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THE FACTS IN THE CASE
OF THE
HORRIBLE MURDER
OF
LITTLE MYRTLE VANCE
AND ITS
FEARFUL EXPIATION

AT PARIS, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1893,

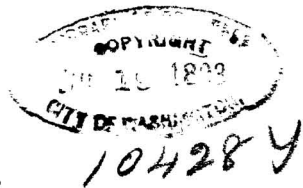
WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS.

Published for the Benefit of the Family of

HENRY VANCE.

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PUBLISHED BY P. L. JAMES,
PARIS, TEXAS.



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1893

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BY

HENRY VANCE.



LITTLE MYRTLE VANCE,
AGED 3 YRS 6 MOS.



Photo by HUDSON, Paris, Tex.

HENRY VANCE,
FATHER OF LITTLE MYRTLE

*THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF
THE HORRIBLE MURDER OF
LITTLE MYRTLE VANCE, AND
ITS FEARFUL EXPIATION, AT
PARIS, TEXAS, FEB. 1st, 1893.*

CHAPTER I.

*The Negro — His Character — Henry Vance — A
Policeman — A Violent Arrest — A Negro's
Vow of Vengeance.*

A brawny muscular body, surmounted by a small head, developed wholly in the direction of the animal passions and appetites; devoid of any humanizing sensibilities, or sympathies, a quiet, industrious servant when sober, a fiend incarnate, when in liquor, such, briefly stated, is a view of the general character of Henry Smith, whose name and fame have been sounded down every avenue of the civilized world since February 1, 1893.

Preparatory to the culminating act of his unrestrained life, he was educated in the saloon, the lock-up, on the chain-gang and in the penitentiary; being

in his intervals of freedom, and when in his cups, a terror to his race. He was thoroughly ripened under these influences to be the chief actor in the most notable criminal chapter in the history of the Nineteenth Century. It is not the mission of this brochure to moralize, or to strike balances of right and wrong, justice or injustice, nor to influence opinion in any way, but only to state briefly and clearly, "THE FACTS IN THE CASE." Mr. Henry Vance, the father of little Myrtle, whose life sated the fiendish vengeance of the depraved negro, was until recently a member of the police force of Paris, Texas; and in pursuance of his duties as such, was called upon to arrest this negro desperado, which he did after a lively resistance on the part of the negro during which he had to be clubbed severely to be overcome. Before being landed behind the bars the daring rascal made a bold dash for freedom and was clubbed again in the act of stabbing the officer—Henry Vance—and it was then that he vowed, by all the powers he knew or recognized, to be even with Vance for his arrest and the punishment inflicted. In the mind of Smith this remembrance lingered and his hatred rankled until it became a ruling passion, which we were soon to feel, first as a com-

munity, then as a state, then as a country. Such were the causes upon which rests the whole deplorable business which calls forth this publication.

CHAPTER II.

The Abduction—Search for and Discovery of The Child. Excitement and Horror.

The parts have been written in the Book of Fate and are now distributed to the actors in the fearful tragedy. The curtain rises on the afternoon of January 26th, 1893, and the play begins.

The heavens wept in the penetrating mist that veiled the face of nature on that fateful afternoon. It was a day well favored for any deed of rapine. The sun was shrouded and the people sought early the shelter of their homes. In one cottage home in Paris, a little child known to many friends as a bright and vivacious little bit of human sunshine, after skipping to the organ in her mother's room, run her baby hands over the keys and sang in her childish treble voice, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," laughed lightly and ran out to play. This was about five o'clock in the evening and nothing was thought of little Myrtle's absence—for it was she—until night-fall, when inquiry among the neighbors was made and no response from her or clue to her whereabouts being obtained, a vigorous search was instituted

which lasted all night, and only gained in vigor and popular interest as the day of the 27th of January wore on and no tidings of the child were had. Meanwhile, several people had seen the negro Henry Smith, carrying a child along the less frequented streets; among these the Mayor, as he was leaving his office, saw him pass by with the child in his arms. It is common among us to employ negroes to perform all sorts of services, and it was supposed that Smith was employed by the parents of the then unknown child, to carry it home, so his course was uninterrupted until he cleared the town and reached the spot which doubtless he had fixed upon as the scene of his devilish debauchery. All through Friday, January 27th, the fever of excitement rose. About 3 P. M. of that day a circular appeared upon the streets, calling for a mass meeting at the Court House, to devise means for a more systematic and thorough search for the missing child.

At 3:30 P. M., on Friday, January 27, '93, the court-house was filled by the citizens of Paris in response to the circular issued by the mayor's direction, posses were organized, the facts, so far as known, were canvassed and the whole populace were fired to frenzy by their fears of the probabilities, as they knew the reputation of the negro and were apprised of his vow of vengeance made at the time of his arrest by Mr. Vance on the previous oc-

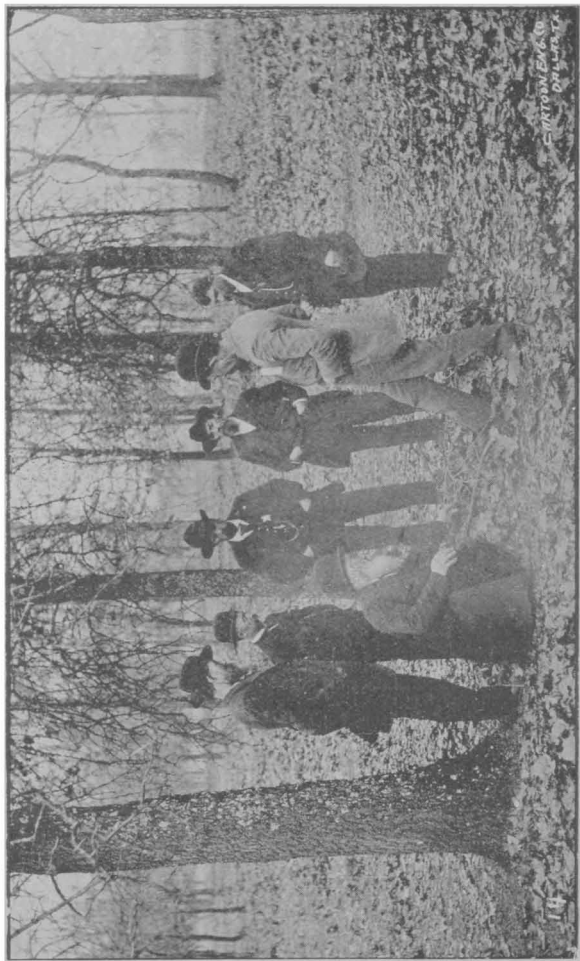


Photo by MERTINS, Paris, Tex.

See p. 7.

THE FINDING OF THE CHILD'S DEAD BODY.

casation mentioned in our first chapter. The streets filled with anxious parents, and children were carefully kept at home. Thus the search went on. Not now for the culprit, but to find his innocent baby victim. About five o'clock on January 27th, a courier came madly galloping up to the public square with the announcement that Myrtle Vance had been found. "Dead or alive?" was then the fearful question! "Dead!" was the equally shocking answer. In less than half an hour from the first announcement of her discovery the little corpse was deposited in the court-house, where a post-mortem examination was held by several physicians, whose sickening discoveries served thoroughly to madden the people and cause them to turn their attention to the capture of the incarnate fiend in human shape, who could commit so unspeakably horrible a crime under any provocation.

In the proper connection, later on, we shall give the report of the physicians in full, which will serve, to some extent, to impress upon the reader the full gravity of the horror which was the exciting cause of subsequent events. When the searching party, which found the mangled corpse of the child, came in proximity to the spot, they first found Smith's hat sunken in a heap of leaves where he had laid and slept through part of the night with his victim in his arms: then a portion of her underclothing, smeared with her blood, was discovered and sev-

eral feet away under a heap of leaves and brush were found the remains of the little one who, singing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," walked straight out to her dreadful doom.

We find during all these exciting scenes the father and mother crazed over the fate of their darling, and the public mind not far short of a similar frenzy in view of the dangers and possibilities surrounding the innocent children which form essential parts of nearly every household. We pass the sad obsequies and merely mention the scalding tears of grief and human sorrow wrung from strong men, as they exhumed the body from its place of concealment, and of those who beheld the pitiable figure, as it lay under examination in the courthouse. We pass these facts, as well as the groans of agony that went up to heaven all through that sad night from a united people in sympathy with the bereaved parents. We will not unnecessarily excite to sensational remembrance further than "THE FACTS IN THE CASE" call up such remembrances. The people of Paris laid the desecrated body away to rest and then the curtain was raised upon the next act.

CHAPTER III.

Organization—Unremitting Search—Rumors and Disappointments—A Clew—The Capture.

After the agony of the day and night, recorded in our last chapter, all the energy of an entire city and county was turned toward the apprehension of the demon who had devastated a home and polluted an innocent life. Organized effort was seen to be the only hope; so another mass-meeting was called and hundreds of dollars poured in, in a few minutes, to reward the person or persons who should bring Henry Smith to Paris and to justice. The whole tenor of the proceedings now took on the air of a settled and determined purpose. That purpose was the capture of the fugitive negro. Companies were sent out in every direction, searching minutely every nook in which a man might possibly be hidden. Sleep and rest were unknown quantities in the lives of these people for the time, and their numbers were recruited hourly from all parts of the country. The wily negro had left no trace of his actions from the moment he concealed the corpse of the child until he called at the home of his abandoned wife, whose companionship he had not shared for five years, and ordered her to get him something to eat. This was about five A. M., January 28th, the conscienceless villain having come straight from the scene of his crime.

His wife told him that the excitement over the loss of the child was running high, and that "the white folks would do something dreadful with him if they caught him." "D—n the white folks," replied he, "I don't eat chillun!" He then hurried away, and to all appearances dropped out of existence, to judge by the results of the keenest vigilance in every direction by the outraged people who were looking for him.

Hardly an hour passed that some fresh rumor was not borne in, to the effect that the fugitive had been run to earth. Consequent upon these rumors delegations of citizens, acting under direction of the organizers of the search, were sent to the spot where the rumored arrests had been made, to identify the person arrested or to release him, as the case might be. No means known to the officers, as usually effective, bore the least show of fruit in this case, and thus anxiously, feverishly and nervously wore away the 28th, 29th and 30th of January; meanwhile, the wave of interest and excitement grew wider and higher, and the search went on. Disappointment only settled determination and carried the searchers beyond the borders of Texas, to ransack other commonwealths, although no one could see how Smith could have so successfully evaded all observation. "The Facts in the Case," however, clear up this mystery when we observe that scarcely a single statement made in the description of the

negro was correct. He was described in the newspapers as a mulatto, with hair that did not kink closely to his head but stood out more or less bushy or straight. This was wholly contrary to fact, as he was a full-blood negro—with the wool common to the race as close to his head as it can be found on any negro scalp. The official circular describing Smith, spoke of his having grey eyes, which he did not have. All these errors conspired to throw the detective public off guard and to favor the negro's escape.

Nothing daunted, by repeated false reports and their results, business men began to collect in groups and discuss new devices for making the search more vigorous and effective, if possible. All the affairs of the city and county were at a standstill; men scarcely stopped to eat, much less to sleep; women trembled and prayed, and the common heart of our whole community throbbed with but a single impulse, and that was to compass such retribution for the damnable outrage committed among us as the full measure of justice could demand. We have now arrived at the last day of January and no certain results. The calm that rested upon the city of Paris at noon of this day was but the forerunner of such a storm as perhaps no people, other than the French during the direful days of the Revolution, had ever witnessed in

the fair metropolis of that sunny and chivalrous country.

About 3 P. M., on Tuesday, January 31, an officer suddenly mounted a wagon on the public square and read to the crowd a telegram from the County Attorney, stating that without doubt the negro had been captured. This created some hope to stimulate the excitement smouldering everywhere, and rumor became rife. It was but a brief time after the reading of the first telegram until another from the same source, dated at Washington, Ark., was read stating that they should start for Paris at once, and called for protection at the train when he should arrive with the prisoner.

This message was like an electric shock applied to a charge of dynamite, and sent the assembled multitudes into caucuses on every corner and public place, to discuss the matter and formulate plans of action which should be the order of the next eighteen hours before the train could arrive, and the brief period immediately following its arrival with its loathsome freight of incarnate fiendishness. The capture was made and the fall of night formed the sable curtain which closed out the third act of the tragedy.

THE FAMILY OF HENRY VANCE.

Photo by HUDSON, Paris, Tex.



CHAPTER IV.

*Action Focalizes—The Special Train—No Frenzy,
but an Awful Purpose—The Citizens' Delegation—The Trip to Texarkana—Preparations for the Arrival.*

Immediately after the telegraphic assurance from the officers in Arkansas that Smith would start to Paris on February 1st, a determined and conservative body of some fifty staunch citizens of Paris and Lamar County, decided to proceed by special train to Texarkana and there take charge of the prisoner and become his escort back to the scene of his late diabolism. Naturally a large number of unnecessary persons presented themselves for this mission, but as this was not now a mob, nor ever meant to be allowed to become one in the strict acceptance of that term, the body-guard quietly gave out the report of failure to obtain a train while all the while they were disposing themselves along the T. & P. tracks in such a way as to be easily picked up when the crowd should have dispersed. The Railroad Company sent out the special about 8 P. M., and, picking up the proper persons as agreed upon, they were soon flying away to Texarkana to meet the Iron Mountain the next morning. All this while the vision of the mutilated child was the actuating principle in these ominous proceedings. No frenzy

of ungoverned passion, nor overwhelming desire for brutal vengeance. The calmness born of iron determination to require an "eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," seemed to possess the whole populace. Meanwhile, those who remained were not unmindful of the morrow, and careful preparations were made for the disposal of the case without hitch or delay, as soon as the train came in from Texarkana. During the night, lumber was taken far out on an open prairie southeast of the T. & P. depot, in full view of the town and railroad, and there a scaffold ten feet high was firmly erected, with every appliance necessary for the final act in the tragedy. When the morning of February 1st broke beautifully upon the face of nature, the monstrous engine shown in our engraving, appeared upon the landscape to meet the rising sun. It rose up like a grim specter and bore the verdict of a united people upon its ominous front in the one word "Justice!" The silent trial of Henry Smith had passed in the atmosphere around us and every heart re-echoed the solemn verdict "Justice!" The crime was beyond description in words borne in even our prolific language. Our statute books held, in all their pages of fact and precedent, no law worthy to mete out justice in such a case; and now the morning of February 1st silently revealed the solution of the problem, and all the people responded, "Amen!"

CHAPTER V.

Waiting—Gathering in—Proclamations—The Fugitive's Return—His Greeting at the Depot—His Last View of Familiar Scenes—He Confesses on the Train—The Last Ride—The Mournful Cortège to the Last Scene.

Beginning at early dawn on Wednesday, February 1, 1893, the streets of Paris were a busy spectacle. Every highway leading into the city was an almost continuous cavalcade of people coming in to be present when the end should come. Every train that arrived from any direction was crowded to suffocation by the aroused people of neighboring towns at even considerable distances from us. It was no gala day. It was a solemn concourse, a marshalling of humanity in whose hearts the dearest traditions of home sanctity and security had been trampled upon, and who, as one man, rose up to protect, above all else, by the enactments of this day, those sacred principles by which we hold ourselves above barbarians and savages. They were here to pronounce against the despoilers of families and female sanctity and the sacrifice was ready. They are only waiting. About ten A. M. the sun became less brilliant, and in a brief space, as if in sympathy with

the heart-wrung people, the clouds overhung the scene and began in a misty spray to weep upon the sight. As the morning wore on into the full midday, the agony of nature was poured out more copiously, and the north wind came in to congeal her tears on every object in the landscape. Thus did the people wait and watch. Early in the afternoon of January 31st, the mayor issued a proclamation commanding the schools to be closed on Wednesday, February 1st, and that the children be kept within doors for their safety. Following this, a joint order was issued by the sheriff and mayor to close all saloons on that day, implicit obedience to which was observed with such effects as bear in the results to follow, a fruitful lesson, which we leave the reader to formulate and apply. For hours before the expected arrival of the fateful train from Texarkana, a continuous stream of people poured to the foot of South Main Street to the T. & P. depot to meet it. No appearance of violence was present, except the armament of most of the people, merely a silent reminder of force restrained. No noises of shouting, laughter or ribaldry were heard in all that vast concourse; only calm, firm determination, awaiting developments.

At 1 P. M., the whistle of the locomotive in the eastern yards heralded the approach of the expected train. Everybody was curious to see a creature so hideous in his nature, so lost to all that characterizes our feelings as human beings, and renders it possible:

for our homes to exist under any circumstances. We give our readers a graphic view of his reception at the depot in our illustration, which needs no further comment of this chronicler. Throughout all his connection with the officers, Smith had never lost his brutal nerve except at one town where some over zealous citizen struck at his head as he shoved it out of the car window while the train stopped at the station. Now, however, when he stepped upon the platform at Paris, and saw the people gathered to greet his arrival, the honor overcame him, and he lost his hold on the bravado which had sustained him up to this time. He doubtless dimly comprehended that the fulfillment of his wife's prediction of a few days back was upon him, and that "the white folks were about to do something awful to him." He sunk helpless in a heap to the ground and had to be lifted bodily to his position on an elevated chair on a freight-float, where he was securely bound and made fast in preparation for his funeral procession. Awaiting the coming of the awful cavalcade, the sidewalks, windows, awnings—in short, every available inch of space from which a view of the street could be had, was filled by a human being quietly waiting and watching for the approach of the mounted guard of citizens and the doomed negro. Fully an hour was consumed in clearing away the crowd at the depot so that the procession could form, all the while the rain kept up an in-

cessant drizzle which froze as it fell, covering umbrellas, clothing, beards and every other object exposed, in a panoply of ice. The steaming horses seemed, as they forged impatiently ahead, to forecast the coming event toward which they were steadily heading, while the chattering teeth and shivering bodies of the watching throng added to the general horror and disquiet of the scene. In due season the strained eyes could perceive through the misty distance, the solid column approaching. Near the head of the moving scene was clearly discerned the uncovered head of Smith, elevated upon a platform to enable all easily to see him, and thus in funereal time and in solemn silence the guilty wretch sat crouching in abject terror—looking into the relentless eyes which saw in him, not a fellow being worthy of sympathy, but a demon, capable of the most devilish outrages, and who in his latest exploit had placed himself outside the pale of law or sentiment. As he kept reading, in his low intuitions, those ominous faces packed on all sides, above and around him on his line of march, and anticipating, doubtless, in some measure, the horrors awaiting him, he kept begging to be shot, but in all the hundreds of deadly Winchesters bristling from the moving line, was not one charge that was tempered with mercy for Henry Smith. *He* had been merciless, and in like measure must it now be meted unto him. Slowly, impressively the cortege completed the cir-

cuit of the public square, passing down Church street toward the scene of the last act. This final view of familiar scenes could have but small interest for him, for many reasons. As hope closed out from his life, step by step, and moment by moment, he may have been deciding to add the closing horrible admissions to his already hideous confession, made on the train in coming from Texarkana. We give this confession in the account of the "AVENGING"—as detailed by the PARIS DAILY NEWS, of February 2, '93, and which will be found in its proper order in these pages. After the passage around the square, fully fifteen thousand people started through the uncompromising sleet and rain, to the scaffold of "JUSTICE," while the last ride was being slowly taken by the condemned along Church street.

By the time the float containing the principal actor in this dreadful and realistic tragedy, had reached the end of its journey and halted at the foot of the steps leading up to the stake, ten feet above the ground, as if by magic the whole vast concourse was there awaiting him. Preparations were previously made by several photographers for points of vantage, one of whom was to be seen high up in a tree near by, where he had leveled his camera so as to command an elevated view of the scaffold, and thus obtain the best possible views of the torture and final cremation. These views we use as showing pictorially the last scenes in the passion-play of

Texas. There is now a pause; a brief period of awful expectancy. Only to the actors who shall administer the punishment to the arch-villain is the secret of the plot known. It is only patent to the throng below that dread scaffold, that fire is to play a realistic role in the impending hour, for underneath the floor of the platform is piled high, all sorts of inflammable material, awaiting only the application of the torch to throw fiercely in air volumes of suffocating smoke and sheets of consuming flame. The details were unknown, hence the silent expectancy in all that solemn mass of whites and blacks, young and old, who knew that the end was almost come.

CHAPTER VI.

*A Statement by Henry Vance—The Fatal Ascent—
Lashed to the Stake—The Negro Speaks—The Be-
ginning of the End—Stripped to the Waist—
The Howling Norther—The Fire-buckets
Placed—Last Scenes of all in the
Doomed Life of Henry Smith.*

As a fitting introduction to the last act, a tall, sad man slowly mounted the steps to the platform, doffed his hat and entered briefly but feelingly into the facts leading up to his present position. It was no frenzied speech prompted by sordid vengeance, but an

agonized lament for his murdered and desecrated baby-girl, a tearful review of the desolation of his home and the anguish of a father's and mother's heart. During these remarks of Mr. Vance, the father of little Myrtle, the hush of death pervaded that whole monster assembly and only the winds and the pelting sleet responded in sad notes of requiem over the impending catastrophe, which was fraught to Henry Smith with the full meaning of a literal interpretation of the motto, "Justice!" which proclaimed itself in the most forcible manner from the base of the platform (see engraving). The moment has come for the desperate and hopeless negro to ascend the steps. He is supported on either hand by strong arms, and walks with firm step to his last position. He is now firmly secured with strong ropes to the upright, prepared for the purpose, all the while chattering with cold and fear, as he looked out and beheld his fifteen thousand guards and neighbors, without recognizing among them one single softening gleam of expression.

