Gastonia, N. C., January 28, 1892.

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No. 4.

# Choked To Death By

# CAROLINE SHIPP,

A YOUNG COLORED WOMAN, IS HANGED BY THE NECK IN THE PRESENCE OF 3,000 SPECTATORS,

Men, Women, and Children, White and Colored, Till Dead, Dead!

lives. For on this day, a helpless human being wrapped in the black towere there-for what?-only to witness with their own eyes this awful soul sickening spectacle! The day opened cold and cloudy. The ground was ecution must take place before two. damp, the roads were muddy. The cold heavy clouds lay in dark and mottled patches here, or in long irregular lines there, or again in smooth unbroken surfaces against the sky, so man in charge of Deputy Van Sellars obscuring the sky that not a single met the gaze of the impatient throng. golden line of sunlight found its way She wore a light calico bonnet with through them to earth during the sol- small black flowers stamped on it, and But in a moment the chill passed off emn day. Men dropped their work, was arrayed in a long black gown of and from that time to the end she women left off their housekeeping some light fabric. From the gathered was perfectly composed. "Give it children could hardly be con- folds of the dark gown, a cold white more drop," called out Mr. Mason to in the morning, from every part of the county, horse back, mate-back, on foot, on crutches, in buggy, back, and wagon they thronged to the scene of execu-

### THE GALLOWS.

The seaffold was get up in on our ld one mile from the jail. It was on the county's property and stood about s bundred yards from the open grave in the potter's field. Being near the bead of a bottom, with the ground rising on three sides, the gallows stood in full view from the semicircular hills about it. Arranged in ranks on this ground many thousands of spectators could have viewed the execution. It is three hours before the execution, but people are gathering in hundreds. It is surprising how many white women were present. Some sit in vebicles, some view the grave digger at his work, some view the death-trap, and discuss its arrangement. There it stands in its solitude. Two upright posts about sixteen feet high and six feet apart, with a cross beam at the top, make up the frame work. Little more than six feet from the ground is the platform, supported between the posts by a fixed timber nailed to the post on one side and by a ingle wooden pin through the pest on the other side. Pull out the loosely fitting pin and down comes the platform. This pin is drawn from the side. It goes through a plank and n on through the post, projecting igh far enough to support one end the platform. The outer end the pin is made too large to go ough the plank, which is tied upd-down to the post. The lower d of this strip of plank has a rope in it with which it is tied to the post scurely. At the proper time, the puty will unfasten this. lower end nd jerk the plank outwards by means the rope tied to it. The upper end the plank is against the post and alling out the lower end draws the n from the post and thus drops the

AT THE JAIL. in front of the jail there is a great

of horses, vehicles, men, women I children. The crowd seems to be emen, tired of dreary waiting, k is here and the deputy has not eternity.

Friday, the twenty-second day of | not poison my baby, and I am not January, 1892, was full of scenes which afraid to die. Mack Farrar poisoned usands of people in Gaston county my baby." These same statements she will remember to their dying day. It made to a reporter two days before her is a day from which these thousands death, to another on the afternoon bewill date events the remainder of their | fore her death, and to both of them with two ministers the morning before her death, and declared them to kens of a murderer's death dangled the world as her last words from the from the end of a rope before their scaffold a few minutes before her death. eyes and there swung in mid air chok- Her story of the crime in detail, with ing, choking, till dead, dead, dead! a history of her condemnation will be And these same thousands will be for- given in its proper place further on. ever haunted by the memory that they The reporters came down and find the crowds in front of the jail still impatient. It is one o'clock and they have but a few minutes to wait, for the ex

#### SHE COMES!

At six minutes past one, the ponderous door of the Dallas jail swung back on its hinges, and the condemned wogleam fell out upon the eyes of the the man adjusting the rope, "give it spectators. It was a gleam from the good drop and break her neck," and steel manacles upon her wrists. A with emotion he added, "I've dreamwagon driven by two little white boys ed for three nights that it was a stands ready. It contains a plain cof- butchered job and she choked to fin with a flat top. The coffin is death; do it right, I don't want her ted into the wagon by Deputy Sellars into which she easily climbs. Without visible trepidation she sits down on her coffin. The deputy sits beside her. The two colored ministers are also in the same wagou with her. In less than an hour and a half this friendless colored woman will be in eternity. The wagon moves forward, the drum

THE MARCH TO DEATH. Sheriff M. H. Shuford in front of the condemned woman's wagon rides on an iron gray horse. Following the wagon come vehicles and a long cavalcade of horsemen, Flanking the procession of vehicles and horsemen, are the Gaston Riflemen with bayonetted rifles. They are marching in two single files, one on either side. Their bright bayonets and rifles gleam with chilling coldness on this dreary clouded day. Capt, W. F. Holland commands; and his youthful son John, the boy drummer, beats the measures of the solemn death march. Outside of the Riflemen files are hundreds of men, women, and children following in the procession as it moves out toward the fatal field.

