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DEATH IN THE WIND.

LOUISVILLE WRECKED AND RUINED BY A TORNADO.

Five Hundred People Killed and Thousands Wounded—One Hundred, Men, Women, and Children Buried in the Ruins of one House—Desolation, Destruction and Death.

[By United Press.]

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 28.—A tornado struck Louisville at 7:30 o'clock last night. It entered the southeastern portion of the city at Eighteenth street and swept a path five blocks wide diagonally, reaching in a ragged line to Seventh street. Leveling every building in its path—probably

Twenty-five Hundred Houses.

A rough estimate puts the killed at five hundred, with thousands injured. The city is filled with a

Crazed Mass of People

wildly seeking friends. A large force of men is at work on the ruins and about one hundred bodies have been recovered. The buildings on Main street, from Eighth to Fourteenth streets

Are in Ruins:

not one of the handsome wholesale houses being left, and all the tobacco warehouses are swept away.

One Hundred Killed in One Building.

Falls City hall, a four-story building, was prostrated while several Masonic and Knights of Honor lodges were in session, and one hundred people, men and women, were buried in the ruins. Every other house on Market and Jefferson and Walnut streets, from Tenth to Sixteenth streets, is in ruins. Parkland,

A Suburb is Swept Away.

At the Union depot, at the foot of Seventh street, the Chesapeake and Ohio train for Washington was just starting out filled with passengers. The building was prostrated.

Crashing in on the Train.

All the passengers were, however, rescued but one newsboy. Such desolation no city has known in this country. Every building, tree and every telegraph pole, is levelled within the district struck.

Cyclone Was Predicted

by the signal service bulletin yesterday afternoon, but

No Heed Was Paid

to its warning. The cyclone came with scarcely a warning sound, and in all buildings struck, the inhabitants were engaged in their usual avocations. The district laid waste comprises an area of the city

Three Miles Long

and nearly half a mile wide. The greatest loss of life occurred at the Falls City hall, which stood in the centre of the devastated area.

Seventy-five Children,

with their parents, were on the lower rooms of the building, where the little ones

Were Taking Dancing Lessons.

It is said that at least one hundred and twenty-five persons were on the lower floors and that seventy-five to one hundred more were on the upper floors, attending lodge meetings at the time the wind storm struck the building. The entire structure in a twinkling was a wrecked mass, and the

Hundreds of Victims

were buried under its ruins. Minimum estimates place the loss of life at this point at one hundred. Early this morning

Fifteen Bodies

had been recovered from the ruins. Fifteen were wounded and dying were taken out. Only those on the third floor had been reached, the lower floors not yet having been uncovered. Only a few minutes elapsed after the burst of the cyclone till the policemen and firemen were at work upon the ruins of the walls of the city hall. It was difficult to clear the ruins of the women who were found digging at the slate roof with their fingers.

Crazed at the Groans Beneath,

etc., of which they thought ascended from their dying friends. As soon as the roofing and the mass of brick beneath had been removed, ten women

Locked in Each Other's Arms

were taken from the debris. Mr. Jas. Harron, whose wife had attended the lodge meeting, was foremost among the searchers and the first person he drew out of the ruins was his wife, who

Died in His Arms.

He laid her by the side of the other dead and continued his search for the living. Thirty men and women were

Taken Out Dead

in the next hour, but no wounds were found on their bodies. The most stupendous

Spectacle of Disaster and Ruin

ever witnessed was presented this morning. The tobacco market, in which the city prided itself, lay in the path of the storm and today the warehouses, almost to the last, are in ruins.

The Tobacco Industry Ruined.

Among those destroyed are the Kentucky, Pickett, Ninth street, Falls City, Phoenix, Green River, Louisville, Enterprise, Central and Planter. The destruction of the Louisville and Ninth Street warehouses could not have been more complete. Thousands of hogs-heads of tobacco lay in the mass of debris, some buried from eight, others exposed to view.

The steamboat Hibernia, Tallaty, James Guthrie, Grace Morris and other boats were torn from their moorings and were carried

Helplessly Down Stream,

all without fires in the furnaces. However, all were safely brought into port. The ferryboat, W. C. Site, with many passengers, was

Snatched From Doom

just as she neared the falls. One of the harrowing incidents of the disaster was the killing of the Rev. Stephen E. Barnwell, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, and his young son Dudley. Mrs. Barnwell was so badly hurt that she may die.

