

Yours Truly
Richard Reid

JUDGE RICHARD REID

A BIOGRAPHY

BY

ELIZABETH JAMESON REID

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TO

The Bar of Kentucky

IS THIS BOOK DEDICATED, IN MEMORY OF JUDGE REID,

WHO LOVED HIS PROFESSION,

WHO ESTEEMED ITS MEMBERS AS HIS FRIENDS,

AND WHOSE LIFE WAS SACRIFICED

TO LAW AND RELIGION.

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INTRODUCTION.

This book is the modest history of the quiet life of a scholar and a Christian gentleman—a life so quiet that but for the storm and tragedy in which it ended, it would never, perhaps, have been known to the world at large. No tragedy could make the character more interesting to all who knew it well, nor more attractive to those who came within its elevating influence.

Loving, and beloved by all, Richard Reid grew up among the hills of Montgomery County, Kentucky, trod the world for a few brief years, passed out beyond the mountain-clouds of death, "and left behind a light that made them lovely!" Like his Exemplar, his footsteps glorified the land whereon he trod, and which he watered with the blood of his martyrdom.

It would require a pen of inspiration to give the life in full—in its purity, its gentleness, its simplicity, its magnificent capabilities, its wide scope of usefulness, its depth of pathos, its strength of heroism in the calamity that suddenly and without warning or cause darkened its close. An artist's divine touch alone could give the proper lights and shades; no human hand can do more than faintly outline and suggest the complex original.

It is no less singular than gratifying that all with whom Judge Reid was associated should have retained such vivid recollections of him, and have furnished so

generously their reminiscences of those periods of his life that ran parallel with their own. No one seems to have forgotten him—no one destroyed his letters; and it is to be regretted that all that has been contributed could not have been given in full in these pages. The difficulty has been not what to insert, but what to omit. The limitations of the book—the fact that the closing scenes and the momentous issues arising from the tragedy demanded the larger space, made it necessary to pass by or abbreviate many contributions recording the most beautiful incidents in his life. In every case that which was withdrawn detracted just so much from the interest of the narrative.

The incidents in the home-life are furnished by guests who partook of his generous hospitality, and by members of his family;—the son, niece, and orphan girls who found shelter under his protecting roof, all contributing in love their plain and simple statements. Again, it was with regret that any characteristic incident was withheld. But only those were selected, even though insignificant, that in some measure revealed the tender, loving nature of the man.

The intellectual life stood out so prominently, and was so well known; eminent success in every department of intellectual work was so early conceded; ripe scholarship was attained so far in advance of maturity of years, that, farther than giving a faithful portrayal, there seemed to be little else needed to emphasize this side of his character. But the domestic virtues, which made the home-life so attractive and wonderfully beautiful, were not so largely known; and it was especially desired to commemorate these, as above all else they demonstrate the cruel inconsistency of violence against such a life and upon such a man.

However trivial, there is no incident in the life that now appears unimportant in the light of the last great suffering. The shadow of martyrdom stretches backward from the grave till it rests upon the cradle. Whatever pertains to the boy, youth, or man, becomes of the gravest significance under the somber coloring of this overhanging cloud.

Mrs. Reid's journal furnishes the history of the home side of the rapidly recurring scenes in the month of tragedy. This journal was written as soon as her physical and mental condition enabled her to put on record the minutest detail of all that occurred. This was done partly in the hope that by writing it out of her mind she might possibly escape the ever-present horror, and thus, by working backward from it into the beautiful life of Judge Reid, she might be able to collect and arrange the material for the history of the earlier years; partly because she feared that, if recovering from the shock, her memory might be left a blank concerning many important facts; but chiefly because of her belief that she would not live to see this book completed: and her journal therefore has all the significance attached to it that pertains to sworn testimony or a dying statement. While this diary is preserved in its entirety as first written, its words and pages are too heavily freighted with anguish for more than brief portions to be introduced into this book.

It was originally designed to edit only a memorial volume; but as, through the private correspondence of Judge Reid, through testimonials and recollections of

others, the life unrolled itself, leaf by leaf, through all its record, it was found too beautiful, too finished, too perfect in its varied elements, not to be given in some measure to those who may watch with friendly eyes its development in these pages. Moreover, it is impossible to form even a faint conception of the enormity of the crime that ended the life, without an understanding of the life itself.

The lessons of the school and college career are a rich legacy for rising generations of young men, as are the habits and characteristics of the lawyer, judge, worker, man of business, for all who wish to achieve success and competency.

No one who may read this book could be so surprised as was the modest subject himself, that he should be made the victim of violence, treachery, outrage, persecution. In heaven, as on earth, he must stand amazed to know that he should have an enemy.

It will, perhaps, be impossible for the present generation to realize, in its full extent, the height and depth of the crime, as great magnitudes require the perspective of time and distance to be properly measured.

The whole ignominious assault, from its inception to its completion, in its entire make-up, is so beyond reason, so incongruous with the credited civilization of the nineteenth century, that men naturally stand dazed, bewildered, stupefied, unable to explain, analyze, or properly punish. They are amazed and dumb that they have no statute prescribing a penalty for the adequate punishment of such a crime. Laws are born of civilization—and civilization never con-

templated a crime like this. It is not unnatural, therefore, that the people of Kentucky had failed to provide a statute meting out its proper punishment. Every other violence had come within their borders, and for almost every other they had provided.

Like others who have achieved great destinies, there was the early setting apart and separation from his fellows. It may not, to this world, be a great destiny to wear the Crown of Thorns and bear the Cross alone; to pass through Gethsemane and crucifixion;—but it is the destiny to which the Son of God was born, and which still seems to be the heritage of one who, like Judge Reid, would follow in His footsteps.

This work was undertaken no less to embody much that has already appeared in print concerning the outrage that ended a noble life in the noontide of its success and usefulness, than to vindicate the memory of Judge Reid against the lying malice that sought to blacken his character as well as destroy his life. The truth was withheld or warped, and Judge Reid and his family were tortured with falsehood and persecution in keeping with the spirit of the outrage,—which followed him to the grave, and which, since his death, have not spared his memory nor his stricken family.

Of the classmates, teachers, friends, pastors, who have contributed to this volume are: Hon. John L. Peak, Kansas City; Rev. Dr. Chambliss, of Baltimore; William Welch, Stanford, Ky.; Thomas N. Allen, Lexing-

ton, Ky.; C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.; Elder John I. Rogers, Danville, Ky.; Rev. D. S. C. M. Potter, Mattapoisett, Mass.; Rev. E. O. Guerrant, Mt. Sterling, Ky.; Elder George Darsie, Frankfort, Ky.; Elder W. T. Tibbs, Pomona, California; President Dudley, Georgetown College; Prof. Farnum, Georgetown, Ky.; Dr. Darby, Lexington, Ky.; Dr. Wm. Davis, Bourbon County, Ky.; Samuel Davis, Vernon County, Mo.

Besides these manuscript contributions, private letters from all parts of Kentucky and the United States, and publications by the press, have furnished a large mass of material.

Selections from the press have been bound in a volume under the editorship of Judge Hargis, of Louisville. "Letters" have also been preserved in a separate volume under the supervision of President Loos, of Kentucky University, and Miss Minnie Loos. These volumes have been made tributary to the present work—the views and expressions of others being sought in preference where they bore upon the issues discussed.

Perhaps there could be no higher tribute paid to Judge Reid than the apology with which those who have written or spoken concerning him, have found it necessary to temper their extreme love and admiration. Each has believed that the period of life of which he has written must have been the most interesting:—he was the most perfect student, the finest linguist, the most thorough and conscientious lawyer, the most loyal friend, the noblest man, the truest son, the tenderest husband; but, as if fearing that such exalted praise might imply too much, and so fail of credence,

it has often been thought proper to close with such qualifying terms as: "He was not perfect — perfection belongs to God alone;" or, "We do not say he was infallible—to err is human;" "He was not without fault; but if he had any failing or vice, we did not know it."

The family of Judge Reid are indebted:

To President Loos, for the first suggestion and encouragement to embody in book form the "Life of Judge Reid," that by a full and true history the obloquy of the crime might rest forever upon those who conceived, perpetrated, or defended it; and that his fair name might be vindicated, and that his memory might rise, like a guiding star, above earthly clouds and darkness, pointing the way for all who suffer and are persecuted for righteousness' sake to the great and eternal reward. Also, for the continued interest and encouraging help with which he has followed the book; and for his contributions herein:

To the children of God, of whatever church or name, whose letters are found in this volume, who followed Judge Reid with their support and prayers in the day of his agony, and who remembered his bereaved family in their still greater trial:

To the ministers whose sermons are given—Prof. McGarvey, President Loos, Elder John S. Shouse, and Elder H. R. Trickett:

To the lawyers who faithfully prosecuted the murderer, and have furnished their speeches for the Appendix:

To Hon. William J. Hendrick, for his generous and frequent contributions:

To Col. H. L. Stone, for his loyal friendship; for the assiduity with which he traced and refuted falsehood and slander; for support given Judge Reid in the difficult stand he had taken; for the energy, fearlessness and zeal with which he conducted the prosecution against the criminal; for the unwearied diligence with which he has revised manuscript, corrected proofs page by page, and reviewed all statements in the light of their relations to sufficient evidence, law, or sworn testimony.

To Isaac Errett, editor of the *Christian Standard*, for the courage and hope with which he inspired the friends and family of Judge Reid, when they were staggering under a burden of doubt and anxiety concerning the successful completion of the book; for the helpful strength and patient kindness with which he investigated the large mass of material submitted to his inspection; for his final criticism and revision of manuscript and proofs; and for his constant supervision of the entire work during its progress through the press, without which its publication would have been greatly retarded.

While it has not been practicable to burden the book with the proofs of all facts stated, many of which are startling, and are given for the first time, yet it is due to Col. Stone's legal criticisms and approval that no one is recorded in the book not established by the mouths of credible witnesses. But while much testimony was necessarily withheld, it has all been carefully preserved for the benefit of those who doubt, or in any spirit, friendly or otherwise, may wish to investigate.

The greatest difficulty encountered in the work has been the effort to be faithful and true to Judge Reid's memory and character, and yet, in this, not to pass the the bounds of ready belief, and awaken distrust or doubt by seemingly extravagant eulogy.

In behalf of truth and justice, in vindication of the principles of the Christian religion, as well as to honor the memory of a martyr, is this book committed to its destiny.

If for evil fortune it goes forth to its martyrdom, as did its subject, and falls in its struggle to maintain the right, it is well. Better that it should thus perish, than that the true history should not have been written; than that the evil, without opposition, should triumph over Judge Reid's memory as it did over his life. If there are Christian hearts in the world to bid it God-speed; if there are helping hands to hold it up that it sink not into oblivion—to give it strength wherein it is weak and feeble; if there be Christian sympathy and love that will pardon its failings and imperfections because of the good that is sought to be accomplished by it: then will the prayers, the suffering, the tears, the toil, the life-blood and breaking heart that have been expended upon it have their sufficient and abundant reward.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Ancestry—Parentage—Birth—Childhood 1–11

CHAPTER II.

School Life 12–16

CHAPTER III.

College Life 17–31

CHAPTER IV.

Versailles—Law—Love—War—Politics 32–44

CHAPTER V.

Mt. Sterling—Apperson & Reid—Bachelorhood 45–55

CHAPTER VI.

Married Life—Home—Family—Hospitality 56–71

CHAPTER VII.

His Boy—Tenderness to Children—Juvenile Literature..... 72–81

CHAPTER VIII.

Religious Life—Prayer—Church Activities—Ministries to Sick and Bereaved and Dying 82–99

CHAPTER IX.

Books—Writing—Speaking 100–112

CHAPTER X.

Characteristics — Temperance — Friendships — Advanced Views — Missionary — Addresses on Temperance and to Young Ladies 113–134

CHAPTER XI.

As a Candidate and Judge 135–145

CHAPTER XII.

At Frankfort 146–168

CHAPTER XIII.

Appellate Race—Home-coming—Betrayal 168–172

CHAPTER XIV.

The Assault 173–186

CHAPTER XV.

Judge Reid's Decision 187–195

CHAPTER XVI.

Nominal Cause of Assault 196–212

CHAPTER XVII.

Indignation 213–220

CHAPTER XVIII.

Judge Reid's Speech 221–230

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters—Telegrams—Press 231–310

CHAPTER XX.

Last Tour—Speaking—Letters to Mrs. Reid—Mrs. Reid's Letters to Judge Reid 311–329

CHAPTER XXI.

The Situation at Mt. Sterling—Continued Persecutions—Political—Municipal—Church—Press 330–349

CHAPTER XXII.

Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13th and 14th 350–359

CHAPTER XXIII.

Thursday, May 15th—Death 362–373

CHAPTER XXIV.

Funeral 374–392

CHAPTER XXV.

Tributes in Memoriam 393–421

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lessons of the Tragedy—Dr. Kavanaugh 422–430

CHAPTER XXVII.

To the Sorrowing 431–464

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Did Judge Reid Take His Own Life? 465–480

CHAPTER XXIX.

Retrospective 481–495

CHAPTER XXX.

Conclusion 496–499

APPENDIX.

Account of Trial 500–506
Synopsis of Speech of W. R. Patterson 506–517
Speech of Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick 518–533
Synopsis of Gen. John Rodman's Speech 533–539
Speech of Col. H. L. Stone 540–567
Synopsis of Judge Brooks' Speech 567–573
Decision by Superior and Appellate Courts 574

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JUDGE RICHARD REID.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—PARENTAGE—CHILDHOOD.

Richard Reid was born in Montgomery County, Kentucky, October 3, 1838. His father was Henry P. Reid. The first progenitor of whom mention is made in the old family Bible is Andrew Reid, who was born in County Antrim, Ireland, and the following are the generations as recorded:

Andrew Reid (date of birth unknown).
Coleman Reid, son of Andrew, born December 2, 1686.
Joseph Reid, son of Coleman, born February 6, 1714.
William Reid, son of Joseph, born May 26, 1749.
Richard Coleman Reid, son of William, born April 22, 1784.
Henry P. Reid, son of Richard, born March 9, 1810.
Richard Reid, son of Henry, born October 3, 1838.

The brothers of Henry Reid were: Paul, removed to Missouri; and Judge Newton P. Reid, of whom farther mention will be made in these pages.

Judge Walker Reid, a distinguished jurist well known to the past, and to many of the present, generation of Kentuckians, was cousin to Henry P. Reid. Of these succes-

sive generations, a collateral descendant now in Missouri,* says that a dishonorable act was never known to have been committed by one of the name.

Either Coleman Reid,† or his son Joseph, was the first to emigrate to America and settle in Loudoun county, Virginia. Joseph Reid owned the ground over which the battle of Manassas was fought, and lies buried in the graveyard there. William Reid, the son of Joseph, emigrated (date unknown) to Kentucky among the earliest pioneers, and settled upon an estate that was successively owned by his son, Richard Coleman Reid, by Henry P. Reid, and is now in the possession of J. Davis Reid, the brother of Judge Richard Reid.

The homestead in which Richard Reid was born is situated on the Mt. Sterling and Lexington Turnpike, two and a half miles from the latter place. In its yard is a noted old monarch of cherry trees, which grew from a twig that the grandmother Reid brought in her lap on a long horseback ride from Shakertown, in her early married days. This grandmother, wife of Richard Coleman Reid, was Mary Prather, of Mercer county, Kentucky, and an incident of some small interest is still preserved in the family. One day in the long ago, there passed over this road, from Lexington to Mt. Sterling, thence through the mountains to Virginia, Gen. Andrew Jackson, with his coach-and-four, followed by a constantly increasing cavalcade. His journey was that of a Roman conqueror at the head of a triumphal procession. The grandmother Reid was walking leisurely along this road *en route* to a neighbor's, and in all the dignity of her sun-bonnet, looking neither to right nor left. The General halted his carriage, invited her to a seat, of which she took possession without embarrassment, entering

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* Col. Jno. Reid, of Lexington, Mo., son of Judge Walker Reid.

† Alexander Campbell knew the Reids in Ireland, and the acquaintance was continued in this country.

readily into conversation with him until put down at her destination. His courtesy to the old lady, the questions he asked, and her prompt replies, are still remembered by her descendants.

The mother of Richard Reid was Elizabeth Davis, daughter of Col. Josiah Davis and Patsy Chandler Davis.

Of Col. Josiah Davis, the following sketch appears in the "History of Montgomery County, by Richard Reid," prepared in 1875 for the centennial celebration of the settlement of the county:

Col. Josiah Davis was born in Fayette county, Kentucky, near Bryant's Station, in March, 1797. His father, James Davis, was a native of Ireland, and a soldier of the Revolution. His mother's maiden name was Flora McPherson. About 1820, Col. Davis removed to Montgomery County, where he resided until his death, in March, 1847. For many years he filled a conspicuous position in the affairs of the county, serving several terms in the Legislature, and as Colonel of the State Militia. He was a man of peace; the champion of the poor; an arbiter in all neighborhood disputes; a trusted adviser, and a steadfast friend. His personal appearance was marked, and his manners pleasing and cordial. His conversational powers were of the first order, and though his early educational advantages were few, he had, by a diligent study of the best books, amassed varied stores of knowledge. His memory was enormous. He never forgot anything he read. He had collected a fine library, and Burns and Shakespeare were his cherished authors. He was an ardent Whig, and his house was a favorite resort for his political friends, where he dispensed a generous hospitality. While he was an unequaled talker, his diffidence was so great he could never make a speech; but no man excelled him in "mixing" with the people, and he was a power in all county elections. His Irish blood showed itself in his ready wit, his unfailing good humor, and quickness of repartee.* He was a model citizen, of irreproachable character: and his sound common sense, excellent judgment and ripe culture gave him a wide and commanding influence. He was an earnest Christian, having been received into the Church of Christ under the ministry of John Smith. He died in the prime of his

* This Irish wit ran through all his descendants, children and grandchildren, and was almost abnormally developed in Ella, William, Richard, and Mother Reid now living.

manhood and usefulness, and his death was universally deplored in the county.

Patsy Chandler Davis was a woman of fine intellectual powers and of great piety. She was the mother of a large family of sons and daughters. She was a woman of sorrows, surviving her husband and many of her children, and living to a ripe old age. Richard cherished the highest esteem and affection for this grandmother, reverenced her memory to the latest day of his life, and always spoke of her with the tenderest emotion. He owed to her his early religious training, and that ready memory of the Scriptures that seemed so remarkable to his schoolmates and friends of later life. She lived to welcome him home from College, a noble, scholarly young man; and he brought back and poured into her lap the rich fruitage of her early planting and training. Her once large household had been thinned by death and scattered by marriage, and Richard was a stay and blessing in her old age.

Henry P. Reid was a man of vigorous personality and great physical endurance. He was a thorough type of the Anglo-Saxon. The features were boldly cast, and in the fixed strength of nose, mouth and chin, would have given the impression of sternness only, but for the benevolence of the blue eye, and the open expanse of the intellectual, massive forehead, which the auburn hair, growing rather far back, left clearly revealed. He was a man of firm convictions, of scrupulous honesty, and hospitable even beyond tradition in Kentucky. He was devoted to his family, liberal in the education of his children, but often stern and repressive towards his boys, demanding of them the strictest obedience. But as they grew to manhood, he was proud of their intellectual attainments; their high honors at college; and in his later years gave them the most generous confidence and respect. He was a hard worker all his life, and with more than an ordinary share of common sense,

and strict integrity, had the satisfaction in his growing years of seeing a large estate accumulate about him.

Of his father's hospitality, Richard writes Jan. 17, 1864: "If father's house were as large as his hospitality, we would be completely inundated by general travelers and homeless relatives."

The mother of Richard Reid was a woman of fine personal appearance, splendid physique, rather above the average size, richly endowed with health, energy, cheerfulness, and an unselfish devotion to those she loved. She had a rich brunette complexion, black hair and eyes, and was, in her bearing, erect and commanding.

She sacrificed her life at the age of twenty to her sense of duty. The family of a relative were stricken down with fever. Elizabeth Reid, flush with health and strength, went daily (three or four miles horseback) to nurse the sick. When the family had been tenderly and generously cared for, she herself was stricken with the fatal disease, and died after a short illness, October 21, 1841.

Her two orphaned boys, Richard, aged three years and eighteen days, and Davis, aged twenty-one months, were taken to the home of their grandmother, and remained with her until their father married, December 25, 1842, Mary Davis, the sister of Elizabeth. He removed to a farm adjoining the Davis estate, and the boys, Richard and Davis, were equally at home in either household.

Dr. William Davis, brother of Mrs. Elizabeth Reid, says concerning her in a letter dated Nov. 28, 1884:

> You will not be surprised at my saying that his mother was a very superior woman, so recognized by all who knew her, as the mother of such a son must necessarily have been. A woman of great natural endowments, of wonderful vivacity; and while full of mirth and rich in practical jokes, wit and repartee, she yet commanded respect, and meritoriously received the homage of all who came in contact with her, and over all swayed a controlling influence that is rarely accorded to a single human being. Well do I remember the singular devotion given her by her husband and his

brothers, by her own parents and brothers and sisters. With a proud unanimity she was accorded the first and highest place in the social and family circle. This much I think due to the memory of the mother of Judge Richard Reid. I have only to add that she was a Christian, and died in the full blush of womanhood.

While yet in his infancy, at the age of fifteen months, a great physical blight fell upon the life of Richard, the effects of which he felt to his latest day, and which had much to do in shaping his character and destiny. Dr. Wm. Davis writes concerning this:

He was a handsome, sprightly child; and one day in a playful romp was sportively seized by his nurse in such a manner as to inflict a serious injury.* Until he was seventeen years old he was a victim to the torture of rude instruments. The dark crimson impressions caused by the chafing of the cruel steel, not then softened and improved as at the present day, are still fresh in my memory. Like all sensitive children he felt humiliated, and constantly strove to conceal his sufferings, as well as the cause, from his associates. Faithful always, and obedient to every command of his father, who ruled firmly but with love, he endured the agony and imaginary shame with a silent stoicism that marked him, even in early childhood, as a Spartan when duty demanded.

His beautiful, sparkling countenance was often overclouded by pain, and his thoughts and actions assumed necessarily the expression of his seniors. Driven by imperious necessity, he became a child-recluse, denied the usual pleasures of boyhood. His books became his loved companions, and he strove in hard study to find compensation for his self-denial. He knew none of the vices common to boyhood. He could only gaze with wistful eyes upon the sports, from which he was excluded, of the vigorous and healthy children that played around him. To my knowledge not a single oath ever stained his lips, nor did he ever in any way evade the truth. To bar-rooms, games of chance, cards, horse-races, ball-rooms, he grew up a stranger. It was seemingly a part of his nature to avoid all places of questionable propriety.

As a child he was a somnambulist, and often caused alarm lest this habit should lead to disastrous consequences. He would arise at any time of the night and strike out in the darkness, oblivious of the surroundings or the state of the weather. It was difficult to restrain or awaken him, but when once aroused, after a look of momentary bewilderment, he would quietly return to his bed.

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* Violent rupture.

Whether asleep or awake, his mind was always active. His memory was simply wonderful. When only three or four years old, his father spoke of him as the only almanac needed in the house. He could give with unerring certainty the day of the week, month, or year, the birth and age of every member of his father's and grandfather's families. On one occasion, in these infantile years, when we older ones had failed, he was awakened from sleep, and, upon being asked the day of the month, inquired if it was before or after midnight, and then gave a correct answer. He was thus early the wonder and admiration of the little world in which he moved. He clung to those he loved with an artless simplicity, and with an intensity amounting almost to worship. Where he felt he was not understood, he was through all his life shrinking and reserved, and, what in his later years might be considered cold or selfish, was attributable to the sensitiveness caused by his early affliction. For behind a sometimes seemingly indifferent exterior, there was as true and guileless a heart as ever pulsated in a human breast. A sensitive, delicate, afflicted child, he grew to youth and manhood in innocence, devotion, and study, and I can think of no wrong act ever charged to him.

Striving to do right, loving all mankind, devoted to God, with an early understanding and recognition of the truths of the Bible, he never feared an attack upon his person, nor sought a difficulty with any one. He was, in the fullest sense of the word, a peace-maker, and ruled by love.

Taught by his Christian parents to view the carrying of pistols, bowie-knives, or any weapon, as cowardly and disgraceful, he ever ignored them, and condemned their use by others.

His life was so beautiful, so perfect, that I can only think of him as using this world for a preparation for a home beyond the river.

So peculiarly sensitive was Richard, that he never, to intimate friend, schoolmate, or member of his own family, made allusion to his early misfortune, except in one instance to his wife, in February, 1884. He said to her on this occasion: "You have often criticised my stooping habit, and disinclination to active physical exertion, and dislike to lifting any weight, even when it sometimes seemed necessary; and I have often wished to tell you that I had a great calamity befall me when I was a child." But he changed

the subject instantly, and this was his first, last, and only allusion to it.

The Davis homestead was situated upon a highway of travel—the State-road leading through Lexington and Winchester and Mt. Sterling to the Virginia border. It was before the days of the perfect system of turnpikes that now makes of the towns of the interior of Kentucky a common neighborhood. In its convenient distance of seven miles from the town of Mt. Sterling, and about midway to Winchester, this hospitable roof, with the genial society of such a man as Col. Davis, was an inviting rendezvous for the distinguished men of the day, whether politicians or religionists. Henry Clay was still the head and champion of the Whig party. Col. Davis was his staunch supporter, and political discussions ran high.

It was also a time of great religious revivals. The visits of Alexander Campbell to Kentucky, and his skillful and eloquent advocacy of a religious reformation, had caused a widespread interest and excitement. The heroes of that reformation still fought over their battles around the fireside in the long evenings. A large family of servants made an extended hospitality a simple and pleasant recreation, and guests, finding abundant cheer, a cordial welcome, a feast of wit and reason and anecdote in the quickening social life, protracted their visits.

In such society, and the companionship of books, Richard grew up. There was no children's literature then, as now, that amused and relaxed the mind while imparting instruction. The Scriptures, Shakespeare, Burns, "Paradise Lost," History, Mythology—such books as these engaged the mind of the boy. By frequent readings aloud to the grandfather, of his favorite authors, Burns and Shakespeare, the larger portions of them were committed to memory.

But the withdrawal from boyish sports—from all that makes childhood sunny, hopeful, full of life and expectation;

and the constant intercourse with older minds, and devotion to books, produced too great an intellectual activity; a highly wrought nervous organization; an imperfect physical development. During all his life he suffered from this unequal development of mind and body. He never overcame his nervousness and sleeplessness, and was the subject of fits of melancholy until after the noonday sun of happiness shed its full brightness upon his married life.

And who can properly estimate the influence of seventeen years of suffering upon a human soul, when these years, extending from infancy to youth, include so much of the formative period of life? who tell of the long nights of wakefulness, the loneliness and solitude of a boy cut off from his fellows; of the sensitiveness that concealed an affliction preying upon the bodily strength, and that made the sufferer refuse to tell why as boy or youth he could not take part in manly sports, or walk in the beaten paths that others trod? who say what fantastic tricks an overwrought imagination would play; what visions or ghosts would people the dreams or surround the bed of such a boy?

Another influence that has perhaps never received due consideration, told largely upon the character of the children of that day. The ancient family servants were storehouses of tradition and legendary lore. They were the bound volumes (half human, half fetish), serving instead of, and anticipating by an age, the sensational daily papers and telegrams. Horrors, murders, mysteries, were gathered from generation to generation by these old "uncles" and 'aunts," and nightly retailed to the eager listeners whose belief in the marvelous grew as the recital told off the waning hours. The hooting of an owl; the howling of a dog; the sighing of the winds; a ring around the moon; the sound of mystic footsteps without the house; spirits flitting through the moonlight; some wicked ghost pausing at window or door-way—were all solemn omens prophe-

sying some calamity, some dire vengeance, warning the ungodly, or foretelling death to some member of the family.

A boy whose early love of mythology and over-active imagination had peopled every leaf and stream with a voice and a vitality, could not escape these other ever-present influences.

Richard had inherited, through his mother, from his grandfather, an abiding sense of humor, a ready wit, that sent its playful light or keener flashes across the darkness of these early years of suffering. He loved fun, the jest, the sport, just as other boys. And as he grew stronger and older, he was allowed, now and then, a day's hunting or fishing. He would often ride upon the hunt, dismount to shoot, and became expert in the use of the gun.

An uncle, Samuel Davis, between whom and the nephew there existed the warmest friendship, writes from Vernon County, Mo., under date February, 1885:

> Richard was very fond of sport, particularly a hunt. Whenever we had a holiday we were off with our dogs chasing rabbits. They were about all we had to hunt. Once, when a lot of us boys were out hunting, Richard's dog, while in full chase, ran against a snag, and died in a few minutes. Richard was so troubled over it that he left us and went to his grandmother, and would hunt no more that day.

Mother Reid writes:

> I well remember about the dog that Sam speaks of — how Richard grieved for him—how his grandmother tried to comfort him, knowing his tender nature towards everything.

Death always possessed a peculiar horror to him. No frequency of repetition ever made it an indifferent event. The susceptibility of the boy, that caused him to leave his sport to grieve for his dead dog, marked all his manhood. He could not bear to witness suffering, unkindness or cruelty. Nothing made him so angry as cruelty to a dumb animal, to a child, to the aged, infirm or helpless. His whole nature rose in revolt, and all his powers were brought

to the rescue. This sympathy and tenderness accounted largely for his devotion to his mother, grandmother, and later in life to his aged mother-in-law, and, indeed, to all widowed and helpless women who appealed to him for aid.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

His school life began in his sixth year, and he continued in the country schools, in sessions of three or four months at a time, until his fourteenth year. He was allowed to ride horseback much of the time, and when weary, to leave the school-room at any hour and return home.

Samuel Davis writes concerning these schooldays, that his teachers were :

John Bushnell, a Northern man, who taught near the Clark County and Montgomery County lines.

Mr. Rainey, who taught at the same place, two sessions of five months each, and with whom Richard learned very fast. In a short time he was in classes with myself and others who had been in school several sessions before he entered, and all of us older than he.

Mr. Lewis, who taught in a log school-house in a locust grove on Wm. Thompson's farm.

Samuel Fawcett, who taught at Grassy Lick.

Harvey Hurt, who taught at the same place and for the same length of time.

He then entered Mr. Potter's school at Mt. Sterling, and we began the study of Latin and made a good start together.

Richard went several terms to Mr. Potter and advanced rapidly in all his studies. I was with him through all these schools named. He was always regular in school, rarely missing a day, and always ready with a perfect lesson. I never knew him to have a fight or even a quarrel with a schoolmate, but he was universally beloved. He was full of original wit and humor — fond of fun during play hours, but no longer. Life with him, even in boyhood, was a solemn reality—something ahead that must be accomplished.

Richard Reid himself always retained a vivid recollection of these country schools, and often spoke humorously

of his experiences therein. In one of his addresses before a Sunday-school, he said:

> It is a blessed thing to be the children of to-day, for "the lines have fallen to them in pleasant places, and truly they have a goodly heritage." Books are no longer all *third-parts*, to be pored over through the long sessions of shimmering summer days under the eyes of incompetent teachers, "boarding around" like Ichabod Cranes among the scholars; nor is it any longer believed that the readiest way to a boy's brain is through his back, and the more weakly, the more helpless, the more friendless the boy, the more need to have the exercises frequently repeated upon the back.*

About the time of his entrance into Mr. Potter's school, not yet fourteen, a very important event occurred in the life of Richard. He made a public confession of his faith in the Christ, and was baptized by Elder John Smith.

Father Smith was a frequent visitor at Col. Josiah Davis's; was a warm personal friend; had officiated at the marriages, baptisms and funerals in the family. He knew the family joys and sorrows; knew well the precocious intellect, the great promise and early scholarship of the boy Richard, and the devotion of the large family to him. When, therefore, he raised him from his burial with Christ in baptism, he placed his hand upon the boy's head, and said in peculiarly affecting words: "Here is to be a man who will do great good in the world; who will stand up for Christ, and if need be, lay down his life for Him."

Richard connected himself with the Christian Church of Mt. Sterling, of which his grandmother and grandfather had been among the earliest members, and in which his father's family held their membership.

The Rev. D. S. C. M. Potter, an Episcopal minister, a Christian gentleman, a profound scholar, was regarded by his patrons and pupils as one of the finest instructors that ever had charge of youth. Between him and Richard the most perfect confidence and abiding friendship existed, and

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* Address, May, 1881.

it was not only as teacher and friend, but as counselor, guide, father, that Richard turned to him. His letters to Mr. Potter, after leaving his school, always marked some important epoch in his life. He writes to him of his college life—his choice of a profession—of a great bereavement in his young manhood—of the war—of his marriage—of his election to office.

It was under his tuition that Richard laid so deep the foundations of his classical education, upon which he built so thoroughly at college and in after life. Though Mr. Potter was a strict and severe disciplinarian, neither in his school nor in any of the country schools, did Richard ever receive a reprimand, a punishment, a demerit mark, or an angry word; and his grade was uniformly the highest ever given.

Mr. Potter to Mrs. Reid.

JULY 10TH, 1884.

I have carried with me through all these years a vivid impression of all the characteristics of your husband in his boyhood days, while he was a pupil of mine at Mt. Sterling. I have no remembrance of any insubordination on his part to any of my rules, and yet he was not wanting by any means in that overflow of spirits which is so common with boys. Always modest and respectful to his teachers, strictly attentive to his studies, punctual and regular in his attendance, he was never known to fail in any lesson or exercise assigned to him.

I well remember his beginning Latin in a class of six or eight more, but in a few months he was entirely alone, because by his unremitting labors he had outstripped them all. He never in his deportment and intercourse with his fellow-students evinced in any way any vanity, self-assertion, or air of superiority over others. He always wore the mien of one who had entered upon life's preparatory work, and never intended to desist until called to a higher position of duty.

It was not his nature to be quarreling with his schoolmates; he was loved and respected by all, and made it a point to "mind his own business." No one, however, was more ready than he to assist a fellow-pupil involved in difficulties in lessons, and he would render such assistance in so patient and so kindly a way, that he endeared himself to all whom he thus aided. The germs of his future intellectual and moral greatness exhibited themselves in his boyhood, so that

his history has verified the saying, "The boy is father of the man." He early exhibited as a pupil a high moral and religious tendency. Within the first year of his attendance at my school he made a profession of religion, and I, as his instructor, gave him the right hand of Christian fellowship, to which act on my part Judge Reid has referred within the last year or two as a cause of great encouragement to him in his Christian life. Never from anything that thereafter I observed in his life, had I reason to distrust his sincerity and devotion to the Lord's service. Of him it could be truly said, that he "grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Of this period of his life, his life-long friend and schoolmate, Rev. Dr. E. O. Guerrant, of the Presbyterian Church, also writes:

He was the best student and the best scholar I ever knew at school. His brain and nervous system were precociously developed. They were out of proportion to his physical. He was a lean and delicate boy, with a massive brain, and an intense application to the most difficult studies. He did not promise to live long when a boy, and surprised me by attaining the splendid physique of his manhood. But he never outlived his nervousness, nor his intense susceptibility to outward impressions.

During his attendance at Mr. Potter's school he rode horseback from his father's home in the country, brought his noonday lunch, and after remaining often beyond the afternoon session for some additional lesson or special instruction, returned for the night. In the severest of the winter weather he boarded with Dr. and Mrs. Hannah, friends whose affection and esteem never faltered for a moment during his life; and subsequently with Mrs. Barnes, a widow with a large family of sons and two daughters.* He remembered also with pleasure his life in this family, and the warmest friendship existed between him and its various members. Many years after, when a lawyer, returned to his native town, he became, according to Mrs. Barnes's will, the executor of her large estate, and received from the

* Mrs. Wash. Lee, of Covington, Ky., and Mrs. Capt. Foley, of Cincinnati.

heirs a handsome gold watch as a testimonial to the honesty, fidelity and promptness with which he discharged his trust.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE—PROFESSION.

June, 1835, closed his connection with Mr. Potter's school, and September of the same year saw him a young collegian at the Baptist College, Georgetown, Ky. He was not quite seventeen, his birthday being the third of October.

During the three years of his college life he never missed a recitation, nor was once absent from chapel exercises. On one occasion, when suffering with some trouble with his face, he abandoned the idea of attending chapel or class-room; but after "the boys" had left him, he could not resist the desire to follow, and much to their amusement appeared among them. In the class-room the Professor passed him by out of consideration for his ailments; but it being, perhaps, on Monday, when students are not apt to have very good lessons, the whole class failed; and as if in despair, the Professor said: "Reid, I shall *have* to call on you to give this lesson." Partially removing his bandages, and speaking from one side of his mouth, Reid gave the lesson as usual—entirely and without a mistake.

His lessons were not only thoroughly prepared, but were gone over until they came easy and tripping from the tongue.

Richard Reid to his boy at Princeton.

JANUARY 5, 1883.

Be regular, thorough, and methodical in your work. Each day quit no lesson until you have fully mastered it in all its details. You will find a great help to your proficiency in recitation, if, after you

know your daily lesson, you go over it once or twice again, so as to be perfectly at home in the class-room. This plan I pursued throughout my entire college life. After I had mastered a lesson, I would go it over and over, until it was impossible to confuse or embarrass me. Others, perhaps, would understand the lesson as well as I, but no boy in the class could recite as well and as glibly as I could. I recommend this to you at the beginning of this new year, and feel confident that in a little while you will find great help from it and make much more rapid progress. At first it may be a little irksome, but the ease with which you will acquit yourself when called on to recite will encourage you to keep up.

The Hon. J. Q. A. Ward * to Mrs. Reid.

FRANKFORT, KY., Nov. 26, 1884.

The classmates of Judge Reid were:

Rev. George Varden, of Paris, Ky., an eminent scholar and divine.

Rev. Henry Ray, D. D., Ky., now deceased.
Rev. J. F. Cook, D. D., Lagrange, Mo.
D. Wood, of Perryville, Ky.
Hon. John L. Peak, Kansas City, Mo.
Lieut. Gov. James E. Cantrill, Georgetown, Ky.
Rev. W. C. Jones, Louisville, Ky.
Prof. G. D. Hunt, Lexington, Ky.
John C. Arthur, Virginia (killed at Gettysburg).
R. H. Anderson, B. S., Ky.
D. B. Crumbaugh, B. S., Ky.
Charles T. Daniels, A. B., Mo.
H. H. Hicks, A. B., Midway, Ky.
W. H. Offutt, B. S., Miss.
B. F. Pearce, B. S., Louisville.
J. Y. Pitts, A. B., Mo.
Alf. Pratt, A. B., Kansas.
Rev. H. Ray, Kentucky.
C. H. Voorhees, A. B., Lexington, Ky.
J. Q. A. Ward, B. S., Cynthiana, Ky.
H. C. Wheat, Kentucky.
George L. Wrenn, A. B., Boston, Mass.
W. M. Bridgeforth, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Among others much loved and of the same Literary Society:

Wm. G. Welch, room-mate, Stanford. Ky.
Hon. James F. Clay, Henderson, Ky.

* Judge Ward was a classmate of Judge Reid's at college, and his successor onthe Superior Court Bench of Kentucky.

Rev. W. H. Felix, Covington, Ky.
Hon. J. B. Montgomery, Elizabethtown, Ky.
Hon. John M. Atherton, Louisville, Ky.
Wm. Webb (a friend made later).

Your husband was a very active member of the "Ciceronian Society." He was always prominent in its work, being on debates, writing for its weekly paper, and making addresses on important occasions. The archives of that Society would afford you abundant material to illustrate his early and bright literary attainments. There was also a college paper printed (and I think he was one of the editors), and he contributed to it some very excellent articles that would be of great interest.

There is nothing in my judgment which would afford a biographer a richer field, or one of more interest to the old students, than the archives of the Society if they have been well preserved.

That eminent scholar and grand man, Dr. Campbell, stood at the head of our faculty, and among our professors, all able men, were J. E. Farnham, LL.D., J. J. Rucker, LL.D., Gen. Ammon. . . . He boarded with Dr. Stephen Gano, a man of fine head and heart.

William G. Welch to Mrs. Reid.

STANFORD, KY., Dec. 18, 1884.

I have vivid recollections of my first meeting with Richard Reid. In one of the early days of September, 1855, the stage-coach which plied between Lexington and Georgetown, stopped at the old Broadway Hotel, in the former place, to take up a solitary, dejected traveler. I was that traveler, a lad of fourteen, on the way to Georgetown College, to enter the Freshman class, and already oppressed by home-sickness and many dismal forebodings of the "hazing," "plucking," and other college tortures which had faintly come to my ears. The coach inside was crowded with students, and had half a dozen more perched on the roof. As I climbed over the wheel to reach the top, a hand grasped me by the collar and pulled me to a seat on a trunk by the side of its owner. He was a cheery, good looking young fellow, two or three years my senior, who at once, by a series of point-blank questions, extracted my brief and modest history, and then with an engaging frankness imparted all he thought it necessary for me to know of himself. He was booked for his first term at Georgetown, but destined for the Sophomore class. This was Richard Reid. In five minutes we were friends; in ten we had agreed to become room-mates. Our driver on this occasion, and for many others afterward, was known to the traveling public as 'Old Red.' I don't know whether he ever had any other name. He was a stout, purple-faced old fellow, who might have stepped bodily out of Dickens's books. He had the shrewd humor of his class, was om-

niscient in horse-flesh, and held college youth in very light esteem. Reid, having soon exhausted my small store of conversation, began with considerable skill and great good humor to draw the old coachman out, and the two affably devoted the couple of hours' drive to "chaffing" each other, greatly to the general entertainment and their own satisfaction. . . .

He at once took rank among the best and brightest of his class. In a few months, in truth, he was indisputably at its head, a position which he easily maintained without rivalry or jealousy to the end, and graduated in 1858 with the first honors of this unusually brilliant class. His standing for scholarship obtained at the end of the course, by aggregating the averages for each quarter, which in their turn had been obtained by a careful system of "marking" each recitation, was the brightest ever attained up to his day in the history of the institution. To explain: The figure "8" represented a perfect recitation, "7" an excellent one, "6" a merely good one, "5" a barely passable one, and so on, down to zero, which registered, as on the thermometer, the coolest possible state of ignorance and assurance. Fractions were used to represent the nicer shades of difference. Reid's standing for the whole course of the three years was 7.99, and to his fellows who knew the impartial accuracy with which the grading was done by the faculty, represented an astonishing degree of talent, as well as industry. His mind was naturally bright and vigorous, and his memory wonderfully receptive and retentive. He was the best student I ever knew—methodical, conscientious, untiring. He never shirked a task, however distasteful, and never deferred it a moment. On reaching his room after recitation hours he would pounce, without pausing, upon the lessons for the next day, and never stop until the last one was thoroughly mastered and reviewed. . . . His favorite recreation after his tasks were done — nothing ever being permitted to interfere with them — was in miscellaneous reading. He was fond of all books, and in that ardent, early day, was especially fond of poetry, favorite passages of which he would recite from memory by the hour as we took our long evening tramps. . . . One red-letter day comes to my memory—a long summer's Saturday afternoon in Gano's woodland. Longfellow's Hiawatha had just come out. He had gotten a copy of it, and he and Alexander Woolfolk, under a mighty sugar-maple, read it aloud, alternately, until it was finished, just as the sun was setting, while I, prone upon my back, lay on the grass a delighted listener.

Reid's brilliant scholarship and his faultless deportment made him, of course, a prime favorite with the Professors. He was no less so with the three or four hundred boys who were then in attendance at this pleasant and ancient seat of learning. In his hours of relaxation

there was no more delightful companion than this hard-working, first honor man of 1858. He had an inexhaustible store of wit and humor, and no one told or enjoyed a droll story better than he. He had an almost feminine aversion to all forms of coarse dissipation, but was among the first to suggest and enjoy every innocent sport and amusement. Bright and cordial in manner, gentle and yet manly in character, a Christian even at that early age, without hypocrisy and without cant, he passed through the turbulent ordeal of college life, without, as far as I know, ever making an enemy or engaging in a quarrel.

Hon. John L. Peak to Mrs Reid.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept., 1885.

I remember quite vividly his appearance at that time, and though so many years have intervened since then, his picture is as fresh and distinct in my memory as if its impress had been made but yesterday. He was rather tall for his age, of slender build, and with the student's unmistakable droop about the shoulders. His hair, which was worn very long, as was the custom among students at that time, was of a dark brown, and was brushed back from his forehead, so as to exhibit to the best advantage a brow of classic mould. His features were rather rugged than handsome, and were illumined by eyes of unusual size and brilliancy, that gave an expression of great force and intelligence. His clothes hung upon him rather loosely, and gave the impression of home manufacture, and as if made in anticipation of rapid growth. . . . I remember observing him very carefully when he entered the class-room; of studying his rather timid, awkward manner, and endeavoring to forecast the future career of the new student, . . . and reaching the conclusion that young Reid would be a close contestant for the honors of his class, and that he was destined to become famous as a learned Professor or a great poet. His knowledge, his wondrous familiarity with the classics, suggested the Professor theory. His brilliant and sparkling eyes, together with his ready command of language, suggested the Poet theory.

It was soon manifest that he was to be a dangerous competitor for the highest prize of scholarship. He brought to his task a mind strong and vigorous, unimpaired by any excess or intemperance, and apparently incapable of weariness or exhaustion. The ease with which he acquired knowledge was almost phenomenal, and was only equaled by the wonderful energy and industry with which he applied himself to his work. In the study of ancient languages he was without an equal in the class. Greek he seemed to read with the ease and fluency of those who sat beneath the instruction of Aristotle and Plato; and he acquired a knowledge of Latin with as much readiness as if it had been his native tongue. I think, without a doubt, he was

the most accomplished linguist that ever graduated at Georgetown College. He was very fond of mythology, and as familiar with the numerous gods and goddesses of antiquity as most students of his age with the names of our revolutionary heroes. His conversations, his essays and speeches were replete with classical allusions, and bristling with illustrations drawn from that exhaustless storehouse of learning and rhetoric. His peculiar mental structure enabled him to master the curriculum with such ease as to leave him time for much miscellaneous reading. In mathematics alone he seemed at a loss. This deficiency led most of his classmates to suppose that this was the bog in which he was to mire, and thus permit some of his numerous competitors to bear off the palm. But here his marvelous memory and indomitable industry came to his aid; and having determined to win, he memorized the entire course of geometry, trigonometry and astronomy. This feat inspired his competitors with dismay and rendered it certain that Reid would be the valedictorian of his class. He graduated with the first prize in a class of which it was an honor to be a member, having obtained the highest mark of scholarship ever given in the college.

In conversation he was fluent and graceful, replete with witticisms, humor, anecdotes, but obstinately opposed to argument. Of a social, genial temperament, his unfailing resources made him an exceedingly agreeable companion, and a general favorite among the students. Outside of the class-room he nowhere appeared to better advantage than, when surrounded by a squad of students, he detailed in the most graphic language some ludicrous adventure of his own, or of some other luckless student. He entered into his story *con amore*, and joined heartily in the merriment and laughs evoked by his own sallies of wit. His enjoyment was none the less, because he was as often as any other the victim of his own pungent satire and ridicule. His wit was never made the vehicle of malice or spite. Indeed he seemed utterly devoid of ill-will toward any one. There was nothing belligerent or combative in him; no place in his genial temperament for resentment or revenge. During his entire college course I never knew him to be angry or to be engaged in a quarrel or dispute. He seemed utterly incapable of entertaining the thought of injuring another, or of supposing that any one should desire to injure him. Being physically fragile, he shrank from all kinds of rude contests with the timidity of a girl, and was never known to engage in the college games then in vogue. It would have created no more surprise among the students to have seen President Campbell or Prof. Farnum engage in a game of foot-ball or leap-frog than Dick Reid—not that Reid was too dignified or austere.

In composition Reid had few, if any, equals. He wielded a pen of unusual facility and beauty. He wrote apparently without effort,

his ready memory furnishing him with copious illustrations and comparisons. He was a born essayist, and would doubtless have achieved eminence in that department had he chosen it for a profession.

In declamation he was less felicitous. His manner was awkward. He seemed at a loss to know what disposition to make of his hands, and his whole appearance was indicative of a profound longing to be elsewhere and otherwise engaged. This was a domain in which he was less at home than in any other college work or exercise, and I do not think he ever recovered, while at college, from the embarrassment which characterized his earlier efforts.

In deportment his conduct and demeanor were unexceptionable. He observed every rule or request of the faculty with the most inflexible fidelity. No temptation could prevail to induce him to depart from this. His conscientiousness was extreme and entered into the smallest as well as the gravest affairs.

All in all, he was a grand, noble boy, bright, sparkling, witty, humorous, full of manly and generous impulse, a hard student, a matchless companion. The boy was but the prophecy of the man, and right royally did his manhood fulfill the promise of his youth.

Rev. J. A. Chambliss to Mrs. Reid.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 31, 1884.

I never ceased to remember him with admiration. We were companions for two years, and during the second year especially were intimate friends. We lodged in the same building, ate at the same table, studied together, and recited to each other; walked and visited together. There was scarcely another so closely associated with him at that time, except his room-mate, Wm. Welch. . . . He was first of all, and all the time, a student, the most brilliant student among us. He came to college well prepared, and was never at a disadvantage in his work. Whether in translation or composition, he did the Greek and Latin with remarkable elegance and rapidity. . . . In belles lettres he was equally excellent. In mathematics alone he had a superior in the class. (Alas, dear Arthur, shot through the heart at Gettysburg.) Yet even in this department, by close application, he made his recitations more uniformly perfect than his rival's. He would not be excelled; and his ambition, though honorable, sometimes consumed his peace. His reading in history and lighter literature seemed to me unusually wide, and his wonderful memory enabled him to draw at will for illustrations, in speaking or writing, upon sources which were unfamiliar to most of his fellow-students. His essays and orations at this period would not, of course, have satisfied the severe taste of his mature years, but for a young man of eighteen they were re-

markable productions. One of them, delivered at the Junior Exhibition in 1857, has been preserved by me in the original manuscript, which he gave me at the time. I transmit to you this valued memento of my friend. How little I thought, as from time to time in the long eventful years, the familiar sheets have come under my eye, that one day, yellow with age, they would pass from me on so mournful an errand. Another on the "Old Age of the Scholar" has, I trust, been preserved, and still others of later date. Some of these college papers will doubtless be included in the memorial volume, if it is designed, as I hope, to embrace the literary remains of the distinguished subject. . . . The character of college men, even of good students, is often marred by moral irregularities. It was not otherwise at Georgetown, but if he of whom I write was addicted to any vice, I had no knowledge of the fact. He was not profane; he did not indulge in wine or cards; he did not even habitually smoke. Like most young men, conscious of high talent, he was possibly in those days concerned chiefly for worldly honors. Yet by self-respect, if by nothing higher, he was restrained from degrading vices. It was easy to see that he had come to college to study, and that no form of indulgence would be allowed to hinder his pursuit or to limit his success. Far more than students generally, he appreciated the opportunities he enjoyed, and took his whole earthly future into the account of his present living. He studied and behaved like a man who felt that the highest prizes of life were within his reach, and who intended to secure them. In after years I was not surprised to learn that his progress was steadily upward until he stood among the foremost men of his State.

Of his scholarship R. M. Dudley, D.D., present President of Georgetown College, says: "Richard Reid's grade was the highest ever attained in the history of the institution;" and Prof. Farnum, in a letter to Mrs. Reid, confirms all that the classmates have said.

A momentous question was coming up these last years of college life: "What profession?" Of his views of life and a profession, the most correct idea can be gained from his letters to Mr. Potter:

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, Feb. 26, 1857.

You ask how I am getting along. . . . My standing for the whole of last session was perfect. What it will be this, I am not prepared to state. But no exertion on my part shall be wanting. The fact that I occupy the position I do only adds fuel to the flame for

honorable distinction which has already been kindled within me. I will not falter here, nor in after life. I may never be eminently useful, but I wish so to live that the small, still voice of an approving conscience may whisper to me in the winter of life. I wish to die with the blessed assurance that I have not lived in vain. There is but one way to attain this, and that way I am trying, and will ever try, to tread. . . . I am striving to be first at college, because I believe it will be a stimulus to increased labor hereafter. I am not working for mere college honors. In themselves they are nothing, save that they serve as an index to future life. My physical ability has held out wonderfully, and my constant care is to keep it unimpaired. Though of delicate frame, I have been favored above measure in regard to my health. I have been at college eighteen months, and have not yet missed a day or recitation, which no other boy in college can say. You thus see that I have one indispensable requisite to success—punctuality. . . . The matter alluded to in the latter part of your letter be assured has not escaped my consideration. I feel it is a momentous question to decide—what profession in life one will follow. I am going to consider the matter calmly, uninfluenced by any predilections of youth, any choice of parents or relatives. The matter is between me and my God; and oh! I trust He will make me determine aright, for He doeth all things well. Besides, I will listen to the kind counsel of those in whose better judgment I can trust, who are acquainted with my abilities, and who feel a solicitude for my welfare and success. You are counted among that number on whom I rely for guidance. You saw my young mind as it first developed itself. You know who I am and what I can do. Your suggestions were, therefore, kindly received and duly weighed. I can say this much with certainty—that my choice will be, if nothing in the future of an unforeseen and sudden nature changes me, between the two professions you mention. Don't understand by this that I have altogether made up my mind. Something may happen to reverse my decision. The pulpit and the professor's chair are both stations for usefulness and honor, but both seem beset with difficulties. I esteem the first the most honorable calling on earth. It has always been my desire to be a minister. His mission is noble. Ambitious only to promote the glory of his Master, his life is pleasant, and his reward eternal. But the only objection I have to this vocation is, that I don't think I am competent. The pulpit should be graced by the first talent of the land. But is such the case? One-half the young men now devoting themselves to this work are of mediocre capacity. They may be pious, earnest, God-fearing men. By their example they may do much towards influencing others; but how little will all this be compared with what might be the result of

superior talent. You may consider this a futile objection, but to me it has vast weight. The professorship of a college presents some, but no difficulties so serious. Talents, it is true, are necessary, but not of the same order. As regards the union of the two, devoting a portion of time to one, and the rest of my attention to the other, I don't think I could do it. But after all of these objections, my *choice will be between these two.* "About the nice quillets of the law," I seek not to know. I'm not fond of wrangling. I'm not seeking a fortune. The glittering gold has no charms for me, save moderately to supply my wants. I want to live a quiet, useful, active, honorable life. I will make up my mind, however, before I leave college. In this I am resolved: I don't want to be idle, but to plunge right into the work, whatever it may be, before an inactive lethargy may seize upon me. I will tell you something which I have never breathed to any one. I have already been offered a professorship in this college. The Chair of Languages, as soon as the endowment is completed, which will be this year, will be divided, and I have been offered either one I might choose to take. One of the professors, at the command of the president, made this proposal to me, wished me to consider it, and be prepared to give an answer by the time I graduate. I have considered, and will do so. But my real determination lies hid in the undeveloped recesses of the future. I hope to have strength to decide at the altar of prayer. I'll seek aid. But I will not write more on this subject. I fear I have already wearied you.

Before the close of the senior year Reid had decided to accept a position as teacher in his *Alma Mater*. The Latin and Greek were not yet divided professorships, and he assisted in teaching both. He writes to Mr. Potter:

JULY 2, 1858.

I was induced to take this step for several reasons. In the first place, it will suit my turn of mind and temper. Secondly, though I should study for the ministry, which seems to be the prevailing wish of my parents and friends, I am yet young and will have plenty of time. I need such discipline as this will give me. I must learn to govern. Besides it will thoroughly ground me in the classics. If I am well pleased and please the Board, I suppose that my course in life is fixed. I am aware that it is a responsible trust for a boy of nineteen, but I am resolved to try it. If energy, discharge of duty, and anxious solicitude, can accomplish anything, I will be successful. There were other young men who graduated with me, men who have taught and have gathered up experience, men all my seniors, and I

feel flattered that I, the youngest, should have been selected—that the last should be first. . . .

Our Commencement came off on the 24th ult., and was largely attended. The number of graduates was twenty-three, and the President says it is by far the best class that has ever passed through the institution. Oh, it is indeed a noble band, and though you are a stranger to them, and can not fully appreciate the sympathies that linked us together, you will feel proud that I had such companions, and that with them I drank at the same stream.

Thomas N. Allen,* a congenial spirit, with whom Richard Reid formed, in the year after his graduation, one of those strong and lasting friendships that no change of time or circumstance diminished in after life, thus writes:

It is more than twenty years ago—the old, old time before the war. How far away it seems! Nay, how almost immeasurably far away in fact it is, that old ante-bellum day. Under the shade of the walnut trees and the sugar trees, with the blue grass for a carpet, the annual fair was being held in Clark County. . . . I could go on for pages with the recollections that throng to me of the old-time fair, where every body knew every body else; where friends and acquaintances met from all parts of the county and many parts of the State; where hospitality and good cheer were unbounded; where a kindly, hearty race of people thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It was at one of these fairs I first met Richard Reid, a young man fresh from college. I do not remember who introduced us. I do not remember being introduced. I first recall that we were stretched upon the grass talking of college days. From that we got on to books, and in a little while we knew each other well and were good friends. Young fellows form friendships readily when the conditions are suitable; and nothing breaks down the slight barrier of reserve quicker than a similarity of literary taste. Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare, and Steele, and Smollett, and Walter Scott, and Irving, and Dickens, and Thackeray—who can know and love these and not know and love one another? Who, indeed, at the age of twenty! . . . Reid was at that time a tall, slight young man, heavily-bearded, blue-eyed, somewhat pale. Already his reading was co-extensive with the best English literature, particularly the old classics, for whom his admiration was unbounded, and of whom he remembered everything, good and bad. Congreve and Wycherly were old friends to be kept on the same shelf with Boccaccio and Rabelais. Cervantes and Le Sage were side by side with Tom Jones and Humphrey Clinker, in his

* Lawyer, Lexington, Ky.

mental library. Words and phrases would fall showing that all that was grand or beautiful in Homer was as familiar as household words—and I was surprised, I remember, to find that his knowledge of the Bible seemed to be most extensive and accurate—surprised, because I had not before met one of his age who placed any value on this Book of books as a literary treasure. . . . Here, then, was a young fellow with his foot on the threshold of manhood—a prize man in his college, a mind stored with much and excellent reading—historical, poetical, biographical, travels, fiction; a varied and wonderful accumulation of the best of all times and peoples; a retentive memory, good command of language, and a cheerful, healthy disposition. How high and how far can the strong young eyes of such a man see! His soul scarcely feels the shackles of mortality! As yet there is the weight of no burden on his shoulders. The world is bright and vernal. The whole day long is the morning hour with the dew on the grass and the winds soft from the south. What prodigious possibilities in the field to the young soldier thus equipped! Milton has climbed to giddy heights, and stayed himself there, strong, nerveful, grand, sublime! Shakespeare, from prince to peasant, from Hamlet to Justice Shallow, from Hermione to Dame Quickly, laid open the human heart that the world might see and read. Bacon and Newton and Descartes and Laplace—giants all, to whom people looked up from a lower stature. But the youthful heart I have in mind now is at home among these worthies—these and a grand string of brother giants I need not stop to name—and imagination pictures even greater and nobler things which remain to be done, which must be done, in that glowing future immediately before him. What in all the world is nobler than the aspirations of this twenty-year-old brain!

I think we established a mutual admiration society of two members. Jonathan had stumbled upon his David, and our love soon passed the love of woman. We saw much of each other in the following years, and when we were not together we kept up a ten-sheet letter correspondence. In such cases confidence is without reserve. Nothing is kept back. Books, sweethearts, expectations, aspirations, youthful philosophy and views of life, sage in the extreme, of course! Happy thoughts, biting criticism on men and things—such were our talks and letter writings. I visited him at his father's home in Montgomery several times, and became familiar with his family—numerous, sensible, warm-hearted, affectionate, hospitable, to whom Richard—"Dick," "Brother Dick," was knit by hooks of steel. To the sturdy father he was the first-born; to the warm-hearted stepmother—a sister of the mother dead and gone—he was as the child of her own womb. To brothers and sisters—a merry, right-minded, mentally, morally and physically healthful lot of youngsters—he was a leader and a

hero; and to all, by reason of his gentleness, his truth, his acquisitions, his college honors, his unfailing store of humor and fun, he was inexpressibly dear. I think I never knew a happier family of people. Comfortable as to all things necessary to comfort, respecting and loving one another, and looking up to Dick as a bright, expectant promise, in whom they would be sure to take greater and greater pride every day of his life, the household was a household of temperate joy and cheerfulness, in which it was a pleasure to be.

Being invested with the full dignity of his position as Professor at Georgetown, he writes to Mr. Potter, October 29, 1858:

I trust I have begun to think rightly about life and its responsibilities—to know that I have a work to do, a mission to perform. I find there is a wide difference between the man and the boy. In one the vision of duty is often narrow; in the other it seizes more fully upon the proper prospect; and though I may never hope to realize fully the destiny you depict, yet if human energy can accomplish anything, I am resolved to render myself useful, to live and die with the peaceful consciousness of having attempted to do my duty, and of having done something to ameliorate the condition of my fellow men. I have learned this much—never to be idle. In fact, I am always restless and unsatisfied unless employed. If this habit, united with a tolerably strong will, fails to bring success, nature must indeed fail to be uniform. But I always dislike to talk of myself; time alone is the great revealer of what stuff we are made. The matter I alluded to in my letter, which you noticed, was mentioned with no regard to my individual case. At present I have not the slightest idea of marrying. I have other things to engage my attention. "Whoso getteth a wife getteth a good thing," no doubt is true; but I have no idea of carrying this out practically or experimentally. Matrimony is altogether an after consideration with me. Like the Spartan youth and his sword, I must deserve before I receive, and to deserve this doubtlessly blessed boon I have to gain position in life. I do not mean that I am insensible to female charms; nay, verily. I have always been so unfortunate as to fall in love with every beauty that showed me favor. But the impulse of duty is uppermost, and like Adam from Paradise, I must turn to rougher scenes. The storms of life will, I am satisfied, be sufficiently terrific without any of a domestic nature. . . . I had a letter from Davis a short time since; he graduates this year. He has acquitted himself with credit so far, and I feel assured he will leave his academic retreat without any dishonor.

It will be seen from the following extract of a letter to Mr. Potter, how his plans and purposes underwent a change:

MONTGOMERY CO., KY., July 15, 1860.

I believe that in the last communication you had from me I was still teaching in Georgetown College, and that it was uncertain how long I would remain. My connection with the college closed with this term, which ended the 20th of June. I was there two years as teacher, and will give you an account of my stewardship—what I did there, and why I left. When I first returned, I thought it highly probable I might select teaching as a vocation, and to this end directed all my energy. But in a short time a new idea got into my brain, and after matured and prayerful deliberation, I came to the conclusion I would follow the law, and accordingly commenced it some months after I first went to Georgetown as professor. As I was engaged but four hours a day in the College, I had ample time, and went to work with all my might. To make a long story short, I continued the law the whole time I was connected with the college, under the direction and instruction of Judge Duvall,* Appellate Judge of the State, and procured license last May. I had, then, double duties to perform, and ate little of the bread of idleness. From this statement you will see my connection with the college was temporary, and designed to last no longer than the time it might require to study law. I have no antipathies to teaching, but like the law better, as it suits my peculiar bent of mind. As an instructor, I may say to you without fear of being thought vain, that I gave unlimited satisfaction both to the faculty and to the young men under my charge. The former used every means to induce me to stay, expressed the highest appreciation of my services, and were unwilling to part with me; the latter were bound to me by affection and friendship, always studied well, and upon our parting made a handsome present as a testimonial of their esteem and gratitude. I had the *best drilled* students in the college, and so tempered my discipline with kindness, that in all my teaching I had not a single difficulty, but the utmost harmony. The truth is, I have many elements for a teacher, but thought I had more for a lawyer; and, fully impressed with this, I am going to make an effort to develop them all. Since college closed I have been staying at home, recruiting my health, or rather resting, for my health has been uninterruptedly good, I not having missed a single day from college in five years. . . . Though I have license, I do not feel fully competent to begin my profession, and design to remain some time in a lawyer's office

* During the two years he was studying law, he boarded in Judge Duvall's family.

to learn the practical workings of the law. How long I shall remain I do not know; perhaps a year, as I am young enough, being now in my twenty-second year. I thought this a better course than attending a law school, and in fact all lawyers whom I have consulted, and in whose matured judgment and abilities I confide, advise it. I have arranged to go into the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, Thos. Porter, of Versailles, a fine lawyer, an accomplished gentleman, and with an extensive and lucrative practice. As to where I shall locate I have not yet determined, but will know before I leave the office. And then I shall go forth, leaning and relying on the strong right arm of God, and shall endeavor to make an honest man, a useful citizen, a respectable civilian.

CHAPTER IV.

VERSAILLES—LAW—LOVE—WAR—POLITICS.

Soon after going to Versailles, in the fall of 1860, he was taken into partnership with Governor Porter, and for the first year made his home in the Governor's family, and subsequently in the family of John M. Wasson. He was a marked individuality in the social life of the town. He was a strikingly handsome young man; six feet, slender, with a dignified, scholarly air and bearing. The head was unusually large, the hair black, the nose strong—the dark brown beard long and flowing; the mouth, not then covered with the heavy mustache of later years—mobile, sensitive, and perhaps the most perfect feature of the face; the eyes, deep, earnest, darkly blue, looked straight into the souls of others, and without suspicion or doubt invited the closest scrutiny into their own depths. Whether in social circle, public hall or assembly, he arrested attention, inspired respect; and where friendships were formed, they never faltered. No young man entered life with more flattering prospects; no one was more truly and unselfishly loved.

In the early winter of 1861, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Sarah T. Jameson, a young lady of rich natural endowments, high culture, rare personal beauty, grace and dignity; sparkling, witty, cheerful, with dimpled cheeks, and lustrous brown eyes. The acquaintance grew rapidly into love that soon ripened into an engagement. Life was now all bloom and beauty for these young hearts, who

knew no distrust, and who gave each a love as generous as that received.

It will not be inappropriate here to present a sketch of the life and character of the father of Miss Jameson:

Hon. John Jameson was a man of great force of character, a lawyer of rare ability. As a member of Congress he was considered the peer of Marshall and Crittenden. He was born in Montgomery County, Ky.; removed to Callaway County, Mo.; married Susan A., daughter of Major Tyre Harris, of Boone County, Mo. He completed the study of law (begun in Kentucky) under Wm. Lucas. Admitted to the bar, he opened a law office in Fulton, Mo. He was elected to the Legislature in 1830, serving eight years, and for the last two terms was Speaker of the House. He commanded two companies against that brave but crafty chieftain, Black Hawk—hence the title of "Captain," by which he was so familiarly known. Elected to Congress in 1839, to fill a vacancy, caused by the death of Hon. Albert G. Harrison, he served until 1848, when declining health compelled him to retire from public life.

Few men in Missouri were more active or more instrumental in building up the best interests of the State. A man of vigorous intellect and ardent temperament, he was bound to lead in whatever enterprise he took an interest. Possessed of an almost intuitive knowledge of right, he studied equity rather than law, and whether defending a client or prosecuting a claim, the powers of his matchless genius and eloquence were brought to bear for the purpose of eliciting the truth. Possessed of a knowledge of human nature such as few men ever acquire, he was enabled to prosecute his profession with extraordinary success. As a politician, few men met him on the hustings without feeling their inferiority—that honor and honesty were the soul of his argument, and that the wily tricks of the demagogue gave way to his searching investigation of the truth. Devoted to his party, he upheld its principles, not as a means of acquiring official position, but because he believed them to be the proper principles of government. He sought truth as he sought his political or legal enemy—openly and fearlessly. As a born orator and criminal lawyer, he was in his day without a peer in the State. He was an able advocate, in whom great dignity was blended with greater affability and a kind regard for the feelings of others; in whom superior ability did not lead to arrogance, and whose conscious rectitude was free from bigotry. His physical as well as his moral courage was as proverbial as his honesty. As others grew nervous and excited in times of great agitation or danger, he grew

calm and determined; and never, by threat of personal harm, though more than once his life was attempted, by wily trick or interruption of opponents in legal or political debate, could he be deterred from the bold line of argument that led his hearers to the irresistible logic of his conclusions. His influence over men was supreme. Tall, lithe, an unrivaled sportsman and shot, he was surrounded in private as in public life by a crowd of admirers, who yielded to the rare charm of his wonderfully magnetic presence. "As brave and as honest as John Jameson," is yet a proverb in his State. His success as a noted marksman in the days of the "Code," and of the political agitations that divided Missouri politics into "Benton and anti-Benton Democrats," saved him from more than one personal encounter, which his fearless denunciations of political chicanery would otherwise have provoked.*

Mr. Jameson gave his children the best educational advantages of his day, and was largely instrumental in founding Christian University, Canton, Mo., donating the ground upon which the buildings are located. Christian University was one of the very first institutions in the land to admit young women to equal privileges with male students in university education.

He loved his country as a statesman; was gifted with the most wonderful political prescience, and both in his speeches and conversations foretold with sorrow the coming storm, of which the distant mutterings alone were heard at the time of his death.

But upon the prospects of the young lovers a storm burst that darkened all the land and deluged a continent in blood. It was not alone upon battle-fields, where contending armies met, that hearts were wounded and young lives sacrificed. Within every home, at every fireside, there were battles fought and hearts left desolate, of which the historian can give no record.

The family were divided politically during the war. Davis Reid and the father sided with the Union. Richard was with the South in voice and sympathy. Neither son entered the army. The father was opposed, and the sons were qualified only for peaceful callings.

Richard's habits as student, scholar, lawyer, wholly unfitted him for the duties of a soldier. But so strong was

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*History of Callaway County, Mo.; Fulton Telegraph; History of Montgomery County, Ky.

the feeling upon either side, so annoyed were those of Southern sympathy in a State under Federal rule, that a young man had slight choice between remaining at home or enlisting—the former requiring more courage than the latter. All legal business and civil employments were at a comparative stand-still. Homes were broken up; many who enlisted in the Southern army left estates in debt. To seize upon these, administer upon them, discharge the duties of an attorney arising therefrom, was a distasteful business, and considered the work of a sharper or Shylock. Where energies were bent to save the estates of friends from seizure or confiscation, there was no question of pecuniary remuneration. The prospects for a young lawyer to establish himself in life were, therefore, very discouraging.

Reid, however, was offered a position upon Gen. Buford's staff, and, though contrary to his views and his preparation for life, he consulted a physician, with the determination to enlist. The decision of the physician was prompt and adverse.

He was doomed to a neutral attitude and a stagnant life, and found his trial a severe one. In his letters to B. F. Rogers, Mr. Potter, and Miss Sallie Jameson, in the years of 1862 and 1863, he speaks of his abhorrence of war and bloodshed; of his unfitness for a soldier's life; his love of peace; his despondency; his dissatisfaction with his attitude; his disgust that his profession, after so many years of hard study and preparation, should not afford him lucrative occupation; of his occasional retirements to the family homestead, where he would occupy himself with his studies and the education of his young brother and sisters: but in none of these does he make known the ultimate cause that kept him out of the army. To no one but his brother, Davis Reid, were the facts known at the time. His extreme reticence about his health kept his consultation with the physician a profound secret, but to his sensitive nature it

was very trying not to be understood, nor to be able to explain himself.

Richard Reid to B. F. Rogers.

MONTGOMERY Co., Jan. 8, 1863.

I am again snugly reposing beneath my paternal roof. I have since my return from your hospitable hearth betaken myself to a vigorous reading of the law. Because Themis, who is the goddess falsely supposed to preside over judicial matters, has forsaken me, I will not get mad and forsake her. I mean to cling to her. I mean to "read law like a horse," as Wirt advised Gilmer. I have thrown all other reading to the winds, and though there is very little that is lovely or alluring in legal literature, yet I know there is but one way to be a lawyer, and that is to have a thorough knowledge of my profession. I am fool enough to think this is all I need. I shall, therefore, during the legal famine, try and lay up a supply, convinced and cheered by the hope that I shall have ample need for it in the coming years.

I have also begun the task of instructing my brother and two sisters, which labor takes about half the day. My father, owing to the uncertain and troubled aspect of affairs, was unwilling to send them from home, and at his earnest solicitation I have agreed to teach them so long as I may be here, or until he can dispose of them at some school. This arrangement leaves me ample time for judicial cogitation, and indeed is a recreation. My brother (William) is preparing for college, and I can renew my youth in the studies of my own college days.

Richard Reid to Mr. Potter.

FEBRUARY, 1863.

I had just made a clear beginning in my new profession, and was in a fair way to begin the work of life in serious earnest, when this unfortunate war broke out. I still adhered to my calling until the courts were suspended and Kentucky invaded, when further effort became vain and useless. I therefore resolved to abandon the law until a better time, to come home, and in quiet study await the return of more auspicious days. Here, therefore, I am hidden in obscure seclusion with my books—a man of peace and as bloodless in my character and actions as Sir John Falstaff.

His betrothal was protracted through 1861–1863. Separations came. Armies occupying the States, sometimes in Kentucky, sometimes in Missouri, intervened between Richard and his betrothed, preventing at times, and for long periods, communication even by mail.

In the summer of 1863 Richard visited Missouri, and arranged for consummating his marriage the 25th of November following.

On the occasion of this visit, he writes to Miss Linda Jameson, absent from the family:

AUGUST 18, 1863.

I think this the most pleasant place I have ever seen. I found Miss S—— unchanged—sweet, lovely, glorious as an angel. I wish you could be here during our stay. I think you could acquire a large amount of valuable experience at the slight cost of moderate observation. You could see a practical illustration of some of those beautiful theories I used to give you. In short, I am as happy as a man ever gets to be in these low grounds of sorrow. Yea, my cup runneth over with gladness, and goodness and mercy seem to be following me closely. . . . It seems that people from the whole coast of Judæa are assembling themselves together to welcome the return of "Miss Elizabeth." So far, we are intensely delighted with Missouri. The people are genial, hospitable, whole-souled. The only objection I have to staying here forever is, there is so much to eat, there is great danger of feeding one's self to death. Your mother is an excellent housekeeper—busies herself about many things; and after knowing her, I do not wonder she has such daughters. Were they otherwise, they would be unworthy her many excellences.

But the baby!* It is the sweetest thing you ever laid your eyes upon, and of course is the pet of the entire household. I have already established intimate relations with the young stranger, and have made large progress in her good graces. But I am in no way to write letters. I have not seen Miss S—— for several hours, and I must look after her.

He writes to B. F. Rogers, October 19, 1863, that all his thoughts are concentrated upon November 25th; that he is in a frame of mind for making all arrangements expeditiously, that no mishap may occur to hinder the consummation of his happiness; that he can struggle and work now with all his powers, and that the energy of another character, and the ambition of another soul, are linked with all his future; that the blessed hours wear on apace, and had he the power he would take at least three unborn

*Oldest child of the brother, John H. Jameson.

weeks from the womb of time and throw them out of the year's calendar.

But within two weeks of the time that Richard Reid was to return to Missouri to claim his bride, she sickened and died suddenly. The telegram announcing her illness was not received until the following day at the hour of her death. Another fatality delayed his own telegram announcing his coming, and when he reached the desolate home in Missouri the grave had closed over his bride forever.

Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph, November 27, 1863.

Why mourn we for the young? "It is better that the light cloud should be brushed away in the morning's breath than gather in the evening in darkness and close in storm."

Died, at the residence of her mother, near Fulton, Mo, Wednesday, 11th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., Miss Sallie T. Jameson, daughter of the late Hon. John Jameson, aged 21 years.

In all that constitutes the excellence of glorious womanhood, Sallie T. Jameson was one of the brightest and noblest of her sex. A well-balanced, comprehensive intellect, that, in all its investigations of the truths of science, literature, or human destiny, to which its energies were applied, drew its conclusions almost with the readiness of intuition and the certainty of inspiration; a firmness and self-possession that looked life, with its heart-struggles, its bitter disappointments, its stern duties, its transient pleasures and more lasting joys, boldly and steadily in the face with the courage of a hero and the wisdom of a philosopher; a will to overcome; patience and fortitude to endure wrong and suffering; a deep, impassioned nature, whose friendship was true and self-sacrificing, whose devotion in love was constant, free from doubt or suspicion, child-like in its dependence and simplicity, and angelic in its purity and tenderness; in all the attributes of a well-developed, matured character, we know of no woman who gave such promise of extended usefulness; no one more eminently qualified to discharge aright the duties of an active life, to adorn society, amuse with her ready wit, or instruct and entertain with her rare conversational powers and extensive acquirements.

She met death like a Christian woman, a hero, a martyr. Her summons was so brief, her thoughts had wandered so far into the bright years of her coming life, so far from death and the grave, that we can not fathom the depths of the Christian trust, nor measure the strength of the faith that enabled her to resign all that makes

life beautiful to woman, and willingly go down to the dark vaults of the charnel-house without a fear, without a murmur.

But she looked "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb." "For some reasons," she said, "I should like very much to live. The world is very bright and beautiful to me just now; but," she added, after a pause, "I shall go to one that is brighter and more beautiful still."

From her sick-room, at her request, there went up the voice of reading and prayer, and the songs she loved—"Home, Sweet Home," "I would not Live always." Death had no sting she feared; no victory she would not overcome. She walked through the "dark valley of the shadow," fearing no evil.

Elder John I. Rogers writes of this period:

More than twenty years ago, and in the early spring-time of his manhood, I became acquainted with Richard Reid at Versailles, Ky. He had begun the practice of his profession with Gov. Porter, and I had accepted a call to preach for the Christian Church at that place, of which he was a devoted member. Having known his father many years before, and having been a schoolmate of his uncle, Judge Newton P. Reid, for whom I have always entertained the most affectionate regard, it was but natural I should be drawn to the side of my young brother without ceremony. Though he was but half my age at the time, we were on terms of intimate friendship. Nothing charmed me more than his naturalness, and that beautiful simplicity of manner by which he drew to his side both young and old. The little children of Versailles all loved him, and often followed him in gangs along the street. Every one received from him a bright word of recognition as he passed, and all seemed delighted that he knew them by name. At his boarding-house the little ones loved him as an older brother, and preferred his company to that of their parents.

Upon his last visit to Versailles he could hardly walk the streets, being halted on every side by young and old, rich and poor. He believed in an aristocracy of worth, not of wealth or blood. He could not court the corrupt and mean, however high their rank and station in society. He was never known to sacrifice duty for pleasure, nor a principle of honor for preferment. He was a laborious worker in all that he undertook to do; and made it the habit of his life to do everything thoroughly and well, risking nothing to the inspiration of the hour or the justness of his plea. I have it from good authority that he spent days in the preparation of his cases when others only spent hours. This, together with his comprehensive mind and ready perceptions, accounts for his marked success in

the practice of his profession. In his first courtship I was his confidant. He might have had the society of the gay and festive, but he chose for his companions the moral and sober element of society, regardless of age. Such men as the aged Bishop Kavanaugh were among his devoted friends. He was not a born politician, and was not the stuff that worldly heroes are made of. Firm and inflexible as a rock in the cause of justice and truth, it was his nature to yield gracefully to others where no principle was involved, and no maiden was ever more kind and gentle in disposition. I do not remember to have seen his seat vacant at the Lord's day meetings, the Sunday-school, or prayer-meeting, unless he was unavoidably hindered. With some difficulty I prevailed upon him to make, now and then, a prayer-meeting talk; and when his time came for speaking we always expected an increased audience. He had the faculty of making those little talks exceedingly interesting. His language was beautiful, chaste, simple, and purely eloquent. His words seemed to come from a heart full of love, and to flow from his lips like waters, clear, pure, and sparkling, from a perennial fountain.

He accompanied me to Georgetown, September, 1862, when I was married to my young wife. . . . From that time to the present, Mrs. R. and I have watched his ascending star with an interest as sincere as if he had been our brother, and have viewed with unfeigned pride his more than noble bearing during the course of an eventful and promising life. . . . Judge Reid's first affianced was the sister of the present Mrs. Reid. A nobler, sweeter, purer flower never bloomed to die than Miss Sallie T. Jameson. She was preparing for her marriage to Richard Reid, at the same time of her sister's marriage to B. F. Rogers, of Bourbon County, Ky. But a few days before the time appointed for these interesting events, Sallie Jameson was taken suddenly ill, and before either Reid or Rogers could arrive at her home in Fulton, Mo., the dear, sweet child, clothed in her bridal robes, was laid away in her last earthly resting-place. This was almost a fatal stroke to young Reid, and it is believed that had he not been forced from the vicinity of her untimely grave, he would have lingered and died upon the spot. A few days before, the sky above him was bright and fair, and his face was beaming with hope and joy. Yes, "the world was full of beauty, for his heart was full of love." Now the heavens were dark and threatening. His sun had set under a black cloud. The flowers had all faded along his pathway. The springs were all gone dry, and life was a burden.

Richard's grief was overwhelming. Returned to his father's home in Kentucky, he shut himself up in the darkened solitude of his chamber, and without resistance

let the black waves of despair dash over and beat upon him. The old nervousness and sleeplessness seized upon him and tossed him remorselessly. He was tenderly loved and cared for by the father and mother, whose hearts again went out in yearning sympathy to their stricken son. Letters of love and condolence flowed in upon him. After many weeks he locked his sorrow in the solitary chambers of his heart, went forth at the call of duty, and returned to his life in Versailles.

Richard Reid to Mr. Potter.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1864.

I gratefully receive your sympathy for my affliction; and though bare sympathy never heals the wounded heart, yet like oil it assuages its fevered burnings and refreshes and cools its parched recesses. I indeed met with a great blow on the very threshold of my life, and it has left its ineffaceable traces upon me. When this dark storm passed over me, had I trusted to my own strength, I must have perished. I put my trust in our Father, and He had mercy on me. He heard the cries that went out from my bruised heart, and the unerring hand that dealt the blow brought also the balm. I never before knew the true worth of our religion. . . . You doubtless heard my melancholy and tragic story while you were in Kentucky. I will not sadden you by repeating it. . . . Just as our footsteps were to be made one up the ascent of life—in the providence of God, there parted from me a being so beautiful, so pure and angelic in body, soul and spirit, that I now wonder how she stayed so long upon the earth. . . . Groping in the tumult and strife of this world with the light of her memory streaming around me, and buoyed up by the promises of our God, I trust to meet her in heaven.

Charles C. Moore* to Mrs. Reid.

FAYETTE COUNTY, NOV. 27, 1884.

It was my privilege to spend a year with Richard Reid as his room-mate in Versailles during the war. I was a minister in the Christian Church, and in that capacity served the church there. We roomed in the home of John M. Wasson, an excellent gentleman, with a lovely family, and to whom Judge Reid endeared himself by a life which all such people can appreciate. In my vivid recollections of him, it seems to me that this must have been a year

*Successor to J. T. Rogers as pastor.

of peculiar interest in his life; and yet my better judgment tells me that had it been any other, I should have thought the same of that year, for his life was a volume, in which the days were pages and the years chapters, to no one of which could we turn without reading something of great interest.

He approached me, unheralded, on the streets of that pretty country town in precisely the same manner as he was wont to do after having known me with a brotherly familiarity for a year. I did not at first recognize him, and doubtless appeared to him somewhat reserved. In the meanwhile I began to remember that the name was that of a young man of whom I had heard as taking the first honors of his class at Georgetown College. And then I remembered that once, when I was away off in Virginia, I had picked up a college magazine, and that my attention was attracted by an article that somebody said was written by Dick Reid. . . . There was left upon my mind the impression that there was quite an interesting individuality about that boy Dick Reid, and I found myself more than willing to repay his cordiality with compound interest, when it dawned upon me that the boy in the book had grown up to be the man that stood before me. He stood before me then, as the last time I saw him, a model of manly beauty, save that he was somewhat stooped in the shoulders; and even when the reason of this was known, what was otherwise a defect, became like a soldier's scar, something to be admired. It told the twofold tale of the long and patient bending over the Greek and Latin Lexicons, which enabled him, as I have heard him, to read the stories of Ilium and Æneas from the original, so that one hearing him unwittingly would have supposed him a good reader of good prose translations. But it told another and a sadder tale. He was bowed down under a weight of sorrow, in a sense more than metaphoric. It was not long after the death of your sister, the particulars of which, in connection with the life of your husband, will doubtless be given by others more competent than I to treat of so beautiful a theme. . . . This sorrow threw an indescribable halo around the life of Dick Reid that always reminded me of Washington Irving, around whose life there seemed to be ever a peculiar autumnal mellowness, as the nimbus about the heads of saints. . . . I was but too happy to have such a man for my room-mate. If in the time we roomed together he uttered a sentence or word that I would offend his wife by writing here, I do not know it. In this intimate association I spent much time in the study of his interesting character, and I now believe he had in him the elements that more perfectly fitted him to wear the judicial ermine than any man whom I have personally known. Nor do I believe that in all the stories of the classics, or in the legends of the Orient, among those who, by preëminence, might be surnamed the

Just, there was one less likely to sully that sacred robe. So strong was his sense of justice, and so clearly did his great, logical and comprehensive mind see the difference between right and wrong, that the demands of the right were irresistible to him.

He was too great a man to court martyrdom; and yet had the cause of justice demanded the sacrifice, I believe it would have been made with so much secret pride, that we could hardly regard it as a virtue in him. . . . Of all the men I have ever known come into high office, Judge Reid is one of only two who I believe did so with absolutely no compromise of that dignity which should fit a man for the position. The other, now a Judge, is in many respects much like Judge Reid, and by a coincidence highly creditable to that institution was, like him, a first-honor man of Georgetown College. . . . Dick Reid had a conception of heroism whose loftiness was as Pelion upon Ossa, compared with the mole-hills upon which many climb to fame. . . . His mind was of that character that received not merely ideas and general impressions from books, but his remarkable memory produced the very words of a writer. Frequently when I would ask him where some familiar Latin quotation occurred, he could not only tell, but would quote a number of lines preceding and following. I remember upon one occasion at night to have picked up a copy of Pope's translation of the Iliad. Dick had gone to bed, and as it proved, had fallen asleep. I called upon him for the story. Half aroused, he began just as my eye caught the "argument," printed at the beginning of each book; and I noticed as he talked on, without opening his eyes, that he followed the printed lines before me in a manner that was astonishing. When he had thus given me much of the whole substance of the story, he fell asleep.

Other instances of his great memory I have noticed in his speeches before the informal meetings of the church on Wednesday nights. Soon after we began to room together, he said that when I intended to call upon him to speak before the congregation, he would like to know in time to make some preparation. I would tell him probably a day or two in advance. That night he would take his pen, write remarkably rapidly, and in his beautiful hand, as legible as print. Having finished, he would read over what he had written—probably only once—and generally gave the paper to me. That, so far as I could see, was the only thought he would bestow upon what he had written, and yet when he came to speak, he reproduced it almost verbatim. . . . His modesty on these occasions amounted to an embarrassment evidently painful to him, but which always elicited the sympathy and admiration of every one present; and though it did not affect the clearness of his enunciation or the flow of thought, I have seen it bring the heavy perspiration to his brow, when the con-

gregation, before which he stood recognized him as Saul in his army head and shoulders above us all.

He was intuitively and instinctively religious, but there was nothing puritanical in his religion. He had a class in our Sunday-school, and the little folks that sat under his ministrations generally wore pretty broad smiles on their faces.

Of course our main topic of conversation was "The War," which at that time was at its most intense interest. Dick Reid, as a newspaper reader, was the most satisfactory man I have ever known of whom to ask the question, "What is the news?" He would begin at the top of the head-lines, and repeat them from memory just like he was reading them, and to quote the language of the paper seemed to be the easiest way for him to tell it. . . . He took great interest in the progress of the war, and had very strong preferences as to the result.

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO MT. STERLING — PARTNERSHIP OF REID & REID — FIRM OF APPERSON & REID — BACHELOR-HOOD.

At the urgency of his brother, Davis Reid, because of his delicate health, and desiring a change to other scenes, Richard Reid decided, in 1864, to leave Versailles and locate in Mt. Sterling. He began the practice of law, in partnership with his brother, in the latter place, in January, 1865.

The change to Mt. Sterling proved a beneficial one every way. Reid & Reid entered upon a lucrative professional business, that steadily increased during the next five years.

Notwithstanding the brightening prospects of the law, and his increasing popularity, which drew a widening circle of friends about him, his letters at this period are deeply tinged with melancholy, and he turned from the scenes about him to pour forth his soul into these communications to his intimate friends.

Richard Reid to Mr. Potter.

I still keep up my old habits of study, not neglecting my friends the classics; they are my tonic and solace. . . . Partly owing to the pressure of my business engagements, I have neglected my social duties. The town is battle-scarred, the burnt portions not yet rebuilt.

Richard Reid to Mrs. B. F. Rogers.

JANUARY 17, 1865.

I can hardly realize it! Here I am, in the back-room of my office, in the town of Mt. Sterling, duly accredited and commissioned

as an attorney and counselor at law, prepared, like some great bottle-bellied spider, to dart out upon any litigious spirit and drag him into the tangled meshes of the web of the law. After a good deal of flutter and preparation, Davis and I have removed "to town," or to what is left of it; have a sleeping apartment in our office, a cheerless place, and board at Mrs. Laughlin's, a widow lady of fortune, who resides in the outskirts of the village. I come back here almost a total stranger. The very marks of my boyish recollections are faded and indistinct. There are very few faces that are familiar to me. A complete revolution has taken place in society, and it will require time to accustom me to the novel sensations I experience in pitching my professional tent on the very spot where I laid the foundations of my education.

As I have been domiciled but a few days, I am yet unable to give you any account of the inner life of this metropolis—my prospects for gain, etc. I have not yet become used to things. The externals of the town are sombre enough. The *tout ensemble* is that of an abandoned and dismantled fortress, and on the fallen walls one would almost expect to see the lizards playing and the rank fingers of decay flourishing in the chinks and crevices of half ruined houses. The whole town looks like a piece of worn-out linen that had been hastily washed and hung out to dry; the effort to cleanse only bringing the dirt more clearly to view. Now, in the beginning of my career here, I turn with some longing and regret to the warm greeting and cheerful hearthstone of my Versailles home. Should I prosper, I hope to learn to be contented even here, forlorn and desolate as the town looks. But I sat down to write a line about Mother Jameson. We were all extremely grieved to give her up. We were beginning to look upon her as one of the family, and half father's life seems to be gone since she left. There will soon be no one at home but the "old folks" and Ella, and they will greatly need society. Mother Jameson was of incalculable service to my mother, and she was very unwilling to give her up, and only consented when she saw further importunity to be useless. What, then, hinders that she should come back and stay until spring? But mother had the Missouri fever in a new form, and before this reaches you she may be on her way home. You will know what a source of grief it will be to me to see her go. The fact that I can see you all together is one thing that makes life bearable; and when she and Linda are beyond my reach, I will feel as if another hope had been laid in the grave. In Kentucky or Missouri, my prayers are with her, and she will always stand towards me in a light more endearing than I can describe.

Richard Reid to Miss Linda Jameson.

JANUARY 6, 1865.

I have labored hard to unite my broken purposes—to arouse my flagging spirits—to reform my aims and ends in the world; but my success has been indifferent. I seem to be of no more use in the social, than a comet in the solar, system. I drag along, tired and without ambition, with no defined orbit and no stated motion. I long for some relief from my burdensome thoughts, and wish that I had the wings of the dove that I might fly away and be at rest. At present this place is garrisoned by a Michigan regiment, who are displaying their powers in burning all the fencing within their reach. The cows will be free to roam in the spring, and the lands adjacent to the village will be commons appurtenant. I have mixed with the people of the town as yet but little. I have called upon one or two of the friends of my school-boy days and found them cordial and unchanged in their friendship. I am fast becoming used to my new home, and will, in a few months, cease to long for the old one I have left. The business prospects are good, and I can not afford to pass my days in anything but hard labor.

During the summer months of the first years of this bachelor life in Mt. Sterling Richard Reid made his home with his father; afterward, until 1873, with his brother Davis.

It was a return to the habits of his boyhood; only, for the daily school duties, the horseback rides over the dirt-roads, it was now the drive in the buggy, morning and evening, over the smooth turnpike; the harder lessons of life—the lawyer's daily round in his office.

At the time of his return to Mt. Sterling he was twenty-seven—quite delicate, not weighing over a hundred and thirty pounds.

But the early hours;* the daily drive, morning and evening; the quiet and rest at night; the constant occupation; and a growing business, gave hope and energy, drew the mind from melancholy broodings, and developed a stouter manhood. His weight gradually increased during the next nine years to a hundred and fifty, and in his thirty-fifth year reached its maximum at a hundred and eighty. The stooping habit was much improved, and the handsome face,

*He seldom reached his office after 7 A. M.

most scrupulous neatness in dress, the chastening of sorrow, and the developing power of business responsibilities, gave a distinguished and dignified bearing.

Of his legal prospects he writes to Mr. Potter:

MARCH 16, 1869.

In connection with my brother Davis I am still pursuing the paths of the law. Our success has been beyond our expectations; and we may safely calculate, in a few years, to have as much business as our abilities can manage. At present we have enough for young men. We attend diligently to our business, are prompt and faithful to our clients, and are laboring to erect characters of usefulness and honor.

In the winter he set up his bachelor's court in the long evenings in his law office, and slept in an adjoining room. He boarded at the hotel kept by Mrs. Mary Carter, occupied the head of the bachelors' table, and became the presiding bachelor genius of the town.

He entered into sympathy with all the young men seeking to establish themselves in life. While he did not exaggerate his own earlier struggles, neither did he forget them; and to all who sought his advice, whether in business, or even in more tender matters, he lent a ready ear: aided some in their legal studies; prescribed courses of reading for others; urged upon all constant literary and classical reading; stimulated the highest impulses and noblest ambitions. He judged generously, and admonished with delicate consideration.

The fine business capacity, the marked success and high attainments of the young lawyer, began to make him a conspicuous figure in his part of the State; and his friends urged him to enter the political arena. Once he yielded to their urgency so far as to survey the field as a probable candidate for Congress, and once for the State Senate. But his peregrinations among "the dear people"—of which he writes humorously—convinced him that the feeling in Kentucky was yet too strong to permit other than a Confederate

soldier to win a political prize. There was no question of comparative fitness. So he returned to his law office, continued in the steady, uninterrupted prosperity of his profession, congratulating himself that he was thus enabled to maintain his hard-working business habits, and to secure a competency.

Richard Reid to Linda Jameson.

MAY 25, 1869.

I have been a little in politics for the last two months. I turned fool and allowed myself to be brought out for the State Senate, and after about a month's work withdrew from the track, yielded to the irresistible and omnipotent influence of the Confederate army, and am now quietly in my office again; no longer a candidate—in good health, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, ruddy, hale and hearty, and giving fair promise of being a big man, if not a great one.

Of the increased duties at the law, which began to grow irksome, he writes:

Our court begins about the first of June, and lasts through the entire month, and I have been busy with preparation for a month. The weather has set in alarmingly warm. If the past few days are to be taken as a specimen of the impending summer, I know not how I shall ever get through its torrid depths. I pant to think of it, and yet there is no help. This practicing of the law is a cruel, dull, hard, confining business. It absorbs all one's time and binds his nose down to an everlasting grindstone. I hope some day to get away from it. I can not help pining for the green fields. I have been so occupied with cases and records, I have not been out of town in three weeks. I have not been to Sunnyside since you left.

Richard Reid to Linda Jameson.

DECEMBER 29, 1869.

I have been in town the whole Christmas. The holidays here have been exceedingly dull. Davis and I have dissolved at the law, he going to his farm and quitting the practice altogether. Judge Apperson and I have formed a partnership, to begin the first of next year. He is the ablest lawyer here, a genial and accomplished gentleman, and a warm friend of mine. The new connection will be highly agreeable as well as profitable to me. . . . I scarcely ever have anything to write about but myself, and that is a dull and

stupid subject. I recognize every day the tender relations that bind me to you all, and they will never pass out of my mind.

The dissolution of the firm of Reid & Reid went into effect in 1870, and in the summer of the same year Richard Reid formed a partnership with Judge Richard Apperson, Jr., and the firm of "Apperson & Reid" continued until the death of Judge Apperson, in January, 1878. The partnership, the social intercourse, the inter-communion with a true man, Christian, scholar, and gentleman, as was Judge Apperson, was in every way most felicitous and acceptable to Richard Reid. Judge Apperson was at this time in middle life, of established influence, of known ability, industry and business integrity. Notwithstanding political differences in this time and locality of bitter asperities, the strongest and tenderest friendship grew and increased between the elder and the younger members of the new firm; and in an extended association of eight years, in all the harassments of office life, court-house warfares, disputations of litigious clients, there was never a misunderstanding, nor a hasty word spoken between the two. They were Christians; their faith was a deep-rooted conviction; and seldom were two men brought together in business association who estimated so coolly and wisely the affairs of this life in relation to the life to come. A large and increasing practice flowed in; but soon the shadow of invalidism began to darken Judge Apperson's life, and it was never removed until that deeper shadow of death shut it out forever.*

Richard Reid to Linda Jameson.

MARCH 6, 1870.

. . . . . The great and notable event now transpiring in Mt. Sterling is the debate between Elder Wilkes, of Lexington, and Rev. Jacob Ditzler, Methodist, of Louisville. It is held in the Christian Church, and began on Tuesday last, and continues throughout this week, closing Thursday.

*Judge Reid wrote a most admirable sketch of the life and character of Judge Apperson in his History of Montgomery County.

A large crowd is daily in attendance and great interest is exhibited. I regret that I have not been able to hear the whole of the discussion thus far. Infant baptism was the first proposition discussed, Ditzler affirming. This subject was discussed three days, and the general verdict was that Ditzler failed to make out his case. The proposition now under debate is that "Baptism is for remission of sins"—Wilkes affirming; and this has been discussed two days already, and closes to-morrow. The last proposition is, that sprinkling or pouring is Christian baptism; Ditzler affirming.

Wilkes turns out to be a fine speaker, an erudite scholar, and a perfect master of all sorts of logic. He is well versed in the languages, an exhaustive critic, and when warmed up, rises into the highest regions of eloquence. He is entirely cool, courteous and self-possessed, and scratches up a sophism like a hen would a grain of corn, and devours it. All who have heard him are captivated with him.