Some one says "Look in that porch at that white woman laughing!" But the march to death went on and the the steps of the march also measured away the moments in the mortal life of every soul who heard it. Throb, throb, throb-throb-throb, went the drum, never stopping, never faltering; and on her coffin listened to its merciless lows: roll tolling away one by one the few short moments that separated her from

A. black horse, saddled, but without confusion by dashing hither and thither on one side of the procession. But the death march moves on, and

that separate her from eternity.

#### ON THE SCAFFOLD.

At 1:35 the march is ended. The scaffold stands ready. Three thousand spectators concentrate their gaze upon the young colored woman in charge of the deputy now walking to the gallows. At 1:361 Sheriff M. H. Shuford, Deputy Van Sellars with the prisoner, Rev. L. C. Chamblin and Rev. B. F. Martin, two colored ministers, ascend the scaffold. The deputy and assistant are adjusting the rope to give the proper drop. At 1:38,O. F. Mason Esq., one of the lawyers for the defense, who has worked hard and faithfully, spending time and means to secare the commutation of the poor woman's sentence, went up the steps weeping freely, and taking the woman's hand said, "Good bye, Caroline, I have done the best I could for you." Sheriff Shuford also bade her good bye. "Give it five feet drop" called out Mr. Mason, "give it good drop." At 1:391 the prisoner, with the manacles still on her wrists, seemed to shiver as if cold. Her breath came occasionally in a sigh, and she was evidently suffering in spirit what no words can ever tell. was finally adjusted the end lacked Martin now offers the following prayer: about six inches of touching the platform on which the woman stood.

# THERE SHE STANDS.

At 1:42 Caroline was asked if she had any statement to make, and she said that she did. "Well, tell what you want to say. Caroline; go slow," calico bonnet was taken off, and she they looked upon her a hush came over the vast assemblage. There she stands She seems a girl rather than a woman. She is barely twenty years old. She has a slight but not a scrawny figure, and is hardly five feet high. Her skin is not very black, yet it is hardly bright enough to be called a ginger cake color. She has small hands, a plump, round face, full lips, and a young, girlish countenance. sad of course, but with nothing about it to suggest an aggressively vicious or barbarous nature. Her low and narrow forehead indicates that she does not possess strong mental faculties or sensitive moral instincts. That is about as true a pen picture as the writer can give of this woman who now stands in the presence of perhaps solemn roll of the drum that measured the greatest throng she ever saw, to make her last statement about the crime for which she is soon to die.

# HER LAST WORDS

She is calm, and in a clear conversathe friendless colored woman who sat | tional voice speaks deliberately as fol-

My beloved friends, I am accused of rar poisoned my baby, Mack Farrar Mack Farrar came to the house, ear. the solemn roll of the drum that Aunt Jinny Holland was gone to John measures the steps of the march also Farrar's. Mack says he wanted a drink satient. The people have been surg- measures away the moments in the of water. I told him there was none

