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FROM THE GALLOWES. STRUGGLE FOR A LIFE.

Morris Hopkins Passes to the Other World.

Robbed of their Dead.

A PECULIAR CASE.

Sad Scenes at the Execution. A Mother's Piteful Story. End of the Chapter.

Morris Hopkins, the colored youth who was hanged in the Henrico Co. Court-house yard, Wednesday, April 24th at about 8 A. M. The crime for which Hopkins was executed was the murder of Mr. Henry S. Parsons on the 7th of June, 1893.

This case was remarkable in many particulars. We called to see Hopkins a few months before his execution.

He found him in his iron bound cell, in one corner was his bed. On it was a Holy Bible which he had been reading. He came to the iron grating and told the story of his troubles.

He stated the story of the trouble. Hopkins said: I was table turner at parson's per day. I was put in the hole for being drunk, and when my day came I did not pay my full wages. I had received \$1.00 and was owing \$3.00 for a week's work. I told him that wasn't his money, and he'd come up and see him.

He told me to go on away from him. I told him Mr. Hooker said he was coming up to see him about my time. I went back three times and told him I wanted my time. I said: "That ain't no way to treat a man about his wages."

He said: "If you don't go away from here, I'll take something and knock your damned brains out."

He went to the wall, and I said how he felt. He said quite well, although the visit of his mother to his cell made him feel quite badly. She was overcome when she saw him, and fell to weeping. He said that the outlook was dark.

"Yes," he said, "the jailer told me that I'll be hanged between 8 and 9 o'clock to-morrow morning." He talked to the jailer, and he declared his faith in Christ and listened carefully to all we had to say. His last words were, "Mr. Mitchell, do what you can for me. It was too late. The curfew had dropped, and I was out. He and we knew that ere the sun had set on the next day all that was mortal of Morris Hopkins would be laid to rest."

We had to leave that evening for Petersburg and Sheriff Solomon a few moments later told us if we desired to witness the execution, we would have to be at the gallows by 7 o'clock in the morning, as it would take place before the crowd assembled.

It was precisely 7:55 A. M. when Sheriff Solomon entered the jail with the colored man, and the prisoner here Misses Minnie Sears and Ann Hopkins, (the latter no relation to Morris) who had arrived a few minutes before.

They represented the Women's Auxiliary of the association. Rev. Archer Ferguson, the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, colored, and Rev. James H. Williams were also there, and in the corridor outside the cell stood a group of reporters. At the close of the hymn the sheriff said:

"Morris, I have come to read the death warrant to you."

The prisoner bowed his head and replied: "A right, sir, I'm ready." The tender hearted sheriff was obviously more ill at ease than anyone present. There was a tremor in his voice throughout the reading and he drew a long breath of relief at the conclusion of his disagreeable task. He enjoined the prisoner to be ready in a few minutes to depart for the scaffold and went out to complete the preliminaries. Instinctively the privileged ones of the court-yard, the wicket gate was closed and the religious service was brought to an immediate close.

Five minutes after the reading of the death warrant Hopkins was brought out of his cell by Deputy J. M. Voegler and the colored man, and the wicket gate was opened. He was then handcuffed, after which the death march was commenced. In front walked Sheriff Solomon and Constable Walker, then came Hopkins, while Deputy Voegler and his brother brought up the rear.

Judge Wickham's opinion. Judge Wickham was consulted by the sheriff in regard to the matter. He looked into the law bearing on the case and advised the sheriff that, as he construed the statute, the claim of the colored man was perfectly valid. Acting upon this advice Sheriff Solomon informed the distressed parent that there was no help for it, the remains would have to be surrendered to the coroner. He was unwilling that such should be the case, but he could not take the responsibility of refusing to give the remains to the State Medical institution. A wagon which had been procured by the college officials arrived and the corpse was borne away to the morgue to be employed as a subject for the dissecting table, while the father had to content himself with the bunch of flowers and his empty wagon as the only return to make to the bereaved mother, who was waiting to gaze for the last time upon her son.

Hopkins' father arrived too late to see him before he was executed. Hopkins' little sister, Mary Alice, was found sobbing the jailer crying as though her heart would break.

The law concerning the bodies of criminals and paupers should be re-considered. It is barbarous as well as cruel.

THE EDITOR VISITS HOPKINS' MOTHER. On Saturday afternoon, we secured the horse and buggy of Rev. Dr. J. E. Jones and drove two miles to the home of old man John Hopkins.

We were told that he was working in the low-grounds and we wended our way to his home.

There, away off in the woods was a two-room house. A host of little children crowded the door-way, while a sad-faced, stout, brown-skin lady awaited our coming.