After being fixed in position he speaks. The crowd could only know what he said through those near him who repeated his expressions as he said them. They were all in confirmation of what he had fully confessed on the train and which will be found in the newspaper reports. It was the beginning of the end when a couple of sharp pocket knives were produced, and strip by strip, rag by rag,

his odious clothing was taken from his upper body and thrown over the guard-rails of the platform and among the crowd beneath. In a moment, this work completed, the brawny form stood revealed, gigantic in brute force, and then was felt the full thrill of horror as the thought of such a force being applied to such an ungodly purpose as he had consummated, rushed through the minds of those present. Grim, gaunt, and guilty by his own confession, the abject creature stood in the face of the howling norther as if defying heaven and hell to equal his position among men. It was a day of gloom and sorrow. Every feature of the circumstances recalled the enormity of the thing, the appalling necessity that called for such scenes as are now to follow.

Mute actors, yet most potent, now appeared as the grim fire-buckets, belching forth the smoke of newly lighted fires, were placed on the platform at his feet, and the deadly soldering-irons thrust among the heating charcoal. It requires but a few moments for the irons to become heated, when one is simultaneously inserted under the sole of each bare foot, and the throe of pain forces the brutal nerves to weaken and roars of agony rend the frozen air.

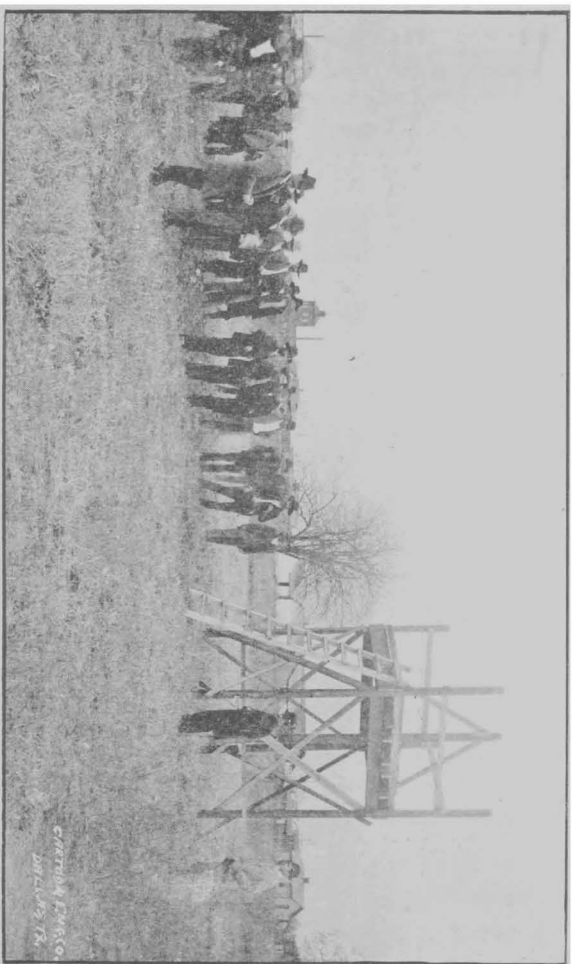
Too dreadful would it be to follow in detail the further steps in the process of torture. We can only refer the reader to the press reports recorded later and which are sufficiently full. We saw these enactments, but we can only imagine the cries that startled

the silent night air in the Gibbon's wood-lot on the night of January 26th, while the fiend was sole actor and witness in his prologue to the present horror. While we look on and see the searing-irons leave their burning tracks upon his black skin, we can only recall the crackling bones and shredding flesh of little Myrtle Vance, as almost limb from limb he tore her tender body in the satiating of his lust and devilish vengeance. We do not shrink, as we recall these hidden but well attested scenes; we can not shudder as we see the scorching iron enter his bestial eyes and drink the moisture and devour the very voice within his fiendish throat.

We find ourselves making parallels in the cases, but can not fill the column on the negro's side. We simply murmur in our heart of hearts—"human ingenuity is no match to cope with the devil withal"—and thus is retribution meted out. The writhing wretch has never for a moment lost consciousness, but braves all the terrors of the whole inquisition. All now have retired but one, who pours the oil over the body, swaying in darkness and in agony, and then the wind fans into flame the smouldering pantaloons and fires the body into scorching flames. The torch is at the same time applied below, and in another moment the smoke and flames hide the wretch from sight. It takes but a short while for all the clothing to disappear before such a holocaust, and the ropes that bind him in an upright

position soon follow, when rigid and half unconscious, he falls heavily to the floor of the platform.

Any human being, unsustained by the genius of evil, must have been overcome ere this, but not so with Smith ; with a tenacity unequalled, he clung to his unhallowed life, and, after some time of futile effort, he found a corner post, braced himself against it, and with a supreme effort raised his roasted hands in air, hung his wrists over the guard-rail, put one leg after the other clear of the platform, and swung himself out and dropped the full ten feet to the ground, escaping, momentarily, the anger of the flames. How he was remanded to his bed of coals again and again has been told by the reporters ; so that now we leave the smouldering embers to devour their unsavory victim, and a sad, but relieved people, quietly sought their homes and at night-fall, on Wednesday, February 1st, the curtain was drawn over the "Paris Horror," and the quiet of the Sabbath reigned supreme.



Unknown Photographer.

THE SCAFFOLD. See p. 14.

CHAPTER VII.

The Attitude of the Colored People of Paris and Lamar County in the Henry Smith Affair.

As the reader will readily observe in the perusal of the letters given in these pages, much force is placed upon the fact that Henry Smith was a negro and was executed by whites. It is made the text of many a revolution of cranks in grinding out these same letters which appear in print only in this volume. It is used against us by politicians and demagogue editors, who would try to impress the public that the negroes here, were thoroughly intimidated and that they dare not do otherwise than submit to the will of the mightier party. It is a fact in this case, that the negroes gave utterance to the most uncompromising language respecting what they would do, were Smith turned over to them. They even felt that to some degree, it was a right due them, publicly to express in his execution by his own race, some notion of the outraged feelings which dominated them in view of his unprecedented crime. This chapter is designed to give the truth, confirmed by the published utterances of representative negroes themselves, and which have, heretofore, like many other potent elements in this case, been confined to a local expression, not having found their way into the Associated Press Dispatches which, when policy

favours, can give news utterances any required bias without adequate means of answer by those who may be misrepresented by omissions of salient facts or by the willful distortion of facts. Suffice it to say, that had Henry Smith been surrendered to the colored people, the aggravation of the case would certainly not have been lessened in its enactment. It could not, however, be thus ordered in the nature of the case, as the crime was not committed upon a colored person, so the whites must settle the matter themselves, while the negroes, as our appended report shows, fully approve.

The following report of a colored people's mass-meeting held in the court-house after the finding of the child's dead body, ought forever to set at rest all buncombe about the attitude of the colored people in this affair, and we feel sure that with all good citizens it will accomplish that result.

It is just both to our colored people and to ourselves that it should thus be stated, and it might be in place to say in this connection, that the crime overshadowed all thought of race or recognition of color.

[*From the Daily Advocate of Paris, Texas, January 28, 1893.*]

The following resolutions were adopted in a mass-meeting of the colored citizens at the court-house this morning:

Whereas, We have learned with a deep sense of

regret that one of the most diabolical crimes that ever happened in the history of civilization was committed in our city during the early hours of Thursday evening in the abduction or kidnapping of a little girl-child, not yet four years old, from the gate of its parents, and

Whereas, On yesterday, after much searching, the said child was found in Gibbons' pasture on the outskirts of the city, dead, mutilated, outraged, and presenting a scene that would arouse the soul and indignation of any man, and

Whereas, It is with a sense of sorrow and chagrin, we acknowledge that one of our race committed the deed.

Resolved, 1. That in mass-meeting assembled, we denounce the deed as most outrageous, most heinous and mortifying in the extreme.

2. That such an act meets our unanimous condemnation and could only be conceived and executed by one so depraved in morals as to endanger the life and virtue of the young as well as those older.

3. That the miscreant is not of the better class of our race; nor is he an average. On the contrary, he belongs to that low element of the race that has brought on nine-tenths of similar troubles. We pray for the day when proper distinctions will be made.

4. That such a character is a menace to society, and the brute should not be permitted to run at large.

5. That the guilty wretch should be brought to the bar of justice, and by proper procedure, put to death.

6. That we are willing to offer our services to render any assistance in our power to the end that the villain be captured and be made to stand that punishment which should be visited upon such flagrant violations of the law and of humanity.

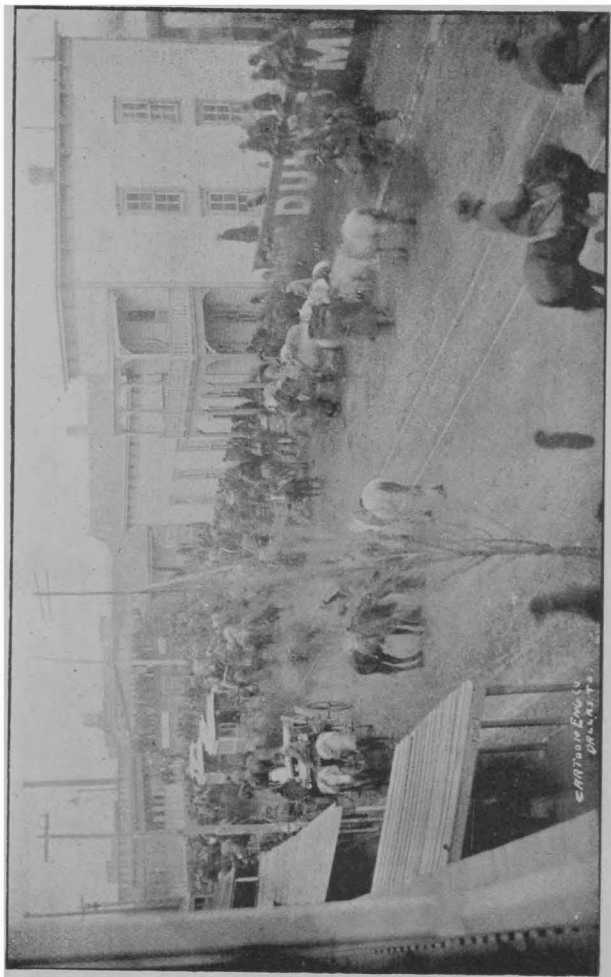
7. Resolved further, that it is the sense of this meeting that every colored man in this county do all in his power to bring him to account.

A. A. SIMS,
A. C. GARNER,
G. M. GUEST,
I. W. WHITE,
D. C. ALLEN,
J. W. WEAVER,
W. M. CONNER,

Committee.

The language of the above report is not in any sense equivocal nor ambiguous, and the following news item from same paper of same date goes to show that it was not all "talk" with the negroes.

"The negroes are turning out in search of Henry Smith and he is likely to feel the warm kiss of igneous when found."



MEETING SMITH AT THE PARIS DEPOT. See p. 16.

For further corroborative evidence of the attitude of the negroes we call attention to the published account of the finding of the body of the child and which appears in Chapter VIII, near the close of the newspaper report of the finding of "Myrtle Vance's dead body." The world should know "THE FACTS IN THE CASE."

CHAPTER VIII.

*Press Reports—Official Telegrams—Published Letters
and Editorial Comments.*

A history of "The Facts in the Case," as we designed in this book, would hardly be complete without giving the newspaper reports of it as fully and consecutively as possible. We open this department of our work, then, by the announcement made in our local evening daily paper of the disappearance of the child, the search for and the finding of the body.

The Child Murdered—Little Myrtle Vance Disappears—The Body Found—Last Seen Alive Yesterday Evening in Charge of Henry Smith, Colored—Outraged and Choked to Death—The Black Brute Being Vigorously Pursued.

Little Myrtle Vance disappeared yesterday evening under mysterious circumstances. It was supposed at first that she had wandered off, but later developments go to show that she was stolen. It appears that Henry Smith, colored, had once been arrested by Mr. Vance, while acting as policeman, and afterwards had a personal difficulty with him. To satisfy his grudge and take revenge upon Vance,

it now appears that Smith stole the child and carried her off. Smith came home this morning, when his wife asked what he had done with the child. He replied: "Never mind, I don't eat children." Smith then disappeared and has not yet been arrested.

A mass-meeting met at the court-house this afternoon, when Mayor Cate appointed four captains, one from each ward, who with volunteer parties are instructed to search the city thoroughly—houses, barns, wells, etc. Sheriff Hammond and deputies have searched the country as far south as Glory, and everything is being done that can be to find the child as well as to relieve the distressed mother. Various rumors are floating around, but nothing more definite has been learned.

LATER, 3:25 P. M.—The child has been found dead at the "dog pound." A party is in hot pursuit of the negro and hope to have him soon in the clutches of the law. Let justice be speedily done.

The latest information is that the child was first outraged and then choked to death.

A more explicit account of the disappearance, search for and discovery of little Myrtle Vance will be found in the following from the *Paris Daily News*, of January 29, 1893. Near the close of this account is the statement concerning the negro attitude, referred to in Chapter VII:

Horrible to Think of—Myrtle Vance's Dead Body Found in Gibbons' Pasture—Outraged and Murdered by a Negro Fiend, Henry Smith—The Citizens Terribly Excited—Not Yet Caught.

An item in *The News* of yesterday morning mentioned the mysterious disappearance of little Myrtle Vance, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vance, who live on North Wall Street, north of the Centenary Church. It was generally thought that the little tot had strayed away and got lost, and that some one had found and kept her over night and that she would be returned during the day.

During the forenoon, as she had not yet been heard from, various rumors were heard which, on being traced up, made it certain that the child had been taken away by Henry Smith, a negro, who was well known in this city for his dissolute habits.

When Mayor Cate closed his office just before dark Thursday evening, he saw Smith pass with a child in his arms, but paid no attention, thinking that some one had got him to carry it home for them. A short time after this some ladies and children living on South Birmingham Street, saw him pass, walking in the middle of the road, with a child in his arms.

Smith's wife, who lives near the steam laundry, stated that about daylight yesterday morning he came home bareheaded ; that he did not come in, but stood

at the gate and talked with her a few minutes. She knew of the child being missing, as officers had visited her the previous night in their search, and she asked her husband what he had done with the child. He made an evasive reply and then immediately left.

Before noon it was generally concluded that little Myrtle was the child who was seen with Smith, and that he had left her somewhere in order to annoy Mr. Vance for a short time. Smith had been frequently arrested by Vance, who was formerly on the police force, and this theory was thought to be probable.

Soon after dinner Mayor Cate issued a call for a mass-meeting at 2:30, and criers went through the streets announcing it. At that hour the court-house was filled with excited and determined people, not only residents of the city, but people from the country who were here. The mayor made a statement of the object of the meeting, and on motion he appointed a captain for each ward who should command parties of volunteer searchers, with authority to search everywhere, buildings, outhouses, wells, in fact every possible and impossible place. There were hundreds of volunteers, and it was arranged that in case of the child being found the fire bell should be tapped in a certain manner.

In exactly thirty-five minutes after the meeting adjourned the signal was given that Myrtle was found.

But how: alive or dead? A few minutes later the horrible story was known.

Alderman Reed, who had charge of the party to search the first ward, detailed a large squad to go to Gibbons' park, or pasture, in the southeast part of the city. Mr. Jesse C. DeShong was one of the number, and when near the building which is used as a dog pound, he saw a few yards ahead of him a pile of leaves and brush which had the appearance of being recently scraped together. He went to it, and shoving the pile aside with his foot, exposed the body of little Myrtle cold in death. Pistol shots summoned the others of his party and a messenger, on horseback, was sent to the city hall to give the agreed signal. A conveyance was sent out and the little body brought to Justice Hunt's office in the court-house, where an examination was made by Drs. Chapman and Baldwin. It was easily apparent that the child, not yet four years old, had been most horribly outraged, and the physicians stated that it was the cause of her death. There were also a few slight bruises on her cheeks and finger marks on her neck, showing where she had been choked to still her cries. Smith's hat and some of the child's underclothes were found about twenty feet from the body, and the finding of it corroborates the story of his wife that he came to the house bareheaded yesterday morning. The hat was positively identified as being

his, as he was released from the chain gang last Monday and numbers recognized it. He was also in the mayor's office about half an hour before he was seen with the child, and that official knows him and the hat well.

In a very few minutes after the body had been brought to the court-house the full extent of the crime was known on the streets. Business was almost entirely suspended and an immense crowd gathered in front of that building. Soon every available horse in the city was procured, several hacks putting up and placing their teams at the disposal of the officials. Several farmers gave up their horses and remained in the city. Parties of armed and mounted men scattered in every direction and the streets were crowded with excited people. The trail was easily found and many reports were brought in that Smith had been captured. Every avenue of escape has been cut off, the country is full of armed men for miles around and it seems almost impossible that the brute can escape.

The temper of the people is such that if he is caught he will probably never live to be tried by a court. Several gentlemen were heard to remark that "though they had always deprecated mob violence, on this occasion they would at least stand off and look at whatever might be done." A well-known clergyman who always speaks against violence and in favor of letting the law take its course,

remarked that "It would be hard to raise his voice to save this wretch from being summarily dealt with."

Descriptive telegrams have been sent in every direction. When the train which leaves here at 3:40 was leaving Blossom, a negro slipped on one of the coaches who was thought to be Smith, and when the train reached Texarkana he was turned over to the officers there. After comparing descriptions it was decided by parties here that he was not the man, and about eleven o'clock last night the officers were wired to turn him loose.

Rumors are coming in every little while, from different directions, and all are immediately traced, but so far without result.

Several colored citizens have said that when he is caught they would like to have him turned over to them that they might burn him. A mass-meeting of the colored people is called for 10 o'clock this morning at the court-house that they may denounce the outrage and take action to assist in his capture. Hundreds of them have rendered willing assistance and used every endeavor so far.

Very few men closed their eyes last night, but patrolled the streets and assisted appointed leaders in searching the town. It seems almost impossible that Smith can be in the city, for every hole and corner and almost every building has been thoroughly examined.

Marshal Shanklin came in from the country just as we were going to press. He has taken the lead in the direction of the searching parties and has mounted men stationed all over the country. He has rode down two horses and will go out again as soon as he can procure another.

We give place to the following from the *Evening Advocate* of Paris, Texas, of January 29th, to indicate the thorough determination with which the search went on.

Still at Large—The Murderer is Out of The Reach of the People—But Searching Parties are Scouring Every Nook and Corner of the Country—\$500 Reward Offered by Mayor Cate.

The situation here is at least peculiar. In the excited state of the public mind every floating rumor is greedily caught up and sifted till exploded by some new one, for which one does not have to wait long.

Those in position to know best, believe that Smith is now in the vicinity of another city, and a large force is trying to surround the settlement and close every avenue of escape. A party left yesterday evening on an east bound Texas and Pacific train for Mt. Vernon, where an arrest has been made and it was believed the right one had been captured. If this

proves to be correct, the public will be informed of it on their arrival, and, in that event, the party will hope to reach here with their prisoner this evening over the Santa Fe road. Meanwhile every possible effort is being made in other directions.

In this connection it is well to state that the officers of the law, both of the city and county, are doing their utmost to ferret out and bring the culprit to justice. Sheriff Hammond and his deputies are quietly but earnestly at work. Mayor Cate and Marshal Shanklin and the police have done yeomen's service and merit the thanks of the people whether they receive them or not.

The livery men of the city are to be commended for their liberal share in the work of hunting down the murderer. They have not only gone in person to hunt for him, but have let out every horse, gratis, that could be spared from their stables, to those who would join in the search; they have even called in some of their carriages and mounted men on the horses.

The following circular was issued yesterday afternoon:

\$500 REWARD.—For the arrest of Bob Dowery, alias Henry Smith, colored. He is about thirty years old, six feet high, dark copper or ginger-bread color, loud spoken and stutters or stammers in speech, large grey eyes, large front teeth with space between them, small scar on one cheek, near the ear, caused

from a rising. He is wanted for the rape and murder of a three-year-old white child. When last seen he had on a light-colored overcoat, dark striped pants, patched in the crotch, blue ducking drawers, dark striped shirt, wore number ten boots, with one heel off, and grain leather tops; wears hat pulled over eyes, weight about 180 pounds.

The above reward will be paid for delivery of his body to to the authorities at Paris, Texas.

A. CATE, Mayor.

Paris, Texas, January 28, 1893.

At 3:30 this morning a report was received from Arthur City to the effect that the negro had been seen in that vicinity, and that officers, with dogs, were hot on his trail.

The conflict in descriptions as shown by the circular above and the following newspaper item explains, in part, why Smith so long evaded capture :

The search still goes vigorously on, but up to the time of this writing no arrest has been made. The following description is given with the hope that some one seeing it may be enabled to locate and capture the culprit :

Smith is a yellow, freckel-faced negro; tall, bulging forehead, coarse, open hair, not kinky; scar on right cheek and on side of head over right ear, thin beard on chin and thin moustache; large, wide apart teeth. He wore a white-dotted bosom

shirt, striped pants, coat and overcoat; blue overalls for drawers, boots with one heel gone, tops cut off; inside seam right boot tied with a string.