Ditzler is a man of great cunning and sharpness, and makes immense pretensions to extensive learning. He seems, however, to be superficial, rather than profound; to have tasted and devoured much, and digested but little well. He is, however, a fluent speaker, a perfect master of sophistry, and is a subtle and wary opponent. When he runs out of argument, he declaims with elaborate ornateness of diction and great fervor of manner. He shields himself, in his discomfiture, behind strenuous exhortations.

Missouri has not given to Kentucky a man the equal of Wilkes, as a disputant. His learning, his readiness, his zeal and love for the truth, his quiet self-possession, his slow and deliberate enunciation, his earnest manner, his unerring power to detect false reasoning, and his clearness in stating propositions, eminently fit him for religious controversy.

The town and vicinity are inundated with preachers of all sorts and sizes. Some come to hear and some to eat—some hunting the truth, and some well-filled larders. Errett has been here, and preached an inimitable and magnificent sermon one night, full of sense, wit and pathos. Dr. Hopson is here and preaching with power and acceptance. Bishop Kavanaugh is on hand, looking about as usual, and was very glad to see me.

The women folk of both churches are in a wonderful state of excitement, and stick to and contend for their respective champions with true feminine tenacity, or stubbornness, I forget which. The whole community, in fact, is absorbed in the discussion, and thick-headed wights, who are profoundly ignorant of everything in life and religion, go about the streets discussing Greek, Hebrew and Syriac with the zeal of accomplished and lettered scholarship. The result will be: few convinced, some hot blood—and a pestilence

among the chickens, whom destruction wasteth not only at noonday, but at breakfast and supper.

Miss ——— is here. *"Why does she train that winter curl in such a spring-like way?"*

Twice during this period of his life, death visited the family circle. Twice before had it entered—once in his early boyhood, carrying away a half-sister, Flora, the companion of his first school life; again, after he grew to manhood, the youngest half-brother was taken—James, a bright lad of promise of ten years, to whom Richard was greatly attached, whose education he directed, and to whom it was not known until a short time before his death, that the "Brother Dick" he so idolized, was only a half-brother. Some cruel schoolmate had imparted this intelligence, and it was a cause of as much sorrow to "Brother Dick" as to Jimmy.

Now it was the father who was taken.

Henry Reid lived to see his son Davis and two daughters married; his son William, a man grown; the future of his youngest child, Ella, well secured; and Richard, after some changes and trials, prosperous and well established in his partnership with Judge Apperson.

In his last illness he rested upon the judgment and counsels of his sons, and upon the prayers of his eldest born. He confided to Richard the management of his estate, with the varied issues arising therefrom—the guardianship of the youngest child, Ella, and the proper investing and securing of the entailed estates of the other sisters.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Mary Reid refitted the old Davis homestead, and with her oldest son, William, and youngest daughter, removed to it. William was now a handsome young man, of fine business qualities, unfailing good humor, popular with his associates, and the life of every circle he entered.

After three years of prosperity and happiness in the new "old home," the hale young man was stricken down in his twenty-seventh year.

Richard Reid to Mrs. Rogers.

JULY 29, 1872.

I should certainly have come down yesterday but for William's illness. I go out to mother's every night. I do not see that he grows any worse—the doctor thinks he is doing as well as could be hoped for. If his fever runs into a typhoid type, I am afraid he will have a serious time. Mother is easily alarmed and excited—and as usual, unnerved and despondent. I wish she had some woman of your resolution to keep her in spirits, but I feel it would be asking too much to call upon you to come and help her during the day.

JULY 30, 1872.

William's condition this morning, the doctors think unchanged. He is *very sick* and *wants you to come*, and stay at least a week and nurse him, as you promised. I also am in hopes you will come, and so are we all, believing your presence will have a salutary effect upon William and upon mother in her disconsolate mood.

Richard Reid to Linda Jameson.

AUGUST 12, 1872.

Elizabeth's letter has already given you the sad and terrible news of poor William's death on Friday last. We are all heart-broken. I feel that I can not write a line. So fair and strong and loving—the only prop and hope of his mother and little sister, death laid its hand upon him and he went out to the mystic land sweetly and peacefully, as an infant falls to rest upon its mother's bosom. He was sick about eighteen days, and when the danger was known, I went out and stayed night and day with him until he died. Elizabeth came a week before his death and nursed him tenderly and with a sister's soft hand. I know not what mother would have done without her. No such stroke has ever fallen upon our family. His death was so unlooked for; with length of days before him, in the full blossom and prime of dawning manhood, he was called away. We can not understand the dealings of Providence, and the blow seems too hard to bear. Mother mourns piteously night and day, and refuses to be comforted. She is completely wrecked and broken down. Her only stay is gone—her strong staff and beautiful rod is broken, and in the ashes of her wrecked hopes she grieves almost without hope. I can not say more. My own heart seems bursting. May God deal tenderly with us and give us resignation amid the darkness and gloom of this sudden and terrible visitation! Pray for us and ours.

The remaining history of these years of Richard Reid's bachelor life is found in his correspondence, chiefly to Mr.

and Mrs. B. F. Rogers, Mr. Potter, and Miss Linda Jameson.

He took great credit to himself that, though continuing a bachelor, he urged all young men associated with him to marry early in life.

Richard Reid to Mrs. Rogers.

Within the last two years, two young men have studied law with us; one of them was recently married. I was present at the wedding and congratulated the young pair with signal success. She is a sweet, good, gentle girl. He is a young boy, just beginning life, and I dismissed them for their bridal trip with my best blessings. The chances are brilliant that our other student will marry this fall—so you see I have a good influence on these boys. I have always exhorted them to marry young, and in the language of A. Ward, to keep themselves pure and unspotted by the society of intelligent women, and to hunt early for the balm in Gilead, and find rest for their turbulent energies in the repose of home. I would not like to say what all is reported about me; but the success I have met with in training these young men has disarmed the harsh criticisms wont to be passed upon me by wagging, busy tongues, and the tattlers now graciously think there is hope and salvation even for Dick Reid.

He was himself set down as a confirmed old bachelor, and became the target of many cutting speeches in consequence. Though he did not frequent general society, he yet found a ready welcome in the homes of intimate friends, and in his leisure hours was surrounded by a coterie in his office. The older men of business, as well as the young, were fond of stopping in for a few minutes' recreation in the evenings—or for a share in the spicy conversation. They would bring or take away the newest anecdote. "What Dick Reid had said," his latest bon mot, jest, or humorous recital, were daily quotations on the social market—and much that he had not said was attributed to him. He contributed largely to the columns of the town paper in the way of editorial, book reviews, or humorous sketches.*

* A comic "Love Letter" from a "Country Swain" went the rounds of the press, found its way into the columns of Harper's Weekly, and after some years returned in a bound copy of "One Hundred Choice Selections of Literature."

Richard Reid to Linda Jameson.

JUNE 22, 1871.

I suppose my chances for permanent bachelorhood are flattering. It seems to me it would be a very foolish thing for any woman who values her happiness to venture her destinies into the hands of such a staid, fixed and unlovely bachelor as I am. No greater calamity can happen to a man than a failure to marry before he attains the age of thirty. After that period he begins to decline, and the rhetorical yields to the critical; the golden age gives place to the iron. Yet I hope I am not incorrigible and past redemption.

Richard Reid to Mrs. Linda J. Atkinson.

JANUARY 1, 1873.

I am such a forlorn, desolate, forsaken bachelor, that I need the hand of affection stretched out continually to brush away the moss that is fast growing over my spirits. I merely abide in my dingy office, waiting for "something to turn up," confident my situation can not be made any worse. My own health, in spite of the fearful weather we have been and are still having, is excellent. I weigh 187 pounds, and am rosy and slightly rotund, young in feeling, yet not the most cheerful body in the world. I have stayed alone so much that general society is irksome to me. I have lived in solitude so long that I have almost forgotten how to talk. The gray hairs are thickening on my head and in my beard, and before I am forty I will present quite a venerable appearance. Often I realize the full force of the words, "It is not good for man to be alone." This sentence was, no doubt, uttered to Adam when an east wind had sprung up in Paradise.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIED LIFE—HOME—FAMILY—HOSPITALITY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—When the final arrangement of the material in this book devolved upon Mrs. Reid, she very naturally felt that such parts of Judge Reid's life as were confluent with her own, would of necessity, from a sense of delicacy, have to be omitted. But this would be to leave a hiatus in his life that would mar its completeness. Moreover, the real enormity of the crime against Judge Reid, afterwards described, can not be even approximately understood unless it is shown what and how much Judge Reid was to his family—his wife, son, mother-in-law, and the numerous household that his generosity gathered about him. We feel that there is no one who would not wish to know something of the heart-life of such a man; something of the tenderness and love that can only be learned from a glimpse into the sacred penetralia of his home, or from his letters—those mute, unconscious witnesses, brought forth from their obscurity, to give at last the true revelation of the life and soul of the author, who little dreamed when they were penned that they would ever have other value than the temporary pleasure they conferred.

Therefore it is that, as a friend of Judge Reid, with a view to do justice to his home-life, and at the same time relieve Mrs. Reid of all embarrassment, I have, at the request of Mrs. Reid's counselors, edited this chapter; and I am alone responsible for the form in which it here appears.

ISAAC ERRETT.

One day, Judge Reid mysteriously disappeared from the head of his table at the hotel, from the evening group of loungers in his office, from his daily task at the lawyer's desk. He had gone, never to come back a bachelor to gladden his old haunts.

He had gone to be married, but told no one of his going. The inveterate old bachelor who had said so many

sharp things about the rights of Benedicts, and the oppressions of married men, had gone voluntarily to take upon himself the yoke. He arrived in Fulton, Mo., November 12, 1873, and was quietly married to Mrs. Elizabeth Jameson Rogers on Thursday, the 13th, at 5 P. M., at the home of John H. Jameson, the brother of the bride.

Mrs. Rogers had one son, an only child, who was named Richard Reid Rogers.

From the Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph, November 14, 1873.

REID—ROGERS.—At the residence of Mr. John H. Jameson, in this city, on Thursday, November 13, 1873, by Elder John A. Brooks, Hon. Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., and Mrs. E. J. Rogers, of Paris, Ky.

Mrs. E. J. Reid, formerly Miss Elizabeth Jameson, the beautiful and accomplished favorite of Fulton society, and now the no less lovely ornament of the same, has been sojourning with her aged mother and her brother for some months past, but it would seem is again to leave us, and perhaps forever.

This will be infinitely to the loss of Fulton, but immeasurably the gain of the brave heart which has won so priceless a gem.

. . . We sincerely desire that this lovely star may gleam its light all along his pathway to the grave, only to shine brighter and brighter beyond the dark river of death.

Concerning Mrs. Richard Reid, John I. Rogers writes:

Hon. John Jameson died in the prime of his manhood, leaving the mother and oldest daughter, Elizabeth H. Jameson, sole guardians of the children. Elizabeth graduated, at the age of sixteen, at Christian College, Columbia, Mo., under the direction of that peerless educator, John Aug. Williams. She was the youngest member of her class, and first upon the roll of honor. After her graduation this orphan girl came with John Aug. Williams to Harrodsburg, Ky., where she remained as resident graduate and teacher for two years. . . . Meanwhile the Graddys, Snipps, Nuckolses and others, established Woodford Female College in the suburbs of Versailles, Ky., and Miss Jameson was called to take charge of the Collegiate department. This step on the part of the trustees was criticised by some, who thought it a rash venture to elect a girl of only eighteen summers to preside over such an institution. It was not long, however, until these very persons were the most enthusiastic patrons of

the school. The four years following saw the institution taking very high rank among our female colleges; and but for the fact that B. F. Rogers married Miss Jameson and took her to Sunnyside, Bourbon County, she might have remained there many years.* But this was not all that commended the young Missourian to the favorable consideration of all who knew her. She attended to the education of her two sisters; aided in getting her brother, after his graduation at Westminster College, Mo., through his legal course of study at Harvard; besides greatly lifting the burden of care and expense in the first years of the war from the shoulders of her widowed mother.

The years of real pleasure at Sunnyside were few. The devoted husband was taken suddenly and without warning from the midst of his family. . . .

After the lapse of years, Richard Reid transferred his affections to Mrs. Rogers, and was again made happy. Upon their marriage it was remarked that if the accomplishments of a liberal education, Christian character, and intellectual force, could make hearts happy, then theirs must be supremely blest. The appointments of their home were complete. Love, literature, religion, and a large liberality, united with peace, plenty and contentment, gave to that home more charms than were seen in the house of Blannerhasset before it was entered by the destroyer. Has the sun ever risen upon a happier home? Have the stars kept watch over one more peaceful? . . .

Richard Reid to C. O. Atkinson.†

NOVEMBER 26, 1873.

. . . We are enjoying ourselves finely and making no hurry to mature our plans. We are most cordially received by all my relatives—the heartiest welcome extended to us. I may say the marriage of no man within my memory has been attended with such demonstrations of joy. All my friends are glad beyond measure that I have put off the old man, and put on the new. As for my single self, I have not words to describe the great light that has dawned upon my life. All that I have hoped for, for years, has been fully realized, and joy, like a glad song-bird, is warbling anthems perpetualiy in my heart. The new life that is opening before me is full of hope and joy. As for my other self, she has many friends here already, and will have many more. I know she will be pleased

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* Miss Jameson gave up her position as Principal of Woodford Female College because she could not conscientiously take the "Teachers' Oath," passed by the Legislature during the war, in which she was required solemnly to swear that she did not, had not, and would not sympathize with the Southern cause, nor aid those engaged therein, when her sympathies, her people in Missouri, her relatives, were all upon the side of the South.

† His brother-in-law.

with Mt. Sterling and its people when we are fully settled down. She has before her here a wide field of usefulness, and the sphere of her social influence will be extended and pleasant. I shall do all in my power to make her happy, and I believe she knows she is in safe hands. Reid is well—is charmed with his new circle of relatives, and enjoys himself hugely. Give my love to ——, and ——, and all the tribe of Jameson and Harris. I like Missouri and her people; and now especially since Missouri has done so much for me, my love for her and hers knows no bounds.

Richard Reid to Mr. Potter.

JANUARY 1, 1874.

Last fall I quit my bachelor life and married a good, beautiful and accomplished woman, and am now living very happily. We often speak of you. She is studying Latin under my guidance, and using the very same books in which I studied with you. She makes much better progress than I did.

Richard Reid to C. O. Atkinson.

JANUARY 21, 1874.

We are at present engaged on "Middlemarch." The women are enraptured with it. I vote it a great bore. It is a picture of English village life, and deals in minutely drawn incidents that are painfully dull. . . . Mrs. R. is studying Latin and Greek with me. In Latin she makes fine progress and learns it with great ease and facility. The Greek comes a little awkward to her, but she will soon fall into its ways. She teaches Reid daily, and he progresses well. As to my own improvements (!) I can not speak *confidently*. As to the little matters . . . I am a model worthy of imitation. In many matters I can report advancement. I am learning to respect my "g's" and only drop them under excitement. My "of's" are yet occasionally slurred, and I am guilty of the barbarism of "uv em," etc., quite frequently. Personally I am some *straighter*, and carry a *higher* head; and, to crown the matter, I wear my tall plug hat with the patient heroism of a martyr.

We are duly harnessed into the Sunday-school. My wife has the infant class (on Reid's account), that bids fair to grow into an army; I, a class of young men.

I came near forgetting my success as a caller. All the women in town called upon the bride, and in course of time it became necessary to return the calls. The decree went forth, unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, that I must go; and, accoutred in my best, I took up with Mrs. R. my "line of march," and spent the day, acquitting myself with moderate distinction.

The years immediately following Richard Reid's marriage were years of unremitting industry in his profession. His labors were onerous and confining. Judge Apperson spent the winter of 1874 in Florida. During that time and the succeeding four years, until Judge Apperson's death, the extended business of a partnership that had heavily taxed the strength and energies of two such working men, fell largely upon the junior member. The clients did not suffer; the cases were not neglected in their preparation; the tedium of taking depositions was not shirked, nor the large correspondence curtailed because the senior member was in declining health. Reid was well satisfied, if, with his own close application to the office work, Judge Apperson's health permitted his attendance upon the courts, where his splendid legal attainments and quick perceptions and sharp repartee were invaluable aids in the selection of jurors, in the conduct of trials, in the examination of witnesses, and in matching the wiles of opposing counsel.

But these years of arduous labor in his profession were also the beginning and realization of Richard Reid's highest happiness. Here was the first home whose foundations he had laid; the new joy of possession; the adjusting and perfecting of that ideal married life that should be without spot or blemish; the new charities, new activities in the church; the new spiritual development; the first altar of family prayer, from which should arise daily incense to God for all these new mercies and blessings;—here were "my wife," "my boy," "my home."

God had at last rewarded him for all the trials and sorrows of the past. The sunshine of His love broke through the clouds, full and strong upon all the coming years. To live was a blessing; to breathe, a joy. Every duty or labor was a consecrated offering—a thanksgiving to God. Care and anxiety were borne away upon the wings of hope. There was no burden that could oppress; no task that could not be accomplished. The antidote to every ill was

to be found within his home. Each return to it was a new delight, if only for the noonday hour, or the evening's rest at the close of the day; and whenever he went forth from it he felt that its holy radiance followed and surrounded him wherever he walked.

Youth, which had been denied, entered into the man; boyhood came back; and while the endless round of business activities and responsibilities was met with the seriousness of determined manly purpose, the days were now brightened by the rollicking cheer of the boy and the enthusiasm of youth. Shadows and darkness were all behind; the future stretched away in a clear and undimmed expanse.

Death might enter this paradise—such a possibility must be contemplated; but the home was the gateway to heaven, and death could only translate from the earthly to the heavenly mansion,—and the final going, the last lingering talks, the farewell, would surely be hallowed by love from both worlds at once.

Richard Reid had become an egotist—a sublime one—concerning all that pertained to his home. It was his only egotism, and he made no apology for it, had no concealment in regard to it. Modest to a fault concerning himself, his intellectual attainments or personal endowments, never self-assertive, yielding in preferment to others; in this he yielded to no man.

To those who did not realize the superior measure in which he had been blessed, he extended a gracious sympathy, a patient forbearance, and himself met with a very charitable indulgence from his friends, who would only smile at his rapturous outbursts, remembering his long years of isolation and bachelorhood. Perhaps none but tried friends would have borne the heavy tax he levied upon their indulgence by such extravagant speeches and devotion that even strangers would say: "We have read

of such in romance, but never before heard of them in every-day life."

In his own language, his "married life opened up to him the vista of a new career, consolidated and centralized his purposes, and inspired his soul with new and higher ambitions." Just before marriage he wrote:

I know God will bless our union. I know we will be in accord and unison in our life-work, and that from the very deeps of your spirit streams of gladness will flow forth and make the waste and desert places of my character to blossom as the rose. I know also you will be patient with my shortcomings, because of my love; that you will remember how solitary I have been in the world, and be kind and gentle to my sad introspective experiences. I know that you will watch and correct, with soft and loving words, the habits that single life has woven about me, and push me with gentle coercion from the grooves and channels in which I have so long run. I am weary of my bleak and desolate life; weary of the dark days that wear upon me; weary of the incomplete and one-sided existence I have been leading.

The following letter, written to his wife during her absence upon a visit to her mother in Missouri, is given simply because it illustrates a charm of character so rare in eminently intellectual men, and so peculiarly rare in those whose professional calling and bent of mind naturally lead them into public and official life—the capacity for an intensely earnest, abiding and loyal love for his wife. It is not given for other merit than as affording a glimpse into the depths of a heart that, in his own language, "whatever might be its imperfections, had an infinite power to love."

MT. STERLING, KY., May 13, 1875.

DEAR, BLESSED DARLING:—Your note from Covington reached me this evening, and my heart rejoiced at tidings from my loved ones. How delighted I would have been to have been with you and to have enjoyed the rapturous and heavenly music! I will address this to Fulton, Mo., not wishing to mar the symmetry of your joys by my lugubrious complaints. I could not realize all the day you left that you were gone. I busied myself as well as I could through the day, remained down town until late, and then started

home "melancholy and slow." I need not try to picture in words my sensations as I marched into our desolate mansion; and when I sat down to supper alone, I then fully realized how forlorn and lonely I was; and the waffles, though brown and tempting, almost choked me. I wandered about after supper until it got too dark to see, and then went in and lighted up. All was vacancy, and I was startled by my own foot-falls. I don't think I ever heard the clock before have such a *dolorous tick*. It beat in measured strokes upon my tympanum until my brain became excited and throbbed in unison with the *swinging, tiresome, tireless pendulum*. I tried to write some on the "prize essay," but my mind wouldn't work and I gave it over. . . . My visitor soon after left, and I was alone; alone without your sweet, loving face and Reid's merry prattle. I felt like I could have read Davy Crockett through without stopping, had Reid been present to listen. About eleven o'clock I went to bed, and tossed and thought and turned, and listened to the howling of the winds, that seemed to be mourning in sympathy with me. At last I fell into a troubled slumber, and was seized, I don't know by how many adult, robust, double-decked nightmares; and had, I don't know how many, perturbed and terrible dreams, in which many of the old phantoms of my childhood came back, grown larger by age. Wednesday morning, another solitary breakfast hastily devoured, and I bolted for the office. I forgot to say that upon my knees, in the deep night, I prayed for you and the boy, and asked the good Lord to take charge of you and to bring you safely back to me. Wednesday I was busy all day. In the evening I sat an hour to Mr. Huddle, who is working vigorously upon my countenance. It does not look very lovely in its present unfinished state. Indeed it is rather repulsive—a mere patch of marks and daubs;—but he works like he understood his business, and he confidently assures me that he will evoke great beauty (!) out of the present chaos! He says he never painted so large a head before. This may be true, and yet my vanity is not awakened. He thinks he will get work when he exhibits this specimen of his artistic skill. Wednesday night went to prayer meeting and participated; it held on with its usual lateness, and the usual attendants were on hand. Many inquiries were made after you, and much sympathy expressed for me in my unprotected (?) (!) and forlorn state.

I know I am selfish in wishing you had not gone, and I take great credit *for not refusing* to let you go; but there is no disguising the fact that I am dreadfully and hopelessly lonesome. I don't think I will ever let you get out of my sight again. Life is too short to be separated even one day from you. If you must go, the time must be selected when I can go with you. I am even now counting the days before you come back. I am now enjoying a "slice" out

of the old life that I thought had gone forever from me. I want you to come home as quickly as you can. I can not endure long the existence I am now leading. I can not spare you from me, and you must come to me early. Robinson Crusoe was a king compared to me. At no time on his island was he as lonely as I am; and could I happen on some Friday, I would feel like taking him in. A house without you, is not worth much. In sooth, the light is removed, and the pelican in the wilderness is in a populous district, compared to the solitude that settles down upon my soul. I am not able to reason about the matter at all. I only know I want you here; that the home is wretched and miserable without you; that I go heart-sick about the forsaken rooms, listening for your voice and looking for your face. The situation, darling, is dreadful; and for God's sake, for humanity's sake, for love's sake, don't stay away long. The thought that I will not meet you and Reid when I come up from the office, overshadows everything, and rises above the cares and anxieties of business. It may be that I am spoiled—but so it is, and the matter can not be helped. The leopard can not change his spots.

There is nothing extraordinary in my mental endowments or remarkable in my culture, but my capacity to love is infinite; it covers my whole nature as a garment; it diffuses itself through all the avenues of my intellectual and moral constitution, and so strong and substantive is it, that it seems to me to be a separate faculty, an independent power, before which all my other powers kneel and do obeisance, as the other sheaves did to Joseph's kingly sheaf.

His love for his wife grew day by day—the companionship was perfect. There was nothing about which they did not consult. Whatever his wife did, said or wrote—her opinion of men and things, of books, of his own writings, her management in household expenditures, her decisions in the family—were, with the husband, above and beyond criticism. Only into the penetralia of domestic affairs he did not enter, nor did she interfere in his professional duties. But the moral bearings of a case were often discussed at the home court.

He never wished the system and method of his life disturbed. He did not wish to hear the noise of the domestic machinery. The wheels were to be well oiled and to run

smoothly, but he preferred not to know when or how it was done.

The orphan girls who came into the home, and who lent a helping hand in the housekeeping, would say, "Uncle Dick must think the house runs itself; that the meals come down from the clouds in sheets, cooked and ready to be spread upon the table; and that, aunt Bettie, has nothing to do but to sit in the library dressed for his coming."

Deferring to his wishes, all other duties were laid aside to receive him, and to spend the hours with him. The family gathered around, and only after his departure from the house returned to their individual affairs. Though the mother-in-law left her room for nothing else, she joined the family circle at his coming, and the weather permitting, awaited him, knitting in hand, upon the veranda.

In the beginning of the married life the family consisted only of husband, wife and son. In the second year there came the niece of Mrs. Reid, the daughter of her brother John H. Jameson, and the namesake of the aunt who exchanged her bridal for the white robe that the ransomed wear, and who in dying gave her name and blessing to this child. Mr. and Mrs. Reid asked her of her father and mother,—and so the blue-eyed niece with the golden curls stepped one day into her appointed place in their hearts and home. "It seemed," said her uncle, "that she belonged there, had always been there," so perfectly did she fit into her new surroundings, and so fully did she fill her place in their lives. She began her studies at once under the care of uncle and aunt, and amply repaid by her bright intelligence, truth and fidelity, all labor and time expended in her behalf. After a while she entered with her cousin, Reid Rogers, the school of the venerable Mr. Potter, who had returned to Mt. Sterling. Afterwards she attended the Missouri University, and returned to Kentucky to finish her education; but her health failing, after many months of

anxious watching and praying, she was sent to Southern California.

In the course of a few years the two orphan girls, Lily and May Horton, applied to Mrs. Reid for a home and education. "What shall I do with these girls?" she asked; and later she had to ask: "Shall *we* give them a home?" "They will be a heavy burden to you," her husband replied, "but if you are willing to assume it, I shall not oppose you—do as you please."

No one could properly appreciate this concession who did not know his love of the quiet and uninterrupted privacy of his home. He wished none but companionable people constantly at his fireside and table. Here was a risk—and how the problem would work out, he could not tell. But he was more than gratified that he had consented as the years went by and these girls grew to womanhood and added so largely to the brightness of the home. They were maintained and educated, and, as young ladies, entered and received the best society that the home offered. They were perforce as members of his household endowed with more than ordinary graces and attractions.

Upon travels of himself and wife, or later, during the Frankfort life, they were left, with the mother-in-law, in charge of the home, to guard and keep the sacred fire upon the hearthstone. Every comfort was provided, that nothing for their happiness and content should be wanting; and his frequent letters to them were written in his happiest vein—full of humor, harmless sarcasm, or gentle ridicule, descriptions of places and people, with occasional minute instructions concerning the management of affairs.

In their grateful assiduities, ready tact, and cheerful ministrations about the house, these orphan girls often elicited the remark from Richard Reid: "Of how much pleasure those who refuse to shelter such, deprive themselves. To do good is its own reward."

After Lily's graduation, and upon her first experience in teaching, he writes:

MT. STERLING, KY., September 10, 1879.

DEAR LILY:—Your letter came yesterday, and being the first news from you, was very refreshing. We are glad to know you are pleased, and so pleasantly situated. I know you will succeed, and that the Lord will be with you and bless your labors. Be true to Him, and He will be true to you. In your school, first learn patience, and strive to attach your pupils to you personally. The way may seem new for awhile, and toilsome, but will soon become easy by being traveled. Be cheerful and strong-hearted, and remember always you have friends in aunt Bettie and myself. Your aunt Bettie left Monday on the noon train for Missouri. Her determination to go was formed rather suddenly. She went alone, and will be away several weeks. Her main object was to see about Sallie's education, about which she has been for some time greatly dissatisfied. We are all very lonesome without her, but get along very well. Reid is at school. Mother Jameson and May do the housekeeping, and John the chores. John and May are also studying some lessons. John recites to May, May to Reid, and Reid to me, and when aunt Bettie is at home I recite to her; and so she at last *governs* the family. We will try and arrange for a watch for you. All send love. My respects to Mrs. C.

At different times and for shorter periods there were also as inmates of the home the young sister, Ella Reid; a nephew, John T. Jameson; the mother-in-law, Mrs. Susan A. Jameson; the daughter of Mrs. Crouch, a relative, who had suffered much in the South during the war; and at intervals Mrs. MacMahan and her daughter.

To each member of this varying household he gave his loving care, and each in return gave the warmest devotion. To "his girls" "Uncle Dick" was a hero, an idol—the perfect model man. Who should be the first to meet him after any absence, was a disputed privilege. Whoever caught the first glimpse of his coming, and could make the quickest speed, was winner for the time, and received the first greeting; others followed as best they could adown the lawn and across the drives; and so he entered his home

dragged and surrounded and embraced by the younger members, while wife and mother were perforce content to await their turn on veranda or stairway. If the mother-in-law was too feeble to join in the pleasant contest, or to enter the family group, she was at once sought in her own room and entertained with all of interest that Richard had gathered in his absence from home.

Even his horse was the smartest and best in the world. Who that knew the family was not also acquainted with "Old Pat," and "Pat's" wonderful performances? His opening and shutting gates, turning keys to unlock the corn-crib; his shrewdness in selecting the best shade, and carrying himself and vehicle to it, if left standing in the sun; the insult to his dignity if hitched, and his ingenuity in slipping his bridle; his long patience and forbearance in remaining at church or office, if simply left upon his honor; his refusal to be driven fast if anything was broken about vehicle or harness; the fact that he was always at the train ready to receive his master: were all never-failing subjects of conversation, and were related for the edification of friends and guests. "I will introduce you," he would say to his guests, "to 'Old Pat,' a very prominent member of my family."

To all the stock on his premises—the boy's pony; the dogs, with their classic appellations of Julius Cæsar, et Brutus, et Shuck, etc.; the Maltese, which were named for the Judges of the courts; the beautiful Alderneys, that came to be stroked and fed from his hands—to all he gave a human recognition and affection.

It was with difficulty he could be brought, by the stern logic of finances, to sell off any surplus stock; or when, from necessity, sold, to witness their departure.

All servants that came into the family were devotedly attached to him. They were treated as human beings with souls to be saved; were thrown upon their honor and self-

respect; and while not forced nor unduly urged, were invited to be present at family worship. Usually they gratefully accepted this privilege. Passages of Scripture were expounded to them, and the oil of kindness and Christian sympathy smoothed away much of the friction of daily life, and gave that domestic quiet that was always so inviting to him.

They must be permitted to greet him, to shake hands with him, and share in the general joy on his home returns. To hear his cheery, ringing voice in respectful salutation made their countenances beam with satisfaction, and in their own estimation gave sufficient dignity and importance to their lives of service. He was never known to speak unkindly in his family. He might keep silent, and then all knew there was something wrong; or he would rebuke offense with a humorous satire; but he would not speak the harsh word. If necessity required, he would privately remonstrate with the offending party, and the kindly admonition and direct appeal to the higher nature was seldom lost.

His hospitality was liberal, but without parade or ostentation. The transient as well as the invited guest was sure of a cordial welcome to his table and fireside. The mantle of hospitality clothed all who once passed his threshold with a certain sacredness. It was an unformulated rule that guests were exempt from criticism, not to be oppressed by attentions or surveillance, but were free to come and go, walk, talk, read, drive, sleep — the host, however, claiming the same privileges for himself.

It was expected that each member of the family should contribute to the comfort of guests and to the general cheerfulness of the household. In the summer months, when his house was usually filled with young people, whom he loved to have about him, he took great interest in arranging the evening's programme, contributing his own share to

the general entertainment with his humorous readings. When he could not enter into the amusements, he would smile approvingly; or if not approving always, then excusing, saying the young must grow old by and by, and then these gayeties will cease to charm; let them be happy while they may.

Or, books, music, and all other entertainment being laid aside, the hours were spent in the balmy air of the southern veranda, and nothing could be more perfect than the happiness of the household gathered there. The talk flowed free under moonlight and starlight. Richard Reid was tireless in narration, reminiscence, history, jest, humor, wit, anecdote. Those who were so fortunate as to be his guests then saw him at his best, and pronounced him the most companionable and entertaining of men.

Though always ready to welcome the coming guest, not wishing that any congenial spirit should come to Mt. Sterling without partaking of his hospitality, he had the peculiarity of not desiring to know beforehand of a set entertainment. If the house was filled, the lights burning, the table spread, he abounded in genial humor and cordial greeting. But he did not wish to have any previous concern. In consequence, his first notification would often be a request to bring certain gentlemen whose wives were guests for a day; or, more frequently, the friends themselves would call at his office at the appointed hour to escort him to his own home. His humor, caught thus at high tide, would flow fresh and uninterrupted for the delight of all. While his hospitality was thus free and generous, it was nevertheless discriminating. His home was too sacred for the uncongenial or unworthy to enter. The presence of an unsympathetic spirit would stop the tide of talk, and shut him up in an emotionless reserve. Only with the inner circle of his friends was he at his best. They were numerous, and, as he thought, the grandest and noblest of the earth; life was too valuable to be wasted upon others. There must be some

common ground or plane of thought. The world was wide enough for all. Lot might pass on his way to Sodom, but must not tarry beneath his roof. He would not have his peace disturbed, and he would not be bored.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS BOY—TENDERNESS TO CHILDREN—LETTERS TO CHILDREN—JUVENILE LITERATURE.

Perhaps no truer exponent of his feelings toward his boy could be found than in the inscription in the Bible presented to the latter, after his baptism, in his eleventh year: "I cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers."

There was no matter of statesmanship, finance, business, politics, religion, or literature, too important to be discussed with his boy. He made of him an intelligent companion, confidant, equal. The boy must sit next to him at table, accompany him upon walks or rides to and from the law office; or, if going on to school, come in the afternoon for the return home together. At night the Latin and Greek exercises were carefully gone over, and with much pleasure the father lived again through his own school-days.

The son's constant, eager inquiry was the father's tonic and stimulant; his ready laugh, the applause for every witticism; his demonstrative gratitude, the sufficient reward for every generous surprise; his sensitive face, the barometer on which the father saw recorded every rise and fall in his own spiritual temperature.

Aware that children needed discipline, and much mortified at any misdemeanor upon the part of his son, he could not bear to hear or give the reproof, and requested that it might be deferred until he had left the house and was at least a mile away. This was not only because of his

affection for the son, but that he was utterly averse to inflicting pain.

The Christmas holidays and the birthdays were duly remembered. The gift, slyly brought home and placed for accidental discovery, would be some marked toy or book that had attracted the boy's attention in his peregrinations around the town, but the cost of which had precluded the hope of possession; or, the gold or silver coin; or, the bank check, that gave additional dignity and importance by requiring the bearer's own signature.

When the silver coin replaced the "greenbacks," a silver dollar of the first issue was brought home and passed around the dinner-table for inspection. The boy's eyes glistened as brightly as the silver; but not desiring to appear avaricious, he said: "Dad, do you know a ten-cent piece is as large to a boy as that dollar is to a man?" "Is that so, son?" was the reply; and lo, when the boy raised his napkin there was the silver dollar, put by some sleight-of-hand within its folds. As usual, the embrace and grateful demonstrations defied decorum, and peace was restored only by the mother's threat of separation, and the admonition from the father: "Return to your seat, son; the pickets are out."

On one occasion a conversation was overheard between the nephew and son concerning an unusually fine sled and wagon that had appeared upon the Christmas market, but which "cost too much money, John; we must n't ask for them." On Christmas morning, among other presents for servants and household, these appeared harnessed to the Christmas tree. The joy and surprise sufficiently indulged, they were taken out for the day's sport. The sled, much too delicate for the rough usage of coasting, met with swift destruction. The boy returned to the house withered and silent. Only much inquiry elicited the cause of the sorrow, which was none the less poignant because the wagon had held its own, and the nephew was still its happy possessor. A grave family council was held in an adjoining room.

The uncle, Judge Newton P. Reid, who was remaining over Christmas for attendance upon a very busy term of the court, and his nephew, Richard, resolved unanimously that the boy must have another sled. "No," said the mother, "he will never learn care and prudence at that rate, and he must be taught these lessons by his losses." "I would not for all that you possess in this world," said the uncle, "see the boy wear such a face." "I could not let him sleep one night," said the father, "with that grief on his young heart;" and so the boy was informed that a telegram should go the next morning to Lexington, Louisville, Cincinnati, or New York, if need be, for another sled. The reaction from despair to hope produced as violent an outburst as the first grief; but that night's prayer was: "God bless my Dad, my uncle Newton, and my new sled."

Mrs. Reid remembers but one occasion when she induced Judge Reid to administer a reproof to his son. He had accompanied them to Frankfort, after the Christmas vacation, and started thence on his return to Princeton College. The weather was intensely cold; every provision was made for his comfort, and he started off at night in company with Mr. Watterson, who was *en route* to Washington. Meeting a boy friend at Lexington, he left the train and walked up street. When he returned, the train, with bag and baggage, heavy overcoat and valise, all were gone. Young Rogers wrote back that his feelings upon this discovery "could be better imagined than described."

Mrs. Reid said to her husband: "Unless you write, reproving and remonstrating, your son's future may be seriously involved by such carelessness."

In a few days she herself wrote, and the Judge, picking up the letter, read it over. "I think," he said, "you are too severe, and are making too much out of a small matter." "Did *you* write as I requested?" asked the wife. "Yes, I did," he replied, "all that you wished me to say, and very severe; but I felt so miserable about it, and was so penitent

over it, I wrote by the next mail taking it all back. I could n't let him believe I had lost confidence in him, and only regretted he should spend one night before receiving my second letter."

Upon being remonstrated with for over-indulgence, as his son grew toward the hunting age, and gifts of archery, breech-loading shot-guns, rifles, bicycles, etc., were successively presented, he would only reply: "I intend him to have a happy childhood, as far as I can make it so; it will brighten his whole life; and whatever may be his future, I wish him to have none but pleasant recollections of me and his childhood."

"The memory of a happy childhood, like that of a great love, casts its radiance and beauty all along the pathway of life, making every burden lighter, every sorrow more easily borne." *

To his boy, nine years old, on his first absence:

MT. STERLING, KENTUCKY, May 22, 1875.

MY DEAR BOY:—Your letter came last night, and papa was mighty glad to hear from you. He read it many times over, and says it is a fine letter! It did not need the letter to bring my boy close up to my heart, where I always keep him; but as papa read it, he could see his boy's sunny face, hear him laugh, and feel his arms about his neck. Is n't it sad that papa has nobody to hug and kiss him? He is very hungry for a "five-dollar kiss," and is nearly dying to have somebody put his arms around him. It is a very *bad* thing to have your wife and boy go off, and leave you all by yourself. When you grow up, and have a wife and boy, you must keep them with you all the time. It is now just six o'clock in the morning, and papa is at the office writing this letter before he gets busy. He got up at five o'clock, worked awhile in the garden, had a nice breakfast, and is now down in town. Is n't he smart? Papa do n't like to stay at the house any more than he can help. He misses you and mamma so much that it almost makes him cry, he is so lonesome. He reads by himself, eats by himself, and sits in the library by himself, and counts the days before you will come back. Mary and Peter † are doing finely, and wait on papa nicely. Mary gets nice things to eat, and has had "hereafter," as Uncle Newt. calls it—real pies and rolls

* From an address of Judge Reid before a Sunday-school.

† Colored boy, age of the son.

and cakes. The chickens are growing finely, and will be big enough to be eaten when you get back. Peter says Grubbs's roosters are still laying eggs in our hen-house. You would not know our garden. It is looking well. The early peas are in full blossom, and lettuce is now large enough to eat, and the radishes will be in a few days. Papa has been, up to yesterday, doing all the work himself, and planted with his own hands many seeds. Yesterday he got Charlie to finish up, and Charlie set out the sweet potatoes, planted bunch-beans, peas, pole-beans and butter-beans. Papa planted the late roasting-ear patch, and he wanted you very much to drop the beans in the corn-hills. Yesterday we had a fine warm rain, the first we have had this year. It is cloudy and warm this morning, and has been raining a little. If papa has luck, and the good Lord sends the rain and sunshine, he hopes to have a fine garden. The potato-bugs have not been so busy lately. I have hired Peter to kill them at the cost of a nickel for every hundred bugs. I saw Albert Hazelrigg, and he is very hungry to see you. Papa is as lonesome as Robinson Crusoe before he found Friday to stay with him. If it were not for working in the garden, papa do n't think he could stand it. The garden keeps him company. You and mamma must make haste and come home to papa. He is so tired of being by himself. Bring grandma with you. Make her come. Kiss mamma a thousand times for me, and remember me in your prayers.

Two incidents that occurred in the very beginning of the married life drew him close to the boy. The mother sent a message to the new father by the son, beginning: "Son, tell your 'Uncle Dick'"—when she was interrupted with: "Mamma, do n't say 'Uncle Dick' to me any more; he is my papa, now, and I intend to love him and call him papa." And in the years that followed he took especial pleasure in all the changes he could ring upon the name—"father," "dad," "daddy-pap," and at last settled down upon the one that best pleased both, "My Dad."

Once, when the father was practicing his unused hand upon the boy's tardy toilet, he said: "Mamma, you will have to make this boy dress, for I can't do anything with him." The boy took him by the hand, looking earnestly into his face, and said, with strong emotion: "Papa, when you want

me to do anything, don't tell mamma to make me. I am going to love you and obey you just the same as I do my mamma, and it hurts my feelings for you to tell her to make me."

Before the speech was ended, the senior Richard was completely conquered, and when his son left the room, he said: "Well, I stand corrected; and if I get forgiveness this once, I promise not to repeat the offense." He never did. The boy never disobeyed him. The understanding between them was perfect, and each could read the other's feelings and wishes as if by intuition.

To study the different phases of the intellectual development of his healthy-minded son was an unfailing source of entertainment and amusement.

Himself fond of juvenile literature, he provided the best publications of the day, such as *Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Youth's Companion, Harper's Weekly;* it being the boy's especial prerogative to open, cut, and examine the last, before courtesy demanded he should yield it to another member of the family circle. Whatever books were healthful reading for the young were added to the boy's library as his mental growth demanded.

After *Hans Andersen, Ragged Dick, Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights*, etc., biography and history began in the *Pioneers and Patriots.*

The boy's grief over the death of two of his heroes, "Friday," and "Kit Carson," was so excessive, that before allowing him to begin in "Daniel Boone" the father took the book, opened it and read the closing chapter, saying: "Now, my son, understand you are reading the life of a man long since dead—remember in the very beginning, that he has passed beyond the trials and dangers of this life, and that while you are learning of them for the first time, he does not suffer from them any more."

In due course came the 'Cooper and Dickens stage'; the 'Scott craze'; watched for in advance, and introduced by

the father himself, in a few timely words, or in the reading of some particular, striking passage.

During this period of his life the boy's daily, familiar appellations varied with the books he read. Now he was "The Pathfinder," or "Nicholas Nickleby" home from school; then "Ivanhoe" or "The Black Prince," or "The Last of the Mohicans;" and again, "The Last Minstrel," or "The Haughty Crested Marmion," and the little sorrel pony was for the nonce the "Proudly Prancing Roan;" anon, father and son were "Pickwick and Sam Weller," or "Dombey and Son;" and the stirring or humorous scenes of such books were dramatized impromptu for the evening circle in the library—especially the demonstrative passages that required much embracing upon the part of the son.

Walks, drives, frequent horseback rides, were all utilized for instruction, or enlivened by competitive recitation in alternate lines of choice passages of literature. In this manner, as well as in selections for school exercises, the son was encouraged to commit to memory the major portions of Marmion, Lady of the Lake, Lay of the Last Minstrel, much of Burns, Shakespeare, and other authors in turn. Disliking affectation, "rant and tear," the father summed up all criticism in one: "Be natural, my boy, be natural!"

It was not only in his own home, nor with his own son, but with all children, that Judge Reid was so tender and sympathetic. A bright-eyed child never escaped his observation.

He had a habit which afforded his family some amusement, of gathering from the abundance of his own planting, fruits in their season, filling paper bags, such as are used in small groceries, and concealing them in a hidden nook of hallway or veranda, lest they should be discovered and confiscated by some officious personage—and these he would distribute *en route* to his office to his pets among the children. So sure were they of his daily remembrance that if he

passed them by they would call out: "Are there no grapes or peaches to-day, Judge Reid?"

Nor was it alone to the happy children that he gave his kind attentions. There was scarcely a return trip home from any absence that he did not tell of some poor over-burdened woman, whose children he had helped to amuse on the cars, or to provide for from his own lunch; or, if without himself, from the fruit-boy on the train. "My! how those children could eat!" he would say; "they looked as if they would devour me, too, with their eyes." If in the night, and he assisted such on leaving the train, aiding them on their journey by kind words and often with more substantial means when need was apparent, he would continue to follow them in his thoughts long after he had reached his own home, wondering if they, too, were at the end of their journey; had they any bright fireside awaiting them; or were there only desolate homes to receive them. Then he would thank God for his own home.

Once, on a train going to Frankfort, a shabbily dressed boy attracted his attention. Said Judge Reid: "What a fine face! What open, pleading eyes! Take that boy, clothe him properly, educate him—what a transformation there would be! Why, that boy's head shows an embryo statesman! He has the free air of the mountains about him! Great men have come from homelier exteriors!" Rising, he walked to the forward door of the car in order to take a perspective, and get a closer scrutiny on his return to his seat. This done, he said to his wife, who had expressed no proprietorship whatever in the boy: "Madam, your boy is a convict going to the penitentiary, and is hand-cuffed to that rough-looking customer by his side; but I can't believe he is guilty!" And before leaving the car, he had signed a petition for his pardon.

He was most happy in narrating anecdotes to children—did not tire of answering their questions—and not unfrequently would play upon his son's curiosity by appearing to

pause in some thrilling narrative as the latter would enter the room, for the pleasure of hearing the eager inquiry: "What is that? Begin again, Dad."

He made but few visits, but in the autumn of 1880 was at last induced by his wife to visit her relatives in Missouri, that he might know the children there, and that they might remember him. His letters on this visit, so memorable in their lives, are filled with accounts of "these splendid specimens of humanity;" their delight over his small gifts; their jealous guardianship of him. They followed him from house to house, the momentous question of his abiding place for the night giving rise to the sharpest contentions. If the children of one household came to take him away for the day, the others would follow to bring him back for the night. "Uncle Dick" was their hero, idol, Santa Claus—and the child that could call him "uncle" was vastly elated above his fellows. Nothing can better illustrate his interest in children than the following admirable letter to an infant, as yet unnamed:

To Richard Reid Atkinson or John Jameson Atkinson.

MT. STERLING, KY., June 20, 1874.

MY NEWLY ARRIVED NEPHEW:—As you are young, and have as yet but little experience in the world, I take the liberty of sending you two names to select from. We are so overjoyed by your safe coming that we can not now think of any other names except big Roman prænomens and cognomens and sonorous Grecian appellations. You know it is very important to have a good name, and your christening should be a matter of due solemnity. Let not your fond parents burden you with the name of Military Hero, or Sagacious Statesman, or Drowsy Divine, or Singing Poet. Insist on a prosaic, every-day, matter-of-fact title. Great names weigh down little babies, and overshadow them even in manhood. With a name like one of the above, you can push your way in the world, and pull the name up with you. I hope when the name-business is adjusted, and you are fully recovered from the flurry of your first greetings, you will be able to tell us something of the land you came from: how many angels had a hand in bringing you from the skies; how many cherubs poked dimples in your cheeks, and rubbed your bright eyes with the stars. You know all babies come from

Heaven, and see wondrous things as they come. They seldom speak of the details of their journey, wanting articulate speech; but that they think about the shining realms of that blessed Infinite of their origin, there can be no doubt, for some high authority tells us that unweaned babies lie in their cradles, and hear the music and voices and the gladsome murmur of the "outer Infinite," whose shores they have just quitted. They come on the backs of angels with snow-white wings, and through regions of silvery dew, and lands of perpetual flowers. With "ministering spirits" they tread the impalpable air, and swing in the viewless winds, and land on the earth fresh bathed in the sunlight of wondrous climes. If you recollect any of the marvels, we would like to hear your narrative. They are in your mind. The trouble with you will be that you may for awhile find it difficult to select proper words from our strange Saxon tongue in which to give a veracious history of babyland. I hope you have a good-sized nose, with a large, full nostril. A good nose, by sheer weight, has dragged many a man up the heights of eminence. I hope you are erect and straight, for unless you are, your Aunt Bettie will exhort you, the moment she sees you, to hold your shoulders up; and deliver you sundry lectures on your personal appearance. I hope you will have curly hair, for I have noticed that curly-headed men take best with women. I hope you have dimples in your cheeks, because babies with dimples are generally good-natured. I hope you have a good voice, for a baby that doesn't cry is a fraud and a sham. He is certain to turn out to be a second-class preacher, and perhaps a manufacturer of false coin. I hope you have a belligerent chin like your Aunt Bettie. It prevents the owner from being imposed upon. Above all, I hope you come into this breathing world with a good, reliable set of digestive organs, which an old friend of mine—Josh Billings—assures me are better than a good set of brains.

I could say much more; but this is as much as a baby young as you are can bear. Your Aunt Bettie, to whom I have just taken the dispatch announcing your advent, will write so soon as her paroxysm of gladness is over. Your cousin Reid is also chatting much over your perfections, and hazarding many guesses as to your looks, size, and qualifications. He hopes you will be a good boy, and able to fly a kite in a few years. Love to all,

Your affectionate uncle,

RICHARD REID.

CHAPTER VIII.

RELIGIOUS LIFE—FAITH IN PRAYER—MINISTRATIONS TO THE SICK AND DYING—INFLUENCE OVER YOUNG MEN—DUTIES IN CHURCH—FOR THE THINGS OF PEACE—CHARITIES—DEATH OF ELLA REID—LETTER OF CONDOLENCE.

Richard Reid's largest religious development and expansion began with his married life. While religion had always been a sentiment and a habit, much study, increasing demands of business, the accumulation of an estate, a slight misanthropy and love of seclusion, books and writing, had absorbed him and taken him from activity in church work. But after marriage he set himself to reconstruct his spiritual temple. Religion was now a principle, a practical duty, a working reality. He became active in Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, and two years after marriage was chosen Elder in his church at Mt. Sterling. Thereafter, no other duties interfered with his church work.

In the absence of a minister he would address the congregation; not after the usual form of a set sermon, nor altogether like a lawyer addressing a jury, but with a happy combination of the two, weighing and presenting evidence with the lawyer's directness and brevity, and enforcing facts with the warmth of the ministerial soul.

For social meetings he prepared at different times essays upon such subjects as the following: "Synagogues;" "John the Baptist;" "Prophecy Concerning Christ;" "The Devil's Title to the Kingdoms Offered to the Saviour," Etc.

From the essay upon John the Baptist the following are some of the characteristic sentences:

John was hewing out some of the stones that Christ himself afterwards polished and laid in the foundations of his spiritual temple.

In John we have the example of a truthful preacher. He called things by their right names. He did not apologize for sin. He was a modest, humble man, but a bold and fearless preacher. He told the people that it would no longer avail them to plead they were descended from Abraham; that their lineage was a matter of small consequence to God; that the time had come when principle and conduct were to be investigated, when men were to be tried by their lives and deeds, and not by their birth or profession.

The Pharisees and Sadducees bore only blossoms. John told them they must bear fruit as well; that their professions were well enough, but they must prove by their holy lives that their professions were genuine. We do not think John baptized many of these.

Elder W. T. Tibbs says:

During a ministry of nine or ten years in the Mt. Sterling Christian Church, Judge Reid's inner life was to me an open book. I studied his strength and weakness, and was familiar with the secrets of his joys and sorrows; knew the battles that stormed through his soul and left grace triumphant; witnessed his surprising growth in Christian graces and divine strength, that prepared him for the heroism of his last day. From the date of his marriage, his growth in the rarest elements of Christian character was continuous and rapid, surpassing any advancement I have witnessed in a ministry of twenty years. In that great church, with a larger proportion of strong men and noble women than any known to me, not more than two men are left who could claim equality with Richard Reid in exemplary piety, unwavering fidelity, constant usefulness, and self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the church.

Ten years ago he expressed his purpose to perform fully and without shirking every duty his brethren might impose. The alacrity and zeal and usefulness with which he served, constantly cheered the hearts of all the faithful workers. The prayer-meeting was his delight. When called upon to pray or speak, he never failed to respond, to the comfort and edification of his brethren. He was peculiarly gifted in prayer. His daily prayers in the household, in the church, at the bedside of the sick, and with the sorrowful, had alike the sweet aroma of his meek and gentle spirit, his childlike faith and unaffected piety. I knew but one man who could pray like

Richard Reid, and he is a distinguished minister in an Eastern city. When his candidacy suggested the probability of his removal to Frankfort, I have seen members of the prayer-meeting talking with tearful eyes of the irreparable loss they would suffer. The distinguished visitors who frequented his hospitable home did not take precedence of the claims of his brethren and the appointments of his church. Either with them, or alone, as they might elect, he filled his place in the appointed meetings. In the Sunday-school he exhibited rare aptitude for teaching, and gave himself with fervor to the work. He was a diligent student of the Scriptures, studied each lesson with scrupulous care, and reported always promptly at the post of duty, often with great inconvenience and personal sacrifice. In the councils of the church he always tried to "*follow after the things which make for peace*," and his sympathies were with the weak and wandering. When his views were rejected by the church council, he never failed to acquiesce, cheerfully and cordially, in the spirit of Christian humility, in the methods of his brethren, and worked right on by their plans as zealously as if they had been his own.

Smaller men might make trouble in the church through pride or ignorance; but he never could. His liberality and the schemes of benevolence that occupied much of his thought, have probably received appropriate notice. I have been the counselor of many public men, but have never known one in the conflicts of public life who cherished the simple Christian faith of Richard Reid, or strove so hard to imitate Him who was "meek and lowly in heart." He knew all that modern infidelity had to say against the Bible and his Saviour, yet to Jesus he gave the tremulous homage of his whole soul, and received the words of the Scriptures as a little child drinks the words of its mother's lips.

A single incident will illustrate the quality of his faith: In an Appellate Convention at Owingsville, Ky., before which he was a candidate, there was one of the hottest contests I have ever witnessed. Judge Reid developed unexpected strength, and when the crisis approached, late Saturday night, it was thought three or four uncertain votes would determine the issue. Judge Reid requested me to retire with him alone to the room of a friend, about ten o'clock, where we lay upon the bed for an hour in quiet conversation on religious themes, while the conflict was raging in the courthouse opposite. He said: "I am glad I have not the casting vote, for I do n't know what is best; and I have just committed it all to the Lord. I know I can be useful at Mt. Sterling, and live a Christian life. I do n't know what influences might overtake me at Frankfort, to destroy my usefulness as a Christian, and render me lukewarm in the service of my Saviour. No greater calamity could befall

me; and I don't want to run any such risks. For that reason I have prayed the Lord to take my case and determine it for me, and I have the utmost confidence He will do for me what is best. Whatever this Convention does with me to-night, I shall accept as the will of God in answer to my prayer." I passed out just in time to bring back to him the news of his defeat, to which he replied: "Well, I thank God for it. It is just right. Now I can go on with my work in the church." After making a speech before the Convention, he rode to Mt. Sterling with me in a cheerful and happy mood, arriving at home about one o'clock Sunday morning. That morning, a little before nine o'clock, I started to Sunday-school, and saw on the front steps of the church, Richard Reid, with a bright face welcoming the boys of his class—Richard Reid, who had been absent from home for two weeks, enduring the hardships of a laborious canvass, who had reached home in the darkness a few hours before—there stood the grand man, with his beaming face and heart full of love, glad the Lord had sent him back to labor on with the church he loved.

Elder George Darsie, minister of the Christian Church at Frankfort, Ky., where Judge and Mrs. Reid worshiped while he attended the sessions of the Superior Court, writes:

For nearly two years past, Bro. Reid has been a resident of Frankfort, and I have had the privilege of seeing and meeting him almost daily. From the first time my hand grasped his, my heart warmed towards him in constantly increasing love and esteem to the end. He was so genuine a man, so hearty, simple, natural, sincere, friendly, that it was a never-failing delight to meet him, or be where he was.

His duties in connection with the Court of which he was a member, were onerous and confining; but he often found time to run across to our prayer-meeting on Wednesday nights, and always when present contributed largely to the interest and profit of the meeting. His talks were vigorous, pointed, practical, fresh, and entirely unconventional—full of devotional feeling and religious fervor, and never failed to edify. But it seemed to me that his prayers were the richest, tenderest, and most elevating I ever heard. He seemed to be talking face to face with God. The light of the Divine Presence seemed to shine round about him. The music of his words, the unaffected fervency of his spirit, the fitness and variety of his petitions, the perfect naturalness, simplicity and humility of his prayers, were every way charming and delightful.

He was a man of deeply religious nature. One day, meeting him on the street, after the first salutations were over, he said to

me: "This is my birthday, and a passage of Scripture has been ringing in my ears all day long: 'Surely, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'" He then expressed himself, in his own hearty, earnest way, as being filled with a grateful sense of God's mercy to him.

I do not think I ever knew a purer, truer, better man than Judge Richard Reid.

His brother, Davis, states concerning him:

I never knew him to swear an oath in his life, or be guilty of telling a falsehood. In feeling as tender as a woman, I never knew him to have a boyish fight with any one, nor do I believe he ever struck a human being in anger. Pure in speech, gentle in deportment, he was a Christian by nature, and a scholar by education.

He was a most devout believer in the efficacy of prayer. He did not stop to consider by what particular method or means God answered prayer. God was the Father in Heaven, who had promised that "if ye seek, ye shall find; if ye ask, ye shall receive; if ye knock, it shall be opened unto you." "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him? for who is there among you, if his son ask for bread, will give him a stone; or a fish, and he will give him a scorpion?"

He took these promises in all their breadth and height and depth. He never doubted or mistrusted; and so in faith, and hope, and love, he set up the altar of family prayer, and never failed in the daily offering of praise and gratitude, nor to plead the blood of Christ as an atonement for sin.

He felt his own imperfections; was humble concerning his own spiritual gifts; but he sought God face to face, and confessed his wants and failings to Him.

In a letter to W. T. Tibbs, when the latter resigned the pastorate of Mt. Sterling church, he writes: "My heart is too full to write, as I look back over past associations. I will only make this request of you: If I die before you do,

that wherever you are, in hailing distance, you will come and say a few words over my body. Say, 'He believed in Jesus, and strove to do the best he could.' "

The habit of prayer grew on him continually. Whenever he started on a journey, he sought special guidance and protection. When the boy first started to college, and on all subsequent occasions, the last duty was to take him off alone, kneel down with him, and commend the young life to God's special providence. The boy's future success, development, growth, were the subjects of constant prayer. No member of the family was forgotten, whether at home or away from its sheltering roof. It was: "God bless the niece in California; may genial skies and friendly airs restore her under Thy love and blessing to health." "Bless our boy, away from us. We know that he can not pass out of Thy loving care." "Bless our aged mother, and make her last days her best days." "Bless May and Lily; may they make noble, useful women in the world." "Bless the heads of the family; may they rule in wisdom and love, honoring Thee." "Bless those who serve; may they serve in Thy fear." "Forgive us our sins, and make us day by day more like to thy Son and our Saviour."

The same faith and trust in prayer were carefully instilled into the mind and heart of each member of the household, and all felt that daily they walked under God's special providence; that the Everlasting Arms were beneath, and that no evil could befall. The occasions for special prayer could not be enumerated. Whatever the pleasure, or business, or enterprise, that engaged attention, it was laid before God for approval and blessing.

Family Prayers.

The following note, from Professor J. W. McGarvey, will serve as a preface to the written prayers, which follow:*

*These writtten prayers have been found in all Bibles used in family worship, particularly in a very old Bible, which Judge Reid was very fond of using.

When I went to worship with Sister Reid and family last Friday night, I found several half sheets of note paper lying about in Judge Reid's Bible, on each page of which was written a prayer. I learned that it was his custom to have family worship before breakfast, and that when the family would be late assembling he would spend the time of waiting in writing a prayer. I copied some of them within:

We rejoice, our Father, when we remember that Thy providential kindness has preserved and comforted us during the past night; that we can now present our morning sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving unto Thee, which we pray Thee for Jesus' sake to graciously accept. We now commit our persons, our temporal pursuits, and our all, this day to Thy care. May we be diligent in business, at the same time remembering that the kingdom of God and his righteousness are worth more than all the objects and pursuits of this life. This day help us to walk with Thee, and make us strong in the grace of Christ. Lead us not into trials beyond our strength, and remove us from temptation. Enable us to preserve our Christian profession, to keep our souls pure and our garments clean, and ourselves unspotted from the world. May we walk by faith, and not by sight, striving to fulfill the law of Christ. May we so conduct ourselves in all things this day as those who have entered upon it in full fellowship with Thee. Continue Thy mercies to us. Pity our unworthiness, and graciously hear and answer our prayer, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

O Lord, our God, we praise Thee that it is our privilege again, on the morning of another day, to lift up our eyes to Thee who hearest prayer. We beseech Thee to have respect both to us and our offering, for the sake of Him who offered Himself up for our offenses and who rose from the dead that we might live. We present our thanksgiving for the providence of the night, and for another opportunity of rendering Thee our praise and thanksgiving. This day order our steps by Thy word, and let no wickedness have dominion over us. We commit ourselves and all our concerns into Thy hands and place them at Thy disposal, who hast promised that all things shall work together for good to them who love Thee and keep Thy law. Teach us to honor Thee in all of the engagements of the day, and whatever we do, to do all to Thy glory, to remember Thy mercies, and to express continually the thankfulness of our souls. Preserve us this day from the iniquities of our own hearts, from the temptations of the wicked one, and from the snares of the world. Guide us with Thine eye, and give us grace to be diligent in our business, in our studies, and in all of our affairs. Comfort our hearts with Thy presence—with the joys of Thy salvation, with the conviction that we are the children of God, and crowned with His tender love. Bless us as a

family, and bless all the families with which we are connected, and gather us all under the shadow of Thy wing, and keep us to the end. Graciously hear our prayer, and forgive our sins, for Christ's sake. Amen.

Lord, we come unto Thee in the name of Christ, rejoicing that through Him we can find favor with Thee. With the Psalmist* we would now say, Our voices shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and look up.

Give us the spirit of prayer. As we make known our requests unto Thee, may we feel ourselves surrounded by a sacred atmosphere of enjoyment and delight. We thank Thee for the mercies of the night and for the light of the morning.

Teach us, our Father, to honor thee in all the engagements of the day. Give us grace to walk humbly before thee. May we engage in all our worldly business, remembering that all these engagements will soon end, and that we will soon stand before Thee in judgment. Preserve us from every snare, temptation and danger to which we may be exposed. May the arm of divine grace be constantly underneath and around us. Help us to know Thee clearly, to love Thee dearly, and to follow Thee nearly in all things.

Leave us not this day to our own weaknesses, but gird us with Thy strength. Give us the guidance of Thy wisdom and the protection of Thy power. Teach us daily to remember the love of Christ.

Merciful Father, thou who hast watched over us during the past night and graciously been with us, we are again encouraged to lift up our eyes to Thee, whence cometh our help. Preserve us from the snares and temptations of the day. Teach us to have a constant remembrance of Thee, Thy goodness and Thy love. Wash us from our iniquities and cleanse us from all sin. Look mercifully upon us as a family, and place underneath each one of us the arms of thy mercy and power.

Make us a pious, holy family—one saved by the Lord; and may we by faith look on Thee our God in Christ, as the shield of our help.

O Lord, may we be filled with Thy blessing. Suffer us not to be content with the things of the world, but may we seek after those blessings which make the soul rich when all earthly comfort shall have passed away forever. This day may our hearts be regulated by Thy Spirit and our lives by Thy law.

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*This note was also found in his handwriting in the Bible used in family worship: The Psalms are divided into five books: 1. From 1 to 41 inclusive; 2. From 42 to 72, inclusive; 3. From 74 to 89, inclusive; 4. From 90 to 106 inclusive; 5. From 107 to 150, inclusive.

Help us to conduct ourselves as Thy children, and to live by the faith of Thy well-beloved Son. Give us wisdom to guide us, strength to support us, and grace sufficient both for our souls and bodies. Deliver us from evil, lead us not into temptation. Give us our daily bread, forgive our sins, and graciously hear and answer our prayers for Jesus' sake. Amen.

We would lift up our hearts and join in praise and thanksgiving to Thee this morning, our kind Father. We thank Thee for life, health, strength, and the mercies of another night, and for the manifold providences that surround us; for the rest and peace and joy Thou hast conferred upon us. Bless us to-day, as our wants may require, and may our hearts and minds be filled with love for Thee. Keep us under the shadow of thy wing and in the path of duty and right. May our living, and thinking, and working be acceptable to Thee. Help us to keep our spirits in subjection to Thy will; to approach Thee nearer and nearer in our character; to use with diligence our time and opportunities; to be sources of comfort to ourselves and lights and helps to others. Strengthen us by thy Spirit for all of life's duties, and prosper us in all of our undertakings. Be with us in our business, in our pleasures, in our joys, in our sorrows, temptations, and victories, and keep us unto the end in Thy fear and salvation. Bless with us the whole world. Have especial mercy upon Thy distressed and afflicted children. Make all things work together for the good of all who love Thee.

It was not only at the family altar, at the social meeting, at the table of the Lord's Supper, that his voice was raised to God. His prayers possessed a peculiar power and fitness for the chamber of sickness or death. His pathetic pleading, the earnest simplicity of his utterances to God, lifted the struggling soul to the beatitude of peace and rest within the near presence of the Divine Spirit. If called upon in the absence of a regular minister, he would leave the lawyer's desk and brief to perform the last sad rites for the dead.

Returned to his office and work after one such occasion, friend after friend came in to ask that, should they go first, he would perform a similar service for them.

A friend who was quite ill, called her husband to her bedside and exacted a promise that, if she died, no one but

Judge Reid should say a word above her coffin. His wife recovering, the husband made known the request to Judge Reid, and he promised its fulfillment.

An old neighbor and friend of the family lay lingering with a fatal disease. She sent for Mother Reid. "Mary," said the sufferer, "tell Richard to come and pray for me. I can not go without his prayers."*

Another aged invalid,† who still lingers, eagerly awaited his coming as friend, business counselor, and comforter.

Through all those long, dreary summer days when Garfield lay at the point of death, daily prayers ascended to God in his behalf from Judge Reid's family altar. The suffering, the grief, the agony, seemed all his own. How earnest, beseeching, pleading, how full of heart and love and sympathy, were all the petitions! It made no difference then about political questions,—it was not what was omitted nor committed,—not what charges were brought during the canvass. It was only a sufferer—a sufferer from a great outrage—it was the head of the nation, a father, a husband, a son, stricken down in the prime of manhood, in the full tide of a great usefulness, in the climax of a great success; and Judge Reid's heart burned within him, and his whole soul went out to God in prayer for "our wounded President;" for "this child of God, raised to high position;" for "this man who had carried his religion with him into high places." And when he would read, through blinding tears, how the wife and husband met, he would turn to his own wife and embrace her, as though *he* were stricken, and it "was well with him" because his wife was by him.

All amusements and gayeties were suspended in the household, as seemingly in bad taste, when the nation's head was hovering between life and death. And when at last the end came, it was as if the bereavement touched him

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* He was at this time Judge in Frankfort.

† Says this old woman, now ninety, who still waits while the strong man is gone: "I shall never cease to see him as he stood before me the last time, so strong and manly, and his honest blue eyes so clear and tender, and full of kindness."

personally, as if one of his very own had been taken away. Long and long the shadows lingered within the home, but his faith in prayer never wavered, nor did his belief in a special overruling Providence stagger because it seemed as if God had not heard the cry that went up from his home, and from the homes of the nations of the earth, in that Garfield had died.

He submitted, saying: "God will answer our prayers, though not always as we expect or desire." He did not understand, but he did not mistrust. The mystery, he said, would be explained. It was a mystery. He did not seek its solution. He waited.

Judge Reid did not know Garfield personally; he had never met him, but had often expressed himself that he would much like to meet a man so full of sympathy for his fellow man, so individual, so magnetic. It was something beyond ordinary interest in a great man, a mere sufferer. What was the mystic connection between those days of anguish and his own later suffering? What the mysterious sympathy that links one human soul to another, and makes a common humanity, a common cause, for all who suffer in any day and generation, however widely severed by time or circumstance?

There *is* a community of soul between all such in all time—Christ Himself chief in the communion.

There was no austerity in Judge Reid's religion. It was loving, trusting, joyful. Said one who knew him well: "He was like John, the beloved disciple; and had he lived in the days of the Saviour, he would always have been close up to Him and with his head upon His breast." * He believed in a happy religion, that should be made bright and attractive for the young.

He did not believe in tithes of rue and mint and cumin, to the neglect of weightier matters. He did not believe that the harmony of the church should be sacrificed to small issues. He criticised no one's peculiar views, was in-

* Mr. Wm. E. Simms.

dulgent to all, and did not believe in legislating upon mere matters of opinion. He did not believe in cant, nor the holy tone, nor the religion that was scrupulously pious in the Sunday garb, but was laid aside in the sharp practices of every-day business affairs. He despised assumptions, hypocrisies, affectations, shams, pretensions, in any, above all in the ministry. Upon all such he let drive the full force of his vigorous sarcasm.

But no real worth was too humble for him to reverence, and no man cherished a more profound respect for the true minister, the modest follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He desired that an apartment in his house should be always ready for such a servant of God.

He made for the things of peace in society, in the church, and in his profession. Whenever possible to settle a lawsuit by arbitration or agreement, he would advise that this *first* be tried. He was called into consultation concerning the use of an organ in the church. There was a party favoring its introduction, *nolens volens*, and over the heads of a respectable minority. He asked of one strongly in favor, if it "could now at this time be brought in *peaceably*." "No," was the reply, "I think not." "Then," he said, "I shall oppose its introduction. I am pledged to see the conscience of these men respected. I have myself no conscience for or against an organ. I can worship God in the presence or absence of one. But I consider the welfare of the church, the *life* of the church, its peace and prosperity, of more importance than an organ. And I believe if you would say to these parties opposing, 'We wish an organ in our church worship, but we yield our preference to your scruples,' that you would make a great advance towards gaining them."

His frequent use of Scripture expressions in letters or conversation, to one who did not know him well, might seem irreverent. But he was not aware of the strength of

the habit nor of the effect of its indulgence upon others. Bible language and ideas were so deeply imbedded in his mental structure that they necessarily characterized what he said or wrote.

Also, it was sometimes objected that there was too much of the humorous in his religion. It is true, that there was such a weird combination in his character of the humorous and pathetic, the grotesque and pious, the comic and the grave, that it was often puzzling, even to his most intimate friends, to decide how to draw the dividing line, and tell where the one ended and the other began. The humorous vein flowed side by side with another vein of melancholy; and each would break forth in turn and give its coloring to the life, thought or feature. Hence, his wit seemed often incongruous, its keenest flashes coming suddenly upon an overshadowing cloud. To those who saw the cloud only, his character appeared somber and serious, sometimes reserved and repellant. Others saw only the lightning's play, without discerning the dark-hued background; and by these Judge Reid was the least understood.

Judge Reid's religious influence over young men was very great. His humor and sympathy, and his profession, brought him heart to heart with them, and many a young man was brought into the church by some quiet remonstrance or opportune advice. Sometimes a simple sentence spoken in time—as that "We have been praying for you at our house;" or, "This course of conduct won't pay you;" or, "You had better cast your lot with us, and try a better life in the church,"—would lodge as an arrow in the heart. He had the delicate tact to know when he had said enough, and his words were usually as seed sown in good soil, that brought forth some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

His home was often called the Orphanage, because of those cared for within its walls. No appeal was ever made

for charity by citizen or church, but that he more than bore his share. Not only this, but the situation of the village made it a Piedmont, and there were daily calls from individuals coming from the mountains for help and sustenance. Mt. Sterling overflowed with these people, who, unfortunate during the summer in their mountain homes, came in the winter to solicit the necessaries of life. One who responded readily, and was in the habit of giving, was often imposed upon. Judge Reid seldom refused—never passed by a worthy charity—and felt it was better to be imposed upon than to harden the heart by refusal. "God has done so much for me," he would say, "I must show my thanksgiving and gratitude to Him."

His ready sympathy, quick responsiveness, and eloquent speech, made him therefore a most available person for raising funds in the church for the poor, or missionaries, or other worthy objects.

He was called upon so frequently in this capacity that he protested, saying: "I will become a perfect nuisance, and people will dread to see me rise in church, being certain beforehand that I am put forth to raise money." But he enthused the people so that they gave willingly, wishing they could give more.

One secret of his success was due to the fact that he never made an appeal except the objects were worthy, and then he headed the list himself with a liberal donation. Another was, that he never pressed his point beyond reasonable limits.

The last time he made an open appeal before his church was to raise a "poor fund" for the needy of his own town; and, as usual, the amount surpassed expectation.

Upon another occasion, when the pastor, Mr. Tibbs, had preached at Christmas upon the text: "Who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich," Judge Reid made a direct application of text and sermon in behalf of some missionaries in a foreign land who had appealed for help. He said he did not

make the speech in behalf of missionary work, or missionary boards, or to supplement a salary. He made it in behalf of the mother and babes; in the name of Christ, who was himself the babe of a human mother, and who came to redeem motherhood and infancy, and make both blessed.

He wanted the mother to have an easy chair for herself, when household and mission work for the day were ended; he wanted the babes to have warm shoes and stockings for their feet, warm clothes for their bodies; he wanted the family to sit down to an abundant board on Christmas day, feeling that they were not forgotten or denied by the friends at home.

He did not think that missionaries should deny themselves the comforts of daily life. He wanted them to have the *luxuries* of life, as we had them; they, who were so much more deserving than we, whose lives of devotion to the Master's cause put our professions and piety to the blush; who give labor and even life itself, while we give but a little money.

This was one of the most beautiful and touching speeches ever delivered in the Mt. Sterling church. It was brief, pointed, and left scarce a dry eye in the house.

The result was a large sum of money for the mother and babes over the sea. One friend came up privately after the benediction, saying. "I wish I could give twice as much, but please *do* see that the money goes to the woman and child for their individual wants."

During these years of unbroken happiness in his own household, it was often his lot to share in the sorrows of others.

In January, 1881, he was called to sustain his mother in another great bereavement.

He had faithfully fulfilled the promise given to his dying father to be a father to his youngest sister. Thirteen years had elapsed, during which he had watched her growth from

childhood to maidenhood. He had managed her estate as guardian, and had the gratification of seeing it grow and increase under his care. In his early married life he had given her a home, and a personal supervision to her studies. While an inmate of his family he watched over her with a tender solicitude, for she was a delicate child, and he would relieve his anxiety by going in person to see that her room was properly warmed and ventilated.

Notwithstanding her fragile constitution, she passed safely through her college course, and grew into womanhood.

The mother, who had left her desolate abode at the death of William, returned to it after five years, refitted and prepared it for Ella's home-coming from school; and again the old walls echoed the glad voices and the songs of the young and gay.

After three brief years of happiness, death again entered the home and threatened the life of Ella.

The summons came for the brother Richard. The court was in session; he was arguing a case. But he left all to fight death, if possible; or, if death were inevitable, to sustain his sister as she entered the dark valley, and to comfort his mother as best he could.

With rallying hopes he would return to the court, only to be followed again and again by the messenger summoning him back. At last, there was no hope for Ella.

The weather was intensely cold; a snow-storm was blowing without; and as he entered the room and kissed his dying sister, she clasped her arms about his neck and said: "Brother Dick, is there not a great storm, and will it soon be over?"

"Yes, Ella," he said, "the storm will soon be over for you, and all of us."

He knelt by her bed, praying with her to the last; and when the young spirit had passed, in the early morning, through the storm to the life eternal, he returned to his own home, called his family together, as usual, in prayer, and,

amid tears and sobs, implored the Lord to be the comfort and stay of his broken-hearted mother.

In all her grief he never failed her, and by-and-by, when the spring came, and she grew stronger, she sought him in his own home, for the comfort and sustaining power of his prayers.

Mother Reid writes, February, 1885: "He could come so near to me in all my sorrows. His prayers soothed me more than anybody's. I knew him to be so pure, just, charitable and honorable every way. I had confidence in him."

Richard Reid to his niece, at Missouri University.

MT. STERLING, KY., January 22, 1881.

DEAR SALLIE:—I have only time to write that Ella died this morning, after two weeks' illness, of fever and measles. Her going was so sudden that we are all heart-broken, especially poor mother, who is inconsolable. All that could be done was done, and now, in the bloom of her womanhood, the tender hands that ministered so faithfully to her in her sickness, will lay her away in the grave.

In June, 1883, he was called upon to mourn and pray with dear relatives, who were in great affliction over the death of an only son. He wrote back to them, after leaving their saddened home, July 20, 1883:

MT. STERLING, KY., July 20, 1883.

MRS. JNO. D. HARRIS.

My Dear Cousin:—My wife desires me to say that she intended writing to you this week, but she has been in bed since last Sunday, unable to do any work. She will write as soon as she is able. I will only add that you, and your bereaved household, are the constant theme and the subject of our prayers; that our hearts' desire is, that the shadow that has fallen upon you may pass away, and the sunlight come back; that the kind Father, as the weary days go by, may help you to see how light can come out of darkness, and give you a spirit of resignation to His will. Time and employment are the only medicines for the sorrows of this life. The wounds of the heart heal slowly, but they *do* heal, and we are made purer, better, stronger, more sympathetic, by the griefs and calamities that overtake us here. I have seen many blossoms shaken down into the grave from the tree of my own life, and stood dazed and bewildered by the storm that

passed. I have tried to see in these bereavements the hand of God—to look on them as a discipline and training for a higher life. The most precious of all the sayings of the Book is, that Christ was *perfected through suffering; all* of those whom God loves must *suffer;* unless *we suffer* we are not worthy to be called His children. Through *suffering we grow like Jesus*—are made like Him in character. We do not understand *now;* we see through a glass darkly; in a little while we shall see face to face, and know even as we are known. One by one the cords that bind us to the earth are snapped—the flowers that cheer and gladden our lives die; but with the eye of faith we see all the links bound in a golden chain, and the flowers that perished and left the world without beauty or fragrance, blossoming in undying vigor on the banks of the River of Life. May God bless and comfort your sad heart, and may all your house feel His strong arms around them, is my prayer. Much love to all.

CHAPTER IX.

BOOKS—WRITING—SPEAKING.

Richard Reid continued throughout life that omnivorous course of reading begun at college, and of which his friends and classmates have given a partial account in their recollections of his early years. He was familiar with every department of literature—with poet, historian, essayist, novelist; with Greek, Latin and English classics; and with current literature of every description, whether of travel, fiction, biography, politics, law or religion. He was a regular subscriber to such magazines as the *Atlantic, Eclectic, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's* or the *Century*—the bound volumes of which were annually added to his library; to *Harper's Weekly, St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Youth's Companion,* (the last four for his boy). Besides these, he would purchase particular issues of such other periodicals as contained especially good or desirable articles. Of religious papers there were the *Independent, Christian Union, Illustrated Christian Weekly* (which was also bound for the finished character of its illustrations); and of his own denominational papers—the *Christian Standard, Apostolic Times, Old-Path Guide,* and *Teacher's Mentor.*

Of the daily papers there were the *Courier-Journal,* Cincinnati *Commercial,* and *Enquirer*; and as for the local papers that came from all parts of the State and his judicial district, their name was legion.

New books were added to the library according to fancy, or as recurring anniversaries suggested the liberal donation of choice series.

After marriage, the evenings were given to home, and much reading was accomplished then; and though the presence of guests in the social circle of the library interfered with the general reading, which was aloud and for all the family, the private course was never disturbed. Each winter there were select books for wife and husband alone. The magazine, newspaper, romance and light literature were for the library when the whole family were assembled; but the heavier works were reserved for the uninterrupted private hours. In this way were read such books as "Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic," "United Netherlands," "John of Barneveldt," "Holmes's Life of Motley," "Macaulay's Essays" and "History and Life," "Our Own Times," by McCarthy, "Life of Carlyle," and all the other literature which flooded the country after Carlyle's death, and of which Judge Reid said: "I suppose we must wade through it all!"—Froude's Cæsar, Trollope's Cicero, etc., etc., etc. Many of these books were often re-read; many that he enjoyed when a bachelor must be read again for the companionable interchange of views between himself and wife.

Any particular line of reading being commenced, this was followed until the works, life and letters and reminiscences of an author were exhausted, or until the subject palled. This applied to Irving, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Milton, etc. Of Milton's works, the "Prose Writings" was the great favorite.* This book, also like others that he admired, was many times re-read. Holmes was a great favorite; and while he enjoyed his poems, he reveled in his "Autocrat," "Professor," and "Poet." He was familiar with whole passages of these, particularly the humorous parts, which he could quote most aptly and readily. His retentive memory and exquisite sense of

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*This book was recommended to him, when he was a young man, by Dr. J. W. Cox, of Lexington,—and he never ceased to be grateful to the Doctor, nor failed to award him a high meed of praise for so doing.

humor, never failed to supply the sparkling *bon mot* at just the right moment. It frequently amused him—the habit affording opportunity for a harmless jest or quiet bit of sarcasm—to note how lady-callers lingered over farewells, talking, after rising to go, through parlor, library, hall, veranda, and walk to carriage,—still talking and still repeating farewells. The family were apt to hear on such occasions:

> Your hat once lifted, do not hang your fire,
> Nor like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;
> When your old castor on your crown you clap,
> Go off—you've mounted your percussion cap.*

Irving was a great favorite, the beautiful "Sunnyside Edition" being one of his New Year's gifts to his wife. Thackeray and Dickens possessed great charms for him, and Scott he read with his boy as though he were again a boy himself and it was his first perusal. It was the quiet sarcasm of Thackeray and the bolder exaggeration of Dickens that called forth his own never-failing vein of humor and satire. He delighted in the lectures upon the "Four Georges," and Dickens's characters he fitted to his every-day acquaintances. He had his own Pecksniffs and Squeerses and Mrs. Jellybys and Nicklebys and Cheeryble Brothers and Gradgrinds; and it was a constant source of interest to him to watch how far the real development of character, as he found it in every-day life, sustained the author in the fidelity to nature of his delineations of imaginary characters.

He was not over partial to authors of the George Eliot school, and declared he would never read a book if he knew in advance that it contained accounts of an English election. Of all that George Eliot wrote he most enjoyed "Adam Bede," the "Mill on the Floss," and the "Spanish

*His interest in Holmes was not lessened because of volumes presented to his wife by a friend in Boston, containing inscriptions and autographs from the author.

Gypsy." Not even "Daniel Deronda" was sufficient apology for "Middlemarch."

Of later American novelists he liked Howells, Aldrich, and some of our female writers. He greatly admired Hawthorne and Cooper; and of our poets, Whittier, Longfellow, Poe, and a few others. But of the Jameses he preferred the father with his "Solitary Horseman" to the subtleties and introspections of the son. "To think," he said, "of running an 'American' through all the incidents and vicissitudes of life in two hemispheres, giving him an ordinary degree of intelligence, and leaving him finally photographed upon the reader's mind in the attitude of standing before a convent of Carmelitish nuns in Paris, gazing blankly at the bare walls; or, imagine the 'Portrait of a Lady' drawn in all the cut sharpness and clearness of an old Vandyke, and then left forever in the imagination in the undignified position of hesitating at a railroad depot whether or not to take a certain train south!"

With all American history and politics, his familiarity was remarkable,—his knowledge including dates and names of all important incidents and actors, civil or military; political conventions of the leading parties, and their platforms throughout the existence of the Republic; names of national candidates who had failed as well as those who had won, of Cabinet officers under different administrations with their frequent changes, of distinguished judges and lawyers, and of Governors who had made any mark in their respective States. He was the encyclopædia to which all referred when wanting a name or a date.

With English history he was almost equally familiar,—with Great Britain's rulers, statesmen, warriors, authors, the usages of Parliament, and the characteristics of the Government.

With the days of Boswell, Johnson and Goldsmith, he was as readily conversant as with his own times. The green spectacles of the Vicar of Wakefield furnished the

quiet ridicule that kept his boy from many a foolish trade, or made him repent the folly of those already made. Of all the characters of that epoch he most admired Goldsmith, and most disliked Boswell.

A new and desirable edition of any favorite work possessed the charm of the original, and would furnish the next course of reading, as if it were the first publication. He loved a new book, well bound, as a congenial friend; would handle it, fondle it, examine "Preface," "Finis," the quality of type and paper; and, all this finished, would begin the feast of reading like an intellectual epicure. He took an antiquarian's delight in old volumes of forgotten lore; but want of opportunity, remoteness from literary centers, and the duties of a very busy life, prevented any great indulgence of this inclination. His care of books partook of the tenderness of a father to children. Every volume he handled or owned was most carefully preserved. Even his school-books, with the exception of a student's notes, were faithfully and neatly kept. To impair a book was to him vandalism of the meanest type, and for this reason it caused him absolute suffering to lend a companionable book to an unappreciative person.

He did not enjoy Browning, but never did him the justice to read him thoroughly; nor did he for many years appreciate Mrs. Browning, but came after marriage to be more familiar with her works and an enthusiastic admirer. On one occasion, and after some difference of opinion with a friend concerning Mrs. Browning, he wrote from Owingsville, saying: "I have met a man after your own heart—Major Wadsworth, of Maysville. He is a great admirer of Mrs. Browning, carries a copy of 'Aurora Leigh' in his pocket, has much of it at his tongue's end, and quotes this passage as one of the gems:

> I have not so far left the coasts of life,
> To travel inland, that I can not hear
> The murmur of the outer Infinite, etc.

And after Mrs. Browning, he admires Tennyson." But with all his voluminous reading, he kept up his familiarity with the classics. They were his intellectual tonics—his refuge and comfort in times of trouble. He held in his memory nearly all of his classical course at college, and could, on mention of a single word in Latin, give its connection in various passages. These tests of memory frequently arose in the superintendence of his boy's early education.

His enjoyment of books and the hours spent in their companionship in the quiet and peace of his home, made it difficult to induce him to go out for an evening's entertainment of any kind. Indeed, he never left his home for any purpose, except under protest. The hours, away from business, were like dreams of heaven; foretastes, he would say, of Paradise. He disliked travel of every kind; hotel life was exile; and so even after his election to the Superior Bench, when his wife was not with him in Frankfort, he returned weekly to his home, on Friday or Saturday, going again on Monday. But whether going or coming — traveling, or at a hotel, or engaged in business or politics, he always had at hand some cherished books as friends and companions.

There was no press of business or of professional duties that prevented Judge Reid from keeping up this varied course of reading.

The following list of books, taken from the traveling valise that was used in his canvass through the mountain counties, gives some idea of the scope of his reading: "The Manliness of Christ," by Thomas Hughes; "Memories of Old Friends," by Caroline Fox; "Revised Version of the Old Testament;" "Early History of Charles James Fox," by Trevelyan; "Life of Christ," by Canon Farrar; "The Duke's Children," by Anthony Trollope.

Humorous books possessed, perhaps, too great a fascination for him, to allow the exercise of the same discriminating

taste as in other kinds of literature. He could not resist such. He was most felicitous in his imitations of the Irish and German brogues, and of the negro dialect; and though convulsing a social circle with his readings, he seldom smiled himself, and emphasized the jest only with a lift or turn of the eye, or with some telling facial expression.

His knowledge of the negroes, as he had studied them upon his father's and grandfather's estates, enabled him to render their dialect with peculiar ease. Nowhere but in the South, where the white and colored children grew up in the same home, is it possible to give a true imitation of this; and perhaps it is not to be denied that the negro dialect impressed itself largely upon the vernacular of the young Kentuckian who grew up "before the war," and that all anecdotes were raciest when spiced with its grotesque expressions.

It was a source of regret to Judge Reid that he had not preserved, in writing, the superstitions, legends, characteristics, and peculiarities of speech of the negro race; but when this was done so perfectly by Joel Chandler Harris, he found in "Uncle Remus" an unfailing source of amusement for himself and others. He saw many differences in the typical "Uncle Remus" of the South and the Kentucky "Uncle." The relations between master and family servants were upon a much more familiar and easy footing in the latter State.

The Hoosier School-master, and various books of Mark Twain, were favorites—the former not the less because of the Ironside Sermon found therein. This he would read with great zest, adding to it as he elaborated from his own memory sermons heard in his boyhood, when "monthly meetings" were held at "Old Lullbygrud" church, made famous in John Aug. Williams's "Life of Elder John Smith." These sermons had made a deep impression upon the mind of the boy, and he held their salient points in his retentive memory for the edification of many a circle in later life.

He was a fine elocutionist, reading admirably all styles of literature, except the poetic. The school habit of scan-

ning Latin metre adhered to him all his life, and caused him to render English verse in a monotonous, sing-song manner. Aware of this drawback in reading poetry, he could seldom be induced to try it aloud, but would pass the book to some other member of the family. The slightest touch of humor, however, brought back the natural gesture and the ring of the voice, and Richard was himself again.

To Judge Reid the mere mechanical use of the pen was, in itself, a pleasure—not even a burden after the most fatiguing day's labor. If the use wearied, the use also rested; and after the day's arduous professional writing he would, in the evening, if not otherwise engaged, take up the pen for recreation, in letter-writing, or some humorous composition. His penmanship was of the most beautiful and perfect character. The lawyer's haste, or Judge's endless round of decisions, never produced imperfect or illegible writing. He wrote with extreme ease and rapidity, and because of this, he usually bore the burden, as a lawyer, of taking down the testimony in tedious and protracted suits, and of writing out the most lengthy briefs.

His scholarly habits and correct diction made a mistake in grammar, spelling, or construction an impossibility; so there was no necessity for revision or re-writing, unless for the sake of smoothness or condensation. His manuscripts were the delight of the copyist.*

This habit of constant writing afforded employment for many a tedious hour in the hum-drum of trial, or during the delivery of speeches from the "opposing side." On such occasions, if nothing else was at hand, the margins of newspapers, or backs of envelopes, were written over

* Judge Reid himself attributed the fact that he never wearied of the mere mechanical part of writing, to the peculiar construction of his hand. The fingers were unusually short, and the hand, though small and finely shaped, soft and sensitive, was longer in the palm, in proportion to the length of the fingers, than is usual.

with pencil, or covered with comic sketches made of the speaker. These were sometimes slyly pilfered by others, and passed around for inspection, to the amusement of the lawyers and Judge of the Court.

The long delays at table in serving meals, consequent upon hotel life, were likewise utilized—the bills of fare furnishing occasion for the humorous sketch, "Before" and "After" eating; or for interlineation of the names of sundry rare dishes and delicacies to tempt the belated boarder, who would order abundantly of these luxuries. The colored waiter, much surprised, could only answer, "Those am not on dar to-day, sur;" and during the confusion and anger that followed, Judge Reid would withdraw in the most imperturbable manner.

Of all men whom he met, he could give exact pen-portraits, never forgetting a name, face, or expression. Individual peculiarities impressed themselves indelibly upon his mind, so that with an actor's ease, he could give also a personal portrayal of the original. This peculiar gift of imitating gesture, voice and manner, was reserved for the privacy of a few friends or for his own household. He never offended by it.

The sensitiveness and reticence which often prevented his speaking of what was peculiarly sacred, or near his heart, did not prevent his writing of the same. It was often amusing as well as interesting and deeply touching to his wife, that, immediately after leaving home, he would write of much that might have been spoken between them. This was particularly the case in regard to his own affection, his home and domestic life. This explains also why his letters are overfull of what some might consider extravagant sentiment. He wrote it rather than talked it. Sometimes, when his wife would think he had been too much absorbed in a suit or some business care, he would write back of all he had

been thinking and feeling while with her, and in the most loving manner.

This easy habit of writing, and writing correctly, without necessity of revision; the nervous, poetical, imaginative temperament; the familiarity with all departments of literature; the thorough, deep-laid, classical education; his love of books more than of men; the ideal existence lived outside and above the hum-drum of business cares and daily life; his aptitude for research; the retentive memory that held in its stores all the valuable gems and morceaux of literature; the quaint, ready humor; the delicate, quick appreciation of all that was good or beautiful; the ready sympathy, chastened by sorrow, that caused him to enter so deeply into the woes of others; his desire to perpetuate and immortalize all that was true and noble; the vividness with which he detected and portrayed the pathetic in his observations and experiences of character; the value he placed upon what to most men were the *smaller* incidents of life; his keen enjoyment of the society of cultivated men and women: would all have made authorship the most easy, most natural, and doubtless the most successful, vocation in life. His wife urged him to take up this calling, as affording the most permanent emolument, the most enduring fame, and as giving the freest and fullest scope to all his magnificent and varied endowments. The reply would be: "Wait till I have attained all I desire in my profession;" or, "I can not afford to do so just yet;" or, "I can not leave the tread-mill now." But the modest estimate he placed on his own powers, the high regard with which he too often honored the ability and opinions of others, and, above all, his extreme sensitiveness to criticism, would have been serious barriers in this pathway of life.

He was a most admirable letter-writer. His letters are full of humor, pathos, sentiment, descriptions of places or travels, caricatures upon the weaknesses of human nature, burlesques upon all that is mean or small, scathing irony upon the envious or gossip-mongers. A full knowledge of

the importance due to the minor details that constitute the value of epistolary literature, and the fact that he would rather write than not—that this was a rest and relief to him in a long bachelorhood—made his letters a true reflection of his life and character; for into them he poured his full soul, and revealed what he could not in conversation.

It was only because of the exigencies of his profession that he became an easy speaker. The Hon. John L. Peak, in a paragraph already quoted, says: "As a college boy he was not so felicitous in declamation as in conversation or composition. His manner was awkward, stiff, abrupt. He seemed at a loss to dispose of his hands; his voice was monotonous; and his whole appearance indicative of a profound longing to be elsewhere and otherwise engaged. This was a domain in which he was less at home than in any other department of college work or exercise, and I do n't think he entirely recovered while at college from the embarrassment which characterized his earliest efforts."

In the first years of his profession, in Versailles, he still suffered from similar embarrassment. C. C. Moore speaks of the great beads of perspiration standing on his forehead, even in his short talks before the social meetings of the church. Indeed, he never entirely recovered from this unfortunate peculiarity of beginning his speeches under a heavy perspiration. So accustomed was he to this, that at last he came to consider it as a necessary accompaniment of or prelude to success; and this preliminary ordeal once passed through, and the hair thrown back in damp clusters, he felt pretty confident of winning his case and of the sympathy of the jury. He smiled himself, as did others, at this peculiarity.

It is doubtful if he would ever willingly have entered the arena as a speaker, had his partnerships been of such a nature that he could have foregone the duty. But the years succeeding the war brought much litigation, and with it a

constant demand for speeches before the jury. When a trial was conducted to the point for argument, Judge Apperson would frequently withdraw from the court-house and leave this duty upon the younger lawyer. And in this, as in everything else, duty was a stern monitor. He would not fail. His hesitancy once conquered, his perfect familiarity with his cases, his never-failing memory supplying promptly the facts and testimony in the most protracted suits, his full and ready vocabulary, gave ease, self-possession, great power and fluency, and often carried him to the heights of eloquence. Upon such occasions he would astound all who heard him. "The best speech ever delivered in the court house;" "I did n't know it was in you;" "No one could surpass it;" "It takes us back to the days of Menifee and Clay;" were the encomiums and congratulations that awaited him.

Upon all humorous occasions he was perfectly at home —no embarrassment then. Here was his own particular domain—his by right; no man could get advantage of him here. A happy day it was for court, lawyers, jury, if the case afforded Richard Reid ample scope for his inimitable wit, ridicule, and wonderful wealth of humorous illustration. Those opposed, as those with him, all alike enjoyed it, unless it was some one who, he would say, with Sydney Smith, required a surgical operation to get a joke into his cranium.*

As he was employed upon one side or the other of every suit brought in his court of any magnitude, he found frequent opportunity of exercising all his gifts, whether humorous or otherwise.

When the duties of his profession permitted, he would accept calls to deliver literary addresses—a task he more particularly enjoyed, as it gave him opportunity for reviving his classical tastes.

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* One of these speeches for recovery of damages from a railroad for the value of a mule killed in transportation, will never be forgotten by those who heard it.

Mrs. Reid to Linda and Sallie.

JULY 11, 1875.

. . . . . Mr. Reid, Judge N. P. Reid and Huston spoke on the same side. The last two I heard, and I was everywhere congratulated upon the success of Richard's efforts, some saying it was the finest speech ever delivered in the court-house; some, that they did not know any one in this country could attain to such a standard; and everybody agreeing that it was exceptionally good. So of course I felt quite proud of Richard.

It not unfrequently happened that he was opposed in court-house warfare to his uncle, Judge Newton P. Reid, who was one of the most effective speakers before a jury in Eastern Kentucky. On such occasions there was sure to be some spicy repartee, as from the uncle: "It might be true he had not so recently rubbed against the walls of a college as his gifted young nephew, but he did n't believe it required such high literary attainments, nor a knowledge of Greek and Latin, to enable him to show the plain and simple merits of the case, which he was sure the intelligent gentlemen of the jury could not fail to understand"—well pleased if, under the guise of sarcasm, he conveyed a compliment to his nephew. But he was sure to provoke some such rejoinder as this: "It might be true that he had not the age and wisdom of his esteemed uncle in making the worse appear the better part, but he trusted that a little learning had not made him mad, and that he had sufficient common sense left to convince the gentlemen of the jury of the righteousness of his cause, and to prevent them being misled and deceived by the eloquence of his uncle."

CHAPTER X.

CHARACTERISTICS AS LAWYER—PARTNERSHIP WITH COL. STONE—BUSINESS HABITS—TEMPERANCE—FRIENDSHIPS—CHIVALRY TO WOMEN—ADVANCED VIEWS—INTEREST IN THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS—TEMPERANCE ADDRESS—A BRIEF ADDRESS TO YOUNG LADIES.

In the preparation of his cases no lawyer was more painstaking. There was no procrastination, no remissness. When his cases were called upon the docket, he was invariably ready. No work, however irksome and laborious, that could be performed beforehand, was postponed for the session of the Court. So, instead of being unduly pressed at such times, so thorough had been his preparation, that when other lawyers were hurried, confused, overworked, he was, except attendance in the court room, more at leisure, perhaps, than at any other time. His constant good humor smoothed down the asperities of contentious lawyers, and relieved the drudgery and protracted confinement of the court-house. While sharp in ridicule, and quick to detect a fallacy, he never had a personal difficulty at the bar; and, a contest ended, a case once decided, he was ready to give his hand to a manly opponent. He treated all with such generous courtesy and marked respect, that he was universally popular with his brethren of the profession. His readiness to aid other and younger lawyers attached them to him warmly and personally. No one rendered more gratuitous aid to his associates at the bar. His fair dealing

and affability made him also a prime favorite with Judges before whom he practiced.

