance or conduct. Twenty five years of age, tall, and of magnificent appearance, and respected by everybody for his still, quiet manners. But on the morning of the 28th, the twilight shadow of death, cold and gray, came stealing on him. A supernatural lustre lighted up his eye, and illuminated the gathering darkness. At length his eyes closed, and an expression of ineffable placidity settled on his palid lips, and he was no more. He was taken to Tennessee, where his father had been, and buried. The night David was

killed, the assassins had probably four stands, and there were no less than seven men on the watch for him; but after he was shot, he charged Thomas Russell and David Pleasant of being his murderers. Jordan Halstead and Samuel R. Crain came to Marion that night, and I wrote out the writs for their arrest; but it was near daylight when the *posse comitatus*, headed by Constable J. V. Grider, surrounded the residence of Jefferson Russell. Thomas was arrested, and a party sent on into Jackson County after Pleasant. They were both brought to Marion, and Russell employed me for his counsel. While he and Pleasant were in my office, Gordon Clifford, alias "Texas Jack," came in, talked a few words with Russell, and soon left town. Pleasant was about twenty two, tall, awkwardly built, nervous, and seemed badly frightened. The case against him was nolle, and he immediately left the country. Most people believed him to be guilty. One thing I do know. that he was uneasy as; an eel on a hook, and his confused behavior makes it reasonable to suppose him guilty. It is not my business to say who is guilty, and who is not; but, if he is, until repentance composes his mind, he will be a stranger to peace. Russell changed the venue in his case from W. N. Mitchell, J. P., to Geo. W. Young, J. P. All the batteries of the Bulliners were leveled on Russell. They employed three attorneys to assist the State's Attorney. W. W. Cemens was then employed by Russell to assist in his defense. The case went to trial on Thursday, but was nollied by The People, who already had another warrant for his arrest issued by George F. Crain, J. P. The State's Attorney, Jennings, had lost confidence in Young. In fact, being a most consummate scoundrel himself, he could see no virtue in anybody.

The object of the prosecution was to get time to hunt up evidence; but it was a source of positive relief to the defense to have the *nolle* entered. I knew, most certainly knew, that Young would send my client to jail; but now I told him for the first time that we could clear him. The venue was again changed from Crain, J. P., to William Stover, J. P., of Eight Mile, who came to Marion and heard the case. The trial commenced Friday morning, March 31, 1874. The Bulliners in Tennessee had not only said that "they did not want any more Bulliners brought down there in boxes," but David, Sen., had come up to see that the guilty were prosecuted. Tom's gun was sent for, and the contents extracted. The People proved by two witnesses that Russell was at the window of the church that night, and the wadding picked up from the ground where the shooting was done, was placed to that drawn from the gun, and gave, as they claimed, an unbroken account of the St. Louis tobacco market. Balls and cut wadds picked up were similar to those in the gun. They also proved threats. David's dying declaration, saying that it was Russell, was introduced. The defense was an *alibi*, five witnesses swearing that he retired at eight o'clock, was seen by them at half past eight, and again at ten, in his room; the murder having occurred at half past nine o'clock, two miles away. The tracks were proven to be two numbers too large. The prosecution claimed that defendant's witnesses swore falsely; but I said then, and repeat it now, that they swore the truth. When Russell first employed me, I asked him to call up his witnesses and let's see if they were going to swear harmoniously, and if there were any of them whose evidence would damage us, we could leave them off.

He said:

"Call them as you please; they will swear that I was at home. They know that I was at home, and you can call them on the stand without any drilling. I am not afraid for you to do this."

So, I say, if Thomas Russell is guilty, he came out of his window on to the stoop, and down to the ground, and returned the same way.

The prosecution was badly managed. One of defendant's witnesses was Miss Hope Russell, a sister of the defendant, and a lady whose exalted virtues and transcendent beauty claim a consecrated place in this volume. One of The People's witnesses was Miss Amanda Bulliner, both about sixteen years old. She took the stand with a help less and confiding look, her voice was a little softened by emotion, her rose left lips curled delicately, but soon her clear, translucent eye lit up with a brilliant lustre. The shadows of misery seemed to depart. Her soft, round cheek dimpled and dimpled again, like the play waters in the sun, in a lovely and touch assembly of charms. Her features were of classic regularity. Her presence seemed to shadow the place. So pure, so truthful, so charming her actions, that all pronounced her a most gentle, and most noble creature. Though never a jeweled wreath may span the curls of her beautiful brow, yet, happiness may as well erect its shrine around her, for Nature can no further gifts bestow. Monroe Bulliner swore that he was within a few feet of the assassins, but did not recognize them. This was a remarkable exhibition of veracity. He might have identified the parties, and the world believed it true; but, firm as a rock, like a sainted martyr, he stood by the open, bold and honest truth.

One of the witnesses was the famous Sarah Stocks, who swore to threats. Her contour is not as faultless as a Greek goddess, but her form and features had caught some new grace from the times. Her eye was as clear and cold as a stalactite of Capri. She wore a sigh, and there is something in a sigh for

everybody. But I will throw no shadow over her, for life in her is as mysterious as in the rich 'belle; and when the golden chariot of destiny rolls through the skies, she may take her seat among the great. On Saturday evening, the sun went down behind a fleecy cloud, and kindled a volcano for whose silver rimmed crater fiery rays of scarlet shot up the clear blue dome of heaven, and the lurid lava streamed downward through vapor cliffs and gorges. Alarm took the place of anxiety. The Russells, Hendersons, Sisneys and their friends were in town, and rumor was rife that they had a load of arms, and that they would rescue Russell if he was committed. The people were scared, and went home. The State's Attorney ran off. The defense thought that the Bulliners were going to assassinate Russell if he was turned loose. On the contrary, they had no such notion, but thought that they would be killed. The excitement arose from mutual misapprehensions. The sheriff summoned twenty five men, with guns to hold the prisoner. Calvert closed for The People, amidst the greatest excitement, and the Court said the defendant was not guilty.

The surprised audience looked blank and sad. James Henderson and a dozen others rushed to the defendant, gave him a pistol and rushed him downstairs, where horses were in waiting. Russell and three others mounted, and left town at full speed. A letter was sent from the State Attorney of Jackson County, by James Conner, to the Sheriff, to hold Russell for the murder of George Bulliner, but, for some reason, was not delivered to the Sheriff until he was gone. The hue and cry was levied immediately, and several days were spent in trying to find him, but he has never been arrested. The Bulliners offered \$500 reward for his arrest, and \$2,000 for the conviction of him and Pleasant, which they afterward withdrew.

I will relate one incident as an illustration of the excitible foolery of the times. One evening, when all hopes of Russell's recapture were lost, John Russell came into town to see Clemens and myself on business. We had a social meeting appointed at G. L. Owen's that night, for some days before. After Russell was talking to us, we got a buggy and started out. Going on, I told Clemens that the people would think from the fact that Russell was there, that we were going out to see Thomas, and we had better drive rapidly and conceal our buggy, and have some fun; which we did. Sure enough, here they come; on hand cars, horseback, and on foot, with general orders to arrest the "whole boiling," and put them in jail. Several hours were spent by these fellows in fruitless chase after "all three of them." There were several men in the raid, but I have never been able to find one of them.

If Thomas Russell is guilty, it may be that the almighty sovereignty, love, was too strong for him, and envy seized him, and John and not Davis was the one he wanted to kill. If he could have wrung this lady from John Bulliner, and unstained her life, I doubt not if the shadow of his own would not have again darkened it; and inasmuch as he did not, it may be that the arrowy words wrung by the hand of passion from each of them were destined to hang quivering in memory's core till they festered and bled, making an irremedial wound, shaped in the red hot forge of jealousy, and cured only by the exultant feelings of gratified revenge. These little bubbles of joy that jet up from the tumultuous waters of passion, soon evaporate, and leave but mingled dross and shame to fester and canker the mind of its possessor, who ever after leads a life of infamy and its accompanying wretchedness. Whoever committed the murders is the guiltiest of them all. It was he who with death first knocked at our portals, and with buck and ball opened the flood gates of misery, and let murder rush with living tide upon our people. And today his life is ruined, his hopes blasted, and sooner or later he will come to sorrow, shame and beggary, and have the scorpion thongs of conscience lashing his guilty bosom as he promenades the sidewalks of destiny.

Thomas J. Russell was born February 1st, 1851, is of fine form, dark complexion, black hair and very intelligent. The charge brought no blush to his cheek, but throughout the trial he sat contented with but little to say, and kept watching the Bulliners with implacable glance. John Bulliner had his gun. In speaking of these troubles, it looks like repeating the old story, and opening the wounds to bleed afresh; but the cry of murder and bloodshed is of too common occurrence in this county, not to have it recorded. The smoke from one of these bloody acts scarcely settled on the field, when it was renewed. The report started and went the rounds, only to return and be renewed by the slaughter of another victim.

I am bound to record these acts as they have occurred, for it is a page of history, recorded and sealed by the blood of our fellow men, that will leave a crimson stain on the county, that will be gazed upon and wondered at by our young, years to come. The Bulliner boys appealed to the law. They appealed to humanity. They and their friends rode night and day, and spent hundreds of dollars in prosecuting assassins, as they believed, but they were defeated. The law was not supported by a pure public sentiment of the people. The ones that they looked upon as being guilty were turned loose. What could they do? Must they be driven to the bushes by this hard bargain, or be placed for a lifetime at the mercy of the assassins, with their hearts enclosed in palisades of sorrow? They saw their father and brother shot down by vandal hands, and their own lives threatened by fiends stalking in midnight darkness. Is it a wonder that the spirit of

retaliation seized them, and the stern old Mosaic law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, went into full force among them, and they became aggressors themselves? Retaliation was taught them by every cord in human nature. They were drawn upon by every principle that calls forth human action. Their lives were a constant appeal to chivalry. What could they do but pick up the gauntlet hurled into their faces, and give vent to an anger long pent up? At this time there were interests more sacred to the Bulliners than those of peace. Justice was more. Honor was more. Fidelity to the memory of a murdered father and brother are considerations for which those who spoke so loud in favor of peace, would have foregone progress and prosperity, and drawn the shot gun in stern resentment and punishment of those who invaded and violated their sacred rights. When can son forget his father? When did passion and crime ever estrange one from the other? When ocean surrenders up her water, then will the parents of his hopes and tears, and the holy lessons learned on their knees, be alienated from the son's heart. They must, if they are human, esteem revenge for their wrongs as the most sacred inheritance.

The ordinary agents of the law had proven insufficient, and Nature rose up to avenge the injustice. Embassadors were at an end. Words of menace and expostulation were exchanged for the thunders of the shot gun. The quarrels which a hallow place held in abeyance were to be settled in the bushes. The die was cast. The god of the bushes had been invoked. The red hand of murder was raised. The feuds which had so long fermented among the Vendetta, were relegated to the arbitrament of the murderous shot gun. Already the lurid flames of the midnight gun lit up the fair fields of this county. Already the smoke hung like a wreath over the fairest lands of Egypt, and death stalked with defiant tread over the county. The past was an index to the future. The cries of our future victims had already reached our ears. The Bulliners were not uncomplaining sacrifices. The voice of humanity had issued from the shades of their farm, it had been unheeded, and one of them has since been convicted of murder. Whether he is guilty or not is not my province to say, but to tell the facts the best I can, and let the world pass its judgment on his slaughtered family.

John Bulliner could have been actuated by but one principle of human action in going into this work of blood, and that was revenge. If any thing could be tolerated to plead in extenuation of palliation of crime, surely it could be urged in his case; but if he is guilty, I would place his crime at nothing less than murder. The assassin of his father were [sic] actuated by malice. Their deeds were committed [sic] with no ingredients to assuage or cool; making them the most dastardly acts on record. The Crain boys were actuated by a very different motive to join in this work. That is, where the power to do wrong with impunity exists, the will is not long wanting. Whenever mankind sees a chance of doing wrong without ever being detected, they do not wait for a provocation. The best men will do wrong, and nothing but wrong, if you remove the fear of possible punishment. It is true that the fear of God restrains a small class. But generally this is but a temporary restraint, and is effective only when protected from strain. But strain it; take away the punishment the men inflict, open the gates of crime, and some of the best men will become the most consummate scoundrels in the land.