Without abatement, but with a continually growing determination, the search continues, and at the last moment before putting the forms of the local evening paper to press, the telegrams appended were received which fanned the smouldering anxiety of the city into a fierce flame of expectancy. The air of positiveness in the wording of the dispatches, as well as their official source, left no doubt in the minds of the citizens that at last the fiend was in the toils of his pursuers. We have called attention to these telegrams in the proper connection earlier in this history and now give place to the official dispatches themselves.

[From the *Daily Advocate*, Paris, Texas, January 31, 1893.]

Just as the *Advocate* goes to press at 4 P. M., the following telegrams are received, which places the capture of Henry Smith beyond question:

WASHINGTON, ARK., January 31, 1893.

To J. L. Shanklin, Paris, Texas:

Have negro. Am on the road home. Meet and protect us. B. B. STURGEON.

OZARK, ARK., January 31, 1893.

To A. Cate, Mayor:

We have captured Henry Smith. We leave Hope at 6:50. Am on the way.

JAMES T. HICKS AND OTHERS.

The only thing now to be done was quietly to await the coming of the train from Arkansas, bringing the culprit back to the scene of his deviltry. That sort of quiet now rested upon us that may be felt just before the bursting of an unusually heavy thunder-storm—a quiet that can be felt and almost seen by looking out over the gloom-stilled face of nature.

CHAPTER IX.

Continuation of the Newspaper History—The Capture—The Paris Daily News' Report of February 1st, With Additional Telegrams.

From the Paris *Daily News* of February 1st we extract all that is given concerning the capture of Smith, omitting only the official telegrams given in the preceding chapter.

THE SEARCH ENDED.

All of the railroads tendered their roads for the transportation of men back and forth, and there has

been no lack of means to meet expenses. The telegraph wires have been kept "hot," and at times it was almost impossible to send a private message.

On Monday morning County Attorney B. B. Sturgeon and Tax Collector Ban A. Bywaters left on the east bound Texas and Pacific train to work out a theory of their own. They took with them Gilbert Owens, a reliable and trustworthy colored man, who was well acquainted with Smith, to identify him should they be fortunate enough to find him. They discovered that Smith had formerly lived in Hempstead County, Arkansas, and that his mother was still living near Nashville in that county. They reasoned that he would, undoubtedly, try to reach there, and they were not mistaken.

That afternoon the first dispatch from Mr. Sturgeon was received by Mayor Cate, dated Washington, Ark., and read as follows:

"I have just arrived here. Owens is at Hope and Bywaters gone to Nashville."

Nothing further was then heard from them until the reception of the dispatches from "J. T. Hicks and others" and from "B. B. Sturgeon," which we gave in the preceding chapter. The good news was not long in spreading, and the square was packed with people in a few minutes. Marshal Shanklin mounted a wagon in the center of the square and

read the telegrams to the vast throng. Cheer after cheer went up, and the excitement was intense.

At 4:41 the following was received from Hope:

“James Shanklin:—Have Henry Smith beyond question; what shall I do? B. B. STURGEON.”

Steps were immediately taken to send a guard of picked men by special train to Texarkana to insure the safe arrival of Smith in this city, as the excitement is so intense all along the road, that he was liable to be taken off at any station and lynched. When the crowd got wind of this, hundreds rushed to the depot, determined to go along, too. To avoid this great crowd, strategy had to be used to get away, and finally Marshal Shanklin and twenty or thirty picked men wandered singly out of town, and were picked up along the track, the train getting off about 8 o'clock.

Immediately after the receipt of the first telegram, the telegraph wires were freely used, and the news of the capture was soon known throughout this part of the State.

About 8 o'clock the following was received at this office from Hope:

“Paris *News*.—We have Negro Smith. Caught him near Nashville, Hempstead County, Ark. I know what I am talking about.

B. B. STURGEON.”

“At the hour of going to press, notwithstanding the great crowd, there is little noise; all appear quiet but determined.”

In the above extract all has been omitted which had been given in previous portions of this book, except such things as must be given to make the report clear.

Among the biased reports, which have gone on record in certain prominent “opinion-moulding” newspapers, is one reflecting on Mayor Cate’s “School Proclamation,” which we append here as incident to this day’s proceedings.

NO SCHOOL TO-DAY.

“Owing to the intense excitement in the city there will be no school to-day. All parents are requested to keep their children at home. I do this as a matter of safety to the little ones.

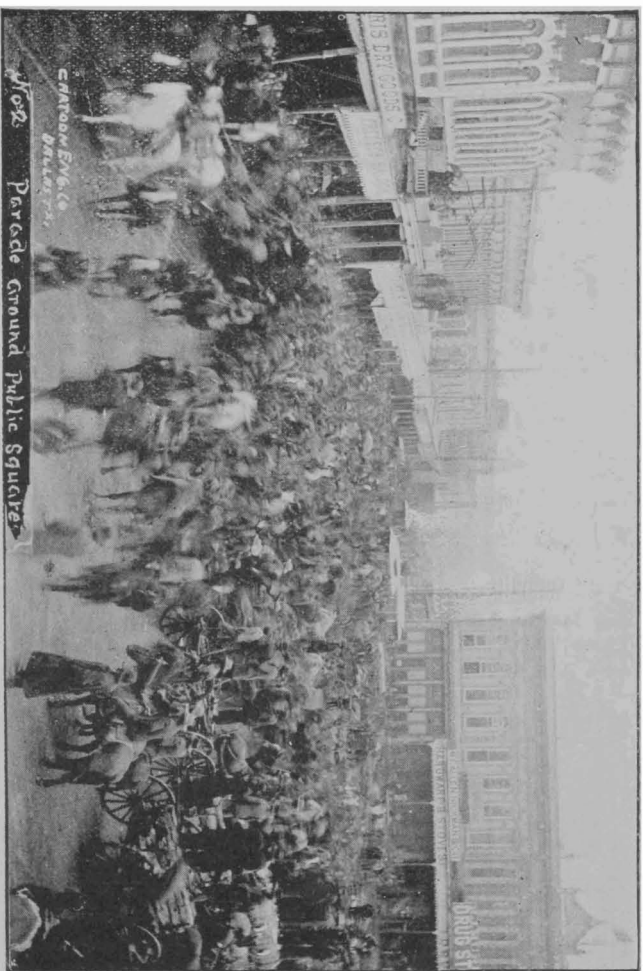
“A. CATE, Mayor.”

The first cognizance of the case thus far by the State officials came in the following:

“PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To all to whom these presents shall come :

Whereas it has been made known to me that on the 26th day of January, 1893, in the County of Lamar, Henry Smith did murder Myrtle, the four-



PARADE AROUND THE SQUARE ON THE WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD.

Photo by HUDSON, Paris, Tex.
See pp. 18-19.

year-old daughter of Mr. Henry Vance, in Paris, and that said Henry Smith is now at large and a fugitive from justice; now,

Therefore, I, J. S. Hogg, governor of Texas, do, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and Laws of this State, hereby offer a reward of \$250 for the arrest and delivery of said Henry Smith to the sheriff of Lamar County, inside the jail door of said county.

This reward is payable on condition of arrest and return of said fugitive within six months from this day and conviction thereafter.

In testimony whereof, I have hereto signed my name and caused the seal of the State to be affixed, at the city of Austin, this 30th day of January, A. D., 1893. J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

[L. s.] By the governor.

GEO. W. SMITH, Secretary of State.

CHAPTER X.

*Press Reports and Comments continued—Local Press
Report of the Closing Scenes—Additional Points
made in the Associated Press Reports—
Smith's Confession.*

[*Report in Full from the Paris Daily News, Feb. 3, 1893.*]

Avenged—No Negro Rapists Can Live in Texas—Smith Pays the Penalty—Full Account of His Escape and Subsequent Capture—His Full Confession—He Says He Committed the Deed, But Did Not Know Whose Child It Was—An Immense Crowd in Town, Who Await His Arrival at the Depot—He Heads a Procession through the Principal Streets—And Then Meets His Doom.

Everyone, by this time, is familiar with the details of the horrid crime committed last Thursday night by the brute in human shape, Henry Smith, and thousands of people already know that on yesterday afternoon he met his fate, which he so richly deserved, at the hands and in the sight of the people he had outraged. He fully confessed the crime and gave, as far as he was able to remember, the particulars of it. THE NEWS will tell, in his own language, what he told Marshal Shanklin and a reporter on the train between Texarkana and Paris:

“I was born about thirty years ago in Little Rock, Ark., and am named Henry Smith, going sometimes by the name of Bob Dowery. My father was named Bob Smith, and my mother, who now lives in Nashville, Ark., is named Nancy Johnson. I just came to Texas about seven years ago, stopping at Blossom Prairie depot, where I went to work for J. Y. Burk, who was a tie and bridge contractor for the T. & P. R’y. Here I married Sue Butler, and about five years ago we came to Paris, where I have lived ever since, only leaving there for a few days at a time to some neighboring town. I have no relatives in Texas, that I know of, and have never lived either in Red River county or on Red River.”

Smith was questioned as to the commission of the crime of rape on the person of a little negro girl, who was found in an alley in Sherman about the time he moved from Blossom to Paris, and of which he was suspected at the time, being in fact arrested and detained in Sherman, and finally released for want of evidence. He stoutly denied any hand in it, and said, as a dying man, that he did not commit the crime.

His recollection of what he had done in Paris was not at all clear, and he insisted that he did not know it was Mr. Vance’s child he was carrying, and finally murdered, until told by his wife the next morning. The truth of the matter probably is that he had not fully recovered from the effects of the whisky he had

been drinking Wednesday and Thursday of last week, and did not do so until told by his wife that officers had been at the house looking for him. One thing is clear, that he staid all Thursday night, in a drunken sleep or stupor, almost beside the body of his innocent victim. He said he thought he laid down to sleep with the child in his arms, and committed the deed some time during the night, and put his hand over her mouth to stop her cries when he mutilated her so horribly. Then he goes on :

“I left the Gibbons’ field about 5 o’clock, and went home, and was told by my wife that the officers were after me. I then went to Mr. Ellis’ barn, where I got an old hat I had there, where I had been sleeping, and came back through town, stopping at Mr. Estabrook’s to buy a piece of tobacco, and at Cook and Robinson’s for something to eat. From there I went down South Main street to the T. & P. depot, where I boarded a freight and rode to near Reno. It was about 8 o’clock when I left Paris, I think. I thought some of stopping there to pick cotton for Geo. Reese, but concluded not to, and about 10 o’clock I took another freight and rode to Blossom, where I staid till about 2 o’clock in the afternoon, and took another train to Detroit. When I got off at Detroit I walked down the track to the section house, and cut some wood to pay for my supper. After supper I walked to Bagwell, arriving there about midnight, and staying around till about

4 o'clock Saturday morning, at which time I took a freight for Clarksville, where I staid all day Saturday, walking around town. I bought some dinner from a cook at one of the hotels. I left Clarksville about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon and got to DeKalb after dark. I got off the train and went on the north side of the track to the store of J. G. Allison, where I carried some water, and got some cheese and crackers for supper. I saw some people I knew, among them a colored man named Barry Hills. There was a white man named Charley along with me, that I had met up with on the road. He was tramping from the west, and had a Winchester rifle. We staid around the depot about an hour, and left about 8 o'clock, going as far as New Boston, where we got off and walked to the T. & P. junction.

"I told the man in the depot there that I wanted to see the tie contractor about work, the one I had worked for in New Boston. We staid around the depot there from about 11 o'clock Saturday night till about 2 or 3 o'clock Sunday morning. I made fire during the night for the operator, Mr. Bear. When we left there we went to Texarkana on a freight, and went to the round house, where we sat around till daylight. That morning we went on an Iron Mountain train to Fulton, getting there about noon, Sunday. Went up town and looked around for my kinfolks, some of whom live there. We staid about one hour, and then walked out to Sprendel's

mill, where Charley (the white tramp) got work. We ate dinner with a colored man we knew, and I left about 5 o'clock on the dirt road from Fulton to Washington. Got there about midnight, and staid till daylight Monday, and then went up the railroad toward Nashville. Tuesday morning I stopped at Ozan, chopped some wood and topped a tree to get breakfast, and then went on to Clow, where they arrested me and put handcuffs on me."

This, in brief, is the story of a remarkable journey—remarkable because of its apparent simplicity and the public roads traveled. While the people were covering all the country in and around Paris Friday afternoon and night, Henry Smith was traveling east in Red River county, back to his home and his people in the unsettled corner of Arkansas, where he knew every footpath and trail, and where he thought safety lay. And he would have been safe but for the extraordinary enormity of his crime and the tireless pursuit which the people of Paris inaugurated and kept up.

Mr. Ban Bywaters, learning that Smith had once lived in Arkansas and had relatives there, was filled with the belief that Arkansas was the place where he would be found; so in company with County Attorney Sturgeon and Gilbert Owens, a colored man, they went to Hope, leaving Owens there, Bywaters going to Nashville, and Sturgeon to Washington. That his surmise was correct is shown by



Photo by LINN, Paris, Tex.

THE CAPTORS OF SMITH:

See p. 50.

the fact that he was arrested between the latter two places by a posse who had been incited to the chase by these gentlemen. Mr. Bywaters had extra copies of the reward circulars printed and distributed, and he desires THE NEWS to say that he was never better treated, nor shown more courtesies, than by the people of Arkansas. He was miles away from the telegraph when Smith was arrested, and learned the fact too late to get here in time for the execution, arriving on the cannon ball at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Of their work, the Hope special to the Little Rock Gazette of February 1st says:

“Messrs. Bywaters and Sturgeon are entitled to the credit for his capture. They traced him to this section. Posses were sent everywhere by their direction.”

Smith was arrested by Messrs. J. L. White, H. B. Holman, Joe Robinson, Jos. T. Hicks, and a colored man named Noby Robertson, he being identified at Clow by the latter. After the arrest the party went to Hope, the junction of the road on which he was arrested and the Iron Mountain, where they staid all night Tuesday, leaving there for Texarkana yesterday morning early. At the latter place they were met by the guard of men who were picked here by a committee of citizens Tuesday afternoon. This guard was taken to Texarkana on a freight Tuesday night, arriving there about 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning. When the train from Hope arrived there

were fully 5,000 men waiting to see the prisoner, and they were given a sight of him through the car windows. But for the assurance from our people that he would be properly punished here, the Texarkana people would have made short work of him then and there. As it was, one man who started to make a gun play, was properly and promptly stopped by an officer of that city. The train left Texarkana with the guard and prisoner in a special coach, kindly provided for them by the T. & P. railroad, and pulled into Paris a little after 1 o'clock.

And here the scene beggars description. From the time the news was received of the capture, people commenced coming into Paris—on foot, on horseback, in vehicles, on passenger and freight trains; they came till thousands were waiting on the depot platform to see the brute who had so cruelly outraged an infant, and made every man in reach of the news afraid for the safety of his own little ones.

The day, which had dawned fairly, was in keeping with the deed. The black cloud which had rolled up from the north had brought a slight drizzle of rain which froze as it fell, and chilled the marrow of one's bones. Notwithstanding this the crowds, in which were many ladies, watched and waited to be satisfied only by a sight of the fiend who had desolated a home and bruised a mother's heart.

From the platform of the train Mr. H. B. Birmingham, one of the committee, said:

“Fellow-citizens:—There is not an officer upon this train in charge of the prisoner. They are simply citizens of this county, and do not propose to resist with our lives anything this people do. We cannot afford to do it, because we are not officers, and we see that our people are quiet, that they are law-abiding and are all right. We have nothing to do now but surrender our prisoner to the people of Lamar county. As I said to you before, we are simply citizens; and I say once more, there is not an officer on this train, and no officer has had anything to do with this matter. The prisoner has confessed to his guilt before a number of witnesses. We now surrender him to you. Let us all keep quiet and orderly.”

On one of McCarthy's six-mule floats a box had been placed, and on this was a chair in which the negro was tied. Thus in plain view of everyone, surrounded by a large part of the crowd, men with grim determination in their set faces, the team was driven by Mitch Grant up South Main street, which Smith traveled last Friday morning in his flight, around the square and down Clarksville and Church streets to the place of execution, which had been prepared the night before, on the prairie between the railroad and Evergreen cemetery, on the grounds where the gun club formerly held its meets. A scaffold had been erected here, and to a post in the center of this he was tied. After he was burned with

heated irons the scaffold was fired, and the body of Henry Smith, murderer and ravisher, was converted to ashes, and his soul, thrice damned on account of the youth and innocence of his victim, stood before the bar of the world's supreme court.

Just before dark Justice HUNT went to the grounds to view the remains, but no inquest was held. Only the fire-shriveled trunk was left, and from this his heart had been taken by a bystander and put in a bed of living coals, where it seethed and burned without consuming—a fit type of the evil passions which had dominated this man's life, and finally brought him to his awful death.

That the punishment in nowise exceeded the crime is the universal verdict of our people. The law had no punishment to fit such a deed, for the law—nor any man's wildest fancy—never contemplated such a deed. The people who make the law had been outraged; the people who love the law sat in judgment on the case, and rendered a verdict; the people who uphold and respect the law executed the criminal. May it be a warning to evil-doers of all classes that will deter them from future deeds, and may it throw one more safeguard around the sanctity of our fire-sides and the happiness of our homes. If it does this, it has done enough.

As the reading public abroad have had their information from the Associated Press reports, and

which in many particulars are more full than the account just given, we insert the report as given in the *Dallas News* of February 2d, 1893, which is essentially the same as that current in all the newspapers of the country of same date.

[*From the Dallas News, February 2, 1893.*]

PARIS, TEXAS, Feb. 1.—Henry Smith, the negro, who ravished and murdered Myrtle Vance, the three-year-old daughter of Henry Vance of this city, last Thursday night, has expiated his terrible crime.

His was, perhaps, the most horrible death ever inflicted upon a human being. Those who witnessed it will never forget the scene in all its indescribable horrors. No language can correctly describe the fearful retribution visited upon the monster who committed a crime that has no parallel in history. Of all the 15,000 people who witnessed the awful spectacle, not one ever saw the like before or wishes to see its repetition.

When the telegram reached here yesterday from County Attorney Sturgeon, bringing news of the arrest of Smith, at Ozan, Ark., and asking for protection, a committee of twenty-five citizens left on a special train for Texarkana to meet Mr. Sturgeon and escort the negro here. The citizens took charge of Smith on the arrival of the Iron Mountain train at 8:30 this morning.

A special car was placed at the disposal of the

Paris people, who took charge of the negro and brought him to this place, arriving here at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

All along the route great numbers of people were congregated at every depot to get a glimpse of the fiend, and insisted that he be shown them.

At Texarkana, fully 2,000 men were assembled at the Union depot, and cheered the Paris people loudly. Short addresses were made by citizens of this city, thanking and commending the people of Texarkana for their assistance and good will.

It had been reported that an effort would be made by the people there to take and lynch him, but this was wrong, as they were almost to a man in favor of letting him be brought to Paris and executed here, and all assistance was offered to accomplish that end.

Smith seemed indifferent about his fate at first, and could not be brought to understand the fearful vengeance to be wreaked upon him. When he was told and brought to realize that his death was inevitable by passengers on the train, and that he must die by the most cruel manner human ingenuity could devise, he weakened and begged the officers to save him.

He asked to be spared his life and be given any other punishment. This, he was told by the officers, would be done if possible, but passengers informed him it was impossible, as the people were determined to have his life.

He was asked how he preferred to die. He answered that he wanted to be shot. When asked if he was willing for Vance to shoot him, he said he was not, and asked that City Marshal Shanklin do that.

He was told that Shanklin could not and would not. His next choice of his executioner was Mayor Cate. He finally asked that Col. C. M. Ragland be allowed to shoot him.

In each instance he was told that it was impossible, for the parties he named were the very ones who the lynchers were determined should have no voice in the manner of his expiation.

Smith was informed that the mode of his death was already agreed upon. He must die at the stake.

When the train pulled up at the Texas and Pacific depot, from 15,000 to 20,000 people were there to take charge of him, and every preparation had been made to receive him.

FALLING SCAFFOLD SCENE.

Smith was then taken to a wagon and placed in a chair on top of a box and firmly lashed to it. He was then driven to the public square and around it and through the principal streets and then to an open field near the Texas and Pacific depot.

Here a scaffold ten feet high had been erected. Around this there was a surging mass of humanity for nearly 100 yards in every direction.

A cold, drizzling rain was falling that froze as it fell. The cowering shivering wretch, whose face was a picture of agony and terror, was taken from the wagon and forced up the steps, where he was pinned to a stake.

His coat and shirt were torn off him piece by piece and thrown among the crowd, where they were eagerly seized as relics.

When stripped to the waist Henry Vance, the father of Smith's victim, his son and two uncles of the child, gathered around him. They then began to thrust red-hot irons under his feet.

Every contortion of his body and every groan that escaped his lips brought forth shouts of approval. Vainly he begged for mercy. Vainly he protested that he did not know that it was Vance's child.