sits on her coffin hears its merciless roll poisoned, I am not guilty of murder. and down came the platform and the His oath of office and his conscience, tolling away the few short moments I know I was convicted of murdering hooded figure. With a soul-sickening my child but I am not gullty. I think jerk the dark, hooded form was check-Some one summons the levity to my friends done all they could to keep ed in mid air after a fall of about make a flippant remark to a member of me from being here today. I thank four feet. Not a muscle of the hangthe military company about marching 'em for it. But I thank the Lord that | ing woman moved, there was not a to Chili. But the death march moves he has done more for me than they all. tremor, not a sound. The crowd sur on, and the solemn roll of the drum I'll soon be gone to meet my little ba- ged toward the rope pen surrounding the condemned woman in her cell. that measures the steps of the march by, beyond this vale of tears. Friends the scaffold. "Get back, get back! exalso measures away the moments in I ask you all to meet me. Of course, claimed the Riflemen who formed a the mortal life of every soul who hears we won't put here to stay always. If | cordon just without the rope | enclosit. Throb, throb, throb-throb, we thought we'd live always, people ure. And turning sharp around with goes the drum, never stopping never wouldnt think about dying and wouldnt | their bayonets, they forced the crowd faltering; and the friendless colored care what they done. We must all die back. "It was a good job said one. woman who sits on her coffin hears somehow. Every hour, every minute, her neck was broken at once, and I its merciless roll tolling away the last every second somebody is dying. [She feel relieved" All this occupies bare. The woman sits up, but does not short moments that separate her from is still talking slowly without a tre- ly thirty seconds. Here a horrible speak until she is spoken to. When mor. I expected to see my sister here sound of suppressed breathing escapes to-day but I don't see none of my peo- from the swinging body as it recovers ple [Here one of the ministers asked, from the sudden shock. Her neck with a strong voice, if there were any had not been broken! The hooded of Caroline's friends or relatives pres- face is turned upward to the sky, the ent who wished to speak to her. Af- noose is under her chin, the chest is the paper and the world would then ter a pause of oppressive silence the heaving and struggling in a terrific read it as she told it. She said there minister said, "None." It was a effort of nature to supply the lungs with scepe that appealed powerfully to air. The powerful hand of the depthe sympathies of every heart in that uty lays its heavy clutch on the noose presence capable of feeling sympathy for and tightens it upon the woman's a poor forsaken, friendless and helpless throat. Respiration is cut off, but the colored woman. When the minister sorrowfully said "None present," Caroline continued | Well, it's mighty hard. May the Lord be with you all.

> She was still calm, and approached death without a tremor. She had spoken with deliberation, occupying eight minutes in her talk.

#### SINGING AND PRAYER.

Rev. L. C. Chamblin, the preacher in charge of the M. E. Church at Gastonia, then announced that Caroline wished two stanzas of a favorite sung. He repeated the stanzas. After repeating the stanzas, he with Rev. B. F. Martin, pastor of the Gethsemane A. M. E. Zion church of Charlotte, sung them:

Why do we mourn for dying friends, gallo Or shake at death's alarms? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends

Are we not tending upward, too, As fast as time can move? Nor should we wish the hours more

### To keep us from our Love!

Caroline began singing, but did not to choke to death." When the rope Sing the stanzas through, Rev. B. F.

Almighty God, from whom we receive all good gifts: We thank thee for thy mercy, the Bible in which thou hast revealed thy will to us, and for Jesus Christ, thy Son, in whom thou hast vouchsafed salvation to all who 29th will accept Him, Him whom Caroline hath accepted and whom she is now trusting. We wish to blend our praise said Mr. Mason encouragingly. Her and thanksgiving with the saints and angels now around thy throne, and pray thee to bless and strengthen stood there calm and composed before Caroline in this hour of sore affliction, three thousand spectators. And as Give to her victorious faith. And O, may she realize thy presence. Thy rod | first for and thy staff-may they comfort her. Do thou receive her spirit into thy before them to speak her last words. presence, that she may, with thy saints redeemed from sin's power, praise thee forever. And us who are left behind do thou perfect in faith and life till we shall be called to join the glorified hosts in thy kingdom above. Grant these our prayers, for Jesus' sake.

> Nearly all who were near enough to condemned woman bows her head prayerfully for a sentence or two, but she then looks out upon the vast sea of mited to jail that day, where she re-

THE END IS NEAR. At 1:54 the Sheriff again mounts the scaffold and with the assistance of his deputy completes the final details preparatory to taking the woman's life. The black hood is placed over the prisoner's head. Her light calico bonnet, the same worn when she was brought to jail, worn in court, and worn to her execution, she gave to the sheriff who afterwards took it home under his arm, The deputy unlocks the steel manacles, and as he places her hands benind her, murdering my child, which I am not an observer cannot faul to note how guilty of. I am innocent. Mack Far- small they are. He binds them tight with a small cotton rope. Another a rider, breaks loose and creates some poisoned my baby. I was staying at piece of the same rope is bound outside Solomon Holland's. He hired me to the black robe, just above her knees. work. The Tuesday my baby died. The noose is adjusted under her left