Judge Holt says:

His professional life was free from trick and artifice, and animated with a strong love of right. This made him a "man among men." It entitled him to the epitaph beneath the portrait of Molière in the French Academy: "Nothing was wanting to his glory; he was wanting to ours." His professional life should serve as a guide-post to us, as it was full of integrity and honor, and hence, of success; while his private life told us how to live if we would write our names in "The Book of Life." I came to this bar but a short time in advance of Judge Reid—now twenty years ago. During nearly all that time we were in active practice, often engaged upon the same side of a cause, but more often opposed. The contests were often exciting and well calculated to lead men beyond the "sober second thought;" and yet, unexampled as it may seem, during that time, owing to his courteous and kind nature, not an angry word ever passed between us; nor did I ever, during that long period of professional and social intercourse, see even the semblance of intentional wrong on his part.*

The Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick says:

Judge Reid came to the bar with a fund of technical and general information very rare even in a profession demanding education as a prerequisite of success. His reading and labor, both in his profession and in the field of literature, were remarkable. He understood the philosophy of the law. To him it was not a set of crabbed rules and precedents to fit which, as a procrustean bed, every subject must be stretched or cut; but rather a grand system, controlling and regulating human conduct by the aggregated wisdom of ages. Beneath the case he saw not only the rule which controlled its decision, but the reason upon which the rule itself rested. He was better fitted for the duties of the equity lawyer than for either the common law or criminal practice. The use of the pen was a pleasure to him. His style in composition was graceful and fluent. His pleadings and written briefs were models of neatness and accuracy. And while he preferred the office work to court-house warfare, especially the conduct and argument of a case before the jury, yet when once embarked in the trial and argument, he lost himself in the interest he took in the case, and did his work

* From his speech before the Mt. Sterling Bar.

well. At such times he was often eloquent, and made his points with telling force.

After the death of Judge Apperson, Richard Reid formed a partnership with Col. Henry Lane Stone, under the firm name of "Reid & Stone." This connection was no less felicitous than the association with Judge Apperson. Col. Stone was a somewhat younger man, fond of the active part of a lawyer's life, and well supplemented Judge Reid's more quiet and studious habits. He is a fine speaker, a man of vigorous common sense, bold, determined and persistent. Judge Reid loved him as a brother, and no one could be more true and loyal than Col. Stone has been in his friendship for his senior partner.

Of this partnership the Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick writes:

His association with Col. H. L. Stone in the practice of the law was exceedingly pleasant and fortunate. Stone was bold, ardent, practical and aggressive; a model court-house lawyer and a splendid practitioner. Reid was retiring, studious, apt with the pen, laborious and thorough in the irksome details of office work. They fitted into each other, and each supplied what the other lacked so perfectly and naturally that the firm was a symmetrical unity. There was no clash or jar in interest, aims, ambitions or necessities, and the strength of the double team was not only an aggregation of strength by the power of two, but a constant comfort and stimulus to both individuals. This absolute community of interest, perfect confidence and brotherly affection, continued up to the time Judge Reid went on the bench. Col. Stone came into the sphere of Judge Reid as a bright planet will sometimes journey through space as the companion of another of equal magnitude—steady in their courses and the more brilliant and noticeable for their juxtaposition. In a new and broader field of usefulness the benedictions of those who loved and honored Richard Reid will follow and bless Col. Stone.

Judge Reid's business habits were most methodical. To be in debt would have been the *bête noire* of his life. After marriage, he said one day to his wife: "If God would give me choice of two things in life, I could only ask that all my days might be just like this: that I might

always see you as you now are; and, that I might never be in debt."

Whatever he owed he paid promptly; whatever moneys he received as a lawyer for clients, before being deposited in the firm name of Apperson & Reid, or Reid & Stone, were credited to clients to whom they were due. All guardian's accounts were kept separate from personal or other affairs. Notes representing such trust-moneys loaned were kept in separate folios, and a separate book-account kept for each trust. Hence, as a lawyer, he was eminently fitted for the winding up of estates, some large ones passing through his hands, and being wound up with a promptness and accuracy seldom known in such affairs.

No money was kept lying idle; none that could be paid out to heirs was retained for the sake of the interest that might accrue thereon to the benefit of the lawyer.*

These methodical habits enabled him to manage his large practice without hurry or confusion. His economy put him in possession of an easy competency by the time of his marriage. As a bachelor he had spent but little, and had accumulated what was considered more than an ordinary estate for a young lawyer in rural practice. He was accounted lucky, fortunate, endowed with unusual foresight in the art of money-making; but the magic was only that of economy, industry, diligent application to business, and the absence of all dissipated habits.

He seldom left his office for a day; did not take sufficient recreation; would not leave the demands of business for a fishing or hunting excursion, nor for visiting or traveling. In ten years of his life in Mt. Sterling, he did not leave his office unless in discharge of duty.

Some men who had reversed Judge Reid's methods, squandering at cards or in other dissipations, large inherited

*So in the settlement of his own estate there was nothing to do in closing up trust-funds due by him in a fiduciary capacity, but to hand to others notes well secured, representing all moneys received or due.

estates, or who were less fortunate in business, and less liberally endowed by nature, began to grow envious. Reid was talked of as selfish, cold, uncharitable, given to the love of money.

Some years before marriage, Judge Reid decided that he would totally abstain from the use of all spirituous liquors, wine, ale and beer; and from this rule he never departed. This was not because of oath, pledge, or membership in any temperance organization; not because of any pressure brought to bear; not because of any sudden temptation springing up, lion-like, overcoming and warning him that his only safety lay in total abstinence. It was from deliberate choice and principle; because he saw the evil effect of over-indulgence, particularly among members of his own profession; because of the conviction that a man was most a man, most clear-headed in business enterprise, most useful to God and his fellows, most fitted to contend with life, cope with disease, provide comforts and luxuries for his own home, and benefactions for others, if he did not squander money, health, self-control, in foolish and harmful indulgence in drink. Therefore it was before the Murphy movement, before organizations under the Woman's Christian Temperance Union or other bodies, he stood almost alone in his profession, declining to drink with Judge, lawyer, client, witness or friend. His decision was so far respected that he was seldom asked to join in a social glass, either in private or at a public bar. With his usual urbanity he did not offend by his refusal. He was considerate of the rights of those who differed from him, and did not exact of every other man that he should advocate total abstinence. He simply acted for himself, and gave others the same privilege. Some of his Murphy friends resented his attitude,—that, being extremely temperate, he yet did not join their movement.* But he aided by his presence and voice to

*In the last unprecedented trial that came into Judge Reid's life, when the use of stimulants might have maintained the physical equipoise—produced

convince others that the extreme evil of intemperance required an extreme remedy.

To set forth his temperance sentiment and habits, we insert here an address he delivered at the Masonic Temple, Mt. Sterling, at a Murphy entertainment. This address, and one which follows, to young ladies, were prepared with the view that their influence for good terminated with the occasion that brought them forth. It was not the author's expectation that they would ever again see the light. Hence they are not given as specimens of Judge Reid's classic style—and it is due to his own delicate sensitiveness, which would have been deeply wounded, had he anticipated that these thoughts, the offspring of his brain, would ever have gone forth into the world improperly clothed, to say that these lectures should be read with the understanding that they were prepared in the press of business engagements, and laid away without revision. It must also be remembered that in print they lose the attraction and interest which they gained from the voice, gesture and magnetic presence of the author.

Temperance Address,

Delivered at the Masonic Temple, Mt. Sterling, on the occasion of a Murphy entertainment, February, 1877.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I appear before you in behalf of my friends, the worthy sons of Murphy, first and primarily, because of my approval and sanction of all measures tending to promote the cause of temperance in our land. Secondly, because my silence hitherto has been misconstrued by some of my over-zealous friends.

On the latter, I have only to say that there is no possibility of exaggerating my estimate of the value of temperance. While belonging to no order, wearing no badge, going by no name, I am, in the strictest sense of the word, a Murphyite—a total abstainer, if that will suit you better. For at least six years I have not tasted a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor; no whisky, no wine, no egg-nog,

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sleep, brought temporary oblivion, and given greater strength for the burden of anguish, he adhered in this as in all other respects to the principles upon which he had regulated his life and character.

no apple toddies, no sangarees, no Tom-and-Jerries, no bitters made by Josh Billings's prescription, with a few roots and a broad whisky basis—the more of the basis the better the bitters.

I have had no cramps on Thanksgiving, no unwellnesses on Christmas eves, no indigestion on Christmas days. I have not been too cold in winter, nor too hot in summer, nor subject to violent neuralgic attacks, requiring speedy and instant relief. I have not found it necessary to take long hunting or fishing excursions for the chief pleasure of testing the relative specific gravities of the "genus homo" and a well-filled keg of lager, while going up the mountain side; nor of reversing the experiment to see which can descend the mountain more rapidly—the well-filled man or the empty keg. I have escaped the drenching storms that usually overtake the luckless fisherman, and force him by the camp-fire to expel the dreaded chill by the potent virtues of his inseparable flask. I have had no violent strictures across the chest, requiring honey and apple brandy in the proportion of one to two—tobacco being for me a sufficient expectorant. I have not found it needful to keep on my toilet a bottle of gum-camphor, diluted with whisky—*little gum, much diluted.* Neither a bottle of eau-de-Cologne, dashed by way of perfume with eau-de-vie, or *spiritus frumenti.* I have no secret chamber to which I am driven by chronic dyspepsia, beneath whose ample bed are stored square, black bottles of "Hostetter's" and "Plantation Bitters."

My musical talent was so sadly neglected in my boyhood, that I have been left in my later years without the excuse even of the midnight serenade, or of amateur concert performances, to give me preprandial reflections of "What shall the harvest be-e-e-e-e? Oh! what shall the har-ar-ar-ar-vest be?" with a thumping headache, a good deal of heartache, and many remorseful sighs over the ser-er-er-er-enade! Indeed, I know of no lady love who could lay any claim in my person to a penitent troubadour coming home from the wars!

The chief reason, therefore, for my silence has been the want of an experience, and without an *experience* one did not appear well in your meetings. For without sin did abound, grace could not much more abound. I could, therefore, lay no claim to a reformation fraught with incident enough "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

So you see, my friends, you can not lay at my door the sin of intemperance, nor that other sin—indifference to temperance movements. Long before Murphy was heard of as a temperance lecturer, and while he was yet expiating in prison the sin that brought about his reformation, my habits were totally abstemious; not because of any pledge, but because of many reasons that lead me to my first and primary reason for appearing before you.

If you ask why I have been so rigid in my practices in regard to drinking, I shall answer you, that it seemed to me there was no safe

middle course if I wished to succeed in life, and to make of myself anything more than a hog wallowing in the swill. I could not see where to leave off, especially in my profession, many of whose members are of convivial habits, and where every client and witness must treat or be treated. Alas! I saw other young men, who laughed to scorn the idea of being in danger, who boasted their manly self-control and their ability to stop whenever their iron will so decided, and yet whom I knew to be on the road to destruction, with no more power to stop themselves than a locomotive on a downward grade without brakes, and without contrivance to reverse the working of the engine. I knew that these young men could not stop — were past losing their desire to stop. I knew that shame and want and misery were hanging like an avenging Nemesis on their track, and that the end was darkness and woe.

Nor did I draw my conclusion from one or two detached, sporadic cases; not alone from those bright intellects that threw their scintillations over my college pathway, and whose manhood gave no fruition of the hopes of their youth—the light of whose stars was quenched while it was yet day. But in all the walks of life, in every business, I have seen the young men of Kentucky failing to reach the standard that is possible to them, because of the evils of intemperance.

I do not speak of those meteor-like geniuses whose very brilliancy dazzled the eyes that turned to look upon their failings. Of these anon. But I allude now to young men around me everywhere—members of what we call our respectable families, who have inherited moderate fortunes from the hard-earned savings of their fathers—young men who should be worthy representatives of generations of noble sons of the soil, lifting up the family name and escutcheon to honor and renown. But what do we see? The son no sooner comes into possession of his baronial acres of blue grass, or a few thousand of bank stock, than dram-drinking, with its attendant ills of bad society, late hours, thriftlessness, the card table, sweeps all away. Soon all is gone—family name, honor, estates, friends, and self-respect. Look over Montgomery County, and tell me what has become of the large families that once constituted the pride, culture and respectability of the community. Take Bourbon, Scott, Clark, Fayette, Woodford—any section of this favored land—and tell me, ye who know, what has been the history of the prominent families? The old homesteads sold to strangers; patrimonies squandered; the prodigals eating husks in a far country, with no fond father or fatted calf awaiting their return. I am a young man, and yet could write out the histories of the "Decline and Fall" of more domestic empires than one. What could the old men of the community not tell us? It would be an interesting contribution to the statistics of our country, if, before they go, some of these veterans of many winters would but record for our

instruction and guidance what they know of the families that have been scattered, the proud names brought low to the very dust. Here is the climax of the evil. It has been made a respectable thing in Kentucky to drink whisky, grow maudlin, become silly, stupid fools. We are familiar with the sight. It does not shock us as it should. The inebriate is bold. He walks the streets in broad, open daylight, besotted with the fumes of intemperance, and besmeared with the filth of the gutter. He makes the day as well as the night hideous with noise. He swaggers into stores and poisons the very air he breathes. He jostles decent people on the crossings, and sometimes, like Louis XIV., vomits majestically in the very presence of his betrothed. He reels his bloated carcass into the churches, and ogles the girls with drunken leer. Smell him: he is more stenchful than a still-house in dog days. Talk to him: he has no more wit than an oyster fastened to a rock. Expostulate with him: he greets you with the fury of a bacchanal and the language of a fish-woman. Look at him: his countenance is idiotic, his eyes lustreless, his cheeks swollen, his neck like a mastiff's, his nose shining like a candle in a red Chinese lantern; a mere mass of soft, fluffy, gelatinous matter; a sponge floating on the surface of society, absorbing only liquids; without backbone, flabby, useless, insipid as stale champagne, and more pestiferous than a Constantinople dog.

He visits respectable families; drags his mire into respectable houses. At the most, it is deprecated that the poor fellow must scatter his wild oats. Well, let him scatter! Let him reap his own harvest, too, by-and-by; and let all the world look on to see what the harvest shall be. "What a man soweth, that shall he reap." Elsewhere, it is the outlaw, the ruffian, the brigand, the criminal escaping from the penalties due his crime, that we find polluting God's daylight, God's holy name, making our very language vile; but here, to our shame be it told, it is the young man of good society, the beau, the gay gallant, the representative young man of our first families, who gives to the vice of drunkenness the respectability of his name, his family, his social standing, and his wealth.

I need not refer you to the past. Go where you will in Kentucky, you can put your finger on the young man who fills the description given. What would you now give for the fee simple title of this young man to all his prospective riches, his lordly acres? The families of to-day are going as those before them went. One generation works, toils, amasses, saves, divides out, dies; the next enter in, possess, squander, eat and drink, then take up their line of march with the army of the worthless, thriftless vagabonds that encumber the ground. Nor is it necessary alone to look at the downright drunkard, who wallows in the gutter, to verify my statements. How many men of promise fall short of what they should become—fail to reach that

standard which their abilities make attainable — because they dissipate in the social glass, in good, easy fellowship and high living, their yearning after something noble and useful—some prominent position among their fellow men! What homes, what surroundings, what large enterprises, what fortunes, rise before them and make their future enviable and glorious! Why are not these all realized? Is it because they were in themselves unattainable? Are they the mere creations of youthful fancies; the deceitful mirage that only leads on to disappointment? Are they only castles in the air, rather than solid structures built on "terra firma," with substantial rock foundations laid deep in the earth? Nay, verily; these things are all attainable! The soil and resources of our State make possible the elegant home, the palatial surroundings, to every energetic, sober, business young man, and the Beauty and Virtue before me make it possible that every such palace should have its presiding queen. The needs of our country open avenues broad and wide enough for all who wish to enter and walk therein. Politics, letters, scientific and mechanical professions, are by no means all filled. What a small percentage of the names that were not born to die have come from Kentucky—names that have rendered American science and literature the wonder of the world, and have placed us along with classic Greece and Rome? True, we have had eminent politicians, and Ephraim McDowell, and other lights in the medical profession. We have had our religious reformers. But where are the successors of these great men? Here is scope for noble ambitions. Let none despair. All who will may succeed, but remember that success is the prize of vigilance. You can not stupefy your intellect to-day, destroy your physical energies, lie down by the roadside to sleep, and to-morrow advance on your journey, and be up with the man whose energies are about him as a girdle, and who is strong and mighty to run a race. You find, too, that while you have slept, your high aspirations have vanished with your dreams; the grand projects of your youth and early manhood are left by the roadside with the dregs in the wine-cup. You begin to talk about the disappointments of your youthful hopes. You rub your aldermanic sides and talk about taking life easy. You decide, after all, that it is not worth your while to strive to keep up with those who were born to good luck, with silver spoons in their mouths. You talk of love in a cottage, slippers, dressing gowns; grow seedy, stuff your pants in your boots, wear unwashed linen, unshaven faces, uncombed hair, and ask, After all, why need a man trouble himself about all these small things? Ah! young man, wake up! Get back your aspirations! Don't give up becoming something and somebody!

I do not wish to be haunted in my later years by visions of what I might have been but for whisky! I do not wish the ghost of my wasted youth, squandered opportunities, the murdered days of my

life, my dissipated energies, the home that I *might* have had, the friends that *might* have been mine, the good deeds that I *might* have performed, the poor that I *might* have helped, the conscience that I stifled, all grouping, pale and ghastly, and pointing at me in my last hours with remorseful fingers; or, taking upon themselves, with the cunning of evil spirits, the form of the first great enemy of our human race, and writhing, hissing and crawling like the very serpents of hell around my dying bed, and over my expiring form. In short, *I don't want the delirium tremens, in body, soul or spirit, in this world or in the next.* Because of all these things, plain, patent facts, right before our faces, long ago I gave up any idea of compromise with this great evil.

But, again: what has been the crying sin, the evil, the enemy, that has brought down the great men of Kentucky? By what blow have these giants fallen? What ax has brought low these oaks of the forest? I feel safe in making the assertion that not a single one of those we call the great men of Kentucky, attained to the hight he should have reached. . . . I speak of names that are national—part of the intellectual heritage of the Republic. I refer to them for the benefit of the young men before me. Grand, glorious sons of Kentucky, whose eagle eyes could look upon the sun; whose bearing and mien fitted them for the society of kings and potentates—brought low before their time—Samsons shorn of their strength while they toyed with the Delilah of drunkenness.

I need not mention how many of our young men of promise have gone, Ulysses-like, wandering upon the high seas, with a kingdom and faithful Penelope awaiting their return—who have never left the Island nor gone beyond the spell of that Siren who sings her alluring songs and spreads all her charms and fascinations to entrap the voyagers, and who, if they once yield their wills by a single indulgence, claims them forever as her slaves, and transforms them into beasts, mocking at their degradation, and adding poignancy to the sting by leaving them the consciousness of their fall.

I have sometimes been amused at the zeal and extreme measures of my friends of the Murphy movement. But again, I have reflected that extreme evils require extreme remedies; and certainly the evil has become extreme in Kentucky. Not only our bright intellects, our domestic firesides, have been destroyed by intemperance; but our very corn fields, our rye and barley fields, our glorious and teeming soil, our springs of living waters, our capital, our business talent, have all gone to feed the "worm of the still." It has even become a matter of boast that our State makes more and better old Bourbon than all the other States of the Union combined. We boast of the large fortunes made by whisky traffic. The whisky interests pervade all ranks of society, invade our churches, employ our elders

and deacons. But in the midst of our gayest revels and feastings, the "hand of God was seen writing on the wall." The Mene, Tekel, Upharsin was written against the gay revelers, and the fortunes, the vast machinery of the still, were seen toppling to the dust, and on the streams by the hill-side, up and down the land, the worm of the still is lying silent and motionless. No more its dulcet notes (!) are heard at the calm twilight hour, or in the early dawn. The curse of God is upon the whisky traffic, and let its doom be written.

Let others do as they will; but, young man before me to-night, seek your fortune by some other means, in some other channel, than through a whisky barrel. Let not the taint of the unclean thing be upon your breath, your name, your character, or your fortune.

And to my good friends, the Murphys, I say this much: You have done a great good. Go on! Don't stop! You have stayed the proud waves of a great deluge that was sweeping to ruin "the rose and expectancy of our fair State." You have furnished a strong prop to manhood, and made the waste places of many sad hearts blossom as the rose. But your work is just begun. Over your lives, freed from the servitude of dram-drinking, let the halo of the Christian religion rest. Lay broad and deep the foundations of your characters in the teachings of the lowly Nazarene. Put on anew the beautiful garments of Zion. Come back to your places in the Sunday-school, the church, the prayer-meeting. I would not, in the language of a member of my noble profession, say, there abideth Faith, Hope, and Temperance; but I would say that the great Exemplar, who set before us in person and teaching all the elements of a true life, and who wishes for us at all times the highest possible development, made temperance a cardinal Christian grace. Lay these words upon your hearts, and let them rule your lives—these golden words of Holy Writ: "Add to your faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, patience; to patience, godliness; to godliness, brotherly kindness; to brotherly kindness, charity: for if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The same principle of self-control enabled him to leave off the smoking habit, which he thought injurious. He had contracted this habit when quite a young man; but suddenly, upon the eve of his marriage, he dropped it, and never resumed it. In this he was influenced by no solicitation, but acted entirely on his own conviction of duty.

He was a moderate chewer of tobacco, but received immunity from criticism, as he claimed this as the *only* indulgence, and that it was beneficial to health and nerves, and kept down a tendency to corpulency characteristic of his family.*

If not a singular, it was a very beautiful, phase of Richard Reid's character that he inspired such deep and abiding friendships. By whom he was most intimately known, he was most devotedly loved; and a constant intercourse only fostered a constantly increasing affection.

There were no dark forbidding corners in his soul, repelling trust and scrutiny; the stronger the light, the clearer the excellence, the more inviting the treasures revealed. His unique, complex personality left its indelible impress upon all lives that came in contact with his own. There was a mysterious something that gave a prepossession in favor of the man; the face, the personal bearing, the magnetic presence, with its shade of melancholy, its tinge of romance, its prestige of scholarship, excited a deeper interest and awakened desire for a more intimate acquaintance.

Where once he entered a home, he took up his abode in the hearts of its inmates: he was son, elder brother, friend. He was not merely a boarder, stipulating for so much service for so much compensation rendered; but an integral part of the lives into which he grew with a power and nearness which nothing could weaken or sever. His presence, his sympathy, his conversation, were the light, the cheer, the benediction of the family circle. When the shifting scenes of life removed him to other spots, no one could take

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*Notwithstanding his habits of strict temperance, however, Judge Reid was amazed to hear that a false report had been circulated by a member of his own church, during his last canvass, and when he was a Judge upon the bench, that he was treating men to drinks in order to secure votes; and that, too, in a public saloon in Mt. Sterling—where there was no public saloon, "local option" being in force; and where his temperate habits had been long well known.

his place in the hearts he had left. His name in the household was thenceforth a synonym for all that was worthy of emulation, and his memory a sacred light, shining steadily, and making bright the places wherein he had trod.

All with whom he lived—whether as student at Georgetown, a rising young lawyer at Versailles, or the man of earnest purpose returned to his native town—followed his future with a proprietary interest; and when elevation and promotion came to him, they felt that honor and renown had likewise fallen to their own firesides. But beyond the brilliant lawyer, the able Judge, he was still to all these only "Dick," "Our Richard," "Richard Reid."

He left Frankfort on one occasion to visit with Mrs. Reid the scenes of their younger days in Versailles, after nineteen years' absence. It is of this occasion that John I. Rogers writes in his recollections.*

Truly a conqueror never had such triumphal honors; for here was but the reward of peaceful conquests over loving hearts. The emotions awakened, the genuine demonstrations of tried and faithful friends, the boundless hospitality, the loving pride with which "Judge" Reid was ignored and only "Dick Reid" was honored, can not be told by a biographer's pen. These triumphs do come in private life, but rarely is it accorded to a man to awaken such enthusiasm of love.

It was the first, the last, the only return to the town and the people of Versailles whom he so much loved, and so much loved to remember; but forever will he live in the hearts of that community.

No one was so identified with the interests of the people of his native town and county. There was no such familiar figure. Others might come and go; but when Richard Reid left, the spirit and life of the town seemed to go with him—there was a blank in the church, the bar, the lawyer's office, the court-house, that none could fill.

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* See page 39.

He was the idol of his constituency. They voted for him for high office, not only because he was worthy and qualified for responsible position, but also because they loved the man personally; they loved to see him invested with honors that they had given him. For no one would they make such sacrifices, and to no one else would they transfer their allegiance.

With the inner circle of friends this devotion amounted to an enthusiasm that included all his belongings. "There goes Dick Reid's boy;" "that is one of Dick Reid's girls" —and no girls were more petted and admired in the community than these orphan girls; "there is Dick Reid himself." But why, for what particular reason, he or his were thus pointed out, could not be told. It was only because Richard Reid was his thoroughly original, admirable, lovable self, whom men loved to be near, and whom all women felt it a right and a privilege to love.

His friendships were as varied and diverse as his character was many-sided. It was not alone in his profession that he found devoted friends; all the boyish attachments were extended into mature life, and as characters grow widely divergent through changing years and circumstance, there naturally appeared many irreconcilable incongruities among his friendships. His high culture, literary tastes, classic lore, brought him into communion with men of letters and science, with the professor and scholar. The fellowship of books, the common appreciation of some especial excellence in an author, was a sufficient bond upon which many a genial friendship was formed. And yet the plainest laborer, whose literary acquirements extended no further than an occasional perusal of the village paper, would find in him often a hearty comradeship, a companionable interchange of confidences. The more illiterate, the more ignorant, the more far-fetched the provincialisms, or the more marked and broken a brogue, the more he seemed to relish the soci-

ety of such. Downright ignorance in an honest soul, whether native or foreign, white or black, client or witness, possessed for him a fascination second only to high scholarship.

His deep religious convictions, his familiarity with Bible literature, with religious movements and denominational differences, and his liberality of opinion, brought him into close relationship with ministers of the gospel and the truly devout of whatever church or name. Yet as a wit, a humorist, a narrator of spicy anecdotes, a caricaturist by tongue and pen, he was sought for his jolly good fellowship by men who were wholly irreligious; but his religious character and principles were well known and respected by this class of men, whose own positive and avowed worldliness was redeemed only by honesty of purpose and manliness of principle.

Though a quiet man, fond of the privacy and seclusion of his home, domestic in his tastes and habits, yet his knowledge of the principles of government, devotion to party, and familiarity with current politics and platforms and candidates, brought him into active partisanship. He was sought for advice and assistance by the better politicians, and gave and received the warmest political support.

Another striking characteristic of Richard Reid was his trust in people. He never suspected, never doubted, never went behind the apparent motive for something sinister and dark. He was ready to forgive—too apt to forget a wrong. He could not believe in the possibility of an enemy, and it is doubted that, even if warned, he could have brought himself to believe in treachery or betrayal. No political rancor lingered to poison, after a race was ended; and this was true whether he himself was the defeated or successful candidate.

No man had a higher regard than Judge Reid for true womanly worth. He was an admirer of intellectual women, and, though a worshiper of beauty, it must be the beauty of

face or form that was lighted up with spiritual graces and refinement. He was sometimes too scathing in his criticisms upon mere physical beauty, and the simpering, affected woman was his especial disgust. But if disposed to treat such slightingly, his ridicule knew no limit, if to ignorance, narrowness, prejudice, there was added the virulence of gossip, envy or slander. Epithet after epithet from his ready store of words would be hurled after such, until one was ready to cry, "Hold, enough!" But, just in proportion as he condemned all such, did he bow down to enduring, patient womanhood—to woman of whatever station or age, whose life was ennobled by unselfish ends and aims. While it was useless for the former to hope ever to gain a place in his esteem, the latter never lost his regard. He believed in the higher education of woman—that she had a right to achieve something worthy, and to win a place for herself in the world. Without having declared himself an advocate of the special doctrine of "woman's rights," he yet believed in maintaining all her rights, in modifying all her wrongs, in allowing her just and equal remuneration for her labor.

He was an efficient helper in all undertakings wherein his wife was called to labor, and would say, if she hesitated, "You *can* do it; you need only have confidence in yourself." He entered heartily into her last enterprise—the missionary work undertaken among the women of her church in Kentucky, and he enjoyed more than any one its growing success. He felt that he was the especial champion of the cause; that whatever his position, influence and ability were worth, they should be tributary to this woman's work in the church. He was enthusiastic over it. He was not to be ridiculed out of his support of it. Besides being a willing contributor, that the work might not fail, he said to his wife: "Now do not withhold your presence, wherever the success of your work requires you to go. Do not depend upon your Board; I, myself, will defray all your expenses."

"If I succeed," he said, "in my Appellate race, I shall value my position not only for what I may do for myself and the office, but for what I may do to help in your missionary work; for I know there is such a work to be done in the church in Kentucky as has never yet been dreamed of by the most sanguine." Had his life been spared, it would have told largely in this direction.

Even in the confining duties of his court, he would relieve his wife of the mechanical labor of writing; would stop in the midst of his most ponderous records to listen to a "plan," or an "analysis" of a subject, or to furnish an appropriate text or quotation. His wonderful familiarity with the Bible and his ready memory were the living library that supplied whatever was needed, and saved the labor of searching through books. The ladies of the Christian Woman's Board of Missions claimed him as one of their number. His letters to his son throughout the Frankfort life are interspersed with accounts of this missionary work, scarcely one being written without mention of a "Mission Band" meeting, a visit with his wife to some church, or a missionary address. He speaks very modestly of his own active aid and rousing, short speeches, without which the work would have been impossible to his wife. Some of the allusions to the various parts of this work are given, but much that is personal is omitted.

Of his advanced views concerning woman's rights and duties, much may be learned from a brief address to young ladies and one lady graduate, with which we close this chapter.

Address to Young Ladies.*

I congratulate you, my young friend, and you, my dear young ladies, that you stand to-day, in the providence of God, upon the heights of time. Never before, in our human judgment, was it such a blessed privilege to live—to walk the earth—to be the child of the century. We are set upon the mountain-tops. Heaven is all about

*Delivered before Mrs. Harris's School, at Mt. Sterling, Ky.

us. The smiling plains and valleys are filled with beauty, teeming with life. The world stands revealed to us in the searching sunlight of God's love and truth. We stretch out our hands, and they are filled with the gifts of the ages. Who can count our treasures? Who can number our possessions? They come along, adown to us, from all the storehouses of time. All that has been achieved in the past by patient vigil, by suffering, by martyrdom, by peril, by conquest, by struggle and revolution, is our inheritance. Our stepping-stones are the graves of heroes. Our mile-stones are the tombs of martyrs. And all that they have thought, all that they have wrought become our equipment, our panoply, as at this hour we stand forth to take our part in the world's work.

It is an age of grand achievements in human enterprise. Island speaks to island. Continent whispers to continent. Human speech traverses the waters of the deep, leaps the valleys, pierces the mountains; race answers back to race, and man holds converse with his brother man throughout the circle of the hemispheres. "Watchman, what of the night?" calls the Himalaya to the Alps, and the call is sent from the Apennines to the Alleghenies, and from afar, the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevada take up the call, and answer back, "The day cometh!"

There is no longer a dark continent wrapt in impenetrable mystery—no longer a great Sahara swallowing up pilgrim hordes. Africa is transpierced with a ray of light athwart her dusky bosom, Highways of travel are opened around the world, and men traverse the globe now in less time than it took our pioneers to make the journey from Virginia to Kentucky. As in the physical, so it is in the mental, so in the social, so in the moral world. It is a day of grand upheavals. Old usages, old customs, are passing away. New things are coming in. We can not stay the tide, if we would; we would not if we could. The handwriting is on the wall—the Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin is set against much that we thought invincible, impregnable and everlasting. Down, and down, and down they go, kingdom after kingdom, of cherished idols, of conservative usages and customs, of venerated fashion and service. And in all the old that is passing out, and the new that is coming in, is the old, old life of woman, and the new emancipation that is awaiting her. It is useless to cry out against this longer. We may call out, "Strong-minded! Woman's rights!" We may raise the hue and cry, and set on the hounds of prejudice and persecution, and seek to run down the unfettered soul of woman, and bring it back to the old limits, restrictions and narrowness! As well try to stop the tides with the hand, to stay the winds with a breath, to check the lightning with an electric spark. As well try to set back the clock of ages eighteen hundred and eighty-three years and hinder the on-

coming of time. It is true we may capture some, and make martyrs of them; but as in other grand causes, the blood of the martyrs will but water and nourish the seeds of truth, and give them a vitalizing power. Woman herself may join the chase, and run down her sister; but none the less will she profit by all that is done and suffered in her behalf.

All avenues are open to woman now, and only a few of my own sex stand at the gates of some, with uplifted clubs, to beat her back. She has only to declare her own readiness and fitness for any walk in life, and the way is open to her. It is no longer a question of serving or teaching, as the only means allowed to woman for the support of herself and others.

Therefore it is that I congratulate you to-day, not only on the age in which you live, but that you are a woman. Equality of wages, equality of privileges, equality in property, and equality in education, are the grand rights opening up to your sex to-day. The world demands nothing but success, and there is no truer criterion in any department of life than success therein. It is no longer, "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go;" but as far as your intellectual energy, your moral power, your physical strength will carry you, "thou mayest go!" Is your talent with the pen? Then do not bury it in a napkin. Remember that Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, and George Eliot have opened this path and made it glorious for woman. Have you the gift of teaching? Then remember the Miriams, the Deborahs and the Annas who have prophesied, and the Priscillas who have taught the way of the Lord more perfectly, to more than one Apollos. Have you the power of speech and the gift of eloquence? The forum stands ready to receive all who grace it worthily.

Grand hosts of women are storming the citadels of sin and dissipation in temperance and social reforms. And the lecture field is adorned by such women as Mrs. Livermore and other kindred spirits.

Do the sick and helpless call on you for aid? Then know that the halls of medicine throw wide open their doors to give woman medical training and instruction. European and American colleges and universities receive female students to-day upon equal terms with males; and we may expect in the future that the skilled touch of woman will rest like magic upon the sufferer, while her own enlightened mind shall prescribe the remedies of the healing art. And oh, what need is here!—woman's ministrations to woman, to childhood! What benisons to the household! This awakening, this great revival which characterizes our epoch, the sources of learning that are now being opened, the great fountains of classical and professional literature that are being unlocked to pour out their

streams of wealth at the feet of woman, are enabling her to be the best that God would have her in every department of life; and making of her faculties, "whether magnificent, mediocre or mean," all the good that springs from the best development.

I congratulate you, therefore, not only that you are a woman, but that you are an American woman. What is it not in the scope of American womanhood to accomplish? Upon our Anglo-Saxon race to-day there rests, in the sight of God, the grand responsibility of giving to the entire globe a Christian civilization. Six hundred millions of women are living at this very moment in the world, with no other life than slavery in Moslem harems, with no knowledge of a life beyond the grave; with no higher hope than being born again as men rather than as toads and snakes. A hundred million of savages are brought to light by the opening of the Congo River and the explorations of Africa. For every human being that walks the earth a Christian, there are three moving on in degrading superstition and idolatry. Grand armies of men and women, of whom the world is not worthy, have gone forth; not with the sword, not with the sheen of spear and shield; not with torch and flame; not with rapine, blood and murder; not with the lust of conquest or thirst for revenge: but an army of patient, devout workers, carrying the twin blessings of Christianity and Civilization to the nations that hitherto have sat in the regions of darkness.

I congratulate you, therefore, again, that you are not Pagan, Moslem, Buddhist or Brahman; but a woman—an American woman—a Christian woman! What more exalted destiny could there be? What more could you ask? Never before in the history of the world did it mean so much to be a woman. Never before were there such weighty responsibilities resting on each individual of your sex. To be fitted and prepared for the life before you, is to fully understand and properly appreciate the pivotal, central point that you occupy in the balancing of the world's forces.

There could be nothing sadder than that you should fail to appreciate this; that you should miss the meaning of American Christian Womanhood. The trainers and teachers of youth can not stand guiltless before God, and fail to bring a realizing sense of all that this means. What woman can stand idle and fold her hands in luxury and ease, content to dream away the golden hours that wait upon her for the impress of high and earnest resolve?

The world is moving. It must move. This poor old earth of ours, with its ages of shame, sorrow, darkness and unrest—how much has it needed, in all its various walks, all that woman can do to beautify, glorify and redeem it!

As long as a nook or corner remains unvisited by God's word, there is work for woman. As long as the Anglo-Saxon race survives

to bear the banner of the Cross, the saving power of truth, so long is there need of woman's work, of her steady, determined persistent effort.

You have only to choose your path of life—so many paths diverge and open before you. Choose and enter, and be fully equipped for the path you take. Therefore, if there be any particular endowment in which you excel, in that do I most congratulate you. There is demand for every gift. Herein is the grand mystery —the grand nobility of life. Be sure God's world would miss all its Maker would have it be, if you fail in that whereunto you are sent. The woof and warp of the universe needs every thread of life that runs through it. Let the spinner beware what thread she spins. Let it be of just such light and shade, such strength and fiber! God needs it in its own place. Let it not mar the fabric lest it be dropped all too soon!

God wants every note in His universal harmony. There is none too small, no voice too feeble, for the diapason of the universe. Who shall say, "Let this voice be still," when God calls for its music? Who shall say, "Let this note be sounded on other key than the grand Musician would have it struck"? Who shall say even that all the minor chords shall be hushed, and thus make discord, instead of full, free and perfect harmony? God has given to every one her work; to some, that "safe sweet place behind the heads of children;" "to some, the invalid's sick room, where the Lord's own hand shuts them in; to some, an all-engrossing toil for daily bread; to some, the infirmity of advancing years."

Just what destiny may be yours, the unrolling years alone can develop; but be sure your work, well done, is needed just where God has placed you. All work is worthy that is worthily done. All duty is God's duty. While there is nothing too exalted for the full perfection of Christian womanhood, so there is no work too humble for the stamp of Divinity to be placed upon it.

Weave your weft, spin your thread of life. God will wind it up higher, "up through angels' hands of fire." We want the womanly everywhere. So lighten up the allotted space in which you move, that from the sunlight of womanly, Christian love in your own heart will halos rise to glorify your pathway, and rainbows spring to arch the clouds of life.

CHAPTER XI.

AS A JUDGE—JUDGE ELLIOTT—FIRST APPELLATE RACE —DEFEAT—ELECTION TO SUPERIOR COURT—EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS—LETTERS.

On the twenty-sixth day of March, 1879, Richard Reid was on the train *en route* for Frankfort, upon business connected with the Appellate Court. When near the city, the appalling news flashed over the wires that Judge John M. Elliott was assassinated.

He was in the capital in the midst of the grief and excitement that followed; attended the funeral, and, as one of the pall-bearers, followed Judge Elliott to his untimely grave, and was not least of the mourners in the calamity that startled a Nation and plunged a State into the depths of woe.

Judge Elliott had been a guest at his house; was a personal friend; and for many years was Circuit Judge of the courts wherein Richard Reid practiced as a lawyer. He was therefore an ardent supporter of Elliott, and had been one of the chief managers and leaders in the Convention that nominated him for the Appellate Bench.

He returned to his home overwhelmed with the tragedy that removed an Appellate Judge of the State, because of a decision he had rendered, unfavorable to his assassin.

Who would be Judge Elliott's successor? From Judges at Frankfort and elsewhere, from lawyers all over the District, came urgent advice to Richard Reid to offer himself at once for the position.

He hesitated. He had never been before the people soliciting their suffrage for a judicial position. His practice was large, his home all-satisfying. But here was an advance step in the line of his profession—a wider field of usefulness, an escape from some of the confining drudgery of a lawyer's life.

The Bar of his native town waited upon him in a body, urging him to enter the lists. He replied, saying: "Gentlemen, I will consult with my home court." He requested his wife's opinion. She asked: "Can you stand a defeat without moral, professional or financial injury?" "I think I can," was the reply. "Then," she said, "I shall not oppose you; do as you think best; but if you enter the contest, do not anticipate defeat, but strive to win."

The press of the State, within and without his District, teemed with the most extravagant encomiums upon his worth and fitness for the position. His schoolmates wrote congratulating him. His friend, Rev. Mr. Potter, contributed to the eulogies.

There were but thirty days in all for the canvass, through counties many of them mountainous and to be reached only by long and fatiguing horseback rides. A portion of this time had already been lost, and, though well known to the Judiciary and Bar, he had no extended acquaintance with the voters of the thirty-nine counties composing his Judicial District.

The competing candidate was Judge Thomas F. Hargis, well known throughout the District, and who had but recently been elected as Judge of the Criminal Court of the Fourteenth Judicial District. The result was Reid's defeat by a small majority for his competitor in the Convention, after a close and exciting contest lasting three days.

Reid accepted the situation gracefully, and made a telling speech in the Convention, giving his support to the successful candidate. So pleased were the delegates, even many who had opposed him, that as he stepped from the

rostrum and moved out of the house, they called after him: "You are our man next time; we are for Dick Reid now. The next thing you offer for, we are with you, to a man."

He reached home about midnight, driving from Owingsville in his buggy. His greeting to his wife was: "Madam, the Court of Appeals has lost its brightest star, but you—have the best husband in the world left you!" He went as usual the next morning to his place in the Sunday-school, took part in the recitation of Scripture texts, giving, with his usual sense of humor, "Sorrow may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning," and joined in the universal smile that followed.

He was congratulated upon his defeat: "For," said his fellow-teachers, "you remain with us now; we do not lose you in church, prayer-meeting or Sunday-school." Upon one of his friends saying, "We must help Dick Reid sustain his defeat," the pastor replied, "Richard Reid and his wife need no help, but you may console those who worked so nobly for him in this race; they are troubled."

There being some doubt that his own county would not properly sustain the nominee, Richard Reid took the stump and aided in giving his successful competitor a majority.

In the winter of 1881–2, the Legislature passed an act providing for the "Superior Court of Kentucky,"—to supplement the Court of Appeals, and aid in bringing up the arrears of work on the docket of that judicial body. It was to consist of three Judges, and the State was divided into three Districts. The Eastern District was composed of forty-five counties, reaching from the Big Sandy River, on the east, to and including the counties of Gallatin, Owen, Scott, Fayette, Clark, Estill, Lee, Owsley, Clay and Bell, on the west. Richard Reid received the nomination at the Democratic Convention of this District, assembled in Lexington, in May, 1882. He went into the Convention with thirty-eight out of the forty-five counties,

making one hundred and sixty-eight votes out of the entire two hundred and forty-eight.

The name of Judge O'Hara, who was the competing candidate—an estimable gentleman and an able jurist—was withdrawn by ex-Governor Stephenson upon the first ballot, in a speech and manner most flattering to Richard Reid and his friends, and the latter was nominated by acclamation. The following is the correspondence on the occasion:

LEXINGTON, KY., June 14, 1882.

Richard Reid, Esq., Mt. Sterling, Ky.

DEAR SIR:—At the Convention held this day in this city to nominate a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court for the Third District, you were by acclamation unanimously chosen, and on us was imposed the pleasing duty of notifying you of your nomination and requesting its acceptance. This duty we now perform. We congratulate the State that such a man will accept a position of such labor and importance.

To the official performance of our duty we add the expression of our personal esteem and confidence.

We have the honor to be

Your obedient servants,

WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE,
J. D. LILLARD,
K. F. PRICHARD,
Committee.

MT. STERLING, KY., June 16, 1882.

W. C. P. Breckinridge, J. D. Lillard, and K. F. Prichard.

GENTLEMEN:—I have this day received your notification of my nomination, by the Convention held at Lexington on the 14th inst., as a candidate for Judge of the Superior Court for the Third District.

To be chosen with such unanimity from the sphere of a lawyer's uneventful life as the judicial head of a District larger than an Empire; embracing a population distinguished for intelligence, culture, thrift, progressiveness, and sturdy Saxon manhood; holding in its bosom the dust of Menefee, and Clay, and Breckinridge, and Robertson, and Allen, and Simpson, and Hanson, and Huston, and other great luminaries of the bench and of the forum—is a mark of distinction that swells the heart with pride, and fills up the measure of the most laudable professional ambition.

In accepting the honor conferred, permit me to thank you for the flattering terms in which your official communication is couched; my distinguished opponent for the graceful and courteous manner in which the nomination was made; and my people for the generous expression of their confidence.

When, however, I recount some of the elements that make up the judicial character—trained intellect, great legal acquirements, clearness, patience, promptitude, industry, self-possession, courage, conscientiousness, honesty of purpose beyond question, another feeling is present—an indefinable dread that I may prove unequal to the trust. I can only promise that, with God's help, I will strive to do my full duty; that I will dedicate myself to the new work and infuse into its service all the zeal, ability and attainments I may possess; that, aided by the learning and labors of the bar, and cheered by the friendly approval of such a cloud of faithful witnesses, and spurred on by the example of the names that have carried the fame of Kentucky's jurisprudence throughout the land, I will labor to be not an unworthy son of the State that has called me to a post of such high responsibility. Very truly, Yours,

RICHARD REID.

FROM THE PRESS.

It is a great pleasure to advocate such a candidate as Richard Reid—for the advocacy may be carried to any extent and still remain within the bounds of truth. Let us enumerate:—He was born and brought up in this county by one of the most respectable of families; he took an excellent education, classical and legal; he maintained a large practice; he has a thoroughly equipped mind, ripened and steadied by twenty years' experience. As boy and man he has led a blameless life for nearly half a century. As a citizen he is intelligent and public spirited. As a Democrat, he has been actively employed, and always at his post. Besides all this, Richard Reid is a Christian gentleman of the highest character. Thus it is a pleasure to be able to offer a candidate whose education, habits, mind, character, and chosen profession, all concentrate to fit him for discharging the duties of a new and important office, to which an admiring constituency call him.—*Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat.*

He is a lawyer of prominence, standing second to no member of his profession in this Commonwealth; he is a citizen of Kentucky, second to none in a willing and cheerful obedience to the laws of the State; he is a man of unblemished and spotless reputation; an honest Christian gentleman.

From an acquaintance with the private and public life of Richard Reid, we bear witness that he possesses the qualities re-

quired to constitute a good Judge; and what is of infinitely more importance—he is free from those habits of life which too often dim the brightest intellects.—*Cynthiana News.*

Knowing Judge Reid personally, as we have for a number of years, his purity of character, his high standing at the Bar, his eminent qualifications for the position for which he has been selected, and his ability as a jurist, we say that no better man could have been nominated to head the Democratic hosts and lead them to victory.

The name of Richard Reid is a household word in Eastern Kentucky, and with his immense influence over the masses, his high standing in society, his untiring, indefatigable industry and labor, his efforts for the success of the ticket will add hundreds of votes to the Democratic party.—*Falmouth Democrat.*

We present Richard Reid as a lawyer, second to none in this District or State as a scholar of distinction. We present him as a Christian gentleman whose life has been of the purest and best; as a man of great moral worth; as a charitable and hospitable man, of warm devotion to any cause he espouses; as a man capable of working up to the full measure of his duties in the office to which he aspires; as one whose mental training and characteristics preëminently fit him for this high office. In no other field could he succeed so well. In every way we present him as the peer of any man in the District—and we shall feel honored by his promotion to a position in which his great abilities will enable him to serve the people in a way that will redound to their great good.—*Citizens in Mass Meeting at Mt. Sterling.*

A profound jurist and Christian gentleman, he will command the suffrage of all men who appreciate competency and a spotless reputation.—*Mountain Scorcher.*

He is an Elder of the Christian Church of this place, and bears an unimpeachable character. As a lawyer he has always stood at the head of the Bar here, and he stands there now. He will carry to the Bench a ripe experience, gained in the varied practice of his profession, and the attainments of a student who has pursued the science of the law with all of the keen ardor and untiring devotion of a strong man thoroughly in love with his work. He is conscientious and painstaking, and on that account is a man who will occupy the position of Judge with honor to himself, and with credit to our District and our State.—*Sentinel-Democrat.*

Mr. Reid is known and recognized throughout the State as a profound and able lawyer; an incorruptible jurist; a ripe scholar; a man of energy, force of character, fine native ability, and brilliant attainments. . . . He will make an official to whom the entire people may point with feelings of pride and pleasure.—*Frankfort Yeoman.*

Mr. Reid has always been a lawyer, and never engaged in any other business. He has kept up his classical studies, has a fine library, and is a man of quiet, scholarly tastes and studious habits. In 1879 he was the contending candidate for the Democratic nomination for Appellate Judge to succeed Judge Elliott, and, after an animated contest, was defeated by a small vote by Judge Hargis. He is an Elder in the Christian Church, and ranks in the front as an able, learned and laborious lawyer. He was married in 1873 to Mrs. E. J. Rogers, *née* Jameson, but has no children. His stepson, Reid Rogers, a bright boy of fifteen; his wife's niece, Sallie R. Jameson, now in California for her health; and two interesting young ladies, Misses Lily and May Horton, the *proteges* of Mrs. Reid, constitute his family. His home is beautifully situated in the suburbs of Mt. Sterling, and his personal popularity is an earnest of the esteem in which all men of all parties hold him. Many good Republicans will be among his supporters.

Mr. Reid is in the prime of life, a man of fine health and great capacity for work, and has been called to a place that suits the bent of his mind and will afford him a good field for the exercise of his powers.—*Courier-Journal.*

"Richard Reid is so well-known that words of commendation from us would be supererogatory. He is one of the ripest, most accomplished lawyers in Eastern Kentucky—a gentleman of ability and culture, with a well-balanced, judicial cast of mind; is of irreproachable character; a staunch, unflinching Democrat, who not only belongs to the organization, but believes sincerely in the principles of the party.—*Clark County Democrat.*

"We have no hesitancy in unreservedly stating that Mr. Reid is preëminently qualified, from natural endowments, legal and miscellaneous learning of the very highest order and broadest scope, to right royally discharge the duties of the office. He is also a moral, Christian gentleman, and none who may extend to him their support will ever have cause to regret it. He will shed an olden time lustre over the Judiciary of our proud Commonwealth."—*Owingsville Outlook.*

He was elected by a vote that outran the Tilden and Hendricks returns, and was the largest ever given in his District. He received the Republican as well as the Democratic vote—the former party, after a consultation among its leaders at Paris, Bourbon County, declining to oppose a candidate to Richard Reid.

In August after his election to the Superior Court, Judge Reid took one of those trips for recreation that came so seldom in his hard-working life. In company with his wife and son, he made a trip through Virginia, spending some time at White Sulphur Springs and Old Point Comfort. He wrote fully and humorously to Miss Horton of scenes and experiences on this trip. He gives a comical description of the "German," of life at White Sulphur, and explains to her the historic associations of "Old Point."

Richard Reid to May Horton.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, WEST VA., August 18, 1882.

DEAR MAY:—While waiting for your aunt to get ready for breakfast, I drop you a line. This is a big place; big all over. There are several acres of buildings—one large central building, and all around, for more than a mile, are cottages. All these are full to overflowing of white people, negroes and children. The negroes wait on the table, and nurse and "tend" the children. I suppose there are twelve hundred people here, and the place is full of fuss, uproar, confusion, bustle and noise. What they come here for, I don't know. Certainly not to rest, for it is the fashionable watering place of the South. The young people, no doubt, fully appreciate it, and the chance to "show off" all their good clothes is unsurpassed. All the fashionable beauties from Richmond, Baltimore, Louisville, etc., are here, and there are a great many pretty girls among them, with trunks full of good "harness." The grounds are very beautiful, and handsomely improved. The air this morning is cool and bracing, and a heavy fog hangs over the hills that surround the valley where the springs are. Of the springs there are three; one principal one, which tastes like "Blue Lick" weakened with rain water. At the spring a fellow stands and dips up the water for the visitors, who are expected to pass him a quarter. This is one of the frauds practiced on people. Being able-bodied, I dipped my own drinks.

The dining-room here is the largest in the United States. It will seat twelve hundred people, and when they all get in and begin "working their jaws," the uproar is fearful, together with the clatter of dishes and the noise of waiters. The fare, so far, is nothing to brag on. Yesterday we hardly got any dinner at all, getting in so late. The most we had was a plate of soup that tasted like — well, ——! Supper last night was a little better. The crowd here get up from eight to eleven, A. M. After breakfast they all assemble in the great parlor, and by twos and twos they walk around and around, like horses on a tread-mill. This is a good way to show what they have on. Then comes a dance called a German, or a French, or a Dutch, or something, given by the company, or by some individual. Most of them dance until dinner. A few loaf, or take drives. Then comes dinner, lasting for three hours, or until you can get a morsel. After dinner the walking around in the parlor again, chatting, loafing, drinking water; then, supper; then, more walking around; then, a ball for the children; then, the regular ball; then, a private German; then, to bed about two or three o'clock, and so on through each day. Of course, I do n't go through all this, but have already seen part of it, and will see more. I have written nothing of the people who are here, and of the dresses, etc., at the ball last night. Your aunt will perhaps do this. If not, I may try my hand on this theme. Kentucky leads off in pretty women, and Virginia this year falls behind. Many distinguished people are here, who look to me just like other folks, and generally a little uglier and more "beefy." . . . Your aunt was very sea-sick from the ride; has not yet gotten well; nothing serious, however. Reid is a little restless since Claude left, but made some new friends last night.

Generally speaking, we are doing well. I hardly know what I have written; have n't time to read it over, as breakfast hour has arrived, and the "mill" for the day begins to grind. Hope you are well and satisfied. Do n't know yet how long we will be here. Love to all. Your aunt and Reid send love.

Richard Reid to May Horton.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., August 23, 1882.

. . . . . You will see by the map on the envelope how curiously and comfortably this place is located. The ocean proper is not seen until you pass out east between Cape Henry and Cape Charles; but the waters of the ocean roll in between these capes and wash the walls of the hotel, and the tide ebbs and flows. This is a bay formed by the waters of the Chesapeake Bay and those of the James River, and is called "Hampton Roads," and is said to be the finest harbor in the world. You get away from the vexing storms of the Atlantic as

soon as you pass the capes and come into this grand and spacious port, where no storm vexes the waters, and where all the navies of the world could ride at anchor and have room to spare. And so secure is the channel, and so deep, that ships come in without pilots, who, in all the other important ports of the United States, direct the vessels over the dangerous shoals and changing channels. No spot on our continent is fuller of historic interest. Here at Old Point, Capt. John Smith touched, in the first settlement of Virginia; hither came all the ships from England that supplied all the wants of the infant colonies; here the French fleet moored that assisted Washington in the reduction of Yorktown, and in Hampton Roads the British fleet that sought to relieve Cornwallis was defeated and scattered; here came the British squadron in 1814, after the repulse before Fort McHenry, at Baltimore, and burned the city of Hampton, in sight of Old Point, and under Admiral Cockburn committed many acts of barbarity and cruelty on the unprotected coasts; here, in the late war, the vast army under McClellan was transported, and began its operations on Richmond by the lines of the York and James rivers, between which is comprised what is called the Peninsula of Virginia; and here, defeated and broken, it fell back and was reëmbarked for Washington City to begin under Grant a new base of operations from the north, and by way of the wilderness; here, in sight of this hotel, in March, 1862, took place the celebrated naval fight between the rebel ram, Merrimac, and the whole United States navy, in which one United States vessel was sunk, and others disabled; and here, during the entire war, was the great depot of supplies for the Federal Army campaigning in Virginia. So, you see that, outside of its reputation as a resort for pleasure-seekers, this place is full of historic interest. Yet very few care for these things, and think only of the bracing sea air, the superb bathing, the excellent fare, and the endless succession of new objects that constantly pass before the eye.

Here the steamers from Baltimore and Washington—great hotels on water—touch twice a day, and it would be an endless task to count the hundreds of sail-ships and brigs and schooners that are always passing through the bay. Yesterday morning, from the top of the observatory on the hotel, I counted forty-four sail in sight—some full-rigged, with all their sails set, and bearing out to the sea; some with masts bare, standing motionless on the green water; some half-rigged, with their half-furled sails flapping idly in the breeze. No point has superior fishing. Some of the most delicate fish in the world are caught here. All you have to do is to hire a little sail-boat, that furnishes bait and lines, and drop out a few hundred yards into the bay—and the fish bite as fast as you can pull them into the boat. Mackerel, sheepshead, blue-noses and spots are the fish mostly prized

The guests here do pretty much as they please—lounge, and talk, and sleep, and go out each day sight-seeing. No fashion rules the hour, but all is ease and comfort and quiet enjoyment.

It is always funny to see the bathers go into the water. You would laugh to see me running over the beach with breeches not quite up to my knees, and floundering about in the water. But Col. Moore has just called for me, and I must close.

CHAPTER XII.

LIFE AT FRANKFORT—LETTERS TO SON AT COLLEGE—WIFE—FAMILY—DEATH OF JUDGE NEWTON P. REID—WEDDING BELLS—VISIT TO VERSAILLES—CANVASS FOR APPELLATE JUDGE—ILL HEALTH.

In September the Superior Court convened, and Judge Reid's life at Frankfort began. He entered upon his position thoroughly qualified for its duties. He was in the prime of life. Long habits of painstaking labor; systematic application; familiarity with law and jurisprudence; apt diction; finished style; ripe culture; a conscientious regard for detail; great facility with the pen; physical strength, though not robust, yet unimpaired by dissipation or luxurious indulgence; enormous capacity for work; unswerving integrity; a laudable ambition to achieve in character and life the highest attainable excellence: these were the equipments and endowments with which he entered upon his new career.

In Frankfort, his life was one of arduous labor and close application; and, as elsewhere, he was not satisfied with doing merely what was required by the duties of his office. He must do more, and more excellent, work than his constituency expected of him. He must richly reward their trust by the most lavish expenditure of time, energy, industry.

He did not become identified to any large extent with the social life of the Capital. Before and after the day's confining duties, he indulged in a half-hour or hour's walk over the hills that inclose the city. The evenings, as usual, were given to his books and pen, or to the congenial society

of friends and visiting lawyers who sought him in his own apartments. With a pardonable *esprit de corps* he thought all such the most agreeable and entertaining of men, and believed that no one had such charming friends as he. With the few with whom he became intimately associated, he formed, as was his wont, the strongest attachments.

The home circle was broken into. The niece was in southern California in search of health. The boy began his first year at college. Mother Jameson and Miss Lily Horton returned from a summer in Missouri, in time for the latter to begin her school. The wife was sometimes at home and sometimes in Frankfort, and Judge Reid vibrated between the two places, his happiness, recreation and rest being on the Friday evening returns. He would go again to Frankfort on Monday in time for the session of his Court. His letters to niece, son, and family, give an almost complete diary of his life at this time.

Richard Reid to his Son.

MT. STERLING, KY., Sept. 24, 1882.

DEAR SON:—I came up last night from Frankfort, and, as usual, the train was behind time, and I did not reach home until 11 P. M., and return in the morning on the early train. Your mamma will go down this week and enliven by her presence the tedium of the toilsome life I have fallen into. I am very pleasantly situated at Frankfort, but will have to work very hard. This, however, man or boy has to do in every business. There is no excellence without labor. My associates are excellent gentlemen and industrious lawyers, and when we get fairly into harness, we hope to do some good work.

It is needless to say how much I miss you here, and nothing but your good could reconcile me to the separation. I find myself looking for you constantly and expecting you to step in. I was at my Sunday-school class this morning, and had a full attendance. All the boys inquired about you, and regret your absence. Only your mother and I attended church, and Bro. Walden gave us a fine sermon, and had a full house.

FRANKFORT, KY., Sept. 30, 1882.

MY DEAR SON:—Your letter addressed to me at Mt. Sterling was forwarded to this place. I came down on Monday, bringing your mother with me. She left for home this morning, after a very pleas-

ant stay of a week, though our present surroundings at this hotel are dismal and forbidding enough.* She, however, became a great favorite with the Judges, and contributed by her cheerful talk and equable disposition to enliven our toil and light up our gloom. She had many calls from the people here, and all are anxious for her to become a permanent resident. When the confusion incident upon a change is over, and some sort of order is established, I will try to get suitable rooms and have them fitted up, so she can stay with me all the time she can spare from home. My work here is confining, and occupies all my time. My associations are very pleasant, but nothing can take the place of home and its delightful surroundings. However, men, to be useful, must surrender some of the comforts of life. The path to usefulness is a toilsome one, and we owe duties to our State that we cannot refuse to discharge. If there is any ability in me, I owe it to my people to do bravely and conscientiously the work laid upon me. Some one has it to do, and why not I, who have health and industry, and will to work? I trust that you are by this time fairly settled upon the line of your duties, and that you are happy and contented. Take good care of your health. Do n't impair it by hard study or sedentary life. Take plenty of moderate exercise, that you may always be fresh and ready for your duties. Have especial care also of your manners. Never forget to be a gentleman under any and all circumstances. One thing I want to specially enjoin upon you, in the beginning of your college life. Do n't neglect your Bible. Never let a day pass without reading it and committing some of its golden sentences to memory. Do this while you are young, and you will have your mind stored with precious truths when you go out in life. Do this while your mind is strong and your memory retentive. In a few years, when the cares of life overtake you, your memory will not take hold of things as now. Remember that the corner-stone of your usefulness must be laid deep in the Christian religion, and that without a cultivated moral nature—a character fashioned after the character of Jesus—all your learning and labor will be in vain. You are a boy of many prayers, and about you gather many hopes; and you must be vigilant and watchful, and by your conduct and progress answer the expectations formed of you. You know it is a great privation for us to be separated even for a day from you, and nothing but zeal for your good would allow it. We trust to have you, under the Lord's guidance, come back to us a pure, healthy, disciplined, reverent and manly boy, worthy of the grand and loving mother the Lord has given you, and of all the care bestowed upon you. Write me as often as you can spare the time, and tell me all that pertains to your life. The most trivial and minute circumstances of it will be interesting to me. I was a college boy once myself, and walked in the paths

* The hotel was undergoing repairs.

you are now treading, and can enter fully into your feelings, hopes and ambitions. My own life will be quite uneventful here. It is a kind of treadmill existence, unrelieved by social delights. When your mother comes, however, I will be forced out some, and have a somewhat wider sphere. The people here are very friendly and cordial, and the social life here is said to be charming. In any event, I will but touch the edges of it. Present my remembrances to Claude and Ed. I hope Kentucky may never blush for her sons at Princeton, and that in all their walk, and deportment, and progress, they may shed new honors on the Commonwealth. Good-night, and may God bless my boy, who is so near to my heart and so bound up with all that makes life happy.

Richard Reid to his Son.

FRANKFORT, KY., Oct. 10, 1882.

MY DEAR BOY:—I was glad to learn you were content, and entering with relish, zeal and determination upon your work. I have all confidence in you, and know you will do right. I base this on your natural disposition, as well as upon the fine and thorough home training you have received from your earliest infancy. I am not in the least afraid you will disappoint any expectation we have formed of you. In every duty do your best, and blessing and success will follow. Be content with nothing but excellence in all you do. My prayers follow you day and night, and I ask the Lord to let me live to see you a fully equipped man in mind and body, ready for life's serious work. I often wish I was by to help you in your Greek, but when you work it out alone, you will be the better for it, and more self-reliant.

OCTOBER 28, 1882.

DEAR SON:—Your account was received and was satisfactory. While I do not desire you to indulge in any useless expenditure of money, and am satisfied you will not, I don't want you to be stingy and close; but to feel that all your reasonable wants will be cared for, and that you are a gentleman's son, and that I intend you shall go through college as such. I can not now say how much I am willing to allow. This matter we will have to leave to actual experience for the first year, and then we can form some idea of what is proper. When you want any money, write to me, and I will have it sent to you by New York draft. Take good care of your health, which is of the first importance. "A sound mind in a sound body," is necessary and even indispensable for your success. With many prayers for you, I am your affectionate. "DAD."

FRANKFORT, KY., Nov. 12th, 1882.

MY DEAR SON:— . . On last Monday evening your mother and I, by appointment, met the young people at Mrs. Harris's school-room and organized a "Young People's Christian Missionary Society." We got about eighty names, all of your young friends, male and female, joining in the work. You were also enrolled. Coleman Reid contributed a "missionary pig," and so did Henry Prewitt. Your mother is the President for the State of Kentucky, and will accomplish great results. Her whole soul is enlisted in the matter, and she is bound to succeed. . . . . .

We are busy all the time and work very hard. Already, I am glad to say, our Court is pleasing the people and the lawyers, and making a good reputation over the State. The Law Journals print our decisions on important and new questions, and our work compares favorably with that of the Court of Appeals.

The sudden death of his uncle, Judge Newton P. Reid, in September, 1882, threw the shadow of sorrow over the beginning of his Frankfort life. The tenderest affection existed between the two, and with more than the pride and fondness of a father had the uncle followed the career of the nephew.

To Mrs. C. O. Atkinson.

MT. STERLING, KY., Sept. 16, 1882.

DEAR LINDA:—We are a sorrowful household this morning. On Thursday evening I received a dispatch that Uncle Judge Reid, of Owingsville, was dead. I came up from Frankfort Thursday night, and found mother and Lily on the train. Thursday morning, uncle was in court and made a speech, and went across the street to his office; and while standing on the floor and talking to Mr. Holt, an attorney of this place, he fell dead instantly, without a word or groan. His wife was at home, but his only daughter was away.

You doubtless remember his fine, open face, and genial nature. He was Sallie's and Reid's great friend, and greatly loved by us all. Wife got home from Virginia, Thursday, 10 A. M. She first got a dispatch from Mr. A. that mother and Lily had started; a little while later, one from Gen. Echols, at Louisville, that they were there and had missed the morning train; then a dispatch that Uncle Newton was dead. Yesterday, as we were coming from the cemetery, John's dispatch came that little Bessie was burned, and could n't live; and last night, at 10 P. M., Uncle Tom Harris's dispatch, that the dear, sweet child was dead. Oh, how hard it is to realize it! Your sister was up all night with May, who was completely prostrated by uncle's

death—and she is not able to write. We have not told mother about Bessie's death, and have decided not to do so, until we have all the details from you. Mother got in well, but tired and nervous, and has not yet fully recovered. She was worried by missing the train, both at St. Louis and Louisville. At the latter place General Echols met them, and showed them every kindness and attention. We have told Lily about Bessie's death.

Reid leaves Monday for Princeton, and I return to Frankfort.

I can not write any more. It seems as if I have, in the last three days, gone through an age of trouble and suffering.

The following biographical sketch is from the "History of Montgomery County," pp. 60, 61:

Judge N. P. Reid was born in Montgomery County, near Mt. Sterling, in April, 1820. He received a good common school education, and completed his course at Bacon College. He studied law under the tuition of Hon. Kenaz Farrow, and also attended the law school of Transylvania at Lexington. He began the practice of his profession in Mt. Sterling, and had hardly started when the war with Mexico was declared. He enlisted in Turpin's company, and served as third Lieutenant until discharged by reason of sickness. After his return he resumed the law in West Liberty, Ky., and was a member of the Kentucky Legislature from Morgan County. In 1858, he removed to Owingsville, Ky., where he now resides. In 1861, he was appointed Circuit Judge by Governor Magoffin, to fill the unexpired term of Judge Burns in this district, and served as such with great acceptance to the bar and people. Judge Reid is still in the prime of life, and engaged in the active duties of his profession. He is a man of fine personal appearance, of gracious and pleasing manners, of kindly charity for all, and of warm, generous sympathy. He possesses strong natural sense; is a good judge of men; an excellent lawyer; and as an advocate before juries, has few equals. His convictions are intense, and he throws all the energies of his ardent nature into his speeches, and carries conviction by his fervid earnestness. He is a genial companion, full of delightful humor. For many years he has been an Elder in the Church of Christ at Owingsville. He married a daughter of Wm. Ragan, Esq., and has but one child. In his happy home, in the church, in all the walks of life, he is loved and respected by all who know him for his many virtues.

MT. STERLING, KY., November 26, 1882.

DEAR SON:—Your grandma sits pensively rocking by a glowing fire; your mother is resting on the bed; May is sick in her room; and I

am scribbling to my dear boy. I came up Friday night; spent Saturday in the Circuit Court, now in session here; went this morning to Sunday-school; then to church; and this evening, your mother and I went to our "Missionary meeting." Had a good time, and have gotten our new enterprise on a successful basis. I return to my duties to-morrow. Our court will adjourn Wednesday next for Thanksgiving, and I will be at home the remainder of the week. We have called through our docket for the present term, and hereafter will meet once a week, on Wednesdays. We have an immense number of cases on hand, and our work goes on as if we met every day. We would like to have you among us on Thanksgiving, but hope you will not starve, and we will think of you when the oyster soup comes in, and when the turkey breast is sliced, and the plum pudding smokes hot on the trencher! And right here, I think it would be better for you not to go to New York to witness a ball contest. Stay at your place, and go to some church where service is held. There is no profit in such an excursion. It only endangers your health, and is a useless consumption of time now. It will be time enough in the future to indulge in such jaunts. For the present, put your mind on your studies and get ready for your examination. I receive all your letters regularly. When they come to Mt. Sterling they are read and forwarded to Frankfort. I neglected to say, in response to one of your letters, that while I admire class spirit, I think it would have been better for you to have taken no part in the "cutting," but to have remained at your post and gone to your classes. The Professors would have applauded your manliness, and if your fellows had jeered you a little at first, they would soon have admired the independence of spirit that could bid defiance to any custom founded on no reason whatever, but due only to a thoughtless spirit of mischief. I do not mean to chide you for this single escapade, but to warn you, for the future, to be careful how you indulge in pranks that tend to lower the grade of your scholarship and forfeit the confidence of the teachers in authority over you. A great many of the practices of college boys are foolish caprices, founded on customs that have no foundation in reason. When I was at college, I never allowed myself to be led off by any of them, and had the hardihood to set them aside and go to my classes. For three years, as I have often told you, I never missed a day, a recitation, a roll-call, or prayers at chapel, and never asked to be excused from any duty. I was a very ordinary boy, but, by this course of conduct, accomplished a good deal; and, though the youngest member of my class, I bore off the first honors. It is true, I have not accomplished much since, but more than if I had been a slouchy or indifferent student. I am glad to know you are making such good progress in your studies. I want you to take an honorable

rank in your classes and to be a thorough scholar. The sum of education is to learn how to use your faculties—not merely to cram your head with what is in the text books; and your usefulness and ability to make a man of yourself and to take care of your mother and myself when old age comes on us, depends upon the use you now make of your opportunities and upon the strength of the foundations you are now laying. Have a due regard for your health. This is of the first importance. Don't neglect your compositions. Facility in writing well depends on practice, and no weapon in active life is more keen and potent than the power of expressing yourself clearly and fluently. The power to handle words is about all that separates a strong man from a weak one. Attend also to your elocution in every way you can. Let me know the condition of your finances, and what day you expect to start home—the route—and what money you need. Love from all, and constant prayers for your health, happiness and success.

DECEMBER 4, 1882.

. . . . You will see that this letter bears the date of your birthday. Your mother and I talked of it this morning, and wondered what our big sixteen-year-old son was engaged at, and hoped and prayed he was well and happy. Of course, we are all "hungry" to see you, and look forward eagerly to the time when you will be with us.

In the winter of 1882, at Christmas time, there was the first wedding in the family. Lily had decided to marry and go to her new home in Missouri. All was to be bright and merry. Judge Reid announced that there were to be no tears shed—none to dim the eyes of the bride and unfit her for her journey. The marriage ceremony over, the wedding breakfast eaten, the usual remembrance of the wife spoken—"Madam, you never did better; let me congratulate you upon your elegant entertainment;"—the time for the parting came. The Judge's eyes were the first that began to fill; his shoulders drooped; and at last, when the farewell embrace and the "God bless you, Lily" were given, the bride was escorted to the carriage amid a shower of tears from both. No bride ever went forth to her new home with heartier or sweeter benedictions.

Richard Reid to his Son.

JANUARY 14, 1883.

We also had this morning a long and pleasant letter from Lily, brimful of joy and happiness, and content with her new life and new home. We somewhat dreaded the first letter, fearing it might come telling us she was depressed and melancholy. Though we greatly regretted to give her up, we are rejoiced to know she is happy —in love with home, husband, house and people. She is a splendid girl, and deserves the good fortune that has befallen her.

FEBRUARY 26, 1883.

Good news from Lily and Sallie. The former appears perfectly happy in her new home and relations; while the latter's health is completely restored, and she is pushing her studies in music, French, etc. She will have to remain another year in California before it is safe to come home.

JANUARY 14, 1883.

. . . . . I have read your letter carefully twice over, and appreciate the noble and manly spirit that prompted it; but, say now, give yourself no uneasiness on the question of finances, or about the money that is expended in your education. A wise use of it by you, in securing such an education as I want you to have, will repay me amply for all it costs. When you are grown up you will see the motives that prompt me; so do n't trouble yourself any more about the money necessary for your education.

Your mother and I understand the whole matter. I want you to receive the education of a gentleman, and to be prepared to enter upon life fully equipped. I look upon you and love you as my own son; and, as my son, design you shall be educated. It may relieve you from any anxiety to know that your estate is ample to educate you, and that if any misfortune should come to me, you can, when you reach your majority, come to my help, in case there is need of it. I have always managed your matters just as my own, and your mother fully understands all my plans and purposes. I trust you are now fully embarked on your second session, and that you will profit by the errors of the last. I suspected that you had been too confident as to the studies with which you were familiar; so hope you will henceforth take nothing for granted, but will be thorough in every study, and prepared in every recitation.

Pursue the plan pointed out in my last letter, and you are bound to succeed and go towards the front. Let this be the general rule of study: when you think you know a lesson perfectly, go over it two or three times more. This additional study prepares you for the classroom, puts you at ease, and gives you a self-possession that can not

be disturbed. Let us know about your room, and whether you are comfortably fixed up at last. Your mother sends her best love, and we follow you always with our prayers.

FRANKFORT, KY., January 26, 1883.

DEAR SON:—My main purpose in writing now is to urge you to stop reading novels altogether. You have now read enough. They weaken and confuse the mind. They scatter your mental resources, and make you mentally indolent and careless. They tend to distract thought, and relax the zeal and vigor of study. You have now attained the age when your mind demands more solid food. Boswell's Johnson is a very good book to begin with; then read Prescott's works, and Motley's. These will give you brain-power. They are both entertaining and useful, and if you grow weary of them, lay them aside for a time, and take up Irving's works —any one of them—for rest. No man can hope to write and speak his own tongue well who is not familiar with Irving's charming, sweet, limpid English. Read also Macaulay's Essays, and History of England. Eschew henceforth all that is trashy and unprofitable. Life is too short for such reading. Read slowly, and ponder well on all you read. Do n't hurry matters. I have not been able to hunt up any subjects for your compositions. I am so out of these matters that my reflections would amount to little. Nor have I had any time to suggest anything for your college paper: will try and do so. Still be careful of your health, and look after your manners. Next to sense comes manners; and a man had better be without sense than without manners. Cultivate method in your studies. Be regular, and not spasmodic. By having certain hours for each duty, it soon grows to be a matter of habit, and makes work easy.

FRANKFORT, KY., February 4, 1883.

DEAR SON:—Cease to underrate and depreciate yourself. You are the peer and equal of any boy in college. Be filled with high resolves; assert yourself not pretentiously, but firmly and modestly. Stand up for your rights on all occasions, for the worth and metal that is in you. Do n't grumble, or repine, or mope, but be always strong and self-assertive as far as necessary; cheerful, even-tempered and hopeful. A bright and useful future, with the Lord's help, is before you, and by diligent endeavor and honest work you can secure it and make it your own. So, with my benedictions resting on you, I bid you good night.

FEBRUARY 10, 1883.

MY DEAR SON:—This is Sunday night, and your mother and I are alone in our room; she talking, and I writing to you. The day has

been lowering, cloudy and dreary. It rained all night fearfully hard, and part of this morning, and the great object of interest in Frankfort to-day and to-night is the river. At six this evening it had reached the same point as in 1867, the highest ever reached here, and is still rising at the rate of one foot per hour, and will keep rising until midnight. . . . . To-night Egyptian darkness broods over Frankfort. The gas works are submerged, no churches open, the huge hotel is lighted with candles stuck in bottles, and it was a queer sight to see these feeble tapers in the dining-room. You could hardly recognize your neighbor at the table. We have the large brass lamp, and so are independent of the gas. Your mother has been sick, but is better to-day. We are, of course, much alone, and our constant theme is our boy, his prospects, his health and growth. We were talking to-day of the fact, that soon you would be a man; that when my term of office expires here, in June, 1886, you would also be through college, and we would be ready to begin the world together. I have just finished reading aloud, at nights, Holmes's "Life of Motley." In it we found many resemblances to your boyhood, and hope you will grow up to be such a man as he was—if not a great historian, a wise and useful man. So, you see, you are constantly in our thoughts and prayers, and the object of our daily solicitude. This weight of love we know will prove a ballast to you, and hold you level in all your life. I suggested, in a postal card, that you contend for the prize in oratory in your class, and wish again to urge this on you. You have great gifts in this line, and there is no reason why you should not enter the lists.

If you do your best and fail, there is nothing lost. The effort made is itself progress. You have the speaking-blood in your veins, and ought to show the cold northerners that the fire and force of southern oratory have not died out. You know the South has always borne off the palm for oratory in Congress, and you should be interested in keeping up her fame. In this, as in all your labors, you will have to make careful study and preparation, and must not content yourself with any slipshod work. Give attention to it. This is the great secret of success in everything. Men don't differ so much in mental endowments; *attention* is what makes the advantage. It is the rudder that guides the whole intellect. So, cultivate this faculty in everything you do, in learning your lessons, in reciting them, in writing, and in speaking.

FRANKFORT, KY., Feb. 18, 1883.

MY DEAR SON:—Your mother will write you all the news, and so I will address myself to some of your requests. I can not see how Gambetta's death was beneficial to France, as he was the *one* man

who upheld the Republic; but as you are on that side, you will have to hunt up some arguments. You might argue truthfully:

1. That there can be no genuine Republicanism not based on religious culture; that no man's influence can, in the end, be good unless his conduct is guided by sentiments of religion. Gambetta was an infidel—a free-thinker; had no regard for religion; a man of transcendent ability, but destitute of morality, and of disreputable private life. He loved money and power, and got both. He did much for France: solidified the Republic. brought order out of chaos after the Franco-German war, and more than any other man made the Republic a fixture. But perhaps the time had come in the providence of God when his work was done, and when it was an advantage to France to remove him by death; when it was best for the work so well begun by him to be carried on by others; when a Republicanism based on sentiment should become one based on religion; when new elements should be introduced into the political fabric by hands raised in prayer to God, and new hopes should be inspired by men whose hearts were ruled by the peaceful wisdom of Christ. So far, the Republic in France may be termed an experiment. Much progress has been made, but it is by no means permanent; and you might argue that it could not be made so by men of Gambetta's dissolute life and character; and that he was taken away for the good of France, that other influences, without which the Republic can not stand, might take the reins.

2. Gambetta, while he loved liberty and adored the Republic, was too bold and aggressive. He did not conciliate. For the Orleanists and Bonapartists he had the intensest hatred. France needs conciliation—needs men who will strive to harmonize all classes, and make all feel that they have a common country. No Republic can be placed on stable foundations, unless all the people are devoted to it as their common country; unless they feel a sense of unity and community. You can bring in our own revolution—the high, moral, religious life and character of such men as Washington, Adams, Otis, etc., who laid the foundations; and show by our history that our progress and growth are due to the fact that our institutions are bottomed on the everlasting truths of the religion of Christ.

As to a subject for your composition, I would suggest that you take The Importance of the Study of the Classics to the Legal Profession. You could treat of the fact—1. That much legal knowledge is locked up in the Greek and Latin authors. All of what is known as the Civil Law is in Latin; also the Institutes of Justinian, the twelve tables of Rome, Cicero's Orations; Demosthenes in Greek, etc. 2. That many terms and phrases used constantly in law are of Latin origin, and it is impossible to understand them without knowing Latin. 3. The classical languages enter largely into the English—five per

cent. of Greek; thirty of Latin; sixty of Saxon, and five per cent. miscellaneous. A lawyer must have a good vocabulary if he succeeds, especially if he is an orator. Clay's power as a speaker was largely due to his sweeping, sounding words of Latin derivation. 4. The wealth of general knowledge, outside of mere technical legal knowledge, locked up in the classics—poetry, science, manners, customs, history, eloquence, government, etc., all of which you can elaborate. A lawyer must know everything. "All knowledge," as Bacon says, "should be his province." 5. Then the breadth of culture that comes from the classics, liberalizing the mind, giving it discipline, precision of thought and expression. You can work out these hasty and crude hints, read up on them, and write a good essay. We go up home this week, and look forward to our trip with great pleasure. Your mother has gone out to the Sunday-school at the State Prison. Write as you can. Your loving DAD.

FRANKFORT, KY., March 13, 1883.

DEAR SON:—Your last letter came yesterday. I went up home at the close of the week, and returned yesterday morning. Your mother has not been here this month. She went up from Louisville, and has been quite ill with neuralgia. I found her out of bed, but confined to her room and unable to go out, fearing exposure to the air. She and grandmother and May are running the establishment. I am afraid she will not be here much more with me, and I miss her very much. It is a great comfort to know she is around, though I am not much company when absorbed in my work. But when I am through, I can talk, and her presence here brings agreeable people to our rooms and makes the time pass much more pleasantly. When she is away, I see very little society—only chance callers, and they are mostly constituents from my district, with an occasional lawyer. I am pretty big to have the "blues," but sometimes I can not help feeling very lonely and depressed—perhaps the result of hard work. My place is no easy one. It reminds me of my college days. Every day certain work has to be done; so many cases have to be prepared for each meeting of the Court; and there is no escape. However, I have thriven physically, weighing one hundred and eighty-two pounds.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 1, 1883.

DEAR SON:—On Last Wednesday night the Young Ladies' Mission Band, of Bro. Darsie's church, had a "jug-breaking." The exercises were very interesting, the singing fine, and there were some recitations. The chief feature of interest was an address read by your mother. . . . About fifty-five dollars were gotten from the jugs, and a collection of about ten dollars taken up. There were

some other jugs out, and the net result will be about seventy-five dollars. The woman's work, under your mother's influence, has received considerable impetus, and the prospects are good for greater extension and results.

Last Sunday we had a meeting of the Mission Band in Mt. Sterling, which was well attended and full of interest. The recitations by the girls and boys were all very good, and an increasing enthusiasm has been awakened. Our success is now assured. We will raise during the year, in Mt. Sterling alone, at least four hundred dollars, which is as much as the entire State contributed last year.*

I see that your college has been highly commended by Joseph Cook. He says that, under Dr. McCosh's administration, Princeton is the foremost college in the land; that of the one thousand graduates under his rule, only six have gone out believing nothing, and that two of these afterwards were converted and became preachers Surely this is a fine record, and I am glad your lot has been cast in the midst of such influences.

In reading "Burr's Life," we are constantly reminded of Princeton. He is buried there, and I trust you will visit his grave and consider his life. He was a great, bad man, so full of the possibilities of usefulness, all of which he squandered and wasted. How the son of Aaron Burr, the President of Princeton, and the grandson of Jonathan Edwards could have made such a man, is strange! He lacked the Christian religion to complete his character, and became a total wreck.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 16, 1883.

DEAR SON:—Saturday, I went to Versailles and had a great time among my old friends, all of whom were delighted to see me and your mother also. We were treated royally. It has been eighteen years since I was there. I found the town greatly improved, but the people still hospitable and kind. They all remembered me and congratulated me on my success, and your mother has a wonderful hold on the affections of the people there. . . .

On Sunday afternoon your mother had a large crowd to hear her talk about the mission work. . . . On Wednesday she goes to Midway, where she will organize her work. On Saturday we go to Eminence, and she will also visit New Castle.

His associates upon the Superior Court Bench were Judges Bowden and Richards—men of rare integrity and

* The entire amount raised in Kentucky during the year was three thousand dollars.

ability; his relations with whom were of the most pleasant and cordial nature. The Superior Court rapidly made a fine reputation in Kentucky. In the first year it had decided four hundred and thirty-two cases.

He writes, May 26, to his son at Princeton:

. . . . However, our court wags on in heat and cold. Up to this time we have actually decided four hundred and forty-five cases, besides numerous responses to petitions for rehearing, etc. . . . The Ohio Supreme Court, with five Judges, decides only two hundred cases a year. The Supreme Court of the United States not quite that many, though it has nine Judges. Of course their cases are larger and involve more important questions. At any rate, the voice of the profession all over the State is, that we have done well, and established for ourselves a fair reputation.

Judge Reid's decisions were models of clearness, pure diction, legal acumen; they were definite, positive, conclusive; and since the days of Robinson, no man more rapidly achieved so enviable a reputation, or more preëminently combined within himself the elements that constitute the wise and upright Judge.*

It is as a Judge, that Richard Reid will be best and most favorably known. He was peculiarly fitted for the place to which his people raised him when they made him Judge of the Superior Court. Painstaking, learned, industrious and conscientious, a huge record which would appall an ordinary lawyer was to him an object of affectionate regard. He gloried in unraveling the tangled skeins of law and fact, in finding the bottom of a case, in analyzing the evidence, and applying the law to a given state of facts. The manual labor of writing an opinion, so distasteful to most men, was to him a pleasure and recreation. His opinions were always clear; and in an important case, presenting nice points, he was specially able and felicitous in his exposition of the law. From the day he took his seat as a Judge of the Superior Court he constantly grew in breadth and power, and was constantly cheered by the increasing confidence of the bar in his ability as a clear and able Judge. There is no doubt but that, had he lived to realize his ambition of filling a seat on the Court of Appeals Bench, his reputation as a jurist would have ranked him with the ablest of our country.

* From Opinions of the Bar.

His flower was just opening with rich promise when he was so suddenly taken away from the scene of his usefulness and honor.*

The term for which Judge Hargis was elected to the Appellate Bench expired in August, 1884. The Judge withdrew from the canvass for a second term. This position therefore becoming vacant, the Superior Court being a temporary body organized only for four years, Judge Reid offered himself as a candidate for the more permanent position of eight years in the Court of Appeals. This canvass added much to his labors in the winter of 1883–4. He had now an overwhelming campaign correspondence in addition to all his other affairs, official and private, besides visiting in person, on the various recurring "County Court days," the most accessible points in his extensive District. He writes, concerning this canvass, to his boy, under various dates.

FRANKFORT, KY., June 6, 1883.

DEAR SON:—Our Court has worked hard and faithfully. I infer from your last that you also will be at home about the 16th. How glad I will be to see you, and how earnest and fervent my prayers are, that we may all meet in health and enjoy the quiet and peace of our own sweet home! Your mother has many plans for the summer, which we can talk over at our leisure. Meantime may the Lord keep you and bring you back to us in safety and health. A letter will reach me here any time next week, if you choose to write. I send you one of Mrs. H.'s programmes.

Richard Reid to his Wife.

FRANKFORT, KY., June 13, 1883.

. . . . . Every hour the boy is in my mind, and I long to see him with a longing I cannot describe. May the good Lord keep him safe, and keep us all well, and bring us together in health. I hope you are well. Everybody here inquires after you.

Richard Reid to his Son.

FRANKFORT, KY., September 24, 1883.

I was pleased generally with the tone of your letter, except that part referring to the maltreatment of the Freshmen. You should

* Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick.

not engage in any such conduct. No matter by whom engaged in, it is cruel and unmanly. If I were in your place, I would have no part in such performances. If others persisted, I would hold aloof. It is but an element of the barbaric in boys, and should be succeeded by kindness and gentleness. Remember, each boy is some mother's son, for whom she is praying and working and suffering. Again, select some one or two boys, who are worthy, for your intimate companions, with whom you can walk and talk, and whom you can visit. It is not well to be always alone; but be sure your associates are pure and worthy, and such as you can not possibly receive any contamination from—such as will be congenial, and from whom you can derive an impetus for self-culture. Be cautious on this point, for a mistake would be ruinous. Better continue your solitary life, than have evil or corrupt companionship.

Richard Reid to his Wife.

FRANKFORT, KY., October 3, 1883.

DEAR DARL.:—This day I pass the forty-fifth mile-stone on the road of life, and how thankful I am this morning for the mercies that have pursued and now surround me! A loving wife who has shed so much light and happiness over my pathway—a dear boy that fills my heart with love, and in whose future my own life is largely hidden—health in a large measure—the ability to work—and freedom from the bondage of debt! Surely my cup is full and running over! The Lord has prepared a table for me in the presence of my enemies, and filled me with the corn and the wine of a goodly land! May my future life be one of usefulness and prosperity, and all my ambitions and hopes end in the growth of my own soul and the glory of God! I feel no gloom or sadness, save what springs from an ever-present sense of my own deficiencies. As I now go down the hill of life, my heart's desire is, that I may know myself better—grow in moral strength—and prove more worthy of you, my dear, darling wife. As you pray to-day, forgive all my shortcomings, and hold me up for blessing and strength and higher development.

Richard Reid to his Son.

FRANKFORT, KY., October 9, 1883.

DEAR SON:—I went Saturday morning to Carlisle, in Nicholas County, not going home, and returned here to-day. I had expected your mother to meet me in Lexington and go with me; but she was not well enough, and so I went alone. Found Circuit Court in session, and Holt and Stone there, and Judge Cassidy. The latter was defending a suit growing out of his coal business, and was successful after a hot fight. Sunday Judge C. and I attended

church and Sunday-school, and mingled very pleasantly with the friends. Yesterday was County Court, and there was quite a crowd in town. I spent the day very industriously interviewing the dear people, and flattering myself that I got in my work well. I have many friends in the county, and now think, after yesterday's work, that I will have but little if any opposition. My canvass progresses satisfactorily, and I believe I am growing stronger every day. I work hard here, and try to get out every County Court day in some of the nearest counties. Until this trip, my health has been very fine. Now I have a cold that distresses me, makes me nervous, and prevents me from sleeping as soundly as I might; but I do not complain, as I have so much to be thankful for. I have no news to tell. . . . You have been now enough alone to cultivate the virtue of self-reliance, and have reached the period when you need not rely on any one else. I trust your health continues good, and that you are squarely down to your work, and are regular, careful in all things, and methodic.

Richard Reid to his Wife.

FRANKFORT, KY., October 9, 1883.

I have just reached here, not at all well; slept none at all last night, and am now very nervous and depressed. I had a very successful day in Carlisle in my own matters, and think there is but little doubt now that I will carry Nicholas County. . . . . .

Richard Reid to his Son.

FRANKFORT, November 8, 1883.

DEAR SON:—I have been too busy this week thus far to write to you. On last Wednesday night I left here, hoping to go by Richmond to Laurel and Rockcastle Counties; but when I reached Richmond I found the connections so uncertain that I concluded to spend the time in Madison, and did so, remaining there until over Monday, which was County Court day. I made many friends, and had a good time. Spent one night with Stone Walker, one with Major Jno. D. Harris, and one at cousin Kate Walker's. I was everywhere treated with distinguished courtesy, and made the recipient of many kindnesses. Cousin Kate and I called at Wm. Irvine's, and spent an hour. No one was with them. They are in very deep distress, and the house is a picture of desolation. *

Richard Reid to his Wife.

FRANKFORT, KY., December 15, 1883.

I have been sick now two days; was in bed most of the day yesterday with one of my spells. I have tried starving, but it gets no

* After the death of their only child, a daughter just grown to womanhood.

better; will see Dr. Hume. This morning Dr. Cheatham came and performed another, and a very severe operation. He said I stood it like a hero. Capt. Poore was present. The Doctor says he can cure me sound and well. I have been in doors all the day alone, watching the first snow, reading the Bible and the "Life of Luther." How I wished a hundred times for you! . . . . I will come up Wednesday night. I have not heard one word from the blessed boy for two weeks. Tibi Soli,

R. R.

FRANKFORT, KY., December 18, 1883.

DEAR. DARL:—Am sorry you all were so disappointed; but, had matters been all right, I was too unwell for the trip Saturday or Sunday night. I had Dr. Hume, and am now better, though I have not set foot outside of the hotel since Friday morning. I have had a pretty rough time of it, and feel nearly starved out. I called yesterday to see Mrs. Lewis and the General. Tibi Soli,

R. R.

Richard Reid to his Son.

FRANKFORT, KY., January 17, 1884.

MY DEAR SON:—Your letter received, and I am delighted with the manly and noble resolutions you have taken. What I wrote was only for your good, and to cause you to correct your fault, and to pause and reflect. I did not design to discourage you. I am willing now, after your letter, to overlook all the past, and trust you fully for the future, believing that the elements of success are in you, and that you will take a new departure, and separate yourself from every impediment in your progress. I am not anxious for you to aspire to class honors; but want you to take yet a higher rank in your class, which you can easily do by a little more attention and exertion, So go on, my dear boy; improve, develop and strengthen your powers. Lay the foundations carefully and broadly, and a brilliant and useful career lies before you. Let no small thing interfere with your advancement. Brush every hindrance from your path by diligence and will, and prepare yourself for the life-work before you. For this consummation you have my constant prayers. Your mother has so many social duties to perform that she has not much time for writing. She will write you soon. We were both very much gratified at the marked improvement in your penmanship, as exhibited by your last letter, and hope you will persevere in this line. All send love. I commit you to the good Father, and invoke His choicest blessings on your head.

In February, 1884, leaving his wife in Frankfort, he returned home to visit his mother-in-law, on account of her failing health, and wrote back:

Your mother is looking thinner and more feeble than when you last saw her. I think this is in part due to indiscretion, but would not venture to hint such a thing to her, as I could not have the heart to cast such a cloud over her joy at seeing me. After a long absence I was warmly greeted by my friends, and spent the day mainly in mingling with them.

Richard Reid to his Son.

FEBRUARY 27, 1884.

DEAR SON:— . . . . . No Convention has yet been called. One will be called for some day in May. I go now to all the County Courts in the accessible counties, and, when the Convention is called, will make a continuous canvass. Although Riddell has had largely the start of me, I have no reason to be discouraged. The race will take time and management, which I will endeavor to give.

Richard Reid to his Wife.

LONDON, KY., March 5, 1884.

I spent Monday night at Cousin John Harris's; had the coldest ride out I ever felt, in an open-top buggy; found Cousin Nannie at home, and we were soon warmly ensconced by a blazing wood fire, and passed the evening pleasantly and cheerfully.

Tuesday morning I spent alone with Cousin Nannie, talking, reading and resting. She treated me with great tenderness and kindness, and wished so many times you were with me. I had a good day in Madison.

Every powerful family interest and connection in the county is united over me, and I do n't see how it is possible to defeat me in the county. My friends are all up and awake, and will watch things and see my interests guarded. I got on the three P. M. train, and found Col. White aboard, who had agreed to come here with me. We reached Stanford at five P. M., where we remained until one this morning. W. H. Miller and W. G. Welch, who live in Stanford, called, and Welch and I, who were college friends and room-mates, sat up until after eleven. Col. W. had gone to bed; I lay down with my clothes on, and slept one hour and a half, when we were called to take the train, which we barely reached in time. The ground was covered with sleet, and we could hardly walk. This place is fifty-three miles from Stanford, on the Knoxville Branch of the L. and N. We got here at four A. M. The depot is a mile from the little town. It was dark and rainy—no one to show us the way to town, and too dark for us to find it. So we sat in the cheerless little office, with a very meager fire in the stove, until day dawned, when we hired a negro boy, who had strolled in to warm, to carry our bags and pilot us into the great (?) city of London. We could hardly keep our

feet—no streets, no pike, no pavements, no walks, no nothing but mud, slush, sleet and snow.

We reached the hotel, or tavern, rather, of my old friend Will. Jackson, at six A. M. Found a negro building a fire in the office stove, and an old man, in a suit of butternut, hugging it, and trying to cough his stomach up. Had a fire built in number seven, and rolled into bed with our clothes on and slept an hour; got up to a substantial breakfast of boiled eggs, fried ham, strong coffee, and big, fat biscuits. The rain has been pouring down in torrents all day, and freezes as it falls. No eye never looked out on a more dismal prospect. It is raw, chilly and foggy. The mountains are hidden from view, and there is no sound but the endless patter of the rain. Soon after breakfast, I sailed out with a guide and took in all the Democrats of the town, and have found no man yet who is for Riddell; but all for me unanimously. I think I will have no trouble, or but little, to carry this county. To-night will have a caucus of my friends at my room, and will probably go back to Mt. Vernon on the 10.20 A. M. train to-morrow. Riddell has no organization here, nor in the county. The people I have seen say they want the best qualified man, and that they do not care a fig for locality. I have struck the proper chord here, and believe it will vibrate into success. Except some slight cold, I am doing splendidly, eating sparingly, drinking free-stone water, and talking my best to the natives. Will write from Mt. Vernon.

MT. VERNON, KY., March 7, 1884.

DEAR DARL.:—I reached here yesterday at noon, in good health and spirits. The weather has been so intolerably bad that my work has been somewhat impeded, though I have no cause to complain. Found your letter yesterday evening, and was more than rejoiced to hear from you. I wrote you from London. I meet some friends here this morning to consult and decide on what to do in this county. I may leave here to-night and reach Mt. Sterling on the evening train; will go by C. S. R. R. to Lexington, and from there will send you telegram; or I may stay here till Sunday night, and go direct to Frankfort, Monday. Meantime I pray for your health and mine, and for all we love. It rained here all night in torrents, and is still raining at 7.30 A. M. I drop this hasty note by the mail just going out. You may see me before getting it. Love to all.

Whether from the newness of his surroundings and the unaccustomed duties of a position that usage had not yet made easy; or, absence from his family—his wife spending but a portion of the time with him, because of the remain-

ing charges at home; or, from overwork and close confinement; or, from the shadow that comes from a sublime suffering yet hidden in the future; the old nervousness, sleeplessness, and occasional melancholy broodings returned, and his first summer vacation found him much in need of rest and recreation. This he obtained in the quiet of his home, and in the relexation, in part, of the severe mental strain that had characterized his entire life.

He returned to Frankfort much invigorated, in the fall of 1883.