The red-hot irons burned into his flesh deeper and deeper, and he uttered terrible cries. Cries that told of untold suffering.

Finally the irons were rolled up and down the stomach, back and arms.

The crowd gazed on the terrible scene with a horrible fascination, as the slow process of torture proceeded.

The climax was reached when the irons were thrust into his eyes, burning the balls away.

Then they were thrust into his throat, and still he lived and writhed and suffered.

When the relatives had glutted their vengeance a

great mass of combustible material was placed under the scaffold, oil was poured over Smith, the platform and the fuel and the match applied.

For a time he was enveloped in a dense volume of smoke. As this passed away and the flames shot upward Smith was seen amid the fire, swaying back and forth.

In a little while he became still and all thought him dead. The fire burned the ropes that bound him and he fell upon the burning platform.

Then he began to toss and roll about as the flames rolled and hissed around him.

It seemed impossible that anything could have lived for a moment in what was almost a furnace.

His pants were burned entirely away and the flesh on his body seemed cooked to a crisp, and his feet and hands were burned to a coal.

After a lapse of ten minutes, to the surprise of all, with a desperate struggle he pulled himself up by the railing of the burning scaffold, stood up erect, passed his hands over his face and then jumped off the scaffold and rolled out of the fire below.

Men on the ground thrust him into the burning mass. Again he rolled out and was again thrust in, to roll out again.

A rope was tied around his neck and he was dragged in and held until life was finally extinct, and the process of burning went on until his body was literally cremated.

It was one of the most horrible deaths ever suffered by a human being. Hundreds turned away in horror at the awful spectacle, while thousands gazed on with evident satisfaction and many with demonstrations of delight.

People were here from every part of this section. They came from Dallas, Fort Worth, Sherman, Denison, Bonham, Texarkana, Fort Smith, Ark., and a party of fifteen from Hempstead County, Arkansas, where he was captured.

Every train that came in was loaded to its utmost capacity, and there were demands at many points for special trains to bring people here to see the unparalleled punishment of a fiend for an unparalleled crime.

When the news reached here yesterday it spread through the country like wildfire. At every country town anvils boomed forth the announcement of Smith's capture, and people poured in here in a constant stream all night and day on horseback.

Everything was orderly and showed skillful arrangement. Last night, upon the request of Mayor Cate and Sheriff Hammond, every saloon in the city closed and remained so until after the execution. Everybody was prepared for what was coming and everything was done with coolness and deliberation. All knew what would be done and conservative speeches were made to the crowd to let their passions subside.

Vengeance had fallen upon Smith.

After it was over the great throng quietly and peaceably dispersed. During the execution there came near being a bloody tragedy.

A negro remarked that he thought the negroes should be permitted to have a chance in the affair. Some one understood that he said it was a shame. For a time excitement ran high and dozens of rifles were in readiness for deadly use. The matter was soon explained and trouble averted that meant many deaths.

ROUTE OF THE FUGITIVE.

That Smith should have escaped capture so long is passing strange. When the news of his capture was received the correspondent left here with the party to meet County Attorney Sturgeon at Texarkana. The posse reached there at 4:20 o'clock this morning. It was 8:30 o'clock when the train arrived from Hope, Ark., with the negro. As soon as it arrived Smith was placed in the special car in charge of the escort.

En route he made a statement to Marshal Shanklin which the correspondent took down. It was with great difficulty that he could be induced to make any truthful statement, but finally when he found he would be executed in any event and no evasion would help him, he told everything.

He said he did not know whose child he picked up on the streets, and that he did not know what he was doing, as he was drunk.

It was with great reluctance that he admitted the outrage, but finally confessed and said that he lay under the tree near where the body was found with the child in his arms and both of them slept.

He told of how he committed the deed and said it was probable that the child died while he was outraging her and that he covered her mouth to keep her from screaming. He remained with her in the woods until 5 o'clock A. M. He then went home, leaving his hat on the scene of the brutal deed.

From there he went to the barn of C. C. Ellis, where he found another hat. About 8 o'clock he got on a freight train on the Texas and Pacific and went to Reno to pick cotton for a negro named George Reese. During the forenoon of the same day he started to Blossom on foot, reaching there about 3 o'clock and in about an hour he boarded a freight and went to Detroit, in Red River County.

He went to a section-house near there and cut wood for his supper. From there he walked to Bagwell. There he took a freight and went to Clarksville, arriving about 12 o'clock that night. On Saturday he spent most of the day in Clarksville. A cook at the hotel gave him something to eat.

He left there Saturday afternoon about 4 P. M. on a freight and went to DeKalb. There he carried

water for a merchant for some cheese and crackers. He arrived there after dark. Remaining there about one hour he boarded a freight and went to New Boston, where he got off to see some tiemen. From there he walked to Texarkana junction, arriving there about 11 o'clock.

He stayed around there and made fires for the night operator until about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, when he got on a freight and went to Texarkana. There he remained at the Iron Mountain roundhouse until morning, when he went to Fulton, Ark., on a freight train.

He went up town and remained an hour or two looking for his mother and something to eat. From there he went to Spindel's mill, a few miles north of Fulton.

During all that time he had been traveling with a white man, who had a light Winchester. The man got employment at the mill, and Smith went across the country by the dirt road from Fulton to Washington.

He got to Washington about 12 o'clock Sunday night, and stayed until Monday morning at daylight. He then went to Nashville, where he lurked around the depot and made fires for the operator, who was receiving information about Smith.

Tuesday morning he went to Ozan and cut some wood and topped a tree. After his breakfast he went to Clow, where, about noon, J. L. White, H. B.

Holmy, Joe Robinson, John Hicks and a negro from the place named Noby Robinson, arrested him.

County Attorney Sturgeon reached Washington, Ark., Monday night, and put posses out in every direction.

The people of the city who went to Texarkana are under special obligation to Mr. R. B. Ayers, train dispatcher of the Texas and Pacific, for providing a coach at their disposal and escorting the party to this city.

A number of Paris people who were out scouting for Smith have come since the execution, and were greatly disappointed because they did not reach here in time.

Governor Hogg offered a reward of \$250 for Smith, with the usual conditions. People here are anxious to know what will be the amount he will offer for those who executed Smith.

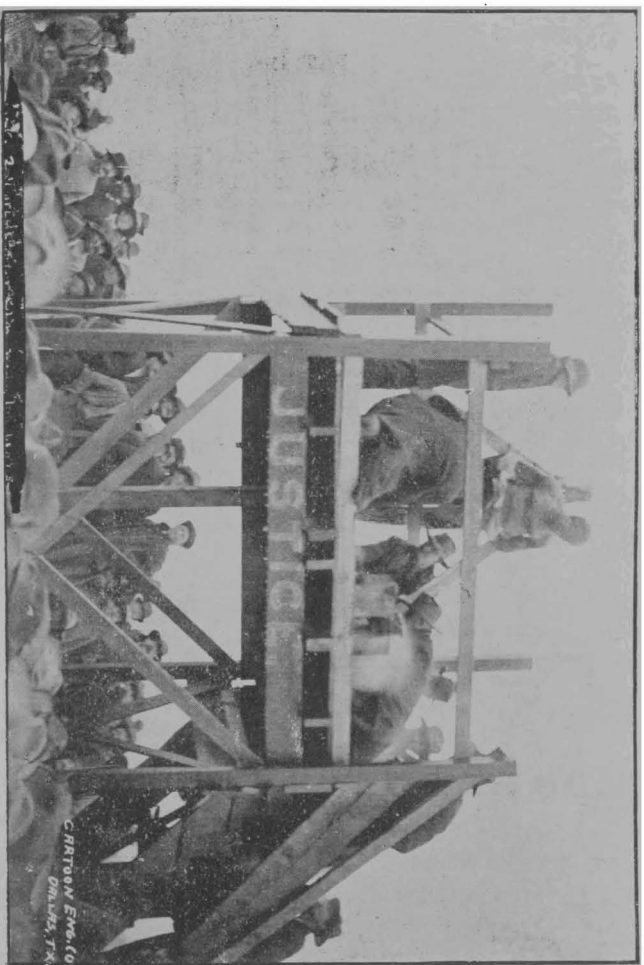


Photo by HUDSON, Paris, Tex.

APPLYING THE SOLDERING-IRONS TO THE NEGRO.

See pp. 21-22.

CHAPTER XI.

*Press Reports Continued—Official Correspondence—
Voices From Other Texas Cities—The Gov-
ernor's Message to the Texas Legisla-
ture — Editorial Expressions.*

From the *Paris Daily News* of February 3, 1893, we give the following telegraphic correspondence:

**Profound Indignation Over the Taking Off
of the Negro Rapist.**

The News received the following dispatch last night, and immediately wired the following reply:

NEW YORK, January 2.

Editor News: Will you kindly telegraph *New York Herald* at our expense 300 words, your opinion of lynching negro Smith. Creating profound indignation throughout country. Thanking you in anticipation.

JAMES G. BENNETT.

OFFICE PARIS NEWS, }
PARIS, TEXAS, February 2, 1893. }

To the New York Herald:

The "profound indignation" mentioned in your dispatch is no surprise, as it has been a custom for years on the part of some people living remote from Texas and the South, to become indignant over

every effort of our people to protect themselves and their firesides. If the *Herald* will kindly parallel the account of the sickening outrage committed by Smith upon the little girl, following it through to her agonized death, and then refer to the fact that the mother is losing her mind under the terrible shock, with the account of the burning of the perpetrator of this shocking crime, there will be thousands of its readers who will not feel so very "indignant." I confess that mob law is dangerous, I am not unmindful of the fact that such violence is a menace to the liberties of the people, and as a public journalist I do not generally indorse it, but when confronted with such a case as that presented, I trust it will not cause further "indignation," should I say that had I been in the city Wednesday I should have been in favor of at once taking the life of the perpetrator of this horrible crime, believing that such a course would have a most salutary effect.

I am, fraternally, A. P. BOYD,
Editor *Paris News*.

From the Dallas, Texas, *News*, of February 2, '93, we extract such points as have not elsewhere been given in this history of the Smith affair. The telegraphic correspondence occurs in full in this report, as also the dispatches from neighboring cities, giving expressions to their feelings in the matter. To those who feel that such things should be sup-

pressed, we would say that the policy of suppression in the records of history goes far toward producing conflict in the work of different historians and cause their works to be looked upon with doubt and suspicion. Hence we speak as fully as we may "THE FACTS IN THE CASE."

[*Dallas News Report of February, 3, 1893.*]

PARIS, TEXAS, February 2.—This has been a quiet day here compared with the six that preceded it. When Smith was executed all seemed satisfied and went their ways in peace.

Of course the matter has been the chief topic of conversation, but there has been no disposition to carry the spirit of vengeance further. The colored people are in no danger, and they, in common with all others, approve the act. Many of them express a regret that Smith was not turned over to them.

Fearful as was the torture inflicted upon Smith, there is a general sentiment that it was only commensurate with his infamous, unnatural and awful crime. Men who rebel at the very idea of mob law and whose nature and education lead them to condemn, stand silent when they think of the offense Smith committed and have no word of condemnation or censure to offer. If there should be one who would rise up to protest against the horrors of yesterday's scene he would be promptly reminded of

the worse fate that Myrtle Vance received at Smith's hands.

Col. J. C. Hodges, one of the leading criminal lawyers of the State, said to-day :

“As a lawyer and law-abiding man I deplore mob law at all times, but there are two sides to this thing.

“When I think of Smith's fate and am disposed to protest against it, I think of the little child, the torture imposed upon her when she was equally helpless, and I can find no word of condemnation for the manner in which Smith was put to death.

“I cannot help but think of how I would feel if it was my child.

“Smith's death was simply the will of the people, and they cannot be blamed. Some may think it was very wrong to permit Vance and his son to apply those irons, but let us take the thing home to us, put ourselves in his place, and who is there of us who would not have done as he did?

“The deed has been done and as good citizens we must indorse it.”

Many say that the statutes had no provision for such a crime and that the people made the punishment to meet it.

Henry Vance, the child's father, says that he wishes the world to know that he believes Sheriff Hammond did his full duty and that he honors him for what he did.

Smith protested on the scaffold for a long time

that he did not know whose child it was, but when the red-hot irons were thrust into his eyes he exclaimed:

“Yes, I knew it was your child and I did it to get even with you. I have suffered enough; for God’s sake shoot me and end it.”

Then it was that the oil was poured on and the match applied. When the volume of smoke that enveloped him for a time lifted above him like a dense black cloud and the fierce flames circled around him, Smith, who had remained for a time almost motionless, with his head upon his chest, threw back his head, opened his mouth and blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth that looked like steam from an escape pipe.

There were so many incidents of the affair that they can never all be written or told, although it burned and seared itself into every mind so vividly that it stands out before all who gazed upon it as vividly now as when they witnessed it.

To-day relic hunters visited the spot and raked the ashes of his funeral pyre for souvenirs. Pieces of his bones were found and taken away.

One man got a knee cap and made a watch charm of it.

A negro got a portion of rib bone and carried it home and placed it over his door for good luck.

The reward of \$500 offered for the arrest and delivery of Smith’s body in Paris was paid to James

T. Hicks, of Hope, Ark., this morning, by Mayor Cate. The parties who aided Hicks got their portion. They were delighted with their reception here and expressed the fullest sympathy with the Paris people.

The end may not be yet, but it is not believed that there can be further violence unless Gov. Hogg agitates the matter unnecessarily in his threat of insisting upon fruitless prosecutions.

The following telegram was received here from De Kalb, Texas, to-day:

Look out for ———, who says those who took part in burning of negro, are no better than he was. Don't allow him to stop in your town.

DE KALB CITIZENS.

He will be watched for by officers and warned not to stop here during the present feverish condition of the people's mind.

JUSTIFIED AT DENISON.

DENISON, GRAYSON COUNTY, TEXAS, Feb. 2.—The demand in Denison to-day for *The Dallas News* was enormous. "Us boys have had a picnic," said one of *The News* boys.

"How many have you sold?" was asked.

"I dunno," said the boy. "There is five of us and I've sold sumpin over 100 extra copies already."

The torture and the final burning to death of the negro at Paris is the talk all over the city to-day. The torture inflicted by Vance and his fifteen-year-old son is approved by many and condemned by a few. So many horrible murders have been committed in Denison within the past few months, and as the law has failed to give retribution in a single case, the large majority in this city give a hearty amen to the Paris lynching.

One of the largest merchants in the city this morning said to *The News* correspondent: "We are exceedingly tired of upholding law in such cases when law does not uphold or protect us. Such devils fly to the courts and jails for refuge. Last year in Grayson County there were about thirty cold-blooded murders, some of them of the most cruel and diabolical nature, and we have had only one hanging to offset the entire list. Smith deserved all the punishment he got and if the dose was given to a few white men our State would be all the better off."

Judge J. M. Cook—You can tell *The News* that Denison is with Paris in the work of yesterday.

B. C. Murray—It was barbarous and inhuman. Two wrongs do not make a right. It was probably all right to burn the man, but the hideous torture was carrying the thing entirely too far. I feel that it will result in bringing reproach on the good name of the State.

Tobias Porter—It would have been better, prob-

ably, had the men stopped the train out from Paris somewhere and inflicted the punishment. Such a horrible thing in the presence of ladies and children was awful.

City Attorney Harris—Just the thing.

Harry Nelme—Just what he needed.

Jailer Bales—Pretty tough, but he needed it.

Gerald Hughes—Let the good work go on. If examples were made of two or three, such crimes would soon be a thing of the past.

John Siegel—Served him right.

Judge Tibbs—It was an awful affair, but when man becomes so excited he sometimes resorts to barbarism. I suppose he deserved it.

Mayor Yocomb—I presume he deserved it, though it seems barbarous; however, take the matter as applied to one's own family, then it is different.

J. E. Comer, Katy ticket agent—They served him about right.

Mike Fitzgerald—I could have helped to burn him.

Walter Hibbard—It was very barbarous, yet the black fiend deserved it.

Dr. Yedile—It was awful in the extreme, yet his crime was fiendish enough to deserve any punishment that could have been imposed upon him.

Major Maughs—The punishment was none too severe for the crime.

Jerry Nolan—He deserved it.

Dr. Julian C. Field—He will hardly do such a thing again. It is a good example.

The *Evening Dispatch* says: It was an act of heinous barbarism, of which old Rome in her palmiest days could not boast, but there was a most grievous cause and civilization of the nineteenth century should draw a veil over the scene and hide the blackened spot from the fair face of justice. Acts of violence, toward ties of blood and kindred of the human race, cause brutal passions to arise and in the frenzy sways over our better reasoning of calmer moments.

The *Evening Journal* says: Let us as Texans forget the horrid day at Paris. Let not our memories linger with that awful period of vengeance. Yesterday is of the past, to-morrow is to come.

The *Evening Herald* says: Smith, the fiend, has died a million deaths and Myrtle Vance has been avenged.

SENTIMENT AT WAXAHACHIE.

WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS, February 2. — *The News* was eagerly sought this morning by people wanting to read the details of the fate of Henry Smith. It was the general theme to-day, and while every one feels that the negro deserved a terrible death, many are heard to express regrets that the horrible scene had to be enacted in Texas.

SWIFT AND SURE.

ABILENE, TEXAS, February 2.—Yesterday's *News* brought the first report here of the arrest of Smith, the murderer of Myrtle Vance at Paris, and a sigh of relief went out from the people. It was agreed by all here that his punishment should be swift and sure.

PUNISHMENT DID NOT APPROXIMATE
CRIME.

SHERMAN, TEXAS, February 2.—After calmly contemplating the Paris incident the people of Sherman almost as a unit express the opinion that the punishment did not approximate the crime.

Pieces of bone and splinters of the scaffold are being kept by Shermanites who attended the execution, as mementoes.

The governor's reported intention to prosecute the participants is not in accord with even a very small minority of public sentiment.

Either Henry Smith was mistaken when he said it, or the reporter misunderstood him, when it was reported that he had been suspected of the murder of a ten-year-old colored girl found dead in an alley in this city. Men who have acted in the capacity of coroner of Sherman for the past twelve years have nothing in their books or memories that corresponds.

to the case mentioned. The police records show no such death.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 2.—The official wired correspondence, between the governor and the authorities at Paris, follows:

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 1, 9 A. M.—To the county attorney, Paris: Your conduct in having Smith arrested deserves special commendation. See that he has a fair trial in the courts to the end that he may be legally punished. Take all steps necessary to protect him from violence. This is due to your community and to the State.

J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 1.—To the sheriffs of Lamar and Bowie Counties: Use all lawful means to see that Henry Smith is protected from mob violence and is brought to trial for his crime before lawful authority. Mobs must not be permitted to try prisoners in Texas. J. S. HOGG,

Governor of Texas.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 1.—To his Excellency, Governor J. S. Hogg, Austin: I am helpless. Have no support. D. S. HAMMOND, Sheriff.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 1.—To Governor J. S. Hogg, Austin: Officers are helpless. An enraged public stands waiting for the prisoner, who is expected at 1 o'clock. E. A. McCUISTION,
Ass't County Att'y.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 1, 1 P. M.—To the Sheriff of Lamar County: If you need help call for it. By all means protect the majesty of the law and the honor of Texas and your people from committing murder. J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 1, 1 P. M.—To the assistant county attorney of Lamar County: Wire those in charge of the prisoner not to bring him to Paris. Guard him safely and use every effort to prevent the mob from reaching him. J. S. HOGG,
Governor of Texas.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 1.—To Governor J. S. Hogg, Austin: Henry Smith has arrived and is in charge of from 5,000 to 10,000 enraged citizens. I am utterly helpless to protect him. D. S. HAMMOND, Sheriff.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 1. To Governor J. S. Hogg, Austin: All is over: death by hot iron torture—diabolical affair. E. A. McCUISTION, Ass't County Att'y.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 1.—To the county attorney of Lamar County: Do your whole duty and prosecute every person engaged in the reported lynching of one Henry Smith, at Paris. By all means preserve the names of the offenders and witnesses to the end that the guilty parties may be prosecuted. J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 2.—To the sheriff of Lamar County, Paris, Texas: Discharge your sworn duty as an officer of the State faithfully and fearlessly. Promptly make complaint before the proper officers against every person known to have been engaged in the lynching of the negro, Henry Smith, at Paris, on yesterday, and report the names of all witnesses to the district and county attorney, to the end that all guilty persons may be effectively prosecuted. J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 2.—To N. P. Doak, district attorney, Clarksville, Texas: In the lynching of the negro, Henry Smith, in Paris, on yesterday, the laws of the State have been openly defied. Every good citizen is interested in maintaining and enforcing the laws of the land. Either law and order or anarchy must prevail, and there can be no compromise or middle ground. Mob law in Texas must be stamped out. It is believed and expected that you will promptly, diligently and persistently inquire

into and ascertain who are the guilty parties, and faithfully and fearlessly prosecute them. Any assistance needed will be promptly rendered.

J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

HOGG'S TELEGRAM TO STURGEON.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 2. — The telegram of Governor Hogg to County Attorney Sturgeon to get the names of all parties who participated in the affair and prosecute them is looked upon as a joke. It is not believed that he means it.