The Fire Fiend's Work.

At one o'clock the opening up of a portion of the debris of the Fall City hall caused a draught through the ruins, whereupon the mouldering fire broke out with tremendous fierceness. It spread rapidly and forced the workers to desert the pile. As soon as the fire gained headway the groans of the imprisoned people became shrieks and so great was the horror of the moment that the watchers were frantic and screamed and

Ran About Like Madmen;

the terrible sufferings which they were unable to alleviate, driving them to despair. Several lines of hose were soon throwing water on the flames, but it was more than an hour before the work could be proceeded with, and then it was carried on with much more difficulty than before an account of the beat. Up to twelve o'clock only about thirty-five dead bodies and twenty-five wounded and dying were taken from the wreck.

Trains are Delayed.

CINCINNATI, March 28.—Conductor R. B. Hobbours, of the Louisville and Nashville train, which arrived at 11 a. m. said to a reporter: "All along the line coming out of Louisville, telegraph poles, wires and timber are scattered in all directions. We were delayed for that reason. At LaGrange, twenty-seven miles out from Louisville, there was much damage done. At Emmeuse, forty miles south of Louisville,

Several Persons Were Killed.

The whole country coming out of Louisville is one mass of mangled timbers, trees and other debris." Another trainman said: "The storm struck the city from the southwest and

Ran in a Zigzag Direction

across it, struck the depot and jumped the river striking Jeffersonville. At least nine or ten blocks of that place were destroyed. Before leaving this morning, at 8 o'clock, sixty eight bodies were taken from Falls City Hall, where there were hundreds of people at the time of the accident. The greatest destruction was in the main part of the city.

At about 4 o'clock the room where the children were dancing was reached. Louis Simms, Jr., of 1124 Market street, had for hours been moving about in

An Agony of Grief

in front of that portion of the wreck where this room had been, for his wife and four children were there. When the room was reached, Mrs. Simms was the first one found, and she was fatally hurt. Then, about fifteen minutes of each other, three of the Simms children were recovered. They were unconscious, and there is only a faint possibility that they will live.

While the father father was imploring the workers to get his child, fire broke out, and work was suspended. There are

Two Hundred People in the Debris

and the probabilities are that few, if any more will be recovered alive. Of those taken out dead only a small number were identified. Everything is chaos. There is no system. A man's voice was heard in a corner and a light showed the hoarse face of Virgil Wright. He was penned in with a mass of bricks and mortar. In his hand he

Held a Pistol

with which he was trying to end his sufferings. His arm was so bruised, however, that he was

Unable to Pull the Trigger,

and he was rescued quite badly wounded, but able to walk. The water works are ruined. The city water supply is thus cut off, consequently

a Water Famine is Sure to Follow.

The tobacco industry is fearfully crippled.

The west end came in for a big share. The awful tornado did not follow a straight course, but jumped upon one block and down another and here and there. Port Royal, Henry county, forty miles from Louisville is reported

As Being Entirely Demolished.

At Pendleton, thirty-three miles from Louisville, a \$1,000 insurance policy was found hanging on a bush near the railroad track. The policy belonged to a man in Louisville, and had been blown all the way from the city. A lot of clothing, pieces of lumber and debris of all sorts were scattered along the line.

Stilled in Death.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 28.—The Courier Journal of to-day says: The nightly strike of the tornado fell with a suddenness that scarcely gave time for quickened heart beats before those hearts were stilled in death. Twice, before the wrenching asunder of life and homes and castles of trade, the impulses of the gale fought furiously to accomplish the work reserved for the whirling tiger of the air, whose awful couriers they were. Twice, for five furious minutes each, they strove, and passed on, screeching their baffled rage. Then came a lull, but only for a little space; and then the tornado thundered over the doomed territory with terrible wrenching warehouses to fragments. The dread visitant passed to the river front, leaving to mark the boundaries of ruin, a broad swath of wreckage, and

Dead and Mangled Humanity,

impaired or weighted down, or burning in the ignited debris. This ball of destruction extended from the west side of Sixth street as far as Ninth and Main, and an equal width across to the point where the city was first touched. The

Loss of Life and Property

is at present incalculable. It will require long days of painful search and computation to reach a proper estimate but it is certain that

No Such Havec

has ever been recorded before for an American city from such a cause.