So it was with the Crains. They did not commence killing from an inherent love of killing, but because it was being done by others, and nobody punished. Hence, men have been heard to say: "I might as well make some money as anybody else."

After Russell's release, several parties formed themselves into fantastic models, and scouted the country. Ready to vie with each other in general follies, they started out 'by being ridiculous and ended by being vicious and criminal. One of these parties headed by Vince Hinchcliff, arrested Gordon Clifford alias "Texas Jack," down near the bloody grounds, and after treating him very badly, brought him to Marion, and just before daylight, had a mock trial before a J.P., the State's Attorney reading the law out [of] a patent office report, and probably the drunkest man in the crowd. "Jack" was put in jail without law or evidence the only witness being "Smokey Joe," who had never seen "Jack" before. "Texas Jack" was a very mean man, but he ought to have been tried as 'becomes ministers of justice in her own sacred temple. He came into this county in 1873, and lived around promiscuously for two years, offering gratuitous meanness for his board. He was about twenty five years old, tall, slender, fine looking fellow, and a very fast young man generously, a noisy ladies' man, and horse jockey. He lay in jail until October, when he was indicted for harboring "fugitives from justice," meaning Thomas Russell. He gave bond in the sum of \$500, and after having a couple of rows with Hinchcliff for the treatment he received from him he left the country. He said he came from Kansas, and Vince wrote there, and his character was very bad. When lie was arrested, the word "hanging" was pretty freely used, and I would suggest that if he ever take a mania for suicide and will come back to this county, he may find somebody who will assist him off in a romantic manner.

Some of their scouting parties talked about hanging men; plans were laid in Marion; meetings were held; names given; the leading men on the Russell Henderson side were to be hung; but they never could get the executioners on the ground. After the Russell trial, James Henderson was waylaid. He sat up many a night all night, watching for the assassins, 'but his dogs barked and his mules brayed, every time they would come near the house, as if to warn their master that assassins lurked in the bushes and they would run off. One night he hitched his mules out in the woods to keep them from making a noise, so that he could kill the assassins, but just before they got up that night in shooting distance of him, the mules broke loose and came running to the house. He worked in his field, surrounded by a dense forest, with Granite and little Frank Jeffreys acting as guards for him.

On the morning of May 15, 1874, while Frank was on watch, he said he saw something behind a pile of logs in the field. James looked and said he guessed it was nothing. In the afternoon, Granite had to help her mother wash, and Frank was on guard alone. About three o'clock he said he was lonesome sitting up in the edge of the woods, and wanted to come down to his foster father. James, who had been building fence, told him to come, and he lay down with the boy. Three assassins lay concealed behind a pile of logs, twenty seven steps away. The dripping drab of a summer sky overhung the scene in pearly sails, and just when our people were looking for light out of darkness, to unmantle the smoldering folds of hatred, they fired on Henderson, who lay in his side, the balls taking effect in his back. He turned over on his face, and put his hand over his eyes while looking at them. One of them walked out from behind the logs and fired at him with a pistol, and struck him in the hand. They then ran off. He said right there, while his agonizing nature was vibrating in horrid suspense between life and death, that he recognized the assassins as James Norris, John Bulliner and Manuel or Monroe Bulliner. Thomas Wilson, a young man who was near by and saw the men, did not know them. Henderson was carried to his house, and lingered eight days before he died. When the news of the shooting reached Marion, but little concern was manifested. There was a disposition that so long as they kept even down on the "bloody ground" it was all right. One fellow cried out, "Thank God, they have got the old king bee at last." But such a sentiment was too shocking to float unrebuked on the air of Marion. We know what such sentiments have produced in other countries. History tells the fateful tale. The terrible record is written in blood, and the world stands aghast when the book is opened. He was informed that a bunch of bones would be rammed into his face if he repeated the sentence.

There was no high wrought, inflated tone about Henderson. No straining or twisting of style, but all was plain, simple, easy and natural. He was compelled to toil for the necessities of life, and bravely bore the frettings and raspings of this cold, dull world. To his friends he was warm hearted, candid, earnest and honest, and would risk his life for them at any time. To his enemies he was cautious, daring and dangerous. He was a man of but few words, but wore a mild, firm fearless look. He is gone! and the silver dusted lilies and trailing willows will throw their flickering shadows over his grave, made green by the lichen fingered touch of time forever. Soon after his death his wife became a lunatic, and died on the New Year day following. On Saturday, the next day, after Henderson was shot, Jaston Ditmore was plowing alone in his field, one mile west of Henderson's, and about ten o'clock he was fired on three times in rapid succession, five of the balls striking him, one in the breast, one in each arm, one in the side and thigh; but he soon recovered, and left the country. No reason for this shooting can be given, unless it was that he saw the assassins of Henderson. He was in no known way connected with the Vendetta. When the inquest was held over Henderson, the Coroner issued his warrant for the arrest of John Bulliner and James Norris, but they ran at large until August 25th, 1874, when Deputy Sheriff W. J. Pulley arrested Bulliner at Crainville. He was kept under guard at Marion until September 3rd, when he was taken before Judge Crawford on a writ of habeas corpus, and was admitted to bail in the sum of \$3,000. In October following they were both indicted for murder. Bulliner was put upon his trial, and had four witnesses from Tennessee, who swore that he was there at the time, and he was acquitted by a jury.

Soon after Ditmore was shot, John Rod and one other man were riding beside a field, three miles northwest of Henderson's, and two miles north of the Eight Mile, when they saw a man fall down in the weeds in the field. Thinking something had happened to him, Rod went over to see; when he got within ten feet of the man, he rose and fired on Rod, shooting him through the thigh, and then scampered away. It was rumored that this was Thomas Russell, but rumor had him everywhere, so there is no telling.

On Sunday morning, August 9th, 1874, George W. Sisney went out to his barn lot, and two assassins who lay concealed in the fence corner near by, snapped their guns at him four times, but being wet with the dew, they did not fire. He was shocked, and called to one of his boys to come to him, when the assassins rose and walked off, and he stood watching them for over two hundred yards. He did not tell who these parties were, but at the October term indicted Timothy Edward Cagle and James Norris, for an assault to

murder him, claiming that they were the parties. Cagle is nineteen years old, an orphan boy, slim, awkward built, fair complexion, very pleasant and agreeable. He once had a difficulty with one of the Sisney boys. He worked for David Bulliner thirteen months, with James Norris. After he was indicted he went to New Orleans, but returned, and in March, 1875, gave himself up and lay in jail until September, when he went on trial. I had opened the case for the defense, when it was nulled on account of Sisney's death.

About this time rumor was afloat that Dr. Bentley, of Marion, had cut some balls out of John Sisney, supposed to have been received when David Bulliner was killed. On the 17th day of August, W. H. Bentley published an affidavit, stating that he had never cut any ball out of or known of any being in any of the Sisneys, and that the rumor was false. John Sisney was not believed to be guilty, but made a very convenient scape goat for those who were.

During the month of August, "Field" Henderson and Monroe Bulliner accidentally met in Marion, and had a talk, and agreed to meet at Carterville, and compromise and have no more trouble. Monroe said he would get John, and "Field" said he would get all the Hendersons, and meet him on a set day. "Field" saw the Hendersons, and they said so far they had nothing to do with the troubles, and were not going to have; but "Field" went to Carterville by himself on the day, and Monroe, John and Vincent Hinchcliff met him.

Vince took him out to one side, and said, " `Field,' these boys did not kill your Uncle Jim. I know they did not. All they want is to be let alone. The next man that is killed, the last one of the Hendersons will 'be killed or run out of the country. You fellows, by God, can't kill everybody. The people won't stand it."

"Field" said, "Don't say you fellows, I have had nothing to do with it."

Vince replied, "You are the only one of them that has any principle. Old Jim had but a few friends; I was one only through fear."

He said he had sent for the boys, two new shot guns, and they had not come, and that is why he knew they did not kill his uncle. Here Monroe and John come out, and John asked `Field' where Sam Henderson was. "Field" said he did not know, that he was afraid to stay at home and work. John said

"Sam is in the bushes, and if my enemies do not come out and face me like men, I will go into them myself."

But they all agreed to be friends and have no further trouble. "Field" was to tell Sam that he could come home and go to work and that they were not to hurt him; but Sam never came home. This was the first time that "Field" knew that Vince was an enemy to him. He used to deer-drive with his uncle Jim, and he was astonished at his talk.

On Sunday, October 4th, 1874, Vincent Hinchcliff rode out north about a mile, to see a sick man. Coming back about noon, and two hundred and fifty yards from his house, several ruffians had concealed themselves in a skirt of timber, on the east side off the road, which had been fenced in, but had grown up with small bushes. They fired on him sixteen times, four shot guns and twelve pistol shots. He and his horse were both shot dead on the spot. Robert, who started down at the first shot, turned the rise, and what a scene was there to greet his eyes! What a radiance of woe surrounded his heart! What a halo of shame! With an agonizing spirit he looked and saw Vince lying face downward on the cold earth, shot to death by unerring missiles from the murderous shot gun. And the bright sun looked sorrowfully down, a silent witness to this deed of unhuman butchery. And in the woods near by were heard the screams of joy and fiendish yells of these ruffians, holding a regular kickapoo dance over his remains, while the smoke from their guns was ascending high up in the dome of day as a signal to the surrounding country that another victim had been offered up. Who does not wish that he could have cut fire brands from the flames of torment, and with unsparing hand scattered them relentlessly through that forest? Humanity would have directed the stroke, and civilization countenanced it. Heaven help the assassin whose unsteady aim had left Vincent Hinchcliff uncrippled for he had arms and he would have instantly wielded them with a dexterous hand, and unbarred the gates of perdition for two hell-deserving assassins. At two o'clock of that day two men blacked were seen crossing a field three miles east of Vince's, but were not recognized. At the October term, Fielding G., and Samuel Henderson were indicted for this murder.

On the night of the 12th day of December 1874, Captain Sisney and George Hindman, a young relative, were sitting near a window on the south side of Sisney's house, playing dominoes, when an assassin came on the stoop in his sock feet, and shot through the window at Sisney. About forty shots struck him in the right arm, and carried away the muscle. Hindman was badly wounded in the neck and arm, from which he recovered. Sisney's arm withered away. This was a random shot, fired into a family, and the

wickedest one ever fired in the county. Marshall Crain said he did this shooting, and that there was no one with him. But the tracks of four persons were seen next day, and the sock-footed fellow made leaps that would have strained Marshall Crain considerably. At the April Term, 1875, Timothy Cagle was indicted for an assault to murder each of these parties; but on what evidence I am unable to tell. After Sisney's death, both cases were nolle. Marshall Crain also said that about this time he tried to kill Milton Black, who had fought "Big Terry," and that he waylaid John Sisney, and came very near killing Worth Tippy, one day, believing him to be Sisney.