It is impossible to embody into a wired special to *The News* the various phases of public sentiment, all drifting in one direction. Massing them into a connected account, the action of the governor is commented on as follows:

“The fact that he telegraphed Sheriff Hammond at 1 o'clock yesterday, after the negro was actually in the hands of the mob, offering to aid him in protecting Smith, looks like he was winking at the whole affair. Where was the governor to get men to help the sheriff at that hour? Who was trying to do his duty? They were certainly not here and it is doubtful if a corporal's guard could have been obtained in fifty miles of Paris.

“Everybody knows he must have been joking in what appears to be a scrupulous devotion to the letter of the law, and force people to try all the men in the regularly constituted form, else he would have

used all precautions several days ago to save the life of Smith. Ever since 3:30 last Friday, when Myrtle Vance's mutilated body was found, everybody here has known that Smith would be publicly burned. It was stated in Sunday's *News* that Smith's execution only awaited his capture. No protest against that, so far as the public knows, ever came here from the governor. Tuesday's *News* said it was the general sentiment that Smith would be burned at the stake.

"These interesting pieces of information, that attracted the attention of the people all over the State, were unfortunately overlooked by the governor. It may have been that he had never heard of the unparalleled crime of Henry Smith until Tuesday, when he offered a conditional reward of \$250. Many people here thought because of the enormity of the crime that it ought to have been at least \$1 more.

"Smith was captured at 11:30 Tuesday in the State of Arkansas, fifty miles from the Texas line. The news was instantly flashed all over the country. Before dark that night farmers twenty miles from a railroad station, hundreds of miles away, knew of it. No requisition papers had been asked for. Governor Hogg, had he heard of the arrest, could have wired to Governor Fishback, of Arkansas, not to let him be spirited into Texas. This might have prevented the execution from taking place in Texas.

“Governor Hogg’s best friends, some of whom warmly approved of Smith’s fate, say he is simply letting on, but really does not mean to be hard on the people. They say he is too good a man to buck against public sentiment, and if he had been here he would have done like the rest.

“County Attorney Sturgeon is highly commended. He telegraphed City Marshal Shanklin to protect the prisoner. This Shanklin did most nobly. On arriving here a committee demanded Smith of Shanklin. He told them that he could not. They pointed to the great multitude of armed, angry men, and told him those men were there to take Smith at all hazards. Seeing resistance was useless and there would be a bloody riot, Shanklin submitted and went away. Governor Hogg himself would have been overpowered.

“Had troops been sent here before the assembly of the mob or execution, Smith might have been saved, and he might not. Doubtless many better lives would have been lost if he had.

“The best people in this county took a prominent part in all that was done. They spent their time and money to capture Smith, and all they did was done conscientiously. It is unnecessary for Governor Hogg to offer rewards for their arrest. The State can be spared that expense. There was not a man in the crowd but who would walk up and surrender at any moment and take the consequences.

“The above covers the sentiment here with reference to prosecutions. It was an uprising of the people, determined to circumvent any possibility of escape through the delays of the courts; a demand springing up in every household that such an example should be made of Smith as would bring terror to criminals of this class.”

SENTIMENT AT CLEBURNE.

CLEBURNE, JOHNSON COUNTY, TEXAS, Feb. 2.—The burning of the negro fiend, Henry Smith, at Paris, has been the all-absorbing topic here to-day. All the expressions so far heard are in approval of the punishment meted out to him.

The News agent here received fifty copies in excess of the usual number, but sold out in twenty minutes after their arrival and could have sold a hundred more.

DEMAND FOR DETAILS.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 2.—The demand for newspapers was unprecedented, and thousands of copies giving accounts of the affair were sent away from here. *The News* was complimented on all hands. In a few moments after it reached here all of the hundreds of extra copies were gone and those who did not get one offered fancy prices for a copy.

There never was such a demand for specials from

this point. About 30,000 words were wired to different papers from New York to San Francisco, and the Western Union was taxed to its utmost capacity. The correspondents were worn to a frazzle.

It was so terrible an affair that the *New York Herald* wired its special correspondent to-night: "Your story of the lynching of Smith is incredible; must have verification; send further details." The verification and details were sent.

The correspondent of *The News* has been on duty day and night and endeavored to faithfully portray all that has happened. No effort has been made at exaggeration in any of the reports. It could not be exaggerated.

From the same paper of February 2d, we here insert the following dispatches, giving expression to the feeling of Texarkana, Sulphur Springs and Marshall, Texas, as received on February 1st.

RECEIVED WITH SHOUTS OF JOY.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS, February 1.—The people were never so wrought up as over the brutal murder of little Myrtle Vance at Paris. Citizens as well as the efficient officers of both the county and city have searched the county high and low for the fugitive and every trace was prosecuted to a finish. With the announcement yesterday evening of the arrest of Smith at Hope, Ark., the people rejoiced, but feared another mistake. Crowds waited around

the telegraph office for confirmation, and when it came eager was the great throng for some way to reach the scene of execution.

A special train was asked for, but on account of the delay possible from Tyler to this place it was thought best to abandon the idea, and several, not to be put out, mounted their steeds at a late hour, and away they went for Paris.

To-day as the bulletins came in detailing the mode of execution, shouts could be heard on every hand in commendation of the heroic efforts to suppress this class of diabolical outlaws.

Praise is given to the Western Union people, the Texas & Pacific and Santa Fe roads in extending to the authorities the free use of the wires and special trains.

APPROVED AT TEXARKANA.

TEXARKANA, ARK., February 1.—The train over the Iron Mountain from Hope, bearing Henry Smith, the negro murderer of Myrtle Vance at Paris, reached here at 8 o'clock this morning. Two thousand men were assembled at the depot at the time, anxious to get a look at the prisoner, who, when the train stopped, was hurried on to a Texas & Pacific train standing in readiness only ten feet away and locked inside the coach.

In response to repeated demands of the crowd for a sight of him, the negro was at length forced to

appear at an open window. As his face appeared, the crowd sent up a shout that seemed to shake the earth and one enraged man standing near the window made a slash at the negro with a knife, but the negro averted the thrust by dodging back inside the car.

The officers then leveled and cocked their pistols and threatened to kill the next man that should attempt to hurt the prisoner. When order was restored the prisoner with some difficulty was again made to appear at the window and the crowd yelled itself hoarse.

About 200 men went from here on the train to Paris to witness the execution.

The news of the death of the negro at the stake at the hands of the Paris populace was received in detail here this afternoon and the act is generally approved by all classes of our citizens.

The citizens here burned Ed Coy, a negro, who ravished a white woman a year ago and would do so again under like circumstance, and they feel that the crime of Smith was by far greater than that of Coy.

AT MARSHALL.

MARSHALL, TEXAS, February 1.—Marshall rejoices that the negro rapist, Smith, has been caught, and is more than pleased to hear that he has been burned.

and otherwise tortured to death. All citizens that oppose mob law are willing to make an exception of this case.

The next official act of the State is now given in the full text of the message of the governor to the legislature.

Mob Law in Texas—Governor Hogg's Message to the Legislature on the Paris Lynching—Smith's Atrocious Crime Surpassed by that of His Self-Appointed Executioners—Their Punishment Demanded—Recommendations of the Governor.

[Special Dispatch to the *Globe-Democrat*.]

AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 6.—The following is a message Governor Hogg will send to the legislature to-morrow, touching the burning of Henry Smith at Paris:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, }
AUSTIN, TEXAS, February 6, 1893. }

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives: It becomes my painful duty to emphasize to you the necessity of taking some steps to prevent mob violence in Texas. The recent terrible holocaust at Paris is but an illustration to what ex-

tent the mob spirit will go when the laws are inadequate to check it. While the victim of that affair was guilty of an atrocious, barbarous crime, appalling to contemplate, for which he was certain of full punishment under the Constitution and laws of our State, civilization stands as a helpless witness of the most revolting execution of the age, in which large numbers of citizens openly, in broad day, publicly became murderers by methods shameful to humanity. Brushing away sentiment, which should never accompany punishment for crime, the public murder committed at Paris is a disgrace to this State. Its atrocity, inhumanity and sickening effect upon the people at large can not be obscured by reference to the savage act of the culprit himself in brutally taking the life of an innocent child. For his deed the death penalty awaited him under the law. The imputation that he could not have been legally executed in any court in this State is a slander upon the integrity of every citizen. To contend that his executioners, who publicly murdered him, can neither be indicted or tried in the county where that crime was committed is a pretense and a mockery. So the condition exists in our State that while one man may be convicted for murder a hundred men who publicly commit murder can not be. The laws, therefore, without further legislation, may be held in defiance in any community where the forces are strong enough to overawe the local officers and set

aside the legal machinery of justice. Our Constitution is not so hide-bound that this condition must continue. It is in the power of the Legislature to adopt suitable measures to either prevent mob law or to bring to punishment all murderers and executioners. No combination of men should ever be so strong in any Government as to successfully override the law. They should never be so numerous as to make it impossible to bring them to trial for their crimes in the proper court.

The Constitution provides that in all criminal prosecutions for felony the accused shall have a speedy, public trial by an impartial jury, on indictment duly found; that he shall have the right to demand the nature and cause of the accusation against him, and have a copy thereof; that he shall not be compelled to give evidence against himself; that he shall have the right of being heard by counsel; that he shall be confronted by the witnesses against him, and shall have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and that no cruel or unusual punishment shall be inflicted upon any citizen of the State for crime. **Mobs, crazy, override all these guarantees.** It was **done** in this Paris case. It has been done in many others, where the victims were innocent of crime. So it bids fair to continue. The question presents itself: "Are the people willing to submit to this? If they are, they should have the courage, the manhood, the justice and the patriotism to repeal the bill

of rights and permit each local community to summarily dispose of all real or supposed offenders.

This late execution at Paris is not the only one that has been performed by a mob in that county within the past twelve months, for within that period three other men were hanged to death in that neighborhood who committed no crimes. Their presence in the community was offensive, or perhaps menacing, to the pleasure and equanimity of the band of murderers who took their lives. There have been other instances in this State where the innocent have been executed by mobs and no punishment therefor has been possible. The condition has grown to this, that if enough men in a community choose to deny the whole law they can go on in their nefarious executions at will. The action at Paris is the culmination of this spirit, long existing in a few counties of the State, magnified on a large scale. Will the Legislature stand by and permit this condition to continue undisturbed, unchanged any longer? I hope not. So far as I am concerned, I believe that to the guiltiest culprit that may blacken his hand with crime, the constitutional guarantees, under all circumstances, should be justly observed throughout in his trial and execution. When any conditions are made to justify a precedent for mob law, others will arise at the convenience of the murderous classes. The observation of every experienced man teaches that when a community is infested with a mob spirit legal exe-

cutions become rare and impracticable, if not impossible. When a murderer on trial knows that he is before a jury composed of one or more men who have escaped punishment for an equal crime, he feels sure of an acquittal or a hung jury. A mob execution is no less than a murder execution. No man or set of men with murder upon their hands are capable to justly enforce the laws. As a rule, the riff-raff, lounging, indolent, lawless element of a community inspires and leads the mob, while the law-abiding, industrious, honest citizen is terrorized by the spectacle. If people otherwise respectable are led into crime by the excitement of the occasion, in their cooler moments they must see that their leaders and associates are an element of hardened criminals. Something should be done to teach them in advance that for their crimes they must answer at the bar of justice.

The question is difficult to deal with, but if your honorable bodies will enact suitable laws and place the means at my hands, every person who takes part in a mob shall be brought to trial, or the strength of the machinery of justice shall be thoroughly tested in the effort. There is no higher obligation resting upon the legislative department than to have the constitutional guarantee for protection of life, liberty and property respected and obeyed. If taxation becomes necessary to raise funds by which this may be done, I advise your honorable bodies to lay

it on and make the people pay to the full extent necessary. To aid in suppressing mob violence in this State, I respectfully suggest a law embodying the following features:

1. That when any person, being a prisoner in jail or other place of confinement, or under arrest, or in official custody or restraint, or is held by or under the authority of any county, city or State officer, or is restrained by virtue of any legal process, shall be taken from such place or authority in violation of law and put to death, the county within which such person was so held or confined, and from which they may have been so taken, shall be liable to pay a specified large sum to the surviving husband, wife, children and parents of said person who shall so suffer death.

2. Make the county also liable for damages when any person not being a prisoner or under legal duress is mobbed by two or more persons, and the said criminals are not within a specified time indicted and prosecuted for their crimes.

3. Make each person or corporation also liable for damages who takes part in or aids by acts, or in any way abets in mobbing of a person.

4. Give the surviving relatives an action in the District Court of any county where the murder was committed, or in any county where either or all plaintiffs may reside when the action is instituted.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

5. Render the sheriff ineligible to hold his office, and provide for his removal, when a prisoner is taken from the jail or from himself, or from any officer or lawful authority in his presence, and is put to death by a mob.

6. Provide for a change of venue, either before or after indictment, in all cases of mob violence.

When passion in its wild rush for blood overrides the law and tramples down the Constitution, a precedent for anarchy is set, marking the way for the destruction of this Government. Patriotic action on the line of wisdom and justice now becomes necessary to prevent its spread. Repeated overt criminal acts in this State have sounded the warning. The power rests with your honorable bodies to encourage anarchy by silence or to crush it by suitable action. Strengthen the laws, supply the means, and if the Executive fails to perform his duties fully, under all circumstances, then let him stand condemned as a criminal himself before the civilized world. Respectfully,

(Signed)

J. S. HOGG,
Governor of Texas.

We give place to a few editorial utterances as a fitting close to this chapter, which go far toward showing that, right or wrong, as we reason about

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

and accept it, is almost, if not altogether, a product of education.

One of the first editorial comments came to us in the *St. Louis Republic*, and which we here reproduce as treated by the editor of the *Paris Daily News*

**How Do You Like This—You Paris People
Read It Carefully and Answer—In the Es-
timation of the St. Louis Republic You
Have Disgraced Yourselves and Are
Fiends—A Terrible Stigma Fixed On
Paris.**

The readers of *The News*, or many of them, at least, have not forgotten the meddlesomeness of the *St. Louis Republic* in the last State canvass. That paper undertook to read a large per cent of the democracy of the State out of the party, and made itself obnoxious to many of our best people. It is at its old tricks again, and gives the people of Paris a slap in the face that should not be silently passed by. Assuming the censorship of the people of this city, it blazes away with a tirade that needs rebuke, and its abuse is shameful. Here in a city made up of a law-abiding people as ever drew the breath of life, the *Republic* has had many friends and supporters, yet when an opportunity offers, that shameless sheet publishes to the world that they are a degraded

people, branded with the stigma that will follow them through the years to come. This is simply outrageous, and that slanderous sheet should be made to feel the indignation of those with whom it has so foully dealt. Here is its article :

“By their appalling crime of yesterday the people of Paris, Texas, degraded themselves to the level of the brute they tortured, and fixed upon their community a stigma which it will take years of the law-abiding life of a civilized people to efface. They have avenged a fiendish crime with a crime as fiendish, and the more inexcusable because it was the crime not of a bestial negro, but of citizens who no doubt pride themselves on their superior civilization and enlightenment. The rapist and murderer, Smith, had forfeited his life under the law, and had the law been enforced against him the effect would have been wholesome in checking crime ; but crime will not be checked by the lawless violence inflicted upon him by the mob vengeance. It is a law of society that lawlessness breeds crime instead of checking it.”

From *The Paris News* of February 5, 1893, we give the following editorial from the *St. Louis Republic*, with local comment :

Keeping Up the Fight—The St. Louis Republic Still Wears Its War Paint—And in Another Article, Without Calling Names, Aims a Blow at Paris Which is Even More Shameful Than Its First Onslaught.

The *St. Louis Republic*, not content with its outrageous attack upon the people of Paris in its issue of Thursday, in which it charges that our people are as fiendish as the negro who outraged and murdered the little baby, came out the next day with the following article :

“The overwhelming defeat of Sectional Radicalism last year is an assurance to the South that there is now no danger of a renewal of the oppression of the Reconstruction period. While under the menace from without, intelligent, law-abiding people in some parts of the South have too often been obliged to sit silent without protest when lawless, ignorant and degraded men have asserted themselves the champions and spokesmen of these communities. It has often been the case that whoever objected to the actions of such men would find himself condemned by mob clamor as an enemy of his State and its people.

“This need be so no longer. The time has come when the moral and law-abiding must resolve that, come what may, they will no longer submit to be dominated by ignorance and brutality.

Unless a stand is made and made now, the liberation of the negroes will make the Cotton States uninhabitable, except for ruffians and desperate men who are willing to carry their lives in their hands. For it is a very evident fact that, whether the negroes are improved or not, the white people will be brutalized to the last degree if the more intelligent do not oppose with all their force and to any extremity such horrible crimes as have been recently committed in public with increasing frequency by mobs willing to descend to the level of the most degraded negro criminals in order to wreak vengeance upon them. And such things are done as openly as if there were neither God, nor Government, nor law, nor civilization, nor virtue, nor any left with courage to take their lives in their hands and stand up against the usurpation by ruffianism of the seat of justice.

No matter what the effect is politically, the intelligent people of the South must make a stand for their civilization, and must make the ruffians among them feel that law, liberty and justice will not be surrendered to the will of the degraded and ferocious.

The most pressing need now is of the moral courage that will have clear vision for duty and that will not shrink from it. Without such courage law will fail, religion will fail, liberty will fail, and will remain a lower barbarism than has prevailed in

the darkest region of Africa. Things have been done openly, and done in the name of the white people of the South, that were never done before except by the most degraded, cruel and devilish of the American Indians. Even among the lower cannibals of Africa such cruelties were never practiced as have been openly practiced by mobs of degraded white ruffians, daring to act openly and in doing so to say, "We are the people of the South, and what we do the South indorses."

The first and highest duty of every Southern man who is worthy even to speak of such Southern men as Washington, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson is to resolve that, at the sacrifice of his life if necessary, he will stand for law and order in his community; that he will oppose himself to the anarchy and diabolical brutality of mobs, and that he will give consent by silence to the claims of such scoundrels to be "the people."

[From the *Paris Daily News*.]

What the New Orleans "States" Thinks About It.

The following editorial from the *New Orleans States* will be read with interest:

"Governor Hogg, of Texas, no doubt realizes by this time that he made himself eminently ridiculous

when he telegraphed to the sheriff of Lamar County to arrest the persons who were in the mob that burned at the stake the negro fiend Henry Smith, and the sheriff showed his good sense when he replied to the governor stating that the manner in which the negro was put to death was the will of the people, and he could do nothing more than submit to it.

“The arrest of between 10,000 and 15,000 people is a job which no sheriff cares to tackle, and in view of the fact that there are not more than ten men in every 1,000 in the State of Texas who condemn the actions of the citizens of Lamar County, Governor Hogg is likely to conclude that it is a task greater than he himself is willing to undertake.

“If he attempts anything so foolish, however, he will discover that he is no more powerful than was the sheriff. The crime of the negro was so horrible that while the American people may shudder at the terrible punishment inflicted, they will, in their own hearts, acknowledge that he deserved his fate.

“Newspapers published in the North of the stripe of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* will, as a matter of course, denounce the citizens of Paris, and the whole State of Texas, but every fair-minded person in this broad land of ours, every man who has a prattling child to fill his home with sunshine, will think of the terrible torture the little three-year-old babe, Myrtle Vance, endured until the negro Smith ended her sufferings by

tearing her asunder limb by limb, and will rejoice that the incarnate monster was burned to death."

[*From the Paris Daily News.*]

A Law-Abiding Community—The Memphis Commercial Knows All About Our People.

The following extracts are from an able editorial in the *Memphis Commercial*:

The crime for which the negro, Henry Smith, was tortured to death in such a horrible manner was peculiarly atrocious. He decoyed a little three-year-old girl from her father's house, outraged and murdered her and then tore the poor innocent limb from limb. The punishment inflicted upon the brute was horrible in the extreme. Yet the people of the community who looked on while the victim was writhing in such awful agony are not savages. The awful act was done in a law-abiding community and by usually law-abiding people. If we assume that the people who did this deed are by nature cruel and inhuman monsters, their own character is explanation of the deed. But they are not. The record of the community is that of a peaceable, orderly, quiet people. It was the act of a people driven to madness, made wild to the point of savagery. Their deed was not provoked by one crime alone. The growing frequency and fiendishness of

these crimes by negroes keep the people of every southern community in a perpetual condition of suppressed terror and rage. The lust of the negro spares no victim. The little innocent so brutally murdered and mangled at Paris is but one of many such who have died to gratify the beastly lusts of the negro. The awful fact stares nearly every southern community in the face that it is infested with a race of ravishers whom no law can check and no punishment appall. As the wholesome awe and respect for the whites, which belonged to the negro as a slave, disappears, these crimes increase in frequency. The record of every year shows that there is less restraint upon the savage lusts of the generation of negroes who have grown to manhood since the war. It is an appalling, a maddening fact; and there is little wonder that this constantly irritated state of affairs and horror should, upon some awful occasion, culminate in deeds that shock the whole country.

[*From the Sherman Register.*]

The burning of the negro ravisher and murderer at Paris yesterday was horrible in the extreme, but the punishment was undoubtedly deserved. It was not an ordinary mob that meted out his punishment, but thousands of the best citizens of the State. The necessity for such horrible punishment, only, is to be deplored.