The Fire Fiend Aids the Wind.

To add to the sudden horror of the scene, fire came to seize upon the shapeless ruin and consume the helpless and wounded, and the disfigured dead.

Louisville is not left alone to mourn this dreadful visitation. The city of Jeffersonville was also invaded and may of her homes destroyed, but it is thankfully reported with no case of death in a single household.

Metropolis is Torn to Pieces—Men, Women and Children Buried in Ruins.

CAIRO, Ill., March 28.—A terrible cyclone struck the town of Metropolis, Ill., some 25 miles above here on the Illinois side of the Ohio river, between four and five o'clock last evening and out a clean swath about a quarter of a mile wide clear across the town, wrecking property of all description and burying men, women and children in the debris of fallen buildings. The number of victims could not be ascertained last night but it is reported that several hundred people were killed or wounded, and between two and three hundred houses were swept from their foundations and dashed to pieces.

Bowling Green Utterly Wiped Out.

CINCINNATI, O., March 28.—Late dispatches state that the tornado struck the town of Bowling Green, Warren county, Kentucky, and completely wiped it out. As the wires are down no detailed report could be got, and the meagre fact that the calamity had occurred has been received.

Bowling Green had a population of between five and eight thousand inhabitants, and the loss of life is conjectured to be correspondingly large. The ill-starred town was directly in the path of the tornado as traced on the map, and the report beyond doubt is true.

Three Lives are Lost at Carbondale.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—A special from Carbondale, Ill., says: A disastrous cyclone passed through Jackson county yesterday afternoon. At Grand Tower a coach of the Grand Tower and the Carbondale railroad was blown from the track. A number of houses were levelled to the ground and three lives are reported lost.

It Creates a Panic in a Theatre.

RACINE, Wis., March 28.—The worst snow and wind storm known for years raged here last evening. The roof of the stage of the new opera house, where Mrs. Januscheck was performing, was blown off, creating a panic. Many persons were seriously hurt.

A Great Lake is in a Fury.

CHICAGO, March 28.—The storm that set in last evening is still raging at one o'clock with almost unabated fury. A high wind and blinding snow is raging making pedestrianism almost impossible. Lake Michigan is in a fury.

The Storm Visits Nashville.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—A special from Nashville, Ill., to the Republican, says that the cyclone struck that place last night with terrific fury and force, and that not a pane of glass is left on a window with a western exposure. Although no lives were lost, there were many narrow escapes.

Rouenoke Feels the Storm.

ROANOKE, Va., March 28.—A terrible gale passed over this city and neighborhood to-day. A large number of houses were unroofed and blown down but no lives were lost.

Surgeons Going to Louisville.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., March 28.—At nine o'clock this morning, the relief committee of the Indianapolis board of trade, under the leadership of Col. E. H. Lilly, left this city for Louisville, with a corps of surgeons and surgical appliances. The colonel also carried \$10,000 in case of immediate wants of the destitute and suffering.

Aid Going From Washington.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 28.—Miss Clara Parton, of the Red Cross Society, called at the White House to-day and informed the President, who is the ex-officio chairman of the government board of aid to the sufferers, that it was her intention to start for Louisville and the devastated district to-night to give whatever aid she could to the sufferers from last night's disaster.

Quick Work.

Yesterday at 2:05 p. m. a fire alarm was given, the fire being at the residence of the late Mr. E. O. Macy, 204 South West street. It was caused by sparks blown by the high wind from the tall stack at Briggs & Sons' planing mills near by. In the morning sparks had set on fire a tree in the Macy lot. The firemen attended to the fire with neatness and dispatch, and five minutes from the time of the alarm all was over. The damage was trifling, the fire being in the decayed shingles of a shed. It is a matter for special comment that the man who gave the alarm ran to the station house to do so, instead of turning it in from the box near by. The people must be taught that they must use the boxes.

Weather Forecast.

Raleigh yesterday: Maximum temperature 78; minimum temperature 54; rainfall 0.62 inches. Highest velocity of wind 40 miles per hour from southwest. Local forecast for Raleigh and vicinity on Saturday: Fair weather, colder.