But again, in October and November, and in January and February, his health was so delicate that he was much of the time under the care of Dr. Hume, of the Capital Hotel, and Dr. Cheatham, of Louisville. In a letter to his son, Oct. 23d, 1883, he says:

> Thursday afternoon we went to Louisville. The city and hotels were crowded to overflowing. We got a room at the Alexander House. Your mother went entirely on business, and I to see Dr. Yandell. . . . . He took me to Dr. Cheatham. . . . . The doctors think I can be cured in time.

His health had perhaps never been more precarious than during this winter; and when he left Frankfort the last of March, 1884, he was in a most debilitated condition. He hoped that rest, travel through the mountains, constant exercise and out-door life, would be the only tonics needed, and, in a sanitary point of view, looked forward to the month of April, to be spent in his canvass, with much hope.

CHAPTER XIII.

LAST DEPARTURE FROM FRANKFORT—HOME COMING—TOUR THROUGH HIS DISTRICT—LETTERS TO SON AND WIFE—RETURN, MONDAY, APRIL 14TH—THE PRESENCE OF THE BETRAYER AMONG THE FRIENDS IN JUDGE REID'S OFFICE—HOME SCENES—HAPPINESS—THE ENGAGEMENT AFTER DINNER, APRIL 16TH.

On Friday, April 4th, Judge Reid left Frankfort for the purpose of spending the month in the interests of his canvass for the Appellate Bench.

He was the acting Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and in the conscientious discharge of his duties he had not only by his diligence given the usual number of decisions at the regular sessions of his Court, but had examined records and rendered decisions for the month of April, to be reported during his absence, synchronous with judgments of the other members of his Court.

Bright, hopeful, happy, he bade adieu to his friends and fellow Judges, expecting to return for the remainder of the session after the Convention in May; and, if successful in his canvass, to take his seat upon the Appellate Bench after the summer vacation, in September.

A friend, who was in company with Judge Reid on the train, thus spoke of him:

"I had never seen Judge Reid in finer spirits, and, though looking somewhat too pale and delicate from the confinement of the winter, he was in apparent good health. He passed the sparkling jest in the very exuberance of almost boyish spirits with conductor, brakeman, friend. I thought: If there be a man in the world

whom I envy, it is you, Judge Reid. What more could a man desire than is yours? I thought of the home, the wife, the boy, he loved so well; of the high esteem in which he was held by all who knew him; of the devotion of his friends; of his magnificent endowments; his capacity for work; the straightforward, steady industry that had led him to a place of honor and renown, and that opened up still larger and more extended prospects for the future. I considered his fine personal appearance, too, and how fully in all things he had been blessed in the very prime of life. The talk was of his work in Frankfort; his pleasant relations with other Judges; of the prospects of his election in the coming Appellate race. Everything was promising. . . . . I pictured to myself the joy of his home return. I knew how the romance of love had been kept up through all the happy years of his married life, for never man loved wife and home as did Judge Reid." *

Home, love, the warm welcome, were awaiting him. After two brief, happy days of rest, he started off on his tour through the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. He found there was but little to do in his canvass, farther than to systematize the work, and have his friends operate in organized bodies, that his real strength might be properly represented in the Convention. Everywhere his prospects were most flattering, and after two weeks' travel he was perfectly satisfied that he would carry his District without trouble. The only opposing candidate was Judge Riddell, Circuit Judge in the Thirteenth Judicial District.

Richard Reid to his Son.

CATLETTSBURG, KY., April 8th, 1884.

DEAR SON:—I left home Sunday night at 12 M., and reached Morehead, in Rowan county, at 2 A. M. Spent the day there yesterday, and came here last night. I had intended going up the Big Sandy for a week or ten days. There are other places, however, where I can go from here, and I will decide on my course to-day and "light out" to-morrow somewhere—perhaps down the Ohio. Will drop you an occasional line to let you know where I am. I left all well at home, and sorry they were to see me go off. But I have determined to win this race, if pluck and work will do it. My chances, I think, are good; and where they are not good, I propose to make them so. You had better direct all your letters to your mother at

* Mr. Harry P. Thomson.

Mt. Sterling. She will send them to me, or I can see them when I reach home. I expect to be out about a month or more. Will drop in home some Saturday night and leave Sunday afternoon or Monday. My health is good, but the traveling, etc., are fatiguing.

While absent he wrote, on April 8th, from Catlettsburg to his wife:

Blessed be this day—your birthday.* As the bright sun streamed on the broad Ohio fronting my window, I prayed the Lord for you, and prayed him to bless you—to fill your mind to-day with cheerful thoughts; to spare you many years, that you might round out your life of usefulness and blessing to others. I came here last night; accomplished all I could in Rowan. Now I am in some doubt what course to take. The Sandy River has fallen very rapidly, and navigation is very uncertain. If I go to Piketon, it is doubtful when I can get back, or whether I can get back at all by water, and the roads at this season are simply impassable. This is the meeting place for the mountains, and is now full of men from all the upper counties. I will try to-day, upon consultation, to make some arrangements that will determine my course. Any way, I will be in Grayson some time next week, and you can write me there in care of R. D. Davis. Keep all letters that do not relate to my canvass until my return. Send to Grayson, as directed, such as I need to have. Health pretty good; have n't got used to the changes quite. Love to all, and may the good Father keep and bless us all. Tibi Soli, R. R.

On Monday, April 14th, he sent a telegram from Ashland to his wife: "Meet me at the 11.30 train."

The weather had brightened; Spring had opened; gladness was over all the earth and in Judge Reid's heart. He was at home once more and happy, looking all the better for being somewhat tanned and hardened by his trip through the mountains. He gave the afternoon to his wife and family, and had much that was interesting and amusing to relate of his trip.

On Tuesday he was in his old law office, where many friends, glad to have him back, came to greet him and ask

*The text of this letter is given in full, as it was the last happy letter. It shows how, in the midst of his canvass, he did not forget the birthday, which, when at home, he remembered by the numerous volumes in the library, inscribed: "To my Wife," "In memoriam *diei natalis*." Also, it shows that, under whatever circumstances, he felt that "the good Father would keep and bless."

of the outlook in his canvass. There was the genial welcome, the hearty hand-shake, the merry twinkle of the eye, the ready jest, for all who came. Richard Reid was among his own, and his own loved to be with him.

On Wednesday he was again in his office. Men came and went. Among them was J. J. Cornelison, who called upon three separate occasions. Upon one of these occasions, he had one of his boys with him. Judge Reid patted the boy upon the head, and miscalled his name for that of a brother, Thomas Munnell Cornelison, who was in his Sunday-school class.

As was the habit for some member of the family, Judge Reid's wife drove to his office in her phaeton to take him home to dinner. There being a marriage ceremony at the Baptist Church, she went thither, and the Judge joined her, waiting upon the outside and mingling with his friends until the arrival of the bridal party.

It was observed that Cornelison was walking up and down on the opposite side of the street. Said one who saw him: "He is waiting for the bridal party." "No, he does n't look up at all," said another; "what can be the matter with him?"

. . . . . .

The wedding gave rise to much bright jesting on the brief ride home, and never did Richard Reid and his family sit down to a merrier, happier dinner. "May" was rallied upon remaining an "unplucked burr on the mane of society," "an ungathered rose." The aged mother-in-law, with the silver hair, second to none in her devotion to Judge Reid, joined him in his jest. The wife was told that her domestic cares, after the winter in Frankfort—an unusual amount of which had been her share in training some new Swiss servants (an account of whose English had set the table in an uproar), and in making the home ready for her "two Richards"—had been most beneficial to her health; "for," said the Judge, "I have not seen you looking so

well and young since we were married—no, not in all my life." "Yes," replied she, "I may astonish the household yet, by being its stoutest member."

The Swiss boy, serving, came in for his share of comment. "How that boy's face responds to kindness!" said the Judge; and he was answered that the boy understood English well enough for domestic discipline to be threatened by its free use in his presence.

The dinner over, the Judge said he must return to the town. The wife followed him to the veranda for the good-bye, and after he had taken one step down, half playfully, half earnestly, sought to detain him by clasping her arms about his neck. "Stay with me for the afternoon," she said; "you are gone from home so much now, that I scarcely see anything of you."

Well pleased with the demonstration, Judge Reid returned the embrace, kissed her good-bye, and with the full light of his loving blue eyes upon her face, said: "I must go; I have an engagement."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ASSAULT.

Such was Judge Richard Reid—the scholar, the gentleman, the Christian, the just man, the able lawyer, the upright Judge, the guardian of orphans, the helper of the helpless, the friend of the needy, the comforter of the afflicted, the stay of old age, the idol of his home, the companion of the strong, the peer of the gifted—as he stood in the light of that glorious spring day that seemed the very emanation of God's love mantling about him, shedding its halos over the past; illuminating his future; setting the seal and crown upon his successful life, and revealing a glorious vista of still enlarging honors and usefulness opening before him.

While he stood thus upon the threshold of his home, in that unconscious trust of all the world which is born of a heart that cherishes no malice, feareth no evil, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and could not conceive of a purpose to injure—a plot was formed and ripe for his destruction, which, in fiendish malignity, in deliberate cruelty, in its finished villany, stands almost without a parallel in the history of crime, combining as it does all the elements that separately, in themselves, have distinguished the most infamous.

There was no plea of insanity put forth for the palliation of guilt; no wild mania of drunkenness overthrowing reason; no sudden storm of passion seizing upon the will, and sweeping manhood, honor, reputation, all away in one mad whirlwind. It was the cold, well-studied, well-

planned design of betrayal, advantage, outrage, humiliation, murder; and at the most, to give the criminal the full benefit of his first lying pretext, which he afterwards abandoned, and of the second, subsequently given, and which was proved no less false — the entire crime was a diabolical revenge for a pretended wrong.

Buford took the open street and an unconcealed weapon when he shot Judge Elliott. There was a chance that some one might warn Elliott; that some friendly arm might interpose, even at the last moment, to change the direction of the gun and arrest the assassin's purpose.

He had gone to Judge Elliott's hotel, but could not kill him alone in his room, where there were no witnesses. He had visited another Judge of the Court with the purpose of slaying him; but the sight of the children stayed his murderous hand. At last, when his victim was slain, Buford caught the falling form, raised the head, and placed his own hat for a pillow upon the pavement.

Buford expected to be mobbed; prepared to die; and at last, ended his days in a lunatic asylum.

Guiteau took an open railway depot, where human eyes could witness his deed, and where, perchance, some one might interpose between him and his victim. In his murderous fanaticism he put forth the insane plea that Garfield's death was the country's salvation. With a lingering pulse of humanity he expressed his regret that his victim had not died at once, and so escaped protracted and unnecessary suffering.

Judas Iscariot won some space in the world's sympathy because, in his deep penitence and remorse, he restored the thirty pieces of silver, declaring it was the price of innocent blood, and went out and hanged himself.

The Judas who betrayed Judge Reid with a kiss, defends his crime, and follows with persecution and torture through

Gethsemane and crucifixion. He is a savage without the instinct of hospitality; a Buford planning to slay, but fearing a mob; a Guiteau without insanity, or mercy for his victim; a Judas without remorse.

"Like the wild animal that lures its innocent prey to its lair by tender and fawning caress, did this creature entice his unsuspecting fellow-man into the trap, where he had planned to crush him down. This monster was a brother in the law, a brother in the church, a supporter of Judge Reid in his political aspirations." *

That the betrayal should lack nothing of its completeness, he goes into Judge Reid's office, into the innermost circle of his friends, into the secret councils of his campaign, not once or twice only, but for the third time, upon the day of his murderous assault. He views his victim; he walks around him; he carries his little child with him. No! Judge Reid does not suspect; he fears no evil; he leans forward upon his hands, and looks with a soul of trust into the face of the man who is ready to slay him. But this is not sufficient. The friendship is emphasized. Cornelison offers to expose the treachery of another nominal friend, but secret enemy, of Judge Reid; and for this purpose invites him to his office after dinner. Judge Reid accepts the invitation, makes the appointment. The place had been carefully selected. It was the assassin's own domain—an office, remote from the streets, above stairs, where no chance witness could intrude.

The purpose is now doubly concealed. The sanctity of hospitality is added to the oft-demonstrated friendship.

Judge Reid stops at the church for the wedding ceremony. The assassin follows; watches while he enters the church, and comes out; sees him join his wife and drive off to his home with her. He awaits his return.

On this Wednesday afternoon of April 16, 1884, Judge Reid goes down from his home, as from a holy mount of trans-

* Vanceburg Courier.

figuration, to meet his "engagement." He goes as a lamb to the slaughter. The tables are prepared; the weapons, as carefully concealed about the person of the slayer as his purpose is hidden in his heart, are all ready for the sacrifice.

Judge Reid meets his betrayer at the foot of the stairs. He says: "John, I am now ready to go up with you." They mount the stairs in pleasant converse. The door closes behind them.

Even the coward's heart quails before the gentle eye that looks upon him only in tenderness. It is said that the hyena can not summon courage to spring upon a man while he looks it in the eye. This human hyena could not look into the light of that glorious eye, and put it out forever. He must turn it away from him, while consummating his hellish plan.

The kindly, magnetic, sensitive hand that was never raised in anger against a human being, that had been employed only in honest pursuits and in dispensing good to others, that had been used in this betrayer's service, that gave the warm pressure when it met the hand of a friend, must be so engaged that it could not be raised to protect life or thwart the assassin's purpose.

Judge Reid is invited to a seat. His overcoat is on; his hat—a broad-brim felt—is on his head. He asks for the papers he is to examine. They are not to be found; they are in a locked box, of which the assassin has forgotten (?) the key!

Judge Reid had been decoyed into this den upon a lying pretext. "But here," said Cornelison, "is a petition for rehearing by Judge Lindsay in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison. I should like you to examine this, and give me your opinion of it."

Judge Reid takes the paper in his right hand, turning the leaves carelessly through his left. Both hands are now engaged; the head, somewhat inclined by the stooping

habit, is still farther bent forward; the eyes, lowered beneath the broad-brimmed hat, are fixed upon the page. Judge Reid is seated.

Now, standing above him, suddenly, swiftly, without warning, Cornelison strikes Judge Reid a powerful blow upon the head with a hickory stick. This blow is well located for its fatal purpose—back of the left ear and towards the base of the skull. This is followed by other blows, swift and furious, until twenty-five at least are certainly struck, probably forty, possibly seventy-five. The assassin himself said he did not know how many.* Judge Reid himself never knew. He could not, therefore, accurately state.

Stunned, dazed, bewildered, warding off the blows as best he could, struggling for the door, which Cornelison "regretted he had not locked," and between which and his victim he kept himself, Judge Reid escapes to the open street.

When the scene becomes public, then a far-reaching malice causes the assassin to draw from its hiding-place "the most despised weapon known to our country;" and the attempt at murder is to be steeped in the ignominious dyes of shame and disgrace.†

Whether there was any other assault in that office above stairs but the murderous blows of the bludgeon, can be gathered only from the assassin's own statement.

While at another time he stated that he struck fifty, seventy-five times with the rawhide—twenty-five here, fifty there—he made no mention of the other blows with the club; at most, he admitted one, perhaps two! It was not until the time of Cornelison's trial that what was known to Judge Reid's family, his intimate friends and lawyers, was made known to the public:—that the assault inside the office

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* Cornelison was a muscular man, of great strength, and weighing two hundred pounds.

† Dr. Kavanaugh's address.

was largely, if not altogether, with the heavy hickory stick. Had it been possible that he could have used his "despised weapon" as he states, then Judge Reid had passed beyond the power to struggle or escape. But he did struggle all over the room; the assault was continued in different parts of it.

With the mere animal instinct of self-preservation, Judge Reid escapes, and enters a store. The assassin follows; is arrested in his double purpose to disgrace as well as kill; is taken back to his den. Judge Reid makes his way to the office of Reid & Stone.

It was not until Saturday night that Judge Reid talked clearly of this assault in his own family. The conversation then had, has been given in affidavits from Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Jameson, and the statement of Mrs. Reid; and from these we gain the best impression that Judge Reid had of his own injuries. At the time of the trial, Mrs. Crouch and Mrs. Jameson were in Missouri—Mrs. Reid was prostrate. But these affidavits and Mrs. Reid's statement are in possession of the editor, and are herewith given:

MRS. JAMESON'S AFFIDAVIT.

STATE OF MISSOURI, }
COUNTY OF CALLOWAY. }

This is to certify that I, Mrs. Susan A. Jameson, was a member of the family of Judge Richard Reid—my son-in-law—at the time of the outrage upon him by Jno. J. Cornelison, and I hereby testify, that the contusions upon his head—back of the ear, and towards the base of the skull—were very large, almost as large as my fist, and that the family, Mrs. Reid, myself and Miss May Horton, bathed these wounds constantly with arnica and cold cloths through the night; that the swelling of these contusions was not reduced for many days. I also testify that there were no marks upon Judge Reid's person, other than these wounds upon the head, and on the left arm, which was black with bruises from the hand up to the elbow; and that on raising his left arm to show us how he supposed he threw it up to protect his head, there was shown a black mark beneath the left arm or in the armpit. These marks and bruises I saw, and examined closely and carefully, in company with my cousin, Mrs. Crouch, and my daughter, Mrs. Reid, who had called us into her room for that purpose on the Sunday morning after the assault. And

I farther testify, that these bruises at the base of the head, on the head, and on the left arm, were of the nature of blows from some heavy weapon; and that there was no cut or mark from any instrument that would produce a cut. The large felt hat that Judge Reid wore was broken at the brim, and we all believed the hat had saved Mr. Reid's life. Mrs. John Harris, my cousin, also told me of a heavy blow upon the top of his head, which had left a large rising or ridge, and which Judge Reid told her he had tried to conceal from his wife, but that this blow had nearly killed him. We wondered at the weight of the weapon and strength of the man that could, through hat and overcoat and other clothing, produce such deep and lasting injuries. Moreover, I certify that Judge Reid complained constantly of pains in his head, that his head felt like a coal of fire; and that he was constantly pressing his head with both hands. I mentioned on one occasion that Judge Reid's head was not right; that he was more seriously hurt than any one but myself thought. But this troubled the family, and especially my daughter, Mrs. Reid, so much, that I did not repeat it. Mrs. Reid was so ill all the time, that Judge Reid himself tried to conceal his sufferings from her, and so the rest of us also tried to spare her. I deeply regret now that I did not press my belief upon them all at the time. I have been induced to make the foregoing sworn statement of facts by learning that one Thomas Munnell has denied (in an article published by him in the Paris *True Kentuckian*) that his son-in-law, Cornelison, struck Judge Reid numerous blows upon the head; and also because, from the nature, number and character of the bruises, it would be impossible to estimate the great number of the blows.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and seal. Done at Fulton, Mo., this, the eighteenth day of February, 1885.

[SEAL.] SUSAN A. JAMESON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this eighteenth day of February, 1885. In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal. ROBERT A. CREWS,

[SEAL.] Notary Public.

Mrs. Susan A. Jameson, who has made the within and foregoing sworn statement, is seventy-three years old, is my mother-in-law, and the mother of Mrs. E. J. Reid; was at the time of the outrage a member of Judge Reid's family, and is now a resident of Missouri, and has made and signed the within statement at my home, this the eighteenth day of February, 1885. In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and seal the day and year above written.

[SEAL.] C. O. ATKINSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this eighteenth day of February, 1885. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal. ROBERT A. CREWS,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

MRS. CROUCH'S AFFIDAVIT.

This is to certify that I, Mrs. M. E. Crouch, am a cousin of Mrs. E. J. Reid, and that I was with the family much of the time immediately after the brutal assault upon Judge Reid. On the Saturday night following the occasion, Judge Reid gave the first connected account of the outrage.

He said that after entering Cornelison's office, he took his seat at the table to look over some papers, at the request of Cornelison, (hat and overcoat on, in friendly conversation with Cornelison, and looking down upon the papers). Suddenly Cornelison's voice changed, and referring to the recent decision of the Superior Court in his case, he said: "That decision was an outrage on me, and you are responsible for it." And with these words came a crushing blow upon the head; and then followed a dim consciousness of repeated blows, and then a sudden arousing; and seeing his cane upon the floor, he stooped to pick it up, when his assailant railed out in a furious tone; and, looking up, he saw a murderous face, and realized that he must escape or lose his life. Then he remembered a struggle at the door. When asked by his wife if the assassin held him, or locked the door, he said, he thought not either, but was only certain that he got out with difficulty.

The next thing distinct to his mind, was the landscape in front of his own office, and which he thought he gazed at for some time. When reminded that friends spoke to him on the street, he said: "I cannot tell; if they say so, it must be true."

On Sunday morning I was called into Mrs. Reid's room to examine the bruises upon Judge Reid's person. There were bruises only upon the head, neck, and left arm. He seemed not to have examined them previously himself. He began by saying: "This bruise here on my head (laying his hand on the left side of his head at the base of the brain), was the first blow, and the one that hurt me most, and I must have thrown up my (left) arm, thus, to defend myself, though I was not conscious of it." The arm was black from the elbow to the tip of the fingers, indicating a succession of broad, heavy blows, the number and weight of which could not be estimated, as they were received through a heavy overcoat and other winter clothing. On raising his arm to show the position in which he must have held it, a heavy black mark was seen under the arm (given apparently to throw the arm off guard, that the head might be reached again). When this was suggested, he laid his hand

on the side of his head, as before, and said mechanically: "This was the blow that hurt me."

I was told that two weeks afterwards he showed Major John D. Harris, of Richmond, a mark that was still greatly discolored, on the top of his head, and said: "This nearly killed me, John. I never want my wife to hear of this, though." His flesh was not cut anywhere, and there was no mark on his face; none anywhere that could have been made with the cowhide or with anything else than a heavy stick. Any reports to the contrary are therefore false, I wondered then, and have done so since, that any human being, however much enraged, could produce such blows. I certify this, because I know it to be true, and because I believe it only justice to the memory of an honored friend.

Only repeated blows from a heavy bludgeon could have made the bruises that I saw upon his head and body.

MARY E. CROUCH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this ninth day of June, 1885.

C. W. STONE,
Notary Public.

Woodford Co., Ky.

MRS. REID'S STATEMENT.

Mrs. Reid also states that from the wrist to the elbow the left arm was beaten black; the entire back of the neck, at the base of the head, and as low down as where the collars of his overcoat and thick winter coat would interpose some protection, was entirely black; the large contusions, of which there were many, subsiding some by Sunday morning. There was no mark on the face; no cut of the flesh anywhere; no cut of the clothing. The brim of the hat was broken, and when Judge Reid started to throw it in the fire, she remonstrated, saying: "No: it saved your life by breaking the force of the blows; we will keep it." Afterwards, upon examination, another break was found in the brim. Mrs. Reid also observed the bruises under the arm, and expressed her amazement at the strength of the man and the weapon that could deal such blows. No one could number them; twenty-five could not cover them; there were that number upon the arm alone; no one could tell how many were upon the head and neck.

The assassin stated he was so excited he could not stop. It is not likely that, with his victim at his mercy, he did stop, until from exhaustion his stick was dropped from his hand. Nor is it probable that in his infuriated condition he deliberately counted the blows he struck.

That Judge Reid escaped at all from the betrayer's office, was regarded by himself and his entire family as a miraculous dispensation of Divine Providence in his behalf; and upon this belief was based the subsequent hope and encouragement with which he was sustained throughout the month.

How much of the assassin's bravado was true, should be judged, therefore, in the light of the result.

From these statements in the privacy of his own family, it is seen that Judge Reid had three distinct memories of conscious intelligence during the assault:

1. Of the first crushing blows.
2. The sight of his cane on the floor.
3. The struggle at the door.

When asked how long a time elapsed between the blows and his conscious perception of the cane on the floor and the stooping to pick it up, he did not know. While stooping, he heard "a great roaring voice above him." Looking up, he saw a murderous face glaring upon him, realized that he was being murdered, and was conscious of the mental volition that he must escape. On being asked how long a time elapsed between this and the struggle at the door, he did not know. On being asked the nature of the struggle, he did not know whether the door was held, or he was held. He *remembered* the *struggle.* He did not know how long a time elapsed until he stood in front of his office—but he remembered the landscape, the sky, the houses, the street. There was nothing so pathetic in all that he said, as the manner in which he spoke of the sight of the landscape.

When reminded that some persons spoke to him on the street, he did not doubt it if they said so. If his assailant said so and so, it might be true.*

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*A skillful surgeon who served through the war, gives the opinion that the first blow at the base of the skull produced such injury to the brain, that Judge Reid probably did not suffer great pain from the succeeding blows, though they still further disabled him; that a severe shock given to some other portion of the brain (as in the heavy blow spoken of by Major Jno. D. Harris and wife), would restore temporary conscious intelligence, during which time it is probable he

The local reporter at Mt. Sterling for the *Courier-Journal* and *Cincinnati Commercial*, who said he was the "friend of Cornelison, and considered him an honorable man and a gentleman," (!) a supporter of the opposing candidate, Judge Riddell, in the Appellate race, must in his dispatches complete the torture, reverse the attack, "scar the face of Judge Reid, riddle the clothes, and humble him to the very dust."* This was not only false in every particular, but the real truth was withheld; for while it was known to the community at large, as well as to his family, that the noble countenance of Judge Reid was not marked nor scarred, it was not until the *Courier-Journal*, with an honor and fairness worthy of its columns, sent its special reporter,† that the public obtained even a partial knowledge of the monstrous outrage. But it was not until Sunday night that this reporter reached Mt. Sterling, and not until the following Tuesday—six days after the assault—that the truth, as far as ascertained at that time, appeared in the published statements.

It was not intended by Cornelison, or his intimates, that the true nature of the assault should be made known. It was carefully concealed by them, and continually misrepresented; and to no one, perhaps, was it a greater surprise than to the criminal himself, that through his first braggadocio, and his after confidences to friends, the truth was even so fully revealed to the world, in sworn testimony, as it was at the time of his trial.

"Why have you done this?" said one‡ who arrested Cornelison's hand and took him back to his office.

"I intended to whip or kill — — — — — —"—here this assassin, who emphasizes his crime by stating that he is

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recognized his cane and stooped to pick it up; that the very desperation with which he struggled for the door would have impressed itself also upon his consciousness.

* Language of Hedden, the reporter, in the *Courier-Journal*, the day after the assault and the subsequent day.

† Joseph J. Eakins. ‡ Mr. Cockrell.

a church member, uses language that, for decency's sake, can not be repeated.

"Why did you not attack Judge Reid upon the open street?"

"Because I should have been interfered with there. I could not have given him half enough; persons there would have separated us," was the cowardly reply.

"Why did you not attack Judge Reid in his own office?"

"I had gone to Reid & Stone's office two or three times to do what I have done, but there were other persons present. I was glad to get him up here in my own office, where I could not be stopped."

"What is Judge Reid's cane doing in this part of the room?"

"I struck it from his hands."

"Where was your pistol, and why did you have one?" asked the special reporter.*

"It was where it would not take me an hour to find it, and I did not wish to be mobbed," or, "I feared a mob."

"Where did you have your rawhide?"

"It was concealed about my person."

"Would you do the same thing over?" (this five days after the assault.)

"Yes, I would," was the reply; but following the reporter into his yard, he requested that he would not publish this last statement.

The first witness† found the room in great disorder, showing evidence of a struggle. A lamp was overturned.

Twice was Cornelison asked "What was the matter?" "What had been done?" before he could answer. He "must rest;" he "was tired," "weak," "exhausted;" he "must sit down;" he "could not stand up." Judge Reid's cane was on the floor near the door; it "had been struck from his hand." The assassin also stated that he had headed Judge Reid

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*"Eakins," in the *Courier-Journal* and in sworn testimony.

†From the sworn testimony.

off when he struggled for the door; then they had struggled around the room; Judge Reid warded off the blows with his left arm, which he held up; he forced Judge Reid into one corner of the room, under the stairway; he forced him into another, between a partition, an arm chair and a table; he was striking Judge Reid all the time; he said "he had not struck him half enough, or hurt him half enough, Judge Reid was so close up to him;" he had struck not less than twenty-five blows with the cane, he stated to another witness,* "and had Judge Reid not been an elder in the church, he would have taken *other means.*†"

The witness‡ thought the cane introduced into the court-room, at the time of the trial, was smaller; not the one he had seen in the assassin's room, and with which he assaulted Judge Reid.

Among those gathered at the home of Judge Reid, on the evening of the outrage, was one of the local Mt. Sterling reporters of the *Courier-Journal.* || He was asked if he would give a fair and impartial account of the assault. His reply was in the affirmative.

The indignation and outraged feelings of Judge Reid's family and friends can not be described when they saw the sensational "head-lines" on the following day. No mention was made of the disabling blows with the club. These same "head-lines" substantially coming out on the second day, Friday, Mrs. Reid went herself to the associate reporter,§ who it was understood was responsible for them, and told him that his dispatches were inaccurate, untruthful; made the horror worse than it was; that so far as Judge Reid's power and means of defense were involved, and the well-known character and purpose of the assassin were manifest, Judge Reid's face might have been scarred; that there was no doubt

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* Bosworth. † Cockrell. ‡ Cockrell. || Wm. A. Wilson. § Hedden.
See review of testimony in Col. Stone's speech.

it was a part of the malignant cruelty of the assassin's plans to do this; but, as this was not done, as such inhuman revenge was cut short of its full completion, "Why do you," she asked, "seek to cover the assault under a deeper insult, make that a mere incident which was the real crime, and magnify what, at most, was only an incident, into the chief outrage? And why do you not make good the promise of your associate to give a fair and impartial account? for we ask of you nothing but the truth."

The reply was: "We *are* fair and impartial; for *I am the friend of Cornelison, and believe him to be an honorable man and a gentleman!*" *

Then it was understood that if there was not positive collusion between Cornelison and this reporter, there was, at least, a determined purpose in the latter to injure and torture Judge Reid and his family, and to make the disgraceful assault contribute as far as possible to Judge Riddell's election.

When the special reporter evolved more of the truth, and threw another light upon the assault, it was too late to undo the evil of the first lying dispatches. They had gone abroad in the country, and had done their work.

Of old, when Satan sought the overthrow of the human race, it was by means of a lie. Whenever he had any special mission of evil to accomplish in the world, he sent forth his lying prophets. And ever since, he has sought those who are of their father, the devil, who was a liar from the beginning, for the perpetration of evil. Judge Reid was betrayed upon a lie; assaulted upon a lie; the assault was covered under a lie; he was persecuted upon a lie.

As if to emphasize all the evil of a lie, we find in Revelations, in the last chapter, that "without are sorcerers, dogs, whoremongers, murderers," and, as if in apposition to the whole, "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

* Reply of Hedden.

CHAPTER XV.

JUDGE REID'S DECISION.

There had been no question of self-defense. The betrayal; the advantage taken; the place selected; the standing position; the superior strength of the assailant, backed and heightened by the number of weapons with which he armed himself; Judge Reid's sitting position, his entire trust in the friendship of Cornelison, the absence of warning, all placed him at the mercy of his slayer. Had he been a man of strong muscle, there would have been no chance against an infuriated wild beast. Had he been armed, there would been no opportunity for drawing a weapon. The heavy overcoat, the hat covering the eyes and shutting out the view of the assassin's movements, and making possible the easy surprise, and the occupation of the hands, would still have left him defenseless.

But Judge Reid was unarmed. He had never carried a weapon, nor had he dreamed of a personal enemy. He had been a student and gentleman all his life. He was not a pugilist; not a prize-fighter. He was not a muscular man, and his ordinary strength had been weakened and impaired by protracted and recent ill-health. Neither was there any question of submission.* To submit implies freedom of choice. He had no choice, no volition, no power of defense. He was disabled mentally and physically before he could rise from his chair; still farther disabled by the

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*In alluding to the assault upon Judge Reid, those papers and voices unfriendly to him for political or other reasons, spoke of him as having *submitted* to the indignity.

blows that were rained all over the head. How many of these followed, before Cornelison dropped his cane from exhaustion, and drew his other ignominious weapon—if he drew it at all in that room above stairs — God alone can know.

Judge Reid nor his friends ever for a moment debated what he would have done had he been armed, able to defend himself, and had his conscious intelligence remained with him.

The question to be decided when Judge Reid came to intelligent thought was, What should he *then* do? To this question there were two answers to be given. Two courses remained open for Judge Reid. Either was the way of darkness and woe. Here was a tragedy as far-reaching as life itself—as endless in its consequences as eternity. A decision was to be made for both worlds, and made at once.

Judge Reid was a murdered man; in his eye was the look that the wounded bird turns upon its captor before dying—that the stricken deer gives in its last conscious surrender to the clutches of the tiger that springs upon it to rend and destroy.

He spoke as a man standing upon his grave, to whose utterances a receding as well as an opening world, was listening; whose movements were watched with close and eager scrutiny, not only by the friends and foes about him in the flesh, but by a cloud of witnesses in the spirit-land brought near, and made visible to him.

There were many tried and trusted friends gathered around. The indignation was strong and deep.

Colonel Stone, who was at his own residence at the time of the assault, went to break the news to Mrs. Reid, who, with the family all happy and unconscious of danger, still dwelt upon the pleasant table-talk.

She was told that her husband had been assaulted and injured. Not knowing the extent of the danger, fearing the

worst, she ordered her carriage, and determined to accompany Colonel Stone.

No human speech can portray the anguish of the meeting. She found her husband stricken, bewildered, with a numb, half conscious gaze of suffering in the eye that she had never seen there before, and with a light gone that she was never to see again.

What could she do but throw herself into his arms, repeating over and over, "Remember that we are not better than the Son of man, and He was betrayed, scourged, crucified;" and then, turning to those present, she implored that some of them would take her to the assassin, into his den, that she might demand of him why he had done this, and, if need be, lay down her own life.

Judge Reid looked at his wife. Her suffering was greater even than his own. His decision wavered. If she said so—if it would help her to bear this sorrow—he would take a shot-gun, go at once, pursue and slay, or be slain.

"No," she said, after a struggle no less bitter than his own, and that placed her upon the grave by the side of her husband, "we do not want the wretch's blood upon our hands, and on the future of our boy." No word from her lips encouraged him to seek personal revenge.

Death had no further terrors to him; it was easier to die than to live and be branded as a coward. It was more difficult than death to live and let the assassin live.

Treachery, outrage, violence, ignominy, had extinguished the light of hope and joy, that but a few moments before had glorified the world and made beautiful the places whereon he stood.

In the blinding torture, a light was beaming towards him from another world; the image of a crucified Saviour was lifted before his gaze; a voice was heard that said: "Vengeance is mine. I will repay." "Remember that you are not better than the Son of man, who was betrayed, scourged, crucified."

To suffer through life all that this outrage entailed upon him, without the shedding of blood; or, to suffer the same with the blood of his betrayer upon his hands: this was the question. There was no measure to his suffering in either case.

There would have been no difficulty then, nor ever afterward, in taking the assassin's life. There were those—and they were many—who said, "We will go with you, disarm this man, stand by you until you have wreaked your vengeance upon him; and not a hair of your head shall be harmed."

"Sugared vengeance was set before him by the high and mighty of the State, robbed of every possible taint of bitterness by assurances, everywhere, that he could roll it as a sweet morsel under his tongue; and so far from there being a Court in the land that would harm a hair of his head, he could walk through the flames unscathed, and thousands would honor him. It was not necessary that he should soil his own hands; mere connivance would insure his revenge."*

From four different directions word came to Mrs. Reid (after Judge Reid had gone on his canvass): "If you say so, we will come and mob Cornelison."

There was not a member of Judge Reid's family—so great was their devotion to him, so intense their suffering under the outrage, and their hatred to the murderer—but would have taken the assassin's life at the cost of their own, had there been the permission, and the right in so doing. The boy writes from Princeton College, N. J., April 19, 1884:

DEAR MAMMA:—It is with the deepest regret and anger—I will not say humiliation—that I learned of the unfortunate encounter between my father and that shameless coward, Cornelison. At first I did not realize the size of the insult; but as the facts become clearer and clearer to me, the more do I see the neccessity of avenging it.

* C. C. Moore.

Can we see the political course—the honor of one so dear to us both, the reputation and fair name of the whole family, suffer debasement at the hands of a coward and a villain? The noble and straightforward conduct of my father in his explanatory note is worthy of a gentleman; but it is not enough. The coward *must* be chastised. I am ready and *anxious* to return home at the slightest hint from either of you; and in case of farther complications I will not be an idle spectator where *all* that is dear to me is intimately involved. I would I could take the burden upon my shoulders, and that I were at home to share and endure everything with you. I for the present pray God to protect our home, and keep its unity, whatever may befall us, intact. I hear of the indignation of our friends; but how can they erase the blot? A wrong done a family can only be righted by a member of the family. I again beseech you, call me home in farther need. I would come at once if I knew the future. Love to you, and God help us all. REID.

The niece in California writes:

MY DEAR NOBLE UNCLE:—Only a few moments ago, on opening the *Courier-Journal*, I was completely overwhelmed with what I saw. To think that I should have been in ignorance to this time! that you, the best man and truest that ever faced his fellow-man, should be subjected to this! My brain reels, and the very impotency of my rage doubles on itself! *I could kill him with far less compunction* than I could shoot a dog. Yet even now your grand Christian character begins to calm me. O God! that such can be, and then must be endured for His sake! Surely the reward must be great when rewards come. May God protect His worthy disciple. Lovingly and devotedly,

SALLIE.

Judge Reid decided upon his course. He took the more difficult part. He would leave this man to the vengeance of God—to his own remorse—to the punishment of the law—to the scorn of the world whose civilization, justice, decency, religion, he had outraged. He would not avenge himself. He would bear the cross; the Son of man would bear one end before him. He would wear the crown of thorns. He would take up his martyrdom, and, if God so willed, live and struggle on.

He did not know that the crown of thorns would be pressed down by vengeful hands until the last drop of blood should flow. He did not know that Pilate would make

friends with Herod, that the persecution and anguish might be complete. He did not know that the voice of the high priest would be raised to cry out, and call to others to cry out: "Release unto us Barabbas, and crucify the suffering follower of Christ." He did not know that he would pass through crucifixion to death—that the nails would be driven deeper day by day—that, even in death, relentless malice would thrust the spear into the broken heart. He knew that he would tread the *via dolorosa*, but all along the way he knew the steps were marked by blood-drops from the bleeding form of the Divine Sufferer. Into all this anguish, this weary way, he entered, assured that even in the valley of the shadow of death, God would be with him.

Not all at once, but through the month's agony that lifted the soul of Judge Reid above the restrictions of the body, beyond the limits of time and the confines of the earthly life, did he more and more subordinate all personal motive to conformity to those immutable truths upon which the foundations of his character were laid—truths that underlie the temple of the Christian religion; upon which the superstructure of modern civilization rests; that in the person of the Son of God were nailed to the cross on Calvary,—that in Him won the victory over Death and the Grave, and in His resurrection were brought forth to life and light and immortality.

He was never more a Judge, never invested with higher judicial honors, than when he unrolled the record of his life, and in the light of all the facts and testimony rendered the decision for which he had no precedent in human jurisprudence: leaving to the laws he administered and the people he served the vindication of his cause and the punishment of the criminal. And when Judge Reid stands at the foot of the Throne, and the record of his life is again reviewed in the Court of Last Resort, there will be no reversal of judgment in the appeal taken to Infinite Justice and Truth.

Then what would the poor puny revenge of the human arm have been, that it should have raised itself to thwart that Omnipotent Arm pledged to vengeance?

Did Judge Reid believe or hope that the crime against him would go unpunished? Did he believe there were any means within his power, even the taking of the assassin's life, that could mete out a measure of wrath adequate to the guilt of the offender? Nay, verily! So certainly did he see this omnipotent wrath pursuing the criminal through all his future, so clearly did he see and realize the shame and disgrace entailed upon the criminal's family, that when he spoke of him and his, it was more in pity than in anger. Of the children, he said: "They should change their name. What a weight to carry through life!" "He can never do anything to repair the wrong done to me, but he can do what he may to save his own soul," he replied to one seeking to know what reparation would be acceptable.

In regard to the action of the church, he said: "I have nothing to do with it; it is a matter between them and him." Again: "How much better, by far, to be as I am than as he is!" And at last: "Before God, I have done no wrong; I am without guilt." "I shall never cease to be thankful that I have not taken this man's life. I have never for a moment regretted my decision."

This, too, when he writes to his wife: "Sometimes I feel as if I should fall beneath the great burden. Then again I reflect, I have done right, and push on. I try to bear manfully the crisis that is upon me. . . . . Though I see my way of duty clear, the malice of my enemies is sleepless, and there seems no end. God help me to endure the trial, to come out of the furnace of affliction. . . . . I am not well, but *must* go. . . . . I need God and your prayers."

Then there was that other vengeance of the human law that Judge Reid felt would overtake his betrayer. Not only as a Christian, but as a Judge—a representative of the

majesty and authority of Law and Justice—he refused to take into his own hands that vengeance which belonged to God and to the constituted authorities of the State—the "powers that be" being ordained of God "for vengeance on evil doers, and for praise to them that do well." In the face of a false and pernicious public sentiment, worthy only of a barbarous age, which brands a man as a coward who will not usurp the authority of the State by taking vengeance into his own hands, Judge Reid, with a sublime courage, was true to his official position, true to his Christian profession. Talk of cowardice! It would have been easy, and grateful to the pleadings of passion, to yield to the popular demand for personal vengeance—especially as it was likely to work favorably on his interests in the coming election; but it required the loftiest courage to defy the popular clamor, repress the hot impulses of his own outraged nature, risk his success in the coming election, and meekly bear the sneers and jibes and insults of such as could understand and appreciate nothing higher than brute passion. We shall never know to what extent this brave example of fidelity to the law of the State and the law of Christ has startled the people of this country into new conceptions of the majesty of Law and the excellence of the Gospel. Certain it is that the civilization of this country has been terribly disgraced, not only by exhibitions of lawlessness and personal revenge, but by a false public sentiment which has so widely and rigorously demanded and justified such outrages on law and order for the sake of what is called personal honor. The demoralizing and disorganizing influence of this widespread false sentiment is seen in such tragedies as that we are now contemplating, where meanness, cowardice, perfidy, treachery, malignity, and cruelty, take shelter under a false code of honor, and manliness, truth, honor, generosity, and nobility of soul, are sought to be stamped out under the heel of brute force. This false and tyrannous sentiment is not apt to be revolutionized except by such terri-

ble demonstrations of its legitimate workings as this case presents. If it shall prove that Judge Reid has been the Curtius to end these horrors at the sacrifice of his own life, then was he greater in his death than in his life, and his memory will be ever glorious.

CHAPTER XVI.

A REVIEW OF THE NOMINAL CAUSE OF THE ASSAULT.

And for what had this outrage been perpetrated? For what was Judge Reid to be destroyed? For what was the torture, the persecution, inflicted?

A decision had been rendered in the Superior Court unfavorable to the assassin, and reflecting upon his practices as a lawyer, charging him with "fraud and conspiracy." A decision in which Judge Reid had taken no part;* a decision rendered in Judge Reid's absence from Frankfort, by Judge Richards, concurred in by Judge Bowden, and with the words added: "Judge Reid not sitting."

Judge Richards to Judge Reid.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 17, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:— . . . . As to the charge which Cornelison makes against you, I wish to make the following statement for the benefit of all concerned: I wrote the opinion in the case. You never spoke a word about it to me before the decision. On the contrary, you were absent when I first took up the record, and did not return to Frankfort until after the conclusion and consideration of the case by Judge Bowden and myself. As to the opinion, I am officially and jointly responsible with Judge Bowden; personally, I alone am responsible. Very truly, Yours, in great haste, A. E. RICHARDS.

Judge Reid had learned from a friend of Cornelison that he was reflecting upon him concerning this decision; therefore, upon the first occasion of meeting him, he introduced the subject, and told Cornelison that he had taken no part in the decision. In this Judge Reid acted not only

*For statement in full of this case and decision, see Col. Stone's speech.

as a gentleman and friend, but also as a Christian; he sought the opportunity to explain.*

This conversation occurred on Sunday morning, March 23, near the church Judge Reid attended; and the hours of divine service found him in his accustomed place. The subject passed from his mind. He continued active in the discharge of his duties, and went on his tour through his District in the interests of his canvass, unconscious of evil, ignorant of the conspiracy for his destruction.

On this same Sunday, notwithstanding the friendly conversation, and Judge Reid's statement, Cornelison goes to his office and perfects his plan of assault; decides upon what he will do. He did not go to church, lest, as he afterwards said, Judge Reid should break the loaf.†

But the assassin gives as his reason for doubting Judge Reid's word, that there were, upon the margin of the record in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, written in red pencil, the words: "why," "his fee," "to his own statements;" and that these words were in Judge Reid's handwriting; and that, therefore, he had evidence sufficient to convince him that Judge Reid had influenced his Court to render a decision that greatly injured, or ruined him as a lawyer.

There were other marginal annotations in blue pencil. These red pencil marks Cornelison shows to four witnesses,‡ who, he claims, identified them as Judge Reid's writing.

But Cornelison himself, it appears, had not seen the record, and did not know of these red pencil memoranda until March 29, six days after he admits he planned the assault. On this day, March 29, he goes to Frankfort, sees Judge Bowden, gets from him an order for extending the time for

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*This account is from the sworn testimony at the time of Cornelison's trial. For further elucidation of the facts and testimony, see Col. Stone's speech, only a summary being here given.

†As Elder of the church, Judge Reid was frequently called upon, on occasion of his return from Frankfort, to preside at the Communion Table.

‡H. Clay McKee, J. R. P. Tucker, R. A. Mitchell, James H. Hazelrigg.

filing a petition for rehearing until April 16. This order, written in ink, Cornelison takes to the Clerk of the Superior Court, Capt. Poore, who attaches it to the record. Cornelison brings the record with him to Mt. Sterling. These witnesses testify that *it was after this* that they were shown the red pencil writing—about the first of April.

Two of these witnesses* (Circuit Clerk and ex-Circuit Clerk) who should have been most familiar with Judge Reid's hand-writing, testify that they were shown only the words "why," and "his fee." Although the words, "to his own statements," were upon the next page, they did not see them; and had they been shown these last words, they could not have said they looked a particle like Judge Reid's writing. Three of the four testify that they were not told of the nature of the record shown; did not know what papers they were. They were therefore taken at chance, and could not know of the importance to be given to their decision, nor of its connection with the murderous purpose in the mind of Cornelison. The written order he did not show to two of these witnesses. The fourth testifies that he said to Cornelison: "It is a very difficult matter to identify a man's handwriting. Take the record with you, and ask Capt. Poore who wrote these words in red pencil." (Cornelison did not say whether he would do so or not.) These four witnesses "thought" the handwriting to be Judge Reid's; they "believed" it "looked like his," though it was "very difficult to decide upon a man's writing from a few words."

But, Judge Bowden testifies, under oath, that the words in red pencil, and the written order, were in *his* handwriting; the blue pencil marks were Judge Richards's. There was no mark or word of Judge Reid's on the record anywhere, of any kind. These witnesses, upon whose evidence Cornelison states he founded his belief, making it the nominal cause of his dastardly crime, all admit that they would not have identified the same handwriting in the red pencil words and

* Mitchell and Tucker.

the written order, though they admit a general resemblance in the H's; that they could not identify the same handwriting in pencil and in ink; that they had not identified Judge Bowden's; but upon and after his sworn testimony, they were bound to admit that the red pencil words, "why," and "his fee," "to his own statements," were in Judge Bowden's writing, and the same as that in the written order.* Farther, these witnesses all testify that Cornelison was Judge Reid's professed friend; his warm supporter in the Appellate race; had been his friend for years prior and up to the time of the assault.

Cornelison had been in Frankfort, but had made no inquiry of Judge or Clerk concerning the marginal words. He returns the record, but still makes no inquiry. The record is in Frankfort on April 16, when he consummates his diabolical plan, and is brought by Capt. Poore to Mt. Sterling on the second day after—April 18, 1884.

For farther information we introduce the testimony of Judges Bowden and Richards, and of the Clerk of the Court, Capt. Poore, as given at the time of Cornelison's trial.

Judge J. H. Bowden testifies:

He was one of the Judges of the Superior Court; had been since the Court was organized. The other members were A. E. Richards and Richard Reid; the latter till his death in May last. Judge Richards wrote the opinion of the Court in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and I afterwards examined and read the record, and concurred in the opinion. Reid never mentioned or talked to me about the case, or tried to influence my opinion in any way, directly or indirectly. I have no knowledge that Reid ever did so to Judge Richards. I have now before me the original record of the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, which record belongs to the Superior Court, and the words in red pencil on the margin, "why," on page thirty-six, and "his fee," on page thirty-seven, and "to his own statements," on page thirty-eight of said record, are all in my own handwriting, and those in blue pencil are in the handwriting of Judge Richards. That

*One witness, H. C. McKee, still differed with Judge Bowden concerning his own handwriting!

defendant, the first time he ever saw him, came to his (witness's) room, in South Frankfort, Ky., about, or close to time, when the time for filing petition for rehearing was about to expire, and I wrote for him, in his presence, the order attached to the record extending time for filing petition for rehearing until April 16, 1884, and defendant did not then have the record with him, but took the order to give to the Clerk. Reid and Richards were not then in Frankfort, and I do not know that defendant had ever seen the record. That usually, in reading records, the Judge who reads it first makes marks or catch-words on the margin in blue pencil, and the next Judge uses red pencil. . . . Defendant came to his room and got the time extended in which to file petition for rehearing, which was nearly thirty days after the opinion had been delivered. Defendant never at any time asked me whose handwriting said pencil marks were in, on the margin of said record. There are no words or memoranda on the margin of said record in the handwriting of Judge Reid, or on or about the record anywhere. I signed my name to the opinion in said case. I know Judge Reid's handwriting; have seen it often.

Judge A. E. Richards was next introduced by the Commonwealth, who proved he had been one of the Judges of the Superior Court since its organization. He testified:

I wrote the opinion in Howard *vs* Cornelison. I made the blue pencil marks on the margin of the original record of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and those in red pencil, the words "why," and "his fee," and "to his own statements," are in Judge Bowden's handwriting, and I have the said record before me; have seen him write often. Richard Reid never mentioned anything to me about the said case before rendition of said opinion, nor did he ever do so to Judge Bowden to my knowledge. Judge Reid never in any way, directly or indirectly, tried to influence me in said opinion. I have seen Judge Reid write often, and know his handwriting. There is not a word, or any writing of any kind, on said transcript from beginning to end in Judge Reid's handwriting. No inquiry was ever made of me by defendant as to whose handwriting said marginal memoranda were in. When I wrote the statement at the foot of the original opinion written by me, I wrote, "Judge Reid not sitting," because of the fact that Reid & Stone's names were to the petition. My recollection is clear that Judge Reid was not in Frankfort when the said case was taken up and decided by Judge Bowden and myself. He (witness) did not know defendant; had never seen him until after the opinion had been rendered, unless he had seen him when defendant was sworn in as a practicing attorney of the Superior Court.

Capt. Poore testifies:

That he was Deputy Clerk of the Court of Appeals, and had been since the organization of the Superior Court, and that he attended more especially to that Court. That he was acquainted with Judge Bowden and his handwriting, and had before him the original case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and had seen Bowden write and knew his handwriting well; and that the words "why" and "his fee" on the margin of said record, on pages 36 and 37, and the words "To his own statements" on page 38, are all in red pencil, and are in Bowden's handwriting, in his opinion. There are no words or writing on said transcript, or the papers filed in said record, in Judge Reid's handwriting—whose handwriting I know very well, having seen him write often. That defendant, Cornelison, never at any time inquired of me whose handwriting said words in red pencil on the margin of said record were in. I attached the order of Judge Bowden extending the time for filing petition for rehearing. It was brought to me by defendant and done March 29, 1884. Defendant, Cornelison, had the record out of the office on one or more occasions. I brought the record up to Mt. Sterling on the next day after the assault, April 17, 1884, or April 18.

On cross-examination proved that he remembered the defendant brought to him the written order for filing petition for rehearing, written by Judge Bowden and extending time to and including April 16, 1884, and that in the presence of defendant he attached the order to the record on March 29, 1884, and defendant, with consent of witness, brought the record home with him, and that it was usual and customary for attorneys to take records home with them. Witness remembers distinctly that on the 16th of April, 1884, the original record in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, now before witness, was in the Clerk's office of the Court of Appeals at Frankfort, Ky., and had been returned some time before, and was not in Mt. Sterling on the 16th of April, 1884; but witness brought it up to Mt. Sterling in a few days afterwards.

By permission, the following extract is copied from a letter written from Mt. Sterling, December, 1884:

This decision was rendered on the 27th or 28th of February, and published in the *Courier-Journal* immediately afterwards. In it they (the Court) reflected severely upon the character of J. J. Cornelison. The day after the newspaper reached here, I heard the matter talked about in two lawyers' offices. In one, H. C. McKee manifested that he was not pleased. In the other office it was freely discussed, and

every lawyer present concurred with the Court in the justice of the strictures upon Cornelison. It was the town talk.

. . . . . .

Now, Cornelison's lawyers assume that these three men were competent and qualified to swear to a man's handwriting, on three words of three letters each, written in pencil. Three experts in the village of Mt. Sterling, who determine on a man's handwriting on three words of three letters each, in pencil! Charles Reade, in his novel, "Foul Play," makes the fate of the hero to depend upon the decision of an expert in handwriting. It is an exhaustive discussion of the question. According to him, there was but one man in the city of London whose opinion on handwriting was entitled to any weight, though there were hundreds of men who claimed they were skilled and expert.

. . . . . .

Mr. Trickett, pastor of the Christian Church here, said to me, and had said to others, that Stone's speech was the first to enable him to understand the whole case; and that he was fully satisfied that the real cause of the assault by Cornelison upon Judge Reid was not even alluded to during the whole trial by either side. I told him I fully concurred with him. *

Again, he states that Judge Reid turned traitor to him as his attorney. Had Judge Reid been in fact his attorney before entering the Superior Court, he knew as a lawyer that this of itself would have debarred him from taking any part in the decision. But Judge Hazelrigg, who represented Cornelison as his lawyer in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and subsequently in his defense, states that Judge Reid took no part in the case, either in its preparation or argument.

Col. Stone states that he and Judge Hazelrigg prepared Cornelison's case, and that he alone briefed it for the Superior Court, and that Judge Reid had nothing to do with it. Judge Reid himself said: "Neither as attorney or Judge did I have anything to do with the case in either Court."

The whole of Cornelison's charge against Judge Reid and his Court was a challenge of the authority, a denial of the right, of the Superior Court to render a righteous de-

* Dr. Darby to his daughter in California.

cision. The Court had decided that this lawyer's practices constituted a fraudulent conspiracy. It had the right, and it was its duty, if it so believed, to make such a decision.

But his charge was, "that, professing to be his friend, being an Elder in the same church to which he belonged, he had almost conclusive evidence that Judge Reid was traitor to his interests, and in an underhand manner was doing all in his power to defame and slander him to the fellow members of his Court." This is to say, that not only could Judge Reid forget his position as Judge and gentleman; not only could this man, elected without opposition to his high office—whom Cornelison had supported and was again professedly supporting for a similar position upon the Appellate bench—become corrupt and untruthful, but that being so himself, he knew the other members of his Court to be likewise dishonorable, and that he could influence them to unworthy practices.

It is readily seen that only a man capable of fraud and conspiracy could conceive of such utter corruption in Judges who could have no motive to serve in deciding a case for or against a lawyer who, up to the time of this assault, had hardly been known outside of his own village.

From all this it is seen that the professed nominal cause of the assault upon Judge Reid was false; stated to be false by Judge Reid, by the other members of the Court, and upon sworn testimony; by Col. Stone, who prepared the brief; by Cornelison's own lawyer; and admitted by himself to be false—for he abandons his plea and seeks another.

It might be supposed that, a great crime having been committed against an innocent man, upon false information or a false belief, or a false charge, the criminal, if he had possessed a spark of humanity, upon learning the truth, would have been overwhelmed with remorse, would have sought expiation for his guilt, and made reparation by all possible means to the injured victim; or, if there was just cause of grievance, sought some other offending party.

But no sooner is the first published pretext proved false, than Cornelison goes back through several years in search of justification for his malice. About a year before the assault, he had been removed from the office of Master Commissioner, which, he said, yielded him six hundred dollars a year! He had been appointed to this office by Judge Elliott, at the solicitation of Judge Reid and others, but had since then become odious to many lawyers and citizens of Mt. Sterling, and petitions for his removal were signed by them and presented time and again to Judge Riddell.

His chief witness, friend, bondsman, and law partner,* testified that on one occasion he approached Judge Reid of his own volition, asking him to sign a remonstrance against Cornelison's removal; that Judge Reid said to him and to Cornelison, who had entered Mr. Stone's office when the three were engaged in conversation, that if proper for him as Judge of the Superior Court to do so, he would sign the counter petition; and that he said Cornelison was a good Commissioner.

In the conversation on March 23rd, 1884, Cornelison intimated to Judge Reid that he had secretly influenced Judge Riddell to remove him. Judge Reid denied this at that time, and stated that he had used no influence against him.

This removal, however, was an old event, and since that time, by his own statements, by the mouths of his witnesses, and by a friendly letter to him from Judge Reid concerning the latter's canvass, he is proved, as has already been shown, to have been professedly his warm friend and supporter.

During the years in which he claims that the alleged causes of his enmity against Judge Reid had their origin, he had twice supported him for office, and had been supported in turn by Judge Reid in his race for County Judge, in which he was defeated by Judge Winn.

Again, it was known that Judge Riddell had said that he would have removed Cornelison from the Master Com-

* R. A. Mitchell.

missionership long before he did, but that the leading lawyers of the town, Reid & Stone and Holt, had not signed the petition for his removal:—that the lawyers at the bar nearly worried the life out of him to have Cornelison removed.

From Dr. Darby's Letter.

DECEMBER 10, 1884.

I was told yesterday, after the trial, by Capt. Havens, one of the editors of the *Sentinel-Democrat*, that Judge Riddell said to him two years before Cornelison was removed, and had frequently spoken of it afterwards, that the members of the Bar were continually petitioning him to remove Cornelison; that he did not know whom to appoint; if he (Havens) would accept the office, he would immediately remove Cornelison, and give him (Havens) the office; that he would have removed him anyhow, but for the fact that Reid & Stone and Holt, the largest and most influential lawyers, would not sign the petition for his removal.

Also, in these years through which Cornelison roamed with retrospective malice, he had asked and received assistance from Judge Reid in the preparation of his cases. On one occasion Mrs. Reid remonstrated with her husband upon going down street after supper, as it was an unusual thing for him to leave home in the evening. He explained that he had promised to help Cornelison in briefing a case for the Court of Appeals, and must go. Some time afterward he said to her: "Do you think Cornelison has ever thanked me for my assistance with that brief, and that, too, after winning his case in the Court of Appeals? I did not expect a fee, and would not have accepted it; but he might have offered it, and had the courtesy to acknowledge my assistance. He has never mentioned the matter."

Also, in regard to the Master Commissionership, it is known Judge Riddell had said: "It is only necessary to do Cornelison a favor, to get his everlasting enmity." But under no state of case could the removal of any man from the office of Master Commissioner have been a *casus belli*.

Eight of the lawyers at the Mt. Sterling Bar, and many citizens, otherwise, should have been slain.

Another of Cornelison's grave *ex post facto* charges against Judge Reid, was that he and Colonel Howard had become friends after Reid went upon the Bench; that the two were seen in close conversation and seemed embarrassed when he, Cornelison, came up! To such small subterfuges was he at last forced to resort—that a man's friendships or enmities should afford sufficient cause for such outrage and murder! A man must be slain because he receives another's proffered friendship, with whom he had been at variance! But as the other assigned causes add a deeper shade to the crime, so does this serve only to deepen, if possible, the guilt of the criminal; and some facts are herewith given for the first time, that under other circumstances would have been left to the silence of the grave.

As at the time of the trial, no witnesses were allowed who could prove what Judge Reid had said, or what his friends and others had heard him say, there were many assertions upon the part of Cornelison and his lawyers and witnesses, that went unexplained—this interview with Col. Howard in particular. Mrs. Reid says, that on the occasion of Col. Howard's first approaching Judge Reid, she had driven down street for her husband, as was her wont, and was much surprised, though pleased, to find him in conversation with the Colonel; for the latter was in a sure decline, with no hope entertained of his recovery. Upon getting into the phaeton Judge Reid also expressed his surprise, saying that Col. Howard had approached him; said that he knew his own condition of health; that he desired to make friends with him; that he had done him, Reid, an injustice; had been misled and misinformed, and there was a matter he wished to explain; and then went on to state the conduct of Cornelison in a certain matter. Mrs. Reid said: "This is a very grave and serious charge; he should give you his proof; and you should take his affidavit,

as he is so near death." "No," said Judge Reid, "I do not wish to injure Cornelison, he is my friend; I would not if I could. Besides, it would only be said that Col. Howard is now his enemy." This interview had no reference whatever to the suit of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and was doubtless the one witnessed by the latter.

Judge Reid and Col. Howard continued to speak as acquaintances after this, until the death of the Colonel, which shortly after occurred.

It is impossible, in view of all the evidence, to resist the conclusion, that if the decision in the Superior Court was a motive cause prompting Cornelison in his assault upon Judge Reid, the offense was not that Judge Reid had influenced his Court, but that he had not influenced it; that he had not prostituted his high office, his official honor, his moral integrity, to save this man from the charge of entering into a conspiracy as an attorney to defraud attaching creditors—that to put it out of the power of said creditors to detect the fraud being practiced upon them, he had signed a writing by which he falsely stated a note was given him for professional services to be rendered by him.* "There was not the pretense of a consideration to uphold the note. The transaction was most vicious, conceived in fraud and brought forth in iniquity."† . . . "Yet the Appellee (Cornelison) testifies that all he so wrote was a falsehood."‡

No! Judge Reid had sinned by non-interference. Cornelison was—although the proof shows "that Judge Riddell had his ear," and he was playing a double part—the open and professed supporter of Judge Reid, and the latter had, by default, allowed the cloak to be removed from his "degrading practices as a lawyer;"—"his business was thereby injured," his "reputation as a lawyer" was ruined; therefore it was, that the disgrace that had come upon him, was

* From decision by Judge Richards, pages 14, 15 of Col. Stone's speech.
† Brief of ex-Appellate Judge B. J. Peters.
‡ Brief of Col. Holt (present Appellate Judge).

to be visited upon Judge Reid's unsuspecting and unoffending head. He knew before the assault, as well as after, that Judge Reid was not a party to the decision, and that his only guilt was the absence of all wrong doing.

The late Hon. Isaac Caldwell, of the Louisville Bar, in his speech at the unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of the lamented Judge John M. Elliott, thus alluded to the assault upon Judge Richard Reid:

> This was a cowardly assault, as well as brutal, and, from the statements of the offending lawyer published in the public prints, absolutely without a pretense of justification. The shallow pretext upon which this unparalleled assault is made is, that the lawyer suspected the Judge of having been false to him in a case decided by the Superior Court, in which the assaulted Judge took no part, either in hearing or in decision. The opinion of the Court, rendered by two other Judges of the Superior Court, had held that this belligerent lawyer was proven by the record to have been guilty of a most unprofessional and disgraceful fraud; and it is impossible to read all that he has written without coming to the conclusion that his real cause of quarrel was that the assaulted Judge had not abused his place on the Bench to protect him from this public exposure and disgrace.

Was ever crime more finished? Was one ever more complete in all its proportions? What single outrage had ever combined so many or such hideous elements? What in all the dark category of inhuman cruelties was not found in this? What holy principle had not been violated? One man had constituted himself judge, jury, law, lawyer, witness and executioner. Boasting of his church membership, seeking refuge behind it, he perfects his plan upon the Lord's Day, sacred to the resurrection of a crucified Saviour, while his victim officiates at the Holy Communion, commemorative of the body broken and the blood shed for the remission of sin. The time is spent, between the finishing of the plot and its consummation, in providing a plausible pretext; inventive malice finds charge after charge;

each being proved false, is abandoned, and (according to his own statements) the crime stands without a cause and without a palliating circumstance. Was ever victim more unsuspecting, more confiding? Did one ever go more trustingly to his betrayal, or was one ever more helpless in the hour and power of darkness?

If Cornelison had believed that he had a just grievance against Judge Reid, or a tenable pretext of grievance, there were within reach the proper means of redress.

Had there been any violation of law, the Courts were open, and Judge Reid could have been arraigned, and his conduct as citizen investigated before these.

Had he been guilty of unprofessional conduct as a Judge, there was still an appeal to a tribunal elected by the people. Or had he been guilty of an offense which the arm of human law could not reach, there was that other tribunal, the church, before which could be brought and tried any charge of moral or religious dereliction.

His nominal grievance was, that his reputation as a lawyer was ruined by the decision of the Superior Court, and that Judge Reid was responsible. Therefore, had Cornelison respected his own reputation as a lawyer, or believed that it could be retrieved, there was the appeal to the laws of the land.

He did not resort to "other means" because of his "church membership." He did not attend church on the 23rd of March, "lest Judge Reid should break the loaf!" Therefore, out of respect to his professed and newly developed piety (in view of his perfected plan of assault), he should, for the sake of consistency at least, have appealed to the church in which he boasted of membership, and in which Judge Reid was an Elder.

But if, setting aside all law, human and divine, he was determined upon personal and violent redress or revenge, there were still left two methods of settling a difficulty,

claiming to be governed by a code of honor among men who assume to belong to the class of gentlemen.

The first of these, known as the duel, has come down from the Romans; and according to this code, the necessary arrangements are made, and the time and place appointed for a fair and equal contest.

The second, inaugurated by Col. Bowie, of Maryland, who fought to the death on his sick-bed in the Alamo at San Antonio, is known in Kentucky, at least, if not throughout the South, as an open street-fight. In this, the man who does not intend to place himself among assassins, who hopes to maintain even among men of violence and blood, a vestige of a reputation for honor and courage, warns his antagonist that he intends to attack, and calls to know if he is ready. If the answer is: "I am unarmed; I am not ready; I can not defend myself;"—then the assailing party waits till his opponent is armed, dividing, in default of all other resources, his own weapons, that there can be no suspicion or charge of advantage taken.*

If, as a relic of barbarism, Judge Reid had declined the first of these methods, there remained the second. If, as a man of peace, whose hand had never been raised in anger against a human being, he declined the second also, there remained to his assailant at least the last honorable plea of a warning and a consequent opportunity for defense.

But as Cornelison set aside every honorable means of approaching Judge Reid, the latter became the unwarned, unarmed, unsuspecting, unprepared, defenseless victim of an assassin, of a bully without courage, of a man who can not claim even a reputable standing among noted criminals.†

It is not believed by a friend of Judge Reid, nor by a member of his family, that the entire ulterior motives that

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* From a Review of the Assault, by Dr. Darby.

† Therefore it is, in speaking of this crime, the only term that seems properly to characterize the criminal, is the word most frequently used in the public press—the term "assassin."

prompted Cornelison to the perpetration of his crime have ever been given to the public—nor that the full truth concerning the assault has ever been told. Judge Reid himself did not know—could not tell. The only living witness is the assassin himself; and it is not now to be hoped that the full truth will be made known in this life—the time having passed when a sincere repentance or genuine remorse would produce an honest confession in order that, perchance, the curse of innocent blood might be averted from himself and his household. Nor is it believed that he has given the true date of the conception of his plot. He has given, perhaps, the day of its perfection. He himself runs his malice backward through many years, though his reasons assigned are false. The entire plot was too complicated, too practiced, too well rehearsed, too skillful in its execution, to have admitted of recent or hasty preparation. It required time, generalship, diabolical ingenuity, to arrange successfully to commit a crime that could be punished only by mob law, and yet escape the mob; to disable so far that the victim was powerless, and yet produce death by a process of torture; to wither the soul, and yet leave the sense of suffering, while destroying the body; to select, secure and secrete the proper number, size and quality of weapons with which to execute the fiendish design; to survey the field and choose the proper vantage ground, where all escape seemed cut off, where no cry for help could reach a friendly ear or bring a saving arm, where there could be no interference, no separation, no witnesses by whose mouths the true report of the execution could be given to the world; to lure, win, secure the victim; to conceal the deadly purpose under the impenetrable guise of friendship, political support, the hospitable invitation, and proffered aid in exposing an enemy; to place the chair properly at the table; to provide employment for the hands; to obtain the proper angle of the head; to select carefully the exact spot where the first blow

of the bludgeon could be most effectively struck; and at last so to reverse and warp the truth, that the victim should suffer more from falsehood than from the real truth concerning the outrage. Nothing but long and patient study, sure and deliberate calculation, could have insured such success. Prevention in the smallest particular would have revealed or ruined the entire plot.

Nor is it possible to conceive of a monster being born full-grown in a day. It takes a long process of development, the training of a long concatenation of circumstance, to produce one. The monster is seen; the atrocity is perpetrated; but how far back, how deep down, the direful influences or the rooted malice, human intelligence fails to discern.

CHAPTER XVII.

INDIGNATION—CORNELISON HUNG IN EFFIGY—MEETING OF CITIZENS—DR. KAVANAUGH'S ADDRESS—TELEGRAMS, LETTERS, RESOLUTIONS OF CITIZENS—OF THE BAR—OF THE PULPIT—OPINION THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

The news of the outrage upon Judge Reid flashed over the country. Men stood appalled at the magnitude of the crime. The excitement was intense. The indignation was loud and deep and universal. Of all the crimes that had stained "the dark and bloody ground," none equaled this. The first false accounts sent forth, while seeking to cover the assault under the deepest ignominy to Judge Reid, brought only a deeper shame and disgrace to the assassin. With the truth but partially understood, there was but one voice of condemnation, of outspoken and withering denunciation of the crime and the criminal. A Judge, a President, assassinated in broad daylight, upon open thoroughfares—what infamy was there! But here is a Judge decoyed into a death-trap—assaulted, outraged, destroyed! The cunning and hypocrisy of the betrayal, the cruel devices of a coward seeking to hide his crime, added to the strength of the assassin's arm! If such a man as Judge Reid was to be stricken down in the prime of his life, in the midst of his brilliant career of usefulness to his State and his generation, who was safe? Where was the end to be? Law and justice were trampled down. Security in life and person, civilization, liberty, were all myths! Communism was rife. To what depths would malice and revenge not descend to accomplish their ends? What officer, judicial or executive,

could henceforth discharge his duties without danger of personal harm?

From pulpit and press and bar; from citizens and corporations and churches; from friends and strangers; from men and women; from religious people of all denominations; from railroad officials and business men of every profession; from all parts of the country, from Washington to Chicago, from New York to San Francisco, through telegram, and letter, and editorial, and resolutions, there came to Judge Reid and his suffering wife and family a universal outpouring of sympathy, encouragement and support.

All thinking men, even those outside of any professed religious faith, whether Judge, statesman, or politician, seemed to realize the grand opportunity given Judge Reid to stand firm by the principles of his religion, to brave the public sentiment that ruled in Kentucky, and that perchance would have prompted themselves to a different course.

The press exhausted the English tongue in the endeavor to characterize the crime properly. Other crimes were robbed of their distinctive elements; but at last the name of the assassin was the only synonym found for the combined elements of betrayal, violence, hypocrisy, falsehood, outrage upon the legal profession in which he claimed recognition, and upon the church in which he boasted membership.

Friends who could, came in person by day and by night, by railway and private conveyance, to visit the stricken household. They realized as with one accord and by common instinct the fearful, fiery ordeal through which Judge Reid was called to pass; the perplexity of the surroundings; the complications involved; the necessity, now, that he should be supported and vindicated, in the stand he had taken, by success in the Appellate race.

Judge Reid had sown, through all his life, the seeds of kindness and love and good deeds; and now he reaped a hundredfold in the friendship and fidelity of true and loyal

hearts. In the darkest hour of his Gethsemane he thanked God for these friends; for those who followed him with their prayers; for those who stood by him strong and firm, without flinching or wavering, when he went forth bearing his cross; who did not stop to ask what would be the popular voice, which the winning side, what was the best policy—who knew no side, no voice, no policy, but honest friendship, devotion to truth, loyalty to a wronged fellow-man, and fealty to an avenging God.

But to that God alone who fashioned the human heart and strung its every chord, could be known the mortal anguish, the tension of suffering, that was the portion of Judge Reid and his family; how day by day their hearts were withered and consumed by the burning sense of outrage that no sympathy or aid could subdue; how they closed not their eyes in sleep, lest they should be taken unawares, and the horror and torture come again; how they stretched forth their impotent arms in the despairing endeavor to undo the evil, and bring back joy and peace and brightness to the home that had been without a cloud; how, dazed and bewildered, not knowing which way to turn, they groped and struggled for the light, and sought the hand of God, if, possibly, it might be held out to them in the thick darkness; how, when the terrible truth was made known, and when he, who had left them radiant with happiness and clothed with the mantle of their love as a sufficient shield against every danger, came back to them a murdered soul—how they turned in dismay one to another and asked: "Had we not our morning prayer as usual this day?" and when the answer came, "Just as usual," how still they failed not, believing that God must be somewhere, though they could not see His face, to seek Him morning, noon, and night in secret prayer, or at the family altar, where the stricken one still raised his voice to God, saying, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee; yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I make my refuge until these

calamities be overpast; awake to help me; save me from bloody men, for lo, they lie in wait for my soul; they run and prepare themselves without my fault; deliver me from the workers of iniquity; defend me from them that rise up against me:"* and how, when it seemed that God heard not, and the anguish became more bitter to the soul, and the blackness of darkness hedged them in on every side, they still called and trusted; how they implored for strength to endure, wisdom and guidance to find the right path and to walk therein, and entreated that at last He would bring the innocent sufferer off more than conqueror over all the evil seeking to destroy.

Though there were local influences at work† to shield the assassin from the odium of his crime, yet Judge Reid's own town and county added an outspoken voice to the indignant cry that swept over the country, and, as one expression of the popular indignation of the community, Cornelison was hung in effigy at Mt. Sterling.

On Saturday, April 19, there was an indignation meeting of the citizens. Ex-Chief Justice B. J. Peters presided. Dr. Kavanaugh and others addressed the meeting. The following is the report of the proceedings, as published at the time in the papers:

Pursuant to notice, a large number of the citizens of the town and county met at the court-house Saturday evening, to consider the assault of J. J. Cornelison on Judge Reid.

On motion, Judge B. J. Peters was called to the chair, and J. C. Wood and D. B. Garrison were made secretaries.

The venerable ex-Chief Justice, on taking the chair, said that the occasion that called the people together was a solemn one, and he expected from them and their action absolute justice to both parties.

Col. Henry L. Stone, in a well-timed, temperate and forcible speech, set forth the causes that led to the meeting, and introduced the following resolutions:

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* From the last psalms read in family worship.

† Of which mention will be made hereafter.

Resolved, That the wanton and inexcusable assault made by J. J. Cornelison on Hon. Richard Reid, Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky, has filled us with the utmost indignation, and justly merits the unqualified condemnation of all good citizens.

Resolved, That the time has come in the history of Kentucky when the people are called upon to decide the issue clearly made in this instance between a defiance of the law on the one side, and obedience to the law on the other; whether one of their highest judicial officers is to be required to avenge himself by taking the blood of his assailant on his hands, thus trampling under foot the laws of God and man; or is to be commended for refraining from resort to violence, thus upholding the majesty of the law and the peace and good order of society.

Resolved, That Judge Richard Reid, in declining to violate the law by avenging his own wrongs after the commission of the assault upon him, under all the circumstances, has exhibited the highest degree of moral courage.

Judge M. M. Cassidy seconded the motion to adopt the resolutions.

The venerable Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh followed with a forcible and telling speech of tremendous power. The general impression is that some persons had gone to the meeting to create discord, but under the warmth of his oratory and the force of his logic all dissension melted away, and the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

R. Bruce Trimble also made a few remarks in support of the resolutions, after which the meeting adjourned.

The best of order prevailed, and the house was filled to its fullest capacity.

Colonel Stone read letters from Colonel Allen and Judge Hargis, which we published in Saturday's issue.

From the address of Dr. Kavanaugh the following extracts are taken:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—I am not a little surprised that I should be called upon for a speech, on this occasion, when I am comparatively a stranger, not connected with any of the prevailing parties in politics or otherwise.

But, sir, the sentiments of the resolutions now pending have a bearing upon the destiny of this country, and carry with them a profound importance to which no American citizen can be indifferent.

With regard to the personal controversy that has just given occasion for this meeting, I have nothing to say, as personally I know very little of either party. I had, some months ago, the honor of

an introduction to Judge Reid, and a few minutes' pleasant conversation with him. With J. J. Cornelison I have no acquaintance whatever. Hence, my remarks must refer to the principles involved, and not to the persons.

The question arises here, whether there are any circumstances under which a citizen could be justifiable in committing an act of violence upon an officer of the Government, holding a position as Judge of the Superior Court, where the act complained of was an official act.

Is it not a fact that the Judges of our Courts are but the agents and organs by which the law speaks, under the authority of which alone their decisions are made, so that in striking at the Judge you strike at the law, and at the sovereign people of whose will the law is the expression, and the Judge the chosen organ and exponent?

The principles here involved can not be limited to any community or State, but they underlie and form the basis of the great institutions of the American Republic.

Here are revealed the two forces that stand opposed to each other, the old Adam—the carnal mind, not subject to the law of God, and full of wrath, and enmity, and envy, and malice against man, like the troubled waters casting up mire and dirt. It was this principle that crucified the Saviour, that slew, in the first three centuries, fifty millions of martyrs. The inspired apostle said, in contemplating the results of this same principle:

"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your own lusts that war in your members? Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to have and can not obtain; ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not."

Of the ten commandments given by God, the moral law—eight are prohibitory. This teaches us that the propensities of the natural man are prone to overaction and need great restraint, and this is in accordance with the teachings of Paul: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Moral courage, which we consider in opposition to brute force, is a determinate purpose of mind to abide by the truth at all hazards, regardless of passion and prejudice. Christ says: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Taking God's word for our rule of action, we have to deny ourselves of ungodliness and worldly lusts, and this involves often a higher degree of moral courage than the average man of the world is willing to take upon himself. Indeed, this is an Herculean task to require of the flesh. But the man who has this highest type of moral courage is more than a man, for "God works in him to will and to do of His good pleasure." Just as he that committeth sin is of the devil. so he that worketh righteousness derives his strength from God.

It must be, indeed, a superficial thinker who does not know how to apply these principles in regard to the assailed, and the assailant, in this instance.

We have fallen upon evil times, and the true patriot anxiously regards the outlook.

The circumstances giving rise to this meeting furnish a case in point:

We have a man born, educated, and residing from earliest childhood among us. He has wronged no man; he has defrauded no man. His personal and official character has been kept unspotted. He would rather lose his life than to betray his trust as a Judge, and his principles as a Christian. For his integrity alone, he becomes not only the victim of a treacherous, cowardly, low, brutal, personal assault, but, in some measure a victim to popular prejudice, because, as a law-abiding Judge and a Christian gentleman, he abstains from taking personal vengeance upon his adversary, but leaves him to the law of the land, the condemnation of all good men, and the retributive justice of Almighty God.

From the deliberate manner in which the assault was carried out, we can not resist this conclusion as to the plan of it:

1. The gentleman was to be decoyed, under false pretenses, into a private place.

2. The assault must first be made with a hickory stick, and the blow be on the head, thereby, by violent concussion of the brain, to disqualify him for thought or intelligent action. After repeated blows with the stick, to secure this object, which the other weapon could not have accomplished—

3. When the scene is to become public, a far-reaching malice causes him to draw from its hiding-place the most despised weapon known in our country.

From the first blow struck to the time that the assailed reached his office, stunned and bewildered, he was not himself.

The first intelligent view of his own case was, that of necessity he must avenge himself. A sober, second thought, brought into view his moral responsibility as a Christian, and the special obligation resting upon him as the Presiding Judge of a high Court. Moreover, as a decision of that Court was the pretext of the assault, it was at the law, rather than himself, that the attack had been directed. Furthermore, the innate kindness of his heart plead the cause of the wife and children of his enemy, whom he was unwilling to attempt to bereave of their natural protector.

Taking all this in view, stemming the tide of passion and prejudice, moral principles triumphed, and he determined to leave retribution where it belonged—with the law and with God. Here he planted himself, and. with God's help, stands immovable, notwith-

standing the rash counsels of some of his friends, and the perverted sentiment on such subjects but too prevalent in our Commonwealth.

I am myself a Kentuckian, and can speak freely on this subject. Every drop of blood that pulsates in my heart is Kentucky blood, and I would not have it otherwise. But I speak plainly to my fellow-citizens. There is a tide in this Kentucky blood that needs to be restrained. The false code of honor that requires a man to imbrue his hands in blood because he has received a personal injury, is subversive of the best interests of society, and has shadowed with impenetrable gloom many a once happy home.

Among good men and true, the moral heroism that enables a man to put from his hand the proffered weapon, and to stem the tide of popular opinion under such provocation, will be appreciated the more it is contemplated. "Greater is he who ruleth his own spirit than he who taketh a city."

From these high considerations, and others too numerous to mention, I trust, fellow-citizens, that the resolutions offered will be adopted without a dissenting voice.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JUDGE REID'S SPEECH.

On Monday, April 21, Judge Reid decided to make a public statement of the assault upon him to the people of his community, and to set forth to them his reasons for the course he had adopted and proposed to pursue. It was a County Court day, when, as usual, the live stock market brought a crowd to the town from the surrounding counties. The news was rapidly circulated that Judge Reid would address the people. The court-house bell was rung, and a crowd assembled. The deepest interest was manifest; the excitement was suppressed and painful. It was not known what secret tool the assassin might use. It was not known if there were any kindred spirits in the crowd that he could count as his own. He had been released by the Police Judge * upon a mere nominal bail. The Mayor of the town,† the father-in-law,‡ and a young lawyer,‖ were bondsmen. What influences would work, what other means of destruction might be employed, were problems yet unsolved.

Nor was it known to his friends how far Judge Reid's own strength, mental and physical, would sustain him. His nervous system had not rallied from the shock; he had not slept. The strain upon him was a fearful one. The awful solemnity of the occasion weighed upon all. But Judge Reid, in the majesty of his sorrow, in all the grandeur of his noble and outraged manhood, met the test, and rose to the full requirements of the situation. There was no hesitancy, no delay, no shrinking now. Antæus like, he

* H. Clay McKee. † R. A. Mitchell. ‡ Thomas Munnell. ‖ S. S. Gaitskill.

had gained a new power from the blow that struck him down. Then, and afterwards, he spoke as one inspired; as one close to the portals through which streamed a light not of this world. He did not color, nor smooth down, the hideous features of the assault. He made plain and simple statements, without dwelling upon the outrage. He accepted the worst, and looked altogether to his own position, motives and conduct, in the present time and all the future. From the day of his decision, except when new persecutions forced themselves upon his attention, he ceased to think of the assassin, who all the while invented new plots, and conceived new purposes to injure; who, having failed by all his fiendish violence to destroy Judge Reid's influence, noble name and manhood, resorted to calumny and falsehood through the public press. But Judge Reid had another theme now. He was not prosecuting; he left that to the Commonwealth and the people, whose dignity and laws had been outraged in his person. He stood upon the spot where for nearly twenty years his voice had been heard pleading the cause of others; where he had charmed Judge, jury, client and counsel by his matchless humor, his pathos, his advocacy of law and order. Daily had he gone in and out before the people, and daily had he spoken in that temple of justice, and no man had laid violent hands upon him, or charged aught against him. Now, he came from his betrayal, from his secret capture with sword and with staves; and in the same spot, and before the same people, he pleaded the righteousness of his own cause; and by every wound received, by every blow given, he pleaded also for the cause of justice, law and civilization. To all these, and to the people, he appealed for his vindication, and to all these he committed the punishment of his betrayer. He reviewed his conduct under the trial through which he had passed, and set forth, with eloquent power, those exalted truths upon which he had fashioned his life and character.

He was not unsustained. The wisest, the best, the most conservative people of the community were already with him in sentiment, and around and about him in person. Those opposed, if there were any, or those whom curiosity alone had prompted, were won by the magic of the voice and presence of the suffering Judge.

JUDGE REID'S SPEECH.

There are times in the lives of men when silence would be criminal; crises which Providence, for some wise and often inscrutable purpose, sends upon us. Such a time and crisis are upon me now, and I want to talk with those who know me. Through storm and tribulation and darkness I have determined upon a course of action, have weighed and reweighed the conclusions I have reached in the light of my own conscience and responsibility to God, in the light of the opinion of my fellow-citizens, and have been sustained by the wisdom and calm judgment of the wisest counselors in the State. This line of action I have resolved to adhere to, come weal or woe, come wreck or success; and I am now here to give the reasons that have influenced me. This I forbore to do until the people of my home county had spoken. They have, in unmistakable terms, denounced "the wanton, causeless, and inexcusable assault" that was made upon me. They have resolved that the issue is now upon the people of Kentucky, whether the law is to be defied or obeyed; whether a judicial officer should be required to avenge a wrong done him, by taking summary vengeance in his own hands, or is to be commended for forbearing to resort to violence and for upholding the majesty of the law. They have looked over the whole field, considered all the circumstances, and decided that my conduct was right in declining to violate the law by becoming my own avenger.

The circumstances of the attack upon me are well known to most of you. They have been properly characterized by

the people of Montgomery County, and by the people and press of the entire State and of the United States. Utterly unsuspecting, I was in the law office of my assailant on a matter of business. I had always been friendly with him, and supposed he was with me. The very day of the assault we met as usual. In the morning, on my way down town, I had a pleasant talk with him on the street, in front of his office, and addressed some kind words to his little boy at his side. We then made an appointment to meet at Stone's office, and met at or about the time named. He was in and out of the office several times in the forenoon, and we were several times engaged in conversation. He appeared as usual. I went to his office by appointment, and upon his invitation. When seated in a chair, turning over with my right hand the leaves of the pamphlet he had handed me to read, he began a furious assault upon me with a cane, striking me, before I could rise up, a powerful blow on the side of the head, which paralyzed and stunned me, and left only my left hand disengaged to parry his blows. So swift and stunning were they, that no means of defense were left me. I was stunned and bewildered. He was armed with a cane, a cowhide, and, as I believed from his motions, words and threats, with a pistol. I was unarmed, and all I could do was to struggle with him to the door—between which and me he stood all the time — and escape his insane fury. This I did, and reached the street. I was dazed and bewildered by the assault, and was then unable to think or reason. I have no distinct memory of anything that occurred after I reached Main Street, and I did not come to myself until I came round opposite to Stone's office; and even then I was so prostrated, nervously, that I was for awhile incapable of rational action.

After going into Mr. Stone's office, and recovering power to reason and plan, there were two courses of conduct open to me. On the one hand, outraged manhood, the deep indignity laid upon me, the cry for vengeance that burst from

every fiber of a mortal soul in its extremest agony; the thought that my friends might misconstrue my conduct and condemn me; that my enemies would rejoice over any mistake I might commit; the stainless name of my family; the voice of the world urging me on to revenge, called for this man's blood, and demanded the forfeit of his life.

They said: "Take any weapon, shot-gun or pistol—pursue, slay, or be slain. If you stand as a coward before the world, life is of no more worth to you. Send this soul into eternity, and then send your own there to meet and accuse it before the bar of God; or, if you can not avenge yourself, make this assailant who has outraged your honor stand as a murderer in the eyes of the world."

But there came with more time this other course, and I thank the Lord that I have not taken this man's life—that his blood is not on my hands. In this decision I was supported and indorsed by my best friends, and neither they nor I have seen cause to change the decision—believing before God it is right, and that it will receive, in the end, the applause and approbation of all good citizens who fear God and love and respect the laws of the land.

These are the reasons why I resolved not to avenge the wrong by resorting to personal violence.

1. I did not want the blood of my assailant on my hands. I knew that, if I killed him, it would wreck my life and destroy my usefulness. I did not want the spectacle of his prostrate form and the mournful procession of his wife and eight helpless children marching constantly before my eyes and haunting me day and night. I did not want the gloomy shadow darkening the windows and dimming the light in my own home.

2. To have taken vengeance myself would have belied my whole life and character and Christian profession. Most of you have known me from childhood. I have gone in and out among you. My character, private and public, has been before you, and open to your inspection. I have

been a man of peace—not of blood. I never carried a weapon of any kind in my life, not even since the trouble. I never struck a human being a blow in anger, and until this occurrence, no man ever struck me a blow. From earliest youth I have been a member of the church, and for eight or nine years an elder and a teacher in the Christian Church at Mt. Sterling. I have tried in my way to lead a Christian life; to illustrate in my daily walk and conversation the teachings and spirit of the Master whose servant I hope I am. I have endeavored to be true and loyal to the Bible—the great chart of human duty. I remembered it taught, "Thou shalt not kill." "Avenge not yourselves." "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." And so I could not, without casting to the winds my past life and all my past professions, without dishonoring or destroying my Christian manhood and overturning the foundations of my Christian character, attempt to shed the blood of a fellow-man.

3. As a lawyer, a citizen, and a member of society, I have always been a lover of the law—have believed in its enforcement, respected its majesty, and denounced its violations. I could not consistently consent to become myself a violator of it, and attempt to become the executioner of it, for even a wrong done me. There is a spirit of lawlessness abroad in the land. Mobs rise up in blind fury, and burn court-houses, and deluge the streets with innocent blood. Criminals escape punishment, and the laws are laxly administered. There is a deep disrespect—nay, almost a contempt—for law, and for those who execute or expound it. Courts are lightly esteemed, and their decisions set at naught. The sanctity that invested the Judge has been forgotten, and the throne on which he sits has been assailed. In the State of Kentucky the same demoralization prevails. Murder is rampant; assaults are frequent, and go unpunished. Society, whose fabric rests on law and the respect for its enforcement, is upheaved to its very crust. Barely

three years ago, a thrill of horror filled Kentucky and the civilized world when John M. Elliott, a Judge of the highest Court, was shot down in cold blood, without warning, in the streets of the Capital, for rendering a decision that did not suit the murderer; and he, to-day, walks free in the land. It is a singular misfortune that I suffer to-day in my own person an outrage equaling, if not transcending, the enormity of Buford's, who shot his victim on the street, in the open day, with a weapon unconcealed.

What is to be the end of all this? Do we live in the dark and barbarous times when every man was his own avenger and took the law into his own hands? or do we live in an era of Christian civilization, where the rights of the citizen are defined and should be respected? Is there no way to check the black tide—to avert the storm—to turn back the thoughts of men to the sacredness of the law, and make them listen to its voice, which is the voice of God? Is this to be the era of lawlessness? Shall shotguns and pistols and knives rule the hour, and men be swift to revenge their own wrongs, without an appeal to the organized tribunals where justice is meted out?

Shall the voice of the law be hushed, and its hand rendered nerveless? Is there no remedy? If so, where is it? It can only be found in the concurrent wisdom of those who love the law, in the peace and good order of society, in trampling down lawlessness, in cultivating respect for Courts and Judges—regard for the law, and insisting on its faithful and rigid execution; in discountenancing every violation of it, and bringing offenders to speedy and condign punishment; in condemning the resort to personal violence for personal wrongs, and in denouncing, in plain and unmeasured terms, outrages upon those who represent, administer, expound and execute the law. There are good men enough in Kentucky to effect this reform—to restore public confidence in the fact that there can be no peace, no society, no religion, no government, no civilization, no security in

person or property, until the shield of the law is extended over every man, woman and child—the highest and the lowest—throughout the State that has nourished us all and which we all love.

Let Christianity win a triumph. Let the standard of the immutable law be hoisted. Let every good citizen rally to it. Entertaining the views I do, as influencing my line of conduct, I intend, living or dying, to be found under its folds, following its fortunes and defending its honor. I appeal to you to come with me, and I feel that my appeal will not be in vain.

I have thus far spoken of my conduct, and given the reasons that have governed me, on the idea that the wrong done me was in the nature of a personal one. But it is in no sense personal. I am the Presiding Justice of the Superior Court—chosen almost unanimously to fill the position. The alleged grievance, which has been shown to be utterly without foundation by the statements of the Judges who tried the case, and by other testimony, amounts to no more than this: That I refused to lend my personal and judicial influence to cause my associates to render a decision in favor of one who claims to have been my client; or, rather, that I induced them, by slandering him to them, to render an unfavorable decision. In either aspect, the charge is an attack on the integrity of the Court, and so, as has been well said, the assault on me rises higher than mere personal considerations. It is an assault upon a Judge and an officer of the law; upon the Court of which I am a member; upon the law itself; upon the State and its honor; upon society; upon government; upon civilization; above all, upon the people who have honored me and clothed me with the high trust I hold. It is an assault upon the people of Montgomery County; of the District which I represent. It is your honor, your outraged dignity, that was sought to be sullied, and that call on you to be avenged and vindicated by the enforcement of the law.

These are, briefly, the reasons that have controlled me. I am well aware of the criticism, and odium, perhaps, to which they may for a little time expose me in the first excited impulse of popular feeling. I am aware that such a course is in the face of the current of what I honestly believe to be a mistaken public sentiment, that has heretofore, to some extent, prevailed in Kentucky.

I have made my decision at the bar of my own conscience, in the fear of Almighty God, guided by the precepts and principles that have so far directed my life and controlled my conduct among men. I can not do otherwise, come what may. I believe that the tide will set strongly toward me, and that my people will vindicate themselves and me. Yea, it is already coming. The roar of popular indignation and the voice of popular approval are already heard. They speak in the very air, and are read in the fixed faces of men. They sound out in the meetings of the Bar, and in the utterances of the public press. All over the land, from city and town and country, comes an emphatic indorsement of my conduct.

I am a candidate for Judge in the First Appellate District. My success, my friends believed, was about assured when this storm broke over me. My case is submitted to the people, in the assured hope that they will comprehend my position, understand my motives, justify my course, and in the end do right; that the second sober thought will prevail; that they will protect their honor, and cover me with their confidence. On one occasion a celebrated lawgiver went up to the mountain to receive the law that should govern his people, and when he returned he found that they had gone off in the worship of strange gods. He blew the trumpet at the gate, and cried: "Who is on the Lord's side?" and immediately the sons of Levi rallied to the standard. I sound now the trumpet of the law, and cry aloud: Who is on the side of the law? and ask you to rally to its standard.

. . . . . .

It is a singular fact that, with all the malice and falsehood with which Judge Reid was persecuted, no one of the Cornelison apologists, nor of Judge Reid's political enemies, attacked any statement made in this speech, that was afterwards published and went abroad over the country. Nor is it less singular that, in view of the first reports sent to the daily papers, no statement of Dr. Kavanaugh's was challenged, that he made concerning the nature of the assault at the Indignation Meeting.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS—TELEGRAMS—EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESS.

The subjoined letters are taken from a bound volume of letters that are held of inestimable value. The permission to introduce them here is found in the accompanying encyclical letter sent to all who had written. It is regretted that space does not permit that all should be given in full. They were received with grateful emotions, and are preserved with loving pride, as testimonials of sympathy and esteem from the noble host of friends who remembered Judge and Mrs. Reid in their day of trial, and whose prayers and sympathies still followed Mrs. Reid in her bereavement.

MT. STERLING, KY., 1884.

Judge and Mrs. Richard Reid had intended, when the storm had passed and the clouds dispersed, to answer directly your letter. Now, that the clouds are only thicker and darker, Mrs. Reid is left alone to thank you that you remembered Judge Reid and herself in their day of trial. She desires to acknowledge and honor your letter by submitting it, with many others, to be used, in whole or part, in the preparation of a memorial volume, designed to commemorate the life and character of Judge Reid, and to give a true statement of the tragedy that ended in its prime a noble, honored, useful, Christian life. Should there be no reply to this request, Mrs. Reid will understand there is no objection by you to such use of your letter. Truly, Yours,

H. L. STONE,
for Mrs. Reid.

PREFATORY TO VOLUME OF "LETTERS."*

"The following pages contain—in the First Part—the letters written by Judge Richard Reid to his family, immediately before the

*From Volume of "Letters," edited by President C. L. Loos, of Kentucky University.

terrible assault made upon him at Mt. Sterling, Ky., on the 16th of April, 1884, and after that assault up to the day of his death;* then the letters received by him and his wife, relative to this outrage, up to the day of his death, which occurred May 15th following. In the Second Part, the letters received by Mrs. Reid after the death of her husband, and with reference to that event.

"These letters are printed, that they may thus be brought together and kept in a body and in a permanent form. The originals will also be preserved by Mrs. Reid."

There are also preserved, in a bound volume, such newspaper articles as contain statements most nearly approximating the true history of the crime, and giving the clearest conception of Judge Reid's attitude and decision.† While with one accord the press condemned the outrage, all that was published at the time was given from only partial information, and much from the first false and distorted accounts; as the full, horrid truth was not known until the sworn testimony at the time of the trial revealed it. Then it was not widely circulated. But from even the imperfect data it will be seen, from such extracts as are given here, how unanimous was the voice of the public press.

"Letters" from the First Part only are introduced here, and the larger number of extracts from the press are reserved for a later chapter.

FROM JUDGES, LAWYERS, EDITORS, AND OTHERS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17, 1884.

MY DEAR DICK:—I was filled with indignation and amazement this morning, in reading the account in the newspapers of the brutal, cowardly and astounding assault made on you. I can only suppose that the horrible laxity of public morals in Kentucky arising from the non-execution of the law, is the prime cause of, and indeed the only possible concomitant with, the commission of so terrible and dastardly an outrage.

I write you a line to express my mingled feelings of amazement, surprise, horror and indignation at this act, and to assure you of my deep sympathy. Very truly, Yours,

B. F. BUCKNER.

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*The letters here referred to appear in a subsequent chapter.

†Edited by ex-Chief Justice Hargis.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—I read this morning, with shame and sorrow, of the brutal assault made upon you yesterday. Under all the circumstances, I think it is about the meanest thing I ever knew, occupying, as you do, a high judicial position, and being a candidate for a higher one. The affair places you in a most trying position. Of course your good judgment will lead you safely out of it, and instead of degrading you, as was evidently the object, I feel that you should be elevated. So far as I have heard an expression of opinion, our Bar is unanimous in condemning the act, and all extend their sympathy to you. This letter, however, is written on my own account, for I could not, feeling as I do, fail to extend my sympathy under circumstances so trying, and at the same time so outrageous.