On the first day of January, 1875, "Field" Henderson was in Carterville, and Monroe Bulliner went up to him and asked him to explain why he had inquired of the chamber maid at the McNeil House, where he slept. "Field" said he had not done so. Monroe then asked him to go to the girl and see. "Field" said he would not go, for he had not done so. Monroe said that he was satisfied, but a crowd gathered around who took "Field's" refusal to go see the girl as evidence of guilt. Rough words were exchanged and revolvers drawn, and "Field" commenced backing off. He displayed remarkable coolness and courage. Any other man would have crouched like a spaniel at their feet; or risen like a demon to confront them; but he silently withdrew and boarded the train. The crowd got on also. Monroe came into the same car with him and they talked the matter over, but the crowd was barred up in the baggage car by the conductor, who stood in the door. The train ran a half mile to Crainville, where all parties got off, and "Field" came on to Marion. It afterwards turned out to be one of Bulliner's friends who inquired for his room, in order to get a pistol he had left there. Monroe Bulliner, Wesley Council, J. M. McCarthy, Hugh McCarty and John Moore, were indicted for a riot, for this affray, and were tried at the November Term of the County Court, 1876, and acquitted. When "Field" arrived in Marion, he went to the residence of J. D. F. Jennings, State's Attorney, to see if he was indicted for the murder of Hinchcliff. Jennings told him he was "but to keep out of the way until Court." "Field" went home, five miles north of Marion, and Jennings came running up town and told that "Field" had been there with three revolvers, and tried to kill him and "played thunder" generally. And he had the whole town in great excitement. It was published in the papers, and went the rounds, that "Field" Henderson, the famous outlaw and desperado, had tried to assassinate the State's Attorney for doing his duty. The truth is, he displayed no weapon, but acted as gentlemanly as a man could, to my certain knowledge. I was Henderson's counsel, and we followed Jennings' advice.

In February, the Deputy Sheriff and another man went out to arrest "Field," who, when he saw them, ran up stairs, and when they came in below he climbed down the stoop and started off through the field. They took after him and fired on him six times. He returned the fire three times. After his escape he went to Kentucky, where he remained two months, and in April, 1875, came back and gave himself up, and was admitted to bail on motion, on the 13th day, in the sum of \$5,000, which he gave, and at the October Term we went to trial, and proved by fifteen good men that they saw him near a church at the very hour Hinchcliff was killed, twelve miles. And the State's Attorney, after this evidence [sic] was in, entered a nolle.

During the summer of 1874, there was an organization of fifteen men, near Carriers Mills, in Saline county, who extended their operations into this county. They called themselves "Regulators," and dressed in disguise, and went around to set things in order. They did not injure any person, but simply notified those who they thought out of the line of domestic duty, and even in financial affairs to flank into line again. They generally gave the victim such a scare that he was willing to do anything to be in company by himself. Such a band is a disgrace to any civilized country; but no serious results or disparaging influence came from this one. Rumors were currently circulated of the good they were doing. Lazy, fellows took a scare, and blistered their hands at work; quarrelsome women turned to praying, and brutish husbands became as loving as Adonis, under the potent influence of this country clique. There was probably an organization of a more serious character in this county. Several men were taken out and whipped, and some tenor fifteen notified to leave the county. This was during the year 1874-5.

On the night of the 23rd of October, 1874, a party of twenty men in disguise visited the family of Henry D. Carter, in Northern Precinct, and ordered him to leave the county within forty days, whereupon a fight took place, and twenty-two balls were lodged in his house. In a few days fifty-two men met in arms at the County Line Church, in daylight, and ordered six of the Carters to leave the county. Mr. Carter wrote their names to the Governor, imploring protection. The Governor wrote to Jennings to enforce the law, and of course that ended it. Several anonymous letters were written to editors, threatening them, during these two years; but if there were ever any regular Ku-klux in this county, outside of the band who hung Vancil, it was in 1875, in the west and southwest sides of the county, and a small band which probably included some members of the Vendetta.

After the death of Hinchcliff, consternation seized every mind; mutual distrust and a want of confidence was felt. The solemn pallor of cholera times hung over our people. Silence prevailed the air. The responsible men were seen standing around in groups, whispering questions that no man dare answer; while the irresponsible part, and dead-beats were lopping their horses about town, and making wild goosesallies out to the edge of the bloody ground, quartering on some good farmer for a day and night, and then come back and report some long, airy story of the whereabouts of some noted assassin. Most men had a plan to advise, but the execution of it was generally left to reckless young men, or floating characters, who had nothing to lose and all to gain. Suppressed curses were sometimes whispered against the noted characters, and then the parties would be cautioned, lest he brought the killings to Marion. A low murmur or subdued excitement, would break out in the bloody ground late some evening, and produce the greatest commotion among the neighbors. Pistol shots had been heard at the back of somebody's field, and the sound of hurrying feet of horses running, and out would come five or six men, scared like rabbits, from a thicket. They did not like John Bulliner's movements, or Tom Russell had been seen, or James Norris, a desperate outlaw and daring desperado, armed to the teeth, was lurking in the bushes. Reporters for city papers would come down here, and go as near the bloody grounds as they felt disposed, find out what they could, (and in those days it was dangerous to seek to know more of the Vendetta than they chose to tell,) and then go back and call us a set of "blood-thirsty barbarians," "Italian brigands," and "Night Riding Ku-klux," and on top of these outrages a series of letters, signed "Big Pete of the Woods," were published by R. F. Brown, in the Farmer's Advocate, in Marion, threatening everybody and especially the State's Attorney. Brown's boy, afterwards, trying to convince me that C. H. Dennison wrote those letters, produced the manuscripts, and I recognized in each of them the hand-writing of J. D. F. Jennings, the State's Attorney. He got terribly scared at his own shadow, and had the sympathy of many people in his great danger. And all the time he was fixing up a plan to steal something and run away, and make the people believe that he had to leave to save his life. He was so warm that he would burn a man with his kindness, and at the same time lived a life of cold-blooded rascality. He even reported that he saw men around his house, trying to kill him; but the people soon learned to take the square root of what he said for truth.

He was very popular, and the secret of it was his manners, saying and opinions. He was a professional doctor, lawyer, preacher, fiddler, horn-blower and a libertine. When he made music on the square, a crowd would swell around him. When he preached, they all went to hear him, from the talented aristocracy down to the boot-black. He was a rowdy among the rowdies, pious among the pious, Godless among the Godless, and a spooney among the women. He would get up in a sermon and rattle away until the shrouds and lanyards of conscience must have fairly quacked under the strains, and then go, get on a drunk. He was a clerical blackguard, whose groveling passions assumed full sway at all times. Lost to every Christian restraint, degraded in his tastes, villainous in his nature, corrupt in his principles, how wretched was such an apology for a State's Attorney! He suddenly became wise and learned in the law about his compeers, and found out that all our witnesses were accomplices without veracity, and those who were branded as criminals, looked upon the law with contempt of judgment, and we stultified ourselves trying to enforce the law. "The wickedest of the people is indeed great, when the wickedest men among them are men of renown." And yet we had to look to a man as our leader in this great emergency, who bears the character of being a most consummate scoundrel. On his face was written legibly, "a liar, a hypocrite." A while before he left, he wrote a letter to Samuel Dunaway and a few other rich men of Marion, threatening to kill them, and signed it "Big Pete." Then he went to these parties and said he knew who it was wanting to kill them, and that if they would give him \$5,000 he would hire men to kill them, and even told who he could get to do it. He was awful uneasy for them! But his insinuating toadyism and spaniel-like reverence for his "friends" were but idle and frivolous assertions in this case. They knew his warped and biased soul was steeped in infamy and falsehood. About the time our people began to see the utter futility of expecting anything like justice in a court where this man was State's Attorney, he had the good sense to defraud the county of \$900 and run away and owing everybody. As a prosecutor, he was a regular sarcasm on justice, a great hideous 'burlesque; free from religious scruples, and ready to sail from any point of the compass. He has gone out to humbug some other people, and will live in our history in an immortality of shame and disgrace. He and Brown, of the Farmer's Advocate, did more to injure our county than all the shot guns in it.

In April 1875, the office was declared vacant; and in June J. W. Hartwell was elected to fill the vacancy. On the 22nd day of January, 1875, B. O. Jones, of Massac, introduced a bill in the Legislature to

appropriate \$10,000 for the relief of Williamson County. But the speaker appointed a committee against us, with L. F. Plater, of Hardin, as chairman. He wrote to our State's Attorney, Circuit Clerk, and others for information, but none of them ever answered him, and the bill was cut down to \$3,000, and passed the House too late to be passed by the Senate. Hon. A. C. Nelson, our Representative, won for himself the illustrious appellation of "Egyptian orator," fighting for this bill.

During the spring of 1875, several blinds were found near Bulliner's, and one day John went to Carbondale, and a fresh blind was put up north of his house, about a quarter of a mile, so that they could kill him, as he returned. Monroe found this blind, and told John to look out, and thus saved his life. At one time some men were seen around the house; but they did not get to kill anybody. At this time the people were an entire army of observers. Every man had his eyes riveted on the horizon of crime, and his ears pricked to hear. On the night of the 4th of July, somebody went to Marshall Crain's house, in Crainville, while he was gone from home, and fired a charge of buck-shot promiscuously around his bed. This gave Marshall such a scare that he determined to go back into the Vendetta, which he had left in January, and he said he hired John Bulliner to kill Sisney for \$300, and got all the money but \$5. He wanted to kill John Sisney first, but Bulliner would have him kill the old man. Being afraid to stay at home, he and his wife went to Samuel Music's to board. On the 7th he asked Sam, if he got into trouble would he help him out. Sam said he would. Again, on the 8th, he asked him, and Sam said he would swear for him, and clear him. Marshall said John Sisney had shot into his house, and he wanted revenge, and he wanted Sam to swear him out of trouble. Sam agreed to do so.

About ten o'clock Wednesday, July the 28th, Marshall started out from Music's, and went to a neighbor's, and borrowed a gun, saying that he wanted to go a hunting; but in fact he hardly knew what he did want with it. He went down within two miles of Carbondale, and concealed his gun in an old house on the road, near Mrs. Snider's, and went into the field where the Snider boys were thashing wheat. Here he met the famous Allen Baker, and had a few words with him privately. This was late in the evening. He then went back to the old house and left his coat and boots, and just after dark, went to Carbondale, where George Sisney had moved a few months before for safety. It was raining, and in going up East Main street, he carried a board over his gun, to keep it dry. When he met anybody he would lay his gun under the side-walk, pass on and then go back and get it; and this he did as many as six times. Capt. Sisney lived on the northeast corner of the square, his house extending eastward and facing south, with a porch on the south side. Marshall went up slowly, but Sisney had already retired. He waited around the premises for a while, and when anybody would pass with lanterns, he would go back to an old woodshed in a dark alley, on the east side. The evening train was late that night, and when Marshall had got tired and almost gave up all hope, it came, and on board was Overton Stanley, a friend of Sisney's, who went directly to Sisney's house to get Sisney to sign a note with him as his security. He called, and about half past nine o'clock, Sisney came down in his parlor, and after lighting a lamp, signed the note and sat down near a window, on the south side; his hands lay folded across his lap. It was a night of rain and clouds. The wind swept sighingly through the foliage of the trees, with a rustling sound, as of swollen waters. The long, plaintive howl of the watch dog came hurriedly by, and mournfully fell on the ears of Marshall Crain, when the sobs of the gale would subside. He went into the old shed and put fresh caps on his gun, and then went slipping, half stooped along on the porch but was so thirsty that he laid his gun down and went out into the street and drank out of a mud-hole with his hands; then taking his gun, he stepped to the window. The curtains were blown about softly in the breeze. All inside wore the somber gray tint of light. He gently blew against the curtains, and saw two men, but could not tell which was Sisney. Again he blew and saw a pair of legs, and was about to shoot, when he saw that the man had on fine boots. That was not Sisney. His breath, assisted by the wind, parted the curtains again, and he saw the black, stiff beard of Sisney. He stepped back, cocked both barrels of his gun, raised it to his shoulder. Just then he heard Sisney say, "I guess it is time to retire." Stanley asked,

"What kind of a man is George Moore?"

Sisney replied: "He is a bad one; he is all right, and is a worse man than he looks to be."

Marshall Crain pulled the trigger, and George W. Sisney laid still in death's eternal sleep. Marshall heard Sisney say

"Oh, Lord, I am shot! Lord, have mercy on me!"

It was the only expression of despair that ever came from the brave heart of George Sisney, although he had four times before survived the murderous missiles.

"Wearied, forsaken and pursued, at last,

All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolves to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear."