THE NATIONAL CONGRESS.

A Quite Day With the Soissons-Fenison Hills Never Fail.

[By United Press.]

WASHINGTON, March 28.—(Senate)—In the Senate to-day the appointment of Senators Hale and Blackburn as members of the board of visitors to the Naval Academy was announced.

House.

The House, in committee of the whole on the private calendar, spent the entire afternoon discussing a point of order raised against a bill for allowance of a claim without action the committee rose, and the House at five o'clock took a recess at 8 p. m.

At the night session a number of pension bills were passed.

THE RELENTLESS FLOODS.

Seventeen Hundred People are Starving—Human Beings and Cattle Huddled in Houses and Stumps—The Waters Yet Rising.

[By United Press.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—A special from Memphis, Tenn., says: "The situation in the overflowed county, as far south as Maconia Circle, is appalling. The devastation and suffering are incalculable to both stock and human beings. Water is pouring over the levee for seven miles, and passing out the levee at Henrico. The river is still rising, and an additional rise of ten to eighteen inches is expected from the St. Francis river. Seventeen hundred people in this district are actually suffering for the necessities of life. Whites, negroes, hogs and cows, are huddled together in houses and on stumps, and all are in great danger of starvation.

A Revolution in San Domingo.

[By United Press.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—A cablegram received by Tello, Gibara & Co., of 118 Wall Street, from St. Thomas, San Domingo, states that a political revolution has broken out and that a battle has been fought in St. Thomas.

The McKinley Bill Will Cause a Tariff War.

[By United Press.]

PARIS, March 28.—La Liberte declares that a tariff war with America will follow if the McKinley bill now pending before the American Congress is adopted.

THE GRAND JURY'S REPORT

On the Condition of the County Prisons and Prisoners—Some Recommendations Made by Them.

The grand jury came into court yesterday and submitted a report of an examination made into the condition of the county work-house, jail and the quarters which are now occupied by the convicts employed on the public roads.

They reported the court house and jail in good condition, but recommended a more varied bill of fare for the prisoners in jail. The allowance was ample enough. They reported the water closets in jail as out of fix and recommended that they be replaced by new ones. The county poorhouse was reported in good condition, and the inmates well cared for.

With reference to the quarters, at Camp Russell, now occupied by the convicts employed on the roads the report says:

"The quarters in which the convicts are confined we found to be very badly adapted to their present use, being dark, close, badly ventilated, and too small and insecure. We found about forty colored prisoners and eight white in the quarters. The colored prisoners are confined in a room some fourteen feet wide by forty feet long. The whites occupy a room in the same building, and adjoining the blacks, from whom they are separated by a plank partition about eight or nine feet high, and which does not extend to the ceiling. To all practical purposes, they might be said to be in the same room."

The sanitary arrangements are exceedingly bad. There is a large tub in each room in the end furthest from the entrance. These tubs are emptied several times a day, and when emptied they must be carried through the entire length of the quarters. We found several cases of sickness, all of them, except one, who had struck a pick in his leg and was rapidly recovering, suffering from "lagrippe." None of them are dangerously ill.

The fare issued to the convicts were found to be well prepared and in our opinion is ample.

We would recommend that the board of county commissioners be instructed to obtain and prepare quarters, and that the prison be located near one of the sewerage mains from the city so they may be conducted therewith."

Weather Freaks.

Night before last there were signs of a storm. The clouds fairly raced across the sky. Yesterday morning at 8:30 the velocity of the wind was twenty-five miles an hour, and that was kept up practically all day. The barometer, which usually rises so that the maximum for the day is generally about 11 a. m., fell quite steadily from 29.64 at 8:30 to 29.59 at 11 o'clock. The wind was from the south-east, and the barometrical pressure showed that the storm centre was passing north of us. In the morning Signal Sergeant Von Herrmann said that as soon as the wind shifted to the northwest or west Raleigh would feel a lively blow, perhaps a severe gale. There was no danger here from the great Western cyclone, which he figured at 11 o'clock a. m. was about Pittsburg, Es., and moving northwest. In the afternoon, sure enough, the wind worked to the westward and there was quite a gale. Altogether it wasn't a pleasant day for thoughts of storm or fire.