Very truly, Yours,

W. O. DODD.

Office of Wm. O. and Jno. L. Dodd, Lawyers, Louisville, Ky.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Judge Superior Court:

FRIEND DICK:—I am indeed sorry to hear of your trouble, but glad to find you have been temperate in the matter. It is indeed a dastardly outrage, but is done at this time, no doubt, to injure you in your race for Appellate Judge. You should look at it in this light—that it was a cowardly assault, and the statement of it is enough to vindicate you, holding as you do so high a judicial position; and if you were to resent it by violence *now*, many would say, of course, "He is not a fit person to try—as is often the case as a Judge of the Court of last resort—offenses committed against law in vindication of past insult." I don't think it is an *insult* for a *coward* to come, take you to his office, seat you, and then draw pistol and cane and begin on you without notice. I hope your good wife may help you to take a sober, calm view of it; and as a close and intimate friend of yours in days of yore, I feel to say this much to you is a duty I owe.

Your friend,

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

P. S.—Remember, you are a Judge in Israel, and if the law is worth being administered, it is worth being obeyed by those who serve in the temple.

J. M.

FLEMINGSBURG, KY., April 18, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—It is simply impossible for me to come to-day, but I send you my wife to bear you our words of sympathy. We intend to have a meeting of the Bar to-day, and denounce the out-

rage. Your friends are with you. You ought not, but some of your friends ought, to resent the personal indignity offered you with proper punishment. Write me your plans and policy. My wife will explain the rest. With much love and sympathy,

Your friend,

WM. J. HENDRICK.

To JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I take the liberty of writing you a short note expressive of my indignation at the brutal and cowardly assault made on you. Without exception, you enjoy the sympathy of all good men.

The act is looked upon as both brutal and cowardly. Any ruffian, if he chooses, can inveigle into his office his unsuspecting victim, and by pre-arrangement and preparation can duplicate this act of heartless cruelty.

I hope you will soon recover from the mortification and humiliation which you must necessarily suffer; and I hope, farther, that a brave and sensible constituency will fully vindicate you.

Truly, your friend,

WM. WALTER BUSH.

WINCHESTER, KY., April 18, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—I do not know that I am competent to advise you, but I do hope you will yield to no clamor, and do nothing that will not be dictated by reason and regard for law and order. The mortification of the affair is great, but you are without blame, and must keep so. As a Christian, a Judge, and a citizen of a civilized community, you must take a peaceful course only. You have my profound sympathy, and will come out without harm. I can see that even the most thoughtless are beginning to commend your course so far. Continue in it. Your friend,

W. M. BECKNER.

NEWPORT, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR JUDGE:—Since I first knew you, for some inexplicable reason I have been drawn towards you, and I have been your friend, although there has been no intimacy between us.

But I write you in regard to the unprovoked attack on you by the Mt. Sterling lawyer, some days ago, and say that I reflect not only my own views, but the sentiments of the entire Bar at this point, when I write to you that the conduct of Cornelison

was *cowardly, brutal* and *unprovoked;* and there has been a universal expression of respect for you and confidence in your integrity. I am surprised, however, at one thing, and that is that nothing has been said about *disbarring* Cornelison. The *other Judges* of the *Superior Court* owe it to *themselves,* to an *independent judiciary,* to the *respectability* of the *bar* of *Kentucky,* to the *people* of the *entire State,* to require steps to be taken for the *disbarring* of Cornelison. He has shown himself unworthy his position as an officer of the Court; his conduct indicates him a *blackguard,* unfit to associate with *gentlemen;* a *bully* and a *coward.* The profession in Kentucky should no longer be disgraced by affiliation with such a man. There can be no justice in Kentucky when Judges are in imminent danger of being shot down or brutally attacked, for opinions rendered by them as officers of the Court, or for imaginary or supposed mistakes made by them in the immediate line of their duty. You are not injured in the least, but it is only the good name of our people that suffers. Yours, truly,

JOHN S. DUCKER.

LANCASTER, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just read an account of your misfortune, and felt greatly mortified, sorely grieved, and terribly indignant. I wish I knew what was best for you to do—I would most certainly tell you, and then stand by you. Not knowing all the facts, I can't advise you, of course; and if I did know them, am fearful that I could not advise you safely or prudently. "Discretion is the better part of valor" oftentimes. The people of Kentucky can not afford such outrageous conduct toward one of her officials; but just what is to be done to avenge the wrong and the insult, is a troublesome question.

You have my warmest sympathies in the matter, and I here tender you my services in any legitimate way you may see proper to demand them. Your friend,

B. M. BURDETT.

Office of Burdett & Walton, Attorneys at Law, Lancaster, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I was and am greatly shocked at the recent outrage perpetrated upon you by a member of the Mt. Sterling Bar.

In my judgment, there is no excuse for such brutality and barbarism. I am sure—knowing you as I do—that you gave no occasion for the cowardly attack upon your person—for such it seems to have been, in view of all the published facts

I could not have believed that, at this day, and in this land of Christian civilization, there could be found a man, occupying a respectable position in society, who would or could commit such a crime.

There is in this community a universal feeling of indignation at, and unstinted denunciation of, the unmanly assault and outrage. You have the warmest sympathy of the best people of the city.

I need not assure you of my own deep and unaffected sympathy. You are well aware of the friendly sentiments I have always entertained for you, and of the pleasure your honorable success in life and in your profession has given me. You have won your honors fairly, and worn them well. I believe that higher honors and greater distinction await your more mature efforts; and you will believe me when I say that no one will enjoy the fruition of these hopes more than myself.

JOHN K. GOODLOE.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., April 19, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR:—I write to express my sorrow for the outrage of which you have been made the victim, and to congratulate you on your prudence and good sense in taking the course you have in regard to it. You can not afford to avenge the wrong; such a course would excuse it, and make the wager of battle the only trier of the right. The occurrence was a disgrace to the State, a reflection on the law; and the law must avenge it. The State must protect her own honor. Your honor is not touched—it is the honor of the whole State. Either we are a civilized community, governed by fixed law; or, a mobocracy, governed by brute force. If the former, the law must protect her servants. For you now to take in turn the law into your own hands, and right your wrongs, would be a greater wrong than Cornelison's, as your position is higher; for the *State* has a right to expect from you that you will preserve *her* honor first.

I do not write this as advisory, but merely as expressing my appreciation of your situation and the motives that have prompted your course. The dirty feet of the Harpies soiled the dinner of Æneas, and the foul smell sickened him, but they did not keep him out of Italy, or prevent him from founding Rome; and this trouble which came upon you so *meanly*, will only show out to greater advantage the great points of your character.

Yours, truly,

J. P. HOBSON.

MT. VERNON, KY., April 19, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—We have not the language to express our indignation at the outrage perpetrated upon you; and while we are unable

to suggest any means of redress, we feel assured that the voice of the people of Kentucky will be the same as that of this section of the country—that of universal sympathy for yourself and condemnation for Cornelison.

Believing that the support and verdict of the people will be, to some extent, personal revenge, we trust the matter will go no farther in that direction than to justify you in your every act in the matter, and relegate the author of your wrongs to the ranks to which he belongs, with the execrations of all good people resting upon him.

Very truly, Yours,

J. W. Brown, Frank H. Nepper,
E. B. Smith, Isaac A. Stewart,
C. C. Williams.

Stanford, Ky., April 19, 1884.

Dear Reid:—Have just learned of the outrage perpetrated upon you by Cornelison. Everybody here unites with me in denouncing him as a brutal and treacherous coward. You must kill him. Just the moment you read this, if you have n't done so already, load a double-barreled gun with buckshot, shoulder it, and never return to your house until you have riddled his carcass. Give him no chance, but kill him like a dog wherever you find him. The people will stand by you—I will, at least.

Your old friend,

W. G. Welch.

Versailles, Ky., April 19, 1884.

Judge Richard Reid:

My Dear Sir and Friend:—I have read with profound indignation of the malicious attack made upon you in your native town; and when I express the above sentiment, I am only reiterating the universal opinion of the county, in which you have many warm and ardent friends. We consider the assault made upon you as unparalleled, and wholly unprovoked and outrageous.

Yours, truly,

R. H. Gray.

Versailles, Ky., April 19, 1884.

Hon. Richard Reid:

My Dear Sir:—I read with indignation—a feeling general in this county—of the outrage perpetrated upon you by Cornelison. It was a most dastardly act, for which no punishment could be too severe. You have my sympathy, as you well know. Can I in *any way* be of service to you? If I can, do not hesitate to command me.

Truly, your friend,

Thos. P. Porter.

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER, April 20, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I have read the newspaper account of the brutal and cowardly assault made upon you by John Cornelison. I have never known anything more atrocious and indefensible. His own account condemns him, and gives not an extenuating circumstance. I know the first promptings of your natural instincts are to arm yourself with a double-barreled shot-gun and kill the ruffian on sight, but have been glad to hear that your Christian forbearance has turned him over for punishment to public opinion and the law. I am sure that all right-thinking men will say that in this you have shown a higher courage than if you had taken his life. This is the feeling here of all with whom I have talked on the subject. Rest assured of my continued friendship and esteem.

Very truly, Yours,

JOHN S. WILLIAMS.

GRAYSON, KY., April 20, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—We desire to tender you our sincerest sympathy in your deep trouble, as well as to express our most unqualified denunciation of the brutal and unprovoked attack made upon you by your fellow-townsman. We trust such an adjustment of the unfortunate affair will be reached, as shall entirely consist with your high official position and your personal honor.

We beg to assure you that your friends in this locality know no diminution of the high esteem in which you have been held.

Very truly and respectfully,

J. P. PINKERTON,	THOS. W. MITCHELL,
R. D. DAVIS,	WM. BOWLING,
GEO. ELLIOTT ROE,	J. R. BOTTS,
E. B. WILHOIT,	THOS. DUDLEY THEOBALD, Att'y,
JAS. D. JONES,	J. M. LYEN, Jailer,
WAT. A. DAVIS, Clerk,	J. R. WARD, Attorney,
S. L. BAYSE,	G. W. LITTLEJOHN,
J. B. SECREST,	G. W. PRICHARD,
P. G. BRUCE,	M. G. NETHERCUTT,
C. N. LEWIS, SR.,	R. Z. HENDERSON,
WM. MCDANIEL,	DAVID DAVIS,
GEORGE LANSDOWN,	L. PRICHARD,
STEPHEN NETHERCUTT,	L. R. MCCARTY.

DANVILLE, KY., April 21, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—I write to say, accept no repairing of the wrong hinted at in the papers, short of Cornelison's going to the court-house with a good cowhide, and pulling off his coat and inviting

thirty-nine lashes. I live at Stanford, and your wife will know and respect me for this. I was introduced to you last summer by Gen. Williams. Yours, with high regard,

JNO. H. MILLER.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 20, 1884.

RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I am sorry, to the bottom of my heart, about your trouble, and am proud of the manly and gentlemanly way you acted in the matter. You could not have acted more nobly. The people are with you. I, as your true and faithful friend, am ready to serve you at any moment, and in any way you may command me. J. R. JEWELL.

ELIZABETHTOWN, Hardin Co., Ky., April 21, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—I do not write to tender you sympathy. One who has the rare moral courage to do the right and best thing—to maintain the dignity of a high judicial officer and a gentleman, under such trying circumstances—needs no sympathy. Yet I may discharge a pleasant duty in offering congratulations and encouragement.

I can not rid myself of the impression that the purpose of your assailant was to put you in a position that, no matter what course you pursued, would tend to defeat you in your canvass; not at the suggestion of any one, nor even from a desire to see another elected, but to gratify his private malice in being the instrument of your defeat. Whether this be true or not, let me urge you to make your canvass a bold and fearless one, maintaining the high position you occupy in this matter with the same fearless courage that prompted you to take it.

I only wish I was so located as to attest my endorsement by my vote. Truly, your friend,

A. B. MONTGOMERY.

Law firm of Montgomery & Poston, Elizabethtown, Ky.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 22, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I write to assure you how heartily and thoroughly I indorse your course in this unfortunate affair of Cornelison's. Whatever that miscalled sentiment, "Kentucky chivalry," may clamor for, true *chivalry*, true manhood, and all people who are law-abiding (and the man is unworthy the name of lawyer who is not such), will approve your course. It was, and is, more courageous to act your part as you have done, than to have sought a personal contest to avenge the wrong. Your course is that

of a man; the other would have been that of a brute. Whatever may have been your course—and it will be hard to persuade me you have done anything dishonorable—there is no sort of excuse for Cornelison's act; and you can be perfectly assured you will have with you in future and continuously an overwhelming and lasting public approval. Very truly, your friend,

SAMUEL MCKEE.

HON. RICHARD REID.

THE RESOLUTIONS OF THE OWENSBORO BAR.

OWENSBORO, KY., April 22, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—As Secretary of the Owensboro Bar Association, I am instructed to say, you will please find enclosed a copy of the proceedings of the above named Association, of date 19th inst.

A copy of the Owensboro *Messenger*, containing said proceedings, is this day mailed. Yours, very respectfully,

W. LINDSEA BURTON, Secretary.

RESOLUTIONS.

The members of the Owensboro Bar have read, with feelings of intense pain and indignation, the account of the recent cowardly assault upon Judge Reid, of the Superior Court.

We see in it an attempt to degrade the high office which he holds, and to reflect upon the character of the Court of which he was a member.

So viewing it, we think it fitting to express our deep detestation of the act, and hereby denounce such conduct as intolerable under any circumstances, and a blot on the fair fame of the Bar of the State.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be dispatched to Judge Reid, and published in the Owensboro *Messenger*.

Signed:

JAMES STUART,
W. N. SWEENY,
J. H. MCHARRY,
O. H HAYNES,
W. T. ELLIS,
} Committee.

R. H. TAYLOR, Chairman.

W. LINDSEA BURTON, Secretary.

OWENSBORO, KY., April 19, 1884.

BOWLING, GREEN, KY., April 22, 1884.

JUDGE REID:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—Allow me, as an admirer of you as a man and a Judge, to express to you my sympathy in your trouble,

and my entire approval of your whole course in the premises. To my mind, you have shown a noble, Christian courage, and a high and proper regard for law, order and peace, such as should mark the Judge and true man when confronted by such a brutal outrage upon both person and honor.

I trust you may come out more than conqueror.

Yours, etc.,

JOHN M. GALLOWAY.

Galloway & Porter, Attorneys at Law.

PRINCETON, KY., April 23, 1884.

HON. JUDGE REID:

MY DEAR SIR:—No language that I can command can express to you my feelings, and the feelings of all people here, in regard to the infamous and brutal attack on you by Cornelison. Without exception, people condemn him here in terms too strong to be written, and express sympathy for you. I believe that in due time all good men and women in the land, without exception, will rally around you, and say that your moral courage in declining, after the assault, to shoot him down like a dog, was admirable. I send you a copy of the *Banner* of to-morrow's date. The editorial headed "An Outrage," reflects public sentiment in this county. Next week I will have more to say about it.

Your friend,

C. T. ALLEN,
Editor Princeton *Banner*.

LOUISVILLE, KY.. April 17, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—My wife and I, with the utmost indignation, read your account of the brutal attack made upon you. We tender you our kindest regards, and are assured that no impeachment of your word, integrity or honor would be credited or countenanced by those who know you. Very truly,

HAMILTON POPE.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

HENDERSON, KY., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Frankfort, Ky.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just finished reading your speech delivered in Mt. Sterling. It is a complete vindication of your conduct, and a noble defense of your honor. Although I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, I cannot withhold my sympathy and congratulation. The universal verdict of our people is with you, and against the man who made the cowardly assault upon your person.

Wishing you a brilliant success in your race for Appellate Judge, and many happy days,

I am yours, respectfully,

J. H. POWELL.

FROM CITIZENS OF VERSAILLES.

VERSAILLES, KY., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—The infamous attack made upon you by one Cornelison, has caused great indignation among the many friends you made here while you were a citizen of this county. This expression of indignation has been general, and you are assured that you have the deepest sympathy of the undersigned in your trouble. The denunciation of the act of your assailant is unqualified, and your course is regarded by us as that of a Christian gentleman.

Signed:

J. M. WASSON,	THOS. H. JESSE,
C. E. WASSON,	D. EDGAR WASSON,
SAM'L B. LYONS,	R. C. GRAVES,
J. W. GRAVES,	D. P. ROBB,
D. D. CARTER,	J. AMSDEN,
ED. M. WALLACE,	W. J. STITT,
THOS. STEELE,	JOS. T. BAILEY,
H. W. SMITH,	J. T. BERRY,
J. B. MCGINN,	R. Y. BERRY,
J. G. BOONE,	B. CRAIG,

J. W. GILLESPIE.

RUSSELLVILLE, KY., April 24, 1884.

JUDGE REID,

DEAR SIR:—I have just read your speech delivered at Mt. Sterling the other day, and desire to say that while I might not have been as considerate and self-governing as you have been, the course pursued by you and the line of duty marked out for you to pursue, if not meeting public sentiment, is the legal and Christian one, and that you ought to be commended for it. Still, if you had pursued a very different course, you would have been generally, if not universally, endorsed. The assault was as unprovoked, brutal and cowardly as I have ever known. It is a great pity that you were not able to punish him at the time in the most severe manner and degree; and I have not seen the first person who does not so feel, think and express. I am one of those who try never to condemn by the statements or proofs of one side only; and Cornelison stands condemned by each and every statement of his own, without any other.

Accept my regards, with my regret that you did not have it in your power to chastise him thoroughly, for his own good, as well as for your own defense and for the well-being of society.

Now, I add, that Cornelison has shown himself a *fool* as well as a desperado by his card in yesterday's *Courier-Journal*, addressed to you as Chief Justice, and asking for an impartial court to try Judge Richards' decision. Of course you will take notice of no such impudent thing. May I tender you one piece of advice: *Cornelison has shown himself capable of taking any advantage of you, and he may again assault you.* You have no right to permit him to injure your person, but owe it to yourself, society, and God, as well as to your family, to protect yourself, and to punish him thoroughly if he does. I can have no prejudice in this matter, knowing neither of you in person, and base my judgments and feelings upon the *undisputed facts* in the case *as to his atrocious act.*

My tenderest regards to your noble wife.

I am Yours, truly,

GEO. T. EDWARDS.

Law office of Browder & Edwards.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—The course which you have marked out for yourself in regard to the recent trouble, meets the hearty sympathy of the Bar, as well as the intelligent portion of the community; as far as they can, in any way, they will sustain you. You have had a severe trial, but will triumph.

The interest in your election to the Appellate Bench is widespread, and I hope will have its effect.

Very truly,

JAMES HARLAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 25, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:—I do not know you personally, but I have felt the deepest interest in your decision in regard to the recent brutal, cowardly assault made upon you; and I read to-day, in the St. Louis *Republican*, with great pleasure and satisfaction, your noble, manly and Christian speech.

You are not disgraced or harmed. Your assailant has, by his act, consigned himself to eternal infamy; and you will be loved, honored and respected, while he will be despised by all good men whose good opinions are worth having. I thank God that He has given you the manhood and His wisdom to come to the wise and just conclusion you have. You and I fear God more than man. We will not defy God's laws, come what may; and I am

certain the good in all lands will applaud you for having the Christian courage to speak as you have done. Every Christian is bound to sustain you; and if there be any who do not, were I you, I should not care for their opinion. You have the approval of your own conscience, and I know your course is approved by your God; and this is all you need care for. I trust that the people of Kentucky will show that they uphold and ratify your action, for, by doing so, they will honor themselves and the State.

Although not acquainted with you, I could not refrain from saying this much. All good citizens, everywhere, must feel that in your action they are more or less interested; and I shall be greatly mistaken if you do not find everywhere an almost unanimous sentiment sustaining you and condemning the brute who assaulted you.

I have the honor to be, with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

SAM. H. STURGEON.

EVANSVILLE, IND., April 25, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—Though for many years a Kentucky lawyer, I do not recollect that it was ever my fortune to meet you; yet I feel it my duty, as a lawyer and a citizen, to thus assure you not only of my sympathy in the embarrassing dilemma into which you have fallen, but of my hearty approval and indorsement of the course which you have adopted. I have just read your vindication, made in your speech at Mt. Sterling, in our leading Democratic paper, the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, which heads it, "A Grand Defense," and says of it: "The present generation has read of no personal affray in which moral heroism has more signally confronted brute force, than in the affair of Hon. Richard Reid and John J. Cornelison, of Mt. Sterling, Ky." I enclose the article, and feel assured its sentiment will be the verdict of the good and the brave of this and the next generation.

Very truly,

S. B. VANCE.

GEORGETOWN, KY., April 29, 1884.

COUSIN RICHARD:—Doubtless you will have abundant counsel in this really distressing and infinitely perplexing dilemma. I don't know what to say—difficulties mountain high seem to beset you on every side. There is but one feeling here, so far as I have heard, and that is of contempt and loathing for the assassin-like cur that assaulted you. Take counsel with friends near you, who under-

stand better than I can at this distance, and do what seems best, and I have no doubt time will vindicate your action.

Very truly and respectfully, Your cousin,

GEO. E. PREWITT.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 5, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

COUSIN DICK:—I have not had time, until now, to give an expression of my sympathy in your unfortunate treatment at the hands of that scoundrel lawyer. I feel sure you have sympathy and commendation from every quarter; yet my view would have been the use of the pistol. I notice the papers far and near uphold your course in the premises. I beg you may give my love to Cousin Betty and Miss Horton.

Yours, very sincerely,

VIRGIL M. HARRIS.

RICHMOND, VA., May 15, 1884.

DEAR REID:—I write to express my sympathy, and to say that I hope your church will administer such a disciplinary punishment to your assailant as he richly deserves. He is guilty of a great crime in the eyes of all law-abiding people. I have just seen in the Richmond *Dispatch*, which I herewith mail you, a special from Mt. Sterling on the subject. I heartily commend your conduct in the case, which is, so far as I have heard, that of a Christian gentleman, and what I should expect from my old "comrade in the law." Write me soon, and believe me

Your friend,

H. W. STAMPER.

FROM MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL AND OFFICERS OF CHURCHES.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 17, 1884.

DEAR BRO. REID:—In common with all your friends here, I am greatly shocked at the affair of yesterday. You have my deepest sympathy in this severe trial. Will you allow me a word of advice? Have the Elders of the church, first of all, to take action in the case, prompt and decisive. Then let your friends prosecute your assailant

to the utmost extent of the law. It is a second edition of the Elliott case, and it should be dealt with as it deserves.

Truly and fraternally, Yours,

J. W. McGARVEY.

P. S.—I venture this suggestion, for fear that in the excitement of your community it may not be thought of in just this way.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 17, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE REID:—I have just read in the paper of the outrage upon you and the general public. You need not be told of our sympathy and indignation. Keep cool, and remain the Christian gentleman that you are, and the occurrence will make you a host of new friends, and greatly intensify the numerous old ones. Tell Mrs. Reid not to worry, for there is but one voice, and it is a very strong one. Yours, more than ever,

S. E. PEARRE.

CINCINNATI, O., April 18, 1884.

DEAR BRO. REID:—I regret to learn from the papers that you have become the victim of that lawless spirit that seems everywhere to abound. This is the price you pay for endeavoring to administer justice, and you stand ennobled among those who suffer for "righteousness' sake." "If, when ye do evil, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, what glory is it? But if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God" (I. Pet. ii. 20). I congratulate you that you have this opportunity to demonstrate your Christian principles. Do not be betrayed into vengeance. Let the violated law vindicate itself, but do not take vengeance into your own hands. If you have a shovelful of very hot coals, pour it on the head of your enemy, and leave the rest to Him who has said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." At the same time, I think, for society's sake, the offender should be made to suffer the full penalty of the law in Church and State, unless he thoroughly and publicly makes honorable reparation.

I write merely to let you know I am thoroughly mad over this business, and sympathize with you in the wrong inflicted upon you. Yet I am not so blindly mad that I am not anxious that you should honor Christ by a manly and Christian course towards your foe.

With kind regards to Mrs. Reid and sincere sympathy with you,

Ever truly, Yours,

ISAAC ERRETT.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE RICHARD REID:

. . . . . .

The sympathy of all decent people will be with Bro. Reid in this brutal outrage, and I hope that neither he, nor you, nor any of his friends, will resort to any violent means of redress; indeed, I ought not to include your name thus, for I am sure you are incapable of such a thing, unless in a moment of unnatural excitement.

Assure Bro. Reid that there is but one opinion in regard to this case; and although almost everybody, under the smart of the wrong, might express violent feeling, yet if he bears himself in a Christian way, the whole matter will turn to his benefit every way.

Yours, in sympathy,

A. I. HOBBS.

FLAT CREEK, April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR RICHARD:—Oh, how my soul crieth out to the living God in sympathy for thee in thy terrible trial! Mayest thou be able, in this dark hour, to look to God for strength, and to remember that the Lord hath said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." O my dear Richard! how my heart hath this day, and the day previous, yearned for thee, and poured out its anguish before God in thy behalf. O Richard! stand firm by your life-long principles of honor, uprightness and Christian fealty; and be *brave* for *truth*, for *duty*, for GOD. The Lord *will* be with thee, *will* help thee, if thou trust Him. The wrath of man may assault thee, but the Lord *will* not suffer thee to bear this in *vain!* With a heart overflowing with love and sympathy for thee, and with many tears, I commend thee to the dear Lord, who was *tried* in all points as we are, and who will comfort us in our uttermost distress. Lean upon God, and *not upon man;* and be assured that thou hast the deepest sympathy of Thy friend and teacher,

D. S. C. M. POTTER.

DAUGHTERS' COLLEGE, KY., April 18, 1884.

TO MRS. REID:

. . . . . I deeply sympathize with you and the Judge in your present trouble. Let me beg you, as a father, to do nothing except from the sublimest point of Christian womanhood. Exhort the Judge to be the moral hero that he is, even under the deep provocation of the hour.

Kentuckians will never think or feel otherwise than you would have them think and feel concerning the un-Kentuckian-like attack

upon your husband. There is but one sentiment that I hear expressed. Do not, I beg you, encourage any act of retaliation or revenge for an act that enlightened public opinion has already condemned. I am in feeling indignant enough to kill; but my better judgment and deep love for you and the Judge induce me to conquer my own feelings, and beg you, from my better self, to be Christlike, and the people, the church and the world will sustain you.

Ever affectionately,

JNO. AUGUSTUS WILLIAMS.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 18, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—I can not refrain from writing you a few words. The affair in Mt. Sterling leaves no stain on your name. The whole land is excited in your behalf. Every one that knows you needs no proof to convince him that no prejudice of any kind could influence you in your judicial decisions; neither needs it any argument to believe that it is not cowardice or unmanliness on your part that could keep you from personally avenging yourself. All this is clear to all who know you. But there is a point of nobility of soul you can now reach, an illustration of the superiority of the Divine in the Christian soul over the mere human—by vindicating yourself as a *Christian*, and also as a guardian and expounder of the sacredness of law, by restraining yourself from any act that could mar the excellency and purity of your character now, even so severely tried. I presume you need not this advice from me or any one. I hope you and Sister Reid will give now a signal honor to your Christian faith.

Most affectionately, Yours,

CHAS. LOUIS LOOS.

PARIS, April 19, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—It is needless for me to tell you that I have been almost constantly thinking of you and your sore trial, ever since I heard of it. This is perhaps the trial of your life. Do nothing hastily. By all means, do not allow yourself to be bullied into any measure you may never cease to regret. True manhood and heroism are immortal, while mere brutality will perish within a day. It takes more heroism to bear than to fight.

Truly, your friend and brother,

J. S. SWEENEY.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 19, 1884.

To MRS. REID:

. . . . . I arrived from Glasgow yesterday evening. I read with pain the cowardly assault upon Judge Reid. There is only one opinion here and elsewhere, and that is one of bitter indigna-

tion and censure upon the perpetrator, and the warmest expressions of sympathy for Bro. Reid.

May God strengthen and guide you, and may you look to Him for wisdom, remembering that "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." My prayers are going up for you, along with many others through the land, to-day. May God bless and keep you both. I would like to come to Mt. Sterling, if only to see you and Bro. Reid for a few moments. With fraternal regard, and earnest prayers for blessings upon you all, I am, very sincerely,

Yours, in haste,

FLORENCE REES.

BARDSTOWN, KY., April 19, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I just want to say to you, that all the right-thinking people of Bardstown sympathize with you in this trouble that Cornelison has brought about. There is but one expression—that it was dastardly in the extreme. It is the belief here that he was *paid* to do it, in order to injure you in your race. If we were in your District we would show the coward our appreciation of his *heroic* act. Most especially do I feel for Mrs. Reid in this matter, because I know it is more of a hurt to her than to you, and particularly as the newspapers have connected her name with the occurrence. The wretch has overreached himself, and will only live to enjoy a rich possession of public contempt. I hope you will not feel it necessary to resort to bloody measures to vindicate yourself. It actually seems to me that it would be more cowardly to resent it than to bear it, inasmuch as the chastisement of Cornelison would be no certificate to *your* manliness.

With sympathy and respect for you and your household,

Yours,

W. E. KELLER.

CENTERVILLE, KY., April 19, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—You will be vindicated by a righteous public sentiment, and avenged by a just God. The fact that you have not taken the life of the stealthy, cruel and unmitigated wrongdoer, is accepted as a proof of your superior moral courage and faith in God, who said, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay." In this, too, I see the reason for you not throwing your life away in a fruitless effort to kill an armed desperado. There is universal indignation at the outrage. The hypocrite has unmasked and crushed himself. God will bring good out of this to you. Trust Him. Accept this as a token of my appreciation of your Christian integrity, and an expression of sympathy for you and your family. Truly, Yours, J. B. JONES.

FULTON, Mo., April 19, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR BRO.:—Being too closely engaged for the last week to read the daily papers, I did not learn until this evening of the wicked attack made upon you a few days ago. I hasten to assure you of my warmest sympathy and Christian regards.

There are those who will advise you to resent the gross insult offered you. Such persons shut out of view the fact that you are a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, and an officer in His church.

I earnestly pray God to give you wisdom, patience and prudence, that you may do that which is well pleasing in His sight.

Remember what the Lord Jesus suffered, and be content, if necessary, to bear temporary reproach for His sake. Under no circumstances can you afford to be untrue to Christ and His cause, and I have no fear that you would be, if left to your own counsel.

Moral courage is higher than physical courage; use the higher, and you shall gain the favor of both God and man. I thus write, believing both my motives and words will be appreciated by you.

Please present my kindest regards to your household.

Fraternally, Yours,

FRANK W. ALLEN.

MIDWAY, KY., April 20, 1874.

DEAR BROTHER:—I sympathize with you in the sore tribulations through which you are called to pass. Seek to please not men, but the loving God. Put your trust in Him, and not in princes. Patiently, calmly suffer, and count it all joy that you are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. Your Lord and Master was scourged, and suffered the shameful death of the cross; and Paul received forty stripes, save one, five times. You have some chance to suffer, if your many kind friends do not lift and remove all your burdens. Garfield and you are among the very few that meet with such golden opportunities.

May the Lord's grace be sufficient for you, is the prayer of

Yours, truly,

W. F. PATTERSON.

FULTON, Mo., April 20, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Owing to the engrossing cares of the successful protracted meeting we are holding here, I did not know till yesterday of the dastardly attack made upon you in Mt. Sterling. I can not express to you fittingly my indignation at the assault, and my deep sympathy with you and Sister Reid. I fervently hope that

the full measure of all the law can do will be meted out to your cowardly assailant, and I believe that heaven will at length adequately punish him for his act.

So far as we can understand, the provocation that led to it crowns you with the honor that should belong to a pure and true exponent of law, and you have nothing to dread from the verdict of right-thinking men.

Foolish and violent people will try to persuade you that a necessity exists for violence on your part, and thus make a very bad matter worse. But will you permit one who, though we have not often met, has conceived a very strong and earnest Christian friendship for you, to urge upon you to turn a deaf ear to all such counsel? The resort to the arm of violence belongs to a semi-savage state and an unchristian age. The gospel of Jesus Christ gives it no sanction, and no casuistry can excuse it, from the Christian standpoint.

Up to this point you have received only physical injury, but a resort to personal vengeance would begin a moral and spiritual injury that would possibly prove irreparable.

You are now furnished with an opportunity for a striking exhibition of exalted Christian character and fidelity to Jesus Christ, in abstaining from all violence, which, whatever hot-headed men may say, will procure the approbation of Jesus, the plaudit of the angels, and the highest esteem of the best of the community.

You owe this abstinence also to your recognized position as a guardian of law; and your rightful and just aspirations for higher position in this public service, can only be impaired by what the sober second thought of all good men must recognize as incompatible with the obligations of a Judge.

I have an abiding faith that the religion of Jesus Christ will be your guide in the matter, but could not forbear dropping you these lines of loving sympathy and counsel.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

ALFRED N. GILBERT.

POMONA, CAL., April 21, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—A few minutes ago I read a brief dispatch in a Los Angeles paper, that you had become involved in a bitter temptation. I would rather be with you to-day than in any place or with any person in the world. I suppose, long before this can reach you, you will have committed yourself before the public to a spirit and a purpose that will become a potent factor in your future for both worlds. I have the utmost confidence in your ability to maintain your obligations as a law-abiding citizen and a Judge, and your integrity as a Christian, against the passions and follies of misguided friends and malignant foes. A strong man, in a high place,

not ashamed of Christ and His teachings, and able to maintain his religious profession before a scoffing world, is the glory of the Man that stood before Annas and Caiaphas, and Pilate and Herod, and hell. Whenever one of His disciples walks in the fiery furnace, He walks with him, and saves even his garments from the flames.

Now I see just how proper use of this painful event could enable you to sweep the district with unprecedented éclat. The Lord grant you wisdom and grace for every trial and opportunity, is my constant prayer. There is no time for more words now.

Affectionately, your brother,

W. T. TIBBS.

FLAT CREEK, BATH CO., KY., April 22, 1884.

MY DEAR RICHARD:—I feel very thankful to God that you are bearing the test as a Christian gentleman. I am not disappointed in my estimate of you, which I have cherished for so many years. You have my daily prayers to God for you to be endued with strength from on high, that you may pass triumphantly through the ordeal that still awaits you, and that you may come out like "gold tried in the fire;" and though you may possibly lose the earthly crown, yet you will assuredly gain the heavenly crown, which is far better. Yours, ever in love,

D. S. C. M. POTTER.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 22, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

DEAR BROTHER:—Though a stranger, yet a brother in the Lord, I want to say that your brethren in Christ here heartily sympathize with you in this your sore trial, and commend your course of non-resistance. We pray the Lord to sustain you and your Christian wife, that His name may be glorified.

Truly and fraternally,

WM. A. BROADHURST.

SHELBYVILLE, KY., April 23, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You have had my profound sympathy in the deeply trying experience through which you have been called to pass. I felt that I would best serve you at the throne of grace. I praise the Lord that He has given you grace *to do His will.* Your Appellate District will, I trust, give you such an overwhelming majority that the State, the Nation, and the civilized world, may know that even in sadly lawless Kentucky, there is an appreciation of *Christian* manhood, in its amiable and glorious contrast with pagan and satanic revenge.

Mrs. Southgate joins me in the warmest expression of sympathy with you and with Sister Reid. We rejoice to know that the lovely Christian womanhood of your wife has been full of helpfulness in enabling you to reach the lofty purposes announced in your speech. May you both receive an hundredfold reward for your faithful adherence to Christian principle, and reverent submission to the law. *I am sure* that your conduct will "be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ," and that final judgment will be anticipated by every true and noble spirit here. With profound respect and tenderest regard,

Your brother in Christ,

E. L. SOUTHGATE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 23, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—Allow me, as a sincere and admiring friend, to express my congratulations in regard to the course you have pursued in the very severe trial to which you have been subjected. It required greater moral courage and magnanimity to do as you have done, than to face death in a dozen battle-fields.

Your case has passed from a private and personal one, into public importance and relations. The vitality and permanence of law is at stake; the honor and regard due to constituted authority must be vindicated; and I am glad to see that you have appreciated the momentous issues involved, and abstained from a violence which might have been extremely natural, but also decidedly wrong.

I assure you that thoughtful men and Christian men all over the country are thanking God for the dignity and promptness with which you are maintaining your ground.

Your noble wife, too, deserves, and receives, in this trying crisis, our heartfelt regard. Yours truly,

B. MANLY.

(Of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky.)

DANVILLE, KY., April 24, 1884.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am proud to say brother to the man in honorable position who has the moral heroism to rise above brute passion, assert the supremacy of the "wisdom which is from above," "first pure, and then peaceable."

. . . . . .

I hope you will be vindicated at the primary election, and then Judge Riddell, Cornelison, and all the rest, will subside. Judge Durham said he had read Cornelison's letters of defense, and they were miserable failures, growing worse and worse to the last. So all say.

I think I can read much that is not written in this case.

Praying the Lord to sustain you in your heroic purpose, with deepest sympathy from my wife and self to your wife and yourself,

I am yours,

J. I. ROGERS.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just read with great gratification your manly and noble Christian address, made to your fellow-citizens at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Allow me, as a native Kentuckian, to thank you sincerely for your noble course, and especially for your dignified, serene and courageous address. For many years I have watched, with grave fears, a growing tendency in this country to despise law. I believe your conduct will do more to correct this false and ruinous sentiment in Kentucky, than all the legislatures and courts have done in twenty years. It will set in such bold contrast the spirit of lawlessness and the dignity of law, that all will be compelled to see the brutality of the one and the nobility of the other. I look upon this as an epoch in the history of morality in Kentucky. God bless the man who could have the courage to face such depraved public sentiment, and set before the country his reasons in such statesman-like, Christian language. If Kentucky does not vindicate your honor, the nation will. Long may you live to honor the State that has done so much to dishonor herself. I could not resist the temptation to let you know that you have a sympathizer in one who is a stranger to you.

Allow me to subscribe myself,

Your sincere admirer,

D. M. HARRIS.

(Editor *Cumberland Presbyterian.*)

MARTINSBURG, AUDRAIN CO., MO., April 24, 1884.

DEAR BRO. REID:—I have just read in the *Republican* an account of a "wanton, brutal and unprovoked assault" upon your person, by an attorney of the name of Cornelison. The same paper says you have made a long statement, leaving it to a fair-minded public to characterize his conduct as it deserves. This statement I would like very much to see. Could you not send me a copy of the paper in which this statement was published? You have my heart-warm sympathy in this trying hour. Remember me to your mother-in-law, Sister Reid, and also Dick, who, I presume, is almost a man.

Your friend and brother in gospel ties,

THOS. A. MARLOW.

April 24, 1884.

To Mrs. Reid:

. . . . . .

It is painful to have to endure such opposition when one is trying to do only good; but it has ever been thus, and I suppose will be to the end. But you are doing a noble work, and must persevere in it. I wrote Bro. Reid the other day. I have felt great indignation and great anxiety over the reports of his trouble. I have been dreading the Judge would be tempted to undertake a vindication of his honor in Kentucky style—by punishing his adversary; and I feel more anxious than I can tell that he should avoid this, and show a Christian spirit throughout. I do hope you will encourage him to this. My poor, dear, suffering sister, you have trouble on trouble; but it is at such a time that your Christian womanhood should assert itself most nobly. Only troubles like these bring the grandest victories and richest blessings. May God direct and uphold you.

. . . . . .

Let us hope for brighter days, and in this hope go right along with duty. Ever faithfully, Yours,

Isaac Errett.

Indianapolis, Ind., April 24, 1884.

Dear Sister Reid:—As a former member of my pastoral charge; as having known you so long and so well; as having shared so often the hospitalities of your elegant home, you may imagine with what horror and indignation I regard the late brutal and cowardly assault upon your honored husband. As indicative of the feelings which animate the people of Indiana, I enclose you an editorial from this morning's *Journal*, the leading paper of this city and State. You will also see an appropriate reference to this matter in next week's "Indianapolis Column," in the Christian Standard. It will be a comfort to you and the Judge, in this hour of trial, to know that you are backed by the best sentiment of the nation.

Affectionately and sincerely,

David Walk.

Frankfort, Ky., April 25, 1884.

Dear Sister Reid:—Plainly, there's a providence in it. God wanted some one to set just such an example and to speak just such words, as Judge Reid has so nobly set and spoken, and some one, too, in high place, where every eye would see and every ear would hear. His course in this trying time, and his magnificent vindication of it in the speech given in last Wednesday's *Courier-Journal*,

will be, yea, *must* be, an educating power in molding the public sentiment of the State, which will continue to be felt even generations hence.

The whole event, with everything said and done by him in it, is, to my mind, the very best sermon ever preached in Kentucky on the subject, and I doubt not that sooner or later the rich harvest from this "sowing in tears" will appear, and the black and threatening cloud of trial will break in blessing not only upon *your* head, but upon the heads of all our people throughout the State.

These things have no doubt already occurred to you, and I write them simply that you may know that others with you are seeking to understand this providential event.

Fraternally, Yours,

GEORGE DARSIE.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 26, 1884,
328 W. Adam St.

HON. JUDGE REID:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just read your noble, Christian speech, or a portion of it, bearing upon the shameful attack recently made upon you.

I need not say that God will bless you for the position you have taken, and that all good people will sustain you.

Very truly, Yours,

SAM. FALLOWS.

(Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church.)

LEXINGTON, KY., April 26, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

DEAR FRIEND:—I have sympathized deeply with you and your wife in the trying ordeal through which you have passed, and my mind has been filled with the conflicting thoughts that have agitated your own.

I trust that the people will elect you to the Court of Appeals, not so much on your account, as on account of that progress in civilization which good men so ardently desire. I want the people of Kentucky to say that it is not in the power of a lawless ruffian to disgrace any man socially, either by word or blow—that a man can not be disgraced except for some disgraceful thing done by him.

I am not confident that you will receive the nomination, but trust you will, and then be triumphantly elected. Whether that be the result or not, you may rest assured of the respect and confidence of a large number of good people.

The Earl of Essex once spit in the face of Sir James McIntosh, and Sir James wiped the spittle from his face with his handkerchief,

and said, "If I could wipe the stain of blood from my conscience as easily as I can this from my face, I would take your life."

My wife sends her love to your wife. Time and the grace of God will soften her agony, and through her blinding tears she shall yet see the glory of her Lord.

May that mind be in you that was in Christ Jesus.

Yours,

JOHN SHACKLEFORD.

CARROLLTON, Mo., April 26, 1884.

As an old Kentuckian, I sincerely desire to express to you the great joy I experienced to-day in reading a report of the *best speech of your life*, in the St. Louis *Republican*. It reflects great credit upon your head and heart, as well as upon that religion of our Lord which I know now you love. I do hope the people of my native State will sustain you in the noble and Christlike course which you have pursued. Truly, etc.,

R. M. MESSICK.

To HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling.

LEBANON, KY., April 26, 1884.

To THE HON. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—I have read with great satisfaction your address of the 21st inst., relative to the assault upon you by John J. Cornelison.

Though a little tardy in doing so, yet I wish, as a lover of the law and the gospel, and as a minister of the latter—belonging to the Church of Friends—to express my hearty approval of your Christian course under such extremely trying circumstances.

Your "decision, made at the bar of your own conscience, and in the fear of God," shows an *enlightened* conscience; and your determination to hearken to the voice of God rather than to the rash advice of men, or promptings of a wounded spirit, shows a reliance upon the Arm of Divine Power which is all-sufficient to sustain, and that wisdom which is profitable to direct.

During the few months I have been in Kentucky, I have noticed, with sadness, the ready expression of individuals, and, in some instances, of the press, in favor of taking human life; and the promptness with which many resort to the use of instruments of death in the avenging of real or imaginary wrongs. And so, frequently, a soul is sent unbidden and unprepared into the presence of its Creator.

In treating of these cases, it seems to me the press often does so in a manner which tends to justify the taking of the law into one's own hands—and thus a great power for the education of the public mind for good is abused.

Your noble example and clear, Christian teaching, pleading as it does for both law and gospel, will have a very great influence, and do much towards correcting this dangerous state of public sentiment. A crumb of comfort may be found in the thought that, through your *seeming* humiliations and sufferings, some good will be done by the presentation of a better way than the avenging of one's self or breaking the laws of either God or man.

Your complete demonstration in this terrible experience of a Christian doctrine ever held by our people, is to me a cause of thankfulness. I am grateful to God for the grace that has so sustained you in the hours of severe trial.

Sympathizing most sincerely with you in your sufferings, I remain very respectfully,

Your brother in Christ,

F. G. CARTLAND.

CADIZ, KY., April 22, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—We, the undersigned, elders and members of the Church of Christ worshiping at Cadiz, Ky., Trigg County, desire to express our deep sympathy with you in your troubles, in consequence of wicked persecution. We have read, with much pleasure, your manly and Christlike defense, as published in the *Courier-Journal*. When a man has the Christian fortitude to rise above the impulses of the animal man, and reach the deliberate conclusion that he will permit the Bible to dictate his course of action (under circumstances where most, even good men, permit their passions to control), we feel that his course should receive the hearty endorsement of his brethren.

To this end, and to thank you for your manly course, we send you this brief testimonial of our Christian regard.

Your brethren in the Lord,

Signed:

THOS. C. DABNEY,	A. J. WYATT,
E. R. STREET,	JNO. L. STREET,
ROBT. CRENSHAW,	J. W. CRENSHAW.

CINCINNATI, O., April 30, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Your last sad letter was duly received. You are passing through deep waters, but the promise is, they shall not overflow you. You are in raging fires, but the divine assurance is that the flame shall not kindle upon you. Bro. Reid will gain a position, through this trial, that he otherwise never would have reached. It places him on lofty ground, and you, my good friend,

must not be wanting in firmness and brave endurance in such a crisis. "Through cross to crown." *Via crucis via lucis.* You are more than ordinarily blessed in being permitted to suffer for righteousness' sake. It brings you under the benediction of the Master, and the keener the trial the richer the reward. It has been my office to help you to be strong in times of trial; and I am glad that in such an hour as this it is my privilege to whisper words of sympathy to your crushed spirit. You will find in the STANDARD of this week an editorial on this affair, which I am sure will find a hearty response among its 70,000 readers. The "Indianapolis Notes" also contain a reference to it.

Tell Bro. Reid to have no fears as to the outcome of this. He will be sustained by all good people everywhere.

With earnest prayer in your behalf for divine strength and guidance, Ever faithfully, Yours,

ISAAC ERRETT.

DALLAS, TEXAS, May 2, 1884.

DEAR BRO. REID:—I have just had the pleasure of reading your speech delivered in Mt. Sterling, vindicating your course in your recent trouble. And let me say from my *own soul, God bless you*, my brother, for the *noble, Christian* course you have pursued. You are *one* of a thousand. *I am for you for President.* Congratulations and Christian love to Sister Reid.

Truly, your brother,

H. T. WILSON.

AUGUSTA, KY., May 3, 1884.

HON. R. REID:

MY DEAR SIR:—Will you excuse a stranger for extending his sympathy to you under the trying scenes through which you have lately passed, and to express his admiration of your manly and Christian course in refusing to take the life of your assailant—which the world, no doubt, would have justified you in doing—and standing by the word of God, and upholding those laws of the State which you are called to vindicate?

I think every Christian man in the land will thank you for exhibiting such Christian courage, and regard for Christian character and God's command, as you have shown.

The better class, everywhere, will approve your course; and you can afford to disregard the opinions of others, so long as you have the approval of your own conscience, the church, and your God.

It will give me great pleasure to support you, and use my influence to that end, for any office for which you may apply.

May God bless you and yours. With high regards.

I am truly, Yours,

E. H. HARDING.

(Pastor Southern Presbyterian Church, at Augusta, Ky.)

SHELBYVILLE, KY., May 1, 1884.

SISTER REID:—I deeply regret the trouble that has come upon you and Bro. Reid, but I rejoice at the course which he has pursued in regard to it. I am sure that he will come out of it all as gold tried in the furnace.

With increased esteem for Bro. Reid and yourself, I am

Yours, fraternally,

D. W. CASE.

COLUMBIA, MO., May 7, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—I have just read of the shamefully cowardly attack made upon you. Allow me to express my profound admiration of the magnanimity of soul you have shown in the whole matter. Illustrious as Kentucky has been hitherto, this incident in your life will become historic, and adds a lustre to your State that will shine undimmed in generations to come. None but a brave man can show such moral heroism. He is indeed a brave man who always has the courage of his convictions. Be assured the judicial ermine of your Commonwealth will be all the purer and grander for what you have done; and then, too, you have manifested the unspeakable power of the cross of Christ in the supreme moments of life's battle.

Excuse me for giving expression to what I feel. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Reid. Allow me to subscribe myself, with highest regard, Most truly, Yours,

M. M. FISHER.

Missouri University, Mo.

TO MRS. REID:

SISTER:—Cheer up; it will all come out right. It is time for trust and reliance on the strong arm. God will work His will with us all, if we are submissive and teachable, to our honor and profit; if not, then for our discredit and dishonor.

Let us trust, and be courageous.

Your brother,

J. M. THOMAS.

TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 17.

Excitement here is intense. Sympathy is unanimously with you. Extend to Mrs. R. our sincere sympathy. T. G. POORE.

LEXINGTON, April 17.

Bro. Cowden and I tender our sympathy. Show the world how a Christian can bear hardness for Christ's sake.

JOHN S. SHOUSE.

FRANKFORT, April 18.

You have my sympathy. I am ready to serve you in any way.

ALBERT A. STOLL.

LEXINGTON, April 18.

Remember Paul, and do not think to murder.

H. W. BAIN.

LANCASTER, April 19.

You have the strong sympathy of the entire community. Our condemnation of the outrage is intense.

HON. F. NOEL.
C. W. SWEENEY,
W. I. FOWLE.

POMONA, CAL., April 22, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:—Stand firmly within the law of Christ and the Commonwealth. W. T. TIBBS.

LETTERS FROM LADIES.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

JUDGE REID:—Excuse the liberty of a lady who feels that it is better to be right than to be President.

In the midst of so many conflicting feelings and judgments, is it not well to consider what saith the Lord: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay"?

It is harder to forgive than to fight—so it must be braver. Are you not a Christian? How dreadful, then, to kill, when our Captain's order is to forgive.

May He incline your heart to do the right, and to leave results to Him. MRS. ———.

LEXINGTON, KY., Thursday, noon.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I was indeed pained to see in the morning papers an account of your trouble. I am so thankful that you were unarmed. You are too good and noble to have your hands stained with the blood of such a low, cowardly dog. Don't let it trouble you, for you are too well known, too highly thought of as a Christian. It will finally gain you friends.

Your loving cousin,

MRS. TOM. FRAZIER.

MT. STERLING, April 16, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

DEAR MADAME:—I am so shaken with indignation at the base and cowardly assault made to-day upon your noble husband, and feel such an *agony* of sympathy with you, that I can not forbear some slight expression, even at the risk of seeming intrusive.

You and he long since won my grateful regards for kindness and interest shown when, with feeble frame but resolute heart, I was battling to keep the wolf from the door; and this has deepened into the highest respect and admiration as I have noted your zeal in every charitable and Christian enterprise, giving time, talents and money to the cause of the Redeemer. Every praise that has been bestowed upon either of you, and every added honor, has given me heartfelt pleasure.

That a man of so elevated and honorable a character as Judge Reid should be the victim of such an indignity, is wonderful, and we naturally look to see if *any* good *can* come out of such unmitigated evil.

May it not be that in this fair State, where the pistol is the popular resort of wounded honor, a distinguished example is needed of that *moral courage* which is as far superior to the merely physical, as the immortal spirit is to the perishable body? May it not be that the *law*, so often taken into rash hands, needed a vindication of its sacredness at the hands of a law-abiding Judge? May it not be that the nineteenth century in Kentucky needed to be shown an example of the sublime teachings proclaimed in the first century by Him who, "seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain" and taught them?

This is written near the midnight hour, for I can not sleep, knowing the anguish you experience. May He who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or *think*, grant you abundant consolation, and divine wisdom to direct you in

this unprecedented affliction. My husband joins in respectful sympathy and admiration. Very truly,

SUE E. KAVANAUGH.

(Wife of Rev. Mr. Kavanaugh, Minister of the M. E. Church.)

APRIL 17, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I am indignant to learn of the cowardly treatment the Judge has received. I honor him as a noble, Christian gentleman, and I trust this unfortunate affair will be settled to your satisfaction, to his, and that of your many friends. I feel like fighting myself. When those whom I esteem as highly as I do you and the Judge, are in trouble, I wish to go to them. I fret at my inability to do so—then ask myself what good could I do if there. Please accept my every assurance of good will.

My love for you both. Believe me, in truth,

Your friend,

MARGUERITE HAMILTON.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 17, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR MRS. REID:—We are just hearing all kinds of reports about a difficulty the Judge has had with somebody, somewhere, and we are so anxious and excited; but I write this morning to let you know that *whatever* has happened, it *matters not what it is*, we are *with you and Judge* in *sympathy* and *feeling*.

As soon as you can, let us hear from you, and hear the correct statement of this matter. I wish I was with you to-day.

Your friends, now and always,

SUE POORE and JOE MOSS.

STANFORD, KY., April 18, 1884.

DEAR SISTER REID:—With the hope that a word tendered in great love, by an unknown sister in Christ and in the church, will not be received amiss, I beseech you and your husband, for Christ's sake, act not hastily in this matter—not from the advice of the worldly-minded, or the *natural* man's views, but heed the spiritual.

. . . . . .

Take heed "lest Satan should get an advantage." "Let all things be done with charity," which "beareth all things, endureth all things." "Vengeance is mine; I will repay: saith the Lord." 'Tis greater to bear than to resent; and one of the Christian graces is to bear and forbear. If the inward man would grow, the outward man must die. "Crucify the flesh." Our own redeemed Head, the risen Christ, and the beloved Paul, bore many stripes, and reviled

not again. We are told, in lowliness and meekness to follow the steps of our Lord and Saviour, who is a very present help in time of trouble, and whose grace is sufficient for us.

May the God of all grace be with you both in this dark hour of trial—keep, comfort, strengthen, and direct you aright.

Your sister in Christ,

M. E. WELCH.

P. S.—My husband, an old comrade, school-fellow and friend of your husband, has perhaps written Judge Reid different advice; but he speaks from a worldly standpoint alone—what the flesh would invariably do.

Please excuse these disjointed remarks. I only desire your future happiness, and your good work untarnished to go on, and our Master honored. Many, many a good man has suffered as great an outrage, unwarranted and wrongfully.

I do pray Judge Reid will bear this heroically in silence, and leave it in God's hands, just where it is *now*, and he will be happy and blest, both here and in the world to come. M. E. W.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I can not find adjectives sufficiently strong in the English language to express my indignation at the treatment of Cousin Dick by that Cornelison. How dared he to do such a thing? I snatch these few moments from my desk, to let you know of my indignation.

This is not the long letter I promised you. Will write in a few days. Your attached cousin,

M. V. L. MOORE.

COVINGTON, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I was just thinking of writing to you to know of your whereabouts, and if you had any thoughts of coming to our biennial festival, when C—— read to me the shocking attack made on Judge Reid at Mt. Sterling. Of course, any one who knows the Judge, does not need to be told that it must have been utterly unprovoked. But it seems to me a most cowardly assault under any circumstances, and I can imagine what your indignation must be. I know you do not require to be told how much all your friends sympathize with you in your feelings; still I could not help sitting right down to write, and I shall not feel hurt if you do not feel it necessary to reply.

. . . . . and all, wish me to express to Judge Reid their indignation and sympathy at the brutal attack, which must have been

particularly shocking to a man like the Judge, who would not willingly hurt any one. Your friend,

MARGUERITE JOHNSON.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I feel that I must tell you how indignant we all are at the outrage perpetrated upon the Judge. My sympathy immediately went out to you. I know how you are suffering, and I only write to tell you of my deep and sincere feeling for you and the Judge, and hope all will soon be settled.

Mother joins me in love and sympathy.

Truly, your friend,

MATTIE T. RICHARDS.

(Mrs. Judge Richards.)

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—My indignation and grief at the horrible outrage put upon the judiciary of the State, upon our District, and all connected with you and yours, has filled me so completely that I could not trust myself to write, although I have felt, and now feel, that I can scarcely do enough to express to you and Judge Reid the sympathy I feel for you in this great hour of trial; and I pray that the Lord may sustain you and bear you up, and give you the strength needed to take you through this time of trouble. I feel that I know really what it is to be encompassed with clouds of trial such as not all have; and at such a time there is no wisdom, no comfort, no sure help, save in the promises of One who beareth all our burdens; and rest assured, Mrs. Reid, that outside of the sympathy and just indignation of the many good and true friends you have in Kentucky everywhere, you yet, within your church, have hosts of friends, brethren in the true sense, whose hearts and prayers and sympathies are all for you and the Judge. No man can harm when God is our trust. Christian duty and moral rectitude can withstand every blast of sin and crime; and the love of all Christian people is with you. In the deepest sympathy,

Your friend,

(Wife of Chief Justice Hargis.) L. H. HARGIS.

FRANKFORT, April 18, 1884.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I have no words to express the contempt for the low, ungentlemanly action of that person Cornelison.

The feeling of indignation in this city against the coward, is one of universal condemnation. Judge Reid is high above any such

creature. Judge Reid and yourself have the admiration and confidence of all people. In haste,

Very sincerely,

MARY E. BOLLING.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 19, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID:—I have no words to fitly express my indignation at the cowardly and brutal outrage on Judge Reid. That a man so eminently fair and just should have been the victim of such a criminal assault, is only another evidence that the spirit which shot to death the noble Elliott, still skulks about our courts, and dares through force or fraud attempt to wrest the law to its own nefarious purposes.

The church, the courts, and general society should at once take steps to punish this vile criminal to the fullest. He should be excommunicated by the church he has desecrated by his infamous life. The courts should place their ban upon a lawyer who has made the profession a cloak for the most degrading practices. And all decent men and women should refuse to recognize or hold intercourse with a creature who shows that his instincts are baser than those of the worst convict in our penitentiary. With sincerest sympathy, I am

Truly, your friend,

HENRIETTA L. WILLIAMS.

(Wife of Gen. Williams, U. S. Senator.)

VERSAILLES, KY., April 19, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

. . . . . .

You know that our hearts are with you in the great grief and trouble that has come upon you. I can never express one-half that I feel, nor the intense love that has always welled up in my heart for you. It is my nature to be reticent; but upon hearing the facts regarding Judge Reid's trouble, my being was shocked to its very center, and oh, how I longed to be with or near you, to show my sympathy in a sorrow so unexpected and uncalled for. I long so to do something to testify in some way my staunch friendship and love for Mr. Reid and yourself, otherwise than by a few cold words on paper.

There is not one dissenting voice here in the expressions of contempt and loathing for such a base and cowardly assault upon a grand and noble Christian gentleman, whose unimpeachable integrity and honor could not be questioned; but alas! *that* was the rock of offense—*that* was the wall that such base and unprincipled char-

acters wish to batter down and crush out forever. But through it all, let us have implicit faith that our Father ruleth all things, and that right will prevail and the good will triumph.

I have often said what a grand country ours would be, if all of the public offices were filled with just such moral, conscientious and noble Christian men as Judge Reid.

Yours lovingly, in joy and sorrow,

LUE WILSON.

VERSAILLES, KY., April 10, 1884.

MY DEAR MISS BETTIE AND MR. REID:—I want to say so much to you, and yet do n't know how to say it. I am so indignant at that would-be assassin, Cornelison, so in sympathy with you both, so anxious and impatient to hear the particulars direct from you, that I can not write connectedly. I assure you that your friends here are fairly boiling over with indignation, and if any of us could help you, we would gladly do so. The whole community is justly excited over such a dastardly, infamous outrage.

How is Mr. Reid now? To think that one of the best and dearest of men should be the victim of such a cowardly attack! Can it be that the feeling of envy against your missionary work has anything to do with this trouble? . . .

Do write to me when you can. I know how busy and troubled you must be; still I do want to hear from you so much. You know that my heart is with you, and that I love you and Mr. Reid dearly, and I feel sure that you will do what is right. There is no doubt of that in my mind. The good Lord will take care of His own.

Affectionately,

FANNIE LILLARD.

HENDERSONVILLE, TENN., April 20, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—Having just read of your recent trials, in our Nashville paper, I would abuse the dictates of my conscience in neglecting to tender to you my congratulations on having for your husband, a *man* who has enough that is *divine* in his soul to conquer all that is human. We can not know but that he has been made the instrument in God's hands to advance His grand work of "converting the sword into the plow."

To read of such a thing is beautiful, but its presentation to the world is sublime! And Judge Reid has manifested superior strength, worthy the admiration of the highest type of humanity. Say to him for me, "That I am only a woman," so can not vote for him; but he has my prayer that God will grant him success and a long life in which to help his fellow-men to say, "Father, forgive them: they

know not what they do." While from the pitcher you gave us on our tenth anniversary we drink to the health and happiness of you both, Lovingly,

MRS. JOHN FESLER.

HARRIS INSTITUTE, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

JUDGE REID AND WIFE:—Among the many friends that have gone to your house to sympathize with you; among the many that have written words of the same character, none have felt more deeply for you, none have appreciated your course more than I. If there is another man in Kentucky, in public life, that would have stopped to think of the innocent wife and helpless little ones of the man who had so deeply wronged him, and thereby held back the bloody hand, I do not know who it is.

If you had attempted to give blow for blow, all unarmed as you were, that would have been foolhardiness; had you armed yourself, and gone back and killed your assaulter, you would have been no better than the average Kentucky man. If I had a thousand votes at my disposal, they would all be given to the man who has the *moral* courage to let the *law* take its course. If our State could be governed by such men, vice and outlawry would meet a powerful check. Little Charlie has always considered Mr. Reid his "big man," and since this unfortunate affair I have told him to keep Judge Reid for his model.

I can think of nothing grander, nobler, than to pass through such an ordeal and be a Christian still; and while smarting from the outrage, hear the approving voice of conscience whispering, "Come up higher."

I feel certain that when you have crossed the dark waters and read the great mysteries unfolded to immortals, you will find heaven full of those that dared to do right. L. L. HARRIS.

TUESDAY, April 20, 1884.

FLEMINGSBURG, KY.

DEAR COUSIN DICK:—

. . . . . .

I have been with you in sympathy and prayer ever since a worthless cur dared to attack you. I at first questioned why Providence did not place some one with you at that time, so that your wrongs could have been hastily avenged. I am truly happy now that so great a *coward's* blood is upon no one's hands. Surely the thought of our dear Jesus' sufferings, humiliation, and final glory, will give you comfort. Even now the clouds are breaking. Justice is balancing her scales, and your beautiful and noble charac-

ter will be held up as a shining light. With love for the entire household, and great affection for yourself and Cousin Bettie, I am,

Sincerely, your cousin,

APRIL 21, 1884. JANE W. HARRIS.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 21, 1884.

MRS. REID:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—There are no words to express my sympathy—but in my heart I love you; and oh, I hope that out of all this pain good may soon come. Poor Kentucky! What fate is hers, when a Judge dare not, except to peril his life, give an opinion in law!

Powerless to do anything else, I may think of you, and speak good words for Judge Reid on all occasions.

You have a brave, strong heart; may it fail you never for a moment.

. . . . . .

Affectionately,

K. S. COWAN.

MOUNDALE FARM, Clark Co., Ky., April 21, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—If the kind thought and deep sympathy of your many friends could avail you aught, you would find much consolation at this time of injustice done to the dignity of our State, our Judge, and your husband. Hoping soon to express in person my friendship, I am sincerely yours,

FANNIE S. THOMSON.

FULTON, Mo., April 21, 1884.

DEAR SISTER AND BRO. DICK:—May's note and the papers give us all we know about the dastardly act of Cornelison. We had the *Courier-Journal* of the 17th and 18th, which, I suppose, contained most of the details. I can not tell you how indignant and grieved Mr. Atkinson and I feel over this matter—but what can we say? Only that I hope and pray there may be no bloodshed. Had you shot the wretch down in his tracks at the time, I feel that you would have given him only his deserts, and there would be no cause even for a regret. But now I feel that it would be different. From a mere human standpoint, we would say, Avenge the wrong; but looking beyond and higher than this, we know there is no heroism so great as that which would resist this human impulse, and allow the *wretch* to live. We know he will reap the reward of his evil deeds, in the contempt of his fellow-men, the lashings of his own conscience, and the many misfortunes that will hedge him in—for the way of the transgressor is hard. On the other hand, our faith should have its perfect work just now, and we should fully trust the

divine promise that "all things work together for good to those that love the Lord." I have never so completely felt my inability to express myself as now. The most I can say is, that I sympathize with you both, from the depths of my heart, and wish I could do or say something to ameliorate your sufferings. The report that sister said she would avenge the insult, I knew was not so, and a slander against her womanly and Christian character. We feel in great suspense, and of course should like to hear of everything as it occurs; but we know too well how you are situated to expect this. I was glad to get even May's short letter; she might write us from day to day, if ever so little, to relieve our anxiety. We had a very sick boy yesterday, but he is much better to-day; fever about left him, and we no longer feel uneasy.*

Bro. Gilbert says we must telegraph Bro. Reid to restrain his wrath.

I hope mother will be composed under this excitement, for her health's sake and the good of all. Our boys do not know of "Uncle Dick's" trouble. I want to tell them only facts as ascertained. With much love, Your sister,

LINDA ATKINSON.

GEORGETOWN, KY., April 22, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR BROTHER:—While my heart truly sympathizes with you in the great and terrible insult inflicted upon you by the villainous, cowardly and brutal assault made upon you as a gentleman, and as a Judge of the Superior Court—an administrator of justice—yet I congratulate you upon the possession of a higher title, which gives a greater power than that of Judge—the name Christian.

They say the law protects a man who is assailed if he kills a man in self-defense; but a fig for the law that can not protect the assailed ere he dips his hand in a fellow-being's blood: and a *true Christian* may not do that. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay." You have shown yourself a greater conqueror than he who takes a city. By the grace of God, you have conquered self. None but Christ could inspire you with the grand moral courage which you have displayed under the trying circumstances in which you have been placed. Nevertheless, I hope there is law somewhere in the archives that will reach the case, and deal out condign punishment to the cruel coward.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." In loving sympathy,

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZA DAVIES.

* This boy, a namesake of Judge Reid, died in a few days.

P. S.—I have just got a glimpse of to-day's *Courier-Journal*, and turned over to read your speech the first thing. I rejoice exceedingly that you have in word and deed advocated the law of your Lord, and shown to the world at large at whose side you stand. The truth is all-powerful, and must prevail. Your public speech was another test of your moral courage. "I am not ashamed to own my Lord, nor to defend his cause," etc. E. D.

RUNNYMEDE, Bourbon Co., Ky., April 22, 1884.

MRS. R. REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Our hearts are full of sympathy for you and Judge Reid in your troubles, and I was sorry Colonel Clay could not reply in person to your summons. The Christian's part was certainly the better, and Mr. Reid was wise in choosing it. The approval of his own conscience and commendation of so many friends, is surely some compensation for the mental anguish endured.

With kindest regards to Judge Reid, and our united wish that the present trouble will in no wise interfere with his success in the coming race, Very sincerely, Yours,

MARY W. CLAY.

MOUNT AIRY, PARIS, KY., April 24, 1884.

DEAR COUSIN DICK AND COUSIN BETTIE:—I know that you are supported every moment, and rest confidently upon His arm who said, "I will uphold," "I am with you alway," "Vengeance is mine," "I will recompense."

You believe Him. You do not need any word that I can say; but I want to get close to you, and must tell you that we love you so much—that you have been in our thoughts and in our prayers continually, since we first heard what a great trial had come upon you. *May you still be preserved blameless.* For your own sakes, I pray that you may have complete triumph; but for our dear boys' sake—you have given them such a much-needed, grand example of high moral courage.

I have been away from home several days. Capt. Simms gone South, but joins me in fullest love and sympathy. Does your own dear boy know of this?

I wish I could come up to see you. Are you at home now for the rest of the spring and summer? I wish I could give you a verbatim report of our services last Sunday. Mr. Sweeney never did anything more grandly; and every soul in the church must have felt that you were in our songs and our prayers. We are all well, and are always your devoted friends.

Most affectionately your cousin,

LUCY B. SIMMS.

SHELBYVILLE, KY., April 23, 1884.

To MRS. REID:

. . . . . I am one of your girls, and I can not withhold my sympathy from you and Mr. Reid. I have always been devotedly attached to you, and whatever has been a trouble or sorrow to you, has troubled me. Mr. Reid has acted so manfully, courageously and magnanimously, that he has brought his assailant out in the broad noonday glare; he has n't even a cloak for his sin. Indeed, I do not know if it were not more charity to give him just a *small bit* of all the love and sympathy that is yours and Mr. Reid's; but I can not spare any for *him*. You can not imagine how anxiously I have waited from day to day for the papers; but my anxiety dwindles into thin air when compared to yours and Mr. Reid's. The struggle between his Christian duty and outraged manhood, with such a man as I know him to be, must have been fierce; and if it had not been for the *atmosphere* in which he *lives every day*, the evil would have been much greater. Oh! I feel so glad he acted so wisely and so grandly. I do not see how you lived through all those terrible hours; but you had so much to comfort you. To-day, I guess, will wind up the *statement* given to us by installments. It were better if it never had been made. When you feel equal to the task, and have the time, I wish you would write to me and tell me everything. Of course your work will stop for awhile, until all have gained their equilibrium; but you are too strong to give up long at a time. You 'll begin with renewed vigor after a while. Dear Mrs. Reid, I wish I could be of some comfort to you; but it seems so ridiculous for me, so weak, to be of any aid or comfort to one so strong and who has always aided the helpless.

My love to Mr. Reid and Mrs. Jameson. How did she stand the trial?

With ever so much love for your own dear self,

Affectionately, your friend,

FANNIE PAYNE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 23, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—For the last week you have scarcely been out of my thoughts for a moment, and I wanted to write to you to tell you how deeply I have sympathized with you in the trouble that has come upon you and your dear husband, and have not done so, simply because I felt how unable I was to say anything that could possibly be of any comfort to you.

Of all the men whom I have met and known, Mr. Reid would have probably been the very last that I should have thought would have been subjected to such an outrage; his lovely, gentle, sweet disposition placing him, as I should have thought, so far above

ill-feeling and calumny, that when I read the account in the papers, I at first thought that it must be a mistake—that your husband could not be the man that that mean, cowardly wretch had seen fit to vent his wrath upon. If Mr. Reid, with his pure, Christian character, could be the victim of such an attack, how can the majority of other men escape? I read your husband's speech in the *Courier-Journal* this morning, and I consider it worthy of the man, and just what I should have expected of him; and I am sure that all right thinking men will approve every word he has said there, and will feel, that in taking the stand that he has, he has shown far more courage than those men who would have taken the law into their own hands, and gone through life knowing that they were murderers. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord;" and I feel sure that the time will come when that man Cornelison will wish that he had taken his own life, before he had perpetrated such an outrage; for he has branded himself as a coward, and the finger of scorn will be pointed at him as long as he lives, or I am very much mistaken. Feeling as I know you must, you will not regret that I shall be unable to see you before I go home. . . . . With love for all, believe me always, Your sincere friend,

MARY H. ECHOLS.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 23, 1884,
296 Broadway.

DEAR MRS. REID:—We have read with much interest and concern of the recent occurrence touching Judge Reid, and I can not refrain from writing to you, to say that his conduct has won the hearty and universal respect of the people of Indianapolis. My husband, Dr. P. H. Jameson, joins me in tendering his sympathy and congratulations to you and the Judge, in the trial through which you have passed, and for the triumph of Christian principle over the *old traditions* which he has achieved. The influence and results of his action in this matter must be far-reaching and permanent.

Accept my congratulations also upon your splendid quarterly report for the C. W. B. M.; it even exceeded my expectations of what your well-known zeal and energy could accomplish.

But I did not set out to write of this. Would be glad to hear from you occasionally. Yours, truly,

MARIA JAMESON.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 24, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

In finishing your article, entitled "Reasons for not Killing Cornelison," my pen involuntarily moves in grateful thanks. While

our dailies teem with crimes, from the most revolting to the veriest tricks; while outlaws and thick craniums seem to hold sway in our otherwise goodly land, a voice like yours is indeed oil on the troubled waters. To say your name will go down in history is a poor laudation, compared with the trust we have that our youths may be encouraged to wheel about and stem the popular current, and follow your sublime Christian example. The Christian fortitude of such a course can only be appreciated by those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am proud that my own native South can boast of such pure souls as yourself, Senator Vance, and a few others. While our W. C. T. U. is not in session, I feel I but echo the sentiments of that noble body of Christian workers. Please excuse this intrusion upon your valuable time. Having set an example worthy of Christ himself, you have too much teaching to do to waste a moment in reply to such a hastily written scroll as this.

Very respectfully,

MARY A. MOODY.

P. S.—I hope to get your article in our public schools.

M. A. M.

WINCHESTER, KY., April 25, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have intended writing to you ever since Judge Reid's recent troubles, but felt he was the recipient of so many letters of condolence that I would wait; and now, in reading his manly and Christian presentation of the whole affair, I can only add my little mite of comfort to you both, by saying that our whole community endorses his course fully. I have not heard a dissenting voice. How could a man in his position enter into a hand-to-hand fight with his assailant? Neither would taking life atone for the wrongs that he had received. So I think you should feel happy that the affair has terminated as it has, feeling that your husband will be more respected, and hereafter more honored, by his course, than by acting hastily and without judgment.

Accept the sincere love of

MOLLIE W. HOLLOWAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Willard's, April 25, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID:—I have just read Judge Reid's noble speech to the people of Montgomery County, last Monday, and must tell you how I honor him for the brave, Christian words he spoke. For a man in such a trying crisis to be able to rise above the promptings of desire for personal vengeance, and, strong in the panoply of Christian faith, turn over his aggressor to the arm of the law,

requires a degree of courage ineffably greater than that which would have enabled him to shoot to death his enemy.

Thank God for a man who is brave enough to defy the false sentiment which would urge him to avenge his wrongs by violence, and to submit himself to the divine command which says: "Thou shalt not kill."

. . . . . .

I trust this is the begining of a better day in our State, when the crack of the pistol and the flash of the knife will cease to be considered the cure for personal insult—when a purer and more efficient administration of the law will drive ruffianism from her borders, and every citizen, from the Judge on the bench to the humblest man and woman, be secure under her protecting ægis.

Sincerely, Yours,

HENRIETTA L. WILLIAMS.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MO., April 26, 1884.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I have wished to write to you ever since you were assaulted by that cowardly wretch Cornelison, and have only been prevented by illness, hoping each day that by the next I would be strong enough to write you a letter. I write now, even after this delay, that you may know you have had and still have our most hearty sympathy, and to express our utmost indignation that you, so good and great a man, should be the victim of such an outrageous and cowardly assault.

When the news first reached us, I was much excited and troubled. I feared some great tragedy; but I thank God you have acted in such a noble, wise and Christian-like manner. I pray that He may sustain you in the course you have so wisely taken, and that the law may deal out to that villain the severe punishment he justly deserves.

I am so thankful, too, that Reid was from home. I know it was best; but what a great comfort he would have been to you both.

There is but one opinion among your Missouri friends, and that is the greatest sympathy and admiration for you, and condemnation for the act.

Cornelison's own statement condemns him. I judge it a falsehood from beginning to end. Mr. King fairly boils with indignation when reading or talking about it. I hope Aunt Bettie is better. It pained me to hear of your intense suffering and sickness. I think, Uncle Dick, your speech eloquent and beautiful, and hope you may continue to have the courage to bear up as you have done. With love to all,

Affectionately and gratefully, as ever,

LILLIE H. KING.

MT. AUBURN, KY., April 27, 1884.

DEAR UNCLE DICK AND AUNT BETTIE:—Although not made manifest, I want you to know that we as a family have been very near you in your recent trouble, and I trust it is not yet too late to assure you of our warmest love and tenderest sympathy throughout.

Words fail me even now to express how deeply we have felt for you, and how much we have thought of you, and, indeed, lament this great trial that has come upon you. I am sure you have everything to comfort you and make you rejoice, and nothing—not one thing—to regret. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." "All things work together for good to those who love Him."

Yours is a grief which the love of friends may soften, but holier influences can alone subdue. We can but respect and admire the course Uncle Dick has pursued in not resenting this cowardly attack; and most heartily do we commend him as an example to the rest of mankind. I doubt not it will greatly redound to his credit and honor in the race for Appellate Judge, and that all good men will be for him, and assuredly none against him. This is the common belief of all whom I have heard express their sentiments.

Warren desires me now to speak especially in his behalf. Says he has been for Uncle Dick from the beginning, and will proudly stand by him till the last; that he has heard men who opposed him say, since this affair, that they would certainly support him.

He thinks it was his duty to have gone to your house last Monday, but the excitement was so intense, and he could not bear to see you in distress, when there were no means in his power to alleviate it. He has felt badly about it all week; and I trust this explanation will restore him to your love and confidence. We have been sorely tried ourselves. Come and see us when you can.

With love for you and your entire household,

Truly, your niece,

SALLIE J. ROGERS.

FARMDALE, KY., April 28, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

I hope you have not entirely forgotten Mary Lillard, who was once your pupil at Woodford College. A score of years has elapsed since you have seen me, and in all probability I have drifted into the misty part of your past life. Yet I can not pass by the unfortunate circumstance in which your family have been made victims, without tendering to you my deepest sympathy, though at the same time congratulating you on having a husband who had strength of mind and character to avert a catastrophe that would have blasted your lives forever. He has beautifully imitated Christ. Should that be a humiliation? Every man and woman has placed upon him the

mark of a Christian, while they have stamped his enemy as a cowardly villain. You should know with what indignation your "girls" have received the accounts from day to day; and all are rejoiced to know that Judge Reid, though sorely tempted, has not soiled the mantle that has been upon his shoulders. . . .

I am truly, your friend,

MARY BLAKEMORE.

EDGEWOOD, WOODFORD CO., KY., April 28, 1884.

MY DEAR AUNT:—You and Uncle Judge know you have our sincerest and heartfelt sympathy in your recent great trial. It certainly required a vast amount of courage to pursue the course Uncle Judge did, and it is proof conclusive of a grand manhood. I am more than ever convinced of his superlative virtue, and am ready to concede him God's noblest work.

We were so glad to see through the papers that Uncle Richard had sufficiently recovered to be out on his canvass, and I hope and pray that his aspirations may be crowned with success, and that he may be elected to the Appellate Bench. We saw in the same paper that you were not at all well. I wished very much that I could run up and see you during your liege lord's absence, but company came, so I had just to think and talk *of* you instead of *to* you. I trust by this time you are quite yourself again.

My father and mother have just returned from church, and they desire me to say to you that they are prouder of Uncle Richard than they ever were, and that he is a moral hero.

. . . . . .

Your devoted niece,

ELIZABETH ROGERS.

APRIL 21, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SISTER:—Accept my warmest sympathy in your trouble. Our keenest sorrows, like our most exquisite joys, come through our loved ones. May subsequent events more than atone for present grievances.

Sincerely, your friend,

C. B. FLOYD.

(Of Covington, Ky.)

NEW BRITAIN, CONN., April 29, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I must send you a few lines, to assure you of our love and sympathy at this trying time. I can not express my indignation at Cornelison, and I know that few men would have

borne the insult with the Christian spirit that Judge Reid has. Remember us kindly to him. I will write more soon, when you will feel like reading lengthy epistles.

Ever most affectionately, your friend,

MARGARET L. FITCH.

COLUMBIA, TENN., April 29, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID:—I have read every word, in all the papers, of the outrage upon Judge Reid, and I am now well posted in regard to the particulars and public sentiment. Have also read the many letters and telegrams received from the ablest men in our State to the Judge; and in this I can say nothing that would not be a reiteration of so many others. I just add "amen" to them all. You know I sympathize with you, and have not even in this county heard a dissenting voice. Knowing neither party, it was not a preference for the man, but a condemnation of an act so cowardly and void of all gentlemanly instinct. Every one here commends the course pursued, and is struck with admiration for a man who could manifest so much judgment in a trial so severe. My husband says: "I am worked up to the fighting point myself." But I can do but little, at best. Anyway, my dear Mrs. Reid, I want you to know how my heart aches for you; and it is gratifying to know so many good people are with you in prayer and sympathy. The Judge has been a friend of my father in time of need, and I know his character and nobility are stamped on the minds of all who are frank enough to admit the truth. "God works in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." That the Judge may yet have his reward, and that the sympathies of so many persons may be a balm to you in your sore trial, is the prayer of one of "your girls."

I am, very truly,

MADGE W. RIDLEY.

RUNNYMEDE, KY., April 29, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:— . . . But I think you must find comfort in these things. You did right, both of you. The very restraint gives you a power over yourselves, and the power to help others. This trial, as by fire, this long-suffering, bringeth patience—patience, which must have her perfect work, that she may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. This suffering draws sympathy—brings many nearer to you than they ever were before. This failing to take vengeance is a mercy to Cornelison's wife and little ones; and it might have been a burden not to be shaken off, the blood of a fellow man, though taken in self-defense. My brother Buckner and his

wife recollect hearing Mr. Reid say, that under no circumstances would he be willing to take a man's life—that it would haunt him always, etc., etc.

Time must make this trouble grow less to you—time, the great healer of all wounds. My father used to say, when we would be impatient of our children's faults, "Just wait; do not be in a hurry; it will all be right; leave it to time." So say I to you. I know it will all be right. Try to be willing to stand under the shadow of the cloud a little while again. Col. Clay says Mr. Reid made a splendid speech at Paris, and he drew the people to him. He knows of many changes it effected. When the people reply by their votes, I believe it will be a vindication of Mr. Reid's course. However it might seem at first, it is natural that a revulsion of feeling should come. But even if we are mistaken in the popular current, certainly you can not wish that you had pursued a different course.

Colonel joins me in love for you both. I was so full when I saw Mr. Reid, I could ask him very little about you.

Always yours,

MARY W. CLAY.

RICHMOND, KY., May 1, 1884.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I had just finished a note to your address, when some one said you were *en route* to Richmond — coming, I hoped, straight to us—so felt grieved that I missed seeing you. So many things, I know, demand a candidate's attention: but trust it may not be intrusive to say how our hearts bled for you in your trial. Oh, the *cruel, dastardly outrage!* I could not refrain from tears —tears of sympathy and indignation. But yours is the triumph of a Christian and a hero, and I trust you may be abundantly vindicated. The "Great Judge," maybe, has chosen you thus to rebuke crime and lawlessness—to prove the immeasurable superiority of moral courage.

With assurances of love to Cousin Bettie and yourself, I am, dear Cousin Richard, Your friend truly,

SALLIE E. WALKER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 4, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I can well understand how you were prostrated by the attack upon your husband. It is easier to bear insult or pain in one's own person than in one's other self; that is the peculiarity of a woman's life—her burden, and perhaps her glory—that she must feel all her husband's and children's pains and trials, as she does her own; and even more, I think—for while they are as our very own flesh, yet we regard them with the added feeling

of pitying sympathy which we never suffer with regard to ourselves. But does not a great and noble cause give one strength, and take away the pains of suffering? How proud you must feel of your husband! How you must rejoice in his courage and in the honor that the whole country is doing him! Why, this is a service rendered to his State that is worthy of an old Roman patriot. That it was dangerous and difficult, and involved considerable risks, only makes it the more noble. May the Lord preserve his life for many years, to bless you and his country.

Yours truly,

MARIA JAMESON.

MIDWAY, KY., May 5, 1884.

DEAR COUSIN BETTIE:—Indignation has been uppermost in my heart for some time, whenever I have thought of you and Cousin Dick, knowing and appreciating the struggle you were making to suppress such feelings. I have waited till I could think of the matter more calmly before writing. I think there are few, not Christians, who can understand and appreciate the nobility, the Christ-like humility and forbearance that Cousin Dick has shown in this affair. Yet the general expression of all noble-minded Christians that I have seen, is admiration and veneration for his great courage. Bro. John Shackleford, than whom I think no purer-minded Christian ever lived, preaches for us at Union. I will quote, as nearly as I can, some remarks he made upon this at his last appointment:

"I don't know that Judge Reid will be elected to the office for which he is now a candidate, but I certainly hope he will be, not so much for the good that will accrue to himself, as to show to the world that Kentuckians can appreciate the noble, Christian forbearance that has enabled him, one of our highest judicial officers, to refrain from taking the law into his own hands and wreaking his own vengeance when so sorely tried. Let it be seen that in Kentucky such a man as Judge Reid can not be humiliated by opprobrious epithets, or by the blows of a cowardly ruffian."

It seems that you both have the enthusiastic approval of man, as well as the much more blessed consolation of the approval of that meek and long-suffering Saviour you have striven to imitate, to sustain you in this great trial.

Your affectionate cousin,

MINNIE C. DUNLAP.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 7, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND:— . . . . . .

Our hearts have been with you through all this terrible agony, as have been thousands of other hearts, the best in the land. Di

Pearre says Judge Reid has preached this Commonwealth the sublimest sermon it has heard in many a year. In the midst of so much inhumanity that disappoints and disheartens, it fills the heart with exultation to find a spirit equal to such possibilities. I verily believe Judge Reid has made an epoch in Kentucky civilization. If God should choose some one for the redemption of this great people, would it not be one who would not falter when the trial came? Paul was chosen because he was equal to great suffering; and after he had passed through it, his great soul exulted in it, because he had been found faithful. If you could see Kentucky from the standpoint of a score of years hence, you perhaps would rejoice that you and yours had been counted worthy to suffer.

Tell the Judge I am thankful to have known him: heroes are generally as remote as fairy-land. I shall always think better of Kentuckians for their outspoken commendation of the right. I have not heard one dissenting voice.

Very hastily,

C. N. PEARRE.

OLYMPIA, Bath County, May 8, 1884.

MRS. REID:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—I beg your pardon, but I do so want to tell you how strong a sympathy can go out in Christian love, and how deeply and sincerely I have thought of you and your noble Christian husband in your very great trial.

Wishing yourself and family every possible success and happiness, I am, very respectfully,

Your sister in the church,

BETTIE MCKEE.

MT. STERLING, KY., May 10, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR SISTER:—Sister Ashby and I desire to express our deep, heartfelt sympathy for you in your great and sore trial, and wish so much to be with you; but feeble health will not permit.

May our heavenly Father, who alone can sustain and comfort us in our afflictions, be with and bless you even unto the end.

Truly, your friend,

M. A. MITCHELL.

VERSAILLES, KY., May 10, 1884.

To MRS. REID:

. . . . . .

Of our sympathy, I knew you knew me too well and my love of old, not to feel sure; but I must write to tell you how thoroughly I admire Judge Reid's course in this unfortunate affair.

I say, this unfortunate affair, but I do n't know that it ought to be so called; certainly not if, as I believe, great good will come of it.

It is true, it is hard for you and for him to bear now, but you won't feel so always. There is nothing in this world like the approval of one's conscience; and with this no one can ever be very unhappy, even if the whole world is opposed. You know I think it is very seldom that an opportunity comes to a man to do really a grand thing—that is, to set an example to men and to the world at large. This opportunity has come to Mr. Reid, and he has acted in such a way as to command the respect of all conscientious, God-fearing people. It is a thing not to be forgotten, and I believe the effect of his conduct will be productive of great good.

It is true, the age of martyrs has passed, but still our lives are not free from trials; and if they are borne in the right spirit, I feel sure there will come a blessing.

. . . . . .

My husband desires to be remembered most kindly to Judge Reid. Hoping and believing that you will both be very happy again, and that soon, I am, with the warmest love,

Your sincerely attached friend,

HELEN S. HOGAN.

BLYTHEWOOD, Madison County, Ky., May 11, 1884.

You have our entire love and sympathy, dear friends, in the severe trial and the cloud that has overshadowed you; but I trust, in God's providence, it will all be dispelled, and you, Cousin Dick, living and walking in the footsteps of our divine Master, obeying His precepts and example, will be justified in the eyes of God and man. There are times in the lives of us all that seem dark and desolate indeed, when the very heart is broken in anguish, and we are bowed down in sorrow and deep humility by the trials of this world; and the blessed assurance, "Whom he loveth he chasteneth," comes as a balm to our wounded spirits. Continue to trust in Christ and His promises, remembering that "all things work together for good to those that love and serve the Lord." If it will comfort you, dear friends, then know that our very hearts have gone out to you in this bitter trial. Your sorrow has been our sorrow. We have said all and done all we could in your behalf, and feel assured that God will comfort you here and hereafter. Mary joins me in deepest sympathy and love for you. Whenever you feel like it, you will always find a warm welcome in our home.

Your loving cousin and sincere friend,

NANNIE HARRIS.

VERSAILLES, KY., May 12, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—You do not know how I have suffered with you in spirit during the dreadful time just passed. My love, my sympathy and my prayers have been with you and with Judge Reid in this your hour of trial and distress. That I have not written to you sooner, is only an evidence of my occupied time, not of any want of love for you. That you have a husband of whose conduct you may be proud; that you have the knowledge that he pursued the only course left for a true Christian gentleman; and that he has the dislike of only the cowardly wretches who are too low-minded to express their enmity openly, should be not only sources of great pride and pleasure, but well-springs of joy perpetually in your hearts. At such a time words are but a poor medium of expression, and the public expressions of approbation, as seen in our leading papers, are but a poor evidence of the feelings of your friends.

I do most sincerely hope it will not militate against Judge Reid in his Appellate race. It would not in the Blue Grass counties; but whether or not the mountain-boys are appreciative of such a high standard of action, remains my anxious problem. Write and tell me about it, if you are able. Rest assured that anything Mr. Thompson or I can do, would be most willingly accomplished. There's but one voice in your old home on the subject, and that is that unparalleled success may attend you and your husband in all your undertakings. Give him my kindest regards. Believe me always

Your devoted friend,

INEZ W. THOMPSON.

(Principal of Central Female College, Versailles, Ky.)

FROM OTHER FRIENDS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 17, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—The morning papers give us the information of the outrage perpetrated upon you yesterday.

I trust that I need not assure you of my hearty sympathy with you in the natural distress and annoyance that such an affair must cause you. I appreciate fully the delicacy of your situation, but I am sure that your good sense, sound judgment and gentlemanly instincts will bring you to proper conclusions. Here I have heard but one expression of opinion, and that is of profound disgust for the conduct of your assailant, and of sympathy for you. People ask what is to be the future of society in your magnificent State, if men are to be permitted to kill and brutally as-

sault your Judges on account of adverse decisions. I am sure that the affair can not affect you injuriously in any way. I write in haste, in the midst of pressing engagements, from which I have snatched a moment to tell you of my undiminished regard. With my kindest regards to Mrs. Reid, I am,

Very truly,

JNO. ECHOLS.

TAYLORSVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—I am so shocked and indignant, and feel so much sympathy for you, that I have no words to express myself. The attack was not only brutal and cowardly, but was utterly uncalled for. Surely there is, or should be, some law to punish such miscreants, that the world might be better were it rid of them. I took breakfast this A. M. with Davis at the hotel, and then, when we were talking of you and your prospects, little did we think of the great indignity sought to be placed upon you. I need not again add that you have my deepest sympathy, and that of every good man. Your friend, very hurriedly,

T. A. MATTHEWS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE REID:—It affords me unalloyed pleasure to be able to assure you that you have the sympathy of every good man in this community, in the injury done your feelings by the recent outrage upon your person. Believe me, very sincerely,

Your friend,

D. W. YANDELL.

RICHMOND, KY., April 18, 1884.

DEAR JUDGE:—I was so much shocked by the brutal assault made upon you, as detailed in the papers of to-day, that I can not refrain from expressing to you my indignation, and at the same time tender you my heartfelt sympathies.

I regard the enormity of the crime as only less than the assassination of Judge Elliott; it should be denounced by every good citizen. There is but one sentiment here, where *the man* was born.

Permit me again to tender you my tenderest sympathies.

Yours, truly,

W. M. IRVINE.

PARIS, KY., April 18, 1884.

BRO. DICK:—It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. "The wrath of man works not the righteousness of God." As far as

human nature will allow, let the mind be in you which was in Christ. "The avenging of the woes bringeth forth blood." "Vengeance is *mine; I will repay*, saith the Lord."

Your brother,

J. M. THOMAS.

NORTH MIDDLETOWN, KY., April 18, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND:—The people of Montgomery can not be more indignant than your fellow-citizens of Bourbon for the uncalled for assault upon you; and you can rest assured it will endear you to us with feelings of love and friendship stronger than ever.

Truly,

E. K. THOMAS.

OWENSVILLE, KY., April 18, 1884.

MY DEAR JUDGE:—The diabolical outrage perpetrated upon you is so nefarious it should evoke the denunciation of all honest citizens.

Your friend,

C. W. GOODPASTER.

PARIS, KY., April 19, 1884.

MY DEAR AUNT BETTIE:—I received your dispatch of the 17th inst. this afternoon. I regret I can not come to-night, but will try to do so to-morrow.

From the *Courier-Journal* of yesterday, I fear you are disposed to do something *rash*. This will never do, my heroic aunt. My whole heart goes out to you in deepest sympathy; but I must insist that you act with prudence and much wisdom, that you may have no cause of self-reproach. The trial is great, but are you not able to withstand it? It might have been *worse*, and may be, unless the greatest and *coolest* caution is observed. Reflect well upon what you may say or do, else you may have to reflect upon yourself with lifelong sorrow. Certainly a most dastardly, cowardly outrage has been inflicted, not only upon him, but upon the "peace and dignity" of the whole Commonwealth; and this is the universal and expressed opinion of *all* whom I have heard speak of the matter. I hope, though we all may feel greatly indignant, that better counsels will prevail and justice may obtain.

With much love and sympathy for you both, I am sincerely,

Your nephew,

JOHN J. ROGERS.

LEXINGTON, KY., April 24, 1884.

JUDGE REID:

MY DEAR SIR:—I extend to you and your family my warmest sympathies in this your hour of great trial.

I know the unprovoked attack upon you is almost too much for mortal man to bear, but I pray God you may have enough Christian courage to bear it until the law can be fully executed on the cowardly villain that attacked you.

. . . I beg you remember you represent the majesty and dignity of the law—that you stand for order and peace; and to her, your bosom friend, I would say, pray God to impart to you sustaining grace.

With my heartfelt sympathy for you and yours, I am

Truly, your friend,

J. C. WOODWARD.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 21, 1884.

TO MRS. REID:

. . . . . .

I trust that the excitement through which you have passed may not be injurious to you. Be calm and cool as possible, and have confidence that the friends of Judge Reid and yourself, in different parts of the State, are doing all that can be done in his behalf.

The editorials in the *Courier-Journal* are, I hope satisfactory. The editors are disposed to do everything in their power to vindicate Judge Reid, and to stigmatize, as it deserves, the brutal conduct of Cornelison, and to encourage a healthy public sentiment.

With my best wishes, and kind regards to the Judge, and the boy when you write to him, I am,

Very truly,

JOHN ECHOLS.

FULTON, MO., April 21, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—To express my sympathy is weak and insufficient; to fitly characterize the fiendish brutality and cowardice of this most wanton and outrageous insult, language is inadequate.

You have thus far shown the highest courage and the most noble self-control that man can show, in this, that you did not kill the fiend like a dog. I see you have been advised to fight—good friends may give you *such* advice. I would have done so a few days ago, myself knowing it to be wrong. There has been no time when I would have advised a duel. This would recognize his equality—a thing you can not do—and would give the code, and a certain idea of chivalry, the high indorsement and recognition of your example. There is but one course for you to pursue, and that is to be guided by the light that comes to you from the high plane of perfect Chris-

tian manhood. So long as you are thus guided, you *can not* be wrong. May God help you to so consider and so act in this matter.

Affectionately, your brother,

C. O. ATKINSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 22, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR JUDGE:—I write to congratulate you upon the fact that you have the courage of a gentleman and a Judge. I am glad that your good sense has enabled you to arrive at the conclusion, that violence and brute force are not the remedy for a gentleman, when the law is ample to punish the *sneak*, the *coward*, the *assassin*. All correct-thinking people heartily commend your course, while everybody is in sympathy with you. It is no less true that the whole community, with one accord, condemn the cowardly assault upon you by Cornelison.

I remain Yours, etc.,

JOSEPH B. READ.

FULTON, MO., April 22, 1884.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—We have read with deepest anguish the account of the cowardly, brutal and infamous assault of which you were the victim. I know you do not want expressions of sympathy, nor yet any advice. The former can not come up to the measure of your suffering under such a tragedy; the latter would only be *apropos*, if I were equal to the emergency. All right-thinking men can entertain only feelings of indignation and wrath against such an outlaw as Cornelison. But as to what course you must now take in this the very crisis of your life, conflicting counsel from friends has been thrust upon you to such an extent that you have nothing left but to fall back upon the resources of your own judgment. That this will be right when calm and reason are restored, I do not for a moment doubt. I wish to strengthen you in this, to write as I believe you would to me, if I were the object of such an attack.

From the depths of my soul, I would rather it had been I than you, for it is evident the inspiring cause was to blight your career as a Judge and lawyer.

It lies on the very surface that you can not degrade yourself to the level of the *brute*, Cornelison; but beyond this is the *deeper* question of your manhood and Christianity. It is not only that you should not kill him, but that you should be true to the history and profession of a lifetime—true to your allegiance to the highest consideration involved. I believe you will rise above the first feelings of revenge, and leave him to the vengeance of that public sentiment

which ought to make him cry out, as it did the world's first murderer, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" This is the universal feeling here. I am especially requested by Judge Nesbit and many others, to write thus to you, and urge you to stand fast by the course you have adopted.

The infamy of the assault is only equaled by the atrocity of his article in the *Courier-Journal* of the 21st inst. This is not only a confused mass of contradiction, but his own sufficient condemnation. It leaves him totally without claim to sympathy in his degradation, except the contemptible begging for it which is contained in his allusion to his "wife and eight little children."

You are not so much humiliated as the State of Kentucky is disgraced—unless her courts and her citizens promptly put the brand of Cain on the felon Cornelison. That foolish dispatch from "friends at Owingsville," "to fight or withdraw," is a sad commentary on the false sentiment that has hitherto prevailed so largely, but is now fast dying out. Kentucky has now the opportunity to redeem herself by upholding you. I hope you may be the hero to lead her up out of this bloody Egypt to high ground, where serpents like Cornelison can only be allowed to crawl in their own sphere, and not be allowed to show their fangs.