The *Fort Worth Gazette* says: The Paris incident is one of those cases about which it is useless to philosophize. As long as crimes against women and children are committed by negroes, there will be terrible visitation of the popular wrath like that of the Paris multitude. It matters not what law or logic may say about it, the passion of the masses, thoroughly aroused, never had and never will have any regard for either, whether the masses be inheritors of the old civilization or expositors of the new. It is impossible to repress the suggestion that if the same determination exhibited at Paris were alive at all times and among all good people with regard to crime of every nature and degree, and should reinforce the demand for the punishment of every criminal act, the criminal courts of the country would soon find their occupations gone.

PARIS AFFAIR.

[*Texarkana News.*]

We would not do our fellow-citizens of Paris the injustice of attempting to defend or justify their action in the burning of the unnatural monster, Smith. To the honor of Southern civilization we have always held that the sanctity of our women's persons, the guarantee of their virtue from outrage and wrong, is above all sanctions of law. That in any case of undoubted outrage, as where the assailant is taken in the act or makes confession of his

crime, death alone is adequate reparation. The civilization of the South from its earliest settlement has demanded the life of the despoiler of woman's virtue. This is the great unwritten law of the South, which has not yet, and we trust never may carry the wrongs of its women into court, for a money consideration. There are crimes—like that of Smith, where a baby outraged to death—which for the credit of humanity are too horrible to have entered the minds of lawmakers, and for which no punishment of sufficient pain has been provided. In such cases the people are a law unto themselves and the spontaneous action of the outraged community has all the effect of legal enactment. The people make the law; they are the governing power; and when an unnatural crime for which no proper punishment is provided, occurs in any community, the people of that section have the right to supply the omission and prescribe the adequate redress. The crime of Smith was of this character, and the people of Paris judged and executed him in accordance with that higher law of civilization, which protects the honor and the persons of all women and children as the first duty of society. We deplore the necessity of cruel and unusual punishment, but it must be inflicted to prevent cruel and unusual crimes. We raise our hat to the citizens of Paris.

Words That Will Win—Truths So Plainly Stated That All May Understand—The Fort Worth Gazette Sees the Situation as it is and Dares to Show Governor Hogg Up as He so Richly Deserves.

The theory of the governor's message to the legislature based on the Paris holocaust, is correct, but it is most unhappily timed and does injustice to the people of Paris and to the citizenship aggregate of the State. The impression that will be given abroad by the message is not warranted by the situation anywhere in the State. The governor is charged with the enforcement of the laws, and he is also morally responsible for the reputation of the State to the extent that it is affected by his official acts. Before lending the prestige of his office in support of the bitterest charges made against Texas people by their most malignant enemies, he should have considered the subject in a more moderate spirit than is displayed in his message. It seems to have proceeded from a view of the matter which exaggerated his responsibility as an executive, and depreciated the responsibility of a community acting as such. The difference between such an act and individual offense against statutory enactment is very great. It is easy to theorize to the contrary, but plain, common sense takes hold of the matter in its own way and protests against the connection of

the names of the executioners of Henry Smith with him in the category of criminals.

Reflection should have told the governor that all the legislature can do at last with such a subject is to pass resolutions with the usual force of such declarations. Does he imagine that a community will pass a condemnatory verdict upon its prior verdict? Or, if a change of venue should be taken, does he fancy that juries could be found anywhere in Texas to convict thousands for assisting in the execution of the murderer of Myrtle Vance? The plain truth is that if every suggestion of the governor were adopted, on such an occasion as that at Paris, all would be forgotten and to all practical intent, blotted out. When the governor can contrive some plan to lessen the force of public opinion in this country, he may hope to see communities contemplate, as unmoved as marble and without the stir of a finger, the crime and the criminal represented by Henry Smith. When that time comes the adulterer or the seducer will atone for his offense at the bank instead of the graveyard. Such a high-grade civilization exists in some parts of the union, but there are those in the South who prefer our own system and its results, however inferior they may be.

What has Governor Hogg or any other critic of the people of Paris to offer as assurance against the repetition of Smith's offense? The law, what mockery! Who is it that knows anything at all about the

subject who does not know that the deterrent force of the law upon such a creature as Henry Smith was no greater than that of the blade of grass resisting the whirlwind? Is the law relied upon for protection against the dog with rabies? Is he more to be dreaded in a community than such a being as Henry Smith?

The ill-timed communication of the governor to the legislature forces those who sympathize with the people of Paris to stand shoulder to shoulder with them, or leave them to endure alone the approbrium of their critics. The masses of the people of Texas are determined with them, that as few children as possible be outraged, murdered and mutilated. They believe that the example at Paris will preserve wives and daughters from the fate of Myrtle Vance, and so believing, they regard the deed as heroic. They are ready to do their part toward stamping out the crime of which Henry Smith was guilty.

There is no animal which is not susceptible to the sensation of fear. It is not likely that any being in Lamar County, with the stature and appearance of a man, will tempt the fate of Henry Smith.

Others remote from that locality who have the propensities of Smith should be taught to keep his fate in mind rather than that his executioners were as guilty as himself. Let them beware. The next brute in Texas to commit Smith's crime, whether he be white or black, rich or poor, will, if captured,

be ushered through the gate of the damned in such unpleasant manner as that which sent Smith there. Neither governor's proclamations nor jeremiads from the press can prevent it. The people of Texas know how to protect their homes, and by all that is held sacred there, they are going to do it if it offends against every letter in every sentence of every act of all the legislatures of Christendom.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

The People of Paris and Lamar County Vindicated—Our People, in the Burning of the Negro Murderer and Rapist, Were Only Performing a Public Duty, Says the Houston Post.

[*From the Houston Post.*]

The whole people of an intelligent, moral and law-abiding community can not with justice and propriety be denounced as murderers, nor can what occurred at Paris last week be correctly judged without due appreciation of and sympathy with the circumstances and impelling motives of the occasion.

Sentiment can not be brushed away with a wave of the hand, a stroke of pen, from enlightened and civilized minds and hearts.

The sight of a dead cat in a back alley will excite something of sympathy, and the finding of the dead

form of a little girl, scarcely beyond babyhood, violated, mangled and butchered by a fiend in shape of a human, will arouse sentiment in proportion as the mind and heart are elevated and refined above the savage and the brute. The trouble with those who have hastened to denounce the thousands of citizens of Paris and Lamar County as murderers and barbarians and worse than savages, is, that they themselves have not enough of that sensibility of nature and tenderness of feeling which more than anything else elevates humanity above the savage, to qualify them to pass a fair and just judgment. Those people did not assemble there to torture a victim, nor gratify themselves with barbarous orgies, but came with a solemn sense of responsibility, and in the discharge of painful public duty. However harrowing the scene, they would not leave the occasion in the hands of a few, but stood together with one voice and sentiment that it might be seen of all the world that the whole people, white and black, were performing a public duty. It was not to torture that they assembled, but to publish such a warning, and blazon forth with tongue of fire, such an example as that another innocent babe should never suffer and die as had that one. An ordinary trial and execution of this fiend would have had no influence or effect at all comparable to what the manner of his taking off will have. It is not a question of white or negro. Either would have been disposed

of in the same way. The fact that there have been others executed by mobs, or that even innocent men have been the victims, has no logical place in the consideration of this unparalleled horror of this monster. There are bad men in Texas, as there are everywhere, but the people, as unanimously as are average communities anywhere, are law-abiding and opposed to mob law.

When they have acted with unanimity and by thousands with one voice, as in this instance, it may be said with reasonable certainty that any other community of the best civilization and moved by the highest impulse, would have performed the same duty to themselves and all humanity in about the same way.

The *Baltimore Sun* puts it right: "But we may look in vain for any word of sympathy for the poor confiding little girl, lured to destruction with candy and soft words, tortured beyond any power of language to express, torn limb from limb after prolonged and untold agony with circumstances of horror and suffering which a wild beast would be incapable of inflicting. We will have nothing said about the mother driven to frenzy and nearly to death by the bare recital of the tortures to her little girl. In common justice the two pictures should go together. If any need or any spectacle can make men forget themselves and drive them to deeds at which humanity

shudders, it is such a deed as was committed by the man that was burned at the stake in Texas."

[*Paris News, Editorial, February 14, 1893.*]

TEXAS CIVILIZATION.

The civilization of the South, especially of Texas, and still more especially of Paris and Lamar County, seems just at this particular time to be a riddle or an incomprehensible state of affairs to certain people living in other localities in this big country of ours.

These people seem to forget that this civilization was made for us largely by the class of people who now ask the question, "What kind of civilization have you in Texas?"

You seem to forget that you gave bias to, and to a considerable extent determined our civilization for us when you endowed with citizenship and with all the rights and privileges of American free men a horde of ignorant creatures, many of whom are brutal and licentious, whose only ideas of freedom seem to be that they are free to gratify their brutal appetites and satiate their degraded, licentious propensities.

It may be said in answer to this "that the negro is what slavery made him," or that he is intellectually and morally degraded as the result of slavery. This we deny. The negro is what he is physically, intellectually and morally by the unalterable law of

heredity. He was designed by the great Creator to form a link in the long chain of created beings, and when our government through the instrumentality of carpet-baggers and reconstruction acts removed him from his normal position and elevated him to a position for which he was not suited, and endowed him with rights and privileges which he neither comprehended nor knew how to exercise, they repeated the folly of putting a "bull in a china shop."

Such a thing as a negro rapist tearing asunder, mangling and cruelly murdering a three-year-old babe, white or black, before carpet-bag civilization was inaugurated in the South, was an unheard of crime.

Who taught this low-down element of the negro race to believe that they were in all respects equal to and as good as the white man or woman? Who led these brutal creatures, devoid of all moral culture, of refinement, of all the finer sensibilities of the cultured mind, to believe that it was their right to invade the sanctity of the home circle, upon the purity of which rests the safeguard and stability of this government of ours, and rob by brutal force the wife, the daughter and even the prattling babe of its virtue or its life, or both?

When the highwayman places his deadly revolver against the head of his victim and demands his money or his life, he presents the picture of a humanitarian beside one of these negro rapists who

have been turned loose in our country, to loaf in idleness, to steal a living from the whites or the more industrious of his own color, to prowl around the homes of our citizens and at an unguarded moment throttle the wife or daughter or snatch the innocent babe at play with its dolls or toys, and rob them of virtue, of happiness and even life itself to gratify a lust inherent in his race, and which misguided philanthropists have taught him to believe is his right, incorporated and secured to him in his gift of freedom and equality.

Well may the question be asked "what kind of civilization have you in Lamar County and Texas?"

Our answer is, the element which knows no law, human or divine, which curtails or restrains their brutal passion and appetites, is the product of the civilization of the nineteenth century, born, cradled and nurtured by carpet-baggers and reconstruction acts, and if you don't want them dealt with as Henry Smith was when they ravish and kill our babies, you had better take them out of Texas.

[*Chicago Tribune and New Orleans States.*]

Out of the Paris, Texas, horror may come a greater measure of safety from the crime for which the inhuman wretch suffered such inhuman torture. That is the only hopeful feature of the horrible affair.—
Chicago Tribune.

To secure for their mothers, wives, daughters and little baby-girls "greater measure of safety from the crime which the inhuman wretch," Henry Smith committed, was what prompted the citizens of Paris, Texas, to put to death the ravisher and murderer of little Myrtle Vance in such a way as to strike terror to all criminals of his class.—*New Orleans States*.

The San Antonio Express Stands by Our People—Words of Eloquence and Courage That Should be Stamped in Letters of Gold and Framed in Silver.

The following is the editorial comment of the *San Antonio Express* on the execution of Henry Smith. It should be read by every fireside. It is as beautiful as it is true :

The blood of the innocent has not cried to heaven in vain for vengeance. The black beast that ravished a white babe at Paris, Texas, has paid the penalty of his accursed crime—has perished at the stake, has passed through a hell of fire upon earth to the hotter flames of an eternal hades hereafter.

The constitution was set aside, the laws suspended, the car of civilization rolled back a thousand years. Goaded to madness by a deed demoniac, a proud and prosperous people forgot the precepts of God, the laws of man and revolted in a moment to a state

of savagery, reveled in cruelty that might well make devils blush. Deliberately they pronounced the most awful punishment human ingenuity could devise and meted it out with remorseless hand in the face of heaven. The sun never shone upon a scene more savage. Dante never pictured aught to equal it in all his portraits of the dark regions of despair.

The blood rushes back upon the heart and turns to ice, the soul sickens and nature rises in revolt as the eye rests upon that hideous carnival of death—of men turned monsters and mocking Mercy.

But who shall say to that maddening mob : “Thou hast not done well?” Who shall look upon the mangled innocent, sacrificed to feed the monster’s lust, and regret that the law was set aside? Who can stand with the stricken father by the bier of his dead and dishonored babe and remember the text: “Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord !”

We may regret the violation of the law. We may deplore that scene of savagery. We may fear the unjust criticism of a world that can so patiently endure the ills of others. We may shriek with horror at the thought of the infuriated father burning out the eyes of the offender. We may start in uneasy slumber as in dreams we see that blackened figure, tottering through the swirling flames on footless limbs and tearing at his sightless eyes with arms from which the hands have fallen; but if there be in all this land of Christ a father who would not have

hurled the fiend back into the fire he deserves nothing but dishonor.

The world will judge the people of Paris; but ere it do so let it place the dead babe beside the charred remains of the demon who caused her death. Before it allows the shrieks of the ravisher on his funeral pyre to attune its heart to pity, let it hearken to the screams of his little victim in the dead of night, in that lonely wood as she cried to parents who were powerless to protect.

Sorrowful as it is to see a people's passion over-ride the law, evil as the precedent may be, we can not wish the deed undone. The Paris episode will strike a healthy terror to the cowardly hearts of beasts, both white and black, that prey on innocence—that despoil both the cradle and the grave to feed lust's unholy fires.

With all respect for the majesty of the law, still must we say, thank God the beast is dead, and that he died beneath the torture. May his foul spirit ever range the dread regions of the damned.

**A Word for Texas—As the Right Thinking
People in the North See Us—A Picture
of the Perfectly Civilized Man—Thank
God Civilization is Only “Skin-Deep.”**

The following, clipped from the Meadville, Pa., *Tribune-Republican*, is reproduced here as the exponent

of the right thinking people in the North. It is the true view of the situation :

“ Some years ago there was a bull-fight in one of the Mexican towns across the Rio Grande, and an old Texas colonel was a spectator. The bull was a vicious one, and getting his tormentor down, he pinned him to the ground, and taking him up, ran furiously around the ring with the dead body dangling on his horns. This appalled even a Mexican audience, but above the death-like stillness rose the voice of the Texas colonel ‘ Bravo! bravo!! Bully for the bull!!!’ The moral feature of this story, if there be anything moral about a bull-fight, is that if it is proper to cheer the Mexican who kills the bull, it is just as legitimate to cheer the bull when he kills a Mexican. Having justified the Texas colonel, we now come to the task of saying a few words for the citizens of Texas who have been abused by nearly everybody in the North and East, from the white-livered coward who would seek legal redress for an assault on the person of his own child, down to the beast who would perpetrate such assault. These have been reinforced by many good people who do not think, and well meaning people who do not know, or reason, or take the trouble to ask themselves “ what would you do if you were in the same place?” “ A big burly negro,” as the dispatch has it, carries off a little girl of three and a

half years, which he found playing by the roadside; carries her off into a field, in the suburbs of the town, in the dusk of the evening, when during a horrible night, the agony of which, to that child, no one knows or could put into words, this beast outrages, mutilates and murders this helpless baby. Let any man who has blood in his veins and is fit to be the father of a child, ask himself what he would do were he the father of that child and a mob would turn over that brute to him in the flush of his wrath and the bitterness of his anguish? What would the brothers of that child do; what would the neighbors do; what would any man do who happened to be a human being, and present when the beast was run down? Just about what the citizens of Paris, Texas, did. It might have been worse, it might have been not so bad, but practically it would have been about the same. And why not? Mankind are a great deal alike. The God who made the Pennsylvanian and the Sioux Indian, made the Mexican and the Texan. He made blood thicker than water and he put it into the heart of man and woman, as well as into the heart of the beast of the field, to defend his own offspring, and when he obeys this impulse, shoots the wolf which would carry off his child, kills the snake which poisoned it or burns the human wretch who both poisons and kills, he does no more than yield obedience to the unwritten law of nature, and if condemnation is to fall on him,

it falls at the same time on Him who created him. The people of Texas are not brutes. A decent man can walk as far with as little danger in the State of Texas as in any territory in the United States, and an unprotected woman is probably safer among those people than in the city of Brooklyn. The annals of Texas crimes have but few of the cool, calculating, fiendish murders for money, which are so frequent in the localities most shocked by the Texas outrages. The courts of Texas have very little to do with protecting the wife and children from personal outrage. There is a manly courage in the Texas man which protects those over whom nature has appointed him guardian. This Texas episode has provoked a great deal of unfavorable comment in the northern press, and we notice in particular the following from the *New York Recorder*:

“That Texas negro-burning was a terrible outburst of human savagery that seems to be only covered up skin-deep by civilization, ready to break out on sufficient provocation at almost any time or place.”

Of course civilization is only skin deep. The civilization which is the outward covering is artificial. Deeper in is nature.

The civilized man was made by man. The natural man was made by God. When civilization shall have got in its perfect work, and shall have completely eradicated nature, then perfectly civilized

man will have no impulse to avenge his own wrongs, but will turn them over to the law officers. He will say: "This gentleman came to my house when I was away. He assaulted and outraged my wife and murdered her. Please, Mr. Sheriff, take him to a comfortable place till the judge of the courts has time to call in a dozen men and ask them whether anything should be done about it." "That young chap betrayed my daughter, her body was found floating in the river. He seems to be a nice fellow, and may be he did right. Constable, get some of the neighbors together and ask them what had better be done about it." "That burly negro stole my girl-baby from the house, he outraged and murdered her. Go see the first dozen fellows you see in the market place and find out who was to blame." This is a picture of the perfectly civilized man. Thank God civilization is only "skin-deep."

Report of Physicians Who Examined the Body of the Child.

SWORN STATEMENT

*Of the Physicians Who Examined Myrtle Vance, the
Victim.*

On the 26th day of January 1893, by request of A. Cate, mayor of Paris, and J. C. Hunt, Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1, Lamar County, Texas, we examined the dead body of Myrtle Vance, aged

about three years. We found the body in a state of semi-rigidity and we based our opinion on this fact that death had occurred not more than six or eight hours previous. The chest, abdomen and lower extremities were covered with blood, bruises, under the angle of each jaw, giving evidence of an effort at strangulation, abrasion in front of the left ear. Found complete laceration of perineum, extending an inch and a half up the rectum. The posterior part of the vagina ruptured, connecting abdominal cavity with vagina, parts terribly bruised and mutilated, unmistakable evidence of rape, hair from the *mons-veneris* of the negro being found on the pudendum of the baby, held by the clotted blood.

J. B. CHAPMAN, M. D.,
City Health Officer.
W. S. BALDWIN, M. D.

CHAPTER XII.

*The Published Letters, Personal and General, Which
Have Appeared in the Newspapers,
Relative to the Smith Case.*

From the time of the bursting of the storm-cloud, which sent its thunders to world-wide limits, there have been many letters called forth by the circumstances. Many of these have never been published in any form, while others have found their ways into the public prints current at the time. In this chapter we shall give those of the latter class, devoting a separate section to those heretofore unpublished.

Beginning with the *Paris News* of February 2d, we shall place before the public, in a regular form, both the personal and general letters written to individuals and newspapers in Paris and elsewhere.

**A Stirring Letter—What a St. Louis Man
Thinks of the Burning.**

The following letter was received yesterday. It is from a member of the well known firm of Balmer & Webber, music dealers. You know the *Republic* is published in St. Louis :

ST. LOUIS, February 3, 1893.

Mr. Vance: My Dear Sir—Allow me to extend to you the greatest praise for your action, in dealing so

summarily with the villainous brute. I have made a careful canvass of all my friends and relations, getting their opinion of your action, of which our papers gave a full and complete account, and I take great pleasure in telling you that I asked forty-seven people their opinion, of which forty-six said you did just right, and one said "No." From this estimate it is safe to say, that the majority applaud your action and wish that they had been present to aid you in the just and deserved execution. I only wish we had some citizens like you are here to deal with our jail full of criminals and murderers who live on the labors of us tax payers and who are continually being set free by some red tape of the law. Pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you, but since reading the paper I can not help but express the liveliest satisfaction that such a brute at once received the punishment that he deserved.

Yours, very respectfully, CHAS. BALMER.

As indicative of the moral, political and social status of the writers, it has been thought best to place the letters before the public *verbatim et literatim* in so far as print can accomplish that purpose. The following anonymous fusilade was written from St. Louis, to Henry Vance, and presents a dramatic contrast to its predecessor. This letter appeared in the same issue of *The News* with Mr. Balmer's given above :

“At your death, when god almighty delivers you over to the fiends of hell and you are undergoing inconceivable torments, physical and mental, you will then regret your most barbarous act.

“The negro’s crime has been avenged. Yours has not; but it will be!

IT WILL BE!!
IT WILL BE!!!”