After the murder that night, the winds sallied, and a cold, white fog laid its moist fingers on the heated pulse of Carbondale. The scene in this stricken, smitten and afflicted family was heart rending. Mrs. Sisney, who had raised the window up stairs and cried out for help, was now wringing her hands in agony. Martha Jane, who was sleeping in an adjoining room below, woke up, heard a strangling noise, and asked her I father what was the matter; receiving no answer, dressed herself, and went into the parlor. The light, six feet away, had been blown out by the concussion, and all was dark. Stanley said

"Your pa is shot. Mr. Sisney is killed dead."

He had locked the front door, and she opened it and called for help. The sad and heavy-hearted citizens came in droves, their eyes flashing with resentment, and then spirits rankling in bitter malice. They followed the assassin a piece but could not keep his trail. Sisney remained seated for an hour and a half upright in his chair, shot under the left nipple, which made a hole two inches in diameter. He was buried on the '30th, on his homestead, with Masonic honors. There we leave him forever. Shall his memory go back to oblivion and shame, or shall it follow those who have gone without blame from intelligence, virtue of Heaven? I would write for his epitaph, "An honest, brave, true man."

After the murder, Marshall Crain ran down East street with his gun, and crossed into the bushes on the north side of the road leading east. When he got into Mrs. Snider's field, he got lost in the dark. The thunders bellowed over head like the trumpet of the great arch-angel calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, and roar upon roar, till the vast vault of heaven was filled with the giant sound. The lightning, broad and bright flooded the whole sky with a lurid red, flashing its fire across the field, and illuminating with a dreadful light his solitary form alone amid the wrath of the elements. After wading through swamps and bushes, he arrived at his mother-in-law's, nine miles from Carbondale, just before day, tired, wearied and almost 'broken down. Next morning, Colonel D. H. Bush, of Carbondale, offered a reward of \$500, which he refused to pay on the conviction of Bulliner and Baker for the murder of Sisney, and suit was brought against him by B. F. Lowe, which is now pending. Samuel Music, who was teaming for Captain Landrum, was in Carbondale the day Sisney was killed. He saw Marshall Crain there (for he had been in a while that day), who told him that he was there to kill Sisney, and he told Sam where he had left his coat and boots. Sam got them, and wore the boots out. On the morning after the murder, Music said, he, Marshall, and Allen Baker met in Carterville, and Baker gave as a reason for not coming to help him in the killing, as he had promised at Mrs. Snider's, that it rained. About noon, Marshall, Music and John Bulliner, met in Crainville, and Marshall told John that Sam was into this thing too, now, and they both told Sam if he told this he would be the next man killed. Marshall then told John how he killed Sisney, and John paid him \$15, and told him he would pay him the rest when he sold his wheat. The same day, "Big Jep" Crain came to Marion. His presence in town created a great deal of talk, and most people believed he was in the Vendetta. He wanted to join a proposed company of militia, and be the captain. He said he could stop the killing; but before this a subscription paper had been circulated to employ detectives, and he signed \$25, and after a while he said "he did not like the direction things were taking," and withdrew it.

He went down to Crainville, Friday evening, about four o'clock, and he and Marshall and Music (according to Music's statement), went down to Marshall's old house, and after playing cards and drinking a while, "Big Jep" said: "The next man to kill is Spence," and told Music to go to John Bulliner's and get a gun for "Black Bill" Crain. Music said he would not do it; that he would be seen but he would get one from John Ditmore, in Crainville, if that would do. "Big Jep" said it would do, and that he would go that night and get "Black Bill" who lived four miles south of Crainville, and meet him and Marsh next morning at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field, which is only three miles south. "Big Jep" went off, and at dark, Music went to John Ditmore's to get his gun, but John would not let it out at night, and told him to come in the morning, which he did very early and got the gun, and put it in Marsh's old house. Then Sam and Marsh got three pints of whiskey, and met in the woods at the back of "Yaller Bill's" field, from where they walked to the back of Mrs. Hampton's field. At the north-west corner a path led up into the woods. They broke weeds and bushes off and threw them in the path as a "sign" and went on up the hill. There they fired three pistol shots as a signal to "Big Jep" and "Black Bill," who came about twelve o'clock, two hours after Marsh and Sam had got there. The object of this meeting was to initiate Sam into the Ku-Klux as he said that "Big Jep" thought they had better join them for protection, but they did not do so. They agreed to kill Spence that night. Sam, "Black Bill" and Marsh were to do the killing, and "Big Jep" was to keep them out of trouble.

He told them, if they got in jail not to mind staying there two or three months, that the door would be smashed in and they taken out.

They parted, and "Big Jep" went with "Black Bill," and Sam and Marsh went to Wesly Crain's and got dinner. Sam went home and then to Carterville, and got some more whisky, and at dark met "Black Bill" and Marshall at the back of "Yaller Bill's" field, near Crainville. They went up to Marsh's old house, about two hundred yards south of Spence's store, where they waited until ten o'clock, when everything got still. Then Marshall took a gun, which he had got out of a hollow tree in the woods, said to be a Bulliner gun, and they circled around through the woods and came up on the east side of Spence's store.

The rose-flush of day had faded in the West. The sombre-gray of twilight had fallen around them, and the watching stars had taken their stand in the conclave up above, like unhappy sentinels doomed to keep watch over the infinity of the ocean. Spence was asleep up stairs. They were environed by the intense stillness. The thought of murder rolled slowly through their minas, but still they did not relent. The eastern horizon was silvered by the rising moon, and looked like a huge mass of beryl whereon burned ruby flakes of vapor, guarded by the vestal stars above. The Sapphire arch overhead burned beautiful and mellow. Marshall went to the door and called out, "Mr. Spence." Spence asked who was there. Marshall said, "John Sisney; I want to get shrouding for a child." Spence said he would be down in a minute. Soon the tall, august form of William Spence, illuminated by a solitary light, was seen towering grandly between the counters. When he got to the door, Marshall fired both barrels into his abdomen—a charge of sixty buck-shot. Spence said, "Marsh, don't shoot me any more!" This was an address to humanity. It was a heart-rendering cry of distress from a soul in mortal strait. Such a cry ought not to go unheeded by a brother man; but Marsh run his arm through the broken pane in the door, and shot him with a pistol in the face, as he fell. He then punched a pane out of the glass front with his gun, and went into the house, and searched around through trunks and drawers for two or three minutes, when "Black Bill" called him out. He had an old empty pocket-book. They walked off east, along the railroad, half a mile, and then turned south into "Big Terry's" field, and came out into an old road, where Music asked, "What will I do if I am arrested?" "Black Bill" said, "Have me and Marsh subpoenaed, and we will swear you clear."

After the shooting of Henderson, no man ever understood that it was necessary to fly. They separated and went home. This occurred July 31, 1875.

William Spence was but little known in this county. He came here a few years ago, but attended to his own business and said but little. He was a good man, strong, firm and dignified to stiffness; but was making money. His death left no orphan or widow to wail at his hearth-stone. Though about forty years of age, he was unmarried. After he was shot he laid in his store all night, and was not found until the holy hush of Sunday morning rested like a benedictiop on the scene. Sunday morning, Marsh and Music again met at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field, and Marsh drew his revolver on Sam, and told him he believed he was a traitor, on account of some strange whistling he had heard, and if he did not find the whisky, which he had concealed the day before, he would kill him. While Sam was preparing a hurried absolution, he found the whisky, which saved his life. Marshall afterwards said he wished he had shot him; that he thought he was neglecting his duty.

On this same day, August 1st, Allen Baker, who lived on the dirt road, at the Crab Orchard Bridge in Jackson county, was fired on by an assassin, who mistook Baker's shadow on the window-blind for his body, and let in a charge of buck shot without killing anybody.

Music was coming back from the meetings at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field on Sunday afternoon, drunk, as usual, and a mile south of Crainville, he fell in with Carroll Wagoner and his wife, who were going home to Crainville. He got in the wagon with them, and the subject of the murder came up, when Music said, "Yes, we put the damned old scoundrel out of the way." Mrs. Wagoner of course knew that "we" meant Music, Marshall and "Big Jep." Late Monday evening following, Music, Marsh and "Yaller Bill" met in Crainville, near Landrum's Mills, and "Yaller Bill" said, "Did either of you boys get my jewelry?" Marsh said, "No." Bill said, "If anybody got his watch, it has his name in it, and they will be detected and pull hemp as sure as hell." He then advised Marsh to take his wife to her mother's and leave the country, and told Sam to stop drinking, or he would leak it out. He said, "There is getting too many in this thing anyway."

This conversation is taken from Music's statement, and was denied by all the other boys. This is the only evidence of "Yaller Bill's" connection with the Vendetta. Our people do not believe he is guilty. They say that if he gave Marsh the advice spoken of by Music, that it is no more than any other brother would have done. Music went to Carbondale on Tuesday, and remained two weeks. While there, Marsh tried to

get him out several times, but Sam was afraid and would not come. Marsh left in about a week after the murder and went to Missouri, and Sam went to Bird's Point, in the same state.

Never has there been a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among all sexes and ages and was in this county. It threatened us and our posterity with perpetual odium, and the very thought of having our county branded with lasting shame, filled us with living emotions of anger and fire. All felt that it was a time to summon every aid, both human and divine, and with the bayonets save our county. Political prejudices and feelings, which had entered largely in to the animus of the Vendetta heretofore, were lost sight of in the duties of the hour. It was an understanding that Republicans sympathized with the Russell side, and the Democrats with the Bulliner side of the Vendetta; but now public considerations of a higher character attracted the attention of our people, and they rose above the trammels of political sympathies, and united as a band of honest freemen. No language that I can command can give adequate utterance to the feelings that it awakened in us, to hear of our friends being shot down like beasts. It was chafing to our hopes and gadding to our spirits. Many believed that we were standing on the threshold of a mighty convulsion, and they watched it with wonder and awe. Others prayed to that Being who sets liberty up and oppression down, to break the tornado that was hanging over us like a pall. Our lands went down in value one-third to one-half. The coal fields lay dormant. The fields of grain that were annually gathered on the west side of the county nearly failed. These were stubborn facts, known at home and read by thinking minds throughout the world. The name of Williamson county had become a hiss and by-word. Strangers shunned us like a serpent, and the sting was felt. Affairs were deplorable. Ruffianism was rampant. Noted assassins were concealed in the thickets of the bloody ground. This was a daily talk, spoken out in thunder tones, that all understood. The air was filled with omens of disaster. Pass the street corners and the breath of murder was whispered in your face. Bold assassins stalked unbridled and unchecked. To bring these outlaws to justice was the universal desire of our people; but how to do it was a point that put to silence the entire country. The people were cussing the officers. Those who knew anything were afraid to tell it. Some were clamorous for public meetings, others for militia, and a few for rewards. Massac county was crying to us from the memory of her dead Vendetta; Missouri was pleading with us with her mangled hundreds, telling us to think of the gallows and the recollections that it suggested; the newspapers were holding a regular matinee over us, and sending a devastating storm of shot at our blood-stained county. There was no relying on internal strength. What was defective within was aggravated by what was bad from without. The abuse from without aggravated the evil influence within, which caused the banks of crime to overflow, and spread ruin and woe over the fairest lands of "Egypt." The minds which needed hardening were relaxed. The hearts which needed fortifying were dissolved. The passions which needed cooling were irritated and disqualified for considerate action.

At this crisis it was suggested that we meet and pass resolutions that there had never been any crime committed in this county, and straddle the "dark clouds that lowered over our house" on some other county.