I am delighted with the course of the *Courier-Journal* — its editorials, especially the one of the 21st inst. I hail it as the harbinger of better things than the miserable Owingsville message would make possible. The one appeals to moral courage, the other to brute force. "Let the heathen rage."

I write as my judgment, not as my feelings, dictate. I am afraid the latter would impel me to shoot the wretch. I get madder the more I ponder over it. I have scarcely thought of anything else since it happened. But my judgment is just as much clearer as time takes us farther from the terrible affair. Tell mother and sister to be calm and patient under suffering. It will all come right at last. Bros. Gilbert, Allen, and others, have written to you. I thought this would be more acceptable now than anything I could have written at the first impulse, and when too excited to know what to say.

Lovingly, your brother,

JOHN H. JAMESON.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 23, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—It was with painful emotions that I read the account of the wanton and dastardly attack upon yourself by J. J. Cornelison. It was a most foul and cowardly affair upon the part of your assailant; it was an insult offered both you and the

law. I wish to express my admiration of the noble and manly course you have pursued. It is a worthy example to all Christians placed in similar circumstances. I read your speech, as reported by the *Courier-Journal* of to-day, with great pleasure and pride, and am glad to own you as brother. My daughter joins me in a desire to be remembered to your wife, and desires also to express sympathy with her.

Asking God's blessing and comfort for you and yours,

I am your brother in Christ,

DANIEL GOBER.

(Physician of Kentucky State Prison.)

MILLERSBURG, Ky., April 23, 1884.

RICHARD REID, Esq., Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR JUDGE:—We have been sick for a week past, or I should have expressed our sympathies to you sooner.

I hear but one expression from all classes of persons—that is, unconditional condemnation and indignation at the conduct of your assailant, and hearty approval from all best citizens of your action in declining to violate law by taking his life. Be assured your action will not lose you any of your friends in this vicinity.

Respectfully, Yours,

ALEX. MCCLINTOCK.

RICHMOND, KY.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky:

MY DEAR SIR:—I scarcely know what to say to you in this your greatest affliction, but beg to assure you I am with you, heart and soul, whatever the consequences may be. There is but one opinion of friends here: the wrongs should be avenged. For myself, I know that your Christian virtues and gentlemanly instincts will prompt you to do the right; and I shall be satisfied with it. With my love to Cousin Bettie, and an honest sympathy for you all, I am

Your friend,

J. S. WALKER.

PARIS, KY., —, —, 1884.

HON. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

HON. AND KIND SIR:—Please let me offer you my heartfelt sympathy in that most outrageous attack upon you; but how consoling it must be to know you have "*the world on your side.*" Every one condemns this most outrageous attack, and applauds you for your forbearance under these truly provoking circumstances. Let me, my dear sir, assure you, Republican as I am, you shall ever have my

vote for the Judgeship, no matter if your opponent may be one of our best Republicans. I have always found you a gentleman of the first water, and will use my humble influence in your behalf, in every way it is possible for me to do. I felt most terribly incensed when I read of that brutal and cowardly attack upon you.

Very truly and kindly, Yours,

WM. SHAW.

PADUCAH, KY., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—I can not refrain, after reading your *manly* speech, published in the *Courier-Journal* of the 23d inst., from giving an amen, not only to your position as set forth, but to your course in the matter. And in thus indorsing your course, I voice the unanimous sentiment of our city and district.

May success attend you; and with a happy good-speed, I am

Yours, truly,

W. H. HOWELL.

FRANKFORT, KY., April 24, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID:—I must congratulate you. If you needed sympathy, heaven knows our hearts have been full to overflowing; but we see in this the overruling power of Providence. Judge Reid's course in this trying time will immortalize him.

So long as this country has a name among the nations of the earth, so long will this story be told as a memorial of him.

I thank God the Christian Church has the honor of such a member, the State of such a citizen, and the Superior Court of such a Judge.

It is a glorious thing for Kentucky that she has in such a position a man capable of such moral courage. The people everywhere will vindicate his conduct; his friends will be truer and prouder of him than ever before. We admired and respected him then; we love and honor him now. We see in him the pioneer of the great reformation we so much need, and in him we see the stuff of which martyrs are made.

Having seen him tried, we know he would suffer martyrdom for his country and her laws.

Nothing within the gift of the chivalrous people of Kentucky will be too great for Judge Reid. The tide of public sentiment is setting towards him stronger every day. The hearts of his countrymen, the best in the land, are with him and for him.

Again, we thank God that he can sleep the sleep of innocence; that his hands have not shed human blood; that the law he has

reverenced he *still* sustains, and by obedience to it gives us an example almost unparalleled in the history of man. We are glad you were with him to strengthen him in that dark hour.

May God's choicest blessings rest upon you and your husband forever. My wife joins me in love to you both.

Truly, your friend,

I. H. HUDSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID:

DEAR "DIX":—You have doubtless forgotten "Big Priest," near thirty years having passed since we were schoolboys together. But the manly tone of your defense moves me, as *schoolmate*, *citizen* and *Christian*, to send this note of congratulation. The great teacher under *the Teacher* exhorted his brethren: "Stand firm; quit you like men." So say I unto you.

I feel confident your people will honor themselves by honoring your course. Should they not, "I would rather be right than be President," is an ennobling sentiment, and in accordance with your manly defense. Your schoolmate and approving friend,

W. C. PRIEST.

LEXINGTON, Mo., April 24, 1884.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—It was a relief to the great feeling which has wrought upon me for days, to receive a brief letter from you this morning, supplemented by a notice of the meeting of the Bar and the good people of Mt. Sterling, and some of the proceedings thereof, which appear, with very proper editorial remarks in the St. Louis *Dispatch* of yesterday evening. The telegraphic representations of the affair heretofore given to the public, have been inspired by a sentiment of hostility to you, and were very hurtful to my feelings.

Ryland, who is a wise, true gentleman, and a professor of religion as well as a Judge in active duty, has again and again proclaimed that time would vindicate your course; "because," said he, "I have met and seen enough of Judge Reid to know he is a Christian gentleman, with courage enough to confront any demand which asks for the violation of God's commandments." Ryland has given me comfort in my sickness and sorrow for this occurrence. He asks me to-day to send his compliments and kind regards to you.

Give my love to Cousin Elizabeth. Yours,

JNO. REID.

GRAYSON, KY., April 24, 1884.

JUDGE REID:

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER.—I was not at home when the good people of our town joined in a letter of sympathy and cheer to you.

Please allow me to tender you my most sincere sympathy at this late hour of your severe trial. I have read your speech, and fully concur with you; said to-day it's the grandest speech I ever heard or read. I intend to file it away and keep it. Time will commend you to the whole people for your course; and as a Christian, you could do no other way. I am proud you did as you did, and said what you said. Ever yours, C. C. MAGANN.

BLUFFTON, IND., April 24, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just read in the Indianapolis *Journal* of this morning, an extract from a speech recently made by you in vindication of your course with reference to the outrageous assault made upon you by an attorney of your court.

Of course I am an entire stranger to you, and this writing may be of little consequence to you; but I can not resist the impulse I have to write, and commend in the warmest manner your manly and Christian-like course. It is refreshing, and, I trust, marks the dawning of a better civilization in Kentucky, and in the whole country.

May God bless you, and greatly increase your usefulness.

I am your friend,

NEWTON BURWELL.

COLUMBUS, IND., April 25, 1884.

MY DEAR BRO.:—Enclosed I send you a slip cut from the Indianapolis *Daily Journal*, of the 24th inst. It contains my sentiments exactly; and I write this to congratulate you on the courage you have manifested in doing right in the face of what has been public sentiment.

. . . . . .

May you live long and prosper.

Very truly, Yours,

JOS. IRWIN.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 25, 1884.

JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—A friend gave me this morning's paper with a speech of yours as delivered at Mt. Sterling, on the 21st. I have read it with much care, and then re-read the same, and have arisen with the conviction that it was a duty I owed humanity to write you, expressing in the best language that came to me, the reverent, high and holy appreciation of the course you have taken. To find a *man* at the South—in Kentucky—who could receive an assault as you did—who possessed that highest order of courage, moral courage, to receive an injury, an insult, and not seek to wash out the insult, to heal the in-

jury with the blood of his assailant, is such an unheard-of event as has called out my warmest commendation and hearty approval. I congratulate Kentucky that she possesses a *brave*, true man—one who dares do right; one who dares face and defy a vitiated public opinion; one who dares do what his conscience tells him is right. Go on, my dear sir, as you have begun; and may the people appreciate what you have done and said, as I do, is my earnest wish and most fervent hope. I could fill pages with words of approval, but fear to weary you.

Content with subscribing myself your friend and admirer, though a stranger, I am, truly,

H. A. REDFIELD.

WINCHESTER, KY., April 26, 1884.

MRS. REID:

DEAR MADAM:—As you have already heard, Judge Reid was received with open hearts and outstretched arms in the county of Bourbon.

. . . . . .

I feel greatly encouraged, and am confident if the canvass is vigorously pushed and well managed, we will yet win.

You should see Davis, and have him at once go to such counties as the Judge can't reach, and do all he can do from now until the Convention.

It would be well, also, to get Col. Hamilton, and other friends in whom you have confidence, to take the field and do all that is possible to be done in the limited space of time.

I hope and trust that God will give you health and strength to bear up under this great trial and affliction, and that you may have sufficient nerve to hold up the hands of your noble husband until he is thoroughly vindicated by his constituency of the First Appellate District of Kentucky. Most respectfully,

JAS. CHORN.

VINITA, Indian Territory, April 26, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—Realizing at once the intense mental agony that must necessarily have followed your recent worse than brutal treatment at the hands of a man who, if not demented, must be a villain; and further, knowing that your true friends all over the State and country would rally to your support, I have delayed tendering my heartfelt sympathy except by writing to Davis and your mother. My first impulse was to write directly to you, but I dreaded to open anew, in any possible way, the subject to you, lest my overtures would add more pain than comfort; besides, all

the dailies gave a version of your trouble not in keeping with the facts. I have waited until now to obtain the other side, and it satisfies me that you were, as you always try to be, right; and in the language of Kentucky's greatest statesman, "I would rather be right than be President."

I have read a number of comments upon your recent speech, and in every instance they have been most favorable, except the *Globe-Democrat*. This daily did more to misrepresent and injure you than all the papers I have yet seen; and since your speech and the warm support shown by your friends, *it has been silent.*

The false idea of chivalry calling for revenge, so long predominant in Kentucky and all south of Mason and Dixon's line, is rapidly vanishing under an advanced civilization. In this respect the Northern States have long been our superiors; and while much of the old leaven still remains in the slave States, I am glad to know that it is rapidly disappearing before a growing enlightenment. After all our prejudice, it will in the end prove a blessing to the American people that the wall of partition has been broken down, and that by a free commingling of the whole people our Republic promises to evolve a better and higher order of manhood and Christian statesmanship. No good man will ever do otherwise than sustain your course; and it is only the good whose esteem we should prize.

I am truly proud of your Christian forbearance and manly course, and trust that out of the troubled waters there will come to you great good here, as I know there will hereafter.

. . . . . .

Give my love to Cousin Bettie, and tell her that away here in the Occident I send her a brother's greeting.

Your Uncle,

W. R. DAVIS.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR:—Enclosed I send you a copy of the Indianapolis *Journal* that has come to my hands; and after reading the article headed "An Upright Judge," I desire to add my testimony of approval of your action, and to say I wish there were more like you. Indeed, my dear sir, it is such men as you have shown yourself to be that prevent our country and people from retrograding to savagery. I have spent some time in your State, and know the annoyance your manly course will bring upon you; but, my dear sir, it is nothing to the satisfaction of knowing that you have done right; and when you are called to meet your Lord and Saviour, the last instant of consciousness will bring this noble act to mind, and vastly outweigh all annoyances suffered for it.

May your days be long in the land, and peace and prosperity attend you. With great respect,

Yours, very truly,

B. S. ANNING.

LEXINGTON, Mo., April 26, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID:

DEAR SIR:—You will pardon an almost entire stranger for taking the liberty of addressing you, in the midst of sacred feelings so lately stirred within your breast by the wanton outrage inflicted upon you by one calling himself a man. But having been permitted to read your speech, lately made, explaining your course, and the reasons inpelling you to that course, I can not forbear saying that I thank you from my inmost soul for the high Christian stand you have taken. God, whom I love and whom you love, and fear to offend, will bless you in the course you have taken; and He will lead your fellow-citizens to approbate and honor you for doing as you do. I deeply sympathize with you in the terrible struggle you have passed through. I know what a high-toned gentleman would suffer in mind and soul in deciding the question, "What shall I do?" when the world on one hand urges to one course, and Christianity, loyalty to God, urges to the opposite course. While I hoped and believed, from what I had seen and heard of you, you would do as you have done, I rejoice with you in the victory you have won. I am proud to belong, in an humble degree, to that class of men who fear God rather than man. Your reasons are satisfactory—more than satisfactory—to me, and I truly think will be to the vast majority of men. I sincerely trust that public sentiment may so haunt and torment your assailant as to drive him from the society of gentlemen, and cause him to seek the society of the brute, where his nature assigns him.

With expressions of the warmest commendation, and assurance of the prayers and friendship of one far away,

I am your obedient servant,

JOHN E. RYLAND.

ALTON, ILL., April 26, 1884.

JUDGE REID:

DEAR SIR:—Having read your speech in vindication of your course with reference to the *unmanly*, *unchristian*, *uncivilized* attack made upon you, I, as an humble citizen, take pleasure in writing to congratulate you upon the course so wisely chosen, with the assurance that the civilized world will recognize in the act the exhibition

of more real courage, tenfold, than would have been required to pursue the course usually adopted under such circumstances.

Very respectfully,

G. W. HILL.

(He had never before heard of this friend, and so doubly appreciated all such letters.)

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., April 29, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky:

In looking over a copy of the Owingsville *Outlook* that accidentally fell into my hands, I noticed an account of the cowardly assault upon you by Cornelison; and I would offer my deepest and most earnest sympathy in this your hour of affliction. I have no words with sufficient power to express my contempt for the infamous scoundrel that would deliberately offer such an indignity and stinging insult to one of his fellow-men; and I know and feel that every high-minded and noble-principled son of Kentucky's soil will brand the perpetrator a villain and a coward, and as far beneath your notice as the vilest cur that walks the earth. No man of principle, or a spark of manliness, would stoop to commit such an act or resort to such a degraded source of revenge; it is far beneath the dignity and pride of a gentleman, and could alone be the outgrowth of a dastardly nature. There was but one course to pursue, after calm deliberation, and that you have pursued; and every law-abiding citizen of Kentucky, and of this entire Commonwealth, will justify and honor you in this course. I am ignorant of the facts that led to the assault, but suppose it was some political difference or feeling, and that it was committed for political capital.

If Buford had been hung, it is my opinion that personal difficulties between private citizens and Supreme Judges would have ceased forever. That was a cold-blooded, cowardly murder, and this partakes of the same elements.

I hope the people of your district will show by their generous support that they fully realize and value highly the true and high principles that prompted your course of *true* bravery, in the face of such vile abuse. You have certainly proven yourself a Christian, and worthy of their highest confidence. Your letter was received, and prized by myself for its kindly sentiments, interest and general advice; all of which I shall strive earnestly to merit.

Again tendering my sympathy for you and yours, and sincere regret for this unfortunate affair, I am

Yours, most respectfully,

ROB'T HARVEY.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 29, 1884.

HON. R. REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, yet we were born near the same spot; your ancestors and mine were life-long friends: therefore I feel free to address you.

Having read, with much pleasure, your letter of defense in the late unpleasantness with Mr. Cornelison, and finding so much therein to admire, I can not refrain from writing you personally, and to most heartily indorse your conduct. Such a letter, in these degenerate days, is of such rare occurrence that it calls for an indorsement by all whose desire it is to see honest and manly Christian conduct in public officials, as well as in private life. Your letter breathes the spirit of a true Christian gentleman, and while the false sentiment of a so-called chivalry (which is a relic of barbarism) may not indorse your letter, still you can afford to turn your back upon such, when you will and most assuredly have the indorsement of all pure-minded men everywhere. To pursue such a course as you have, with your surroundings, requires more bravery, more *true* courage, than to have challenged your adversary and fought a duel.

I sincerely believe your conduct has furnished an example worthy of being imitated, not only by men in high positions, but by all true men in whatever walk in life. Your name will certainly go down to posterity as one who could *dare* to do *right* under the most trying ordeal. Hope you may—and I believe you will—be fully vindicated by a re-election to the high and honorable position to which you aspire.

Please remember me to Mrs. Reid, whose pleasant acquaintance myself and wife formed at our Missionary Convention at Lexington, in 1882; also to Mr. Stone, your partner.

Respectfully, Yours, etc.,

MELVIN MCKEE.

FULTON, Mo., April 30, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER:— . . . I have read Bro. Dick's speech over and over again. God bless him for the exalted stand he has taken. At first the Adam in me caused every drop of blood to boil with rage and cry for vengeance. Hence I was not prompt to write him. I waited until I could write what my judgment told me was right.

It makes very little difference what the people of Kentucky or any other State may think of his course; he is *right*, and it is better to be right than to have the applause of a thoughtless multitude.

But I firmly believe the people of his State will sustain him, and

condemn the ruffian who has tried to injure him. If not, I hope never to hear another boast of Kentucky manhood or justice.

. . . . . .

All join in love to mother, Bro. Dick, May and yourself.

Your brother,

C. O. ATKINSON.

CADIZ, KY., May 1, 1884.

JUDGE RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I enclose a document signed by the officers of our congregation, and could have secured the signatures of the entire membership. The brethren whose names are to the within are well known to my uncle, Elder John C. Walden, whom I have heard speak of you. We felt that this much was due you from us. May God, in His infinite mercy, bless and preserve you and make you useful to His cause.

Very truly, your brother,

J. W. CRENSHAW.

(The resolutions are in the Preachers' List.)

LA PLACE, ILL., May 2, 1884.

HON. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR JUDGE:—The news of the great outrage perpetrated upon your person, and the flagrant insult to the law, has lately reached me, and if it be not too late for an old friend, who has known and revered you for so many years, to offer his sympathy, which is only equaled by his ineffable contempt for the possessor of so base a mind and dastardly a heart as was evinced by your brutal assailant, you will please accept this as a sincere expression of much more than I can command language to express. It is rare that men resist wrong under the influence of so great a temptation as has come upon you; and while I know, weak as I am, I would have felt not as God hath said, "Vengeance is mine," still I do all honor to the wisdom and Christian piety manifest in your noble conduct.

For this noble forbearance that places you so far above what we commonly know as the best of men, should your fellow-citizens fail to appreciate and honor you, God, who is a juster and wiser arbiter, will not fail to reward you with honors higher and holier than the conceptions of poor mortals can paint.

I here also tender to your true and noble wife the kindly sympathies of Your faithful friend,

GEO. W. STONER.

HARLAN COURT HOUSE, KY., May 4, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

DEAR AUNT BETTIE:—Reaching here to-day, I received a paper containing the cowardly and unprovoked attack upon "Uncle Richard" by that would-be assassin. Cornelison's conduct is cursed and condemned by all the good people of this county, either Democrat or Republican, while Uncle Richard receives the approbation of all. I certainly feel for you both, under these most trying circumstances. Say to him, while I am in the employ of others, I shall not forget to "deaden a tree" whenever I can.

G. B. Turner is doing all he can, as are all my friends and acquaintances. Hoping him great success,

I am truly, your nephew,

W. H. ROGERS.

MIDWAY, KY., May 15, 1884.

DEAR DICK:—I have been so busy since the storm (as you called it in your speech) happened to you, I have had no time, nor did I think it at all important to let you and your wife know my hearty sympathies were with you. We knew you would not suffer from it, because we felt, and so expressed ourselves to some croakers, that when you and Miss Bettie had a few hours to think, the very best thing to do would be done, and which I know has been done. You can afford to do nothing else.

It would not surprise me if some *religious antipathies* did not show themselves, if the fool is excluded.

I think you narrowly escaped the fate of Judge Elliott or Gen. Garfield. The fellow only wanted you to resist. He was too cowardly to do as Guiteau and Buford did. Don't think for a moment that any friend has less regard for you, for any sensible man would have done as you did. Any coward could have murdered the assassin with impunity, so far as law is concerned; but your conscience, had you shot him, would have troubled you forever. These same fellows who said you acted cowardly, would have said, had you killed him, you were a murderer. Of this I am certain, because I have diagnosed a few such cases; but very few, indeed, for almost everybody endorses you unequivocally. Gov. Porter told me he wrote to you; and your old friend, Judge Steele, you know would have felt for you had he not been beyond the reach of insults and assaults. My wife says the only fear she feels is that Reid might feel it his duty to resent this; but I know you are too watchful to let this danger escape you. So I say at the close, as I said at the beginning, good will come of it. You will teach people that it is not only right to resist the temptation to murder legally, but safer, too, unless your mountain constituents are very different from the Blue Grass.

I don't believe you have a friend who does not think more of you; and, as I said before, the croakers are, and were, your enemies. We only wish we were in your district. Bro. Patterson said he had not voted for forty years, but it would do him good to vote for you. So it would everybody else, except a few fools who want to advertise their courage by saying what they would do under the same circumstances.

My wife's sympathies are with your wife and Mrs. Jameson. If the latter is with you, tell her to wait till the people speak, and see which is the better way. We know her advice to you would be good, but expect her inclinations would be the reverse; and there is nobody we like more. Truly, Yours,

T. M. PARRISH.

LEXINGTON, Mo., April 25, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:— . . . Certainly the ordeal through which you are passing is a torment equal to all the endurance of a sensitive nature, testing, in an intense degree, the faith of a Christian, and hope for reward hereafter for the faithful observance of God's commands. . . . You and your husband have been permitted to know that your Redeemer liveth. . . . To be able to stand forth and proclaim that knowledge as you have done, I would bare my shoulders to the stripe, and like a quarry-slave go scourged nightly to a dungeon.

The speech your husband made at Mt. Sterling is pregnant with the teachings of Christ as obtained from Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. It is a grand pronouncement, powerfully illustrating the mastery over the turbulent feelings of a noble heart, submissive to the teachings of the Master, who was Himself smitten and spit upon by hypocrites not more vile than Cornelison.

My dear cousin, you have my deepest sympathy in this severe hour of trial. The burden you bear is a heavy one; but there is another and a better world, where we are promised happiness for good conduct and forbearance in this; and the promises, you see, should make the yoke easy. Now, my dear cousin, believe me when I say it is my desire that you and your husband should always be right; yet right or wrong—I am no Christian—your cause is mine.

Truly, Yours, JOHN REID.

[The following two letters Judge Reid never saw.]

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
May 15, 1884.

To his Honor, JUDGE REID:

With congratulations for the truly noble stand he has taken for the right. From his unknown friend, JAMES A. BRIGGS.

ST. JOHN'S PLACE, Brooklyn, L. I., New York.

To JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR SIR:—The enclosed I cut from last evening's *Union*. I thought you might find pleasure in reading it.

Truly,

M. A. M.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A recent incident in Kentucky merits more attention outside the State than it has received. Not long ago a brutal attack was made upon Judge Richard Reid, of Mt. Sterling, by an attorney who held him responsible for an adverse decision. The assault was proved by a trial to have been "wanton, causeless and inexcusable." Kentucky precedent required that the Judge should take up arms against his assailant, worthless and contemptible though he was, and "vindicate his honor" by risking his life in a resort to force. But he refused to bemean himself by such a brutal course, and made a public statement of his position which can not be too highly commended. Confessing that his first impulse was to follow the ancient custom and appeal to force, he said that to have thus taken vengeance would have belied his whole life and character and Christian profession. "I have been a man of peace, not of blood," he said. And he thus explained and justified the attitude which he had taken:

"I never carried a weapon of any kind in my life, not even since the trouble. I never struck a human being a blow in anger, and until this occurrence no man ever struck me a blow. From earliest youth I have been a member of the church, and for eight or nine years an elder and a teacher in the Christian Church at Mt. Sterling. I have tried in my way to lead a Christian life; to illustrate in my daily walk and conversation the teachings and spirit of the Master whose servant I hope I am; I have endeavored to be true and loyal to the Bible—the great chart of human duty. I remember it taught: 'Thou shalt not kill!' 'Avenge not yourselves!' 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay!' And so I could not, without casting to the winds my past life and all my past professions, without dishonoring or destroying my Christian manhood and overturning the foundations of my Christian character, attempt to shed the blood of a fellow man. As a Christian, a lawyer, and a member of society, I can neither risk my life nor run the chances of becoming a murderer. I am well aware of the criticism and odium which my course will arouse in the first excited impulse of popular feeling. I am aware that such a course is in the face of what I honestly believe to be a mistaken public sentiment that has heretofore

prevailed to some extent in Kentucky, but I believe that in the end I shall be vindicated."

It required rare courage for a Kentuckian to take issue thus with the brutal code of his State, which has elevated private vengeance intc an unwritten code, more binding than the statute law against murder, and has made Kentucky in truth a "dark and bloody ground." It was time that some man of character and standing should tell his fellow-citizens how brutal is their rule of so-called "honor," and throw the weight of his influence against it. It is encouraging to hear that Judge Reid's manly statement has been earnestly commended by the press of his State, and heartily indorsed by numerous private correspondents. Such an example has long been needed, and Kentucky would disgrace herself if she did not honor the man who sets it.

OFFICE OF ATTORNEY GENERAL,
SACRAMENTO, CAL., Jan. 24, 1885.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR MADAM:— . . . Of course no adequate punishment could be visited upon the atrocious criminal, nor even any indictment for the cruel crime be found; and I do not even know of what offense the murderer was accused and convicted. The sentiment of an outraged people is added to the penal judgment, and if there is any Providence or moral government (and such things make one greatly doubt it), surely vengeance will be executed by the Power who lays claim to it.

I do not take any Kentucky papers or correspond with any person in the State; so my information in regard to this most savage and appalling outrage, and the contests and persecutions which led up to it, is very vague, derived only from the summary of general news given in the newspapers of California.

I will be obliged if you send me such papers as will inform me in regard to the series of events to the close of the trial of the principal criminal. It is among the worst of those fearful crimes which stain the history of Kentucky and induce abroad the idea, not without reason, that we live under the most sanguinary and lawless civilization in the Christian world in the nineteenth century. . . .

I shall always bear in memory, among the very pleasantest episodes of my life, the visit I made you just before I left Kentucky. How well it is we can not foresee the future, and I hardly know, if it were not as well that memory also should be denied us. I have so often, among my friends, cited your household as the model of a graceful, cultivated Christian family. How soon bright things

come to confusion. It seems a strange coincidence that the two young men temporarily residing in the same village, and connected with the same prominent lawyer, and removing to different and distant places, and each winning reputation and fortune, should both fall by the hand of worthless and vile assassins. Awaiting the papers,

I am respectfully and truly, Yours,

E. C. MARSHALL.

THE MT. STERLING OUTRAGE.

[East Kentucky News.]

The recent brutal assault upon Judge Richard Reid, of the Superior Court, by John J. Cornelison, a lawyer, at Mt. Sterling, reawakens in the minds of the people of Kentucky the cowardly and brutal assassination of the late lamented Judge Elliott. In the acquittal of Buford, and the means resorted to for that purpose, may, in a great measure, be found the cause of this recent attack upon a high judicial officer.

Had the law been promptly and strictly enforced against Tom Buford, the assassin of Judge Elliot, Mr. John Jay Cornelison would have been slow in decoying a Judge into his private office, and then, without warning, making a deadly assault upon him.

Cornelison, however, in the light of the precedent set in the Buford case, might reasonably conclude that, as Buford escaped for killing a Judge, he, Cornelison, would go scot free for merely beating, bruising, and mutilating a Judge possessing inferior jurisdiction to that of the Judge murdered by Buford.

It will be remembered that Buford's acquittal was effected in a peculiar and unusual way. He was convicted of murder, and the jury fixed his punishment at imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, and the case was taken to the Appellate Court.

Each of the Appellate Judges refused to sit in the case. For this refusal no satisfactory reasons were ever given. It was said that Buford threatened to kill the Appellate Judges. His malice was general to the Court, and not to any particular Judge, and certainly this offered no good excuse for the remaining Judges to decline to try the appeal. Hon. L. P. Blackburn, who was then Governor, was required to make a court, which he did by appointing three Judges only. Two of the three Judges so appointed favored a reversal of the case, and it was reversed, and Buford thereby escaped punishment. Had the Governor done his duty and appointed a full bench, it would have required the concurrence of three Judges to set Buford free by a reversal. To this day no reason has ever been

assigned for the dereliction of duty upon the part of the late Governor.

The case was certainly one of great moment, and demanded a full bench if ever a case in the State did. In this manner, by the duly constituted agents of the law, did Thomas Buford escape punishment, and he now walks the earth a free man. This case, with the terrible mistakes attending it, has encouraged such outrages as the one at Mt. Sterling. Some are complaining now, and say the law ought to be amended so as to make it a felony to assault a judicial officer. Such amendment is not needed. The law, if it were enforced, is ample for the protection of every human being in the State. It is not lack of adequate law to protect life and limb in Kentucky that is wanting, but the failure to enforce the law we already have.

The stain upon the good name of the State in the escape of Buford, and the questionable means used to accomplish it, clings to us like a plague-spot, and is now bearing its legitimate fruits by bringing upon us further humiliations as a State and people.

In the light of developed facts it is quite apparent that the attack upon Judge Reid by Mr. Cornelison was causeless and unprovoked, therefore the more humiliating to the assaulted party. . . . The one thing remaining to be done is the stern and relentless prosecution of Cornelison. He assaulted Judge Reid with a deadly weapon, and did so, we believe, with intent to kill or inflict great bodily harm.

Such an assault is felony under our statutes, and he should be prosecuted and convicted under the law. Should this be done, and the conviction carried into full execution, the insult to the people of the State will be at least partially atoned for.

OUTRAGE ON JUDGE REID.

[Owen County Democrat.]

A most unprovoked, ignominious and dastardly outrage was perpetrated yesterday, one week ago, in Mt. Sterling, by a lawyer of that place, named John J. Cornelison, on the person of Judge Richard Reid, of the Superior Court of Kentucky. It was an assault not only humiliating to Judge Reid, but one that is a disgrace to our people, and a gross, unpardonable insult to the judiciary of our State; and notwithstanding the shamelessness and enormity of the offense, strange to say, we have no law on our statute book that affords anything like adequate punishment for the offense. Judge Reid, a Christian gentleman, a man of the highest standing in the Christian Church of Mt. Sterling, a lawyer of unquestioned ability, and

an honest, efficient, and distinguished judicial officer of our Commonwealth, ably representing his judicial district on the bench of the Superior Court of Kentucky, is enticed into the office of a man he considered a friend, and while in a sitting posture, and without any warning or intimation of Cornelison's fell purpose, he is cruelly beaten by this pretended friend with a cane and rawhide, supported by a pistol in his handy hip pocket. Now what excuse does this outlaw, Cornelison, offer for disgracing the profession of which he is a member? Simply that he understood that Judge Reid had been instrumental in the reversal of one of his cases by the court of which he is a member. When the facts are, that Judge Reid and his partner, having been Cornelison's lawyers in the Circuit Court, could not, and did not, sit in the case, never expressed an opinion in regard to it, was not present when it was considered and determined by his associates on the bench, Judges Bowden and Richards. It is an outrage unparalleled in the judicial history of this State,, except one lamentable instance that shocked the civilized world—the cold-blooded assassination of poor Judge Elliott for discharging the duties incumbent upon him as Appellate Judge. My God, has it come to this, that our highest judicial officers have to be shot down like dogs, or cowhided like petty thieves under the laws of Delaware, or travel from the court-room to their homes with an arsenal buckled around them for self-protection against the assaults of some defeated litigant in their courts?

[The Central Methodist.]

If the Kentucky Legislature does not pass a law making it a felony to assault a public officer because of his action as such, they will fail to perform a duty that now seems paramount. The murderer of Judge Elliott escaped upon a mere technicality, which has left judicial officers, whose decisions may not suit litigants, at their mercy, unless they should arm themselves and prepare for the worst. Only last week, Judge Reid, of the Superior Court, was brutally assaulted, in Mt. Sterling, first with a cane, then with a cowhide, by a lawyer, J. J. Cornelison, because of supposed connection with a decision with which he had nothing to do. If such outrageous and disgraceful conduct is not speedily punished, and to the extent of the law, the people will take the law in their own hands, a thing to be deplored in any country, but always inevitable upon a failure to suitably punish crime. The purity of our courts is inseparably connected with the honor of the Judges.

[Breckenridge News, April 23.]

This is not so much an assault perpetrated upon an individual, as it is an attack upon the judiciary represented in the person

of Judge Reid. The pretext or reason Cornelison gives for his outrageous act is not that Judge Reid had given him personal provocation, but that he, as a Judge of the Superior Court, did not use the influence of his position with his fellow-members of that body, and secure a decision favorable to the client of his law partner. Had Judge Reid done this, he would not only have proved himself unworthy of the high position he so creditably fills, but would have covered himself with infamy that would have stained his character to the grave. And because he was not such a dishonorable man and recreant Judge—because he did not betray public trust for private interest—because he did not dishonor himself in the eyes of his colleagues by endeavoring to persuade them to render a decision favorable to the interests of a client of the law firm of which he is a member—that client must, perforce, brand him as a traitor to his interests and assail him with the club and rawhide. Is this not monstrous?

We know both parties to this unfortunate occurrence well. Judge Reid is one of the purest, truest, and most upright of men. . . . . The same characteristics that mark Cornelison marked the slayer of Judge Elliott. As there was no excuse for the murder of Elliott, so there was no excuse for the assault on Judge Reid. Of course the law provides no adequate punishment for Cornelison's mad act. At most it was but a breach of the peace. But morally it was a much graver offense. If Judges of the law are to be held personally responsible for their official acts, and compelled to face the shotgun or endure the rawhide for decisions of their courts, then we should make Judges out of desperadoes and prize-fighters, men who are handier with pistols and fists than familiar with the law. Cornelison should be promptly disbarred by the Circuit Court of his county, and not permitted to practice in any court in the Commonwealth. He has prostituted his calling, disgraced his profession. He should be made to pay the penalty.

And the people of his Appellate District owe it to Judge Reid to rebuke this outrage upon him in the most emphatic manner by uniting as one man to promote him to the Appellate bench. Because he was an upright Judge he was assailed and beaten. Because he is an upright Judge the people should vindicate him, and rebuke the ruffianism of which he was the victim, at the polls by a unanimous vote. Our judiciary can not remain pure and incorrupt so long as our Judges are held to personal responsibility for decisions that must of necessity be disappointing and displeasing to the losing parties in cases they adjudicate. Let the people vindicate and uphold the judiciary, and they will protect them by the might of public sentiment. Cornelison and not Judge Reid was disgraced last Wednesday. The sanctity of the law was defiled and

not Judge Reid humiliated. The entire people of the State were outraged and insulted, and not only an offending citizen punished for personal offense given. Judge Reid's cause is now the people's cause.

[Vanceburg Courier, April 22.]

Of course, such a wanton, cruel, and high handed outrage committed upon one of the foremost men of the State was soon heralded abroad, and the most intense excitement prevailed. Telegrams poured in from all quarters. Friends offered their sympathy and assistance to the wronged Judge. Judge Richards, his associate on the Superior Court bench, sent a statement relieving Judge Reid of all connection with the case, and asserting that he was not on the bench at the time the opinion was delivered. Cornelison's body was hung in effigy in the court-house yard, and every demonstration of popular disapproval of his attack was made. A public meeting of the citizens, and another of the Bar, deplored the uncalled-for and cowardly attack.

Cornelison has since published a card in defense of his action, but it falls far short of satisfying the sober, fair-minded people who are sitting in judgment upon his act. If it be true, as he says, that Reid deceived him by professed friendship, when he was his hidden enemy, his act and his manner of resentment only brands him a coward, whose friendship would be a curse, and whose savage, revengeful disposition would make him repulsive to all respectable people. His act looks more the part of a notoriety hunter than of a wronged man seeking redress. He certainly knew as well before he made the assault as afterward, that Judge Reid was not a factor in rendering the decision. But he did not know that the high standing of Judge Reid and the lofty position to which he aspires could be made an instrument to give him notoriety, provided he could use it to advantage. He studied the case over. The assault was the plan agreed upon to give him fame, even though unenviable. Cowardly by nature, he played the part of a most detestable hypocrite—the very part he is now charging upon Judge Reid—and not until he had secured his victim under cover of his office, and with his face in an opposite direction, did this creature dare assert the cruelties that had been so long surging up from a rotten heart behind a grinning face.

The assault will in no wise weaken the ties of friendship by which Judge Reid has bound himself to the people, or dampen the ardor of their support. They have known him too long and too well to be prejudiced now, at the meridian of an honorable and useful life, by the lash, or the pen of an unknown pettifogger, who

seeks to build up his own reputation by endeavoring to pull down another.

It high time the people were throwing the barriers of protection around the courts by inflicting adequate punishment upon piqued and disappointed cranks like Buford and Cornelison. The fair name of our Commonwealth, and the high character of our public servants, demand that these wanton crimes of unprincipled litigants be met with a proper retribution, to avoid their recurrence.

A NOBLE STAND.

[From the Christian Standard, May 3.]

. . . He invited Judge Reid, who seems to have had no suspicion of excited and hostile feeling, to go to his office and examine certain papers; and while the Judge was seated, looking over the papers, Cornelison struck him on the head with a hickory cane, and followed this up with strokes of a cowhide, compelling the Judge, defenseless as he was, to flee from his violence.

We do not intend here to express any opinion as to the justness of Cornelison's complaint, as we have not read anything from either party in the way of vindication. Papers like the *Commercial Gazette*, of this city, after reading all that Mr. Cornelison has put forth in justification of his act, regard his attempt at vindication as far from satisfactory. The paper named says: "We do not see how the Cornelison statement can fail to turn public sympathy away from its author." With this, however, we have nothing to do here. Admitting that there was reasonable ground for dissatisfaction, and even for indignation, it is impossible to justify this assault. A member of the church in which Judge Reid is an elder, Cornelison owed it to him as a brother and an elder to proceed according to the law of Christ in seeking redress. As a lawyer, a friend, a citizen, and a neighbor, he owed it to Judge Reid as his neighbor, and especially as a Judge, occupying an honorable official position, to seek from him, in a gentlemanly way, an explanation of his course in the matters complained of, and if he still felt that he was injured, to seek redress in a legal way. His assault was an outrage. On this the secular papers generally, as far as we have seen them, are of one mind. Such was the opinion strongly expressed at the indignation meeting held at Mt. Sterling; such the opinion publicly expressed by nine members of the bar resident in Mt. Sterling; and such is the judgment of Mr. Cornelison's own lawyer, as we learn from the Mt. Sterling *Sentinel-Democrat*, of April 24:

"Judge James Hazelrigg, counsel for Mr. Cornelison, upon being requested to sign the above petition, made the following statement at the bottom of the same:

"'I am counsel for Mr. Cornelison, and do not desire to make any statement inconsistent with that position. However, I do not hesitate, together with the other members of the bar, to express my unqualified disapproval of his hasty and seemingly unjustifiable course in attacking Judge Reid in his own office without warning. Judge Reid has always been held in the highest esteem in this community, and I do not doubt the people will take occasion to reaffirm their implicit confidence in his official integrity as a Judge and standing as a citizen. J. H. HAZELRIGG,

"'Judge Montgomery County Court.'"

[Stanford Interior Journal.]

Ordinarily we are outspoken in opposition to anything that smacks even of a mob spirit. But if there ever was a case which demanded the prompt action of Judge Lynch, the present is that one, and we shall long to chronicle that John Jay Cornelison has atoned, as much as his worthless life can, for his crime at the end of a rope swung from a convenient limb. We are a law-loving and law-abiding man, but when a person puts himself outside of the law, and it can reach his case only in a small fine for assault, then we advocate, as the next best thing to the courts, Judge Lynch's prompt and effective remedies. Cornelison has forfeited his neck. Let him pay the penalty.

[Henderson Reporter.]

No one envies Mr. Cornelison, and if he were to reach the age of Methuselah, it is doubtful if he ever would be a happy or contented man, or recover the loss he has sustained in public estimation. In every city, town, village, and hamlet in the State his act has been condemned, and in none do we believe he would meet, or expect, a kindly welcome or the grasp of a friendly hand. If he is wise, he will conclude that Kentucky is no longer a home for him, and will seek one in the far West.

But we can not take space for more in this line. Enough has been given to furnish a fair expression of public as well as personal and private sentiment. These private letters and public utterances are not merely expressions of sympathy with an innocent and noble sufferer, or of appreciation of his personal and official integrity—though they are, in these respects, of great value—but they reveal the

wide-extended conviction of the peril in which we are placed by a growing disrespect for law and by the false sentiment, so long unchallenged, which erects personal vengeance and lawless violence into a standard of honor, and tabooes every man as a worthless coward who fails to violate the laws of the land and the laws of God. Yet no sooner does Judge Reid plant himself on the law of his country and the law of Christ, than words of approval and admiration pour in upon him from intelligent, respectable and influential people in all parts of the land, and especially from his own State, where it was supposed the opposite sentiment was almost universal and omnipotent. It is by no means the smallest of the many services Judge Reid has rendered to his country that, through his superior moral courage, he has evolved, from the hearts and consciences of his countrymen, such earnest and enthusiastic approval of his law-honoring and God-honoring conduct.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CANVASS—SPEAKING—THE LAST TOUR THROUGH THE DISTRICT—LETTERS TO MRS. REID—MRS. REID TO JUDGE REID.

Judge Reid decided to prosecute his canvass, speaking as far as he was able at points within reach.

The General Convention was to meet at Winchester, Ky., in June, for the purpose of deciding upon the nominee of the party.

He had conducted his canvass almost exclusively through correspondence, continuing in Frankfort in discharge of his duties upon the Superior Bench until the first of April. He had given himself, therefore, but two months in all for his active canvass through his very large District, against an opponent who, for four years as Circuit Judge in a portion of the same District, had been actively engaged in seeking the suffrages of the people.

At the time that Judge Reid returned to his home, on the 14th of April, after two weeks' travel, he was sure of his election. The assassin struck him down. He rallied. Wounded in soul and body, he went forth among his people for his vindication. Never man stood before the people of Kentucky with such a burden upon him; with such momentous issues involved in their decision. Such an opportunity is seldom given to a generation. It had never before come to the people of Kentucky; it may never come again. They must decide by their suffrages between good and evil; between light and darkness; between all that was treacherous, false, cowardly, devilish, on the one side, and all that

was trusting, true, heroic, godlike, on the other. It was no longer a question between two opposing candidates—between Judge Riddell and Judge Reid. The issue had been taken out of the domain of politics. An opposing candidate dwindled into insignificance. He was a mere negation. The question now was, whether Richard Reid should be sustained or not; whether his constituency would raise him up and set him on high as the evangel of a new civilization; or, whether they would strengthen and nerve the assassin's arm that struck him down, and thus themselves strike at all authority and all sanctity of law and order, all civilization and progress; all, in short, that makes life worth the having and worth the living.

How would they meet the issue? What a grand opening for a noble rival! What honors would the future not bring forth to one who would rise to the sublimity of the test and say: "No; I can not oppose Richard Reid now; whatever may have been past hopes and issues, I can not now, by opposing him, put myself upon the side of the assassin."

It was as if Garfield, or Elliott, had risen from the slaughter, and said: "I leave my murderer to you and your laws for punishment. I stand before you for vindication in my conduct. Choose between me and my slayer."

It was a choice between Judge Reid and his betrayer; it was for the people to vindicate his course and to punish the criminal. What would the people do? Would they fail to see their opportunity? Seeing, would they lose it?

What a going forth was his now! Hitherto he had walked in the light, and joy and peace and hope had attended him. Now he walked in the valley of desolation, and thick darkness encompassed him about, and demons from earth and hell arrayed themselves in battle against him. And from the gathering shadow of death he called to his God, and to his fellow-men, to hear him for the righteousness of his cause; to uphold his hands that he might come forth, in victory, the standard-bearer of truth.

Hitherto, he had gone out from his home, at the call of duty, with the anticipated brightness of the return dissipating the sadness of the farewell. Now, an open grave might intervene between him and his loved ones; any farewell might be the last; he did not see the way clear for the going or returning; an abiding sense of calamity oppressed his soul. He would come back after each sad parting, kneel by his suffering wife, and say: "Remember, whatever befalls me now, my love for you and the boy has never failed; it never will fail." The love and prayers of his household followed him; but to these were added now a sleepless anxiety, an overhanging dread, a dumb despair, against which they could not successfully contend.

To the eternal honor of his countrymen be it said, that a noble army of friends rallied to Judge Reid. There were ministers of the gospel of every denomination; people of all churches and parties; the members of the bar, citizens of every class and condition, that stood by him.

More happy for those than for Judge Reid, who, by telegram, letter, by personal presence, or political support, poured the balm of their love and sympathy upon his wounded heart. Happy for them if, seeing the cross too heavy, they put their own shoulders beneath, and aided him in bearing it. God, who sees even the sparrows when they fall, and numbers the hairs of the head—to whom one of his disciples is of more value than many sparrows—will surely reward such according to their deserving.

There were those, though very few, who joined themselves to the persecution: priests and Levites who passed by on the other side; those who wagged their heads, who cried out, "Release unto us Barabbas;" who crucified afresh; who took the innocent blood upon themselves and their children. They must appear before that Tribunal to which Richard Reid submitted the righteousness of his cause, to learn how the God of Vengeance will repay at His own good will and

pleasure, and through how many ways He will work out His retributive justice.

The second speech was made at Paris, Ky., Friday, 25th of April. He writes to his wife:

"I find the people will, in the end, sustain me. Have been met everywhere with the warmest expressions of sympathy and approval. Will speak here Saturday afternoon, and come home on first train Saturday night. Monday will speak in Winchester. Am holding up with God's help the best I can. I pray Him to be with you for strength in this sore trial."

Friends from Paris wrote to Mrs. Reid: "Judge Reid made a splendid speech and drew the people to him. We were so overcome we could not approach him to express ourselves as we wished. Men and women thronged the court-house."

On Monday, 28th of April, he spoke in Winchester. He writes to his wife:

"Speech went off well; had a good crowd; have had an active canvass all day, and feel greatly encouraged; so do all my friends. No changes here to amount to anything. Where I have lost one friend, have gained another, sometimes two. God help and bless you."

In Winchester the house was thronged, and at the close of the speech, the cry burst forth, "Three cheers for Richard Reid."

The effect of his speech in Paris and Winchester is perhaps a just criterion by which to judge of its power elsewhere. At first there were some who stood aloof, who "did not know if Judge Reid would get a hearing;" who "did not know if they could support a man" who had not slain his betrayer. There were some who hesitated until they saw which way the tide would flow—who, realizing the justice and righteousness of Judge Reid's cause, were very urgent that other men should be bold, and open and out-

spoken in his behalf. It was a time and test that tried men's souls. Judge Reid was not alone being put through the refiner's fire that brought forth the pure gold. And while perhaps there might have been some whose friendship, and high assuming, were only dross, some guilty one who carried a stone, some one who planned to interrupt and prevent a fair hearing, there was but one voice heard after Judge Reid delivered his speech. The effect was magical. He won the popular heart, convinced the doubting, and confirmed his friends. Where least expected there were often the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Men who had acted otherwise would say, "You have done right—it is better to suffer wrong than to imbrue your hands in blood." And wherever Judge Reid spoke the whole community, as with one accord, rose to do him honor. Ladies attended upon his speeches, and were the most earnest in their expressions of esteem and friendship. In Winchester, after addressing the very large crowd assembled to hear him, he introduced, in the most courteous manner, Judge Laban T. Moore, of Catlettsburg, who had entered the lists as an opposing candidate. Judge Moore responded in an equally complimentary speech—but said that he differed from Judge Reid in the statement that his cause was now the people's cause. He thought Judge Reid's difficulty a private and personal affair, and that it should not be made an issue in the canvass. But this fell stillborn upon the crowd, and after Judge Moore had taken his seat, one loud huzza after another went up from the people, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. Judge Reid's cause was the cause of the people now. They determined to make it theirs, and to bring him off victorious in his race.

At Paris, one* whose opinion he valued, said to him, "You owe no explanation of your course to the people, no apology for your conduct. You were born and bred a gentleman; you are a scholar and a student—not a pugilist,

* Col. W. H. Wadsworth, of Maysville.

a bully, nor a prize-fighter—you could not descend to the level of the brute that attacked you."

But Judge Reid felt that he could not keep silent—he must speak; he owed it to himself, to the people he represented, to truth and manhood, and to the religion he professed. The Spirit of God was upon him, and moved within him. It was not what would he say; where would he go; who would hear him; what would be the effect of his speech: but only how far would his human endurance and strength carry him in the stand he had taken, under the burden he was bearing, and in the unequal warfare he was waging against the combined powers of evil.

The Paris *True Kentuckian* said:

His earnest and eloquent address in Mt. Sterling, on County Court day, only five days after the assault upon him, was, in view of the circumstances under which it was composed and delivered, the most admirable effort of his life; it deserves to be written in letters of gold. It thrilled the good people of the whole country with sympathy and admiration for him, and cultivated sentiment that will outlive generations. Those of the crowded house who heard him can never forget his noble words.

Said a leading minister* in a large city who was a stranger to Judge Reid: "I would be willing to suffer as Judge Reid has, to stand in his attitude to-day before the world, and to have delivered his speech. It should be printed in letters of gold and sent broadcast over the country." Another said: "This minister but voices the sentiment of the pulpit at large."

If such was the effect of Judge Reid's speech upon the public and his general constituency, with what an agony of interest did his friends follow him! He more than justified the peculiar quality and strength of affection with which he had always inspired them; and now was added to this the sublime devotion that men accord a hero upon whose

*Dr. Green, Presbyterian minister, of Louisville.

success they have staked their own faith in the ultimate triumph of the right.

From Richmond, April 23, he writes:

"Got here last night; found the sentiment was set somewhat against me among the hot-headed, but my friends, as a rule, stand firm. They believe the county can be carried for me by work. Made no speech, as the friends had decided it was not advisable, owing to the state of the feeling. I go from here in the morning to Nicholas County; thence to Flemingsburg, Maysville, etc. You can write me in care of W. J. Hendrick, Flemingsburg. Will give further directions from Carlisle. God bless you. Love to all."

John Johnson Rogers to Mrs. Reid.

RICHMOND, April 29.

I am very glad to say I am greatly encouraged at our prospects. Uncle Richard's speech was well received at Winchester—and friends there are hopeful of his success and approve of his position. The friends have welcomed us with cordiality, and though they thought it perhaps unwise to make a speech just now, they promise the county shall be carried for Reid. . . . I have no fears of the result. I have to chide Uncle Richard a little. I wish you would write him whenever you can, and endeavor to cheer him. Stone Walker told us there were fifteen ladies at his house to-night, asking where Judge Reid was, and if he was going to speak. Bless the dear darlings! If they could vote we would have no trouble at all.

I tell Uncle Richard to quit thinking of himself, and turn his mind and heart, brimming full of gratitude, towards his friends, so they can look upon him with equal favor, and thank the Lord for raising up such a man to them, thus giving them an opportunity of establishing and supporting righteous principles in our land. I can not even think of defeat, and see only victory and meritorious

reward ahead; so let us be of good cheer, and work right on and hard, and all will be well."

Judge Reid to his Wife.

"CARLISLE, April 30, 1884.

"Reached here this morning, and have spent the day discussing the situation with my friends, and find them all as warm for me as ever, and warmer. Those opposed are using the difficulty as a pretext for their opposition. I have met a very cordial greeting. . . . Elders Jones and Harkins have been especially kind and encouraging. Will go to Flemingsburg to-morrow, and speak there to-morrow night; then to Maysville, Friday. Any letters that demand attention can be forwarded to me at Maysville, care Central Hotel. John Elliott* will go with me. He is now here. . . . May God bless us all, and keep us in His love."

He does not mention in his letter that at Carlisle he met with one of those rudenesses, only three of which the family and friends know of occurring during this last tour; and this was not known till long after its occurrence. It came from the County Court Clerk of that county; but immediately after, Elder J. B. Jones placed in his hands a copy of the CHRISTIAN STANDARD containing an article headed "A Noble Stand." . . . "It is the smallest number who, in the excitement of the hour, can see that, under the circumstances, it required a much higher and nobler courage to refrain from avenging such a wrong than to yield to revengeful impulses; that as a Christian, an Elder in the church, and as a Judge—a representative of the authority and majesty of the law—Judge Reid would be false alike to Cæsar and to Christ in putting the laws of both at defiance. It is in the highest degree gratifying to know that his sense of duty triumphed over his passion; that he

*Nephew of Judge Elliott.

had the genuine courage to set a false sentiment at defiance and listen obediently to the voice of duty. In a public speech he says: 'He did not want the blood of his assailant to wreck his life; second, to have killed his assailant would have been casting to the winds his entire Christian life—which has been one of peace, and not of blood—and overturning the foundations of the Christian character he had endeavored to build among his fellow-men; third, he was restrained by his love of law and the reverence he had always paid to it.' But he rested his case largely on the fourth ground; that the indignity rose above all personal considerations; that it was not an assault upon him personally, but upon the Court of which he was a member—upon the law itself, upon the Government, upon society, upon the people of Kentucky; and that the matter was one between the people on the one side and Cornelison on the other.

"This is a noble stand to take, for which he deserves the hearty approval and support of all good people. It is manly, patriotic, and Christian, honorable to him as a law-abiding citizen, as a representative of the law's authority, and as a Christian and a ruler in the Church of Christ. That in this course he will have the sympathy and encouragement of his brethren, and all law-abiding citizens in Kentucky and out of it, we do not doubt. He is able thus to rebuke in a very emphatic way the resorts to violence which have become so common and so disgraceful, and to confer on society an inestimable benefit by a costly contribution to the majesty of the law. Already the expressions of public sentiment have been positive and strong in approval of the sentiments uttered and acted on by Judge Reid, and the assault on him has also called out gratifying expressions of public confidence in his integrity and ability.

"It is worthy of note that in the midst of this excitement over an assault on a Judge of the Superior Court, a monument, erected in Frankfort in honor of Judge J. M.

Elliott, who was shot down by Tom Buford because of a decision made in Court, has been unveiled, and ringing speeches made in behalf of the maintenance of the authority of law. The prayer of George Darsie on the occasion is strong in its deprecations of lawlessness.

"Let us hope and pray that this may tend to the effectual rebuke of lawlessness and violence, and awaken a deeper and more wide-spread, law-abiding, and law-upholding sentiment throughout the land."

From Carlisle he went to Flemingsburg and spoke there. The excitement under which he labored, and the strain upon his nerves, was intense. He slept but little. How modestly he writes of all his success. How clearly and steadily he looks at the opposition, at every discouraging aspect. He accepts the issues as they arise; makes but little comment; keeps silent concerning any new wound received; covers it up in his bleeding heart, and without speaking of his anguish, goes on his weary way.

He does not mention that the enthusiasm over his speech in Flemingsburg was deep and outspoken; that the ministers of the gospel were upon the stand; that people of all churches were around him; that men and women embraced him after he had finished; and that almost by main force his friends had to drag him off to his hotel. Neither does he tell that he spoke like one inspired. Some who heard him said that never had man so spoken before in their midst. He spoke as one not of earth, and not only to those who so earnestly encouraged him by their presence, their applause, their sympathy, and their tears; but as if appealing to the far-off ages, and to that higher tribunal to whose judgment he had taken a final appeal. Nor did he know that physicians of the town said, "No man who hears and sees him speak can fail to observe that he is unnaturally upheld by excitement."

From Maysville, he writes, May 3: "Got your letter last night, written Friday. . . . Spoke in Flemingsburg to a very good crowd at night. Have not spoken here—was too unwell. Fleming County remains about the same, and may be called doubtful. Of this county (Mason) I can find out but little at present. My friends seem to stick to me. . . . Will return here Tuesday, so will get letters here up to that time. I am not well, but must go. May God bless you and us all—I need Him and your prayers."

From Brooksville, Bracken County, he writes: "We came here yesterday from Maysville, and I made a speech to a fair crowd last night. It was well received. This county is solid for me. This morning we go to Mt. Olivet, Robertson County. . . . I have spoken everywhere I could, and will speak in Maysville on my return. . . . I have telegraphed Davis to meet me in Maysville with A. W. or Geo. Hamilton. . . . If I hear nothing from them I will be compelled to come home for conference and rest. I have been doing as best I could, but not always as I could wish. My sleep is not good. Love to all."

He adds a postscript to his letter, which having caused his wife great trouble, he explained to her on his return. It was because his friend, Dr. Fleming, had advised him to go home —that he was in great danger and might not live a month.

"P. S.—All my important papers are in the vault of the Farmers' Bank, in a leather case, with my name on it—and in another bundle, tied up with yours, are Reid's, mother's, etc. My will is also among them."

On his return to Maysville, May 6, he writes:

"Found both of your letters on my return from Bracken and Robertson. Found Davis also, who came in response to telegram. I spoke in Brooksville and Mt. Olivet, and will speak here to-night, and leave some time in the night on a boat for Lewis County. Will speak in

Greenup Thursday night; Grayson Friday night. Have sent appointments on to Johnson, Floyd and Pike. Will write as I go. You can send me letters to Grayson, Carter County, care R. D. Davis. Can't now say how we will go up the Sandy. I am improving . . . and propose to fight the matter out. . . . I will endeavor to take care of myself, and put my trust in the good Lord and ask Him to help me, to give me strength and courage for the great work that is on me. Love to all. May God's blessing go with you and abide with you. I can not say when I will be at home. Davis knows all my plans."

From Vanceburg, May 7, 1884:

"I got here this morning and found my friends firm and standing by me. I see by the papers the trouble has broken out anew in Mt. Sterling. . . . Davis will call and see you. Though I see my way of duty clear, the malice of my enemies seems sleepless, and there appears to be no end. God help me to endure the trial and to come out of the furnace of affliction. As to the publication you desired made, consult with some friend and do what is best." . . .

GREENUP, KY., May 8.

"Just got here from Vanceburg, and will speak here to-night. I met with great encouragement in Lewis, and will carry that county. Had a fine audience in Maysville. Elder A. N. Gilbert was out, and promises to do all he can. He was in Fulton when Crawford* died. . . . Davis will give you the news. Slept but little last night, and am not feeling well to-day. . . . My health is not what I would like it to be. To-morrow I will go over to Grayson and speak there, and Saturday will go on to Catlettsburg to see about going up the Sandy. Will write to you and hope to get letters from you both at Grayson and Catlettsburg. I bear up the best I can, and try to meet manfully the

* Richard Crawford Atkinson, a bright boy of seven years, and his namesake.

crisis that is upon me. Sometimes I feel as if I would fall beneath the great burden; then again I reflect I have done right, and push on. I know how much you and the dear boy have to bear, and for your sakes and my own, I trust the blessing of God may follow this calamity. God bless you, my darling wife, and uphold you and give you strength."

GRAYSON, KY., May 10.

. . . "Came over here last night and spoke to a fair crowd. Found your letters and enclosures—and some more came last night. They brought comfort and worry. I will go this afternoon to Catlettsburg, and there determine where I will go next. . . Henry Stone has all the papers explaining the T. C. Anderson matter. Get the draft for ———, payable to Reid. Give my check for it. Cornelison's last card seems but a rehash of what his previous card contained, save the close of it, which shows clearly that hostility to your missionary work also entered into his brutal assault upon me. The very fact that he names such a matter shows it influenced him. . . . I grieve that you are not well. To you and the boy my whole soul goes out in love—because I feel that though all the world may desert me, you will love me still—in spite of failings. Though my course is clear—though I have done no wrong—at times the way is dark before me, and I don't know what the result will be. I leave it all in the hands of the Lord and pray His blessings upon you, and upon my efforts and sufferings. I will write to-morrow. . . . My health is not good—nervous and sleepless often. May the good Lord keep you, and give you strength for the trial through which we are passing. Love to all."

Judge Reid could not be properly reached by sympathizing friends. While he writes to his wife of the sympathy he everywhere met, there was much less ex-

pressed to him than was felt. His extreme sensitiveness under his suffering, prevented many approaching him as they wished to do.

It was not sympathy, so much as indorsement and approval, that he asked of his friends and constituency.

Letters came back to Mrs. Reid from those who met him and heard him speak, bearing to her their admiration, sympathy, and friendship for the Judge; but adding, "we could not trust ourselves to tell him all we felt, because of our own emotion."

Yet while shrinking within himself, he was apt to misconstrue the silence of his friends; was quick to detect the slightest coldness or alienation; and as he looked steadily at all the discouragements and obstacles in his path, he was too apt to underrate his own hold upon the popular heart, and was therefore always stronger than he admitted himself to be. It was only at the end of this month of anguish that he saw clearly that his success was assured.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF MRS. REID TO JUDGE REID.

Mrs. Reid writes, concerning these letters, which her friends urge that she should not withhold from their proper connection here:

To President Loos:

Princeton, N. J., February, 1885.

I wish to say, in regard to all these letters, that they were written in extreme debility and consequent haste. Unless I could finish a letter to my suffering husband in the few minutes I could sit up at one time, it would lose a day's mail; so I had no time for an idle or useless word—and while doing all I could in a brief letter to keep him informed of the situation, and to stimulate and encourage him, and to force success from all our trials and difficulties, there was much left unsaid—some that would have added

to his burdens, and some that could be postponed for his home return.

Most that I heard of his speeches, and their touching effect upon hearers at various points, was from others. I knew my husband was working with a breaking heart; I wished to join him, but my health prevented. I should not else have seemed to observe *les convenances* that kind, sympathetic friends constantly suggested. But they did not understand either Judge Reid or myself, how much we needed each other constantly. He needed me no less than I needed him; so I could only stay at home and suffer and suffer, and pray, pray, pray, all the time I was left alone in my sick room. But all of this, even my sorrow for his absence, I kept out of these letters. I assumed the victory won, if only he would bear up, be cheerful, brave, fearless, indifferent to the past, and hopeful of the future.

And while these are only extracts, there are some of these letters, especially those concerning Corwin Anderson's article in the *Commercial Gazette*, that might be given more fully.*

Mrs. Reid to her Husband.

"THURSDAY MORNING, May 1.

. . . . . .

"You can not undo the past; all that is left is to be bold and fearless in explaining it, and to look to the future—not to the immediate future only, and your success in the Appellate race, but to the remote future, when even higher honors than State preferments may be given you, and that still farther future when you hope to live in the memory of your country, your boy, and his descendants. . . . Ask God for strength, mental, moral, physical. Don't lean on human arms. Don't expect others to bear

* It is proper also to say, that her letters here given, were found in Judge Reid's traveling valise, many weeks after his death.

your burdens. If they help, it is all right; but if you succeed, you must expect to stand alone.

"All are well at home. I am sleeping somewhat better, and gaining strength slowly. Let me know in advance to what point to send your letters.

"I pray for you constantly. Professor McGarvey and President Graham came on Saturday night. The church will do its duty now.

"With prayers and love,

"YOUR WIFE."

"MAY 3.

"DEAR HUSBAND:—I had wondered why you had not written from Richmond, your letter from that place not reaching me till the day after your Carlisle letter came. . . . I trust you may get along well at Maysville. We have a splendid, manly, suffering letter from Mr. Atkinson.* He says how gladly he would exchange places with you, and bear your grief, could it only bring his boy back; that he had thought your grief heavy until his own came. He says if Kentucky does not sustain and support you now, he never wants to hear of 'Kentucky chivalry' again; that to know you are right is worth everything else. . . .

"I pray daily that you may have health, strength, and courage to conquer every obstacle, to overcome every way.

"Ever,

"YOUR WIFE."

"THURSDAY MORNING, May 8.

"You will find much in the enclosed letters to comfort you—much to worry. Cornelison's last is meaner than his assault upon you. I send it that you may decide what to explain. . . . Do not fail to explain that Cornelison *boasted* that he followed the first blow of the cane with twenty-five and more. . . . I am told there are a

*Brother-in-law in Missouri.

dozen men here who heard this. You have only to make your statements fearlessly—and he has only to deny—and go to these parties with his three concealed weapons, and find out if it be true or not. . . .

"Mr. Mitchell was to have reported the assassin's unconditional exclusion from the church last Sunday, as they had given the villain till sundown Saturday to consider, and he failed to report, and asked time to consult his absent father-in-law! Mr. Mitchell, it seems, took it upon himself to grant the delay; and so the assassin was at church Sunday in full communion, giving the right hand of fellowship to Mr. and Mrs. K., who that day took membership!

"On Monday his last article appeared. This, it seems, has thoroughly aroused the indignation of the elders. So I suppose the matter will be finally disposed of next Sunday.

"He succeeds beautifully (?) in demonstrating that the missionary work had nothing to do with the outrage! Besides a Buford, a Guiteau, a wild beast, he proves himself a fool at last!

"Another thing you should not fail to explain—that the local reporter, Hedden, declared himself the 'friend of Cornelison, and that he believed him to be an honorable man and a gentleman!' Merely to make mention of this is sufficient to show why all the dispatches, until the *Courier-Journal* sent its special reporter, were colored so as to reverse the truth, making a mere incident of what was the real assault, and magnifying what was the real incident into the principal outrage.

"Let me hear from you. I am just able to sit up to write this. Yesterday, mother, May and Jane spent a pleasant day with Mary V. I was alone, and had time for prayer, long and earnest. . . . There are a great many letters here that will do you good when you come home.

"With love,

"YOUR WIFE."

"FRIDAY MORNING, May 9.

"I wrote to you at Carlisle, and have written to the Postmaster also to forward to you at Central Hotel, Maysville. I enclose duplicate of George Turner's letters sent from Frankfort. . . . Your letter received last night. You will have an opportunity of resting on Sunday, and I do hope you may bring up your lost sleep. You make a great mistake not to speak everywhere you go. Your speeches here, at Winchester and Paris, have done more good than all the private talks can do in a year. Do not hesitate to explain that Hedden, being a Riddell man, for purposes of his own, misrepresented and reversed the truth, that he was under the assassin's influence.

"The morning is bright and beautiful. I trust you may keep well; and that God may be with you and all of us, is my prayer. YOUR WIFE."

". . . Captain S. came up last night. He thinks, with Johnson Rogers, that no attention should be paid to the Corwin Anderson letter. But cousins John Harris and Stone Walker do. They may now think Sam Everett's article all that is needed. As Captain S. says: 'Everett has branded him as 'coward, traitor and swindler.' So now let him prove his courage! Here is a chance for him.

"I think Davis has a meeting here Monday. . . . God grant that you may keep well; that you may make a noble, honorable fight. It is better to suffer for other people's sins, even to martyrdom, if need be, than for any evil doing of our own.

"Dr. Guerrant called yesterday. He is very hopeful about your prospects. Davis was gloomy about Madison, but Dr. Guerrant says it is all right.

"With love, and prayers to God to watch over you and bless you, YOUR WIFE."

". . . . I think you will find much consolation in the enclosed letters, and in Sam Everett's publication.

Can't you add what you know of Corwin Anderson's indebtedness to the Farmers' Bank, . . . to the Ragan estate, twelve or fifteen thousand; to the Martin estate, six thousand; to Mr. Hoffman, fifteen hundred? I have been told these facts, and that Mr. Hoffman, in his straitened circumstances and failing health, offered, if he (Anderson) would pay him five hundred dollars, to release the remainder of the debt; and Anderson refused.

"No wonder a man who has become such a large taxpayer on other people's money should be vindictive to Judge Reid, because Reid & Stone collected a small attorney's fee. . . . Have not time for more, have had so much writing to do this morning.

"It has been advised that you save all papers containing the assassin's statements, as they are his own condemnation, and will be very important in a trial.

"With love,

"ELIZABETH."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SITUATION AT MT. STERLING—CONTINUED PERSECUTIONS BY THE ASSASSIN — POLITICAL—MUNICIPAL—CHURCH—LOCAL PRESS.

In the meantime, while Judge Reid was prosecuting his canvass throughout his district, in such mortal agony as but few that have trod the earth have been called upon to endure for righteousness' sake—what was the situation at Mt. Sterling? Did he hear the cheering news that all was right at home—that he need only continue in the open field—that the factions, satisfied and ashamed of the terrible outrage, had ceased their persecutions, had determined they could no longer countenance such grievous wrongs—that they could not, even by seeming indifference, strengthen the arm of violence, or by mere negation sustain so abandoned a criminal? Far otherwise. He received intelligence that the severest struggle would be forced in his home county—that the situation was complex—that he must return and survey the field.

1. There were the continued persecutions of the assassin.

Every day that this man lived and breathed and walked the earth, was now a free gift bestowed upon him by Judge Reid and his family. So clearly and justly had he forfeited his life that the only reproach against Judge Reid was that he had not slain him. And yet he used the life thus daily given, in the constant endeavor to injure more deeply and destroy the man that had spared him.

"It might have been supposed that after the act of brutal violence; after the associate Judges of Richard Reid had publicly and immediately declared that the charge upon which the assailant based his act of vengeance was absolutely groundless; after the noble words of the injured man in his public defense; after a universal voice of condemnation was heard all over the land, and the church at Mt. Sterling, to which this man belonged, had, in the strongest manner, expressed its condemnation of his course: it might have been expected, we say, that the furious malice and vengeful hate of this man would have been satisfied and subdued. This, however, was not the case. After having cruelly outraged, and with evident design, wounded to death all that is most sensitive in a manly nature, with cruel, insatiate vengeance, he still pursued his victim. In long articles of several columns, he continued to pour out his virulent attacks, piling one slanderous charge upon another, attempting to justify the brutality of his act, and in every possible way seeking to outrage his victim still more, driving the murderous dagger deeper and deeper into his already bleeding and extremely sensitive heart. Aided by a very few who had a purpose to subserve—Judge Reid being a candidate for the nomination to a Judgeship in the Court of Appeals—every artful method was used (by these few enemies) to crush this noble spirit. Not a word of violence, malice, or vindictiveness, escaped the lips of this grand, but so terribly injured man."*

In addition to his own resources, and according to his own statements, Cornelison had, in all his publications, the benefit of the criticisms and revisions of his father-in-law,† who for many years, as a regular contributor to the press, had wielded a prolific pen.

2. Contrary to all the courtesies of genteel politics, Judge Riddell and his friends determined to force the fight against Judge Reid in his own county, and to wrest it from him if

* President C. L. Loos, in "Christian Standard." † Thomas Munnell.

possible;—and this determination seemed only strengthened by the assault upon Judge Reid. The latter had, through his friends (J. Davis Reid and Col. A. W. Hamilton), proposed to Judge Riddell that they should conduct their canvass upon honorable, gentlemanly principles, and that therefore he would not carry his campaign into Estill (the home county of Judge Riddell). Judge Reid was frequently urged to do this, and assured by citizens of Estill that he would have no difficulty in carrying that county.

This courtesy, however, was lost upon Judge Riddell, and his friends in Mt. Sterling. They declined to withdraw from the contest—determined to force the fight. Whatever may have been their views and purposes prior to the infamous outrage of which Judge Reid was the victim, there remained but one honorable course open to Judge Riddell and his friends: a prompt withdrawal from the contest in Montgomery County, and an open, public, unequivocal condemnation of Cornelison and all who excused, befriended or upheld him, or sought palliating or mitigating circumstances for his crime.

Judge Riddell was in Mt. Sterling immediately after the assault; remained there for several days; was there at the time of the indignation meeting, and on several subsequent occasions during the month, and gave no voice to the general roar of popular indignation. He was in Judge Reid's presence, in his office, and never expressed to him any regret for the outrage, nor disclaimed to him any sympathy with the assassin and his pack that hounded Judge Reid.

Judge Reid nor his family nor friends cherished resentment toward any because of their support of Judge Riddell or any other opposing candidate. They conceded the freedom of suffrage, the right of choice, to all. They knew that many had committed themselves to Judge Riddell prior to Judge Reid's candidacy. Against none such was there any animosity. No man was more magnanimous and liberal

than Judge Reid to his honorable competitors. He forbore to ask the suffrages of the people of any county, until they were assured that their home candidate, if they had one, could not carry the majority of the vote at large. This just attitude, the *bonhomie*, zeal and energy with which he conducted his canvasses, together with his exhaustless stores of wit and anecdote, made him welcome everywhere; particularly in the mountain counties, where his sparkling evening conversations gave the bright setting to the weary day's journey, horseback, over difficult roads. He drew the friends of rival claimants about him; and in this was the secret of his great popularity: that he received the almost universal second support of local candidates as they withdrew from the contest. Above all he went among these remote counties, as elsewhere, with the dress and bearing of a gentleman, without a plea of poverty, or charity due because of a large household. He proposed simply to rest his success upon his qualifications for office, to do all that he could to win honorably, and then to accept the verdict of the popular vote.

But it was strongly felt that there was just cause of grievance against all, who, even before the crime of Cornelison, forced the interest of an opposing candidate in Judge Reid's own county. But, after this, to meet in caucus in the town of Mt. Sterling, where the crime was perpetrated; where Judge Reid had come forth in sorrow, and bestowed the gift of life upon his enemy; within the shadow of the home now desolate, but whose hospitable echoes had not yet died upon the air; and deliberately decide that, notwithstanding the burden Judge Reid had then to bear, they would do all they could to defeat him, to force him if possible to withdraw from the contest, or to accept the alternative of going before the General Convention, and the District at large, without the support of his own community, was an attempt to humiliate, upon the part of Judge Riddell and his friends, beyond extenuation or pardon.

On the Monday afternoon of Judge Reid's return, there were assembled at his home Col. A. W. Hamilton, Squire James Chorn, Gen. Thos. Johnson, Messrs. Davis Reid, John T. Magowan, George Whitney, H. L. Stone, and James W. Gatewood. The situation was fairly reviewed; the prospects calmly discussed, the slanders and falsehoods all talked over. The reports of the Riddell strength were discredited by these friends. Said Gen. Johnson: "A half dozen working men would cover the opposition—their policy being for all to come together in interviewing any one whom they hoped to influence—thus making a few appear to be many."

Other factions were discussed. Each was known to be small—what would their combined strength be?

It was decided to poll Montgomery County and ascertain to a mathematical certainty who was for, who against.

The county was distributed by precincts to the friends assembled, and others, and on Tuesday they went forth on their mission.

Judge Reid was much encouraged by this conference—but he was worn and tired. The discussions of the afternoon added much to his nervousness, so that he slept with difficulty the night of his return.*

The sequel proved that the honorable, courageous manhood of the first Appellate District condemned in no mistaken terms the course pursued by Judge Riddell and his supporters in Montgomery County. In this largely Democratic district containing forty-one of the forty-five counties which had elected Judge Reid to the Superior Bench—in which he polled the largest vote ever given by it—in which he had no opposing Republican candidate—Col. Holt,

* It was after this conference that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jameson, gave expression to her great anxiety for Judge Reid's mental condition, which caused such distress to her daughter, Mrs. Reid, that she forbore to press the subject or to allude to it again.

Independent Republican, was elected over Judge Riddell by six hundred and twenty-five majority.*

Col. Stone, in a speech at the court-house in Mt. Sterling, May 19, 1884, severely criticised Judge Riddell's action in the Appellate contest. He closed his speech in the following prophetic words:

We owe it to the memory of Richard Reid, we owe it to ourselves, to see to it that Robert Riddell does not receive Montgomery's vote at Winchester. But if we fail, and this little side-show of a convention goes on next Saturday and instructs the vote of this county for him, he can not be nominated. You listened to-day to the remarks of Col. Laban T. Moore, a candidate, and whether you shall support him next Saturday in your county convention, or permit a representative delegation, out of respect to Judge Reid's memory, to go uninstructed, is a matter for you to decide. I desire to say in behalf of Col. Moore, that he is capable, honest, and worthy of your support. There is another view I wish to impress upon you, and that is this: If Judge Riddell is nominated at Winchester, he can not be elected. He can not carry the full vote of the Democratic party, and in your own city here is a gentleman who, although of different politics, is an upright man, competent to fill the position, popular in his own section, and who, if a candidate against Judge Riddell, will be elected. Mark my prediction: Judge Riddell, if nominated, can not be elected in the First Appellate District, but will be defeated at the polls in August, and ought to be defeated. I do not stand alone in this opinion. I see it in this intelligent audience, that is made up not only of the citizens of this, but of adjoining counties. I only voice the sentiment of many of those present and others all over this end of the State, in giving utterance to the remarks I have made to-day in your hearing. I felt it my duty to respond to your call in the manner that I have, and am gratified by the hearty approval you have exhibited. I thank you for your earnest attention.

After the Appellate election, the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, made the following comments:

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* It is not deemed necessary to deny the charge that Mrs. Reid contributed to Judge Holt's election, as, in feeble health and burdened with sorrow, she was absent in Minnesota, and could have taken no part, directly or indirectly.

COL. HOLT'S ELECTION.

Returns clearly indicate the election of Judge Holt, and it is only a question of the size of his majority. It will be somewhere from 700 to 1,000.

In a district which a year ago gave the Democratic candidate for Governor a majority of 6,300, we now see the Democratic nominee for a judicial position beaten by a majority that, under any circumstances, would be entirely satisfactory. It is a change requiring some explanation, an explanation due alike to the people of the State and to the members of the party. We propose to give it in a few plain words, as a rebuke to such political tricksters and wire-workers as believe it possible to lead the people by the nose to any filthy stream and there compel them to drink.

The nomination of Judge Riddell was on all accounts unfortunate. The death of Judge Reid put the election of Riddell out of the question. Justly or unjustly, popular opinion held Riddell not altogether blameless in that matter, though Riddell's friends did not seem to be aware of the fact.

The methods adopted by Judge Riddell to obtain the nomination still further alienated the thoughtful people in his district and made for him many personal enemies. He showed the greatest discourtesy to the other aspirants for the nomination, and filled his district with strife and discord. His supporters and managers were not men who had commended themselves to party confidence by former zeal and devotion to the party interests, while throughout the State the bar considered his pretensions altogether disproportionate to his qualifications.

In the result there is a lesson—severe, but deserved—to demagogues and wire-workers; to men who, regardless of proprieties, trample on the sensibilities and prejudices of those who believe that there are some things more sacred, more to be regarded, than mere party success. This defeat is a notice served on political bummers, hirelings and professional office-holders that it is time for them to take up a march to the rear. They have presumed once too often on the tolerance and good nature of our people. If the party is to succeed, it must cashier some insubordinate self-styled leaders, and select its best men for its highest positions. A judicial office is above mere partisan politics, and such a canvass as preceded this nomination is fitly rebuked by the defeat at the polls of the nominee. Hereafter a nomination will not be all that is required to secure an election. The party needs purification, and there are men brave and intelligent enough to undertake the work.

Judge Holt certainly understands that his election is not due to party influences or organization. Had it been a mere contest be-

tween parties he would not have had the remotest chance of an election. He goes on the bench not as a Republican representative, but as the choice of the people in revolt against that party spirit which with little consideration for fitness would parcel out judicial positions as party spoils. We believe that the circumstances of his election, as well as his personal character and legal learning, will insure to the people an upright, careful and able Judge.

3. There was a municipal contest in Mt. Sterling over a proposed amendment to the city charter by which those in favor hoped to retain office; and some of those opposed hoped to get in. As is usual in such local issues, small personalities and smaller animosities were aroused.

J. Davis Reid was a member of the State Legislature, and both sides sought a hearing and representation through him, hoping, by his influence, to forward their respective measures, and to defeat their opponents. They also urged upon Judge Reid that he should drag his official ermine through the mud and mire of the lobby, or in the befogged atmosphere of the committee room, in the interest of their petty strifes.

Upon going into the mountains Judge Reid had said to his wife: "Forward all letters pertaining to my canvass to addresses I will give you from time to time; retain others until I return." In obedience to such instructions letters were opened. One, signed by a leader* in the party opposed to said charter amendment had been returned from Frankfort. The author wrote: "If you, by your negligence or indifference, or Davis Reid by his active aid or assistance, allows said charter amendment to pass the Legisture, I would not give five cents for your chances in this county for election to the Appellate Bench."

This letter was not forwarded. Mrs. Reid took it and sought a personal interview with the author. "I do not know," she said, "if this letter contains a threat or a mere matter of friendly advice; but you know that Judge Reid

*D. B. Garrison, one of the editors of the Daily Sentinel-Democrat.

could take no part in a local contest of this character—his position as Judge preventing, as well as the fact that his friends and supporters are upon both sides. But if it be a threat, I hope Judge Reid will always be strong enough to do the right, even though it should cost him his election to the Appellate Bench."

The reply was that "it was only a matter of friendly advice."

This conversation occurred a short time prior to the assault, while Judge Reid was making his first tour through his District.

On the other hand, and after the assault, the Mayor of the city* who, in connection with Thomas Munnell, minister of the gospel, and S. S. Gaitskill, was bondsman for the assassin, sought Judge Reid at his own home on the day that the family called "the Black Sunday." This man—Mayor, bondsman; claiming to be the friend of Judge Reid—sought him in the hour of his heaviest agony, and coldly and deliberately put this proposition: "Either your brother, Davis Reid, must return to Frankfort, and pass this charter amendment before the Legislature adjourns, or I will take twenty-five of the best men in Mt. Sterling and defeat you in your race for Appellate Judge."

Davis Reid had already declared to this Mayor that his duty as Legislator was to represent the voice of a majority of his constituency, and that this he should do; but that his action in the premises could in no way bind or involve Judge Reid. To which the Mayor only made answer: "We will hold Judge Reid responsible for your action in the Legislature."

EXTRACT FROM MRS. REID'S DIARY.†

It seems as if every incident right here should be known; and therefore I record, that, to spare Judge Reid farther

* R. A. Mitchell.

† Mrs. Reid wrote down the facts and incidents in her diary with the belief that she would not survive the completion of this book. She gave, therefore, all

annoyance—he having been already much troubled by a conversation concerning the action of the church—I saw this man myself. I asked: "Do I understand you to threaten Judge Reid with defeat in this county, if Davis Reid does not pursue a line of conduct satisfactory to you in the Legislature?"

Answer.—"Judge Reid will be held responsible."

"Are you the friend of Judge Reid?" I asked. "Yes," he replied, "I am his friend, because, among other reasons, of your relationship to my wife; but I have come to give him warning, that unless Davis Reid returns to Frankfort and secures the passage of our Charter Amendment, I will do my utmost to defeat Judge Reid in this county."

"Then you could not remain his friend unless his brother's course is satisfactory to you?"

Ans.—"Then his brother would be to blame."

"Granted, then, that his brother's course might be objectionable to you, I ask you to be a better friend, if necessary, than even this brother. Could your friendship bear this test?"

Ans.—"I have only come to warn Judge and Davis Reid."

With this I left the library, and sought that Lord whom we had never failed to trust, and implored him to give me guidance, wisdom and strength, to sustain my husband; and that He would bring him off more than conqueror over all the evil that was seeking to destroy him.

I dragged myself back, and said to the Mayor: "I have humiliated myself in asking your support and friendship for Judge Reid. I do not ask anything farther of you. You know that Davis Reid ought not to go back to Frankfort—that his proper place is by his brother's side. You know that Judge Reid ought not to take part in this

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that occurred in the home in this month of tragedy in the minutest detail, that others might use what she had written. They are recorded simply as facts—and wherever they concern or involve others, are given without extenuation or recrimination. Where fidelity to truth requires it, facts from this home history are given as first recorded, though it was not intended, when written, that they should appear in this form.

contest—that it is local, and his friends are divided. You know that Judge Reid is making a fight for truth and honor, and all righteousness. You are pursuing the policy of the assassin in attacking him, when you think you have him so placed that he can not strike back. Go! and join yourself to all the evil that is arrayed against him; do your worst; and may Judge Reid triumph over all your combined powers. But I shall sorrow for all your future, for be sure God's retribution will overtake you.*

4. Judge Reid being an Elder of the Christian Church at Mt. Sterling, the delay of his associate Elders in excluding his assailant, was extremely painful to a sensitive, suffering nature.

On this same Sunday morning, April 27th (after the Paris speech), Dr. Hannah and Elder J. C. Walden called to explain, that their own position was for immediate and unconditional exclusion; but that through the influence of the father-in-law, Thomas Munnell, it was urged that the son-in-law might, in due time, repent, but that he could not repent until he had completed his published defense; that some of the Elders were strangely influenced by this specious plea; and that therefore they came in person to know if there was any overture or reparation that would be acceptable to Judge Reid. That is to say, in accordance with this plea of the father-in-law, there must be justification, then repentance: repent while justifying, justify while repenting; justify the crime in order to maintain a foot-hold of respectability socially or legally, and in order to keep out of a felon's cell; but after

*In justice to Mr. Mitchell it should be said that he changed his purposes two days before the end came, and sent word to Mrs. Reid that he regretted his course. But he had added to the burden already so heavy. He remained the bondsman and law associate of Cornelison, and constituted him his Judge in the subsequent election in which he was defeated for Mayor; thereby adding insult to the friends, family and memory of Judge Reid. Moreover, he admitted in this conversation that he sought to shield Cornelison from the knowledge of the general horror and condemnation his conduct had aroused, by removing from his sight a copy of the *Bourbon News*, that denounced the crime and criminal in the bitterest terms.

doing all that could be done to injure his victim, attempt to justify the first outrage and subsequent persecutions, then set a day, when, by open and professed repentance, he may hold on to his church membership, and maintain a religious respectability!

Judge Reid replied to his brethren, J. C. Walden and Dr. Hannah: "I have nothing to do with the action of the church; that is a matter between them and Cornelison. He can never say or do anything to repair the wrong he has done to me. But as far as his repentance is concerned, he may do what he can to save his own soul. But whatever course you two pursue will be satisfactory to me. I know that you are my friends; that you will do right; and whenever you sift this matter thoroughly, you will find Thomas Munnell at the bottom of it."

In their dilemma the Elders called into their consultation President Robert Graham and Prof. J. W. McGarvey, of the Bible College, Lexington, Ky. The result was that the following terms were submitted to Cornelison, to which he was to return an answer by sundown, Saturday, May 3:

First. Publish a card in the newspapers withdrawing all that he has published or caused to be published, prejudicial to the character of Judge Reid, acknowledging that the personal assault which he made was unjustifiable, even if his suspicions had been well grounded, and asking the forgiveness of the public for an act so unworthy of a citizen and a Christian.

Second. Acknowledge in person to Judge Reid that in making the assault upon him, and in making public charges derogatory to his character, he has wickedly wronged him; beg his forgiveness, and pledge himself to do all in his power hereafter to repair the injury which he has inflicted.

Third. Appear before the church with a statement of apologies made as above to Judge Reid and to the public, and in addition declare that he has sincerely repented of his wrong-doing; that he has prayed the Lord to forgive him, and that he now begs the church to forgive him for his sin against her in the person of one of her rulers and against the Church of God at large.

Fourth. Pledge himself that when the case against him in the civil court for his assault is called, he will make no defense of his act, but plead guilty and throw himself on the mercy of the court.

Failing to return an answer by the appointed time, the exclusion was to be unconditional, and to be announced publicly Sunday, May 4. But Cornelison asked for a delay that he might consult with his father-in-law, then in Scott County. One of the Elders granted this delay of his own option and without consultation with the other Elders. On Sunday, May 4, the church was crowded with its own membership and citizens generally, in the expectation that, though late, the church would at last vindicate itself and Judge Reid.

Contrary, however, to all such expectation, Cornelison was present; and in contrast with his usual habits, was in a most prominent pew, and in full communion and fellowship —extending personally the right hand of fellowship to two persons who that day connected themselves by letter with the church.

The indignation at this was intense, and only the more intensified when, under cover of the granted delay and his newly developed piety, Cornelison used the Republican Press of Mt. Sterling to bring out on Tuesday, the 6th, his last infamous attack upon Judge Reid. In this last article, as if to reveal a depth of depravity not hitherto reached by his brotherhood of criminals, as if to leave himself without the refuge of a single honorable instinct to which he might appeal as cause for mercy, Cornelison made personal and ungentlemanly allusions to Mrs. Reid, and charged upon the Christian Woman's Board of Missions of Kentucky, of which Mrs. Reid was President, that "some of its members had said the souls of the mountain people were not worth saving;" adding, "and these are the people whom Judge Reid expects to vote for him in his race for Appellate Judge." Three thousand copies of this falsehood were distributed through Judge Reid's district during the latter's

last absence from home. At whose expense this was done, is not definitely known.

On Friday evening, May 9th, the father-in-law,* Thos. Munnell, called together at the church a portion of the Eldership, omitting two whom he was deputed to summon (Dr. Hannah and Judge Cassidy), and proposing to excuse one whom he notified (J. C. Walden), on account of his delicate health and the night air. Mr. Walden declining to be excused, there were present the pastor, Mr. Trickett, Mr. Walden, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Hazelrigg. The meeting lasted from eight P. M. to a quarter of one A. M. The purport of the arguments, persuasions, and threats of Thos. Munnell, was: That it was the duty of the officers of the church, first to try Judge Reid upon charges (not specified) that his son-in-law would bring; that to exclude his son-in-law would rupture the church; that for him (Cornelison) to accept the terms proposed in order to retain his church membership would make a "lickspittle" of him, and no one but an "idiot" would accept them. But this interview was without effect—the Elders present, as all others, being thoroughly indignant over Cornelison's last article. Cornelison was publicly and unconditionally, and without a protesting vote, excluded from the fellowship of the church on the following Sunday, May 11th, twenty-six days after the assault upon Judge Reid.†

Cornelison had secured the requisite delay, the shield of the communion and fellowship of the same church of which his victim was an Elder in high standing, that he might, the

* Thos. Munnell was not an officer of the Mt. Sterling Church, but held his membership there—was then State Evangelist and minister of the Gospel.

† The full misfortune of this delay can never be properly measured. It may be partially understood, when it is known that Judge Reid lived but four days after this. The church, alas! had lost her opportunity, when by prompt and decisive action she might have sustained Judge Reid in the struggle he was making for all that she professed to cherish, for the vital spirit of her existence, for the fundamental principles of her faith. Her obedient servant, her conscientious Elder, had borne the cross alone—alone he had gone to his Calvary. While she dallied with the hand that struck the blow, the wounded heart of Judge Reid was bleeding to death—and when in sorrow and love she came to do him honor, she trailed her garments through the blood of his martyrdom.

more effectively, pour forth through the public press his vituperative abuse; his defense; his justification; his long serial, which at last was universally declared to be his own condemnation.

THE MT. STERLING CHRISTIAN CHURCH WITHDRAWS FELLOWSHIP FROM J. J. CORNELISON.

On Sunday, the 11th of June, 1884, the Christian Church at Mount Sterling withdrew fellowship from J. J. Cornelison for his assault on Judge Reid. The matter being of such public interest, the proceedings in full are given.

At the conclusion of the discourse the pastor announced that the Elders had written their decision, and by request he would read the same. He then read as follows:

TO THE CONGREGATION:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—As it is now over one month since J. J. Cornelison, a member of this church, assaulted Judge Richard Reid, a member and Elder of this church, no one can allege that undue haste has been manifested by the Eldership in arriving at the decision that is now presented to the church for its acceptance. But in order that misconception may be removed and misrepresentation be corrected, it is necessary that the church should understand what has been done.

First. The only elders sitting in the case were Dr. Hannah, Wm. Mitchell, and James D. Hazelrigg, Judge Cassidy not taking part, and Judge Reid being the assailed party.

Second. The only subject under consideration was the public act of Mr. Cornelison, viz.: the assault on Judge Reid. It was the church against Cornelison, not Reid against Cornelison.

Third. No consideration of the private difficulty between Judge Reid and Mr. Cornelison was taken, and no decision or opinion is made in reference to it.

Fourth. Mr. Cornelison was visited by the Elders, and efforts made to bring him to what the Elders considered a proper degree of repentance.

Fifth. Mr. Cornelison was represented by an able friend, who was afforded ample opportunity and time to say all that he deemed necessary to say in behalf of Mr. Cornelison.

Sixth. Every paper and communication sent by Mr. C. to the Elders was given a careful and weighty consideration; even his pub-

lished statements were carefully read and due weight assigned them. With the exception of his last request, which was for the appointment of a new tribunal to sit in judgment upon his case, all his requests were granted.

Seventh. There was no secret trial; indeed, the charge was not denied; the plea of guilty was entered by Mr. Cornelison. The only questions the Elders were called upon to consider were: What is necessary for expiation? What satisfactory proofs can Mr. C. give of sincere repentance? What is the least penalty we can inflict? What can we do to lead Mr. C. to repentance, that we may save him?

Eighth. With this object in view, as two Elders were not sitting in the case, it was deemed prudent to call Profs. McGarvey and Graham as advisory counsel, that the decision of the Elders might be strengthened by the concurrent opinion of these distinguished and impartial men. For this purpose only were the gentlemen invited.

Ninth. After due consideration, the Elders find in the alleged reason of Mr. Cornelison for the assault (and admitting that Mr. Cornelison believed the statement he made to be true) not the least shadow of an excuse or palliation.

Tenth. And they find in him no evidence of that repentance which they deem necessary.

Eleventh. And, therefore, without partiality or prejudice, and in the fear of God, we announce to you that in consideration of the indefensible assault upon Judge Reid by John J. Cornelison, and because John J. Cornelison does not express true repentance for the same, the fellowship of the church is withdrawn from him, and he is no longer a member of this congregation.

And, further, we ask all who dissent from this decision to make their objection known to the Elders, and if any have even yet any new evidence that will modify this decision, the Elders will receive it, consider it, and if need be, act upon it.

The pastor, Elder H. R. Trickett, who, by the way, was not invited, and took no part in the deliberations of the Elders, gratuitously announced that the Elders refused to read the letters sent of May 9 and 11 by Cornelison.

Notwithstanding the deliberation and patience with which the Elders had proceeded in this case, it was charged that Cornelison had been unjustly dealt with. In reference to this an extract is copied from the address of Col. H. L. Stone to the jury, at Cornelison's trial:

It has been said "that he was dashed out of the church by a star-chamber proceeding without a chance to be heard." . . . I desire to say in vindication of the action of the church and its officers, that this charge is not true. He (Cornelison) was ably defended before the elders of the church by his father-in-law, Thomas Munnell, and the elders carefully read and gave due consideration to all communications and papers sent them, even his published statements. There was no secret trial, and the elders, after a patient and lengthy deliberation, decided that there was not the least shadow of an excuse or palliation for his assault on Judge Reid.

Munnell, in a published article, charged that "there was not one word, nor a syllable, nor a letter of truth," in this statement of Col. Stone's, that he had defended and represented Cornelison before the church. To which Mr. Stone replied, quoting this clause:

"Mr. Cornelison was represented by an able friend, who was afforded ample time and opportunity to say all that he deemed necessary to say in behalf of Cornelison;" and, continued Mr. Stone:

I gave the name of this friend to the jury, and if it had at that time been challenged, I had the report of the elders before me, ready to read in open court; so that said elders might state whether or not they had spoken the truth to the world. I simply gave publicity to his name, not by way of reproach, but to sustain my position, that defendant (Cornelison) had received a fair trial before the church authorities, and had been represented by able ecclesiastical counsel, well versed in the laws and rules governing the Christian Church in such cases.

By the certificate signed by Messrs. Mitchell, Trickett, and Hazelrigg, it is established that Mr. Munnell presented to the elders written grounds, and moved for a farther hearing as to Cornelison's charges against Judge Reid, and a postponement of any action against Cornelison until such hearing could be had. This was the Friday night before the Sunday when the church withdrew its fellowship from his son-in-law. He wanted time—delay, a continuance—anything to prevent exclusion, and avoid the impending judgment of the elders. Often the very best and ablest defense an attorney can make for his client, is to obtain a continuance, a rehearing, a mitigation of the punishment. . . . This meeting is termed an "informal conference," a sort of called session of the Court, before which Mr. Munnell admits he volunteered to defend his son-in-law. He recognized in this conference of the elders, com-

posed of a majority of those acting, the power to make orders and rulings in the trial of Cornelison, to grant or overrule a motion for continuance, withhold or set aside their judgment, and award a rehearing. Yet he rushes into print and affirms, before an intelligent public, that he never attended any such trial, nor did he ever defend him (Cornelison) before any church or court whatever!

Now who was the able friend who represented Cornelison? It was none other than Mr. Thomas Munnell. He knows it; the elders know it; this community knows it. He "was afforded ample time and opportunity to say all he deemed necessary to say in behalf of Cornelison."

I have gone to the fountain-head, the elders themselves, whose decision stands forth unimpeached. Here I am content to let the matter rest. I wish it distinctly understood, however, that no man shall wage an inexcusable and unnecessary attack upon me, as Mr. Munnell has done, without being exposed and properly rebuked. I trust I have done so in the right spirit. This controversy is not of my seeking.—COL. STONE, in *Sentinel-Democrat*, January 22, 1885.

5. The local press at Mt. Sterling never properly voiced to the community through its columns the outside indignation.

From whatsoever cause, many of the best articles and letters reflecting the severe condemnation of Cornelison by the people and press elsewhere, were excluded or refused a reprint.

Various reasons were assigned for this: as that the feelings of the family, the position of the father-in-law as minister of the gospel, Cornelison's usefulness and business prospects as a lawyer, should be considered. Therefore, while as a political organ the Democratic paper supported Judge Reid, and published some of the letters and telegrams received, two weeks elapsed before the *Daily Sentinel-Democrat* brought out a leading editorial sustaining Judge Reid, and condemning the outrage. All hesitancy, neutrality, indecision, detracted greatly from the value of the later kind and outspoken support.

Of the letters asked of Mrs. Reid,* in Judge Reid's absence, and refused a reprint in this home paper, was the following:

* By Dr. Darby.

COVINGTON, KY., April 21, 1884.

MY DEAR SIR:—Excuse the proffer, but I would be doing injustice to my own feelings were I not to express for you the deepest sympathy in your trouble. I think your assailant, in his conduct towards you, has been guilty of causeless vindictiveness, of ruffianism, and of cowardice. Any man who may have been, or is, influenced by such promptings, is no gentleman. He even goes so far, in his attempted defense—an installment of which I read in the *Commercial Gazette* this morning—as to twit you with being a church member. This unworthy innuendo is in keeping with what is, on its face, an unworthy, lame and false self-vindication.