DEATH ON THE GALLOWES.

THE FIT END OF A MOST DESPICABLE CRIMINAL.

Davis, Alias Shackelford, Hanged at Pittsboro—His History and His Crime—His Confession and His Last Words.

[Special Dispatch to STATE CHRONICLE.]

PITTSBORO, N. C., March 28, 1890.—To-day James P. Davis was publicly executed here for the murder of John D. Horton, the closing event as the crime being famous in the criminal annals of Chatham county.

Davis' Last Hours.

The gallows was in an old field about half a mile from the court house. Sheriff Brewer was prepared at all points to do the dreadful work "decently and in order." Eager crowds from an early hour came in from all directions. The criminal himself in the early morning said that he was ready for the ordeal and that he deserved death at the hands of the law. He was in the full vigor of health, was about five feet ten inches high, weighed about 150 pounds, was strong, sinewy, and active. He had red hair, keen eyes, and a prominent nose; but for the cast that crime has thrown over him his countenance would not have been repulsive. He had a good, clear voice, and expressed himself wease, clearness and force. He had wonderful nerve, power and self-control, as he plainly showed from the first. No human being, without possessing the nerve power of a devil, could have done the deeds of which he was by his own confession guilty.

Davis said when interviewed this morning that he slept profoundly and was feeling in first rate health physically. His appetite was good and he breakfasted heartily on oysters, eggs, butter, crackers, biscuits, coffee and a little wine. He was dressed neatly, in a black suit, with clean linen, low standing collar, and a pure hat.

At high noon to-day the juries were opened, and James P. Davis walked with a firm step, and entered a carriage, in charge of the sheriff, and attended by two ministers. As the carriage moved off, the crowd broke and kept even pace with it to the place of execution. The criminal ascended the scaffold with a tremor. Rev. Mr. Cecil, name real Psalm 51, and R. V. Mr. Cecil offered a fervent prayer, and then the reverend gentlemen retired from the stand. Davis arose from his knees, and in a cool, calm, deliberate manner, read the following paper:

His Letter to His Family.

PITTSBORO, N. C., March 28.—My Dear Father, Mother and Sister:—As this is the last Sabbath that I shall spend in this world, may I not spend at least a part of it in writing to those to whom I owe my existence, though rendered miserable by my own misdeeds, and to whom I am indebted for the happy childhood I have enjoyed? Not, my dear parents, that I wish to inflict pain upon you by the sad intelligence that this letter must bring, but that I feel that it is a duty I owe to you with my latest breath to accredit you with having discharged your duty toward me; for will do I know that the fate which I must soon meet is not the result of a failure on your part to have imparted to me that scriptural instruction, and to have set before me that Christian example, which if followed by me, would not only have exempted me from the untimely death that awaits me, but would have corrected my vicious, elevated my morals, and enabled me to enjoy a place in the higher spheres of life. I feel, my dear parents, that I am not only my own destroyer, but that through the unrepented sin and folly of my past life I will bring shame and grief to all with whom I am connected by the ties of nature; and that the disgrace that must inevitably lead to a public execution of your poor misguided boy will tend to shorten your days, and bring your gray hairs to the grave in sorrow.

His Address on the Gallows.

Davis said: "My dear Friends: I had intended to speak at length on this occasion. Not that I would prolong my stay in this unfriendly world, but that I might by this means afford some gratification to those who have assembled to see and to hear. But as I have endeavored to write a brief, yet correct and truthful history of my life, with which I hope the public will be satisfied, and, owing to the solemnity of the occasion, and to the very unpleasant, yes, painful, circumstances with which I am now surrounded, I will endeavor to be brief, and deal only with the present. It affords me pleasure, even in this sad and trying hour, to be able to say that I attach no blame to any who may have been either directly or indirectly instrumental in bringing about this righteous administration of justice to one who, through his own free volition, has become a violator of the laws of his country. Now, to my dear counsellors would I extend the gratitude of my heart for the manner in which they have indicated my course and labored to exonerate me from the accusations with which I was charged. I am unworthy of such a many and ardent effort. To those who have labored to alleviate the pains of mental prison or have in any way contributed to my temporal or spiritual interest, I extend the earnest and sincere gratitude of my heart; and this my latest hour would I invoke the blessings of Almighty God to descend in rich profusion upon them and theirs. And now I would speak PRO BONO PUBLICO for the good of any who may be tempted to yield to the seducing influences of the wicked one. Yield not to temptation, neither indulge in the gratification of the carnal propensities, for this will not only result in filling up the cup of man's iniquities but will hearken the last lingering hope from his breast and expose him to the wrath of a sin avenging God; and as the result of willful violation of the laws of God and man he will be brought through the righteous adminis-