During this year the most malignant falsehoods and slanders were hurled over the country about this county, and were received with implicit faith. At any other time they would have returned to pay the inventor with a vengeance. I raised my voice against these outrages, and claimed that it was steel pens, not shot-guns that were ruining the business interests of our county. I knew that it was not the falling into crime that would ruin us, but the lying in it. And I did not extenuate crime by apologizing for the inaction of our people. I agreed that all collective crimes were conceived in darkness and nursed in secret, and challenged the attention of men only in their efforts and results, and that all our people wanted was time. They would not raise vigilance committees, as they were advised by the press, and go out to cutting and shooting their fellow-men, like the cruel Moors. Unexpected as was this deep display of blood-thirsty feelings, the country ought not to be surprised that our people were unprepared to meet it. We live in an age of surprise. The events of 1875 show us that it is impossible to count on what next week will bring. We never can outlive conspiracy until men are taken by the hand instead of the throat. I did not pause to deny the follies and crimes of individuals in the county had lent plausibility to the maledictions then rife upon us, but insisted that the whole arcana of human ingenuity had been rifled to find a plan to stop it, and that it would be stopped by rewards. The mills of the gods ground slowly in our case, but they ground well. Some of the papers, in speaking of this county, had the skull and cross-bones at the head. I thought that reporters could denounce crime without criminal and barbarous outrages on a community of honest men. Some of them evinced a reckless disregard for justice, fairness and truth, and spoke of us with a venom and zest that argued the basest kind of demonstration, which called for stern and outspoken rebuke from every honest and virtuous man. They tore down the protection of our reputation-the bulwark of society-and left us defenseless in the presence of malevolent villancy.

That anybody should delight in this kind of moral piracy, and leave a community open to the ravages of moral cormorants, is a melancholy subject to think of. God never gave any man the right to poison the springs, of happiness in this way. But it is unjust to charge the country indiscriminately with this crime. There were some noble exceptions. The Jonesboro Gazette and Illinois Journal maintained a dignified course towards us that was as commendable and just as it was prudent and wise. During the year 1874-5 this county had as good and trustworthy a set of Justices and Constables as any in the state, and all offenses, except assassinations, were as effectually punished.

On the fourth day of August, 1875, Governor Beveridge wrote to our sheriff, offering to do all in his power to relieve the county whenever the Sheriff thought proper to call on him. At the August Special Term, 1875, the County Commissioners offered a reward of \$1,000 for each of the murderers of David Bulliner, James Henderson, Vincent Hinchcliff and William Spence, and on the 9th day of August, the Governor issued a proclamation offering \$400 reward for the arrest and conviction of each of the criminals referred to, and also for the murderers of George W. Sisney and George Bulliner. And on the 22nd of August, the Jackson County Court offered \$400 reward for the murderers of Sisney and Bulliner.

This was a gloomy period, but it was that gloom which preceded the dawn. It was the dark hour which ushered in the bright morning. Criminals leave gates open for detection. There are certain weak meshes in the network of devilish texture. We are just looking forward to no distant day when the dark veil that concealed the festering crimes of the county should render asunder by a daring and skillful hand. It came. Mrs. Wagoner told her brother, James H. Duncan, of Marion, who the guilty parties were. Mr. Duncan is a man about thirty-six years old, very intelligent, firm as a rock, and a man of remarkable courage. He could not withhold his efforts in behalf of his suffering countrymen, while they were bleeding at every vein. In him, the people felt that they had a leader in whom they could trust. A man of discretion and nerve, and though for a long time he was not publicly known in the work, yet he was backing all the efforts and laid all the plans. A woman told who were guilty, but it took a man of iron to arrest and bring them to justice. Mr. Duncan stood up firmly on the side of the people throughout the prosecutions, and but for his discretion and assistance, we might today be suffering the calamities of a Vendetta. He went to a "friend" and told him he knew who killed Spence, and he intended to have them brought to justice, and he wanted some man to execute his plans. His "friend" advised him to get Benjamin F. Lowe, of Marion. Lowe agreed to go into it. Sam Music was the first man to be arrested. Lowe went to Cairo and inquired at the post office for a letter for Samuel Music; being told that there was one, he told the postmaster not to let anybody have it but Music in person. Lowe then got the deputy sheriff, and about an hour Samuel called for his letter and was arrested. Lowe brought him to Marion on the 10th day of September. No confidence was put in the move by the people, and consequently no stir was made until Music was taken before Young, J. P., and asked time for trial. His case was set down for hearing September 20th, and he sent to jail. Two hours afterwards, through the influence of Captain Landrum, who promised him protection, he sent for the Sheriff and Circuit Clerk, and made a complete confession of killing Spence and Sisney, and implicated "Big Jap," "Black Bill," "Yaller Bill," Samuel R. Crain, Marshall Crain, John Bulliner and Allen Baker. Lowe then swore out writs against these parties for murder, and the Sheriff summoned a posse of twenty-five men and boarded the train for Crainville seven miles west.

Here "Big Jap," "Yaller Bill" and Samuel R. were arrested. The Sheriff then went with a few men to "Black Bill's" and arrested him, and another party went after John Bulliner, and they were all brought to Marion that night and put under guard. Lowe went on to Carbondale and got Crain, and went to DuQuoin after Allen Baker, who had moved up there awhile before. They found Baker at home, and Lowe said: "We want you to go to Marion for killing Spence." Baker made fun of the charge; he got very mad, and Lowe took down a revolver which was sticking in the wall. Baker said, "You damned thief, put that back or steal something else." Lowe said he would when it became necessary; that he would look around-that he thought he could find a Bulliner gun, this was their pistol. Lowe said, "I have been told that you are a brave man and a powerful man, and that you just ate men whole; so don't be surprised if I act a little curious in your presence." Baker demanded their authority. Lowe told him to look at Bush and himself; they were the papers in the case. Lowe arrived in Marion with him next morning.

On Monday, the 13th, their case was called before John H. Reynolds, J. P., but by agreement was set down for hearing on the 16th. The prisoners were loosely guarded around town for a few days, and the people became indignant, and the Sheriff put them in jail. Music accused Bulliner, Baker and Samuel R. Crain with the murder of Sisney, in Jackson county. Lowe went before Murphy, J. P., in Murphysboro, and swore out a writ for them there, and Sheriff Kimball came over on the 15th, and took them over to the Jackson jail, where they were tried on the 22nd, Music testifying against them, Samuel R. was released for

want of evidence against him, and the others committed. The greatest excitement prevailed. A special term of the County Court was convened, and the State Attorney empowered to employ counsel to assist him. He employed the Hon. W. J. Allen and A. D. Duff, of Carbondale. The employment of these men produced a revolution in public sentiment. The rich men stepped to the front, and the bummers stepped aside. Landrum, Ogden, Nelson, Washburn, Ferrell, Herring, Harrison, Goodall, Campbell, Grider, Mitchell, Young, and a host of others, who have stood up for the right and breasted the world's dark tide for the good of the county, came on the stage, holding up one hand to save the innocent, and the other to crush the guilty. And our imagination which had been so used to scenes of blood, was now playing over the rope and gallows; and our ears, which had heard the shrieks of agonizing victims and the fierce yells of their savage slayers, were now saluted by the slogan of returning justice.

On Friday, September 16th, the case was called, the People proving the facts above detailed of the murder. The defense was an alibi, W. W. Clemens and J. B. Calvert appearing for the defendants. Two of the Jacks and two Craigs swore that "Black Bill" was eight miles away that fatal night. "Big Jep" proved his whereabouts by a dozen witnesses. Other minor facts were proven, and after a tedious examination of two days she Court committed all the defendants to jail, except Music, who never had any examination. Music said that Marshall had gone to his wife's aunt in Missouri. Lowe, then in order to find out where his wife's aunt lived in Missouri, had his mother-in-law subpoenaed as a witness against the boys before Reynolds. State Attorney Hartwell then told Mrs. Rich that he believed they were going to impeach her, as she had to swear for the People, and it would be necessary for him to know where her people lived, so as to be able to meet them. She said her sister lived in Butler County, Mo., and was married to Den Lewis. She was not used as a witness. Lowe left Marion after the trial and went to Makanda, Jackson County, and at ten o'clock in the night started out to the Smiths, in this county, who were relatives of the Craigs. He found where Marshall's folks lived, so that he could shun them, but it being nearly daylight, he went back to Makanda, and laid up all day. Starting out again at night, he soon found where Marshall and his wife staid all night the night they left the county. It was a half mile east of Makanda. Marshall counted his money here, and said he had enough to go to St. Louis, and then to his uncle, Thomas Crain, in Boone County, Ark. They left here two weeks before for St. Louis, from where he went to Springfield, and then to Boone County, Ark., but returned to Butler County, Mo. He left his wife here with Dr. Adams, and started on foot to the Cherokee Bend to pick cotton, and had got sixty-five miles when he was arrested.

From Makanda, Lowe came to Marion, and on September 20th left for Butler County, Mo. On arriving there, he hired A. Thomas to go out to Dr. Adams and make a survey. He found that Marshall had left on foot for the Bend, carrying a pistol, a budget, and wearing velvet pants. The County Attorney wanted Lowe to remain there until Marshall returned, saying that Dr. Adams would report the fact; but Lowe left Thomas to arrest him if he returned, and took the train for Corning, Ark., thirty-three miles. Here he hired a constable, and left for the Cherokee Bend. Fifteen miles from here he struck Marshall's trail. He had traveled through a wild, sunburnt, arid waste, whose solemn silence is rarely ever broken by the tread of a white man, and his tracks were plainly to be seen in the sand, where the thirsty earth gaped under the merciless sun. Marshall had given his name as "Crain," from Missouri, and had tried to hire at every place he came to. For fifteen miles Lowe followed his trail. Marshall was inquiring for Jacksonport, and Lowe, when asked what he wanted with him, would say, "he stole a watch up in Missouri." They came to a river, when the ferryman told them that Crain was at Mr. Gray's, a half mile ahead. They rode on up to the house, and a woman was standing at the gate, and when asked said Marshall was in the house, with a chill on him. It was a double log house, with a bed-room between. Lowe went in, and Marshall was lying fast asleep on the bed. Lowe gave him a shake, and he awoke very suddenly, raised up and reached for his pistol over his head. Lowe pushed him back with a Derringer, and asked him his name. He said, "Marshall Crain," and asked, "who are you?" Lowe said, "You know me." Marsh said, "Yes, how are you, Frank Lowe?" The constable was of the foot of the bed. Lowe told him he had a warrant for his arrest, and asked him if he should read it. Marsh said, "No." Lowe then tied him, and took his pistol, and put him on horseback behind himself. At this juncture Gray came out of the field, and Lowe apologized for the liberty he had taken. Gray said it was all right.

The sun was half an hour high, and it was twelve miles to William Gossett's, the next house, where they arrived at ten o'clock. There they got supper. Frank then made a bed on the floor for Marsh, and hired a school teacher for \$2.00, to guard him, and lay down himself. He saw Marsh untying the rope from his legs; he got it off. Frank rose and stopped him. Marsh said he would have jumped through the window and been gone in fifteen minutes. They started on, then, and arrived at Corning that evening. Marsh had a chill, and was put to bed in the hotel. Frank also had a chill. Marsh got something to eat, and then Frank called

the jailer, and asked Marsh if he would go without a requisition; if he would not, he would put him in jail and get one. Marsh said he wanted the men to understand that he was going to Illinois of his own free will. He was then handcuffed, and wanted Frank to write to his wife, who was ten miles in the country, that he was under arrest, going to Illinois, and that she must not try to come through on foot, but wait until she got money from him. He said she would come through on foot if he did not tell her. He said she was too good for him, and he cared for nobody else on earth. Within four miles of Cairo, Frank told him about the boys being in jail. He did not believe it. Frank produced a Globe Democrat containing the proceedings at their trial, which satisfied him. Frank said, "Bulliner, Baker and Music have employed me to catch you, so they could swear it onto you, and then come clear; that was the arrangement."

Marsh said, "I don't know so damned well; they are as guilty as I am in the thing." They landed at Cairo Saturday, Sept. 28th, at 4 o'clock a. m., and took a freight train for Carbondale. While going up, Marsh told Frank the whole story that he afterwards swore to. On the train he was very noisy, hallooing for Jeff Davis, and talked freely of killing men. He was mad at everybody, and wanted to be unhandcuffed to fight men who asked him questions. At one place, ten or twelve men stood looking at him. He said, "If your eyes were in dogs' heads there would be sheep killed tonight." Well might he be excited, for he was in the hands of a powerful, shrewd, ingenious man, who brought every cunning contrivance, and subtle influence to bear on him, to get a confession out of him. It was a wonderful achievement, on the part of Lowe, to get a full confession out of a great criminal like Marshall Crain in so short a time. He was afraid of a mob, at Carbondale, and seemed anxious and reckless. When the whistle blowed at Carbondale he was frightened. Frank told him that the good people and officers of Carbondale would assist him against a mob, and if he had thought of danger he would have telegraphed to Marion for twenty men. He wanted to know if the people were very bitter against him. Frank told him they would only hang him, that was all. He said he did not care for his life.