When Papinian was asked by the Emperor Caracalla to draft a written extenuation of the most brutal of all the latter's murders, he replied: "Sire, it is easier to commit than to justify a parricide." Your assailant will find it easier to play the villain than to justify his villany.

Were I in your place, Judge Reid, I would not attempt to physically harm this man. Men sometimes act with apparent courage to prevent the imputation of want of courage. You occupy, as you well deserve to occupy, one of our highest places as a judicial officer. It would do neither you, nor your position, nor your friends, any good to take the law in your own hands, and apply the *lex talionis*. And, after all, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a shooting for a brutal and cowardly assault, though it be a custom of the world in general (from which Kentucky is certainly not exempt), is one not indicative of the highest heroism. With assurances of esteem, I am, dear sir,

Very sincerely,

R. RICHARDSON.

HON. RICHARD REID.

Also, later, an able editorial from the Vanceburg *Courier*,* was requested of Mrs. Reid by Col. Holt and given by him to the editor of the *Daily Sentinel-Democrat* for republication. After some time this was returned to Mrs. Reid, with a note from the editor, containing the statement that, "consideration for our readers compels us to decline inserting this in our columns."

Mrs. Reid sought a personal interview with the editor of the *Daily Sentinel-Democrat*, hoping to counteract through its columns the tide of the local persecutions

* See this editorial (parts of which have been used on pages 175, 307, 403-6).

against Judge Reid. She sent messages also to the senior editor, requesting him to call, to which no answer was returned.

This course upon the part of the press of his own town greatly added to Judge Reid's troubles and perplexities.

At last, when eulogistic articles were published, it was too late. The time when good words could aid Judge Reid in his stand for the right had gone by forever.

These papers, in commenting upon the carnival of crime, the reign of lawlessness that subsequently swept over the community, failed to point the moral of the fact, that whereas, in the nine or ten murders which in less than a year in town and county followed this assault upon a judicial officer, where there were pleas, in severalty, of the open highway, of ignorance, of color, of previous warning, of the heat of passion, of mutual contest, of resistance to official arrest, of intoxication; yet the criminal whose act combined the heinous elements of all these crimes without a single one of the so-called extenuating circumstances, and had in addition especial factors of its own of betrayal, surprise, advantage, secrecy, deliberation, torture, persecution—that this criminal walked the streets of his town unwhipped by the just lashings of the local press. Nor was the moral once pointed, that the Police Judge accepted an insignificant bail as for an ordinary crime; and that as sureties upon the bond of the assassin, State and Church joined together in the Mayor of the town and the Minister of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XXII.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, MAY 13 AND 14.

Tuesday forenoon Judge Reid went to his office. Among others with whom he conversed was a Riddell supporter,* who advised him to withdraw from the race, upon the ground of the supposed Riddell strength in the county. Believing in the sincerity of this advice, and that the adviser, being constantly on the ground, might have better opportunities for judging than himself, Judge Reid came home with a new perplexity. Reclining upon the couch in his library, complaining of his head, and constantly pressing it with his hands, Judge Reid discussed this new phase with Col. H. L. Stone, Davis Reid, and his wife.

The opinions expressed were: That while the advice might be disinterested, and given in good faith, a Riddell supporter did not occupy the proper standpoint from which to judge; that he would naturally hear all that was favorable to his own candidate, and unfavorable to an opposing one; that those knowing his choice would not seek him, in order to discuss Judge Reid's strength; that to give up the race now would be a surrender to the evil; that whether successful or not, it should be fought to the end; that even if defeated, Judge Reid's future was not compromised; there remained the two years upon the Superior Bench, the return to the practice of the law, the home-coming of the boy at the end of the two years, with his collegiate education finished, and his profession and future to shape and guard;

* Judge B. J. Peters.

that Judge Reid's reputation was no longer provincial, nor State, but National—"if Kentucky did not vindicate, the Nation would;"* that to withdraw now would be an injustice to all the friends who had committed themselves to his cause—who had pledged themselves to support in him the cause of morality, the dignity of the law, the sanctity of religion, the very light of civilization, against lawlessness, communism, treachery, depravity, barbarism, crime; that within three days, at farthest, it would be certainly known to what extent the reports of the Riddell strength were true; that under no circumstances did there seem to be cause for discouragement.

Depression rolled away from Judge Reid's countenance like a cloud from the face of the sun, and it was apparent to those present that it would never have done for him to give up the contest then; that he himself would have considered it "a surrender to the evil," and that in any issue he felt he best maintained his honor and manhood by fighting to the end. †

Judge Reid had found his wife worn and prostrated by the month's suffering. She had promised to join him at any point he would name; but from day to day, as her strength failed her, she could only remain at home—work, manage, write, and endeavor by letters to sustain him. He had written her once to go on with her missionary work, thinking this would give her relief. Again he says, "I may happen in home at any time, and should not like to miss you."

She had not written of her failing health, and Judge Reid seemed greatly shocked upon meeting her, and gave way to a paroxysm of grief. The family remonstrated with

* Editor of Cumberland Presbyterian, Nashville.

† This is explained here, as it was the only time Judge Reid hesitated as to his course, and because it was afterwards said that Judge Reid's physical condition was such that those nearest to him should have been warned, and had him withdraw from the contest. It is now apparent that under any circumstances the issue was death, and that it was better he should have died maintaining the fight for his manhood and his convictions.

him, telling him that his grief and excitement would only more deeply depress his wife; and though he refrained from farther expression of concern in her presence, the condition of her health bore heavily upon his mind and heart—how heavily was not then known to her.

To one friend (E. O. Guerrant) he said, on five separate occasions, that he did not mind this trial so much for himself, but that it was killing his wife. To Miss Horton he said, "Could I see your aunt well and cheerful, I could bear my own burden."

To a group of friends in his office he said, "Gentlemen, it is not so much upon my own account that I care for this trouble, but it is killing my wife. For myself I could bear it. I can not bear to see her crushed by it."*

While Mrs. Reid did not know of this deep grief of Judge Reid on account of her own suffering, kind and considerate friends had told her that it rested with her, more than any one, to cheer her husband; to turn his thoughts from the past to the future; to nerve him, and buoy him up, so that he would ride safely over every breaker ahead. She set herself to do this on this Tuesday afternoon that the Judge remained at home for rest and quiet.

The awful gravity of the situation, viewed from every standpoint, utterly precluded an unnecessary, idle or trivial word. Both felt as if they had been murdered, and were living still to know it.

[From Mrs. Reid's Diary.]

Judge Reid sat looking with mournful eyes upon the beautiful landscape opening from the eastern window of his room towards the town, and beyond to the blue mountain ridge in the distance—a prospect that hitherto had afforded him much pleasure.

*It was upon learning of this, afterwards, that Mrs. Reid gave expression to her deep regret that she had not been more cheerful—an expression so often misquoted and misrepresented.

In order to lead Judge Reid's mind surely to the conclusion I hoped to reach, I begged that he would pardon me for the questions that I might ask, as they would not be for the answers merely, but for an ulterior purpose.

I asked, "In all this matter in regard to Cornelison, his charges and grievances against you, have you no cause for reproaching yourself?"

"Before God," laying his hand upon his heart, then raising it, and looking through the open window, as if speaking to God himself, "I have done no wrong; I am without guilt."

"Have you acted upon religious conviction, and been guided by religious principle in the stand you have taken?"

"I have acted deliberately from principle and conviction."

"You know my life—the motives and principles that have actuated me. Have I done any wrong, neglected you, or my home duties, in my church work, or worked from unworthy motives, that I should need this affliction and chastening?"

"Before God," again raising his hand, as if speaking to Him, "you are without fault; you have been perfect; I can find no fault in you."

"You know all that those devils are trying to do against you. Are you fully prepared to meet all their charges?

"Yes; I know, and am ready; but it is horrible to think that human beings can descend so low."

"Well," I said, "let them descend so low that their depravity will be clearly seen—all that injures themselves, and shows better than anything you could say or do, the nature of the men maligning you. It will work out for your good in the end. Do not fear that I shall be troubled by anything they can say or do. They have done their worst already."

"Have you any financial trouble?

"No, not any."

"Are you troubled about Reid's affairs? Has anything of his been lost?"

"Nothing at all; all his matters are in good shape; but I know this will be an expensive race."

"Well, let us suppose it takes all that you have, if it is necessary or proper to do so; have you ever doubted that the boy would be true to you in your old age?"

"Never for one moment. God bless him!"

"Have you ever doubted that I would?"

"Never for a moment; you are brave and true."

"Well, then, do n't hesitate to use anything that is yours, or all that is mine, if needed."

(For all of which financial review Mr. Reid seemed almost amused, but, I could see, was gratified.)

"Well, let us suppose that at last you are defeated in this race; will it not be worth while living to start your boy in his profession, and watch his development? He will be through college in two more years, and will need all you can do for him."

"It will be happiness enough for me!"

With this I raised myself from my reclining position, and resting upon my elbow, said to my husband: "This is the conclusion I wished to reach: You have done no wrong. I have done no wrong. You are suffering for the sins of others. You are like Christ—you are the child of God; and God must sustain you! He can not desert His own. By His Omnipotence He is pledged to you! He has said it. His word can not fail! and he has promised vengeance, and it must be a terrible one. He has some wise and good purpose for you to serve in this life. He has some great reward for you that we do not now see; and this is my only consolation. How far better, with all your suffering, than if you had committed the outrage. How proud I have always been to wear your name, and how proud I am of it

still. There is no dishonor on it. It will be handed down to eternal renown, and that of your assailant to eternal infamy. How far better is it for us than for that other household; for me than for the other woman; for our son than for those unfortunate children. . . . . Ours is the suffering; theirs, the everlasting shame and disgrace! And I want you to think of your magnificent endowments, your deep-laid, thorough, classical education, your varied literary attainments, your long years of faithful industry, your professional ability, your splendid personal appearance—when you hold yourself up straight (and here there was a faint gleam of his old self, when he threw his shoulders back and opened wide his eyes); and I ask you, Mr. Reid, if you can afford to let all these be sacrificed—lost—in the very prime of your life, because a wild beast sprang upon you to tear you in pieces? Nobody who knows the truth of this assault—and if I live the truth shall be known—holds you responsible for it; and I promise you I will never be absent from your side; you shall never have anything to bear alone. There are a few things, too, I wish to say to one or two people whom I hope to meet.

"But we do hold you responsible for one thing—your friends hold you responsible for it—and they wish me to tell you so, and it is this: That you are depressed as if you had committed the outrage, instead of being the victim, while the murderer goes boldly and brazenly about the streets, and his family are driving through the town as if on dress parade. I want you to look beyond the near future—beyond this Appellate race, and your life in Frankfort—to your old age, when your son will link your name with his own, and hand it down to another generation, God willing, and live for that. Is there no consolation in this?"

"It is a beautiful thought."

"It is to that future I wish you to turn and never look back. While I can not understand why God would allow what has been done, we could not prevent it, and we can not undo it; but we can at least thank Him that we have not done the wrong."

Judge Reid felt that Cornelison's infamy in bringing his wife's name into his last publication had added greatly to the complications; that he was using the life spared to him only to add insult to ignominy, and that he might have to consider anew whether, under the last provocation, he could let this man live.

This new phase of the trouble was also discussed; and, while admitting that new issues might arise, I said:

"It is not necessary that you should trouble about this attack upon me or the missionary work; it only proves to the world what we and our friends already know, and what you wrote in your letter—that animosity to me and my work largely influenced the arm that struck you." Then I said, "While this race will cost you much more than if you had a longer time, and could do all the work yourself, you have it already won. I have no doubt of your ultimate triumph every way."

This conversation was continued until it seemed that every contingency in life was discussed except the possibility of Judge Reid's death. This was not once thought of. There had been a previous conversation concerning the Maysville postscript.

Many letters that had come in his absence were opened, read, commented upon, and laid away with the names of authors indorsed upon envelopes, with accompanying memoranda for future response. Then we talked of those who had written, and agreed that nobler letters had never been penned. And I said, "We must remember that we have not yet suffered as the Master did. For after He was betrayed by a Judas, He was deserted by all; and though we have been counted worthy to suffer, we have not been deserted.

The Judas who betrayed you has but proved the worth of your friends. Only the other day —— —— said to me: 'Surely the friends you have ought to be a great consolation to you. To whom could this affliction have happened, who would have had such an army of friends to rally to them? And your friends are the very best people, every way, in all the country.' And I told her she might pay the most extravagant eulogies to our friends, and I would multiply a hundredfold, and still believe all true. See where your letters come from. Here is one from an Episcopal Bishop at Chicago; one from the editor of a Presbyterian paper at Nashville; one from B. S. Amming, New York; one from F. G. Courtland, of the Society of Friends. Then there are those from business men of St. Louis, Chicago, Alton; Bluffton and Columbus, Indiana — all strangers to you before this. Here is one from Dr. Manly, of the Baptist Theological School, Louisville — your Baptist friends stand by you;—one from Dr. M. M. Fisher, Missouri University. Here are others from men all over the State, whom you have never seen, of every profession, besides ministers of your own and other churches. There are private letters from editors, as well as their published editorials. They reach out their hands to you personally as men, while indorsing your course impersonally and officially. Who would have thought there were so many grand hearts in the world, and all of them beating in sympathy with you? It is like a voice from God."

"Yes," he said, "I thank God for every one of them, and when the race is over, we will sit down together and answer every letter. All who have written must know how grateful we are."

Then he mentioned some who had not written; who had given no sign.

"Well," I answered, "is it not always so? Are there not always disappointments? But how few have been your disappointments, and how many the agreeable surprises!

We have had friends and sympathy often where least expected. Have you thought of the number of friends who have been here, to our house, from Bourbon, Madison, and other counties, besides those from our own community daily? The Sunday before you delivered your speech there were in the house Mr. Meguiar, from Louisville; Mr. Lee, from Owingsville; Mr. Hendrick, from Flemingsburg; Mr. George Hamilton, from Bath; Major Harris, from Madison; and Mr. Stone, of your own county. Then think of all the good things that have been said of your speech. This letter from Mrs. Moody, of Indianapolis, says she hopes it will become a part of the literature of the public schools;" and then I told him what Dr. Guerrant had heard Dr. Green and others say of his speech.

He related one very cruel remark that he had heard of, and I asked, "Can you not go through life without the friendship of such? That man is coarse by nature; there never was anything in common between you and him; while it may be true that you ought not to sit as Judge without blood upon your hands, your wife has the consolation that you have not broken her heart, (as he did his wife's,) by dissipation."

Judge Reid was much strengthened and encouraged by the interviews, of which these portions are given.

Wednesday was a day of great activity among his friends. They were aroused to a full realization of the magnitude of the issues involved, and worked with the determined purpose that Judge Reid should win the victory. A faithful friend (Mr. Chorn) coming to the home to report that Clark and Madison counties were certainly for Judge Reid, was urged to carry the good news at once to the headquarters at the office.

Miss Harris, who drove down street to bring Judge Reid home to his dinner, returned without him after a long waiting. "The whole town," she said, "was in Cousin

Dick's office; she had never seen so many men in such earnest work — that all who talked with her, to while the time away, were sure of Judge Reid's election. They were bright, cheerful, active, hopeful, and were in a 'perfect swarm,' coming and going."

Judge Reid at last came home to rest for the remainder of the afternoon, well satisfied with the situation, and saying to his wife: "I HAVE THE RACE WON."

It was arranged that, after tea, he should drive with a young lawyer,* who had studied in his office, some five or six miles into the country, to interview a friend who had a large influence in a certain precinct, and who had said that although he would support Judge Reid, he would not attend the County Convention, lest there might be violence and danger. Mrs. Reid feared greatly for the Judge on this drive to the country. She did not know what new conspiracy might be formed for his destruction. She went below stairs, and for the third time followed Judge Reid to the carriage, brought him back and sought to detain him. At last he remonstrated, saying: "My darling, you ought not to be in the night air; you must return to your room;" and led her back to the house, hastily kissed her good bye, put her inside the hall door, locked it from the outside, and placed the key where he could find it on his return.

From the Diary.

I think my anxiety for Judge Reid reached its climax on this night. As I heard the last sound of the wheels as the carriage rolled away, I felt like one bereft of reason—that at all hazards, I must pursue, overtake, and bring him back —and nothing but the fact that they were soon out of hearing prevented my insane endeavor. I stood as long as I could, looking through the side-lights into the night, hoping to catch another sight or sound. Then I was suddenly struck with remorse that I had doubted God. I returned

*Mr. Henry M. Woodford.

to my room, and upon my knees implored Him to watch over and preserve my husband and bring him safely back to me; to remove my burden of doubt, and to pardon my distrust and anxiety. I felt that God heard my prayer; I never doubted for a moment afterward that all would be right, and it would be well with us in the end. I fell quickly asleep—and the next morning (Thursday, May 15), I was calmer, stronger, more resigned than at any time since the awful outrage. I felt that I would not struggle any more; but weary and heavy laden, I would just cast all my burden upon God, and He would see that we were compensated, rewarded, for all our endurance, forbearance, and suffering—and this feeling of perfect resignation was not disturbed until I began, after nine o'clock, a letter to Elder J. B. Jones, and then I was suddenly overwhelmed with the most violent grief, that I could in no wise restrain or account for.

There had been some delay in the start to the country. So it was twelve, midnight, when the sound of the returning footsteps were heard on the veranda. . . .

The result of the trip was satisfactory every way. "It is all right," said the Judge. . . . Judge Reid had talked constantly on the drive going and coming—stated that he was daily thankful that he had not taken Cornelison's life—that he had never regretted not doing so.

[The curtain is lifted revealing the *sanctum sanctorum* of Judge Reid's home in these last days of suffering, because the malice that had prompted the outrage and persecution sought also to penetrate into the innermost recesses of his domestic life, and circulated the slanderous charges that Judge Reid was not sustained in his own home, and that financial troubles weighed heavily upon his mind. These burning tongues that sought to slake their malice in still deeper depths, continued their slanders against Mrs. Reid after he whom they had murdered had been laid

in his untimely grave. Nor did their venom lose any of its poison because they failed to find some other door at which to lay their sin. Conversations were reported, as occurring in the privacy of his own apartments, or at the family board, by those whose unhallowed feet had never crossed the threshold of Judge Reid's home. Therefore, while shrinking from the public eye, and desiring to withhold the sheets of this diary upon which all that occurred in the home in this month of agony was minutely recorded, Mrs. Reid yielded to the advice of a true and wise friend, who said: "It is necessary for the full development of the truth that some portions of this home history should be given—you wrote it for that purpose—the public that desire justice and honor awarded to Judge Reid's memory are entitled to know it." Hence, these leaves as selected are herewith given—as also the following extract from one of the letters:

Mrs. Mary Crouch to Mrs. Reid.

FULTON, Mo., June 4, 1884.

. . . . And I feel, too, that I must congratulate you, that in the strong electric light that has been thrown upon you, and into the very deepest recesses of your household, the very sanctity of your home invaded and scrutinized in all its details, there has been no skeleton found, no pet indulgence, nor secret sin revealed. The vultures that have thus sought their prey, have only been able to wrench from their true import the agonized expressions of pain and regret and just indignation that have been wrung from your tortured heart.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THURSDAY. MAY FIFTEENTH—THE DEATH.

After an unbroken and refreshing sleep, Judge Reid awakened quickly, saying, "It must be late." On examining his watch he found it was only six o'clock, but said: "I will remain up." (The high locality of the home brought the sun early to the eastern windows.)

At the request of his wife he knocked at the door of the young ladies' apartment before going down stairs, calling to them to be ready to breakfast with him.

The mother-in-law, Mrs. Jameson, who had been quite ill, surprised the household by being up and ready for the family breakfast. She went to the library, and finding Judge Reid engaged in worship, knelt down with him—as was the habit for a belated member of the family to do, without disturbance to the reading or prayer.

The breakfast table was bright and cheerful.* There were present Miss Harris, Miss Horton and Mrs. Jameson. Judge Reid was more talkative than at any time since his trouble. He said that he intended fighting to the end—was confident of winning—spoke more hopefully of the issue of all his troubles. There was some light talk about household expenditures for the coming year; what the women of the family intended to accomplish by active aid in his canvass; what economies they would practice; the new carriage that could be dispensed with; the number of new dresses already provided; how many were required in a lady's out-

*What may seem small incidents here recorded, are all important in connection with the tragedy of this chapter.

fit for the season; the prospective ones that would be given up; and by way of ironical finish to the climax, the surplus alderney butter was spoken of. At this, with a gleam of his former self, and a humorous lifting of the eye, Judge Reid said: "Well, May, we could ask no more; that will accomplish so much!"

Returning to his wife's room before going down street, he found her sitting up and at her breakfast. He at once kissed her good-bye—but she urged him to remain with her longer, as it was still an early hour. He sat down, conversed awhile, repeated that everything was satisfactory upon the previous night's drive; stroked his beard, looked up pleasantly, and said: "And how is your 'old man' this morning?" "Well, very well," replied his wife, and imitating his gesture asked: "And how is your wife this morning?" "Better," he answered quickly, "you are looking much better than on yesterday."

There was more apparent resignation and restfulness upon Judge Reid's countenance, and a more cheerful looking forward to success.

He arose, took two letters from the mantel, written the day previous by his wife—one to Col. Jno. Reid, Lexington, Mo., one to Elder W. T. Tibbs, Pomona, California—asked if she wished these mailed, made some jesting remark about the scarcity of stamps, stood for a while with his elbow resting upon the mantel, talking and looking down at his wife, then in a quiet, business manner, gave another good-by kiss. As he passed down the stairway, the wife called after him to know why he should leave her so hurriedly. "I have a great deal of business to attend to," he answered back. He was gone—the two letters were duly mailed, received, and at the writer's request, were afterwards returned.

Mrs. Reid to Col. John Reid.

MT. STERLING, KY., May 14, 1884.

COL. JNO. REID, Lexington, Mo.:

DEAR COUSIN JOHN:—Please do not think that we are so selfish as to forget in our heavy trial, that you yourself are not well. I

have been confined to my bed for much of four weeks, and am just able to sit up and write this. We are concerned, first about your deep cold, and then for your insomnia. No doubt you have tried all the remedies. . . . .

I should like to hear that you are improved, for your cousin Richard has taught me to esteem you as highly as he does himself. He did not get your letter, or rather did not read yours to me, until last night. It did him, as it had done me, a great deal of good. We have a splendid letter also from Mr. Ryland, of your town, and when time and health permit, we hope to answer.

My dear cousin, if there be any comfort in the world in this unprecedented calamity, it is in our trust in a just God, who will surely recompense all our sufferings—and when we "cross over the river and sit down under the shade of the trees" to talk about the mysteries and tangles of the present life, surely you will be there with us. If there be anything that God can do for us, inside of His holy religion, and His holy Son, Jesus, that he can not do for us outside of them, why should not you have the benefit of all the best that He may do? And if there be not some good thing for us, that could not be accomplished outside of the death of His Son, then is His death of no avail and a folly chargeable upon our God. But we know that the God we serve has done no superfluous thing, nor does He require that we should. I trust you will pardon all this.

You think, with some others of our friends, that we should abide content under this heavy shadow, knowing, as we do, that we have done no evil, and that we suffer only for the sins of others. But it is a fearful, fearful ordeal, and we have no time for other than the most serious thoughts. No one can properly estimate the gravity of our surroundings,—and therefore I speak to you from the shadows. Every evil thing in the world and out of it is arrayed against Mr. Reid now. Every cur that can bark is joining the yelping pack. It is a fearful fight! God be with us. Mr. Reid did not know that he had an enemy in the world. His sensitiveness is greatly against him. He writhes with the torture. His soul is like a garden that was full of all delicate flowers and perfumes, and that has been withered by a scorching simoom. It seems as if nothing was left unconsumed.

Thank Mr. Ryland for his letter, and tell him that we need the prayers of God's people everywhere.

The hardest struggle in the Appellate race will be right here in Judge Reid's own county, for here all adverse elements combine—the Cornelison, the Munnell, and the Riddell influences. May God care for us all. Love to cousin Katherine.

Your Cousin,

ELIZABETH J. REID.

Mrs. Reid to Elder W. T. Tibbs.

MT. STERLING, May 14, 1884.

ELDER W. T. TIBBS, Pomona, California:

. . . . . .

We thank you for your letter. Pray God that we be not utterly consumed—the furnace seems newly heated day by day, and every demon on the earth and under it is adding fuel to the flames. Pray constantly, therefore, for us!

. . . . . .

If you wished an interesting study in psychology, you should be here to learn how diabolical the passion of revenge can make a human soul. It seems utterly to have destroyed in these men all that is human, to say nothing of what is Christian. Pray God, therefore, for us daily! Unless God's people pray for us, we can not stand—the evil will triumph else. And if it be possible, I would that this cup might pass—I would that my husband might not die a martyr's death.

The struggle daily rends our souls to let this assassin live only to continue his diabolic plans and heap ignominy upon ignominy. We have had to choose between the direst evils—to take this assassin's life or bear the ignominy—and no man sees the end! . . . . . I shall be sorry for Sallie to come home without seeing you. . . . . With love from Mr. Reid, the household and myself, for you and yours, ELIZABETH J. REID.

Mrs. Reid inquired of the family gathered in her apartment for the morning's greeting, if the Judge had eaten heartily; if they thought him cheerful and well. They answered, "He was more like himself every way;" and each, as she left for the daily round, was herself the happier in consequence.

Judge Reid went down street. His friends had come early to town; some who had started on Monday or Tuesday, to poll the precincts assigned them, having returned already to report.

Col. Hamilton was met; after some conversation, he arranged to breakfast the next morning with Judge Reid, to bring one of his best saddle-horses for the Judge, and together they would canvass the Grassy Lick precinct.

Arrangements were made also with the Colonel and friends for subsequent days, until the time of the County Convention.

Col. Hamilton thought Judge Reid in exceptionally good spirits; that a few days before he seemed somewhat depressed on account of his canvass not progressing as favorably at home as he had desired; but that assurances of his friends for the last two days had given him much encouragement, and he seemed buoyant and cheerful.

He conversed with James W. Gatewood, who showed him the list of voters he had taken down in his precinct, the latter saying: "Here you are, Dick; this man is for you, and this, and this; here you are, four to one."

"Well, Jim," he replied, "if all the reports count up like yours, we have a pretty sure thing of it."*

He met Gen. Johnson, who likewise gave a cheering report, and brought some parties to be introduced, as they intended to vote for Judge Reid, and wished to know him personally.

He was in his office, where a number of friends were gathered. It was at this time he expressed his anxiety about the condition of his wife's health. He said to a carpenter† present, "John, you have an account against me; go and bring it, that I may settle it. I do not wish to have these small matters on my mind during the campaign."

He had a confidential talk with Col. Stone, concerning the canvass.

He left his office about nine o'clock, and crossed the square to Judge Brock's office. On the way he was met by a blind woman, led by a child; was asked for charity. He gave it with such words that the girl said it made her weep. From what she could tell, it was learned that Judge Reid had said, "Though you can not see in this life, when

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*It was ascertained that in some parts of the county Judge Reid's strength was as twenty to one.

†John W. Rose.

your eyes are first opened, it may be that you will behold the light of heaven."

He conversed with Judge Brock concerning a lawsuit in Covington, which the latter had been attending to, and which had been thrown out of court.

(This was a suit that had been brought by some petti-fogger in Louisville against a number of prominent citizens of Mt. Sterling for purposes of blackmail, and over which Judge Reid had made himself somewhat merry in the past.)

He said to Brock, "I suppose, then, it is finished."

He complained of a severe pain in the head, and asked Judge Brock if he could go above stairs and lie down. The latter replied he would go up and see if his bed had been made.

He took Judge Reid to his room and left him lying down; returned to his office below stairs, passed out, leaving the lower room vacant, with the door open, and went across the street to the court-house. . . . . .

No one was observed to have gone in or out of Judge Brock's office between his departure and return, two hours later, except J. J. Cornelison. He was seen coming out of the room below stairs, looking carefully around, and closing the door; was seen in front of it, and was observed passing hurriedly along Main street to his own office. His coming out of Judge Brock's office; his position in front of it; his walk along Main street, left an indelible impression upon those who saw him and have stated these facts. Said one, "I was told he was carrying the cane he had assaulted Judge Reid with, and I felt as if I had seen the evil one himself, and my flesh crept with horror at the sight."

. . . . . .

After Judge Reid's departure from home, Mrs. Reid, while writing, was seized with uncontrollable emotion, and gave way to an overwhelming outburst of grief. The family

gathered around, remonstrating with her, lest she should make herself ill again; urged her to lie down, and tell them if there was any new trouble. But she did not herself know what was the cause of her deep depression. It came without warning, and, apparently, without cause. Was it the foreshadowing of a terrible calamity?

. . . . . .

A number of lady friends had walked out early from the town. She said she would see them, and they were shown to her room. She said to Miss Harris, "Jane, I shall not have my letter ready for you to mail to-day; but when it is time to go on your visit, May will drive you to the train, bring her Uncle Dick home to his dinner, and she will meet you again in the evening."

The young ladies had driven down street. The friends who had called were still with Mrs. Reid, when Mr. Whitney, who had been so frequently to the house during the month, upon friendly interests, in Judge Reid's canvass, was announced. Mrs. Reid said, "Show him up." He came, and she asked: "Mr. Whitney, do you bring good news, too?"

"No, Mrs. Reid," ——!

He came to tell that Judge Reid was dead!

. . . . . .

* Two hours after Judge Brock left his office he returned and had occasion to go above stairs. Upon reaching the landing, he was startled at the sight of Judge Reid lying upon his back, prostrate upon the floor, his right hand at his side, his left upon his breast, a pistol on the floor to his right, and by his head a pool of blood. He ran hastily for a doctor, shouting the alarm. Dr. Duerson came at once. Many followed; other physicians came. A wound was found in the head, where a pistol-ball had entered back of the right ear, coming out back of the left. Judge Reid

* From the Courier-Journal, True Kentuckian, and other papers.

was dead! The wildest consternation seized upon the town. Business houses were closed; men thronged the streets, grasping each other's hands in a frenzy of doubt and grief; old men sat down upon the curbing of the pavements and wept like children; women left their homes and added their presence and sorrow to the scene. In a few minutes the news spread to the adjacent country, and men came madly hurrying into the town. All tried to force their way into the office where Judge Reid lay. Intelligence reached the mother and sisters. They rushed to the office; their grief is indescribable by tongue or pen. The mother who had been sustained in all her sorrows by the Richard she so much loved, sat upon the floor with his wounded head upon her lap, calling in piteous tones: "Who did it? Who did it? Who will help me and pray for me now?"

The sisters cried out: "Who has murdered him? Who has slain our brother?"

The law-partner, friend, supporter, Col. Stone, knelt by the body and wept, calling upon the brother and friend who could not answer him back.

Men and women stood aghast! There are times when human speech seems but a mockery of human agony. And yet who could keep silent? Such an appalling calamity had never before come to their community. They were consumed with the burning sense of the outrage. It was a death for which there was no consolation. A crime had been committed that all felt to be a crime against themselves, against the age, the community, the State; against a long line of noble ancestry; against a loving and devoted family.

Judge Reid had so much to live for. He was in the prime of manhood. Honors had been showered upon him; still higher honors awaited him. All that wealth could give was his,—a beautiful home, friends who were bound to him by the strongest affection, a wife who administered to his

joys, his comforts, whose bounteous love made him happy. The gentleman, the Christian, who served God in the day of his joy and prosperity, and who, when the day of anguish and trial came, still sought and served Him—a man so Christlike that he could bestow a forfeited life upon his enemy—this man was dead! and dead by violence! It was incredible: it was against the spirit of the age; it staggered faith in the promises of the Scriptures,—in a belief of the triumph of good over evil!

Victory in his last great battle was within his grasp; he had fought the fight, and had kept the faith. Cheered and comforted by the news of the morning, he had gone above stairs to rest. Death was lying in wait for him in that room, and took him by surprise, as had the violence and outrage in the betrayer's office a month before. Then, he had passed without warning from the glorious light of love and joy into the darkness of the valley; now, he lay down to rest, closed his eyes, passed out of the shadow, and opened them to the light eternal.

. . . . . .

The scene at the home beggars description. We draw the curtain upon a picture of despair unutterably dark. All that friendship and love could do, was done,—but there are depths of woe into which human help can not penetrate, when it seems that even the face of God is withdrawn and deep darkness shuts out the light of hope,—when only graves are open and the dead are seen walking the earth.

. . . . . .

Supported by others, the author of all this woe went staggering along the streets to his home. Who would head the mob to punish him, said one to another, as cries rose on the air, "There goes the wretch, hang him! hang him!"

. . . . . .

A coroner's jury was impaneled. A card was found lying upon the bureau in the room, which they accepted as being in Judge Reid's handwriting. It read, "Mad!

mad! forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." The card was not signed.

A sharp break was in the plastering above the bed—a bullet was on the floor beneath. The closest scrutiny failed to show how the shot had been fired. Not a powder-mark was found upon the neck or head. Not a hair was singed, though the wound was carefully examined through a microscope. The body was quietly composed, resting upon the back,—diagonally across the room, with the head to the south. The right hand was open—grasped no weapon—the pistol was some distance away. It was a Smith and Wesson, and one barrel was empty. (He had never carried a weapon until after the assault, and not then until many friends advised him to do so, particularly as he had spared his enemy's life; and his very success in his canvass might be sufficient to provoke another assault.) The bureau was upon the east side of the room—the lounge upon the north. There was no mode of entrance to the room except through the office below, and a stairway going up from the street. The door opening from the street was locked.

Judge Brock had observed nothing unusual in Judge Reid's appearance; there had been nothing strange in his conversation; he was not apparently interested in the law-suit; had only complained of the pain in his head. After the testimony of two or three other witnesses, the jury gave the verdict:

"We, the jury, find that the deceased, Richard Reid, came to his death by a pistol shot from his own hand, between 9 and 11 A. M., May 15, 1884."

. . . . . .

And in the evening, when the sun was setting, and the earth was green, and the flowers in bloom, and the year was clothed with the beauty of May, and when in all the world there seemed no place for death, they bore him back to his home, coffined and dressed for his burial.

Over his threshold, where he had passed in and out with happy step, they bore him for the last time, but for one more going forth; through his library, where were the familiar books he would handle no more; and into his parlor, where they rested him beneath the portrait of the boy he loved.

The noble countenance in the repose of death was without pain or suffering; it was full of the peace that passeth all understanding; it was serene, majestic in its voiceless hush, telling of the grand development attained in this life; and the yet grander prospect that opened before the parting soul, had left its impress upon every feature.

How peaceful the hands that had never been raised in violence against a human being; that the betrayer had so employed they could not avert the blows that destroyed the fair temple of earthly life, so beautifully and carefully and symmetrically built, and before time had marked or marred or injured its harmony. They were placed now as they had first been found in death—one by the right side, the other resting upon the breast. They were pure and without guilt. How instinct they still seemed with all the unaccomplished deeds of the years in which they might have wrought, now held and folded down in their pulseless palms.

The eyes that had never lost their boyish look of trust and candor, whose glorious light the assassin could not look upon and put out forever, were closed now as if in happy slumber; the dazed, benumbed look of surprise and suffering—surprise that he should have an enemy, the benumbing mystery of his suffering—this was not seen any more.

There was no more mystery, no suffering now. He had gone to solve all in the light of another world. He had laid down the crown of thorns for the crown of life. Through great tribulation he had gone up to the throne of God, to the companionship of the souls of them that were

slain for the word of God and the testimony that they held.

But, from the mute lips; from the settled resignation and endurance upon every feature; from the motionless form clothed with the majesty of death, there was a silent but undying protest against the evil that had cut off this life from its own familiar places in the earth, from its proper unfolding in the years allotted to man, from the noble achievements stored in the future as the lawful heritage of its grand capabilities.

. . . . . .

We will not intrude upon the unspeakable grief of the devoted wife, and of all the members of the bereaved family.

Kind physicians came, that by their ministrations the body might bear up under the anguish of the soul. Holy men came with supplication and prayer, that God would yet have mercy and spare life and reason to the stricken wife, that she might see the triumph of good over the evil and the end of the wicked; that she might see the memory of her husband honored and vindicated among men; and that, it being His will, she might live to achieve, so far as a woman might, though alone and suffering, the good work that together they might have wrought upon the earth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FUNERAL.*

The funeral was set for the afternoon of Saturday, May 17. The day was without a cloud to obscure its brightness—a fit emblem of the unfading glory henceforth to surround the name and memory of Richard Reid. Looking up, it seemed as if the heavens had opened to receive the ransomed spirit; as if the light that is not of the sun nor of the moon, but the glory of God and the Lamb that lighteneth the Holy City, had streamed forth for a time and rested above the desolate home, within which, in the stillness of death, unconscious of the grief of those who moved about him, or of the adornments and surroundings that his own generous hand had provided, there lay for this last day the mortal part of the martyred Judge.

Nature blossomed in the gladness of her resurrection, as if there was no more crime, nor guilt, nor sorrow, nor death, nor tragedy; as if old things had passed away, and there were only peace upon earth and good will among men. It seemed that the visible presence of God was felt moving above the dark mystery of this awful calamity, and His whispered love could be heard, saying to the bereaved, "It is well with him, my good and faithful servant. He has entered into the joy of his Lord. And the light that clothes the sin-stained earth is but a prophecy of the glory that is his in the sinless home of the blest."

*The account of the funeral is kindly furnished by Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick.

From the time that the news of Judge Reid's death flashed over the country, every train bore friends who came to do him honor. For two days and nights the home was thronged with those who came to take a last look at the calmly patient face, from which dissolution withheld its destroying touch. Men and women, friends and strangers, old and young, the gray-haired and children, white and black, silently came, stood by the open casket and wept, gave way to others, passed out upon the spacious lawn to join the crowds gathered there, only to come and go again.

Upon table and mantel, within every nook and space in library and parlor, were floral tributes that were brought or sent by mourning friends, by members of Judge Reid's Court, by officers of the State, by the Woman's Board of Missions.

Sympathy for the family was so deep and intense that only the interposition of physicians prevented the loving intrusion into that darkened chamber of sorrow, where the wife made no more battle against despair.

How many who came, and as they looked upon Judge Reid, dead in the prime of his life, and in the full tide of success and usefulness, felt regret or remorse that they had stood silent and still, withheld sympathy and aid, while he warred against the evil of the world, against the prince of the powers of darkness, to their own hearts and to their God was it known. Vain now were tears and eulogies and regrets. The flowers that others brought could not conceal where the thorns and nails had left their wounds.

The special train from Louisville brought a sorrowing crowd from all points along the road: the Governor, State officials, and Judges, from Frankfort; ministers and friends from Versailles, Midway, Lexington, Winchester, Paris, and Richmond. All other trains coming into the town were crowded with those who came from every whither, from Ashland, Catlettsburg, Owingsville, Cynthiana, from the mountains, and all the neighboring counties.

From early morning the streets were thronged; a dense mass of humanity was packed from sidewalk to sidewalk, and against the walls of business houses, that were closed and draped in mourning. It was with difficulty a line could be opened for the funeral cortege.

Long before the hour the church was filled to its utmost capacity, many near friends failing to get seats. The aisles, vestibule, gallery, the rear room opening into the main audience room, were closely packed. There were present, of Judge Reid's own church and other denominations, some seventy ministers.

The funeral was in keeping with the feelings and sentiments of the throng gathered to pay the tribute of their tears and sympathy to the memory of a great man and a noble life. For the time, everything was hushed and awed in the presence of a calamity which seemed to blight and wither life and hope. The very darkness of desolation seemed to settle over the little city, where the dead Judge had lived and moved; and as delegation after delegation and representative after representative from other sections of the State gathered within the precincts of the town and home, a deeper sense of the irretrievable loss, the irreparable damage to the people of the city, the county, and the State, in the death of Judge Reid, took possession of men's minds, and they vied with each other in showing honor to his memory. Strong men silently grasped each other's hands with tear-stained cheeks. Every man felt that he had been wronged, that he had suffered contumely and shame; and the emblems of woe, everywhere displayed, plainly and significantly voiced his sorrow.

After two in the afternoon the funeral cortege moved with solemn tread from the home—the lofty, airy castle of the dead scholar and Judge.

The procession formed in the following order: Fogg's Band; Cerro Gordo Guards; Fire Company; City Officials; County Officials; Members of the Bar; Watson Lodge, No.

32, and visiting Odd Fellows; Governor and State Officials Judges; pall-bearers in carriages; hearse; family and friends in carriages; citizens on horse and on foot.

The funeral train, as it slowly moved to the mournful music of the band, was sadly beating in its measured tread the march which bore to his grave a genuine hero, a real martyr. So it seemed to those who followed the bier of Richard Reid.

Within the church where the funeral services were held, every demonstration of private affection and public gratitude was lavishly displayed. Loving and pious hands had appropriately draped the edifice in every part. The casket was borne to its place by Gov. Knott, Chief Justice Hargis, and Judges Pryor and Lewis, of the Court of Appeals; Judges Bowden and Richards, the associates of Judge Reid on the bench of the Superior Court; Judge Morton, of Lexington, and Col. W. H. Holt, of the Mt. Sterling Bar. The front of the altar, about the bier, was literally covered with beautiful and costly floral designs, emblematic of the character and attributes of the fallen chief.

When the vast assembly had been seated, the choir sang a hymn, and Elder John S. Shouse read, with impressive and deep-toned pathos, an appropriate passage of Scripture upon the death of Abner, and containing the text: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" This was followed by a sublime prayer, that stirred every heart, from the Rev. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, of the Methodist Church. Following a second hymn, Elder J. W. McGarvey delivered a discourse of matchless power and eloquence. His words were hot with righteous indignation at the outrage that had brought the body of Richard Reid a lifeless corpse into that solemn presence. Not only against the outlaw, who had in this instance so brutally outraged everything that was holy and sacred, but against the sentiment that tolerated violence and opposition to law, he hurled the thunderbolts of his wrath.

Those who heard him felt the sentiments of their hearts expressed in his fervent periods.

Prof. McGarvey said:

The occasion which has brought us together is no ordinary funeral service; this we all feel. Had this death come to us in the mildest form, it would have brought us deep distress; for we can say, as David said over the prostrate form of Abner, "A prince and a great man has fallen this day in Israel." But coming self-inflicted, this death is truly appalling; and coming with all the melancholy train of circumstances which preceded it, it has caused a horror of deep darkness to fall upon us.

Who is it that has thus fallen by his own hand? Is it some desperado, whose guilty conscience became a burden too great for him to bear, and who sought to hide from himself in the grave? Is it some villain, whose dark deeds were about to be exposed, and who did not dare to face them? Was it a man like you or me, given to rough words and hasty action, who was reaping the reward of his imprudence? You answer, It is none of these.

Who, then, is the man that has thus lifted up his hand against himself? It is the man who was so dutiful from his earliest childhood, that no chastisement was ever laid upon him. It is the man who, when his step-mother sat by his side as he lay crushed and bleeding from that cruel assault, said to her: "Mother, you have known me all my life, and you know that if I were to kill that man, the sight of his widow and eight fatherless children would kill me. If any blood is to be shed over this matter, it will be mine and not his." It is the man who has never been heard from that day to this, even by his most intimate associates, to utter one vindictive word against his assailant. It is the man, who, just before he left his home on the fatal morning, was accidentally seen on his knees alone with God. It is the man whose last act before he entered that law-office, was to give alms to a blind woman and to accompany the gift with a benediction, of which the little girl who led her said: "It was the prettiest speech that I ever heard." It is the man who had never, until that fatal moment, raised his hand in violence against any human being. Did I say it was he who did it? I correct myself. It was not he. It is doubtful if any man in a Christian land has ever slain himself when in his right mind. If any man ever did, that man was not Richard Reid. He could not do it. This card [holding up a large business card with words written by a pencil on the blank side] which was found on the bureau in the room where the fatal deed was done, these terrible and incoherent

monosyllables, tell the whole story: "Mad! Mad! Forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." It was not he, it was madness.

And what was the cause of this madness? When I ask this question, your thoughts instantly revert to that dreadful hour when he was invited into the office of one who had been his friend, requested to examine a paper which pertained to that friend's business, not his own, and while he was doing this favor concealed weapons were produced and that assault was made upon him, which, to every man of spirit, is worse than death. Every mind connects that man's act with the mournful event which has called us together. When the news of this death flashed over the wires, I saw good men clinch their teeth and turn pale; and I heard them, with swimming eyes and choking utterances, speak words that were terrible. Fellow-citizens, you who were neighbors and intimate friends to our fallen brother, you whose passions are naturally wildest on this awful occasion, I beg you, in the name of my fallen brother, in the name of the religion which he so highly honored, touch not a hair of that man's head. Leave him to his conscience and his God. You can afford to do this, when you remember that there is not one of you who would not rather to-day be Judge Reid, lying there in that coffin, with all his bitter experience yours, than his assailant, walking about and breathing the air of life. *Harm him not.*

But when I ask what caused this madness, is this the only answer? For the honor of my people and my native State, I wish it were. When a great calamity befalls a man, it is usual to let drop the hands that were raised against him, and to silence the tongues which may have reproached him. An honorable man does not lift himself up when his enemy has fallen. But it was not so in this case. This great calamity was followed by the issue from the press of almost daily articles teeming with accusations which bore on their face, to right-minded men, transparent evidence of their falsity, while baser minds accepted and repeated them as true. Every one of these publications, caught up by bad men, and scattered by the thousand through adjoining counties, pierced the heart of its victim like the sting of an adder. And still there was another cause. It was represented to him that the people condemned him for not taking vengeance into his own hand and slaying his assailant. This representation was false. I can not believe it. I know that it was true of some of the people. It was true of the keepers and frequenters of saloons and other dens of sin and shame; but it was not true of those men, whether in the church or out of it, who give character to our communities. If I were compelled to believe that among the respectable citizens of this Commonwealth, a man who, through fear of God and a desire to maintain the consistency

of a Christian life, refused to slay an enemy for an outrage which he could not avert, was held to be dishonored, I would be ashamed of my native State; I would never again wish to be called a Kentuckian. But the false representation was made persistently; it was echoed in his ears from every side; it was hurled in his teeth, and he was led to believe it. By these vile slanders, industriously propagated, and by this false representation of public sentiment following close upon the heels of the first great outrage, this noble mind was thrown off its balance, this madness was brought about. In the light of these facts I fearlessly declare that this was not a suicide, but a murder—a murder beginning in a treacherous assault and continued by slow tortures until the end was reached.

These are the causes which lie on the surface of this case, perceived at a glance by every mind. There are others, remoter, and deeper rooted, which it would be wrong for us to overlook. First of all is that spirit of brute violence which pervades our society. I honor Kentucky's greatest editor for the brave and eloquent words he has written against it.* It has taken possession of us so completely that even the Church of God has been invaded by it, and the religion of the peaceful Jesus has not been able to expel it. We are ready to avenge every wrong, real and imaginary, by lawless violence. In the instance before us, it is not merely one citizen assaulting another, but one brother in the church assailing with violence a member of the same worshiping assembly. This man and his victim had sung together in this building for years the same songs of praise; they had united together in the same prayers; they had even been seated together around the table of the Lord; and yet for groundless suspicions and imaginary wrongs he has made a murderous assault, which was followed by blow after blow until death ensued. O, my brethren in Christ, do you believe the Scriptures? Hear what they say: "Whoso shall cause one of these little ones who believe on me to stumble, it were profitable for him that a great millstone were hung about his neck, and that he were sunk in the depth of the sea." Hear again: "Every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment, and whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell-fire." It was the Judge of the living and the dead who spoke these words. I tell you there is a day of judgment. We shall be judged for eternity according to these words. This demon must be cast out; and do not forget that this kind goeth not out except by prayer and fasting.

Another of these remoter causes is the spirit of insubordination and irreverence which pervades both Church and State. Here,

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*Henry Watterson.

not only was a brother assailed by a brother, but a ruler in the church, appointed to enforce the divine law and to watch for souls as one who must give account, was smitten by one who is commanded to obey and reverence those who have the rule over us. "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people," is a recognized law in both the Old Testament and the New; yet how lightly and thoughtlessly do we trample it under our feet. Here was a citizen, not assailing another citizen merely, but assailing one of the highest judicial officers of the Commonwealth, and pleading in extenuation an act, which, if it had been done, would have been within the province of official duty. Judge Elliott and President Garfield are scarcely cold in their graves when Judge Reid is laid by their side. With the last, this spirit has dealt more cruelly than with either of the others; for Judge Elliott's murderer performed his bloody task in the twinkling of an eye, and Garfield's eighty days were days of none but physical pain, while Judge Reid was subjected to mental torture more cruel than a hundred deaths.

I must mention yet one more of these remoter causes. O, the rancor of party politics! No sooner do a goodly number of a man's fellow citizens who wish to do him honor, call on him to stand as a candidate for some high office, than a horde of unscrupulous partisans begin to assail his private character. They busily search through his past life that they may bring out, and magnify, and distort, every fault which can be found. With heated imagination they invent the most hideous lies and circulate them with the utmost industry, till the wonder is that candidates for public honors are not more frequently driven to madness. Eternity alone will be able to tell how many have escaped only by a hair's breadth the fate of Judge Reid. O, when shall our political campaigns be managed by gentlemen, and by them alone?

But this iniquitous practice reaches its culmination, when it is employed against candidates for the Court of Appeals. When a man takes his seat on that bench, the decrees from which should be regarded with a sanctity second only to that of the decrees of God himself in Holy Writ, he should do so with such a reputation that all men would bare their heads in his presence. But under the workings of the practice of which I speak, a man enters that high office with his name all bespattered and besmeared, so that many of the people think that a villain is made a Supreme Judge, and they have no reverence for his high office. What remedy can we find for this evil? I would not set up my judgment against that of men better informed in such matters, but I long for a restoration of the time-honored custom of our fathers, by which the Judges of all our courts were appointed for life. When we revise our State

Constitution, shall we not restore that provision, and thus remove our judiciary from the contamination of popular elections?*

But now, having spoken as briefly as I could these words, which the necessity of this case demanded from my lips, I turn, in conclusion, to tenderer thoughts. Our friend, our brother in Christ, our ruler in Church and State, whom we loved, and whom we delighted to honor, is gone from us to his eternal home, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. He will go in and out among us no more. His manly form will be seen no more on our streets; his beaming face and pleasant smile will greet us no more. He has gone by a very thorny road. We shall never forget the way by which he went; let us never forget the good example which he left behind him. Let us remember his virtues to imitate them; and let us remember especially the one crowning virtue of his life, his refusal to take revenge upon his enemy. Let us subdue the brute nature that is within us; and if any of us feels that he has too much of it to imitate his noble example, I insist that when a man is found who does imitate it, we shall give him all honor.

Our last thought should turn, as did that of our tender-hearted brother, to his heart-broken widow and her son. I need not tell you how much they need our tenderest sympathy and our prayers. I earnestly ask in her name, of all who fear God, both men and women, that they urge before the throne of grace, their petitions in her behalf. First of all, that her reason be not dethroned. I am not surprised that she feels the need of this prayer. How much more crushing the blows which are staggering her, than those which prostrated him. She wishes us also to pray that she be forgiven the selfishness of her own deep grief, which she now fears may have prevented her from giving her husband the comfort and cheer which he so much needed: and yet, I bear witness for her that she did strive to cheer him again and again with words of genuine eloquence and power. Forget not, I pray you, these earnest requests. I shall never forget one demand she made of me as I sat by her bedside, while the cold remains of her husband were still in the house. With a look and a tone of almost utter despair, she demanded, "O! where was God when my husband, so good a man, was permitted to suffer thus?" It was a startling question; but I answered, "Just

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*The speaker was informed, after delivering this discourse, that when the change was made in our Constitution by which the judiciary became elective, Hon. Garrett Davis, one of the purest and wisest of the statesmen who have reflected honor upon Kentucky, was a member of the Constitutional Convention; but he was so bitterly opposed to this change, that when it was adopted he left his seat in the Convention and went home, and that he could never be induced to sign his name to the new Constitution.

where He was when His own Son cried out, amid the agonies of the cross, 'My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It appeared as if God had forsaken him. He felt that he was left alone. But do we not know that the loving Father was closer to his Son at that awful moment than ever he had been before? God does not forsake his own. His ways are not our ways. His judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. Let us trust Him with an unfailing confidence, even as did our departed brother; for in one of the darkest hours through which he passed, he exclaimed, with the suffering patriarch of old, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

At the close of Prof. McGarvey's address, President Charles Louis Loos spoke briefly and feelingly of the horrible tragedy in which "Christianity was on one side and brutality on the other."

President Loos said:

After the impressive sermon to which you have listened, I need say but few words; but I desire in these brief words to utter before you the burden that is on my heart at this hour.

What we see here to-day—this large concourse from far and near, and the deeply solemn feeling that pervades this assembly—testifies to me, as it must to all, how the hearts of the people of this entire region, and far beyond it, have been moved by the tragic event that has brought us together.

When the news of the terrible deed that was done here on the 16th of April became known to the people of this State, especially to this central part of it, where Judge Reid was best known, an indignation, such as no similar event had ever excited among them, took possession of all hearts in which any generous feeling lived. It was like the shock of an earthquake. Here, as we stand reverently before God in the midst of these solemn services, in the presence of more than common mortal woe; surrounded by broken hearts and a whole population stricken to the earth with grief; when it is most fitting that we should bow in humblest penitence, and in most fervent prayer cry for help to the Throne of Mercy—it does not become me, and it is not in my heart to speak of the awful sense of a dreadful outrage, and of the cry for swiftest vindication of justice which at that hour swept over the land, but which was tempered, thank God, by the controlling influence of the enlightened Christian judgment and feeling that so widely prevails and is so properly fixed in the hearts of our people.

Then followed a thrill of admiration when we beheld the man who was to be a prostrate victim, instead of taking in his hands the vengeance which all but the purest and most enlightened Christian motives would have dictated and justified, arise in the sublimest Christian manhood above all feelings of vengeance and the dictates of lower and weaker hearts, and vindicate and illustrate in loftiest example his duty to the State, as a good citizen; to his high office as a Judge, who in his own conduct supremely reverences the law which he interprets to others; and, above all, as a disciple of Christ, to whom the precepts and spirit of his divine Master are the highest rule of life. But when the last tidings came of the sad death of the noble martyr, then the hearts of men—even the strongest—felt the agony of a sorrow that knew no utterance. O that such things can happen here, where Christ is known, where men fear God!—that it should come to this—to this sad hour, this sorrowful scene! It is to us like a bewildering, a dreadful dream; and yet it is a terrible reality.

Let me then speak to you for a few moments, as calmly and as thoughtfully as I can, of the impressions we should carry home with us from this place to-day; impressions, morever, that will, I trust, rest and work lasting good in the hearts of many thousands of our people.

From all parts of this wide land, from the farthest North to the extremest South, from the most distant East to the remotest West, the public attention has been aroused and fixed upon this spot where we are assembled to-day. What has occurred here, concerns not alone you, inhabitants of Mt. Sterling and of Kentucky; it concerns every American citizen; not only you, Christian people of this community and region, but all the disciples of Jesus in our land. What *we* have felt here of just indignation, of highest admiration, of deepest sorrow, as these events followed each other to this last day, and to this final scene, has in like manner touched the hearts of men all over our land. But what above all I wish to impress upon you, is this: that over the whole nation men were filled with admiration at the unwonted example of a man of such eminence of character and place, of such unquestioned manhood, choosing to suffer all rather than violate the law of the land; rather than stain the sacred purity of his high office; and finally, and above all, rather than break the law of God, and bring blood upon his own hands and a reproach on the name of Christ, whom he loved, and whose disciple he rejoiced to be.

This Southern land, this Nation, rejoiced to learn that the heart of the people was not yet, by bad examples and teachings, wholly perverted and depraved, but that the noblest instincts of the highest manhood were yet erect and active in the utmost fullness of their

strength in our very midst. So splendid an example of heroic Christian fortitude, upright and resisting all the baser impulses of the human heart, has been a great encouragement, a strong reassurance to us all. The address Judge Reid made in the court-house here, five days after the assault, in vindication of his course in not avenging the mortal wrong, was so sublime in its spirit, so pure, so full of the holiest inspirations of the human soul, that we bowed with reverence before it. It called forth a mighty voice of approbation and applause from every part of this vast Nation. This address will become a classic of its kind in our American literature. It will outlive this and other generations. Good men everywhere will read it for their own enlightenment and support; fathers and mothers will teach its noble lessons to their children.

Let *this* lesson not be lost to us. In the midst of the blackness and terribleness of sin, as seen in the hearts and ways of men, we know that Christ in his Spirit, his precepts, his life of love, of purity and mercy, is yet upon the earth, to teach, to rescue and redeem, to exalt and glorify man.

O friend and brother! that this cloud of darkness, in the midst of such a bright and beautiful life, should have so suddenly gathered around you! that it should hang over your untimely tomb to-day! But it is there for us, not for you; and for us, too, it will soon disappear. Your name, the memory of your life to its last hour, will remain to us only bright as your Christian life has been. And even to-day, all darkness has passed away from you in the heavenly home, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;" where those who have nobly endured are beyond the cruel malice of men; and where "the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."

Elder Shouse closed with a touching tribute to the loving, tender character of his dead friend, whom he had known from boyhood.

He said:

The fitting words spoken by those who have preceded me make it unnecessary that I should add more. But the sentiments of admiration and love that I cherish for my old college mate and brother, who lies shrouded in that coffin, will not allow me to see him laid away to his rest without a few words. The dreadful antecedents of his sad death, which was but a part of the awful tragedy that has been in continuation for thirty days, are too fearful to be dwelt upon longer. As I stand here to-day, I ask myself, "Am I guiltless of this man's blood?" "Are you?" I fear not. His sensitive soul

was so deeply strung that it needed the sympathy which all of us might have bestowed, but which was too much withheld. Naturally, he was a man of finest fiber, a loving, gentle man. The strange vicissitudes of his eventful life intensified his constitutional sensitiveness; his great heart could bear no more, and so it broke.

When a boy, the youngest of the junior class of Georgetown college, I first met him. Transparency of character, tenderness of heart, indomitable perseverance, noble ambition, fidelity to Christ, were conspicuous in his life, and made him popular, successful and beloved. He closed his college career with such honor and approval as to make his youthful life one to be emulated by all young men. After this he came to Versailles, within seven miles of where I lived, to study law with Gov. Porter, whose presence on this sad occasion testifies to the warm attachment existing between them. While there he always found time for regular attendance upon the meetings of the church, and, by his winning talks in the prayer meetings, confirmed the weak, comforted the mourning, and inspired the devoted to greater boldness in the faith. During his stay there, he met with Miss Sallie Jameson, the sister of her whom this sad loss most deeply distresses, and found in her one whose lovely nature called forth all the resources of his wealth of love. She fully met it by pledging to him in betrothal her hand and heart. Just a few days before the purposed union of their lives, she was shrouded in her bridal robes for the grave. His heart was left bruised and bleeding, and its deep sensitiveness was intensified until of all men of whom I have ever known, I think he was least calculated to endure these cruel tortures to which he has been subjected. His finely-wrought nature had become so intense that it could stand no more.

There are passes in the Alps, where, we are told, the guides warn travelers not to speak even in whispers, lest the vibrations of the air precipitate the overhanging masses of snow that would dash them to death. Such were the surroundings of this spirit. Through such toil and suffering had he climbed to that exalted solitude in which he still found Alps and avalanches to overcome, so perilous was the ascent gained and so fearful the dangers upon the giddy heights, that a rude breath was sufficient to move the overcharged elements and bring ruin and death. His was a spirit that could not bear the breath of criticism, much less of slander. The harsh words of criticism, censure, and slander, broke his heart; and those who raised their voices against him should cry to God to wash his blood from their hearts. Who is there here to-day that spoke the cruel word, that breathed the whispered slander, that struck afresh the bleeding heart, that failed in sympathy, encouragement, and support; that withheld the outspoken condemnation of the crime; that passed by on the other side,

or joined the scoffers, while from afar came good Samaritans with their balm and oil of healing for this wounded soul? Then raise your hands, red with the blood of Judge Reid's martyrdom, and cry to Heaven for mercy and cleansing.

Farewell, dear friend and brother; may we meet there, where there shall be no more tears; where thy spirit, too noble to be comprehended by grosser natures of earth, shall be fully understood; where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." And may God give His unbounded mercy to this people, and enable the bereaved wife to withstand her affliction, that she may live to keep the promise made over the body of her husband, that, God sparing her life and reason, she would try to complete, as far as she might, the work of usefulness and good begun with him.

Then came the last act in this sad drama. The distinguished pall-bearers bore their sacred charge to the hearse in waiting; and the procession, formed in the order already named, slowly marched to the Mt. Sterling cemetery, while the bells of the city tolled their solemn requiem.

In front of the vault, the society of Odd Fellows, led by Hon. W. H. Holt, P. G. M., acting as Noble Grand, paid the funeral rites of the order, and then all that was mortal of Richard Reid was hidden from the gaze of the weeping friends who had faithfully followed him even to the portals of the tomb. Beyond, they could not go, but triumphed in the thought that the lofty soul of the dead Christian hero, freed from the dross which clogged it here, had joined an assembly of kindred spirits in the great beyond.

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In the churches of Mt. Sterling, and elsewhere, memorial services were held in honor of Judge Reid on the following Sunday, and from pulpits throughout the State the voice of prayer arose in behalf of the wife, the absent boy, and the bereaved family. In Judge Reid's own church, where still hung the emblems of mourning, the following sermon was delivered by the pastor to a weeping congregation:

MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

Extract from the Sermon, Preached at Mt. Sterling, Ky., on Sunday, May 18, 1884, *by H. R. Trickett, Pastor of First Christian Church, on the occasion of Memorial Services held for Judge Richard Reid.*

Yesterday the city mourned the loss of a distinguished man. All hearts were filled with sorrow. All that could be done to manifest the public sorrow was done. The closed stores, the draped buildings, the long procession, the solemn dirge, the unrestrained grief, announced that a great man was dead, and that a great crime had been committed against him. Yesterday, accompanied by the Governor, the Judges, many eminent men of the State, his brethren, his friends, his kindred, and his fellow-citizens, the mortal remains of Judge Richard Reid were laid to rest in the Cemetery of Machpelah. And now, "life's fitful fever over, he sleeps well." Too late this sympathy to cheer or aid the poor, broken-hearted one, but none the less precious was it to his kindred and brethren and friends. For this, we thank God! At last he was appreciated and known, as those of us who loved him knew him. But this was the tribute to the great jurist, Judge Richard Reid; the last offering of regard to the distinguished citizen, Hon. Richard Reid. It was the memorial to the public man, the righteous homage of respect to a character, now that death has claimed him, admitted to be an ornament to the Bench and an honor to the State. But to us, while we felt and shared all this, he was more than that. He was nearer and dearer to us. He was not Judge Reid to us. He was one of us. We knew him to be the soul of honor before the world called him the Hon. Richard Reid. He was our wise Elder and good brother, before he was saluted as "His Honor," the Judge. It is meet, therefore, that we should hold this special memorial service; for yesterday, in the brief time and immense audience, the church could not fitly express her loss, nor proclaim her reverential regard for her distinguished son. She could not express her admiration for him, nor announce her commendation of his unswerving loyalty to the commandments of our common Lord and Master. Our treasures are increased by his death, for the memory of our holy dead is a priceless inheritance. Of all else we may be robbed. Our living may fall, but the glorified are secure. The example of their lives, toils, sufferings, and triumphs, is for us and for our children. It strengthens us when we are weak, it comforts us in our sorrow, and it helps us to meet death with unblanched cheek and tremorless heart. Precious indeed is the death of God's saints. Let us thank God that such holy ones have lived and died. Ably, by the distinguished speakers, was the public and private character of our deceased brother presented. I can not hope to equal those eloquent

addresses, nor is it necessary. As his pastor, I can but simply tell how true a Christian, how brave, kind and good a man he was. And this is no very difficult task, for

> "Who would not sing for Lycidas, he knew
> Himself to sing and build the lofty rhyme."

There are those here to-day, who, when Azrael visited their house, and their sun went down at noon, as they stood by the side of their dead, can recall the tender words, so full of comfort, the gentle voice, so sweet, so full of pathos—alas! never to fall upon our ears again—which spoke them words of cheer and bade them be of good comfort. How often has he delivered love's last tribute to the dead; and now, God help us, we must pay his poor remains and precious memory the grateful homage of our affection, and declare that we had for him a love that death can not destroy. And what can I say in commendation of him who knew so well how to proclaim the virtues and merits of others? I feel my incapacity, but do you, my beloved, in imitation of the great and godlike charity of the deceased, forgive my poor attempt. Accept, I pray you, the will for the deed. He had his weaknesses and imperfections, for he was a man; but in some traits he came up to my ideal of perfection. He was the most gentle, loving, and amiable man I ever knew. He filled the measure of the meaning of that "grand old name of gentleman." He was the soul of honor, and utterly incapable of littleness and meanness. I never heard him speak evil of any one. He had no reproaches, even for his assailant. He was always ready and anxious to forgive. It was an impossibility for him to hold malice. Yet he was sensitive beyond all description. He loved others so, that it was a thought as bitter as death that others did not love him. His gentle heart would be wounded by a rose-leaf. Life to him was a Sahara, unless he was loving and was beloved. I think the crushing sorrow of his early manhood had much to do with this morbid sensitiveness. Perhaps, too, in his avocation, with his deep religious convictions and his thorough conscientiousness, the sense of solitariness grew upon him. He would find friendship and companionship, but not affiliation. He but rarely found a thoroughly congenial spirit. He was as a new ship sailing alone over a vast ocean. He knew this, and knew that he was but little understood. And this increased his sensitiveness; yea, it became a hidden fire that caused his virtues to glow with the light of a white heat. You heard yesterday the tribute to his intellectual powers, how that he was a scholar and a ripe one, a great Judge and an eminent lawyer. You were told of his honor, honesty, truthfulness, and spotless reputation, and we all

know better than the eloquent speakers, his domestic virtues, the goodness and kindness of his heart, and his admirable life. But we mourn for him with no common sorrow. Our loss is beyond repair. The State may supply his place, but for us there is no substitute. We shall miss him not alone for the present, but always. We lose in him one who was our leader, who went in and out before us blamelessly. The State may remember him as the great jurist, the city as the distinguished citizen, but we remember him as the wise elder, whose counsel it was safe to follow; the eloquent consoler, whose words brought a benediction, and upon whom seemed to rest the spirit of Barnabas, the son of consolation; the faithful Christian, whose praise was in all the churches; the exemplary husband, whose life demonstrated the sanctity of married life; the spotless jurist and upright Judge, who left us with the benison of our prayers and came back to us with clean hands; the good friend that adversity could not change; the brother beloved, the noble man, the affectionate and tender hearted neighbor, the good citizen; and we also remember him as the martyr of the Cain-spirit of the age—the spirit of lawlessness and murder, which with Cerberian yells drove him to madness, and to his never sufficiently to be lamented death.

He was made perfect through suffering. He was in a deep sense a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and too many of us had turned our faces from him. Life's brightest pictures were drawn for him on a background of sorrow as black as Erebus. Life's songs were in minor keys. De profundis and Miserere were the canticles assigned to him. As of old with the man of Uz, so with Judge Reid, God permitted him to be tested to the uttermost. Only his life was not to be taken by any hand but God's or his. Through so terrible, so fiery an ordeal must his soul become full orbed; by such exquisite agony must perfection be attained. He bowed his head and submitted. Upon him fell the unspeakable outrage—the cruel and brutal assault. He quivered and shrunk; his flesh quailed; his heart died within him for agony; but he sinned not.

Calumny, slander, misrepresentation, abuse, sneers, false accusation of cowardice, mockery and derision; public and private stabs; failure of hearty sympathy: these were the ingredients of his cup. He drank it, he prayed, and he sinned not. He was reviled, but he reviled not again. He returned not blow for blow. He was tempted to do otherwise, but he was more than conqueror. Christ-like, he committed his soul and cause to God as a faithful Creator, and he sinned not. He turned to his friends for sympathy and strength, and by their kind words he was cheered and strengthened. He thanked God for this, with thanks unutterable. He was not unduly elated, he was only grateful, and he sinned not.

False friends looked coldly upon him and would not appreciate the sincerity of his convictions of duty and loyalty to God. Believers in and justifiers of homicide themselves, they could not comprehend him nor his Master. They shrugged their shoulders and passed by on the other side. His wounded heart bled afresh; but he had no reproaches. He only prayed for strength and patience—and he sinned not. The church was slow to respond to his cry for justice and brotherly support. He was pained at the hesitancy, but his love and confidence were undiminished. He made excuses for us, and he sinned not.

He forbore to avenge himself. He trusted God to be his avenger. He was no coward, but the bravest of the brave. He dared to do what so-called brave men are afaid to do—to suffer rather than do wrong. He could suffer as a Christian, but not triumph as a murderer; and in this he sinned not.

He suffered physical agony. He was never free from pain. His head ached incessantly. He pressed his hands to his head and cried, "Thy will, O God, be done;" and in this he sinned not.

He suffered mental agony. He was permitted to glance into the divine depths of sorrow. He entered under the shade of the olives in Gethsemane, and sunk beneath the burden of his grief; but he lifed his eyes to heaven and invoked the aid of the All-Seeing Eye that is over the mercy seat. And he said: "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee," and in this he sinned not.

He found relief in prayer. He laid hold of the horns of the altar, and cast himself prostrate between the cherubim and seraphim that overshadow the ark of the covenant. He laid his sorrows and his soul at the feet of God, and in this he sinned not.

He clung to his loved ones with a love stronger than that of woman. They were next to God with him; they were the last earthly thought he had. His last written words were about them, "Forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy." Such love as his could end only in death, but in thus loving he sinned not.

He bore all this, and more than we can say or imagine. And God let it all come to pass. So great a soul must needs have a great trial. The strain was to the uttermost tension. All that could be laid upon him, that he could bear, was permitted by God to be placed upon him. At last the load was too heavy to be borne. The cord snapped, the brain reeled, and he was no longer Richard Reid, but a mental wreck. Suffering and trial could have no farther purpose. It was not, therefore, permitted to continue. The end was reached instantly. And God said, "It is enough; it is finished."

And He allowed the unhelmed ship to strike upon a rock and go down suddenly in the dark waters of the unseen, but the triumphant and glorified soul he received to Himself, and crowned it with the

crown that martyrs wear, and robed it with the garments that belong to all who enter into the city, and see face to face the glory of the majesty on high.

So lived and so died Richard Reid. God grant us grace that we may conquer our sins and share with him the victor's feast.

And now, O brother beloved, wise counselor, tried friend, and loving heart, with tears we bid thee farewell, till we meet again in the morning, in the land of the blessed and in the City of our God. Precious to us is thy memory. Rest thou with God till we go to thee.

God's blessing be with you all. Amen.

. . . . . .

The Machpelah Cemetery is east of the town of Mt. Sterling and rises high above it. Upon the crest of a hill overlooking the town, in direct line with the center of its main street, in the angle that the latter makes with the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway at the foot of the hill, in view of the spires of the church in which he worshiped, and of the court-house in which he pleaded for law and justice, and of the home that crowns a farther hill on the west of the town, is the grave of Richard Reid. Here he was at last laid to rest by those who mourned and loved him. The rays of the evening sun linger upon his grave, and before the coming of night, they take their last farewell of the home his grave makes desolate.

. . . . . .

"Over such a memory a monument should be erected, upon whose summit the rays of the setting sun shall linger, to play for thousands of years after those which cover the destroyers of human life shall have crumbled to dust." *

* C. C. Moore.

CHAPTER XXV.

EXPRESSIONS OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT — THE PRESS AND THE BAR, ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE REID.

As giving expression to the general sentiment of the members of the Bar throughout the State, who held meetings in their various counties and passed resolutions of sympathy with the bereaved family of Judge Reid, and of their sense of loss and deep grief and indignation at his untimely death, we copy the proceedings of the State Bar assembled at Frankfort, and those of the Bar of his own town.

THE STATE BAR MEETING AT FRANKFORT.

[Louisville Courier-Journal, Friday, May 23, 1884.]

Immediately after the adjournment of the Court of Appeals to-day, Chief Justice Hargis stated that a meeting of the Bar of the State would be held to take action on the death of Judge Reid. There were present the following members of the Bar, besides the Judges of both the Superior Court and the Court of Appeals, together with the State officials and citizens, viz.:

Louisville—Hon. H. W. Bruce, Col. R. W. Woolley, George B. Eastin, Lyttleton Cooke, James P. Helm, Helm Bruce, D. A. Sachs, W. B. Fleming.

Versailles—Hon. Thomas P. Porter.

Lexington—Thomas N. Allen, W. C. P. Breckinridge.

Georgetown—W. S. Darnaby.

Irvine—H. C. Lilly.

Cynthiana—J. Q. Ward.

Lawrenceburg—T. H. Hanks.

Winchester—Judge W. M. Beckner.

Frankfort—Gen. John Rodman, Judge Alvin Duvall, Judge William Lindsay, Gen. Dan. Lindsey, John L. Scott, James Andrew Scott, Charles Exum, John B. Lindsey, Horace Posey, Ben Williams,

L. F. Johnson, John Bohannon, Edward Hines, Judge G. W. Craddock, William Cromwell, Hugh Rodman.

The Chair read a telegram from William H. Holt, announcing his regret that he could not attend.

On motion of Judge Duvall, Ex-Governor Porter, of Versailles, was called to the Chair, and James P. Helm, of Louisville, made Secretary.

Judge W. M. Beckner, of Winchester, moved that the Chair appoint a committee of seven to draft suitable resolutions. It was adopted, and the Chair appointed Judge Beckner, Judge Pryor, Judge Duvall, Thomas Allen, of Lexington, Judge Bruce, of Louisville, Judge Richards, of the Superior Court, and J. Q. Ward, of Cynthiana.

Remarks were then made by Chief Justice Hargis, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge, J. Q. Ward, Judge Duvall, Gen. Rodman, Thos. Allen, and Judge Beckner.

On motion of Col. Woolley, it was agreed that the Committee on Resolutions should have one week to report, and that the meeting would adjourn to reassemble here one week from to-day to hear the report read.

Judge Hargis spoke as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I arise to say a very few words. Judge Reid and I were friends. I practiced law with him, sometimes on the same side, and again opposed to him. He was courteous always. I never saw him in a passion or ill-humor. The last time we ever met as lawyers at the Bar, was at my own Circuit Court, when he was my guest. He was a man of books, and loved to read and talk about them. He had a keen sense of the humor and ridicule displayed by good authors. He read comic books with great zest, and was well posted in standard English and American literature; besides, he was a fine classical scholar, at one time reading Latin almost as readily as English. He admired the beauties of Biblical expressions more than any other, and at my house read aloud from the Bible during the evenings after tea, selecting from Habakkuk, the fiftieth Psalm, the Sermon on the Mount, and other portions noted for purity and power of expression. He also read with great humor from literary books which he selected from my library. I remember how my wife and children sat around the fireside, looking with pleased faces into his, while he rendered with inimitable force and beauty of utterance the best passages. He left us, and in one short week, through the selfishness of politics and the encouragement of partial friends, we were opposing candidates for the office I now hold. The race was short and hotly contested, and

out of a delegation of over 300, representing 30,000 voters, he was defeated by only thirteen and a fraction. He accepted his defeat in a beautiful and classical speech, and tendered me his support. Since that time I have been associated with him as a Judge. I found him of a tractable and happy disposition, always ready to hear, weigh, and investigate the suggestions and arguments of the Bar and of his associates. He was certainly a kind man, harmless in disposition, and wholly averse to brawls and contentions. He was not fitted, by either education or experience, to meet the methods of the desperate, or become used to the detractions in the politics of the present day in Kentucky. His finer nature, literary tastes, love of educated happiness and Christian training, rendered him an easy victim of the vicious bully, and a shining and safe mark for the shafts of envy and calumny.

Judge Reid was a fortunate and thrifty man in business, stood high in the community as an honest and correct lawyer, and thus encountered envy from unworthy rivals, and the hatred of agrarians and communists. On the last day his eyes wandered over the green fields surrounding his embowered home, and his steps carried him to his old office, he divided his purse on the way with a widow and a little orphan child; and ere that bright May morning sun reached the top of the sky, the spirit which loveth all things and beareth all things had winged its flight and rested in the presence of its God.

Such was the man who was sacrificed by a false public opinion, which waited and condemned, while envy and slander slaughtered him.

It was a noble sacrifice to duty and to civilization. It was a grievous burden to poor Richard Reid, but he bore it manfully until it grew too heavy, and he stumbled and fell into the grave of a martyr for the noblest principle of humanity. Like the brave vanguard in all untried and bloody fields, he was swept away; but the army of civilization, and good will to men in Kentucky, may be saved by it.

I say in the presence of this body of brave and intelligent men, Down with that public opinion which demands, without the sanction of the law, blood for insult, and personal violence as a remedy for wrong!

The ignorant and brutal code duello no longer commands the respect of any good and intelligent man. It is the coward's refuge, the bully's boast, and a wart upon the fair name of Kentucky. It begets the spirit of assault. It maintains the vulgar relic of knight errantry, and furnishes a false principle by which bad men pose and the youth of the country are corrupted. This day we cry out in seeming despair; but it is the natal day of a better public opinion, born of the life-seed left from the death of educated, kind-hearted, pure, honest, charitable Richard Reid.

Col. Breckinridge paid a glowing tribute to the deceased in words of the most touching eloquence.

Mr. Allen, in his remarks, said he heard that the widow on the day of the funeral called the pall-bearers together and told them the unhappy occurrence would never have taken place had Judge Reid known they would have come to him. The speaker said he thought he could properly interpret the widow's remarks to mean that the Bar did not go out to him—to soothe, comfort and sustain him in his agonized distress; that he thought himself they had not performed their duty to a brother and Judge who was making heroic struggles to attest his implicit obedience to and faith in the power of the law. He believed the Constitution should be revised, if for nothing else than to change the mode of selecting Judges; that he thought Judges should be appointed for a very long period. He said the people lost that wholesome regard for the Bench and the law when the Judges are forced to go among them and resort to all the cunning and trickery of politicians. He believed that when an able, upright Judge grew old in the service of the State, the dignity of his calling, and the illustrious example of the man, inspired the people with a veneration for the law and greatly contributed to the reverence for the Judge.

Judge Craddock, in remarking upon the meeting, said he regarded Judge Beckner's address as the most satisfactory opinion of all. He said he coincided with the belief of Judge Beckner that it was natural to resist or strike back at the moment one is struck; but that to wait until the passion has cooled, and then to strike, would be to commit a willful violation of the law.

Judge Craddock also said he thought it a good idea for the committee to take a week to prepare the resolutions, inasmuch as the report would go out of the State and to the world as the expression of Kentucky on a question now exciting the deepest interest. As it would tend in a measure to shape opinion on the law of self-defense, he hoped the committee would weigh carefully every word they put in their report.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Contrary to expectations, as several members of the committee were present in the city, and it was thought they could not be brought together again next week, the committee met this afternoon and wrote the following report. It was afterward adopted at a meeting of the Bar called for the purpose of hearing the report, viz.:

WHEREAS, It is due to the dead who in life had honor from their fellow men, that they should not be consigned to the tomb without an effort on the part of those who knew them to give posterity a conception of their virtues; and

WHEREAS, It is a time-honored custom for members of the legal profession to express in resolutions their appreciation of departed brethren; and

WHEREAS, It is peculiarly fitting that such a memorial of the late Presiding Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky should come from representatives of the Bar of the State, and not merely from those amongst whom he lived; now, therefore, be it

Resolved, By this meeting, gathered from different parts of the Commonwealth:

First—That in the death of Judge Richard Reid the Bench has lost a useful and most promising ornament, the Bar an industrious, honorable member, and the State a conscientious, patriotic citizen.

Second—That we desire more especially to call attention to the diligence and ability with which he discharged his duties as Judge of the second highest Court of the Commonwealth. Learned in his profession and studious in his habits, possessed of much general culture, of the strictest integrity, and having a conscience which was in truth the mirror of equity, of fine habits, and pure, simple tastes, with a love for law and an ambition to succeed as a Judge, quick in his perceptions and facile in his expressions of his opinions, he was indeed worthy of the esteem in which he was held by those who are best acquainted with his brief career on the bench.

Third—That the Court of Appeals and Superior Court be requested to have the proceedings of this meeting spread upon the records of their respective Courts, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of Judge Reid, with the respectful assurance of the sincere sympathy and condolence of the Bench and Bar of the State.

TRIBUTE FROM THE MOUNT STERLING BAR.

At a meeting held by the Mount Sterling Bar, the following proceedings were had:

On motion of Hon. W. H. Holt, Hon. B. J. Peters was selected as Chairman, and J. R. P. Tucker made Secretary.

The Chairman stated the object of the meeting; and thereupon, on motion of H. M. Woodford, Esq., the Chairman appointed the following named gentlemen a Committee upon Resolutions: H. M. Woodford, H. L. Stone, W. H. Holt, M. M. Cassidy, M. S. Tyler, C. Brock, and J. H. Hazelrigg, who, through W. H. Holt, reported the following resolutions, to-wit:

Judge Richard Reid was born in Montgomery County, Ky., on October 3, 1838, and died on May 15, 1884, at Mount Sterling, Ky. He graduated at Georgetown (Ky.) College in 1858, with the honors of his class; studied law under Hon. Alvin Duvall, at Georgetown, Ky., and began its practice at Versailles, Ky., having been admitted to the Bar in 1860 or 1861. While he remained at the last named place, he was respected for his integrity and loved for his social virtues. At the urgent solicitation of friends in his native county—because he had "honor in his own country"—he removed to Mount Sterling, Ky., in 1865; and from that time until 1882, when his people elected him to the Bench of the Superior Court of Kentucky, he stood in the front rank of the lawyers of his State.

His strong common sense, a retentive memory, a fine analytical mind, the power of clear and forcible statement, a natural love of right and integrity, combined with a highly cultured intellect, gave him by common consent this place in his profession and eminence upon the Bench; while his dignified and courteous bearing, his consideration for the rights of others, his genial nature, and a kind and forbearing disposition—which led him to suffer injury rather than do it—marked him as "a man among men."

His reputation as a lawyer and a Judge has written his name in the history of his native State in lines that can not be effaced; while his Christian character and virtues have enrolled it, as we believe, in "The Book of Life."

In hearty sympathy with his family, in sadness at our loss, the Mount Sterling Bar hereby express their appreciation of him as a man, a lawyer, a Judge, and a Christian.

Hon. C. Brock made remarks on the adoption of the resolutions, and offered the following additional resolutions:

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be furnished by the Secretary to the family of the deceased, and to his mother, brother, sisters, and other relatives. Also, that a copy be furnished to the Clerk of the Montgomery Circuit Court, and by permission of said Court be spread on the records of that Court.

Resolved, That the *Sentinel-Democrat* and Mount Sterling *Gazette*, newspapers, Mount Sterling, and all other papers in the State, be and are requested to publish the foregoing resolutions.

Resolved, That the members of the Mount Sterling Bar wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Upon the motion to adopt all of said resolutions, the following named members of the Bar, to-wit: C. Brock, M. M. Cassidy, W. H. Holt, H. Clay McKee, H. L. Stone, Thos. Turner, H. M. Woodford, W. H. Winn, R. A. Mitchell, and B. J. Peters, made very feeling and touching remarks upon the life and character of Judge Richard Reid, and thereupon the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

TRIBUTE BY HON. W. H. HOLT.

Col. W. H. Holt said:

"Words are sometimes silvern, but silence is often golden. The deepest sorrow in the sea of trouble makes no ripple upon the surface. No language of mine can express my feelings as to our loss by this public calamity; but in deference to the custom of such an occasion, and because the character of the deceased so eminently deserves it, I wish, in the words of truth, and not of fulsome eulogy, to add my tribute to his character; and though it be but a single flower, moistened with a tear, to place it in the wreath of *immortelles* that this people shall bind around his memory.*

[From the Press, the following sentiments are given.]

THE DEATH OF JUDGE REID.

[Courier-Journal.]

The announcement of the death of Judge Reid, by his own hand, may well shock a people somewhat used to tragedies. It has features so peculiar, so full of sorrow and affliction; it is so shocking in all its aspects, and, from a public stand-point, it is at this time so calamitous, that to the people of Kentucky it must have much more than a passing interest.

Judge Reid is the victim of the cowardly assault of one man, and of the vitiated public sentiment of the State. His murderer is John Jay Cornelison; but in a community where law was enforced, where crime was swiftly and surely punished, where life was protected, where prevailed an intelligent appreciation of the obligations of all citizens to obey and uphold the laws, Judge Reid would not have died as he did.

. . . . He believed the best judgment of the people was with him, as it is, but he could not wait for passion and indignation to subside. Much of that sympathy which went out to him he felt as a rebuke; he was acutely alive to any blame or misunderstanding, and life lost all its charm. Ambition died within him; the support and kindness of his friends could not heal his wounds. Even the love of those nearest to him, thoughtful and considerate as it was, could not sustain him, and he dies wounded not only by Cornelison, but by all who make public sentiment in this State.

How frequent are these sickening calamities; how fast they follow one another; how impotent are our laws; how false are our verdicts; how warped our judgments have become! How is a con-

* The remaining portions of this speech of Col. Holt have already been given —page 114.

scientious, upright, honorable man driven to death by the miserable attacks of one who uses only the weapons of a blackguard and a bully. Cornelison has friends, and they have been quick in his defense. His case, resting on his own testimony and his own pleadings, has been decided against him. The impression has grown strong that his attack was a political conspiracy, designed to defeat Judge Reid in his pending canvass. Whatever the motive, malice was there, premeditated malice, and the death of Judge Reid is the consequence.

Again we say, as so often we have said in these columns, that from the sin of blood-guiltiness no citizen of this Commonwealth is free. We do not deal with crime as we ought. We tolerate murder, and pardon crime, and honor criminals if they are brave. Physical prowess is the only virtue that appeals to us. We are passionate, unreasonable, unrestrained, lawless. Society protects no man, either by its recognized rules of law, or by that public sentiment which gives strength and force and vitality to all written laws. Until we change all this; until murder is punished; until we educate men to look to the law for protection and vindication; until the law does what it pretends to do, what it is instituted for, we should cease our boasting, and no longer content ourselves with traits and achievements which equally distinguish the barbarous and half-civilized communities.

[Courier-Journal.]

The suicide of Judge Richard Reid brings to a gloomy and tragic end an episode in Kentucky life and politics that was sufficiently distressing before to all right-thinking minds. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the people of Kentucky have reason to be thankful that the Wall Street flurry absorbs the attention of the country just now too exclusively for even such a tragedy as this to make much impression. A week ago it would have been a theme for the world's comment, and the comment would have done Kentucky no good. To-day, outside of the State, it will be matter for a day's brief notice. In the State, where the people fortunately have little reason to concern themselves about the ups and downs of Wall Street speculation, the impression made by this terrible catastrophe will be deeper and more lasting, and will result, we trust, in some permanent good. It is too much to expect that it will bring about such a revulsion of feeling as will change the sentiments of the people in regard to the sense of personal disgrace which drove Judge Reid to suicide. Those sentiments are too deeply rooted and too widely prevalent for any one event, however shocking, to change them.

. . . . . .

The ordinary and approved course would have been to wipe out the disgrace in the blood of the aggressor. Judge Reid did not follow that course. But it must be remembered that, whatever may have been his motive, and whatever people may think about his motive, he acted as a peaceful, law-abiding citizen throughout. Society is constituted and laws are made to relieve peaceable men of the necessity of protecting themselves by force against unlawful aggression, and he was an official expounder of those laws. He chose, from whatever motive, to rely upon them. If he had taken revenge in his own hands, he would have done a thing so common that he would have merited no distinction from it. If, from a high sense of duty to society, of which he was a distinguished member; to the law, of which he was a chosen interpreter; to religion, of which he was an avowed professor, he resolved to endure whatever of disgrace a perverted popular sentiment imposed on him, rather than injure society, violate law, and offend religion, by a revenge forbidden by all, he merited distinction and honor. If he found the burden of opposing right to popular prejudice heavier than he could bear, and killed himself rather than take the course his sense of duty forbade, and which life seemed to force on him, he deserves to be canonized as a martyr to that regard for law which Kentucky so needs to have strengthened among her high-spirited citizens. We hope this is the proper construction to put upon his conduct. If it shall be accepted as such, he has done more for Kentucky by his death than by killing a hecatomb of Cornelisons, or by living to write volumes of learned decisions.

[Paris True Kentuckian.]

We publish in this number of our paper a full notice of the burial ceremonies of the deceased, at Mt. Sterling, on Saturday last. and also a brief sketch of his life.

We doubt whether in the annals of any country, ancient or modern, can be found a case similar to this in tragic results, or that equals it in brutal wrong and studied cruelty.

Had we been called upon, six weeks ago, to name one of the brightest and happiest homes in all our country, where peace and love, comfort and contentment were to be found, the home of Judge Reid would have been one of the first we would have selected. Now, behold it, desolate and ruined! Its peace and joy gone, and his wife and kindred, with hearts broken and crushed, are bowed down in anguish over his grave.

Did Judge Reid himself in his lifetime do anything to bring about this terrible result? Did he wrong any man, or provoke any man? No. His whole life was pacific, kind and gentle. No word of malice ever escaped his lips, and no wrong was ever done by him

to any one. And yet he has been hunted down and murdered in broad daylight, in this Christian land, by a well-arranged plan of malice and vengeance that has no parallel in this or any other country—hunted down by malice, instigated by envy, jealousy and hate. We say murder, because the untimely death of Judge Reid was as much the direct result of the cowardly and brutal attack made upon him by Cornelison, and the still more cowardly and shameless taunts by partisan blackguards and bullies, as though the deadly shot that sent him to his grave had been fired by them; and the moral sentiment of the world will so decide. We can not write of this shameless and cruel wrong to a noble, upright Christian man, without a shudder. Is there no remedy for a wrong like this? Is society to have no protection from such deeds of violence? Where this matter will end, no one can now see. Perhaps other victims may be required to arouse public sentiment on the subject. To explain how or why such a man as Judge Reid should have been selected and made a victim of this devilish conspiracy and crime, will be found impossible by any rule of ethics known to man. In his temperament and character there was nothing to excite or provoke antagonism. He was always pacific and conciliatory — never harsh, offensive, or dictatorial. His means for accomplishing ends were not force. He was never aggressive; on the contrary, he always sought to avoid conflicts and to overcome opposition by kindness and reason. He was eminently a man of peace, and a Christian in the broadest sense of that term. Always trying to do good, he lived in the quiet of his family, far removed from the ordinary conflicts which oft beset the life of men. Morning and evening prayers went up from the altar of his home to the Father of all mercies. The day and hour this secret and treacherous attack was made upon him, there was not a cloud in the sky of his hope or happiness. When he went into the office of Cornelison, he believed he was entering the office of a friend; and when the attack was made upon him, believing as he did, and as he had the right to believe, that he had been decoyed to that room to be murdered, his first effort was to save his own life by escaping from the premises, and not by taking the life of his assailant. He felt that a deep and premeditated wrong had been done him; but he believed that God was stronger than man, and that his duties and obligations as a Christian and judicial officer of the State were higher and more sacred than personal vengeance or resentment. Thus feeling, he did not hesitate to decide which was the path of duty, and, though covered by thorns and mortification, he resolved to walk in it. When this was announced, there commenced the howl of that hired pack, the Devil's crew, the vanguard of vice and crime and immorality in every form. This same crew may be found in every town in the State. They are the Devil's

recruiting officers, and the slime and filth from their vile tongues blight and destroy everything they touch. Their trade is death, and their hand is upraised against all that is good and pure.

. . . . . .

Thus, we repeat, was murdered and hounded to death one of the best and purest men of the Commonwealth. We do not think it strange that his stricken wife, in her deep grief and sorrow, should cry out, "O, where was God when this terrible crime was committed?"

THE TRAGEDY.

[The Vanceburg Courier.]

Once more the pistol rings out clear and loud its dread alarm, and again Kentucky stands with bowed head and tearful eyes at the bier of a murdered Judge.

Justice, with the leaden hands clasped and welded by the assassin's crimson hand, bows to-day in the sable weeds of grief before her vacant throne, and, bending over her sacred dead, with a wild cry of passionate grief welling up from her bleeding heart, implores high heaven for that protection the people are powerless to render.

A fond wife sits alone to-day in the desolate home, crazed by grief at the sudden and awful change that has come upon her household, yet unable to fully realize the fullness of the horrors the terrible culmination of the dark tragedy has brought to her life.

The people of the entire country—aye, of the civilized world, stand awed and horrified at the frightful spectacle of a Judge—murdered—tortured to death through the blind, passionate rage of a disappointed litigant, aided by the cruel shafts of malice and the burning brands of envy; gazing aghast at the terrible sacrifice our State has been called to offer upon the altar of law and justice; contemplating with dread alarm the perilous position of Kentucky courts, and the deplorable and unspeakable enormity of the outrage upon Justice and Christianity which has driven one of our ablest jurists and purest public men to the terrible alternative of yielding up his own existence.

Was ever a tragedy more sad in all its details? Go back to the budding time of all this terrible work of woe, and follow it down through its various phases to the awful scenes of anguish and death which culminated in the final act, and was ever a recital more affecting?

A quiet, Christian man, a tender, loving husband, to whom home was heaven itself, a kind and honest Judge, in the full vigor of a noble manhood, he was gathering, while in the prime of life, the labors of earlier years in an abundant harvest of Christian, political and social honors—reaping the full fruition of his toil. His steward-

ship of the past was so faithfully rendered that the people were already calling him to higher honors and greater trusts.

Worn with the labors of the bench and the anxieties of the canvass, he repairs to his pleasant home for a season of rest—a surcease of labor in the bower where love reigns supreme—a haven where, no matter how dark the outer world appeared, or how lowering were the clouds, the sun of affection and happiness always beamed at its noonday tide.

Here, among the friends of his earlier years, the most enjoyable hours of his life were spent. Always frank and sociable in his nature, with a heart as tender as a woman's, and as confiding as a child's, he held his people by the strongest ties of friendship and love. With only pleasant memories of the past, and tender, happy hopes of the future, he moved about among his fellow-men, blind even to thought or suspicion that there was one in all his acquaintance who contemplated an injury, or desired to mar the happiness of his life, or cause his loved ones pain.* . . . . . .

This does not satisfy the brute; he follows his victim to the street, and continues his horrible work until kind friends interfere to save the Judge's life. Then he goes to his home, to the spot he has accursed by his hellish deed, and there, in the bosom of his family, he cringes like a detestable coward, afraid of the awful vengeance of an enraged populace. . . . . .

For Judge Reid alone there need fall no bitter tears, save those of regret at the loss of a pure and upright scholarly citizen and Judge. There is no line in the life that is past and gone to erase. There is no blot upon the pages of the book now folded and clasped for eternity's opening. The picture stands out unsullied in the light of Christian purity and love. His last act of self-sacrifice, of Christian forbearance for the good of society and the maintenance of law, will shine resplendent, the brightest jewel in the diadem he wears in the infinite, as Kentucky's long list of Christian worthies who have gone before pass in review to welcome him to the endless rest of the saints, and to the enjoyment of that supreme peace which passeth all understanding.

For the State, however, we mourn. Another blot has been cast upon its escutcheon, its laws have been rudely trampled under foot, and its highest tribunal shamefully assailed. The crime of Cornelison, and its fatal termination, subjects us to the reproach of other States and countries, and tramples down the barriers which protect and dignify our courts of justice. Unless proper judgment is meted out to vile offenders of the law, like this, we may soon expect to have our judicial benches and jury-boxes filled either with base devils, who

*Portions of this able editorial referring to the assault, have been previously given.

do not value life, or with cringing cowards who will render any verdict to save themselves.

. . . . . .

But what shall be done with Cornelison, the author of all this sadness, misery, and woe? There is no way under the law by which an adequate punishment can be meted out for his horrible crime. While, so far as the result of his act is concerned, his hands are clotted with the blood of Reid, yet he escapes the vengeance of the law by torturing his victim to pull the fatal trigger instead of doing it himself. All must admit that such a monster is unfit to live; but who will assume the fearful responsibility of hurling his sin-fettered soul from the polluted clay that covers it to roam through an eternity of ages in darkness and despair—spurned by angels, shunned by devils—unfit for heaven, unwanted in hell. Who would, for the sake of avenging the base and cowardly act of this miserable creature, desire to see his prattling babes loaded with the additional infamy of being the children of a man shot down for his lawlessness and inhumanity? It is enough, and more than enough, that these innocent little children, and their children, must bear that repulsive, detested name, which, for generations to come, will be loaded with the deep and damning infamy of Cornelison, and used to frighten rebellious children into submission.

Inflict upon this unfeeling monster the full measure of the law, and leave the remainder of his punishment to a just and avenging God. This will prove all-sufficient. His pursuers are already on his track. The ghost of his victim, Nemesis-like, hovers near him to mar his earthly happiness and sound the knell of doom to his diseased and crime-stained soul. In every dream of his fitful slumbers, in his wakeful, restless hours, which will be many, the pitiful, pleading face of his victim will ever be before him as it was upon the day the cruel deed was done. The mild and gentle eyes which, even after his unjust assault, looked upon him in sorrow rather than anger, will seem to him like arrows of burning iron or balls of lurid coals sinking into and searing his black, putrescent heart. Every gentle stirring breeze will rush through his fevered brain like the wild despairing shriek of the helpless victim of a murderer's insatiate appetite for blood. Like a wild, startled, hunted animal, surrounded on all sides by his relentless, terrible enemies, he will fly through the lines with a demoniac yell of defiance only to find all the minions of hell in their horrid forms and torturing weapons confronting him again, and in such strong array that resistance would be sheer desperation and folly. Finally, Judas-like, the awful agony of his miserable existence will be ended at the point of a gun or the noose of a rope; his polluted carcass will

be cast to the worms of the earth, and his soul, with its burden of sin, returned to the God who gave it.

"The measure ye give it shall be meted to you again," is as true in the case of Cornelison as in any other; but, after all, when his horrid life ends in a suicide's grave, you Christians may, if you choose, ask God in the magnitude of His power and the infinitude of His mercy to judge in charity the faults of John Jay Cornelison; ask God to extend to him in eternity the mercy he refused his victim in time. We say you may, but we hardly think you will.

[Lexington Transcript.]