All have told her goodbye, The sheriff shakes her already fast-bound through the streets or standing on mortal life of every soul who hears it. there, and I went to the spring to hand. Ministers, officers, all have cold muddy ground all the morn. Throb, throb, throb throb-throb, goes get some. When I got mighty nigh come down, the useless timbers are Eleven o'clock has passed, and the drum, never stopping, never falt- back, Mack went running away. I cleared away, the deputy unties the rope ive is coming on. The Gaston ering; and the friendless colored wo- say, "what you're running away for?" at the bottom of the strip of plank, and man who sits on her coffin hears its He says "I'll see you again" and kept all is still, A dark robed form stands a in ranks and drill in the court merciless roll tolling away the few on running. That was before dinner in the chilly air alone. The woman are across the street. Twelve o'- short moments that separate her from time. My child took sick with a must die the death, but she does not "tho'in'up" and died between four and quake or tremble. Slightly stooping, partner all refused to sign the petition said that everything is ready. It A section of the procession is check- five o'clock the same evening. Uncle she peers through the thin hood toward for commutation. The Judge said: be an hour yet. The reporters go ed a few moments in order that a Solo mon Holland found the box of rat the deputy and in a clear voice, speaks "There is nothing to recommend her ing off to the telegraph office to file of the military company may poison in the woods near the house. I the last words of her life to him, words to mercy except the fact that she is a bly sure that they will have no march through to the opposite side. never put it there. Mack Farrar put that may possibly sound in his ears till woman." The Solicitor declared: In getting quick connection But the death march moves on, and it there. I give Mack the poison on his dying day-in a low clear voice she their papers. They return and the solemn roll of the drum that meas- a Tuesday two weeks before, not know- asked "Are you ready?" "Yes," said callowed to visit the cell of the con- ures the steps of the march also meas- ing what he was going to do with it, the deputy. Just at that moment a nned woman. She says she is ready, ures away the moments in the mortal never thinking he was going to give it clean white handkerchief fluttered stands in a long white gown with life of every soul who hears it. Throb, to my child. Mack Farrar put the from her hand down to the platform State, and the law forbade a distinction mistaken about the day. And in make guilty, she just got rid of her child begures embroidered over it. She throb, throb-throb goes the box in the woods close to the house so beside her feet. Deputy Van Sellars on account of sex. After fully investigated a state, and the law to the house so beside her feet. Deputy Van Sellars on account of sex. After fully investigated a state, and the law to the house so beside her feet. Deputy Van Sellars on account of sex. After fully investigated a state, and the law to the house so beside her feet.

struggle of nature for air continues. The scene is sickening beyond endurance and the writer turns away and

DEAD AND BURIED. that fall that Marc an ille day stanc Mack same with the stick. Child was a boy,

took the prisoners, Caroline and Mack, to the graveyard where the child of of the child was exhumed and Doctors Costner and Henderson made a post-mortem examination of it. The testimony of the witnesses and hear bowed their heads during the the opinions of the physicians were such as to warrant the coroner's jury in rendering a verdict of poisoning against Caroline Shipp. She was commained until last term of court, which was held in last October, beginning on the 21st, Judge Graves presiding. The grand jury found a true bill against Mack Farrar and Caroline Shipp for murder and accessory 150 men was summoned. The jury was selected and a vast amount of was acquitted, having proven an alibi a spoon. for the entire day on which the child the child. The evidence seemed clear. The case went to the jury, and the verdict was "guilty." This is in brief, a history of the trial and girl. It is useless now to review the testimony in the case. In anothportions of it. O. F. Mason, Esq., one of the counsel for the defense, used every exertion to secure her commutation, but in vain. He secured a respite from Dec 18, till Jan 22. The Governor granted this that he might have time to investigate fully. Renewed exertions for a commutation were made, but in vain. Judge Graves. Solicitor Osborne, and Mr. Mason's law "She is guilty of an outrageous murder and should die."

bond for app

Governor Holt declared that it was his duty to execute the law in this baby died, she answered that they were safety of society? If this woman was "I did and the friendless colored woman who it there. So far as my baby being shock which drew the supportingpin, declining to commute her sentence. Farrar worked with them,

he said, forbade it. And the woman

THE WOMAN'S STORY OF HER LIFE AND THE CRIME.