[*From the Paris News, February 7, 1893.*]

THEY APPROVE IT.

Postmaster E. H. Russell is in receipt of a letter from a business man of Milwaukee, Wis., asking for copies of the *Paris News* containing the account of the burning of Smith, the negro rapist, at the close of which he says: “The whole country up here rings with the echo of the terrible affair, and fully ninety-five per cent of the people approve the almost incredible punishment that was meted out to the negro.” The gentleman’s name is F. M. Bissinger, and he writes like a regular.

The following letter was published in the *Paris News* of February 8, 1893:

BEDFORD PARK, }
NEW YORK, February 3, 1893. }

To Mr. Henry Vance:

DEAR SIR—My object in addressing you is to extend to you my condolence in your terrible affliction,

also to express my gratification at learning of the very excellent treatment the coon found at the hands of the citizens of Paris. My dear sir, I and five other former residents and natives of Texas sat last night reading about that brilliant episode, and believe we made the old ranch that we now live in shake from cellar to garret with our cheering. To return to the victim: My dear Mr. Vance, I thoroughly understand the terrible affliction that has darkened your door, and of the awful suffering your innocent darling was subjected to, and it makes me again extend to you my hearty sorrow and congratulations, to you, both father and avenger of your innocent babe. And let me send through you to the people of Paris my great admiration at the successful issue of their effort.

I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

C. J. MURRAY.

The following sworn statement from the wife of Henry Smith, was published as given below, in the *Paris News* of February 8th, 1893.

Henry Smith's Wife Tells What Kind of a Man He Was.

There having been various rumors in circulation regarding former criminal assaults committed by the negro rapist Smith, prominent among which was one to the effect that he had repeatedly attempted to

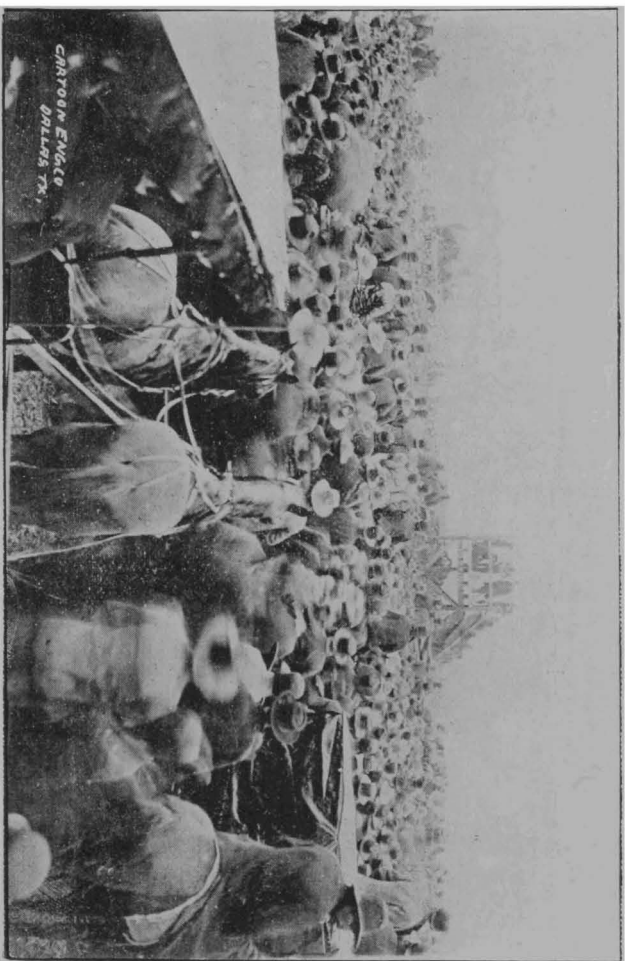


Photo by Hudson, Paris, Tex.
VIEW SHOWING THE CROWD OF WITNESSES,

debauch his own step-daughter, a number of citizens desired that the facts might be got and placed before the public in order that those people who are making a martyr of him and saying that the citizens of Paris are more degraded than he, may see how depraved a brute he was. A *News* reporter yesterday asked Smith's wife if she would make a statement regarding his home life. She readily consented and came up to the office of Mr. J. R. G. Long, a notary public, where the following facts were obtained and sworn to by her :

STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF LAMAR :

Before me, the undersigned authority, on this day personally appeared Sue Smith, who being by me duly sworn, deposes and says: I am the widow of the late Henry Smith, who was executed on the 1st day of February, 1893, at Paris, Texas, for the murder of little Myrtle Vance; I lived with Henry Smith for one and one-half years as his wife; my daughter, Lelia, 8 years old, also lived with us; as many as a dozen times said Henry Smith attempted (after we had all retired for the night) to ravish and have carnal intercourse with my daughter and his step-daughter, and was only prevented from accomplishing his fiendish purpose by my interference, and on more than one occasion inflicted serious bodily injury upon me for my interference; on account of said Smith's persistent efforts and attempts to ravish and ruin my little 8-year-old daughter,

Lelia, I was forced to keep her away from home and out of his reach and presence; we were married about seven years ago, and on account of his brutal nature and cruel treatment of my little daughter I was forced to separate from him, and was not living with him at the time of the occurrence for which he was executed.

Witness my hand this 7th day of February, A. D. 1893.

her
SUE X SMITH.
mark.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 7th day of February, A. D. 1893.

[L. S.]

J. R. G. LONG,
Notary Public, Lamar Co., Tex.

[*From Paris News, February 9, 1893.*]

Letter From Judge Hathaway—What He Thinks of the Smith Burning Matter.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Dr. H. H. Hathaway, of this city, from his brother, Hon. Mr. J. Hathaway, so well known and so popular in this city and section:

ROCKPORT, TEXAS, February 5, 1893.

H. H. HATHAWAY, ESQ.:

Dear Brother—I have not heard from you directly for some time. The tragedy that took place at Paris

recently keeps the whole people before my mind constantly. While it is not in accordance with the rules of law to dispose of a criminal in the manner that Henry Smith was executed, still I can not but approve it. The crime of which he was guilty was the most atrocious and inhuman of which I ever read, and no punishment could be adequate to that crime. The fires and tortures of hell itself can never be sufficient to punish such a brute as he deserves. The manner of execution has been and will be denounced as savage, brutal and uncalled for, but when we place the mangled form of that child by the side of the charred remains of the brute who caused its death, my sympathy goes with the child, and I think it is only those who never knew the love of a child that can or will condemn the people for dealing with Smith as they did. While I have a great respect and reverence for the laws of our land, and know that our peace and prosperity depends upon a due obedience and enforcement of them, still there are extremities where the law of nature rises far above human enactments, and the preservation of ourselves, our wives and children call for a different rule, and I think this was one of the occasions that demanded summary and severe punishment.

The sheriff may be and will be criticised for inaction, but I know him to be a good man, and am certain he will make a good officer, and being re-

motely situated, I get the sentiment of the people who do not know a man in the county, and the great majority of them commend the officers for what they did not do, and I believe it is the verdict of all who place the child beside the wretch.

Anent the Governor's Special Message, we have the following from a prominent member of the Paris bar :

Gov. Hogg Arraigned—Hon. James G. Dudley Skins Him as he Deserves—A Powerful Arraignment and a Brave Vindication of the People of Paris and Lamar County—Slander Slapped in the Face.

PARIS, TEXAS, February 8, 1893.

To The News :

I notice in the *Dallas News* of to-day the special message of Gov. Hogg to the legislature, on the subject of the recent lynching of Henry Smith, the negro rapist and murderer of Myrtle Vance, a little white girl not four years old. While no one censures the governor for performing his whole duty as chief magistrate of the State, yet as an humble citizen of Paris we must be permitted to enter our protest against the wholesale and unwarranted charges the governor makes against the people of this city and county, as well as against the people of North Texas from Texarkana to Sherman.

While it is a fact that can not be gainsaid or questioned for a moment, that the people of this section are as well educated, as refined, and as law-abiding as any people on the face of God's green earth, yet the governor of these people so far forgets the dignity of his great office as to brand and publish them to the world as "murderers by methods shameful to humanity." Not only this, but the governor seems to desire to impress upon the whole reading world that the people of this county are a lawless people, in the habit of executing innocent men by mobs. In his message the governor uses the following language :

"The late execution at Paris is not the only one that has been performed by a mob in that county within the past twelve months; for within that period three other men were hanged to death in that neighborhood, who had committed no crimes. Their presence in the community was offensive or perhaps menacing to the pleasure and equanimity of the band of murderers who took their lives. There have been other instances in this State where innocent men have been executed by mobs, and no punishments therefor have been possible. The condition has grown to this, that if enough men in a community choose to defy the whole law, they can go on in their nefarious executions at will. The action at Paris is the culmination of this spirit, long

existing in a few counties of the State, magnified on a large scale."

No officer, much less the chief executive of a great State, because of his little brief authority, has the right to thus brand and vilify the people of one section of his State. While I was not in this part of the State at the time of the lynching, my respect for these people among whom I have lived for the last twenty years, constrains me to enter my protest against these charges. Does the governor mean to insinuate that this black fiend incarnate with the blood of his little victim on his clothing when captured, was innocent? This brute who, after confessing the most horrible crime ever known, jested with his captors as to his punishment, saying he would only be sent to Huntsville, and he did not care for that, would be made almost a martyr while the best people of this county and surrounding counties, driven to desperation by the hellish crime committed by him, are pointed out and held up to the world as murderers of the worst character and deserving death! The governor says:

"Brushing away sentiment, which should never accompany punishment for crime, the public murder committed at Paris is a disgrace to this State. Its atrocity, inhumanity and sickening effect upon the people at large can not be obscured by reference to the savage act of the culprit himself in brutally taking the life of an innocent child."

Sentiment indeed! The punishment inflicted upon this fiend, Henry Smith, is the calm, deliberate verdict of the great jury, the whole people of this section, not the riff-raff. It but illustrates the theory of our government that all power, at last, resides with and belongs to the people. At times the crime committed is so outrageous and so damnable that the people for a time take back and assume the powers they have delegated and mete out justice sure and swift, and when they do no power on earth, not even Gov. Hogg, can stop them. It has been so since the government commenced, and will continue so to its end. Think of the pleadings of that little girl, and her sobs and cries for papa and mama in the darkness of the night, when no one could hear her, as its little heart is breaking in death on account of the outrages inflicted upon her by this brute. Think of her remaining all night in his arms a prey to his lust. Think of the good people turning out the next day to hunt for the lost child, and their finding her dead covered with leaves and brush with the pink still upon her little cheeks. Contrast this picture, Governor Hogg, with the terrible taking off of this negro fiend, and tell me as a man and a father, how you can find it in your heart to heap calumny upon this brave, generous and law-abiding people. While I was not present at the lynching, was more than 150 miles away, and as much as I am opposed to mob law, I can not

censure the people for what they did. "Whither they goeth I will go," their fight is my fight.

JAMES G. DUDLEY.

**Letter from J. M. Biard—His Views on the
Late Paris Trouble Well Expressed.**

DALLAS, TEXAS, February 9, 1893.

Mr. A. P. Boyd:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND—Our recent trouble has created a State notoriety for Paris, and calls forth almost universal sympathy. Very few have any word or censure for our course, and to all who have, I have this to say to them, viz: Do not get too close to Paris. If we have done a wrong, we think the cause was sufficient. We are not ashamed of what we did, nor do we fear the result from the State government or the *St. Louis Republic*. Whatever sycophants may say relative to the matter, I am inclined to think that men who have wives and sisters, and mothers who have daughters, will say in the depths of their hearts that the people of Paris and Lamar County know how and have the spirit to avenge and protect the loved ones at home. Now, Mr. Editor, we have many good men and women of Paris and Lamar County, whose character is as pure as human character can be. They never oppressed the weak, never robbed innocence of its virtue, or the little babe of its life. And when any man says

that the people of Paris in taking the life of the fiend Smith, became his equal in crime, lies, deliberately, willfully, and if he is so ignorant as to know no better, his intelligence is not of an order that will enable him to enjoy the beauties and benefits of civil liberty. But his ignorance is of that order that will cause good men to fear and despise him. Let the howlers howl, but just so long as men, either black or white, continue to violate the chastity of our children and our wives and daughters, just so long will there be lynching in this southern land of ours, where live the grandest and bravest men and the fairest women of earth.

Yours and theirs for the right.

JAMES M. BIARD.

The *Paris News* of February 12, 1893, gave publicity to the following:

MILWAUKEE, WIS., February 3, 1893.

To Cruel Barbarous Monsters :

Are we still living in the dark ages that a crime of the utmost cruelty and devilishness ever devised by human beings was enacted day before yesterday upon a negro? True, his crime was great, but who has ever taught him better? Has he not seen his race treated worse than animals without souls? We read every day of negroes being hung or

lynched and cruelly killed by a race that call themselves superiors. In what way are they superior?

I think God will soon revenge the poor negro, his blood and his wrongs cry to heaven for redress! "God made all nations of one blood." His command is that we love one another. (John 15: 12.)

Is there any Christianity in Texas or Arkansas? We read almost daily of lynchings and murderings of negroes in those States. Missionaries ought to be sent there, they are needed there worse than in Africa. The Africans are an amiable, honest people, and the bad examples they have had shown them by white men has been abominable. I hope and pray to God that he may turn your hearts to him and to study his Bible and learn his will and become gentle and loving, doing to others what you would have them do to you, fulfilling the Golden Rule and God's commands. Such scenes as we read about yesterday in the papers made people sick at heart and wonder why God ever allows such works of the Devil. I pondered upon it in the night, crying to God to know why he permits so many horrible crimes of the strong against the weak. I came to the conclusion that it must be a lesson for us to deny ourselves more and save money to send missionaries to these benighted heathenish States to spread his gospel and put a stop to such things. If I was younger and not the mother of a large family I would go myself. It is horrid to have our children

read these sickening articles in our daily papers and know they are living in a so-called free country. There is no true freedom where people take the laws into their own hands. God will revenge the poor negro, you may be sure of that.

MRS. R. M. WYMAN.

I am a white woman of position and wealth. I shall send more money than ever before to help the freedmen and protect them from the ungodly, wicked white men.

General Maxey of Paris States His Views and Feelings as to the Execution.

[*From the Houston Post.*]

General S. B. Maxey, ex-United senator, who has lived many years at the very scene of the Paris horrors, writes this letter to a friend in the city on the subject, which, though not intended for publication, is of public interest and importance:

PARIS, TEXAS, February 6.—DEAR SIR:—I have a copy of the *Houston Post* of 3d inst., with editorial under the caption of “The Paris Horrors.” It is the clearest and most logical presentation I have seen in any paper. The unparalleled crime, fiendish beyond conception, should be kept to the front, and followed by the fearful expiation. This is done clearly. If I were defending the people who burned the negro, Smith, I should throw my strength on the

awful, horrible crime, and let the expiation take care of itself. I was told yesterday by Justice Hunt, who presided at the coroner's inquest, that there were present among others, some forty of the old and respected citizens of our city and county, and when the mangled remains of the helpless child were under investigation, there was not a dry eye in the house. The excitement before this, when the remains of the dead child were discovered, was at fever heat. The effect produced by the tale of those old men, who had seen her mangled body, you can imagine. No power on earth could have arrested the people, and this excitement ran through both races. I have a negro man working for me who lives on a place of mine some blocks off from my residence. He has a large family. When the people were searching for the little girl, he asked my wife if he might go to help in the search. He was with the party who found her remains. On his return my wife asked him, "How large was the little girl?" "Why," said he, "Miss Maxey, you know my little gal?" She said, "yes." "Well," said he, "the poor little thing was about the size of my little gal."

A day or two after the burning, I passed down from my office into a drug-store underneath it to get some article I wanted to take home. A very intelligent, law-abiding citizen came to me and said :

"General, I have never heard any one say that you had expressed an opinion as to the burning of

Smith, I would like to know." I said, "Mr. Ware, I have always opposed lawlessness in every shape, but I had such horror for the brutal, unprecedented crime of the fiend, that I feared I might say something that would add fuel to the fire, so I stayed at home."

I said, "Mr. Ware, no punishment possible would have been adequate to the crime. My only anxiety was as to the effect it might have on the public who would look at the expiation and lose sight of the crime. All the powers of Texas could not have saved the fiend's life, and I believe that under the like circumstances anywhere the punishment would have been meted out by an outraged people."

Mr. Ware said to me: "I have always opposed mob law, but when I went home the evening Smith was burned, my little girl, about as large as the one outraged and murdered, crawled into my lap and I looked into the child's face, and the thought ran through my mind, suppose it had been my little girl, what would I have done? and I could not blame the people."

That that thought was everywhere, and moved the people, no good man could doubt. I am no Pharisee, and under like circumstances I would not like to say that I would have waited for justice to take its course. There are some crimes against society that were generally settled in their own way. Here was the blackest crime against nature ever committed, and was expiated by a death not ade-

quate, but as nearly adequate to the crime as an outraged community could desire.

Yours truly,

S. B. MAXEY.

As a fitting close to the present chapter, we reproduce from the *Paris News* the following letter to that paper by Hon. J. W. Ownby, a brilliant member of the Paris bar.

**Hon. J. W. Ownby on the Recent Paris
Outrage—The Whole Ground Covered in
a Way That Shows Paris as She Should
be Seen Abroad—Facts That Should be
Read Everywhere.**

The rape and murder of little Myrtle Vance and the burning of Henry Smith, are matters of grave and serious importance to the people of Paris and Lamar County, in fact, to the whole people of Texas. This unfortunate event recently occurring in our midst elevated Paris and Lamar County as it were upon a mountain top in relief before the United States and the whole civilized world, causing her people to be talked about and thought about more than any other spot upon the globe. It was unfortunately our lot to have among us a brute the like of which never bore the form and appearance of a man, to have that brute perpetrate a crime the like of which in savage brutality and beastly inhumanity, is without a parallel in the annals of time. It also

became the undesired duty of this people to inflict upon the beast a punishment the like of which was unseen since civilization dawned upon the western continent. It has been said our people inflicted this unparalleled punishment because impelled by the wild delirium of passion and excitement. It was not that. It has been said our hearts were turned to flints with which we kindled the fire that consumed him, and that it was to satisfy revenge and hatred. It was not that, but the object was by a lesson of fire and human sacrifice to teach others, if such there might be, of like propensities, that death, the most horrible conceived by men, awaited them for like deeds. The story of why we burned him is short and easily told. A little flaxen-haired girl whose brow was rosy with life's first sunrise, whose eyes were bright with its new day and whose lips were fragrant with the dews of its spring time, was playing at its mother's gate and was stolen away by this monster, and in the shadows of the evening carried into a dense wood and in the darkness of the night was outraged and all night lay dying, according to Smith's confession, and when the morning came he choked it to death and its little life was ended and its soul was with God.

Some ailments nothing but amputation will remedy, some diseases require drastic treatment and some complaints the severest purgations. The most terrible disease that infests this scuthland of ours

to-day, imperiling the sanctity of our homes and the safety of the little girl children and the white faced women are such outrages by such brutes, and we must make up our minds to put a stop to it if every hill must become a funeral pile, and every valley be lit up by a human sacrifice. The veterans of Texas, our fathers, won this magnificent empire step by step, with many sacrifices, from the Indians and the still more savage Mexican, from where the Red river rolls its lashing waves to where the yellow sands of the Rio Grande sparkle in the sunlight, and from its untamed state has come our magnificent civilization and progress, our peaceful homes of culture and refinement, and in them our beautiful innocent women and children, and if necessary to protect this and them, we should feed to the winds the ashes of every rapist who dares desecrate her soil. These little girl children, immortal blooming buds intrusted to our care and keeping, and that inspire us with a noble manhood and grander citizenship. These little girl children, beautiful human flowers blooming along life's pathway, purifying and ennobling its atmosphere. These little girl children, pure gems with which Providence has festooned our homes and firesides, and whose bodies are as tender as the new grass, and whose lives are as spotless as the morning dew-drop, should be protected from the hand of the rapist, even with the stake and fagot.

The savage lust of these black rapists is growing

bolder and more intense in the South, and rests like the shadow of death upon the threshold of our southern homes, and each year more seriously imperils the life and honor of our southern women. Shall we permit these foul rapists to handle the life, virtue and happiness of these southern women as the winter's wind the dry leaf of autumn? Never. For as sweetheart, wife and mother, she is the grand trinity about which revolves the social, moral and religious world. We have been taught that her life is a spotless temple that every honest man should approach with unsandled feet and uncovered head. That her life is a shrine where we all should bow and pour out the purest libations of the heart; her life is a fountain from which emanates all of the social refinements and domestic virtues, and the open book upon whose pure white pages are written all of the sublime truths of life, home and God. That her purity is the sacred citadel of our civilization, whose beautiful gates every man must defend, if need be with his life. The innocence of her nature, the most beautiful picture of life's art gallery upon which the eye of every southern man looks with deepest respect, love and veneration, and when these are violated by the brutal rapist, that his life go out in flames is but a merited punishment, and the special proclamation of the governor, like the apples of the Dead sea, melts to ashes upon his lips.

The special proclamation of the governor of this

State upon this unfortunate occurrence, we regard as the worst piece of literature ever written by any man in Texas about her people. Since it seems in its tone and unguarded language to give official sanction and a coloring of approval to the idea prevailing abroad to a certain extent that we are a lawless people.