At Carbondale the people did not know him, but presently John Crain came in and settled the matter. Frank took him out to the old house where he had concealed his gun the night he killed Sisney, to get some powder and shot which he said Allen Baker had put there for him to kill Sisney with. They found the powder. Frank left him at Carbondale, where he received medical attention until Monday, when he was taken to the Murphysboro jail.

On the 17th day of September, Sheriff Norris wrote the Governor for arms and ammunition for a company of militia. On the 19th, the Governor promptly responded that he had sent 100 rifles by express. The sheriff also sent the names of Z. Hudgens for Captain, W. J. Pully first, and Wm. Hendrickson, for second Lieutenants, but these men were not commissioned. The guns arrived Saturday, the 21st, and an effort was made to raise a company of militia by the Sheriff which ended in a "big laugh." But on the 15th previous, W. N. Mitchell and J. W. Landrum returned from Springfield with power to raise two companies, which they did; one at Marion and one at Carterville. The company at Marion was raised on the 25th, and the guns opened. J. V. Grider was elected Captain, Wm. Hendrickson first and W. J. Pulley second Lieutenants. There was some opposition to the militia, but these officers were responsible, brave, cautious men, and did nothing to irritate the public, and went quietly along, doing their whole duty. The Carterville company elected Landrum Captain, Wm. Dowell first, and Wilshire Bandy second Lieutenants. A kind of local pride seized the surrounding counties at this time, and they were continually holding up the misfortunes of each other, and justifying themselves.

John Bulliner and Allen Baker were indicted at the October term of the Jackson Circuit Court and went to trial at the same term, defended by F. E. Albright, of Murphysboro. Marshall Crain, who was taken from his cell one night, made a desperate effort to escape by running from his guard and falling on the ground, but was recaptured. He had been before the grand jury and swore against Bulliner and Baker, but now formed the design of going back on what he had stated there, and clearing the boys; and wrote the following letter to them in jail, which he was probably persuaded to write

"Allen, I want you and John to post-man Jack, Sam, Yaller and Thedford, Johnny Rich Jeff, Yaller Bill, Wesley and Sarah Rich that they were to have a surprise party at Sarah Rich's, and I came in eight or nine o'clock, on the night George Sisney was shot and that I was barefooted. I know I sent my boots and coat by Sam Music, but that won't convict me. Now, boys, do, all you can for me and I will do all in my power for you. Employ the same lawyer for me that you and Allen have got. All is right; if I hang, I fear I will hang. John lecture for me in this case and clear me. When Spence was killed I was at Cal Craig's. Prove this by him and other witnesses, tell to them that I was there about half after nine o'clock, on the night Sisney was killed. Allen, you and John and all the boys will come clear. I shall swear that I was forced to swear what I did; if I hang it's all right. I shall swear that Sam Music told me that he killed Mr.

Spence, and he told me that he was going to put ammunition in that house, so when he turned State's evidence he could make some proof. He told me this. Can you and John state too that he told you that he put it there when he was hauling for Landrum. If you and John come clear, go and post Mrs. Rich and Johnny, and Wesley and Anderson Thedford; tell Ant. Thedford to swear he seen me close to his daddy's, at about nine o'clock as he came from his daddy's. He said he would swear anything for me. Post James Craig and prove by these, and tell mother not to go back on me, and clear me; they can do it. Have they swore against me? Tell Jim Craig I want to prove I was at his house by him and another witness when Spence was killed. Give information how I will move my trial to Marion."

This letter was to be destroyed by the boys; but when Marsh went on the stand and denied as he was to, any knowledge of the killing of Sisney, Albright produced this letter, and asked him if he wrote it. Marsh saw the point to this, that he was to be made the guilty party, and he turned like a furious lion and swore them both to prison. Music also swore the facts heretofore detailed. The case closed on the 12th of October, after lasting a week. On the next day the jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with the penalty of twenty-five years in the State prison. The case was prosecuted by State's Attorney Pugh, and Duff and Allen, the latter of whom made the finest law speech probably ever made in the West. The prisoners were jovial and noisy until the verdict came in, when a sad, heavy, forlorn expression settled on the brow of Bulliner, never to be removed. Baker was evidently at his father's house, in Carbondale the night that Sisney was killed. He lived about two miles east of there, and went home about ten o'clock that night, and when arrested told Mrs. Hill, with whom he and his wife boarded, that his life depended on what she swore, and suggested that he [page 200] came home about nine o'clock, but did not ask her to swear falsely. She swore to this conversation, and it ruined him. The powder and shot which they proved he bought, was probably left at Purdy's mill. He had had a difficulty with Purdy a while before. \$200 worth of belts were cut to pieces, and some powder, shot and caps found lying there.

Baker is about thirty-three years old, fair complexion, long black hair, thin build, and has a desperate-looking gray eye; raised in this county. He was considered a wild reckless, uncertain fellow. He once killed a man near Pine Bluff, Arkansas, while a soldier, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the military prison. He had been married for some months. Marshall Crain once said to me, "Milo, I have got religion as to, all my sins but one, and I want to ask you about that." "What is it?" I asked. He answered, "You know I swore a lie against Allen Baker; it was me that killed Sisney, and I swore that it was him." I asked him why he did it. He said, "To save my own neck." I told him that I was no preacher, but if he acted in good faith to save his own neck, it was no sin, but I thought self-defense; that a man had a right to exert all the powers which God had given him, to save his neck, either to swear a lie or to take life. He said that was looking at it in a new light. I said, "Then, Marsh Baker is not guilty?" He replied, "Well-yes-God dhim ; he got nothing but justice. He was always agreeing, promising and contracting, but I never could get him on the grounds."

It was a heart-rending scene to see John Bulliner parting from his aged mother. He went to the penitentiary and she returned home, to live through dark days and nights, with the clumsy and crude condolence this world gives, and now lives in a little cottage, a half-mile north of the Bulliner homestead. Her life speaks, and her children read in it, "No ray of light for the future." Henceforth she can say, "I'll bear affliction till it do cry out itself enough, enough, and die. The scene of beauty and delight is changed. No roses bloom upon her faded cheeks. No laughing graces, wanton in her eyes; but grief, lean-looking, sallow care and pining discontent; a rueful train dwells on her brow, all forlorn."

At the October session of the Williamson Circuit Court, Music, "Big Jep," "Black Bill," "taller Bill," and Marshall, were all indicted for the murder of Spence. Music's case was continued; Noah W. Crain alias "taller Bill," was admitted to bail on motion; William J. Crain alias "Big Jep," and William J. Crain alias "Black Bill" prayed for a change of venue, and their case was sent to Alexander Co. The indictment against "Yaller Bill" was nolle at the April term, 1876. On Tuesday, October 19, 1875, Marshall T. Crain was arraigned and plead not guilty. He had no attorney, and the Court appointed W. W. Clemens, who filed an affidavit for a continuance, which the Judge said was not sufficient. On Wednesday, October 20th, the defendant again renewed his motion for a continuance. The Judge said he could not entertain two motions for a continuance, but that every witness mentioned in the affidavit, should be here tomorrow. The defendant then in person withdrew his plea of not guilty, and entered one of guilty to the crime of murder, as charged. To this the State's Attorney objected, saying that he could not withdraw his plea of not guilty. The defendant insisted by himself and counsel that he had a right to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The Court then fully explained to the defendant all his rights, and the consequence of entering a plea of guilty; when the defendant again, after a full knowledge of all his rights, entered a plea

of guilty. The Court then again had the indictment again read to the defendant, and then again ask him if he was guilty or not, and the defendant again pleaded guilty to murder. The Court then ordered a jury called, when Crain said he did not want a jury, that he threw himself on the mercy of the Court. Then Judge Crawford ordered the plea of guilty to be entered, and -the case continued until Thursday. On that day witnesses were called and examined and from the evidence it appeared beyond all doubt that Marshall Crain was guilty of murder.

During the examination of witnesses the court room became crowded with ladies and gentlemen. Marshall's wife came in and took a seat by him. She is a small, sallow, serene, calm-looking woman, with a half-closed, glassy, soulless eye. She seemed perfectly indifferent to the battery of eyes upon her. At the close of the evidence, Marshall, who had set like a statue, only occasionally laughing, seemed nervous and excited. After a few minutes of awful suspense, Judge M. C. Crawford said

"It is not often that we are called to decide a question of so great importance as this. Marshall Crain has been indicted, arraigned and now acknowledges himself guilty of the highest crime known to the law." Here he rehearsed the manner of his pleading guilty, and said, "it is natural for all men to avoid serious responsibility, and I would much rather his case had been tried by a jury; but the defendant persisted in his plea of guilty, and threw himself on the mercy of the Court; and that I might act advisedly, I had the witnesses summoned and brought to court to see if the plea was really true, as pleaded in his case; and it clearly appears, not only by the plea, but by the mouths of witnesses, that the defendant is guilty of murder. A murder that seldom occurs in any country, and among any people, a murder without passion. Out in the still woods, God's first temple, they coolly and deliberately planned to take the life of their fellow-man." Here the judge and the whole audience were bathed in tears. He then went over the circumstances of the, killing in a feeling and touching manner, and continued, "The Legislature, in making the death penalty, clearly contemplated that there would cases arise which would deserve this penalty." Again he rehearsed the facts to see if they met the requirements of the highest penalty. "By the law we stand or fall. No other crime equals this in coolness, and by all the laws of God and man, this man has forfeited his life to the people of the state. The responsibility is a great one. I hope to God that never again will a court in a civilized country have this duty to do. Here Judge Crawford burst out in a flood of tears, and after a short pause, dashed the tears from his eyes, his face lighted up with an unearthly radiance, he said, "The people and my position make it my duty to administer the law and promise its judgment, and before my God and my fellow-man, I must do my duty. What have you to say, Marshall Crain, why sentence of death shall not be pronounced against you?"

Marshall, with a chilled and torpid color, a cold moisture gleaming on his forehead, a severe and majestic expression in his eye, notably intensified by the strong language of Judge Crawford, rose, and in a clear voice said, "I have had no time to prepare for trial. I have been forced into trial. I have been indicted and tried (Two-and-a-half days) without time to consult a lawyer. I was dragged into this work by other parties. I had a higher power and influence over me. I could not resist. I don't think I have done enough to be hung for. Spence was harboring parties that were trying to kill me. I don't think I deserve hanging. I was influenced by John Bulliner, a man of good mind and education, and I am not a man of good mind, and no education."

Crawford said; "I am now about to pronounce against you the highest penalty of the law, and in all probability the sentence will be executed, and you will have to appear before a bar transcendently greater than this. There remains but few powers that can give you relief. The Chief Executive may interfere and commute your sentence or pardon you, and the Supreme Court may reverse your judgment; but it is my duty to tell you that neither of these will likely be done. Therefore, I warn you to make your peace with God." Here he spoke of the consolation of the Christian Religion, and said: "I will call upon you, Marshall Crain, as a living witness, that I have warned you to prepare to meet your God," and continued: "The sentence of the Court is that the defendant be hanged by the neck until he is dead, within the walls of the prison in the town of Marion, County of Williamson and State of Illinois, on the 21st day of January, A. D. 1876, between the hours of ten o'clock in the morning and two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day. May God have mercy upon you."

As Crain was taken to the jail he boasted to the guard that he would never shed a tear. The next day, he asked permission to come before judge Crawford and tell all he knew about the bloody Vendetta. But he was sent to the grand jury and confessed the facts detailed by Music, as to himself; but was taken from there, screaming at the top of his voice, and his atoning lamentations were heard around the jail for several days. The same day he wrote a letter to Crawford, telling him he had done his duty, and he hoped he would

continue to do, it, and that the people would forgive him for his crimes, and that the county might be restored to its original peace and prosperity.