Between five and six o'clock on Thursday the day before her execution the writer was permitted to interview She occupied the middle cell or cage of a row of three which stands between two windows. The light falls on the two cages at the ends, but is cut off by partitions from direct entrance to the middle cage. It is a cold day. The woman is cuddled up on a hard pallet, or mattress, on the floor to keep warm. There is no chair or stool to sit on, addressed she spoke slowly and in the polite way common to most colored people. I then told her what I had come for, that her end was near, she ought to conceal nothing, that I wanted the truth of the crime for which she was to die, that I would print it in was nothing she wanted to conceal and would tell the story as it happened Of course, many facts were related in answer to direct and cross questions from me. These were brought out to make her story clearer. I give it in her own language as nearly as I can reproduce it from full notes. Nearly every word she spo e was written down as it was spoken. She said:

I am twenty or twenty-one years old. My father belonged to the Mt. Holly Shipps in slavery time. Twas on Tuesday after March court. Mack ar came to my house. I was liv-

ith Uncle Solomen Holland and Jinny, his wife. He [Solomon] ired me to work for him. On ay two weeks before, I had got ison and give it to Mack Fargot it from Mr. Charley Thomsck told me to get 15 cents from Solomon Holland and get the son, that he needed it. [Here if she knew what the poison ited for. She declared she did w. Had Mack ever hinted e wanted it for?] No, he just needed it, and when I kept on him he said "I'm not a gwine nothing to you with it; you be sceared." [I asked "Why take your money to buy poison ack Farrar"?] He said he the lifteen cents back. Un lay morning, two weeks before ned my baby I met Mack and m the poison, not knowing was going to do with it. He and went on to his home, and to mine. On Tuesday mornand asked where Aunt Jinny ne. She's gone to carry some to Mr. John Farrar's, He ne for a drink of water. I told unning away. I asked him you running off for?" He says . e you again," and kep' a goin. as about ten or eleven o'clock, took sick. It was knocking on or with a little stick, had a

one month being a year old. Ed Brown's child [meaning

d Brown was the father long before it took sick with 'tho'-in-up" and then it had spasms and died between four and five o'clock be committed to jail. The officers then that evening. It died with its hands shut right tight together. Now, Caroline, how do you know that Caroline Shipp was buried. The body Mac Farrar poisoned your child?] Well, I'll tell you now, how come I knowed he poisoned it. On the next Friday he come to uncle Solomon's and called me a time or two. Aunt Jinny says, "Go see what he wants." I says "I don't reckon he wants anything"—right that a way, and then went out to see what wanted. He says to me, "Spose you lost your baby." Yes. And he laughed like he was mighty glad of it. He asked me three or four times, "Do you know what killed your baby?" I told him I didn't know. He says "Don't you go tell Aunt Jinny what I'm telling you? I know what killed your baby." And he laughed and laughed and said he knowed what killed itknowed all about it. And he told me "If you go back and tell, I'll kill you." before the fact. A special venire of And from that I knowed he give it the poison. [Here, I questioned the woman closely about saying in court that she gave Mack the spoon and helped to a few moments of eternity the wocompetent testimony taken, Farrar mix the poison.] I did not hand him man declared she was innocent. Was a spoon. He asked me did I want a she guilty or not guilty? Mr. Mason, dram, I told him no. Mr. Kit. Ham- the most active of the lawyers in her He asked me did I want a let and Gerard Thomson swore that I died. This fact more than any other told them I helped mix the poison. fastened the guilt upon the mother of They swore it on me and I couldn't help myself. But I never told them so and I never done it. [Didn't von tell on the witness stand that you got some water for Mack, helped mix the poison in spoon, and then went and looked conviction of this unfortunate colored away because you didn't want to see the child take the poison? "No, sir," she said, "I didn't," Mr. Osborne asked me if I was satisfied that Mack er place the writer will refer to certain | Farrar poisoned my baby. I told him, 'Yes, sir, I was satisfied Mack done About this part of her testimony I cross questioned her. It seems to be in direct conflict with what good men declare that she had told on the witness stand. I asked if she had told anything untrue in court which she now wished to take back. She meditated awhile and said she couldn't think of any thing untrue she had told. She said they asked her so many questions, she didn't know what all she had said in true, that she was a weak minded easy. court, but she had told Mr. Osborne and plant tool in the hands of her parshe knowed Mack Farrar poisoned the amour. What right under heaven had child. Once or twice during the inter- the State of North Carolina to require view she would repeat to herself in a a lot of men to take this ignorant wowhisper the last words of answer to my man out into an open field and choke questions. This fact with contradic- the life out of her with a big rope? tions named above would seem to indicate that her mind was not clear, tion of crime? If for vengeauce the

She added further I started to tell at the magistrates trial just how it was. But Mack wouldn't let me. He says
"You hush up: the least said the easiest
mended." I was afraid of Mack. [Did
Mack give you ten dollars to swear him
clear?] No. The day he left here after he came clear, he handed me ten dol-lars twice but I give it back; told him I didn't want it. He didn't offer me ten dollars to swear him clear.