tration of justice by the law, to a painful and untimely death. The Lord bless this dispensation of His providence to the good of all that are dear to me, and may it be a timely warning to any who may be tempted to indulge in similar crime. I now commit my spirit into the hands of the Lord and all that is dear to me on earth into his gracious keeping. Amen.

Davis was asked if he still said that he used the bootjack. He replied "I certainly used the bootjack." Then turning to the Sheriff he said: "Take off the shoe-les." The shackles were removed and his arms and legs were pinioned. Davis then took some water for the second time after ascending the scaffold, and politely asked the Sheriff to excuse him for not first offering it to him. The black cap was drawn down and the drop fell at 12:46. The neck was dislocated and death resulted in a short time, without any contortions. The crowd was estimated at about three thousand five hundred.

May there never be another public execution in North Carolina.

The History of the Murder.

James P. Davis, as he gave his name, engaged himself to work with John D. Horton, in Chatham county, in November, 1888, and in about a year killed Horton, his kind employer, his intimate companion and his room mate. They occupied a room on the second floor of Horton's house, on his farm, the only other occupant being Horton's aged and feeble mother. Davis and Horton slept in the same bed. On the night of November 15th the murder was committed. Davis left next morning for Raleigh. Three days later he returned and again slept. Suspicions were excited, and pursuit was made of Davis as soon as Horton's body was found, which was on the 23d, a week after the commission of the crime.

His Capture at Danville.

L. W. Faucett, a policeman of Danham, arrested Davis at Danville, Virginia, about midway on Sunday, November 24, the day after Horton's body was found. He told Davis he was wanted for the murder of Horton, and warned him not to talk as it might be used against him. Davis said he would talk and

Confessed the Killing.

but claimed that it was done in self-defense, and with a boot jack. When inquiry was made why, if it was done in self-defense, he did not go and tell Horton's mother? Davis said, "You know Mrs. Horton's condition. She is old and feeble, and has had two strokes of paralysis. I was afraid the shock would kill her, and I did not want two deaths in the house at the same time." He said the killing was not premeditated. He said he did not bury Horton for three days after the killing, but put the body in the new feed barn, in a closet under the stairs, and after that rolled it in a wheelbarrow to the tobacco barn.

The Trial.

Davis was taken to Pittsboro, but was at once hurried to jail at Raleigh, to save him from lynching. He was kept here until February 13, when he was taken to Pittsboro for trial. The trial caused intense interest and occupied two days. The principal witnesses were J. F. Williams, Horton's brother-in-law. He testified as follows:

I went to his house on Wednesday with Squire Scott. I walked out of the house with Davis. He told me that John said he had lost his standing by drinking, and did not want to stay here and wanted him (Davis) to go with him but he declined to go.

Davis' Falschoods.

Davis said that John told him sell the two mules and keep the horse and rent out the land. He said that John wore his everyday clothes to keep his mother from knowing where he was going; that Bob Strudwick had written to him (John) to come to Scotland and that he could get good wages there, and that he would get him (Davis) a place in the fall. I went off then with Mr. Scott to a scale, and came back about sundown. Davis asked me if I was going to stay all night, and I said yes. He then said he would take the front door key, so that when he came back he would not wake us. He said he was going to Mr. Edwards'. He went off and came back about 10 o'clock, sat awhile, and went to his room. I went to his room, and he told me that on Friday night John came home and wrote one hour and a half, then looked over both mules, and then lay down before the fire and read, then got up, fell across the foot of the bed and read there till went to sleep. Davis said he awoke stiffed with smoke, and John got up and stamped the pillow twice and said: "Let the damned thing go," and went out, and he had not seen him since. Davis further said: "I can't see how you can think foul play has been shown on John. I never heard anyone say a harm word of him."