In so far as this proclamation pertains to the city of Paris and Lamar County, to those who know us and have been with us and about us, it affects little, but it would indicate to the stranger that we are a community of murderers who, at will, trample upon the written law without shame or remorse, and that we are a people of savage desires and brutal propensities, who have not before our eyes the fear of law, human or divine. That proclamation would lead the stranger to believe that our county and city is the tented stronghold of ignorance and brutality and that we are the spawning ground of "murderers by practices shameful to humanity." That proclamation would indicate to the outside world that our city is an accursed spot over which hangs a dark and foreboding cloud of evil purposes and wicked tendencies, forever shutting out the bright sunlight of intelligence, religion and humanity. That proclamation would advertise us to the world as the place where the beautiful flowers of religious liberty, when blooming everywhere else along the pathway of the nineteenth century, here have been choked by the

rank weed and thistle of man's inhumanity to man, and that we are filled with a social and moral leprosy from which all the world should flee as from the black wing of the southern scourge. In reply to this we proclaim that while we burned Henry Smith at the stake for the worst crime recorded in the annals of time, that in the honesty of our manhood and the purity of our womanhood, in social refinements and domestic virtues, in the accomplishments of our homes and the intelligence of our firesides, in business life and in religious devotion, in obedience to law and love of country, in the beauty and goodness of our women and children, we are the equal and peer of any people that live beneath the march of the sun on God Almighty's foot-stool. The honesty and frugality of our people and their business capacity and thrift impeach the governor's proclamation. Our magnificent schools, crowded with the intelligent and happy children, and our beautiful churches reflecting back the rising and the setting sun from their lofty spires, impeach the governor's proclamation. The music of our church bells' happy chimes each returning Sabbath and our streets crowded each Sunday with young and old on their way to the houses of worship impeach his proclamation. The intelligence of our people and the refinement of our homes impeach his proclamation. The enforcement of our laws in the past and punishment of crime impeach his proclamation. The usual peace

and good order of our society and the quiet annals of our past history impeach his proclamation. Our purpose in this lesson of fire and flame, this specimen of human sacrifice, was to hoist high upon the brow of the nineteenth century an object lesson that should be an everlasting warning to this and coming generations that the persons of our women and our children must remain sacred from the foul touch of the rapist.

To inscribe high upon the horizon of this age and this generation a flaming warning that should remain a terrible lesson to this generation, like a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night as immutable and unmistakable as the writings of divinity upon tablets of stone. And for this we are being maligned by the North and East, our purpose distorted and our motives misconstrued, and James S. Hogg, governor of Texas, joins in the denunciation.

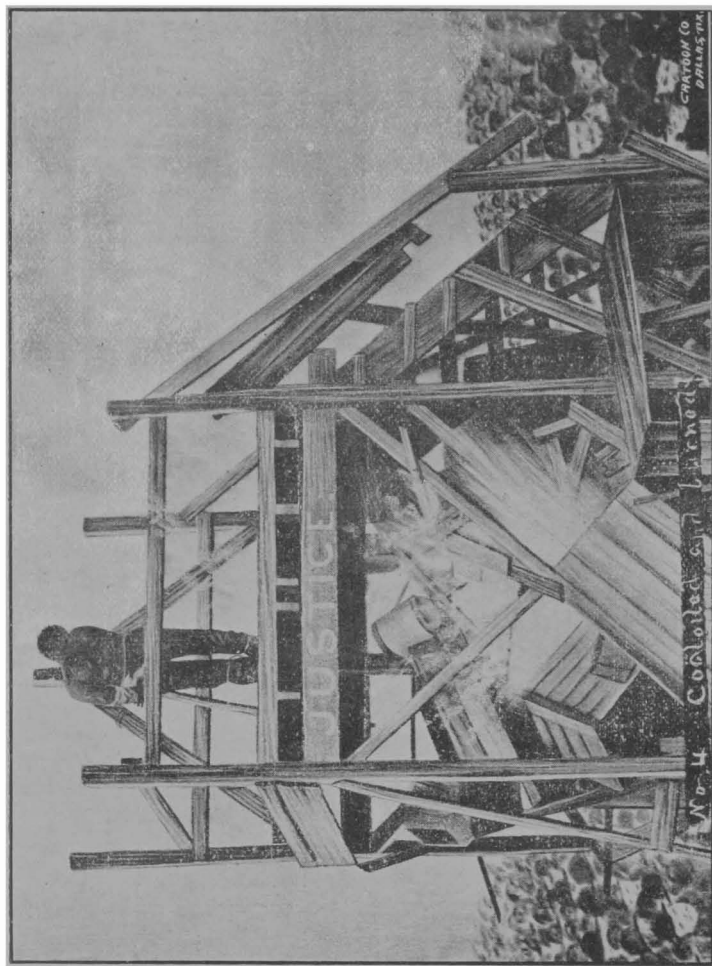
It would be better for us that the black banner of the invader should float with insulting supremacy along our borders and that he should pitch his white tents with impunity upon the banks of our rivers, and that those rivers should run red to the sea with the rich libations of our historic dead. It would be better that our magnificent progress should become the prey of the winds and the tempests and that our beautiful gulf should no longer receive the fleets of the world's commerce. It would be better for us that our proud annals as a State should end

in defeat and failure and that the fires should decant in the forge of industry and that the busy noise of labor should be hushed in the work-shop, factory and farm. It would be better for us that honest poverty in rags should sit upon the threshold of our homes and that the rank weed and thistle grow in supremacy over our magnificent plantations. It would be better for us that the green vine of domestic happiness that to-day blooms about our homes should wither and die, and that the world, God, hope and heaven, should be blotted from our language forever than that by a course of conduct our southern manhood should allow these foul rapists to have hope even for a moment's life after laying their foul hands in violence upon the little girl children and the white-faced women of our Southern land.

In final response to the governor's special message, we say to him that you may attempt to have special laws passed by which we are to be transported for trial into foreign tribunals and among a strange people, you may confiscate our property and possessions, you may take from us in damages the homes that cover the heads of our wives and children and give them over to the relatives of the rapist, you may cause poverty with its bony hands to knock for admittance to all of our firesides, you may have our liberties and our lives, you may attempt to slander us, a portion of your people, before the nations of the earth, but so long as life and honor remains we

will never surrender, even to you, James S. Hogg, the great governor of Texas, the right of defending the security of our little girl children, the honor of our women and the protection of our homes even with the stake and fagot against the foul hands of the rapist.

J. W. OWNBY.



HUDSON, Del.

THE FUNERAL PILE ABLAZE.

See p. 28.

CHAPTER XIII.

Personal Letters Published Only in This Volume.

As an outcome of the execution of Smith, a great number of letters were received by the mayor, the postmaster, Mr. Henry Vance and prominent citizens of Paris. The motives of these are as varied as the minds from which they emanated, while their style and sentiments indicate character, as closely as necessary, to enable the reader to locate the writers in their proper places in life.

We first introduce the letters of condolence received by Mr. Vance:

— I. —

HOWE, TEXAS, February 13, 1893.

Mrs. Henry Vance :

My Dear Friend—As you are bowed in the grief ever imposed on mortal, do not think you are bearing your burdens alone. We are all wrapped in deepest gloom. You may feel that there are no words of comfort for you, my dear, dear friend, while it was too terrible for tongue or pen, we must know that she is forever free from any care or pain. She has gone from this sin-cursed earth, to a world

where they know no sorrow or pain. We may not now see why she was to suffer so, but God will surely bless you if you will bear your burden patiently. You may not care to live to grieve for her, but you must remember we must not live for ourselves alone, nor wish to die to end our trouble when we have other children claiming of us a mother's love and care. We know this dark deed has been done, and there is no earthly help for it; so let us look beyond that into the future, and so live that we may meet with her in heaven.

I feel that these few words are very insignificant compared with your great trial, but I felt that I must help you, if I could, in word or deed.

Hoping you will look on the bright side of life, and asking God's blessing on you,

I remain, most devotedly,

MRS. EMMA DEVIEUX.

—2.—

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME, }
LEAVENWORTH, KAN., February 6, 1893. }

Mr. Vance:

Dear Sir—Seeing in the papers the other day an account of the sad tragedy in your family, it is with the most heartfelt sorrow I write these few lines to you and your bereaved wife and family, trusting in God, that he will be able to give you all strength

and comfort to bear the loss, which can never be repaired, or blotted from your memory. Knowing the little darling, as I did, in her innocence, makes me feel more deeply the sad affair. I will not write more at present, but would be pleased to hear from you, when able to write.

Yours truly,

JOHN LAWRENCE.

—3.—

OFFICE OF JOHN W. HAMM,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, }
GAINESVILLE, TEXAS, February 13, 1893. }

Mr. Vance, Paris, Texas:

Dear Sir—I am an old, crippled Confederate soldier. I fought through the war. I belonged to Gates' Regiment, Cockrill's Mo. Brigade. I have seen the full account of the burning of Smith for the rape and murder of little Myrtle Vance. My heart goes out in deepest sympathy for her bereaved parents and friends.

I have also read a number of criticisms of said burning, and especially Governor Hogg's message to the Legislature on the subject.

I had written an article, designed for publication, expressing my views. I have concluded to inclose the MS. to you, and you can have it published in any newspaper that desires to publish it. Any kind words that I can offer that will afford any consola-

tion to the stricken hearts of yourself and family I am more than ready to give. With heart-felt sympathy,

I am very respectfully, JOHN W. HAMM.

As part of the above letter, we give place to the article referred to.

VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

Many persons, in criticizing the actions of the citizens of Paris, in the punishment meted out to Smith, overlook the enormity of his offense. The American people, as a rule, are inclined to believe that as this is the best government on earth, therefore, the laws must be more perfect than those of other nations, and the courts the sole arbiters between man and man. In a general sense this is true. Again, the best commentators on the common law of the country, declare that there is no wrong, but that there is a means of redressing it, and no injury without an adequate remedy. This is also true in a general sense. Now, in view of some of the severe strictures of the self-constituted critics of the acts of the people of Lamar County, let us carry the whole question to its logical sequence. Their principal argument is based upon the conclusion itself, and then that conclusion is made to answer the purpose of their premises. Let us see what they say: "The

law is sufficient to punish all offenses if properly administered. Smith confessed to his crime—everybody knew that he was guilty. There would have been no trouble whatever in proving that fact. Smith would, undoubtedly, have been hanged by the due course of law, and would, consequently, have expiated his crime without invoking the aid of the people." Is this true? Under the laws of Texas, hanging is the penalty for murder. Under the laws of Texas, hanging is the penalty for rape. Under the law, an assault with intent to commit rape, subjects one to a term in the penitentiary. Under the law, an assault with a deadly weapon, with an intent to commit murder, rape or any other felony, subjects the offender to a very long term in the penitentiary. Now then, when a brute in human form, can be so depraved as to be capable of committing all these hellish crimes in one, does the law of Texas, or of any other State, provide an adequate penalty? No! A thousand times no!!

It was nothing but the vengeance of an outraged God, meted out to him, through the instrumentality of the people, that caused his cremation. All the wisdom, the sound judgment, the heat of passion, the vengeful ingenuity, the cunning and the experience of twenty thousand men, could not conceive of a penalty that would be commensurate with his crime. Add to all the combined offenses mentioned above as constituting his crime, the fact that they

were all perpetrated upon the person of an innocent, three-year-old babe, and then you will fail to conceive, in your wildest imagination, a penalty that would be adequate for so horrible and fiendish a crime.

Those who would palliate the crime of Smith would, of course, urge the law of merger, and say that all those offenses are merged in the greater one of murder. But this is not true. Each of the offenses stands on its own footing, and there is no penalty known to the law that is sufficient for the whole.

Governor Hogg in his wholesale denunciation of the people of Lamar County as outlaws and murderers, seems to be either ignorant or unmindful of the fact, that there are several hundred thousand men in the State of Texas that would have done the same thing under the same circumstances. In his pronouncement he had better have advised the Legislature to take into consideration the carrying away of an innocent female baby, three years old—mutilating her for the purpose of enabling him to accomplish his hellish purpose, then ravishing and murdering her and leaving her corpse in the woods. Let him instruct the Legislature to define such a crime and provide the penalty therefor. After that is engrafted in the law it will be time enough for his majesty to talk about murderers and outlaws. He

will then, probably, want a law enacted to stop the cyclone in its course or to thwart the insidious earthquake.

JOHN W. HAMM.

— 4. —

An Heroic Sympathizer Curses the Governor.

BRUNSWICK, TENN., February 14, 1893.

Mr. Vance :

Dear Sir—I have just read in the *Memphis Appeal-Avalanche* of threats from the North against you and friends for the killing of Smith. I am only one among many Tennesseans who will sacrifice home, family and life to assist you. Please inform Gov. Hogg that any man with the brain he ought to have, who would take the stand he does against one of the best things Texas ever did, should be censured in the most positive and decided manner. I, for one, will volunteer my service to Texas or any other sister State to avenge such crimes.

“Curse the man who opposes revenge.”

Yours to death,

JOHN R. M. MANASCO.

— 5.—

Sympathizes but Wants a Relic.

RICHMOND, VA., February 12, 1893.

Mr. Henry Vance, Paris, Texas :

Dear Sir—Hearing of the atrocious crime and well-deserved fate of the negro, Henry Smith, and wishing to sympathize with your bereaved family, is one reason I write; another is to obtain, as a relic, a piece of the garment worn by the murderous fiend, at whose punishment I regret not to have been. I will pray for you all in your hour of suffering. If there is no piece of cloth worn by the negro obtainable, please send me some part of the scaffold on which he was executed, and greatly oblige the undersigned. I enclose postage. May God bless you for the rest of life with happiness.

I remain yours respectfully.

L. S. WILLIAMS.

— 6.—

A Friend's Sympathy.

OZONA, TEXAS, February 5, 1893.

Mr. Henry Vance, Paris, Texas :

Dear Old Friend—To-day I was shocked by an account in my paper concerning the kidnapping of little Myrtle by a negro named Smith. Also that her dead body had been found in the woods near

Paris. Is this horrible thing true? Write me at once and give me all the facts in the case. Has the rascal been captured? If not, give me his description and write me all about it. Direct your letters to San Angelo where my uncle will attend to forwarding them to me.

My best regards to yourself and family.

Respectfully your friend,

H. A. ROACH.

— 7. —

The following came accompanied by a newspaper clipping concerning the coming of 2,500 negroes from Chicago, which appears among our newspaper reports in a previous chapter.

It also appended a miscellaneous gleaning of items from the columns of the press, to confirm the closing paragraph of his letter. These we omit.

ST. LOUIS, MO., February 14, 1893.

Henry Vance, Paris, Texas:

Dear Sir—I send you the above clipping from the *Globe-Democrat* that you may receive “DUE” and “TIMELY” warning, as the “NIGGERS” in this city are up to some of their “RASCALITY.”

You have my “SINCERE” SYMPATHIES.” Had I been in your place, I should have “SKINNED” that

“BLACK RASCAL” and “SCALPED” and tanned “HIS HIDE,” and made “WATCH GUARDS” for my friends.

There is hardly a paper printed in which you will not find where some “BLACK SCOUNDREL” has not visited a “MAN’S” house in “HIS” absence, who, when he comes home, finds his family abused. It is about time that a stop be put to this class of crimes.

BURT GOFF.

— 8. —

**Congratulations from Springfield, Mo.—
Police. Extracts from a Private Letter.**

SPRINGFIELD, MO., February 3, 1893:

City Marshal Shanklin, Paris, Texas:

Dear Sir—*We, as “Policemen,”* and men of families in the city of Springfield, Mo., congratulate you and all that may have a hand in giving the negro, “Smith,” his just deserts, for one of the most hideous crimes that a man could think of doing. Done him just right. Let the good work go on. When black or white commits a crime like that, “burning” is just the thing, for if there is no hell anywhere else, he can find it on earth, when the right kind of people get hold of them. When I read of that negro committing that crime, I

just thought of my little girl about that age. It made my flesh crawl just to think of such a thing of a brute of a man "in form." Oh, I tell you, whoever applied the hot iron and the torch, should not be condemned by any one, and especially by people that has little children. There is a few niggers here in our city that is terrible mad about the way "Smith" was treated, and you bet we told them to dry up their d—n mouths, or they get something they was not expecting. And we are all in the deepest sympathy for your man Vance, and if there is any thing that we can do, as a brother officer, let us know.

Write us and give us the particulars of the case if you can conveniently.

Your friend,

Lock Box 1123.

W. B. HINDMAN.

— 9.—

Writes for Confirmation of Reports.

BLACK EARTH, WIS., February 13, 1893.

Postmaster, Paris, Texas:

Dear Sir—We see in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* an account of a terrible crime that was perpetrated at your place a short time since, by a negro killing little Myrtle Vance, and the citizens burning the

negro at the stake, first burning his eyes out. Since the publication of this affair it has been contradicted in some papers; has no foundation whatever. What we wish to know is whether we can depend on newspaper reports. Will you be kind enough to write on the postal card inclosed as to the truth of the statement.

Respectfully yours,

W. WALKER.

— 10. —

Wants to Know if it Could Be.

To Postmaster:

Dear Sir—In reading an account of the burning of the negro Smith's body at the stake, we would like to know if all these inhumanities were really permitted, and the whole town interested and abetting. Schools and shops closed, in fact, business suspended. The crime was sufficient to arouse the indignation of every one, but to pour oil over the man, and begin the torture by application of hot irons between the toes, and then through the body, not even sparing the eyes, while these irons were applied by the young brother, father and relatives of the murdered child. The crowd in the meantime jeering and taunting him, and the mother watching proceedings from a wagon. The man should have been punished to the full extent of the law,

but this looks as if we had gone back to the days of early Christianity when the Roman Emperors tortured the Christians.

Respectfully, H. A. ROBINSON,
10 Sterling Street,
WATERTOWN, JEFFERSON CO., NEW YORK.

— II. —

STONINGTON, CONN., February 4, 1893.

Mr. Henry Vance :

When we heard of your dear little child's inhuman treatment by the fiendish brute, we were all in deep sympathy with you. Every father and mother felt the cruel outrage. But when we read of your barbarous and devilish cruelty, our pity for you was changed to condemnation.

How could you commit such brutal acts? How could you torture your victim with such infernal malignity? The angelic spirit of your little one must have looked down on the hellish scene with all the horrors possible to its infant heart.

Why did you not content yourself with hanging the villain? Why did you not satisfy your anger by shooting him? Such a scene in this civilized land, in sight of the church spire, is too horrible to be passed over without the indignant protest of every man who has any humanity in him. The crime was awful, and no one can blame a father for

yielding to the impulse of his outraged feelings, and refusing to wait for the punishment of the law; but what could have induced you to engage in such fiendish cruelty? A savage Indian might have thought of it—a cannibal might have enjoyed torturing his victim, but how a man in a civilized and Christian land could have done it, is beyond conception.

I am sorry for your poor suffering wife, and pray that she may be brought back to health, and comforted by Him who alone can comfort her in this terrible sorrow. I am sorry for you as a father, and gladly sympathize with you in your grief, but I can not, as a man, a citizen, and a Christian, help expressing my condemnation for your unheard of cruelty.

My only hope is that your grief carried you beyond the control of reason, and forced you to do what your better nature now condemns. I trust that for the honor of our common humanity, and for your own manhood, you will be able to make a statement for the papers that you were carried beyond the power of restraint, and now regret the awful deed of cruelty.

Your brother man,

CHARLES J. HILL.

— 12.—

Substantial Sympathy.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S EXPRESS, }
 LADONIA, TEXAS, February 15, 1893. }

To Henry Vance, Esq., Paris, Texas :

Dear Sir—Please put my name near the top of the list of a committee to receive the 2,500 from Chicago. Telegraph me at my expense when I will be needed.

Yours truly, WM. G. WILSON.

— 13.—

From the Indian Territory.

HARTSHORNE, I. T., February 14, 1893.

Mr. Henry Vance, Paris, Texas :

Dear Sir—I am a Texan and am proud of it. I am in deep sympathy with you and your family in your bereavement, in the most heinous and diabolical crime ever committed in the annals of history, and one whose perpetrator met with a death justly deserved,

From the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, I see that 2,500 negroes from Chicago were on the road to Paris, to avenge the death of the brute, (Smith.)

Let me say that you have the sympathy of every honorable and upright man in this whole Choctaw Nation, and at one moment's notice in case any

danger threatens, and with a telegram from you, I can muster on to the first train, one hundred tried men, who will spill blood as freely as water if necessary to avenge the death of our own State's innocent children.

With heartfelt sympathy to you and family in your bereavement, I am your true but stranger friend,

J. M. BOND.

— 14. —

New York Applause.

NEW YORK, February 7, 1893.

Mr. Vance, Paris, Texas:

Sir—On behalf of thousands of New York City thoroughbred young men, whose sentiments I express, permit me to commend and applaud in the highest possible way, the action of yourself and friends, relative to the negro fiend, Smith. New York, the largest State in population, will stand shoulder to shoulder with Texas, the largest State in area, in wiping such devils from the earth.

All hail to the Lone Star State!

All hail to you and your manly friends!

Yours very sincerely,

A NEW YORKER.

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