After the same term of Court, Calvin Craig, Robert Craig, Monroe Jack and John Jack was indicted for perjury for swearing the alibi for "Black Bill," before Reynolds, J. P.

After the sentence of Crain, a guard of ten men were detailed from the militia to guard the jail by night and two by day. This guard did its duty faithfully until after the execution. Nightly attacks were expected from the "Ku-klux," which were supposed to exist in the county. The guards were often summoned to fall into line at some apparent alarm.

Noah E. Norris, the Sheriff, is about thirty-five years old, a quiet, honest man, and a cousin to the Crains, and on this account there was considerable feeling against him. He was often threatened, and violent outbreaks of passion were sometimes expected, and it was talked "that some man had to hang on the 21st." But it is true that he performed his duty, and that under the most trying circumstances and greatest disadvantages that ever a Sheriff did. When the feeling against him was at its ebb, he removed Charles Robinson, the jailer, a man that the people had confidence in, and put in David Coke, a comparative stranger. But it so happened that Coke was a man from the ground up, and made one of the best and most reliable jailers in the state.

On the 27th day of October, George W. Sisney, Jr., came to the cell, and Marshall said, "Wash, I am ruined, I murdered your father, and ask you to forgive me," and fell weeping on his knees. Wash said: "You murdered him without cause, and I will never forgive you," and walked away with the excitement of gratified vanity lighting with radiance on the vestal roses of his cheeks. Some said that Wash ought to have forgiven him, "that forgiveness is the odor that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Others said he did right.

Marshall spent his time reading the Bible until, by the 21st of November, he was ready for baptism, according to the rites of the Christian Church. He was dressed in a long, white robe, and taken out under a heavy guard, to the mill-pond of Mann & Edwards, and after a sermon by W. H. Boles, was baptised into the church.

November 27th, another militia company was organized in the east end of the county, with J. T. Cunningham as Captain, and George Burnett, first and John Davis second Lieutenants.

December 21st, when the night guards went on duty they went into Marshall's cell, where "Black Bill" and "Big Jep" also stayed, and Marsh was gone. The jail was instantly surrounded by the guards, who cocked their guns to shoot him off the roof. The Captain again went into the cell, and found that a hole had been sawed and burnt through the ceiling. A boy was sent up in the garret but could not find Marshall. The Captain then found him rolled up in a mattress, in the cell, having come down from the garret, when the alarm was given. He had commenced sawing the shingles out of the roof, and had his blankets torn up for a rope to let him down. How the saw got into the cell is not known. The other boys said they had nothing to do with the attempted escape; that they "aimed to saw out with the statute." After this Marshall was chained down, as he said, "for the slaughter."

On the 25th of December, James H. Duncan, assisted by W. M. Davis and J. V. Grider, the plans having been previously arranged by Duncan-ran in on James Norris at Mr. Poteete's, at a ball, five miles southeast of Marion. This man is the most notorious and dreaded of all the assassins. Sisney tried for a year to have him arrested. He was brought to Marion and put in the same cell with Marshall.

"Big Jep" and "Black Bill" remained in jail until the 31st day of December, when they were taken to Cairo for trial. The case was called January 28th, and lasted until the 8th day of February. In addition to the facts detailed heretofore of the killing, two witnesses swore to seeing "Black Bill" going up to Crainville that fatal evening, another that he was at home in bed next morning, facts inconsistent with the alibi. Threats were sworn to by Narcissa Waggoner on "Big Jep" of a bad character. Music was corroborated by many other circumstances, such as the bringing in of the weed broken at the back of Mrs. Hampton's field. Several other witnesses swore to the alibi of both boys. A great many swore they would not believe Music on his oath, and they proved good characters. In all, there were about one hundred witnesses. Clemens, Calvert and Linegar appeared for defendants, Allen and Duff for the People. The jury found a verdict of guilty, and ten of them being for hanging and two for acquitting, they compromised on a term of twenty years. When the verdict was read, "Big Jep" cried; but "Black Bill" remained unmoved.

On the 18th of February, a motion for a new trial was overruled, and the prisoners were taken to Joliet.

"Black Bill" stands six feet three inches in height, dark skin, sharp features, gray eyes, black hair and mustache, and very neat in his dress, about thirty years old, and unmarried. "Big Jep" this thirty-five years

old, stands six feet one inch in height, a full, round face, large head, light blue eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, and, like Bill, dresses neat.

Music said of "Big Jep :" "He did all the planning, but he is a coward, and whenever anything was to happen he would skulk to some relative, and lay concealed like a cutthroat until the crime was over, and then, like a bird of ill-omen, his death-screach was again heard."

Narcissa Waggoner, who swore against "Big Jep," (she having boarded him and Spence at the same time they had their difficulty) is a daughter of George Duncan, a good citizen of this county, and wife of Carroll Waggoner. She is about thirty years of age, and is a woman of strong intellect. Her testimony was clear, consistent and conclusive. Before the trial at Cairo it was whispered around that her character for truth would be assailed. But persecuted, wounded, bleeding, hunted-down Williamson county rose like a furious lion at the mention of this, and insinuated that it would be considered an assault on honor, an attempt at justice; and the noise silenced. She is the lady who unlocked the archives of secrecy and let the light shine in. For a time she kept the signet sealed in her own heart, but her spirit chafed and her divine - form wasted beneath the load. It came to her in her dreams that she ought to tell it. Honor was beating at her bosom. The lives of future victims were pleading with her. The wild winds wafted begging from suffering women to her. All social life demanded it. The moral sense of the civilized world called on her to tell. Our lands had depreciated three millions of dollars, and the people were hopeless; but she put her finger on the guilty party, and the fountains of blood dried up; and the breast of every law loving citizen swelled with joy and pride at the action of this heroic lady. Humanity will not forget the generous woman who, though living among the criminals, dared to take the proud rank of dignified resistance to subordination, and spend the unbrought grace of her life saving her country, where man had failed. She lives in this emancipated, disenthralled county today, an illustration of her exalted womanhood, with the gratitude of her county.

On the 12th of January, 1876, Marshall constructed him a gun out of an old tin can, by rolling the tin around a stick and wrapping with wire. He then took a large cartridge which Norris had, and when he was turned loose to exercise, went to the provisict door and called Music, and told him he wanted him to look at that, as he wanted to show him a sign. He then put the gun in the door and struck the cartridge three times with a .poker, but it did not fire. One of the guards told Sam he was going to shoot him, and Sam got away. Marshall said he did not expect to shoot Sam, but to shoot above his head and make him break his neck jerking back. On the 14th, when he lost all hopes of killing Music, he threw his gun out of the window. On the 15th, the following conversation took place between him and Robert Wallace, day guard. Marshall, looking out into the hall, asked

"Is that the place?"

W.-"Yes."

"Where shall I stand?" said Marsh.

W.-"On a trap door."

M."I thought I would stand above it; will I fall through to the floor?"

W.-"You will drop four feet."

M.-"I want to drop six."

W.-"That would jerk your head off."

M.-"How will the gallows be fixed; will the post come up from below?"

W.-"No; it will be a frame fixed on the floor above."

M.-"Do you think God will pardon a man calling on him in the last moments?"

W.-"I can not tell."

M.-"I heard Sisney say when I shot him, 'Oh, Lord, have mercy on me.' The Bible says, 'He that calleth upon the Lord, he will pardon.' i)o you think Sisney is in Heaven?"

W.-"I hope so."

M.-"So do I, and I wish he was."

Up to this time he had been jovial and funny, but now he said he had troubled the guards enough; he had something else to think about; that he would do no more to get out, and he hoped none of them thought hard of him.

On the 25th day of October he wrote to his cousin, Jesse Ragsdale, of Missouri, giving .an account of his melancholy condition, and on the 16th he tried writing again. He wrote a letter to an abandoned woman in the south cell of the jail, advising her to live a life of virtue. This was a sensible letter. He was now daily attended by ministers and religious people, and by his faithful wife. On the 18th and 19th, the gallows was erected by Samuel S. Ireland, by cutting a hole in the upper floor, three feet ten inches square, in which he

made a trap door, and erected two posts with a cross beam, six and a half feet from the trap door. On the morning of the 19th, Marshall awoke and screamed out, "Oh, Lord, let me die easy!" and then prayed for a while audibly. On the morning of the 21st, he yearned to pour the balm of forgiveness into the goaded bosom of Music. The strife was over, and the battle lost, and the scars of a wounded spirit were imprinted on his face, as the lightning leaves its scathings, and the storms of passion leave their deep and blasted traces on the soul. He asked for Sam to be brought into his cell; but Sam would not go. Marsh told them to get me, that I could bring him in. Sam said if I advised him he would go in. I did not, but offered him protection, he did not go. Marsh said, "Tell Sam to forgive me." I did so, but Sam would not, saying that Marsh had told things on him that were not true. Marsh said that was so, and now: to ask him again. I did so, and Sam forgave him for all wrongs. It was a sad scene—two desperate men tamed to child-like softness, and weeping bitterly. They then went over their troubles together, and I carried the words from one cell to the other. Soon after, Marsh's wife entered his cell, and he took her on his knees and embraced her. It was a scene which should be sacred from all intrusion. Even the eye of friendship should not invade its hallowed bounds. Her eyes glittered with a metallic gleam, and the soft curl of her lips was lost in a quiver of despair. Her's was a deadly pallor. It was the incandescence, and not the flame of passion, that was burning in her inmost being. She would burst out into shrieks of great anguish, and then subside into sobs. She dreaded the heaving of her own bosom—dreaded the future and the world. If she could have died she would have been happy and holy in the hope of mercy. To be torn from a love made holier by past sorrows, was an insult to the attribute of Heaven. Marsh was in his sock feet, with a pair of jeans pants on, and a ragged jeans coat. He looked care-worn, and shed a few tears. Twenty-seven years old, spare-made, weight 120 pounds, light hair, fair skin, lightgray eyes, with a bashful expression. He was married to Miss Rhoda Rich, March 4th, [page 217] 1874. In speaking of the murder of James Henderson, Marshall said that John Bulliner gave Jonas G. Ellett and Mart. Dyal \$300 to do it.

By ten o'clock an anxious and expectant crowd was swaying to and fro in front of the jail. He bade farewell to his friends, and told them to bury him in the Hampton Cemetery. At eleven o'clock the militia formed on the square, and marched to the jail, and surrounded it. At least 3,000 people were present. The jail is situated a little southeast of the Square, and is a brick building, two stories high, with the cells up stairs. At twelve o'clock he was dressed in a white suit, with his robe over it. At twelve o'clock and ten minute he took his leave of his wife. At twelve o'clock and twenty minutes, with a firm step, he walked out of the cell and stood before a window on the east side, and in a strong voice said: "Gentleman, I must make a statement in regard to this matter. I feel it my duty to God and man to make it. I am guilty of killing the two men. My punishment is just. I hope all of you will forgive me. I pray God will judge and prosper this country. Good-bye to all." He then read a poem of twenty-four verses, which he composed for the occasion. Then, with a firm, steady step, he walked on to the trapdoor. At 12:34 Sanford W. Gee read a few passages of Scripture from John, and then sung, "There is a fountain filled with blood," Crain and all the rest joining in the singing, and then Gee prayed, Crain getting on his knees. The jury was then called and answered. About thirty persons were in the hall. At 12:46 his legs and arms were bound; at 12 :52 the white cap was put on his head, and John B. Edrington, Deputy Sheriff, who told him that he had a death warrant, saying, at this hour and at this place he was ordered to hang him. At 12:54 the rope was put on his neck, and the front part of the cap pulled down by J. L. Kelly. When he was asked if he had anything to say, said, "I am the murderer of William Spence and George Sisney; that is all I have to say." He was asked if he was ready to receive the execution, and said, "I am." He was then told that he had four minutes to live and said, "That was all." At 12:56 the Deputy said, "Time up," and Brice Holland severed the rope which held the trap-door, and Marshall Crain swung between Heaven and earth. After the jerking of the rope he swung around and then was still; he did not struggle. At 1:06 his pulse beat twenty; at 1:18 no pulsation at his wrist; at 1:22 pulsation ceased, and life was pronounced extinct by Drs. S. H. Bundy and John O'Hara.