She said she was the mother of Morris Hopkins. She had seven children. She had buried one only about a week before. It was a year and a few months ago.

She expressed in tones of bitterness and sorrow the inhuman act of the medical authorities in robbing her of the body of her boy. "When I was down there Tuesday," she said, "Morris asked to be buried beside his sister, Julia, and we had prepared to do it."

She related how Morris ran away after the fight with Mr. Parsons. Said she: "They were looking for him all the time. I couldn't go out of the house either in the day or at night, but what I could see some one watching for him to come to this house."

WHY HE GAVE HIMSELF UP. Finally, one day, I think it was about October, he walked in this house. It was in the morning. I was scared to death. I did not know what to do. The white people had said that if they caught him they were going to kill him, and I didn't want to see him killed before my eyes. The magistrate here told me they would kill him. I began to wonder what to do, or what was best. Morris wanted to give himself up. So his father got his spring-wagon and put him in it and drove to Richmond and gave him up.

It was getting dark and as it was impossible to get the pictures we wanted in the rain, having brought along our photographic outfit for the purpose, we began our homeward journey in the drizzling rain.

Our "cuts" in the Hopkins' case failed to reach us in time and we regret that the matter had to be presented without them.

MANCHESTER NOTES. Mr. Royal A. Hughes, who has been spending several months in Lynchburg has returned to the city looking well.

It is rumored that haunts? are visiting New Town, and have been for the past 2 months. The people up there are getting very shaky, small children, large children, unmarried men and married men are seen gathering indoors before the sun goes down behind the western hills.

A certain fellow was seen running at full speed through this scary section on last Sunday night, and marbles could have been played upon his coat-tail with all ease. The noise of the car was heard as he was being made at the time.

Another fellow, who lives up in that vicinity, after hearing of the unexpected run of his friend, was scared to go home on that night, as he had before he reached home, he aroused his people by playing upon the door bell "O no place like home, sweet home." Of course, he stopped at his friends house on a Sunday night.

Some say it is a headless cat, others say it talks like a human being. Now what is it?

EMOS. RICHMOND, VA, April 28, '95. WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wise judgement to take from our midst, our beloved brother and friend, Rev. Jacob Brown, who died on Sunday night.

WHEREAS, We deeply deplore our loss, which is his eternal gain.

Resolved, 1. That we, the members of the Young People's Society of Color of this city, do hereby extend our sympathies to the bereaved family, spread upon the minutes of this Society, also be sent to the Virginia Baptist and Richmond Planet for publication.

W. H. STOKES, Miss S. A. KEMP, JAMES E. TEMPLEMAN, Committee.

First Presbyterian Church. The entertainment—"Pilgrim's Vision"—which was to have been given Monday night, April 29th, by the Sabbath School of First Presbyterian Church, corner Monroe and Catherine Streets, was postponed in consequence of the weather, to Monday, May 6th, 8 p. m.

Madame Jones' Great Success. She Sings for the Emperor of Germany—A Diamond Cross to be Presented Her.

We have received a letter stating that Madame Sissieretta Jones, the "Black Patti" is singing in Germany. She leaves for Berlin, Germany, then for London, England where she will remain about six weeks.

She will return home to fulfill her engagements at Ashbury Park, the Pitts burg Exhibition and Saratoga, New York.

After this she will return to Germany to sing for two years.

She has been very successful abroad, being classed with the greatest of all singers.

She has carried the people by storm. Madame Jones sang for the Emperor of Germany, April 5th. He was so much pleased that he ordered a diamond cross made for her. It will be a grand thing when finished.

The Ostrified Man. L. N. Monroe the ostrified man has returned from Lynchburg, Danville, Petersburg, Va., and will be on exhibition at 112 E. Broad Street. This will be the last opportunity to see him.

Sharon Baptist Church. The Anniversary Sermon of the Sharon Baptist Church will be preached at the said church on Sunday, May 5th. Services as follows: 11 a. m., Rev. J. E. Jones, D. D.; 3:30 p. m., Rev. E. D. Jones, D. D.; 8 p. m., Rev. George Johnson, D. D. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Deacon THADDEUS ROBINSON, Moderator. CHRISTOPHER SMITH, Church Clerk.

Deaths. Gone Before. Mrs. Ida P. Lewis, daughter of J. F. Tompkins, departed this life April 24, 1895, at 12:45 a. m. in Washington, D. C. at the age of 22 years, 7 months and 15 days. She was born in Chesterfield Co., Va., September 9, 1872, and was reared in Washington, D. C. She embraced religion in Nelson Co., Va., which was her grandfather, in 1884, at the age of 12 years, and kept the faith to the end, and died triumphant. She talked as long as she had breath about Jesus.

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