That much of her story related to her crime. When asked if she had ever done any thing real bad in her life she said no. When asked how many children she had ever had she said two-the first one died three or four years ago at the age of six months She was a very young mother. That child, too, was taken with a "th'o-in' np." It died from a hurt, the doctor said. It was jumping in a chair and jumped out on its face. It died bleed-ing at the nose, and the doctor [Costner. I think | said it was hurt inside I asked if any one had ever hinted to her that she had poisoned that child too. She auswered no. She said that one was Jack Davenport's child. When asked why she threw herself away with these men, she said it was the best she could do. Her parents died when she was thirteen or fourteen years old. Her folks were mean to her, and would take up her wages where she worked not allowing her to have them. took up with these men because the would help support her. With what they gave her and what she made she could make out a living.

"JUST LIKE I'M TELLING YOU-THAT'S THE TRUTH." She said she had a sister which she expected to come to see her before she was hanged. But the sister never came, and Caroline had already seen her for the last time. On one of the iron bare lay a small red covered copy of the New Testament. "Can you read?" I asked. "I can read a little," was her answer. It was time for me to return home. I told her the time was drawing near for her to die, and insisted that she tell the truth, if the hadn't told it. She declared that just like she had teld me-"that's the way it is-that's the truth. I am ready to go. I am innocent of murdering my baby. I am not afraid to die." I expressed my sympathy for her, saying it was hard to have to die innocen it was better for her to die that way than to die guilty. She said ves. was innocent and wasn't afraid to dia.

"YES. A COUPLE OF BOXES." I then told her I did not know that I should speak with her again, and asked if there was anything I could do March court Mack came to for her before she left this word-anything she wanted. She hesitated a moment while I stood in most curious suspense, wondering what she would ask for. "Yes," she said, "I'd ere was none there, and I went like to have some sardines." "Is that pring to get some. Time I got all you want, just one box or two or nigh back to the house, he three?," I said. "Well, a couple of boxes, please," she answered. I promised to send them and asked Mr. Campbell, who stood by, if he would see that the sardines were brought to was playing on the floor; it her. I bade her good-bye and left.

> STILL DECLARES HER INNOCENCE. The next morning just before the execution, I saw the open boxes on the iron bars and I remarked that she had got ber sardines. "Yes, sir," she said, and I am very much obliged to you." Mr. C. F. King, of the Atlanta Journal, in the presence of myself and one or both of the colored ministers asked her again, if, as she kuew she had to die within two hours, she had told the truth about the murder of her child. She declared that she had told the truth, that Mack Farrar poisoned her child, and that she was ready to die. Mr. King then asked if there was something she wanted. She wanted two oranges and he got them for her. We again bade her good-bye, and never spoke with her again. The same story about the death of her child which she related to us sepa-rately and together, she related and re-affirmed on the a few minutes before her death. On the scaffold she varied the story only by adding the incident of old man Solomon Holland's finding the box of poison out near his house.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

That question was asked many times on that hangman's day. The jury, with the evidence before them, said she was guilty. Standing within defense, was of the opinion that she was guilty as an accessory, but that she was a simple minded tool used by Mack Farrar who was the guiltier of the two. Mr. B. F. Tipton of the Mt. Holly News, says that in his opinion she was entirely guilty. He is doubtless acquainted with facts of her character and circumstances which justify this belief, as it was in the Mt. Holly vicinity that she lived and was

OUGHT NOT TO HAVE BEEN HANGED. For my own part, I do not think she ought to have been hanged. I do not know all the circumstances: I do not know that any one man is acquainted with all the circumstances. but from my knowledge of the case I thoroughly believe that she was either innocent or of weak and unsound mental faculties. Both alternatives may be true, I believe the latter is Was it for vengeance or for the preven-When asked why Will Davenport and State is wrong. If for prevention of Billy Cannon swore that Mack worked crime, could not something else have for them all that Tuesday when her been done with her to conserve the men think these two witnesses were want it. That is just about the way