After hanging thirty minutes the body was cut down, and his neck was found partially dislocated; the eyes and countenance looked natural. Sheriff Norris mournfully did his duty up to the time of the execution and then left, saying the law should take its course. At 1:30 his body was put in a coffin and taken outside the jail and exhibited to the people, and then given to brother Warren, who started at 3:00, for home. He was buried next day. And the wild winds of heaven will sing their hoarse lullaby over his grave until the mighty angel Gabriel writes the solemn legend, "Finis," on the hoary page of time.

No polished stela points to his rest. He left to his wife as a legacy, the memory of a sad and unhappy man. He had nothing to plead in extenuation of his crime against the laws of his country; but he has the frailty of human nature to plead for him at the bar of God. This is a plea that has ever opened the chambers of mercy to the sorrowing children of men. Crain was hung, "and yet men whose guilt has wearied Heaven

for vengeance, are left to cumber earth." Marshall was not a man of genius; but when he came to this work of blood his skill was displayed in a wonderful manner. So ingeniously were his plans laid, .and so dexterously executed that nothing but treachery itself could unravel them.

Part of Marshall's poem was discovered by Cyrus Orberly to have been taken from one by William Delaney, a New York desperado.

James Norris is twenty-five years old, a large, fine-looking man, very intelligent and pleasant, but was a wild, reckless boy-loved all kinds of amusements, and got into some difficulties, and was several times indicted. His father is a respectable citizen of this county. James worked for Bulliner in 1874, when he got into the trouble with Russell and Pleasant. At the April term 1876, he was indicted for the murder of James Henderson, and went to trial defended by Clemens and myself-Allen and Duff prosecuting. Henderson's dying declaration was introduced, saying that he saw and knew Norris; also, Jacob Beard testified that he met Norris in Cairo, five days after the shooting, and Norris was armed, and said he was on the scout, and asked if Henderson was dead, saying he knew who killed him. The defense was an alibi, four witnesses swearing that he was in Tennessee that very day. The jury found him guilty, and fixed his time at eighteen years. In overruling the motion for a new trial, the Court said he could not let the verdict stand, only on the fact that Beard's testimony made him an accessory to the crime. He was carried to Joliet, April 27th. Since that Clemens went to McNairy county, Tennessee, and got fifteen other affidavits that he was there at the time.

It had been reported in Tennessee that some of the Hendersons were seen there trying to kill Norris and Bulliner, and a company of one hundred men were raised and scouted the country there, in which Norris took part; but the Governor refused to pardon him. The people said "This `alibi' business is getting `too thin'," and there was a strong prejudice existing here against the Bulliner family in Tennessee. They thought David Bulliner, Sr., was running the whole Bulliner side of the Vendetta, and any one coming from McNairy county was looked upon as a scoundrel. This was all wrong. David Bulliner is a good man, and his son George is as polished a gentleman as lives in Tennessee. Those other men are common, sober, honest men. James Norris was not proven guilty.

Samuel Music stands five feet ten inches high, thirty-four years old, spare built, light complexion, high cheek bones, pale blue eyes, moustache, and a low, broad forehead, with black, curling hair, and has an honest, open countenance. He was born in 1842, in Jefferson County, Illinois. He had three sisters and four brothers. His father was a poor farmer, and at ten years of age Sam lost his mother. In 1854, his father moved to Union County, Ky. When the war came up, he and two of his brothers joined the 13th Kentucky (rebel) Cavalry, and served one year. Was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Uniontown and follington. He deserted the rebels and took the oath. In 1863, his father moved back to this state. Sam came back and was arrested and taken to Louisville, where he remained three months, and was tried for being a guerrilla, and turned over as a prisoner of war, and sent to Camp Chase. In 1865, he was turned loose and came to Illinois. He subsequently lived at Centralia, and for the last eight years lived around Carbondale, working, teaming generally, and drove a hack to Marion for six months, in 1869. In 1872, he hired to drive a log team at Mt. Carbon, and, while at this business, in the edge of Missouri, was married to Miss Mary A. Griffan, a very handsome little lady. In August, 1874, he hired to Landrum to team, and moved to Crainville. He has always been a drunkard, and is illiterate. During all the trial and fatigue of the prosecutions, he stood up without murmur or complaint. His fortitude never failed under the most searching cross-examinations, but mild, firm and confiding, he told the same story over and over. If he had refused to testify, or had broken down, the blood of other men would have stained the soil of this county. He said he got into this thing when he was drunk, and had no idea of killing anybody, and now he had done more than justice, he had not been selfish from passion of princfple; but had told the whole truth. His case went to trial April 17th, 1876, defended by himself alone, Allen and Duff for the People, who proved his confession, etc.

The defense was that the confession was made under the influence of hope, and not proper evidence. After the argument, the jury took the case, and was out twenty-one hours, and failed to agree; eleven being for acquitting, and one for conviction. And the case was set down for trial on the 21st. By that time I was afraid to try to clear him again, lest I failed, and it poisoned the public mind against him. Thus far it had been his faithful friend, and the prosecution now threatened to be severe. So, the danger of turning public sentiment against him, was greater than the hope of clearing him. And, if I had failed, and the people turned againsthim, there would have been no hope of pardon. So, i was forced to agree to a verdict of guilty, and a term of fourteen years. Beveridge told B. F. Lowe and J. W. Landrum that what ever they wanted done with Music he would do. He, also, wrote to Duff ana Allen, when he employed them, that they might say to

Music, if they thought best, that if he stood firmly by the truth throughout all the trials, he would be the subject of executive clemency. And the people supposed that he would make it a point of honor to keep this promise. A petition was sent him, signed by the parties designated, asking Music's pardon; but he refused to interfere in the case.

At the April term, Samuel R. Crain was indicted as accessory to the murder of Spence. He was arrested, but being in the last stages of a pulmonary disease, was bailed in the sum of \$5,000.

Milton Baxter had been indicted for the murder of Hinchcliff, and he had been arrested and confined in jail a while. At this term the People nollod. He, nor his brother, were connected with the Vendetta, no further than being strong friends to Russell and "Texas Jack."

With this, I seal the volume, and turn my eyes away from the bloody acts of depraved men, hoping with all the fervor of which my soul is capable, that God will add no other plague to our county. Enough has been done, to teach the world that sorrow is the first result of ambition, malice or revenge. The first gun of the Vendetta that rang out in the air, betokened a coming storm, and since then crime's destiny and miseries' tale has been unfolded with the stencil plates of blood on the souls of men. Many have become bankrupt on the pathway to shame. The different phases of human life display with unmatched and unequalled clearness to our senses the great wrongs and sins to mankind, and when we, in the course of our lives and professions meet them, we are startled from our unusual composure, and always do take them for warning in the future. I wish they would not occur to attract our notice. I wish we could be spared the recital of such crimes, revealing, as they do, one after another the sins and depravity of society. But justice demands that the guilty should bear the reproach, and that the stain should be washed away from the innocent. And while a man has a right before God to protect his own life, he cannot become the aggressor without blame. It was not that spirit of barbarism which kills men in Kansas, that governed the Vendetta, but that spirit which fights duels in Louisiana. It was the knock-down style of the West, coming in contact with the code of the South. The men who killed Bulliner would have fought him a fist fight, but they would not fight a duel; and they knew that it was death to insult a Bulliner and then face him. So, they laid down all rules, and that is why the shooting commenced on the other side. It would never have commenced on the Bulliner side; and it is not to be wondered at if they accommodated themselves to this mode of fighting in the bushes.

The age of chivalry is gone, but it has left its traces on the hearts, and it may be that they chose to exercise it in a more murderous, but less public way. The chastenings of honor inspired both parties with courage, and mitigated their ferocity; for they did not rob or steal, but simply killed. Their common cause gave them unbridled and unfettered alliance, each acting in subordination to the other. They held secret meetings, where powder and lead was the toast, and where they rejoiced over the death of an enemy like a conquering gladiator in the Roman Coliseum, with the fire of revenge roasting in their eyes. And so deep-laid were their plans, that treachery alone succeeded where stratagem and ingenuity had failed. The judgments against these parties stand out resplendent with the light of noonday as a beacon of warning that they will be duplicated when even occasion requires it. At this time, but one side of the Vendetta had been) punished. All on the other side have escaped.

Joseph W. Hartwell, the State's Attorney, served the people well in these prosecutions, and they have rewarded him by reelecting him. He was born in this county, and raised a poor boy. When the war came up, he joined the Thirty-First Regiment Illinois Volunteers, and was at the battles of Raymond, Champion Hill, Vicksburg, Kenesaw and Atlanta. July 21st, 1864, at Atlanta, his left arm was taken off by a twelvepound howitzer ball. He came home March, 1865, and that fall was elected County Treasurer. He lived very hard, having a large family, and studied law under many disadvantages, but was admitted to the bar in December, 1866. In 1868 he was elected Circuit Clerk, and again ran in 1872, but was defeated. In 1874, he was elected Mayor of Marion and May 15th, 1875, elected State's Attorney.

The people owe a debt of gratitude to Benjamin F. Lowe, for his bravery, skill and firmness. He was born in Effingham county, in 1838, moved to Marion in 1850. He was raised a poor boy, and worked around promiscuously. During the war he went South to see the boys from this county there, and on returning was arrested as a spy, but after a month's confinement, escaped his guards, and went to Canada. But he was not a spy, only having brought some money and letters through the line for the friends of the boys. Since the war he has lived at Marion and Murphysboro, serving as City Marshal at both places. In 1866, he married Miss Letha McCowan, and is a fine looking man, tall, slim, black hair, whiskers, and dark complexion. He is very pleasant, witty and an agreeable, reliable man. He is a professionable gambler, and makes most of his money in that way; but he is a peaceable, sober, quiet man, and a man whom the people

have great confidence in, in emergencies. He took hold of our troubles when it seemed like death to do so; but the people rallied in solid phalanx to his assistance.

All men agree that the man who coolly and deliberately takes the life of his fellowman is not fit to live, and the Judge or jury who lets such a man go unpunished richly deserves the wrathful condemnation of mankind. Yet, Judge Crawford assumed a responsibility that no Judge in our country ever before took, that of hanging a man who plead guilty. And when judges and juries take the responsibility of trying and punishing criminals like this, the law will become a terror to evil-doers.

The practice of carrying concealed weapons, which grew out of the war, and which led to so much bloodshed, will soon be ended if juries will convict the guilty parties. At the April term, 1876, twenty-two indictments for this offense were found.

Williamson county vindicated herself. She not only furnished the men to suppress crime, but she spent \$13,032.79, besides jail fees. We are now beginning to have bright hopes of the future. Men of property would not come among us as long as the pistol and gun were used to redress wrongs, and men were allowed to go a "gunning" for human scalps. This has ceased in this county, and now if those editors who labored so hard to traduce our character and disgrace our county, will do as much to restore it, soon peace and prosperity will be printed on the mangled tape of our county, and soon that odium that hangs around our name, like clouds around a mountain, will disappear, and Williamson county will stand forth resplendent in the light of a new civilization, conspicuous and honorable, and take the rank her sons and resources entitled her to.

[PAGE 230] EXPENSES OF THE VENDETTA.

Expenses exclusive of Bailiffs and dieting prisoners	\$ 670.24
Witnesses for foreign counties .	1,523.55
Guarding jail	2,991.00
Rewards.	4,000.00
Attorney's fees	3,650.00
Hanging Crain .	100.00
Coffin and shrouding	38.00
Scaffold	10.00
Clothing for "Big Jep" and "Black Bill"	50.00
Total	\$13,032.79