It is generally believed that the blows on the head which stunned Judge Reid, and which were still visible at the time of his death, injured the brain, made it unable to bear the terrible strain that afterwards came on it. We are told that all the night after the assault his family sat up and bathed his head, fearing concussion of the brain. The most cruel and severe blow was immediately back of the ear, and that is the spot where the pistol that took his life was placed.

[Vanceburg Courier.]

We are proud to testify, in this hour of Kentucky's deepest sorrow, that the sentiment of the people of Lewis County was for Judge Reid. After the trouble with Cornelison, the law-abiding people of the county flocked to his standard, making his success here assured. He left this county on his last visit just one week before the fatal day, thoroughly impressed that the people of Lewis County were with him, and sustained him as the representative of humanity, the law, and the cause of God.

[Breckinridge County News.]

We have known Richard Reid for many years. We have loved him with a love passing the love of woman. He was, to us, the realization of Bunyan's dream of the perfect Christian. Kind, affectionate, charitable—proud with a pride clothed in humility—never arrogant, he was one of those to whom the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," was not a meaningless jumble of words. His heart ever went out in sympathy and sorrow to those in distress, and his hand gave freely of the alms of relief. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," was a petition that on his lips was not an idle formula. About and inwoven through his manhood were all those graces and gentlenesses, amiability and modesty, that make up the loveliness of womanhood—that trust and affection that form the charm of childhood. At best, in its flower-decked and sunniest period, the world was but a rough

abiding place for such a nature. Like the sensitive plant, it shrank from the lightest touch of roughness. When it called to its aid the fortitude and philosophy of Christianity, it still lacked the strength to meet and brave the storm of obloquy that beat it down in the dust of humiliation. Then madness came, and with madness self-inflicted death. May God prove more merciful to our dead friend than the cruel world while he was living.

This is not the proper time and occasion for words of denunciation of the man whose brutality drove Richard Reid to a suicide's grave, and who stands before the world to-day morally his murderer. If he have a conscience, then, of the two, the victim's fate is preferable. He will go through life with remorse, like the vultures of the Greek fable, ever gnawing at his vitals. Stalking ever before him as he walks the streets will be the ghastly shade of his august victim, and on his nightly pillow will the bullet-shattered head of poor Dick Reid contest with sleep that brief forgetfulness of slumber the murderer never again will know. For Dick Reid, all is at an end. For John Cornelison, the future is full of horror and remorse. But Dick Reid's grave is no place for vengeful thought and words—for dreams of retribution. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and I will repay." Let those who loved Dick Reid while living, now that he is dead, leave the punishment of his murderer to the One who has promised to "repay." The killing of a thousand Cornelisons could not restore him to the life and happiness his brutality destroyed, while the martyrdom of Reid (like the martyrdom of early Christians, which proved the seed of the church) may prove the seed from which will spring a new growth of respect for law, and veneration for justice, in a State that has run to waste with the weeds of private vengeance and lawless excess. If from his victim's grave may spring a new and redeeming order of things, may come the regeneration of Kentucky, then, mayhap, Cornelison, in dogging him to his death, did service to his country he dreamed not of; and Dick Reid, in dying as he did, may have planted, of his heart's blood, seed of greater good than he may ever have accomplished had he lived to be crowned with all the civic honors of the land.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE CASE OF JUDGE REID—SOME NEW DETAILS—SOME ERRORS CORRECTED.*

[The Pulpit.]

During the intense excitement which followed the assault upon Judge Reid, and that, still more intense, which attended and imme-

*The facts in this are valuable, as they were gathered some time before the testimony of the trial confirmed them.

diately followed his death and burial, no mind was sufficiently self-possessed to gather up all the facts with accuracy, or to report them without exaggeration or misconception. But now that a season of calmer reflection has come, many circumstances have risen to the surface which were at first overlooked, and a new light has fallen upon some of the leading events. Having recently visited Mt. Sterling, and gathered up the details, I feel called upon, by a sense of justice both to the living and to the dead, to give them to the public through your columns.

First of all, I wish to emphasize one circumstance connected with the original assault, which has been too lightly passed over in all the published accounts. It is well known that Cornelison's first blow with the cane took effect just back of the left ear, cutting through the rim of a felt hat, and leaving a contusion which was still visible to the day of Judge Reid's death. It is not so well known that this blow was followed rapidly by a succession of others, to the number of twenty-five, as stated by Cornelison. It was not claimed by Judge Reid that he was restrained from defending himself at the time of the assault by a sense of duty; but it is claimed that the first blows so stunned and stupefied him that he was incapable of any attempt at resistance. In confirmation of this claim, I am able to state that he was questioned again and again in regard to the affair, and that he could give no intelligible account of anything that transpired between the first blow and the time that he reached his own office. He could not say how he got out of the room or down the stairway, or into the store where bystanders interfered. All appeared to him as a horrid dream, which, like Nebuchadnezzar's vision, had passed from him. It is idle and preposterous for any man to say what he would have done under such an assault; for no man, when stunned and stupefied by a first blow, can do anything in the way of self-defense.

In the second place, I wish to speak of his mental depression just before his death. There were times after the assault in which he was deeply depressed; at no time had he been more so than when he returned from a speaking tour on Monday previous to the fatal Thursday. It was not the taunts, and jibes, and slanders of his enemies that caused this depression, but the warm demonstrations of his friends who greeted him everywhere that he went had a similar effect; for he could not avoid regarding these as expressions of pity rather than of mere approval, and all of us know how crushing it is to a manly spirit to feel that you are an object of pity. Still, from this deep depression he recovered. During a protracted conversation with his wife on Tuesday night, in which all of their past life was reviewed, and their future prospects, under the worst phases that were at all probable, were surveyed, he calmly

and deliberately expressed his willingness and his ability, under God, to endure, with resignation, all the pressure that was upon him. On the next day, the day before his death, he had a consultation with his political advisers in reference to the vote of his county, and so confident were their assurances of his complete triumph, that he felt buoyant in regard to the election. As a consequence of these conversations, he left his home on the fatal morning so cheerful that the remark passed from one to another in his family that they had not seen him so bright and light-hearted since the assault. He continued in this frame of mind until he was seized with the excruciating headache, of which he complained to Judge Brock, when he asked the privilege of lying on the latter's bed in the room above his office. This headache, to which he was not subject, was doubtless brought on by the bruises about his head, and perhaps by a contusion of the brain. To it, and to the sudden recurrence of mental trouble which it naturally superinduced, must be ascribed the paroxysm which led to the fatal shot, unless there were other exciting causes not certainly known to have existed.

But my chief object in writing this communication is to correct some exceedingly injurious and utterly false reports which have gone abroad in reference to the bearing and conduct of Mrs. Reid in the trying ordeal through which she was passing. It has been boldly published, and the publication has gone from paper to paper throughout the whole country, that she taunted her husband and threatened to take the affair into her own hands if he did not avenge himself. This representation is wholly false. It is true, that when she went to her husband's office, on first hearing of the assault, she carried a pistol with her, and it is true that when she arrived there and learned what had been done, she asked one gentleman, and then another, of those who were present, to go with her to Cornelison's office. But she was wild with conflicting emotions, as any woman would be under such circumstances, and she declares that she had no definite purpose in wishing to see Cornelison, other than to demand of him why he had thus assaulted her husband. The pistol was one which her husband required her to keep in her room as a protection against burglars when he was absent from home. The messenger who brought her the news told her no more than that her husband had just been badly hurt in a difficulty with Cornelison. In her sudden fright she imagined he was surrounded by enemies, and as she hastened from her room she instinctively seized the pistol and carried it with her. Had she found a necessity for using it in defense of her husband, none who know her can doubt that she would have used it fearlessly. But no sooner did she learn the exact state of the case, and hear the conflicting counsels that were given, than she fully assented to her husband's conclusion, and urged him

not to have the blood of Cornelison upon his hands. From that moment to the end of the tragedy, although she freely confesses that she often felt that Cornelison ought to die, she steadily and warmly supported her husband in his determination not to seek revenge. Not only so, but she tells me that she received messages from four different directions, saying, "If you say so, we will come and mob Cornelison," and to every one she answered, "No." Thus this woman, who has been charged with thirsting for the blood of her enemy, had his life at her disposal, and refused to let it be taken. No one would have been surprised at any moment if Cornelison had been mobbed, and it is probably owing exclusively to Mrs. Reid's forbearance that it was not done.

I must not fail to mention in this connection two other circumstances which have been misconstrued. One is the remark made by Judge Reid, that he could bear his trouble with more composure if his wife could bear it; and the other is, her request for the prayers of her friends that she might be forgiven the selfishness of her own grief, which prevented her from cheering her husband as she should. Neither his remark nor her request had reference to any difference of sentiment between them; but he, like the tender husband that he had ever been, felt his burden the greater because it weighed so heavily upon the feelings of his wife; and she, after his death, thinking that had she been cheerful under the affliction, she might have kept him so cheered as to have saved his life, began to reproach herself. I need scarcely say that such self-reproach is as unreasonable as it is unnatural; for neither she nor any of his friends had the remotest conception that the affair might terminate as it did, and consequently they can not be reproached for not guarding against it.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the public sentiment of American citizens, on the subject of Judge Reid's course, will yet be vindicated from the aspersions which have been cast upon it. Mrs. Reid has in her possession a peck-basket full of letters to her husband, sent from all parts of our State, and other States, by lawyers, judges, politicians, bank presidents, railroad presidents, presidents of manufacturing companies, preachers of all denominations, and private citizens, all applauding his course in the warmest terms, and most of them declaring that they represent the sentiments of their respective communities. I am glad to state that the officers of the Mt. Sterling Church are preparing to publish a volume, to be edited by Prof. Loos, of Kentucky University, in which extracts from these letters, together with all the documents necessary to the correct appreciation of this whole case, will be embodied.

J. W. McGarvey.

"THE ORDINARY AND APPROVED COURSE."

[The Apostolic Times, May 28.]

The causes that led to the lamentable death of Judge Reid demand serious consideration at the hands of every one whose position in life enables him in any degree to mould public sentiment. That an elegant gentleman, a useful citizen, an accomplished Judge of the second Court in the State, a conscientious Christian, and a pure man, should be driven to his death as Judge Reid was, is no small matter. That he went to an untimely grave, as the result of a failure, on the part of public sentiment, to sustain him in the Christ-like course that he adopted, does not admit of a reasonable doubt. When the public mind can demand such a sacrifice as this, it must be in a very morbid condition, and not much under the sway of Christian principles.

That Judge Reid should have acted otherwise than he did towards his assailant, is not to be countenanced for a moment by any broad-minded person who has any just appreciation of the responsibilities of life. He was not only a Christian, but he was an Elder in a Christian Church; and hence was under the most solemn and weighty obligation to exemplify in his conduct the spirit and teaching of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, and who, though often reviled himself, did not revile again. He who says that Judge Reid should have imbrued his hands in the blood of his enemy, has neither the spirit of Christ nor any adequate appreciation of Christian principles. That a Judge of a high Court should take the law into his own hands, and become a shedder of blood, as Judge Reid was urged to do by those who claimed to be his friends, and for not doing which he was driven into his grave, can not be successfully defended upon any correct principles of either law or religion. Of all men, Judges of Courts should be most scrupulous and exact in their conformity to law; and to encourage any other course is to encourage mobocracy. If prominent men may override law to wipe out what a miseducated public sentiment may regard as so vile an insult as to demand blood, what can be expected of those who pursue the lower walks of life? And when once the spirit of lawlessness is turned loose and encouraged, its operations can not be confined within any limits. It will trample upon one law as readily as upon another, if there be any provocation, whether real or imaginary. The safety of society lies in the observance of the law. The Louisville *Commercial* writer does credit to his head and heart when he says that Judge Reid acted as a "peaceful, law-abiding citizen throughout." He did thus act, and the future will vindicate him in his course; and if public sentiment had sustained him in his course,

he would be alive to-day, and lawlessness would have received a rebuke that it would not soon have forgotten.

Yet, for not acting as others pretend to think they would have acted, we are told that "Judge Reid outraged his self-respect, lost the confidence of his immediate friends and the respect of the general community." If the Judge lost the confidence of his friends by his course, it was the confidence of hollow-hearted, hypocritical friends, such as forsake a man in the hour of his greatest need. He lost the respect of no man whose respect is worth having; and the demonstrations at the funeral show that the author of the foregoing unreasonable sentence spoke without knowing the things which he affirmed, and without proper regard for the Christian sentiment of the community. No true man can fail to have respect for, or confidence in, Judge Reid. For twenty-five years, or more, he was a consistent Christian man, with a Christian character above reproach. Is all this to go for nothing because he did not slay his fellow-man? Away with the thought!

He could not slay, or otherwise punish his assailant, at the time of the assault, and as a Christian man and law-abiding citizen he could not do it afterwards. It would have been the coward's opportunity. He could have taken his shot-gun and slain his enemy on sight without the least fear of punishment, and without exposing himself to the least danger of bodily harm. This the craven coward would have done. Judge Reid did not do this, and he is entitled to respect for not doing it. He had a nature in which the brute had no place, and had he been goaded to kill his enemy, that would have crazed him, and he would have ended his own life as he did. His moral and spiritual nature was such that he could not have carried the weight of human blood upon his conscience. His temperament was so delicate that it could not endure the strain of being held up to the contempt of an unholy public sentiment as a coward. His fate was a hard one. He is in his grave, and his blood is on the hands of the man who offered him the indignity, the political ghouls who endeavored to turn his misfortune to their own account, and the editors and others who had stigmatized him as a coward. B.

[Christian Standard, May 24.]

We mourn, in common with thousands, the untimely death of a worthy man, whose eminent legal abilities and noble Christian character gave promise of increasing usefulness, in Church and State, for many years to come; but, in addition to this, we mourn the loss of a personal friend to whom we were bound by strong ties, and for whom we cherished high hopes. We have no words

to express the bitterness of soul with which we regard this dreadful calamity, nor can we trust ourself to say what we feel of indignation and abhorrence as we think of the unbearable weight of a corrupt and devilish public sentiment pressing on the heart and life of such a man at a time when all hearts should have responded, in quick and earnest sympathy, to his heroic effort to be true to his obligations as a citizen, as a representative of the integrity and dignity of the law, and as an office-bearer in the Church of Christ. All this must wait for utterance until a calmer moment.

Judge Reid was a gifted, honorable, and noble man, an earnest and devoted Christian. His loss will be painfully felt; the tragic close of his life is a cause of general grief, and especially to those who knew his worth. It is needless to say that our heart goes out in liveliest sympathy to the hearts that are crushed under this awful calamity, and especially to the bereaved widow and "the boy" he loved so tenderly.

DEATH OF JUDGE REID.

[Christian Standard, May 31.]

The readers of the STANDARD, and the public generally, have been made already familiar with the terrible outrage committed a few weeks ago on Judge Richard Reid, a member of the Superior Court of Kentucky, by a lawyer with the name of Cornelison, living at Mt. Sterling, Judge Reid's home. In the assault, treachery, savage passion, and cowardice, were combined in their most extreme form. The grounds urged by the assailant for his act were all proved to be false; indeed, they were impossible with Judge Reid. There were other motives, doubtless, at the bottom of this most wicked deed that are not so well known to the public.

Why did not Judge Reid, as soon as he had gained his self-possession, in accordance with the habits of society, at once go and kill his enemy? His answer was given to his beloved, aged mother as she bent over her outraged son on the day of the brutal assault. "Mother," said this noble Christian man, "I would rather take my own life than have the blood of this man on my soul." These words revealed the heart and life of Richard Reid. They were also prophetic; but neither the noble victim nor any one else then could so understand them.

Seldom, if ever, has the wide community that knew and esteemed and loved Judge Reid been stirred with such an earthquake of indignation as when this inhuman outrage was telegraphed from place to place. Had an innocent child, or a gentle, noble woman, been the victim of this barbarity, the feeling of anger that mani-

fested itself on all faces, and trembled on every lip, could not have been greater. For Richard Reid, while a grand man, every inch of him, was known and regarded by all, but his few enemies, as a pure, gentle, humane, loving man, in whose veins not a drop of malice or ill-will to any mortal being had ever flowed; who could not have laid his hand and never did lay his hand in hurtful violence on any living being. Had he at once incontinently taken his enemy's life, the ruder part of men would have justified and applauded. But Judge Reid did not lift his finger against him. This was not because he did not feel the poignant, agonizing sting of the outrageous humiliation. In the defense of his course, made before a large assembly of the people of Mt. Sterling, at the court-house, but a few days after the assault—a defense that is a most eloquent and sublimely heroic vindication of himself on the ground of Christianity, right and law—he said: "Two courses of conduct were open to me. On the one hand, outraged manhood, the deep indignity laid upon me; the cry for vengeance burst from every fiber of my mortal soul in its extreme agony; the thought that my friends might misconstrue my conduct and condemn me; that my enemies might rejoice over any mistake that I might commit; the stainless name of my family; the voice of the world urging me on to revenge, called for this man's blood, and demanded the forfeit of his life."

In all that constitutes true and noble manhood, Judge Reid was a man. He knew and felt what the world's ideas of manly dignity and self-respect demanded as a vindication, before men and his own soul, of his terribly outraged honor. And yet he followed the better course.

The reasons he had for not violently avenging the atrocious indignity laid upon him have already been given in the *Standard* We take the liberty of repeating them briefly here, to give completeness to this sad history which led to his death. "First, I did not want the blood of my assailant on my hands. . . . Second, to have taken vengeance myself would have belied my whole life, and character, and Christian profession. . . . I have been a man of peace—not of blood. I have never carried a weapon of any kind in my life, not even since the trouble. I have never struck a human being in anger, and, until this occurrence, no one ever struck me a blow. From earliest youth I have been a member of the Christian Church, for eight or nine years an elder and teacher in the church at Mt. Sterling. I have tried in my way to live a Christian life, to illustrate in my daily walk and conversation the teaching and the spirit of the Master whose servant I hope I am. . . . Third, a lawyer, a citizen, and a member of society, I have always been a lover of the law, believed in its enforcement, respected its majesty, and denounced its violations. I could not con-

sistently consent to become the executioner of it, even for wrong done me."

The blow Judge Reid received on the head with the heavy cane of his assailant was terrible. From this he never recovered; the effects, even on the outside of the skull, remained to the day of his death. His intimate friends say that his will-power was seriously impaired; showing that the blow, struck across the posterior base of the head, as the victim was reading the legal document his calculating, wily foe placed in his hand, had taken fatal effect. With this stroke doing its slow but sure work in gradually weakening the powers of the mind—of self-control and full reason; hounded on daily by his mortal enemy with charges as malicious as they were false —this noble nature at last broke down; the golden cord of the sovereign power of the soul finally snapped asunder, and this grand man was thus maddened to take his own life.

Madness — insanity — of which this noble spirit was fearfully conscious, had triumphed at last—the result of the terrible blow on the head, and the bitter, cruel persecutions which followed.

On the very morning of the catastrophe, Judge Reid was found by his mother-in-law alone in a room on his knees, most fervently praying to God for divine help and grace. A little while before his death, a blind woman with a little girl leading her asked him for alms; he gave it to her in such loving words that the child, overcome with this unusual manifestation of kindness, went on telling those whom they met what "sweet and beautiful words" he had said to her.

Judge Reid's death is the most terribly tragic event that has ever occurred in this region; so all good men feel. It is a dreadful crime to kill a man; it is one infinitely more dreadful to outrage and torture a good man to death—to make him take his own life. It is an awful thing before God and man to kill the body; but much more to kill a man's soul—to break the majesty and power of mind and reason; to crush the heart; to bring the darkness of madness, of despair and death over the soul!

Last Saturday, May 17th, the mortal remains of our noble friend and brother, after a most impressive service in the church, amid the crushing grief of thousands who were present, were laid to rest in the cemetery. The memory of Richard Reid, the pure, noble-hearted man, the sincere, fervent, exemplary Christian, the good and eminent citizen, will be cherished by all the good who knew him.

Sister Reid, so widely known, a noble-hearted Christian woman, is overwhelmed with this awful, crushing woe. She asked that a public request should be made for God's people to pray for her, that

a merciful Father's hand might protect her from loss of reason, and enable her to cling by faith and hope to the throne of mercy.

C. L. Loos.

THE MEANING OF IT.

[Louisville Post.]

The spectacle is pitiable. What a wreck is the home! How bruised and broken are the hearts that only a few weeks ago were so full of hope and cheer! Alas! the ashes are cold on the hearth now, and the very walls seem to brood over the sudden and devastating misery. Oppressive silence has taken the place of the merry laugh of voices and the glad rompings of children — a silence which is broken only by heavy sobs and pitiable cries.

But is there no lesson in all of this? Such calamities do not come without their meaning and purpose. It is a mistake to suppose them common even in Kentucky. The moral is one that must be applied and heeded. The tragedy is a bloody protest against the evil passions of men, and the wounds of Reid have each a tongue that pleads loudly for religion and law. His very blood, clotted upon the floor, cries out, as did the blood of the righteous young Abel from the ground. Reid represented the right. He represented humanity. He represented the law. He represented the cause of God. He has fallen under the blows of lawlessness, and vice, and revenge, and malice, and hatred. Disorder and violence triumph. Some one must now assume the cloak of the martyred Judge. Let *the people* wear it. Let every man help lift up the moral sentiment which has been beaten down and trampled in blood.

ACTIONS OF ORGANIZATIONS.

"In God we trust."

At a meeting of Watson Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., Mount Sterling, Ky., Saturday, May 17, A. D. 1884, the committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Judge Richard Reid made report, which was adopted, and is as follows:

"Odd Fellowship teaches that the journey of life is eventful, and full of difficulties and trials; that Love is the greatest of all Christian virtues, and that our lives should be controlled by it.

"It teaches that death will visit our Lodge rooms on earth and take away brothers bound to us by sacred fraternal ties.

"It teaches that we must trust in God, if we would live the life eternal beyond the grave.

"It teaches that there is a rest that remaineth to the people of God.

"It teaches a friendship that will stand the severest test. Therefore it is

"*Resolved*, by Watson Lodge No. 32, I. O. O. F., That in the death of Brother Richard Reid, in the prime of his manhood and useful life, our Lodge has lost one of its most honored members, and our county a useful and distinguished citizen, being at the time of his death one of the Judges of the Superior Court of our State. Guided by the All-Seeing Eye, we pledge ourselves that we will always extend to his widow the open hand of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family and relatives of our deceased brother, and that our Lodge wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That the members of our Lodge attend and assist in the funeral services, and go in procession to the grave of our lamented brother, believing that the three golden links will unite him to us again in the Great Lodge Room beyond the skies.

"W. H. WINN,
"T. F. ROGERS,
"W. T. HAVENS,
Committee."

TRIBUTE OF THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

At the annual meeting of the Christian Women's Board of Missions, at the State Convention in Paris, upon receiving the following dispatch from Mrs. Reid (who had gone far north to recover, if possible, her shattered health): — "Remember me in your counsels and your prayers" — they sent answer by telegram:

The Lord is nigh unto them who are of a broken heart. Dear Sister, we pray for you lovingly.

LUCY B. SIMMS,
BELLE COLEMAN,
Committee.

The Convention passed the following resolutions:

"WHEREAS, The Christian Women's Board of Missions in Kentucky has sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Judge Richard Reid, who was to them a wise counselor, an efficient helper, and a tried and true friend; as an expression of their earnest appreciation of his willing service, his warm adherence, and his encouraging and stimulating influence in advocating and sustaining the cause of missions in Kentucky, be it

"*Resolved*, 1. That as an example of grand moral heroism and undaunted courage, of unflinching adherence to right, and manly

strength to bear and suffer wrong, he stands to-day without a peer in their knowledge of Christian character, and will live in their hearts as an ever-present stimulus to a nobler and purer life.

"*Resolved*, 2. That they bear to his wife, their beloved President, their respect and tenderest sympathy in this, the hour of her great sorrow; that they share her burden and carry her grief, and hereby pledge themselves to be ever true and faithful to her in her mission, as she is to the cause of her Divine Master.

"*Resolved*, 3. That they earnestly beseech the Father's strength and blessing to abide with the stricken family; His grace to comfort and sustain the bereaved wife, and His power to restore to their Board in renewed strength and usefulness their worthy presiding officer.

"*Resolved*, 4. That these resolutions be sent to the *Missionary Tidings*, *Christian Standard*, *Apostolic Times*, and *Old Path Guide*, with the request that they be published, and that a copy be sent to the family.

"Mrs. Lee Bradley, Mrs. Reed, and Miss Susie Sublett, Committee on Resolutions.

"MRS. L. V. HAWKINS, *Secretary pro tem.*"

SYNOPSIS OF REMARKS.

The Committee on Obituaries reported with a beautiful and touching tribute to the memory of Judge Reid.

Brothers Graham, Loos, Crutcher, Jones, Clay, and Yancey made earnest and affecting speeches touching the memory and excellencies of Judge Reid.

In response to the Chair, R. Graham eulogized in a touching manner for a few moments the life and character of Judge Richard Reid, deceased, giving some brief words in regard to his own personal experiences and associations with him. Brother Graham appeared greatly moved.

C. L. Loos responded to the chair, and said he believed the lesson of the appalling tragedy had not been learned yet. It was to him the most terrible crime in the calendar of crimes. Judge Reid was a pillar in society and in the church, and had a heart that burned with zeal for the good of his fellow-men. His life was a splendid evidence of what the Christian religion can make a man—a modest man—an humble man—a retiring man. He said we should know more about him and his private life. He declared that Judge Reid was a pure man, and what others might say to the contrary was a falsehood black as night. He expressed great sympathy for his wife. Hers was a most awful sorrow.

S. W. Crutcher said that he was well acquainted with Judge Reid, and had on several occasions conversed with him concerning his candidacy. He had always voted for him. In his intercourse with him he had always found him a pure man.

The chair asked a rising vote on the resolutions, while H. R. Trickett led in prayer.

The beautiful and heart-touching song, "In the Sweet By-and-By," was sung by Miss Carrie Hanson, of Paris, whose sweet, silvery voice, accompanied by the soft melody of the grand organ and the sentiment of the occasion, touched the audience to tears.

At this juncture G. W. Yancey said he desired to pluck the flower of non-resistance from Judge Reid's brow, and quoted the Scripture, "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

The chair said she disliked to disturb the solemn though delightful service with anything like business, but proceeded at once with her regular address, which certainly displayed much thought and sense in every detail. The address was a splendid effort, and the speaker delivered it in a clear, distinct voice. She referred to Mrs. Reid, their beloved President, in pathetic terms, and spoke of what she would do if she were here to-day. It was in her heart to do many things. She would plead for a permanent endowment and memorial fund. The speaker mentioned the name of J. M. Thomas as the first to start a memorial fund by placing $50 to the memory of his mother, and quoted what was published at the time Brother Thomas placed the money in the hands of Sister Reid. She also referred to the $50 which Judge Reid, about the same time, placed to the memory of his nephew, and to $500 which he left in his will to the memory of his father and mother, Henry and Elizabeth.

The Reid Memorial Fund was also started at this Convention, the $50 contributed in memory of a nephew and namesake by Judge Reid, and a legacy of $500 in memory of his father and mother, constituting the nucleus of this fund.

The following letter was written in response to one from Mrs. Reid to President Graham, requesting of him a written copy of his address:

LEXINGTON, KY., October 18, 1884.

DEAR SISTER REID: — It may seem neglectful on my part that I did not write to you on the death of your dear husband, and that I have delayed this answer to your sad but welcome letter of the 29th ult. But, my dear sister, it has not been from any lack of love for

you, or of sympathy with you in your great sorrow, that I have not been more prominent in the distressing events of the past few months.

Hardly a day has passed that you have not been in my thoughts, or that I have not remembered you at the Throne of Grace. Though I have not obtruded myself upon the sanctity of your grief, I have omitted no opportunity to interest others in your behalf, as I did to vindicate your poor husband before he was driven to despair. Could I have anticipated the terrible result, how I should have hastened to his side after the murderous assault was made upon him; how I should have strengthened his noble heart to stand firm against a vicious public sentiment! How little any of us knew of his sensitive and pure nature. We counted too much on his strength, and forgot that to such a noble spirit death had no fear in the face of suspected dishonor.

When I first recovered from my surprise and the mortification of the indignity of the outrage done my friend, my poor heart said, Let him avenge himself, and vindicate himself and you in the death of his enemy; but when I had time to reflect, and news came that he recognized his obligations to the law and to his Saviour, I was ashamed of my own weakness, and more and more admired the man we had all failed to appreciate.

When Kentucky, and I may say our whole country, shall have been redeemed from blood and violence and from the spirit of revenge; when the "Code of Honor" shall have been displaced by the Code of Christ, our State and our country will not forget the service rendered by Richard Reid in their regeneration. Redemption must come by blood; and because in this case it is by the blood of one so precious to us, we may well be forgiven if our admiration of the man mingles with our sentiment of religion.

He was your husband, my friend; but, then, he was a Christian brother to us both, and as such we may cherish his memory and the remembrance of his moral heroism, even when we are before Him who by His grace made him what he was, and who took him from what must have been to his sensitive nature a life of pain and humiliation. God grant, Sister Reid, we may both so drink in the spirit of our Saviour, that we may at last be found worthy the fellowship of such men, and in a home where comes no sorrow like this.

As to reproducing my poor remarks at the Paris Memorial Services, I can only say it is impossible: they were impromptu. My thoughts came welling up from my heart, and found expression from my tongue as if by inspiration. It appeared to me as if another soul had for the time possession of my mind, and though I did not estimate the tribute I paid to the life and character of Judge Reid as

others seemed to do, I would give much had it been taken down at the time.

It was the occasion, the telegram you sent us, the sympathy and tears of a large assembly, my love for the man, and my admiration of the grand example of suffering in the cause of right he had left his brethren, together with the thoughts of what you, his mother, his near relatives, and his numerous friends were suffering, that stirred the depths of my being—and under such circumstances to speak at all was to speak well.

You can never reproduce an hour like that. Compared with that, all we could now say would appear tame. We might say other things, but the same words can never be spoken, the same emotions felt, or the same inspiration experienced. Brother Loos and I have conversed upon this, and upon the publication you and he are to give ere long to the public. You and he will have more matter than you can use to advantage. Of course, we all feel that too much can not be said in praise of the pure life that found so sad an end. And yet, as I said at Paris, it is not all sadness; there is so much of love, of purity, of honor, and of grandeur about this man; so much that makes him, in the estimation of all thinking men, a type of the higher humanity of which we dream in our better moments, that we thank God he was born, and now that he has undergone his baptism of suffering, that he has ascended through a martyr's agony to a martyr's crown.

God bless you, my dear, dear sister, doubly dear since this dark shadow has fallen upon your hearthstone. There is one also on my own; and my fervent prayer is, that we may both be prepared, by God's grace sanctifying them, for a better, purer life above. In love and tears, Yours, in the hope of the Gospel,

R. GRAHAM.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DR. KAVANAUGH ON THE LESSONS OF THE TRAGEDY.

In the tornado of blind passion excited to madness in the recent terrible tragedy transpiring in our midst, we are called upon to consider, in the spirit of Christian candor, the inevitable results of continuing in the Kentucky heart a false conception of courage and manliness.

The fruitage of this false idea of physical redress of supposed wrong is fearful to contemplate. Under its terrific rage, two Presidents of the United States have fallen as victims, and two Judges of the highest Courts of Kentucky. It permeates the Christian Church, and we are sorry to say, many who profess to be ministers of the Gospel of peace, lend their sanction to, if they do not actually advocate, the so-called code of honor, which is in diametrical opposition to the teachings of Christ.

Under the lights and shadows of this sad tragedy there was a direct conflict between the principles of the purest moral courage on the one hand, and physical and brute force, in its most disgusting and offensive manifestations, on the other. It is certainly wise and prudent, that as Kentuckians, both from the dictates of pure patriotism, and the clear teachings of the word of God, we should pause, and ponder well the question: What is true courage? If possible, let us settle our conclusions upon such a basis of eternal truth as to protect our community in all future time from the recurrence of a like calamity. To do this, we must adopt, and firmly stand by, the only sufficient rule

in all moral questions, both of faith and practice—the word of God, which is sure and steadfast.

We demonstrate the character of moral courage, in its claims over that of brute force, by examples taken from the word of God.

1. In the person of Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, and the Son of God, are combined the divine and human natures. All His acts as well as His teachings are illustrations of the highest courage.

He teaches that he that humbleth himself in honestly confessing his sins shall be exalted, and he that exalteth himself under the dictates of self-will, arrogance, and pride, as the custom of the world is, shall be humbled.

Moral courage requires right doing from right principle, irrespective of consequences; hence the Christian life is one of self-denial, cross-bearing, and crucifixion of the desires of the flesh. The true Christian is enabled to bear the cross, and mortify the flesh by being blessed with an adequate amount of grace, and love in his heart, binding him in obedience to God.

Christ as our exemplar, as our great High Priest, making an atonement for sin, is represented as humbling Himself to death, even the death of the cross for us. In Isaiah liii. his humiliation and character are admirably set forth. Elsewhere, He is represented as not following His own will, but implicitly obeying the will of His Father, and offering no physical resistance when assailed, assuring His followers that He should ultimately triumph over death, hell, and the grave. The moral requirements of the divine law laid upon Him, as our Redeemer, the iniquity of us all, and moral courage sustained Him, and the grand result of the whole scheme of human redemption is a triumph of moral prineiple over the world, the flesh and the devil.

2. Christ taught Peter, the chief of His followers, the utter fallacy and worthlessness of his boasted physical courage. Peter declared, "Though all men forsake thee,

yet will I never forsake thee." Doubtless, Peter was honest in this declaration; and if the conflict had been of a physical character, he would have stood firm. At this time he was not a converted man. When Judas betrayed Christ by a deceptive kiss, as others have done under similar circumstances, and Christ was arrested, Peter drew his sword, and commenced the battle, and doubtless would have continued it, whatever might have been the odds against him; but Christ rebuked him and told him to put up his sword. But when the Master was brought before the High Priest under false charges, and the scene was changed into a moral conflict, Peter proved himself morally a coward, thrice denying that he knew the man Jesus at all—once even with an oath. One look from the Master pierced his guilty soul, and then he wept bitterly.

After the crucifixion, neither Peter nor any other of the disciples had the moral courage to adhere to His teachings.

But after they were confirmed in His truth, and after they had been converted, and endued with power from on high, and filled with the Holy Spirit, their moral courage asserted itself, and they were ready to bear true witness to Christ and His cause, even at the cost of their lives, thereby testifying to the divinity and power of the truth on which they relied.

3. The conflict between moral and physical courage, which arose in the days of the Apostles, continued at intervals for three hundred years. In this conflict, it is said that fifty million martyrs lost their lives. It was met by the meek and lowly followers of Christ relying wholly upon the rectitude and purity of their lives, in the warfare against the enemies of God and man. In this conflict, as testified to by all history, moral courage was triumphant. With these great doctrines and principles in view, let us now come to the tragic scenes that have lately transpired in our devoted city.

The first figure which presents itself is that of Judge Richard Reid. As we cast our eyes over the history of this prominent character, and note well the innocency of his life, the purity of his spirit, his rapid advancement in the acquisition of knowledge, by which he became early qualified for any position in the service of his country, when we see him called, without opposition, when comparatively young, to the honorable office of Chief Justice of the Superior Court of Kentucky, and when we see, added to his other virtues, an active devoted and laborious life in the cause of religion, as an officer of the church, and against whom, until within a recent date, no charge or insinuation could be heard: we say, looking at this character in all these diversified aspects, we recognize the fact that his greatness consisted chiefly in his moral courage, in that he rejected the counsels and influences that were ready to lead him astray, and relying firmly upon the principles of pure, immutable truth, he showed to us the highest representation and personification of pure, courageous manhood. It is not pretended that he was perfect; strict perfection belongs to God alone.

The next figure is that of one who under the inspiration and guidance of personal enmity, revenge, and hatred, under imaginary provocation, conceives a plan by which the exalted position held by Judge Reid could be best overthrown, his fair name injured, his popularity destroyed, and his character blighted, if possible, by the leveling and humiliating ordeal of a physical conflict. He was to be taken at such disadvantage that there could be no risk run in carrying out this degrading scheme. It was the calculation of the assailant that there should be no resistance. In a community where the "code of honor" prevailed, the charge of cowardice would be sufficient in the future to deprive him of the dignity of ever filling another office within the gift of the people. Upon the basis of this calculation the satanic scheme was plotted, and brought

on under the pretense and disguise of friendship. The results of the experiment are too well known.

Now the question recurs, whether or not the assailant had miscalculated when he relied for support upon the advocates of physical or brute courage. The sequel will show.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a course of conduct more perfectly dictated by a high moral courage than that determined upon by Judge Reid. His decision was made after taking a full survey of all the facts and circumstances under which he had been placed. He had violated no principle of his life, he had wronged no man, he had assailed no man; and, conscious of an inward rectitude of purpose, he determined to pursue his way, relying upon God and the support of all men governed by the principles that regulated his own life.

He may not have appreciated all the difficulties with which he was destined to deal. In the first place, the stunning blows upon his head by the club with which he was assailed, produced a concussion upon his very sensitive brain, which, under ordinary circumstances of perfect repose, might possibly have been overcome. But to these physical wounds was necessarily added most intense mental action.

Slowly, but surely, the cerebral inflammation thus intensified was approaching the citadel of reason itself. The end is known.

At the close of this second scene of this awful drama, a great change was manifest in every quarter.

It had been the habit of the assailant, after the perpetration of his crime, to display himself upon the streets, cane in hand, boasting of his heroism. This was met with the smiles and cheers of his associates, who held themselves in reserve as a safeguard of the champion of their principles.

Soon the sad announcement was made that Judge Reid was dead; that that open hand which no taunt could nerve

to take vengeance upon another, had been in madness lifted with unerring aim against his own life, and he was found lying before them bathed in his own blood, a martyr to integrity, Christian truth, and manly honor.

This solemn spectacle forced upon every quickened conscience the piercing conviction that a great outrage had been committed, not only upon Judge Reid, but upon that part of the community who held in common with himself reverence for the laws of God.

Good men are patient and long-suffering; but there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue—and this time had come, when the righteous indignation of the people was at last aroused. The perpetrator of the deed, in an attempt to escape the fierceness of pursuing wrath now concentrated upon him, was so paralyzed, soul and body, that he was unable to walk erect, and could only make his escape home by the aid of two stout friends, who supported him on either side. As he progressed upon his retreat, his ears were saluted by the cry from many voices: "There goes the wretch; hang him." Thus aided, he reached home, and endured the burning anguish there till midnight, when he took his departure for parts unknown, according to the Scripture adage: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth."

Guilt is the parent of fear; guilt and fear make cowards. Where shall we find the coward now? There is no bond of union among cowards. His associates and supporters now tremble under the lashes of a guilty conscience as they look upon their victim. The good men of the country—men in sympathy with Judge Reid in his high and noble sentiments—men appreciating the value of his exalted character, including the Governor of the State, the Judges of the higher Courts, and a host of other distinguished men—assembled in great numbers to do homage to one who, by a pure, patient and successful life, had engrafted himself upon their affections.

Here the solemn question recurs: Why is it that under the wise, just and gracious government of God, and His supervising providence, should He order or permit the sacrifice of one of the purest men of whom our country can boast, as a martyr or victim to the unbridled propensities of an ungodly multitude? I can see no solution to this question, except we may draw an inference from a passage of Scripture taken from John's Gospel (xi. 49, 50): "And one of them named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, 'Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not."

In the case referred to by Caiaphas, the whole nation of which he speaks had become so depraved and corrupt, that unless the results of their iniquity were arrested, they would subject themselves under the judgments of God to perish. The interposition of the death of one good man was regarded by him as a salutary check and corrective to the desolating iniquity of the whole nation.

Caiaphas was no friend to Christ, but he and his associates had met together to devise ways and means by which to arrest and crucify the Lord Jesus. Being high priest that year, he was so inspired with the spirit of prophecy as to be compelled to give utterance to the words contained in his address.

The result shows that one man did die for the nation — a good man, yea, more, the God-man, who died for the sins of the people.

It was not within the design of those who put Him to death thereby to provide a remedy for the sins of the multitude; but, under the divine agency, the death of Christ opened up the way through which the sins of the ungodly penitent are pardoned.

It is not intended by this that the death of Judge Reid was in any sense an atonement for the sins of his persecutors, and the great body of lawless men throughout the

country, for they had all been atoned for by the all-sufficient blood of Christ. But it is more than likely that, in the wisdom of God, one good man is permitted to be a victim of the wrath and vengeance of the lawless and vicious portion of our countrymen, who have already slain others in high position before him. The end of this martyr, persecuted to death for righteousness' sake, will surely produce such a deep and abiding impression upon the public mind, that every good man remaining in the country, every Christian and patriot, will be aroused, and will come with determinate will to the rescue of our government, that we perish not as a nation, and that we may perpetuate our civil and religious liberties, and hand them down in their integrity to succeeding generations.

On the other hand, we call upon that portion of our fellow-citizens who seem to act regardless of law or moral principle, to gather around the dead body of our fallen hero, so well known and beloved, and there calmly reflect upon the question, Why is he dead, and who has slain him?

The answers force themselves upon the hearts of all: He died rather than abandon his principles, and he is dead as the result of violence inflicted upon his person, and still more violent assaults upon his character, inflicting upon his pure spirit wounds unendurable.

If my conjectures are right, the violent death of Judge Reid, whose pure life called upon him the envy, jealousy, and vengeance of his murderers, will surely awaken the consciousness within the heart of every thinking man, that the position of indifference and listlessness is incompatible with the duties and responsibilities of citizenship in this Commonwealth. In the selection of proper men to fill the responsible positions in the administration of the government, such selections should be made with direct reference to morality and rectitude of life. In the discharge of his legitimate duties, every officer of the government must be

supported by the moral sense of the people and the protection of the law.

The facts revealed since this great calamity has fallen upon our Commonwealth bring to light the monstrous and barbarous doctrine, that physical or brute courage may be resorted to in the settlement of moral questions. Until the morality of the Church is brought up to a scriptural standard, where the law of God alone is recognized as the rule of action, discord and disaster will inevitably obscure its brightness, and paralyze its efforts.

The Spirit of Christ must dominate the church. "If any man has not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." If good men do their duty, we have nothing to fear.

I hope to see the time when all God-fearing men shall be aroused to their duty, and employ proper diligence to see that the authority of the law is maintained, and when evil men will take warning, seek to conceal themselves, and be deterred from the repetition of their violent assaults upon the institutions of our country.

Should these and other good results follow the death of Judge Reid, and peace and happiness be secured to posterity, I have no doubt his spirit, looking down from its peaceful abode on high, will rejoice to know that in his martyrdom he had rendered his country a service which would far transcend the usefulness of his patriotic and Christian life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF JUDGE REID.

[To the suffering and sorrowing everywhere, of whatever station or degree, is this chapter dedicated.]

In selecting such tributes to the memory of Judge Reid as were contained in the "Second Part of the Book of Letters," it was Mrs. Reid's original desire that letters, or portions of them referring to her individually or to her sorrow, should be omitted. But upon attempting to do this, it was found that either many of the most genuine tributes to Judge Reid would be left out entirely, or be only cold and lifeless forms, deprived of their vital warmth and soul. It was thought, too, that while the merely curious or critical would pass such by, they were prompted by too many hearts that had known their own bitter sorrows, not to be gratefully received by the numberless other sorrowing hearts in the world to whom they would bring comfort and healing.

Rev. D. S. C. M. Potter to Richard Reid Rogers.

MATTAPOISETT, MASS., July 15, 1884.

No human words can ever adequately form a portrayal of my emotions called forth by the calamities of your father, the Hon. Richard Reid, Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky.

From the 9th of August, 1852, when he first entered, as pupil, Highland Literary Institute, then under my charge, until he closed his mortal career in 1884, in Mt. Sterling, Ky., he was ever true and constant to the principles that distinguished him as a pure and upright youth, a thorough and indefatigable student, a devout and consistent Christian, an honorable and honored gentleman, an attorney and Judge without his superior in Kentucky; with a culture

so rich in the broad range of English and Classical Literature, a mind and heart so largely stored with all that is pure, beautiful and true, his sensibilities so fully Christianized and permeated with the Spirit of the Lord of eternal life, his majestic intellect and unswerving conscience always under the guidance of an enlightened will, that nothing of evil, however antagonistic, could divert him from the path of Christian duty. The highest ambition of his life, as he often said to me, was to be a "Christian gentleman." Need I say that Richard Reid has borne, for so many years, this well-deserved title without a stain? Modest, not self-asserting; conscientious to an exceeding extreme; watchful over his courses of action; he was never entangled by the wiles of policy, nor dazzled by the shining baubles of unholy ambition.

. . . . . .

He stands now unsurpassed, if not unequaled, in the history of Kentucky for his unblemished character as a Christian citizen, his earnest fidelity and thoroughness as an attorney; his consummate ability as a jurist; his loyalty of love as a husband; his unfailing constancy as a friend; and for his brave, self-sacrifice in behalf of Christian principles. "*Veritas est magna, et prevalebit,*" "Though dead, he yet speaketh." He is enrolled in the army of holy martyrs whose watchword is "*Semper Fidelis.*" The name and example of Richard Reid will ever be in the coming ages the synonym of the *eternally true* and the *fearlessly brave.*

From the testimony of Elder Wm. T. Tibbs, of which portions have been previously introduced in these pages:

They had given him welcome to that home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest," many days before I heard the sorrowful news of the last act in the tragedy. The blows of the bludgeon, that slowly reached his brain and put out the light with the deep darkness of delirium, and thrust him out so ruthlessly from home and friends, and the church on earth, could not smite down the majesty of his Christian life or fix a stain upon his name.

. . . . . .

During his last fiery trials I was, and am yet, an invalid, thousands of miles away, seeking rest. The details of his last hours are unknown to me. I throw this meagre tribute across the distance into the storm and darkness his going out has left.

. . . . . .

Yes, the dear man believed in Jesus with all his heart; he strove to do the best he could; his triumph is grand! The last

stroke of the frenzied hand dims not the royal splendor of his completed life.

POMONA, CAL., May 26, 1884.

From Dr. E. O. Guerrant, Presbyterian minister, an intimate friend of Judge Reid.

I do not know that I could add anything to the praise of this good man; but it will be a privilege to lay my humble tribute of affection on his untimely grave.

I had better opportunities than most men to know Richard Reid. In my boyhood I was his schoolmate; in my younger manhood his physician; and in later years his neighbor and confidential friend.

I think I can truly say that in every walk of life he was a model. This is not posthumous praise, but the deliberate judgment of one who knew his life long and intimately.

His soul was greater than its tenement. I do not believe he ever faltered in his purpose to maintain the high ground he assumed as a Christian and a Judge. But the burden was greater than the strength of his body.

The last sad act that ended his noble life was the infirmity of his body, and not of his soul.

Insanity is a disease of the body, as well as of the mind. He was not "at himself," because the delicate machinery through which his soul operated was crushed. The throne upon which his imperial mind had sat was destroyed, and the emperor was dethroned. This is not the judgment of charity. It is the verdict of right reason—the judgment of truth.

I have no words to express my sorrow at such a catastrophe. It was simply appalling. In all the elements of sorrow I never knew the equal of this. That he was a Christian man, I never doubted. Indeed, he was a ruler in Israel, by virtue of his eminent qualifications. He was singular in the simplicity of his character—a Nathanael in whom was no guile. In grace, as well as in knowledge, he was a leader of the people.

That such a man, such a Christian, such a Judge, should die as he died, is one of the darkest mysteries of this mysterious life. Even yet it seems like a dream, so unnatural, so fearful, that men fail to realize the calamity in all its sorrowful proportions.

But it is a mystery to which God has the key. "We know not now, but we shall know hereafter" the full significance of this terrible drama. God makes no mistakes. For the living and the dead He rules with omniscient wisdom. He assures us "that all things work together for good to them that love Him."

That Richard Reid loved Him, no human heart can doubt that knew him.

Neither can we doubt her love who was his other self, his ideal and his idol among women, whose heart, crushed beneath this mightiest sorrow, must appeal to every compassion of a human soul, and melt every heart not harder than adamant.

To her and all who loved him—and they are many—I tender the profoundest sympathy of a friend and brother. I would point her and them away from the impenetrable gloom of this saddest of mysteries, to the sunlight of that Sabbath where he rests forever, beyond the assaults of malice and the tongue of slander.

The whole State ought to go in mourning, not for him, so much as for herself. I believe he is the only party to this terrible tragedy who is guiltless. He is in glory while we are in tears. I would rather take his place to-day than his adversary's, and that of many of his misguided friends.

In that glorious Presence we may meet him, and learn from his own eloquent tongue the full history of that mournful tragedy which ended his noble life.

Until then, the last chapter can not be fully written, and the noblest paragraph of his immortal speech to his countrymen be spoken. Till then, farewell, my boyhood's friend, my manhood's brother.

The world is more lonesome without you.

OFFICE OF PRINCETON BANNER,
PRINCETON, KY., May 10, 1884.

MRS. REID:—Pardon a stranger, who only wishes to tender his sympathy for you in your deep trouble and deeper bereavement. I pray that God may preserve you, take care of you, bless you, and give you strength to bear up under the heavy burden placed upon you. Would to God I could say something, do something, to relieve you, to lighten your grief, to make life the easier and happier for you. Keep ever in your mind and heart, the great and glorious fact that your husband was in the right—that in his sore and trying trouble, the sorest and most trying that ever befell mortal man—he held up bravely and touchingly the word of God. It seems to me that in this day, when brutality and lawlessness are running riotously all over the land, God has seen fit to select your husband, the upright Judge, the moral man, the humble Christian, the genial, open-hearted friend, loved of all men, to stand a victim to an infernal public sentiment that defies God and His commandments, that Church and State may be made to realize the awful danger that threatens both. Nothing but the crucifixion of Jesus Christ could have lifted the world from the condition it was then in; and it seems that this age

called for the sacrifice of your beloved husband, that law and order might be preserved—that a vitiated public opinion might be rooted out.

Excuse me, I pray you, for this letter, but I could not resist the promptings of my heart to offer you my heartfelt sympathy. May God bless you. Yours with respect,

C. T. ALLEN,
Editor Princeton Banner.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 16, 1884.

MRS. ELIZABETH J. REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND AND SISTER:—I know not how to address you, overwhelmed as I am by the terrible news which reaches us to-day. My heart weeps for you and with you; and while I scarcely know what to say, or how to attempt to comfort you under this crushing stroke, I can not refrain from writing to let you know, at least, how deeply and sincerely I sympathize with you.

Your cordial note of April 26th, in reply to the few words of confidence and affection which I ventured to address to Judge Reid, gave me strong hopes that, sustained by the prayers of his friends and the esteem of all lovers of law and justice, for the truly magnanimous course on which he had deliberately resolved, he would find the clouds dissipating that gathered around him. . . .

However this may be, I feel, for one, that in this new disaster not only you, my dear sister, and other stricken members of his family, are mourners, but our *whole State is bereaved.* His death is a public calamity, and well may Judge and Governor, Senator and College President, Minister and Educator, all descend from their high positions to unite in the lamentations of this sad day.

May God bless and sustain you in this sore trial, in which thousands of tender and loving hearts sympathize with you.

Sincerely and affectionately, Yours in Christ,

BASIL MANLY,
President Theological Seminary.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 20, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID:

MY DEAR SISTER:—On the day of the funeral I did not see you, because of the number of friends who were near you, and who had a better right to be with you in your overwhelming sorrow than I.

I assure you that only the most tender and fraternal feeling for you filled my heart on that sad day.

I can not give my pen license to write of the inhuman and brutal wrong done you, as well as the good man gone, lest in the

bitterness of my soul I should say that which now is better unsaid—and thus unwittingly stir afresh the depths of your grief, and add to your sorrows.

I think of you many times every day. My wife and I talk about you night and day, and so gently, that I am sure, if you knew all we say and think, you would not count us as mere acquaintances, but very friends indeed.

We long to see you, and tell you face to face of our love and confidence, and assure you of the sympathy we have had with you in all this dreadful time.

The memory of your husband will be cherished by good men and women everywhere; and the pathos of his martyrdom will move the hearts of children's children to mercy and love, as well as to tears.

I can only commend you to God and the word of His grace.

Yours in Christ,

JOHN SHACKLEFORD.

CINCINNATI, O., May 20, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR AFFLICTED SISTER:—I need not tell you how shocked and appalled I was when I heard of the new calamity that has fallen on you with such crushing weight.

I was absent in Kansas, and on Saturday, on my way home, I picked up a paper that contained the dreadful intelligence. It seemed as if I must go at once to you, to hold you up in this dark hour; but that was impossible. Not until my return did I learn that you had sent for me; and that was not until Sunday morning. Now I have to start for Akron in a few hours, to attend our State Convention; and other appointments come on the heels of this—so that I am shut out from the opportunity to visit you in your anguish.

But what could I say if I were there? It is one of those awful calamities in which we must sit still before God, and be dumb in His presence—when we know not what to pray for as we ought, but must be content with the assurance that "the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which can not be uttered." I could weep with you, if, indeed, your agony is not too great for tears; but beyond showing the sympathy of which my soul is full and overflowing, I could do nothing to bind up the broken heart. I dare not tell you, if I could, the indignation that burns in me as I think of this awful tragedy, and all that lies behind it. But "the Lord reigneth," and justice will not always slumber. How I wish I could make you strong to endure this bitter, bitter wrong! May the loving Father be very gracious to you, and fill your spirit

with His own strength, until you can say, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I need not tell you that my heart bleeds for you—and that is all I write to say. But of one thing you must rest assured: Judge Reid could not have committed that act except in a moment of uncontrollable insanity, when he was not responsible for his deed. Better this than to take the life of another. His heroic stand for obedience to law, human and divine, was greatly admired and approved by the whole religious press of the country, and by the best of the secular papers, and can not but be approved and blessed of God. I write these lines out of a full heart, but in the midst of the hurry of business.

May God's grace be sufficient for you day by day.

Ever affectionately, Yours,

ISAAC ERRETT.

LEXINGTON, KY., May 22, 1884.

DEAR SISTER REID:— . . . . I have been fearing that the reaction on your nervous system, after the fearful strain to which it was subjected last week, would bring about dangerous depression. I have prayed the Lord to strengthen you, and I trust that He has done so. If life and health are spared you, the field of your usefulness will be greater than ever before. You will enter it with a subdued and softened spirit ; but on this very account your brethren and sisters will stand closer to you, and respond more freely to your calls.

Say to your son that I feel a deep interest in his welfare, and thousands will be disappointed if he shall fail to honor by his life the two names which he wears. The church in Kentucky will never forget the name Rogers; and henceforth the name Reid will be inscribed on the roll of her martyrs. Please to take time to drop me a card, by return mail, but do not task your strength to write more. God bless and strengthen and preserve you, is my prayer for you night and day.

Yours, in Christian sympathy,

J. W. MCGARVEY.

CARLISLE, KY., May 23, 1884.

DEAR SISTER REID:—When in Mt. Sterling, on the day of the funeral, I was prevented from seeing you. I wanted to remain over Lord's day, but had to be at Jessamine County the next day, and was compelled to return to Lexington on the train.

Since the day of the fearful tragedy I have been able to think of little else. My work is so connected with the great mission you had chosen to fulfill, that even if I so desired, I could not suppress my

thoughts of your deep grief. Bro. Forscutt referred with much feeling to the death of Judge Reid, and his relation to our common cause.

There is a deep sympathy for you among the people, and great sorrow expressed for the loss of a great and good man. The busy tongue of slander is at work; but when the teachings of Paul could not escape misrepresentation, and when even the sham trial of Christ was based upon the slanders of his enemies, we need not expect to escape. You are passing through the greatest trial of your life, but I know you have the sympathies and prayers of your brethren. God can deliver you from all your troubles and preserve you safely to His everlasting kingdom. Sincerely, your friend,

J. B. Jones.

Lexington, Ky., May 24, 1884.

Dear Sister Reid: — . . . . . .

A sadness, deep and all-pervading, has oppressed me since that fatal morning of the fifteenth. I can not shake it off. It seems too cruel for fact, even in this cruel world. I have tried to fathom your grief and to go with you to its deepest depths. This, I know, I can not do. And yet, O my sister, my poor, sympathetic heart almost breaks in its sorrow for you.

I do and shall continue to pray for you. Do not fail to pray much for yourself. This will do more to comfort you than the combined prayers of all your friends. Our Father has not forgotten you nor left you to yourself. Do not doubt Him. He is Lord. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." These are only "parts of His ways." He will vindicate the rightness of His ways. I was ready, last Wednesday, to go up and see you; but I saw Judge Cassidy, and heard how bravely and trustingly you were bearing it all, and thought I would wait. Please call on me as you would on a brother, and all that I can do shall be done for you. My tender love to you and your dear boy.

Do not think that you have all of the burden. Let us "cast all our care on Him who careth for us."

Tenderly and truly, your brother,

John S. Shouse.

Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, N. J.,
May 26, 1884.

Sister Reid: — It is with an aching heart I endeavor to pen you a few lines. When I saw a copy of Bro. Reid's address printed in the *New York World*, giving his reasons for not taking vengeance in his own hands, my heart went out to him more than ever before. You know that I always loved him from his college days,

when he boarded at my uncle Stephen H. Gano's, in Georgetown, and attended the Baptist College, where he graduated with the highest honors. I knew him then as the hard student, the true friend, the noble young man, and loved him; and when he had developed into the mature, Christian man, I loved him more; but when the heavy trial came—such a trial as is not often visited upon one so pure and peaceable as he was—and I saw that he possessed the moral courage to say, "I will bear the wrong and suffer the injury, rather than do a wrong, and bring sorrow upon the innocent members of his family," I felt that in all the past I had not yet known the true moral worth of Bro. Reid. I knew that it required more courage to do as he did, than to face an army. And when I saw that the very kind and degree of courage which I had so often prayed might be developed among the people of my native State, was possessed by my friend and brother, Richard Reid, I loved him more than ever before. It was the very thing that I thought I needed most, and for which I had often prayed, and pray for to-night, that God would help me to suffer wrong, if need be, for Jesus' sake, and not to wound his cause. O, when I think of Him who on Calvary said, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" I feel I can appreciate the value of a soul that can rise above hate and revenge, and leave it all to God. And now, my dear sister, the trial is upon you. What will you do? Can you set your face heavenward, and with the love of the blessed Jesus welling up in your heart, press on to the haven of rest? Bro. Reid, with the moral courage he possessed, never took his life with Reason enthroned, never! But with a brain overtaxed by long, hard study, and with a nice, sensitive organization, the terrible ordeal through which he passed unhinged the machinery—his mind could not act with a disordered brain. And I do not believe he was responsible. I trust that he rests with the dear Saviour, who was so persecuted that He knows how to sympathize with those that are called thus to suffer. Lean, then, upon Christ; and if the trial seems more than you can bear, lean harder upon Christ. He can and will sustain you if you love Him as you ought. "All things work together for good to those that love the Lord." And that this great affliction may bring you closer, closer to Jesus, is the prayer of your brother in the hope of a better life,

R. M. GANO.

FULTON, Mo., May 27, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER REID:—I have not sooner written you a line of sympathy, because I felt that in your great, black, bitter grief, my words would be as a tinkling cymbal. I felt that your grief was too great and sacred to be sooner disturbed. This was one of the times that silence was golden. God knows that if human sympathy alone

could relieve, your heart would now have neither soreness nor sadness.

I feel that I can truly say of him: "A combination, and a form indeed, where every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man." He was a moral hero, thank God! We say he is dead, but the good never die. Influence, like the soul itself, is immortal. Abel is dead, yet speaketh; Luther is dead, but the Reformation he begun lives, four hundred years after him; Knox is dead, but old Scotland still has a Christian peasantry, and a Bible in every house; Richard Reid is dead, but his noble life, his manly stand for God and the right, will bless those who never saw him, and give progress to what is best in human life. By the Spirit of Christ in him he has impressed others and become a preacher of righteousness, even more effectively than the occupant of any pulpit in the great Commonwealth of Kentucky.

I have always loved to have my thoughts turned to him, and now his memory is to me doubly precious. How could I but love him who had rather die than prove untrue to God or self! And if I (with my poor and partial conceptions) so loved him, how much more must God love him!

O Thou who hast worn the thorn-crown, Thou of the wounded hand, Thou of the pierced side! — O Thou who didst take upon Thyself human woe and drink deep of every bitter in life, let Thy Spirit come and heal this grief, and guide toward that "better land," where justice and love shall reign, and hearts laden with anguish shall rest for evermore!

O Thou unwearied One, hear us in behalf of the wife and her boy! Keep them near to Thee! And when at last they shall pass from the shadow to the substance, from the twilight to the full day, from the vision to the realization of God, be pleased to administer unto them that immortality in glory which we believe Thou hast administered unto him who laid down his life at Thy feet and said: "Though Thou slay me, yet I will trust Thee."

Yours, in Christian love and sympathy,

FRANK W. ALLEN.

MARTINSBURG, Mo., May 31, 1884.

RICHARD REID ROGERS:

MY DEAR BOY: — O, how often I think of you and your devoted, accomplished Christian mother! I think of you last when I close my eyes in sleep at night, and first in the morning, and have shed many tears over the terrible calamity that has come upon you. Richard, I loved your father, and your stepfather, for they were both men — devoted, Christian men. They are both now sleeping that dreamless sleep that knows no waking till the resurrection

morn. Your own dear father died suddenly, but he was not wantonly and wickedly murdered; but Bro. Reid was cruelly assassinated. A Methodist brother said to me no longer ago than yesterday, "Cornelison should have the mark of Cain put upon his forehead, and should wander a fugitive and vagabond upon the face of the earth." And to think of suffering this wrong at the hands of a professed follower of the Saviour—a member of the Church of Jesus Christ! "Therefore he slew him, because his works were evil and his brother's righteous."

Such an exhibition of malice and hate I have never seen before. Why, oh why, should so pure, so good, so noble a man as Brother Richard Reid be hounded to death? You and your beloved mother have the sympathy and the prayers of thousands of the best people in this land. Dick, my boy, can't you write to me? With love for yourself and your Christian mother, THOS. J. MARLOW.

POMONA, CAL., June 28, 1884.

DEAR SISTER REID: — As I behold you heroically struggling to maintain your footing on the crumbling earth while the very heavens seem to be falling in crushing weight upon you, I can do nothing but pray and wait. Even in the presence of this amazing agony, I am able to pray and wait with something like a perfect faith.

For I know "the Eternal God is your refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms; and He shall thrust out before you, and shall say, Destroy!"

I know of but one human being who, I think, can do you much good now, and he can not fail you — the grand boy who is still left to save the wreck of your shattered home and more than redeem all your Christian hopes of him. Even you will hardly know him well until he comes out of this baptism of fire with the calm, sweet face of patient manhood, and a heart that carries all the virtues of the dear departed. God bless the boy for what I know his young heart will be to you in this trial!

I inclose the letter requested by Reid in a note received a few days ago. I can not imagine what wicked spirit still presses the persecution. When the women with parched eyelids sat in the twilight over against the sepulchre, even the demoniac Jews left them to suffer in peace.

I know the Lord who numbers the hairs of your head sees the opened pathway to the blessed end of all this trouble. Let us try to trust and wait.

Affectionately, your brother in sorrow,

W. T. TIBBS.

LEXINGTON, Sunday, May 18, 1884.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED SISTER IN CHRIST:—My heart is full of deepest, tenderest sympathy for you in this hour of sorest trial. I was at your house on Saturday to pay the last tribute to your dear departed husband, but would not intrude myself upon you in such an hour. I have passed through the deep waters of affliction and bereavement, and I remember how grateful to me was every expression of sympathy and every tear shed for me and with me. I received letters from some who, I had no idea, cared for me at all; all of which were so sweet and welcome! The word of God commands us to "weep with those who weep," and this is easy to obey when our own hearts have been broken by sorrow. Your husband's noble example will live forever in my memory. How I reproach myself that I did not write to you both and tell him how I loved him for his Christian conduct! But I thought that as I was a comparative stranger, my opinion or my approbation was of too little value; still, as an humble child of God, I had the right to offer it. May the God of all comfort be your stay, your support; may He bear you tenderly in His arms of love; and oh, may He spare you to be a blessing to us many, many years! Trust Him; He is able to save to the uttermost! Devote yourself wholly to His service, and when life with all its sorrows is ended, He will receive you unto Himself and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." With tenderest love,

I am your sister in Christ,

MARY S. VILEY.

LEXINGTON, KY., Sunday, May 18, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Do not think that because I have not written, my heart has not been with you all these days. I heard you were overwhelmed with letters and telegrams of sympathy; so I thought, perhaps, a few words in our papers would be kinder to you than a letter. I have written two short articles, one on the day of the assault, the other yesterday, with the hope of helping to form right public opinion. The first, written the day of the assault, was to express the opinion that Judge Reid would rise above the sentiment that prevails in bar-rooms, and would not resent the indignity; the other, written yesterday, was to emphasize what I firmly believe—that the cruel blows on the head injured his brain and made it unable to bear the terrible strain that was put upon it. Brother will send you an extract from the *Nation*, published in New York, a paper whose opinion is worth having. Mother tells me you remembered me yesterday and asked for me. What can I say to you now? Only this: Judge Reid acted nobly, just as we believed he would.

He had the approval, and you have the sympathy, of all the best people in the nation. Such things as these are not accidents. God rules. We all prayed for you at church this morning, and many were the tears that fell as thoughts of your deep grief came fresh before us. May God take you in the arms of His love, tenderly—you who have no earthly parents, and no longer a strong, loving husband, and are even deprived of the presence of your dear, dear boy. Again I say, may God bless and strengthen you!

With a heart full of love, your friend,

BELLE M. COLEMAN.

NICHOLASVILLE, KY., May 19, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

My bereaved and afflicted friend, can I say or do anything to comfort you? Is there any room in your sorrowful heart to receive profoundest sympathy? I feel for you, and have felt for you most tenderly through all this terrible ordeal. My whole soul has been *en rapport* with your noble husband. I had almost clairvoyant insight into his mental state. His nature was too pure to resist the force of the awful conflict. But it is the most cruel tragedy I have ever heard or read of. The whole affair is a most appalling commentary upon our social status.

If I can do any good—if you would listen to a word of solace coming from a true and sympathizing friend, let me be summoned.

MISS HEWITT (Principal Female College).

FULTON, MO., May 10, 1884.

MY DEAR COUSIN:— . . . . . .

All of us feel that we can not blame too severely the hand that brought about this great wrong! Vengeance must come sooner or later from the source that has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

In that matter, we are impotent to do anything. The heavy burden has to be borne, the bitter cup quaffed to its very dregs—and I can not say, Be patient and cheerful, for I feel that in my own frail humanity I should not be equal to it all. You can only pray for strength to bear the stinging blow, trusting to time, to the tender sympathy of loving friends, and to dear ones at home, to soften the sorrow that must cast its shadow upon your life.

I regret never having had the privilege of seeing and knowing Judge Reid. It was one of the pleasures I had to look forward to in visiting Kentucky. Every one I ever heard speak of him testified to his excellence, both in public and private life. His loss must be most deeply felt in the community where he lived; but you, my

dear cousin, sustain the deepest loss, and I pray that the grace of our heavenly Father may sustain you in passing through these deep waters of affliction.

With much love for your mother and Reid, I am, my dear cousin, with renewed assurances of sympathy,

Yours, sincerely,

EMMA JAMESON.

FULTON, Mo., May 19, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER:—How often in my dark hours of affliction and sorrow have you written me words of comfort and consolation, urging me to be brave and endure patiently. Now, how I would love to lessen your burden of grief. But I feel I can not speak one word that will do this. I thought nothing could be more terrible than my own bereavement; but, if possible, yours seems even greater than mine. Words are powerless to express my deep sympathy for you. Of our own strength we can not possibly bear these grievous afflictions that come so suddenly upon us; but through the strengthening influences of Christ and His precious word we are permitted to look beyond to that day, when, if faithful, we shall meet our loved ones in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." How it is possible for one wretch to bring to us so much anguish, I can not see; but sooner or later his punishment will come.

Mr. Reid had been a brother indeed, and I have always appreciated his kindness; but I feel now, in my weakness, I did not express my appreciation as I should have done. Poor Sallie! how she will miss "Uncle Dick." I am dreading to hear the effect the shock will have upon her.

I feel it is mockery to write, unless I could say something to comfort you; but I can only pray that strength may in time come to you. Give my love to mother and Reid—tell Reid to be such a noble, Christian man as his father was.

May God bless and give you strength, is the earnest prayer of

Your loving sister,

MARY E. JAMESON.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Those messengers of ill-tidings, whose feet have wings, have brought me their latest. From them I hear that one whom all loved has passed to that higher, purer, and sweeter atmosphere, whose perfume is caught from the breath of God. I feel I can not say one word to soothe or comfort you, or in any way alleviate the pangs of weary heartaches; but to me it is a sad pleasure to offer my heartfelt sympathy, for 'tis deep and

true. Only a few weeks since he was with us full of life, hope, and joy—and only a span from the newly made grave. In a single day many thorns spring up under the feet of weary, worn pilgrims of earth. Because of his gentleness, goodness, and purity, his life has been blameless. Then should it not be an incentive to all to strive for the crown and portion that are his?

In your grief my soul is with you. I sorrow with you and know the depth of anguish you feel. For 'tis the lot of each, sometime in life, to drink the draught of bitterness now held to your lips. In hours like these the heart rejects words of consolation; but, speaking as one of tried and sore experience, and feeling the efficacy of prayer, I urge you to turn your thoughts often and courageously toward heaven, and believe with unwavering faith, that though to your short sight the reason may not be apparent, our Father has intentions divine. I earnestly believe this grief will develop in you that righteousness of the will and poesy of soul which create in the heart the true kingdom of God. May God in his mercy deal tenderly with you. I ask you to remember me as holding you in tenderest thought and affection. Your faithful friend,

(Mrs. Judge Sneed.) AGGIE S. SNEED.

FRANKFORT, KY., May 20, 1884.

MAY 20, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

. . . . . .

A world of friends are yours, and why could not our dear uncle have lived to know how all esteemed, loved, and admired him for his noble and Christian heart? The best and the most useful seem the first taken, and we can but bow to God's will. May He comfort you and bless you, is my prayer to-night.

With best love to Reid, Mrs. Jameson, and yourself, from us both, I am, affectionately,

MAMIE ROACH.

FRANKFORT, KY., May 20, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—Although I well know the emptiness of words in a sorrow such as is yours, I can not refrain from saying that my heart turns to you many times every day; that I love you, and wish that it were in the power of sympathy to ease one pang even of the many you must bear. You have, though, a priceless treasure in your memories of a good and noble man. You are happier for having known so noble a man—to have been for years his nearest friend, his closest companion. This is much.

Many women go out of life without such rounding and completing of earthly experience. May time be very good to you—you, the mother of a kind son, a promising young man, have still hope and a future here on earth. May its blessings prove great, and the pain of to-day find in them some recompense.

Your friend,

K. S. COWAN.

EMPORIA, KANSAS, May 21, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID:—Will you pardon the intrusion of a stranger in such an hour of sacred grief? O! my heart has gone out to you in such intense sympathy that I felt I must express it to you with the faint hope that I might bring one spark of comfort to your bruised heart.

I hope you are a child of the dear, sympathizing Saviour, whose blessed words of consolation can bring peace to even your crushed and wounded heart. Remember how much He suffered for us, and that He has said, "If ye suffer with me, ye shall also reign with me." His whole life on this sad earth was one of sorrow, privation, and contempt. "He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth. He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before its shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." O, did you ever think how homesick He must have been? Some of us, who live far from our childhood's home and dearest friends, how we long with such intensity for them all, and how sad we feel if two or three years go by without a visit to the dear old father, who is ever loving and praying for us. Dear Mrs. Reid, think how that tender, loving heart must have bled during all those long, weary thirty-three years of exile. And only think, such a home! Heaven itself! "Eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things the Father hath prepared for them that love Him." If such a promise is in reserve for us, what must have been the joys of the Son of God Himself in heaven? He gave up all for us, and, oh! what sad pathos in that statement of his own: "Foxes have holes, birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." And then in His hour of deepest agony He was deserted by His only earthly friends. He prayed for His murderers: "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." If it was necessary for this Divine and Sinless One to suffer such terrible agony for us, must it not be in accordance with the Divine Plan that we poor, sinful, wicked beings should suffer with Him? "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

Let me implore you to carry all your sorrow to this blessed, tender Lord, for He has promised to "bind up the broken heart." I know He will do it, for He did it for me.

Yours, in tender sympathy,

FANNY M. FEIGHAN.

MAYFIELD, KY., May 21, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR, LONELY SISTER:—Full well I know by my own sad experience that human sympathy can not heal the wounded, aching heart; still it helps to soothe and comfort us in the dreariness of our desolation. While you and I were not intimate personal friends, still our husbands were, and the bond of sympathy between us now impels me to write. Two years of our happy married life were spent in Mt. Sterling, among the warmest-hearted people I have ever known. There the friendship was formed between our loved dead. They were congenial, admiring friends. Though for years separated, Mr. Myles always remembered with pleasure his intimate association with Bro. Reid, and watched his well-merited prominence with deep gratification. Among the last things I remember to have read him, was the notice of your husband's election to the Superior Bench, and I well remember the interest he manifested. He never ceased to think of the good friends of long ago. After the shocking affair of a month ago, I felt like adding my word of sympathy and high praise to the honorable, Christian man who "endured all things" for right and morality. I read every item bearing upon his course. So dear was his public vindication held, that I preserved it as a memento of glorious manhood. When the last terrible news flashed over the wires, I could not and did not believe it. Like his host of friends, I was stunned and shocked beyond the power of words to express. My first thought was that a noble life had been wantonly sacrificed; and then crowded upon me the thought of you; and since then your saddened, blighted life has been before me constantly. I can not comfort you, I will not try. I can only say that my heart aches with yours. I know the utter loneliness of the widow's life and the dreary heartaches with no responsive throb.

As well as I, you are familiar with the words of Heavenly Comfort, and to them we can go, never doubting. It is natural, it is human, to sorrow for our loved ones. Jesus wept at the loss of a true, tried friend, and that same loving heart sympathizes with us in our darkness, and bids us look up to the realms of everlasting light and glory.

In deepest sympathy and love would I be remembered to the sorrowing mother. She has borne the heat and burden of the day, affliction upon affliction, and now comes this crushing, overwhelm-

ing agony in her old age. Truly the Lord loveth whom He chasteneth. With my heart's truest, deepest sympathy,

I remain your sister in Christ,

ELLA B. MYLES.

NEWPORT, KY., May 22, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID:

DEAR FRIEND:—When the tender thoughts of the whole State are awakened in this time of your great sorrow, I hope to be allowed to express the sincere and heartfelt sympathy of Mr. Jones and myself for yourself and your son.

Judge Reid, your honored husband, was a friend whom we both admired, and I have been especially favored by his sending me a copy of his "Centennial History of Montgomery County." My acquaintance with you, my dear Mrs. Reid, gives me also the privilege of offering my affectionate condolence. I know that human sympathy is weak under so great an affliction as the one which now overwhelms you, but you have the consolation that your husband's noble nature and pure, Christian heroism have triumphed. With the tenderest and truest regards, believe me, dear Mrs. Reid,

Yours, affectionately,

MARY K. JONES.

VERSAILLES, KY., May 22, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—God only knows my profound, heartfelt sympathy for you, dear sister, and language can not express my regret at your sad and irreparable loss. It is one hard to be endured, and only the sweets and comforts of our blessed religion can aid us in such an ordeal. The noble, sainted Christian martyr is at rest in the bosom of the great Saviour he adored, basking in the beams of His approving smiles; and oh! that we all might emulate his Christlike example, and be fitted to share with him a place in those heavenly mansions prepared for the faithful, that we may again meet him—for here we can not.

I know, dear friend, that you are burdened with scores of letters of condolence and sympathy, and I have refrained for a time, that mine might seem not an intrusion. But I feel that I, too, must give some expression to the consuming sympathy I feel for both your dear self and your noble boy.

The loved and lost has always shared with yourself a sunny spot in the silent chambers of my heart, and the unparalleled wrongs heaped upon you and your noble dead are, I assure you, felt keenly

by us all. May God in His infinite mercy give you strength to bear up under this great and sad affliction, and raise you up for usefulness, maintaining throughout the Christian graces, is the earnest prayer of your Truly devoted friend,

M. F. WASSON.

FULTON, Mo., May 23, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have not written separately from Mr. Atkinson because I could not. My heart has been so wrung with grief for the loss of our dear brother, and is so full of sympathy for you and all your household, in this dark hour, I could find no words for utterance. I can not now begin to express what I feel, but I can pray for you, and do day and night, that you may be strengthened and comforted, and live for the sake of your dear, honored boy—to whom this loss is irreparable, and for the sake of us all who need you so much. God grant that the few of us left may be yet a united family in this world. We know of our own dear ones that have left us, that all their pain and anguish was only a mortal heritage, as perishable as their bodies. We know, too, that their ransomed souls are happy eternally with God and Christ. We know that God has given to them "all the sweetness," and to us the dreary days and aching hearts. He has need of this great soul. There is some need for it, and that of our own little Crawford, too, in the sinless world. I believe the life and heart of the man was as pure and free from guile as that of the boy, and I have them constantly associated in my mind. If I could have just one glimpse of that "Home of the Soul," and see them in reality, as I do all the time in imagination, walking hand in hand by the "River of Life," with the eager, beaming face of the child turned so trustingly to that of the man, who gives him such a beautiful smile of love and protection: I feel that if such a vision were granted me, I would be almost happy, and ready to bear any trial this world has in store for me. Who can say their earthly mission is ended? We that are near and dear to them are already being drawn closer and closer to Christ in His sufferings, and our hearts are becoming cleansed of earthly dross. And the example of such a life as Mr. Reid's—who can compute its lasting good to others, especially to dear Reid, who has a model constantly before him, worthy of all imitation? I know he will prove a worthy son of so noble a father. Poor boy! how my heart goes out to him in this affliction. I know how he loved his father, and I know how his papa loved him. The loss to him does, indeed, seem irreparable. He must show forth this devotion of his heart by tender, watchful care of his suffering mother, and in a life devoted to the cause of his Master. As you wrote to me, the light must break through

somewhere! I have thought much of the martyr Stephen, lately. His sad death seemed always cruel and unaccountable, until recent study showed its wisdom.

I read that by their persecution the Christian men were scattered, and the gospel was preached everywhere. Bro. Dick was no less a martyr than Stephen, and who knows what grand triumph for the cause of Christ may result from such a martyrdom!

Surely future generations will revere his memory and call him "blessed." While with much pain we think of his sufferings, we know they are all ended now, and this thought should comfort every heart bereaved. I feel grieved to hear of mother's weak condition—hope she will rally and get strong before she starts on her trip. Brother wrote she was coming with him, but she ought not to start until she is able. He wrote us you were up, and this gave us great comfort; for we felt almost afraid to hear from day to day. God grant that you may keep up and be strong in the Lord! Our daily prayers go up for you all. Harry prays aloud with us, and never forgets "Aunt Bettie in her trouble," and mentions every member of the family; before this it was "Uncle Dick" and his family in their trouble.

I will write again in a few days. Am still anxious to hear from you all every day. Love to the household.

With much love for yourself, and earnest prayer for your comfort and welfare, Your sister in affliction,

LINDA ATKINSON.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 25, 1884.

MRS. RICHARD REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—Out of a heart too full of sympathy for anything but tears, I write you; and I know too well there is nothing I could say to bring comfort to your poor bruised and bleeding heart in this great affliction—but you know what terrible sorrows I have had to bear, and I can only say I sympathize with you from the depths of my heart. And may God help you to bear the weight of the hand He has laid so heavily upon you, and soothe your grief and sorrow! It is written of Him, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." How tenderly he must love you! God bless you! Your friend, MRS. FLORENCE MCMICHAEL.

ELIZABETHTOWN, KY., May 25, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I have been thinking of you constantly, with the deepest sympathy, ever since your great sorrow. I know that one's most intimate friends can give but faint consolation when

death comes; so I can only assure you of my sincere grief for you, and beg that you will accept my best love.

Your friend,

KATE HELM.

BURNAMWOOD, May 26, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—I enclose a letter from my only brother, Jas. S. Rollins, of Columbia, Mo. I was at his house when the brutal assault was made upon your husband; and when the defense of Judge Reid was read to him, he said this address should be printed in letters of gold and scattered broadcast all over the United States. He expressed himself so beautifully, and at such length, that I requested him to have his opinion written out, and I would have it published in the Kentucky papers; but alas! it came too late. My husband read his letter to John D. Harris, and I am extremely anxious that the suggestions made by him be carried out by Judge Reid's warm personal friends.

Will you pardon this intrusion, and accept for yourself and son the tender sympathy of myself, husband, and sons.

Remember me to your mother, if she is with you.

Sincerely, your friend,

SARAH H. BURNHAM.

AT HOME, Scott Co., May 26, 1884.

RICHARD REID ROGERS:

MY DEAR BROTHER:—You have our deepest sympathy in your sad affliction. It was our wish to have been with you before this.

. . . . . .

I am so glad you were able to come home. Certainly you are able to give your mother more comfort than any one else in the world, and I understand through the papers you have acted nobly. God bless you for it! Poor mamma should have more care, attention, and love from us all than ever before. I know her suffering can not be alleviated. We can only lighten the burden by doing all we can to make her comfortable.

. . . . . .

I am your devoted sister,

ANNIE ROGERS STONE.

STAUNTON, VA., May 27, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—It is with no expectation of saying one word to you that can in any way comfort you in this hour of your deep sorrow, that I have taken my pen this morning. It is simply that my heart prompts me to tell you in words, what I am sure you

must know already, how deeply and truly I sympathize with you in the terrible ordeal through which you are passing. My thoughts have been constantly with you during these days of deep gloom, and I would have written before, but I really felt that it was almost sacrilegious to intrude upon your grief at a time when it must have been almost overwhelming.

You have certainly been called to pass through deep waters, and were it not that I know you to be a true Christian, and feel sure that you know where to look for strength to bear all that has been laid upon you, I should fear that you would sink under all this trouble. This is a dark providence, and beyond our understanding, and just at present I know how hard it is for you to bow in submission; but the Hand that has inflicted the wound also carries the healing balm, and we know how ready and willing He is to pour it into our bleeding hearts, if we only go to Him, believing in His love and tenderness. I fear, from what I have heard, that you are suffering physically as well as mentally. I would be so glad if May would just send me a few lines, telling me how you are, and if Richard is with you, for I feel anxious to hear all that I can about you.

Again assuring you of my sympathy, and with sincere affection, I remain Your true friend,

MARY N. ECHOLS.

COVINGTON, KY., May 29, 1884.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . . . .

It seems so strange that I could not have been with you in the last week. Though I know you have been surrounded by many warm friends, yet I feel that I should have liked to do something for you. Your friends R— and P— feel as I do. I never saw the latter so melancholy. She was with us this evening, and read us Mrs. R—'s letter. She sympathizes with you as much as a sister. She talked of your lovely home, the hospitality she had received from you, and the cordial greetings Mr. Reid always gave. We are glad your mother was with you.

Mrs. Lee said to me that her sister, Mrs. Foley, regretted that she did not go to Mt. Sterling to witness the last sad rites paid to the remains of the schoolmate and friend of her childhood.

. . . . . .

Your friend, in deepest sympathy,

LAURA MCDONALD.

VERSAILLES, KY., May 29, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—Will you pardon me for taking my pen to write to you in this your hour of sorrow? I can not help it!

You have been the burden of my thoughts from the moment I first heard of your affliction, and I can no longer refrain from the step. I dare not think I can say aught to soothe your pain; I am powerless in that direction; but I can tell you how my heart bleeds for you—and can tell you how glorious in the sight of heaven must have been the course your husband pursued! His example to the world was truly Christlike! and the church of which he was an elder should be proud to have owned him! It was an illustration of moral grandeur such as I have never before witnessed. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay," saith the Lord. When the church at large has learned this truth so fully, that each professing Christian can and will follow the example of our Master as your husband did, and show the world there is something in Christianity too lofty for their appreciation, then and only then, will Christ be truly honored in the house of His friends.

He was not responsible for the last sad act, and though your heart is crushed, and though you go about your daily duties bearing with you an inexpressible woe, yet you have at least this one comfort—your husband gave to the young men of this State an illustration of courage of the very highest type.

They can learn from his course that the bravery that shoots down a fellow-man, save in defense of life, springs from the lowest sentiments inflamed by passion; but the lofty courage that braves an erroneous public opinion, and that adheres to Christian principle in spite of an opposing world, results from a life devoted only to the noblest purposes, and moved to action only by the highest and most godlike sentiments.

While you mourn, you have great reason to be proud. He left a legacy to his State more valuable than gold. I am not alone in these opinions. I hear them expressed on all sides.

God bless you, my friend; God bless your boy, and make him as noble in character as his father.

Yours, most truly,

MARY E. KELLY.

LEXINGTON, Mo., May 31, 1884.

MY DEAR COUSIN ELIZABETH:—If my tongue has been silent, my heart has not; and I assure you, though I say it, you have not a more sympathetic friend, or one who feels the outrage, diabolical, inhuman, perpetrated upon your now sainted husband, more than myself. I admired his course greatly, looking upon his God-sustained moral courage (so rare in the land) with delight and encouragement that the line between Christian and worldling was at last drawn. So seldom are vows before God and man respected, when man's honor in the sight of man is at stake. I was stunned when I

was told the terrible news. I had expected in the strength given by God he would hold out to the end. He is now, no doubt, basking in the approving smiles of his dear Saviour. Dear Cousin Richard! so few such men in the world! Mr. Reid received Richard's letter (a splendid one) yesterday. One from Mr. McGarvey to-day, such an admirer of your husband, loving him for all his noble traits. With such a son and friend, to say nothing of other friends, who are legion, you have yet something in life to make you strong to meet its trials and perplexities. Then the sweet memories of your almost perfect married life will sustain you, until the time comes for you to go home, to join the innumerable band gone before. The cruel insinuations in regard to you excited my indignation to the highest degree, and in justification of you I felt greatly inclined to ask your permission to publish your letters to my husband, in which you express such entire sympathy with the course of your husband. You are a noble wife, most worthy of such a husband. Words, I know, in your present crushed condition, are unavailing, yet they must be spoken, lest one is regarded as unfeeling, and because the heart cries out for expression in such a case. You know where to turn for comfort and direction. God's word has been your guide, and to it I know you turn for support and strength. I hope some day soon we will meet and know each other better. Until then, may I hear of you and from you by letter. With a heart full of love and sympathy for you and dear Reid, I am, dear cousin,

Your sincere friend,

KATE G. REID.

SHREVEPORT, LA., June, 1884.

MRS. R. REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SISTER:—I have tried to get myself up to the point to write you a few lines of sympathy, but am fully aware of the fact that there is nothing that I could say to you could give you any comfort, except that while it has been your sad misfortune to lose your dear, good husband, and the circumstances of his death were heart-rending, not only to you, but to all of us and to the country at large, I feel assured that reason was dethroned for the time, or he could never have done the act. It is true he had a great deal to contend with. It was a great contest between right and wrong, and when I read his speech, I thanked God for it. I felt that all good people would commend his course, but the spirit of the times seems to cry blood on every occasion; but I was glad to have him say he would stand by the law and the Bible. I would rather be in his place than that of his murderer. Dear sister, your trouble is great, but do try to bear it with that fortitude that becomes a Christian woman. You must feel that yet you have something to live for—your dear boy,

and an aged mother, and the girls you have been so good and kind to—and not only you, but that dear husband that has gone. You both will reap your reward. My dear sister, may God bless you and yours, and give you strength to bear your trouble like a good wife, mother and Christian. Truly yours,

HETTIE ROGERS.

SOMERSET, PENN., June 1, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER REID:—I am an entire stranger to you, even by name, but am allied to you by ties that are not of earth nor of time —the ties that bind us as one in Jesus Christ.

Neither your name nor your person are entirely strange to me. I saw and heard you at our General Convention at Cincinnati, and have learned to know you well through our "Missionary Tidings," and have conceived a very sincere partiality to you, because of your being first and foremost in every good word and work. And now, in this hour of terrible sorrow and bereavement, my heart goes out to you in most sincere sympathy; and I feel constrained to tell you—if, perchance, it may make the load easier to bear—that there are many who would share it with you.

O, how I grieve for you! I sorrow and weep with you—I pray God to give you strength and courage to bear up under it all, and a faith like that Job possessed when he exclaimed, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." May our heavenly Father take you in a very close embrace—a very tender and everlasting embrace —lift you up above all earth's trials and sorrows, and bring you safe into his heavenly kingdom, to suffer and sorrow no more, is the prayer of your sister in Christ,

MISS BELLE KIMMELL.

Mr. Loos is my father in the faith, and a very particular friend.

B. K.

LEXINGTON, KY., June 4, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR MRS. REID:— . . . . We are at such a loss without your counsel and advice, and miss your presence sadly. Though a great paralysis has fallen upon our hearts and efforts, we hardly realize, till we come together, and feel the vacuum of which we can not speak without tears, the loss and sorrow which has come to us, because our ally and friend has been taken away. We know how unbearable your burden and how unconquerable your grief would be, if there were no earthly avenues to heavenly hopes which were persistently claiming your attention, and living interests, to rouse you from the lethargy of despair and energize the small remnant of vitality you have to build upon. Would that we could soothe your

spirit, and comfort your troubled heart, or could even hold up your hands, while your trembling fingers readjusted the warp and reunited the broken threads of life; for the Master has the shuttle filled and waiting for the returning strength of His handmaiden. . . . But we would not urge you, but only seek to encourage and strengthen. Forgive if there is aught which we have left undone; and be assured of the loving sympathy of

Your friend and sister,

SUSIE SUBLETT,
Secretary Ky. C. W. B. M.

BLYTHEWOOD, KY., June 15, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

DEAR COUSIN BETTIE:—I have thought each day that I would write to you, not that I could say anything that would alleviate your great sorrow, for I know too well how vain words are at such a time; but to express our great love for you and yours. Scarcely a day has passed, that your names were not lovingly mentioned in our home, with the wish that the blessed Saviour would strengthen you to bear your great sorrow. I trust He will purify and elevate still higher your hearts and lives by this great affliction, for I do realize and believe that it is God's own way of bringing his children nearer to Himself. Among the precious mementoes of my dear boy, is a treasured letter from Cousin Dick written just one year ago, when life was bright and full of happiness to him, yet his faith and trust in God enabled him to look beyond this life to that better world which he was soon to enter. Reading over the letter this morning, I was forcibly struck with the following thoughts so significant of his sufferings and death: "The most precious of all the sayings of the book is, that Christ was perfected through suffering. All of those whom God loves must suffer; unless we suffer we are not worthy to be called His children. Through suffering we grow like Jesus and are made like Him in character." How intense must have been the suffering that broke dear Cousin Dick's noble, loving heart at last. The world did not understand and appreciate the motives that actuated him. He was far in advance of the times in which he lived in spiritual development, and like his Master, she could say, "Forgive them, they know not what they do," and die. But no, he is not dead; he has gone to his reward, he wears his crown of life, and is one of the white-robed throng in the presence of God and the Lamb forever. The memory of his noble, loving nature will remain in our hearts, and his grand example of Christian forbearance stands out as a beacon-light to the world: "Be thou like Christ." So few have attained it. His life and character is one of the grandest, noblest on record. He came into our lives at a time of

greatest sorrow, and spoke sweetest words of comfort and sympathy, and we loved him as a brother. You, Cousin Bettie, and the dear boy, we love and shall watch with tender solicitude. I am sure Reid will realize all your fondest hopes—will be your stay and support as well as your pride in this life. A few short days, and we will all meet again, the loved and lost, to part no more forever, in that brighter world, where there is no suffering, no sorrow, no death.

MRS. JNO. D. HARRIS, Richmond, Ky.

RUNNYMEDE, Bourbon Co., Ky., June 17, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have waited till I feel I can wait no longer to hear from you. I wrote to Henry several weeks since, and got a long letter in return, but he seems to know so little about you—said he understood you had not recovered from your prostration. I fear seriously for your health.

Knowing the great number of friends you have, I concluded there might be too much intrusion upon your sorrow—too many visits and too many letters; and so I have been silent.

When I think of the great change that a few months have wrought in your life, I feel His ways are past finding out, and wonder what is in store for others I love, and for me, and pray that we may not faint under the cross. Heavy as yours is, may He give you the grace and strength to bear it. The only letter I have had from you bore many evidences of your Christian strength, and I doubt not He still sustains you; but I crave a few lines from you. I pray your boy may be a great comfort, and I suppose you will not let him leave you again. Certainly one thing you have had in large measure—the sympathy of the people. Such universal and overflowing sympathy I never knew before.

Dear Mrs. Reid, wont you write and tell me how you are, and what you are going to do; or if you can not do this, ask Miss Horton to write me.

Col. Clay sends love, and says if there is anything he can do for you, do not hesitate to call on him.

Always your devoted friend,

MARY W. CLAY.

NO. 9 NAGA-NO-MACHI.

KUBOTA, AKITA KEN, Japan, July 29, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER REID:—I have just been profoundly moved by reading an account in the STANDARD of your noble husband's terrible wrongs and martyr-like death; and I want to send a few words, feeble though they be, across the wide water, to your poor, bleeding,

broken heart. Though personally unknown to you, I feel almost as though I knew you. My sister married Dillard Hazelrigg Clark, who knew your husband and you. I have frequently heard him talk of you. What can I say to you to comfort you? Words seem so cold. Doubtless many who are old and wise, and who are fitted to sympathize with you through having been similarly afflicted, are binding up your wounds, and I am but twenty-three, and have never been bereaved of any one near and dear. But oh, my dear sister, I have been married nearly three years, and so tender, true and noble is my dear husband, so much a part of me, that my heart bleeds to think how your heart has been torn and bruised. When I think for one moment, of losing this dear partner, even under the most favorable circumstances, my heart goes up in supplication that he may be spared to me.

You must feel, if you are not too stunned by your grief to feel anything else, that you are honored by such sorrow; for "whom He loveth He chasteneth." And how sweet to think it could be said of your husband, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you," &c. . . . . .
Rejoice and be glad.

He was mortal, and succumbed to pain and disorder; but how beautiful to think that now God has wiped away all tears from his eyes!

O, be strong! If you but endure patiently unto the end, rich will be your reward. We are constantly and happily occupied in our work. It will soon be one year since we were ordained at Island Park, and I remember you were on the programme for the woman's part. If I remember aright, you were unable to fulfill your engagement.

. . . . . .

Now may the God of consolation be with you, and help you to bear this fearful blow. I realize that this letter is very poor indeed, but I feel deeply for you.

Your sister in Christ,

LAURA D. GARST.

FRANKFORT, KY., September 11, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID:—Don't think that because we have not written, we have forgotten you or your trouble; for every day we think of you, and our sympathies have been with you at all times—but our hearts have been too full to write; words were too cold to express what we felt, and still feel for you. You know that we have been with you in heart all the time. If we could do anything to lessen your sorrow, how gladly would we do it. But we are

powerless except to tell you how we miss him and mourn him every day.

We have taken your old rooms, and Judge Ward has taken ours. . . . . .

We would all like so much for you to come to see us. Can't you make us a visit? You know our rooms are very quiet, and we want to see you so much. I think a talk with you would do my sister more good than anything else.

. . . . . .

Write soon, and let us know how you are, and that you will come. Your friend,

JOE. MOSS.

FULTON, Mo., May 15, 1884.

MY DEAR SISTER:—We can not attempt to comfort you in your sudden affliction, for we know how utterly futile words are, when the heart is wrung with grief like yours and ours.

We can only mingle our sorrow with yours and pray God to give us strength to bear it.

When our own hearts are almost broken with grief for the sad and untimely end of our dear brother, what must be your anguish! He was dear, yes, very dear, to us, and his death is an irreparable loss to us all. But we beg and beseech you not to be entirely overcome of grief. Bear up for the sake of the dear and noble boy God has left you. This is a strong tie to bind you and us to work yet a little while, and make it possible to live through the thick darkness that surrounds us now.

Then how sweet the rest of the tomb; and when this mortal shall have put on immortality, how joyous will be the meeting with all our loved ones in that world that knows no heartaches, no partings.

We are praying for you continually, and we know that God has promised to be very near to those that call upon Him, and that His promises are sure and steadfast.

After receiving the telegram, the meeting between your loved husband and our dear boy in the spirit-land came to me most vividly. Crawford ran to him with outstretched hands and beaming face shouting, "Uncle Dick! Uncle Dick!"

Was this an idle fancy of my brain! or do the spirits of our loved ones hover so near us that we catch glimpses of them in this world? It was most real to me; it shall never fade from my memory. Perhaps I should not have written of this to you at this time, but there was something in it so inexpressibly comforting to me, I hoped it might be so to you.

Linda and I would have come to you at once, but she has so far not recovered from the shock of our own loss to make it safe for her to undergo the fatigue of the trip and the excitement. So I dissuaded her, and I feared to leave her alone. Now do not infer from this that Linda is in danger, nor allow mother to think so. She is improving and bearing up under this double sorrow with surprising calmness. John can tell you exactly of her condition.

I hope to be able to bring Linda to see you soon. I have much to say to you that I can not write now. With much love for yourself, mother, mother Reid and May, we remain,

Most devotedly, C. O. ATKINSON.

CINCINNATI, May 18, 1884.

MRS. R. REID:

DEAR MADAME: — Please to accept the expression of my deep and heartfelt sympathies in your present harrowing trials and bereavement which you have to undergo. Please excuse me, dear Madame, of all empty words of consolation. I am sure you will find strength in your own brave heart and character to bear all these terrible trials and ordeals with the fortitude which I know you possess in your inmost soul.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Reid, to be yours, with greatest respect,

J. AUBERY.

MT. STERLING, KY., May 19, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID: — Had it not been for my physical condition, I could have been with you in your great trouble.

The utmost I can do, is to beg you will permit me to mingle my tears with yours and share with you in the great sorrow that overwhelms you. From childhood I have known your dear husband. I have watched with pride and pleasure his rapid growth in Christian life, his noble manhood in his intercourse with the world, his pure and spotless life in all the relations he sustained to it; and when I saw the wonderful development I felt it a pride to call him my friend. Our intimate business relations only drew us closer together, and the more I saw of him the more I saw in him to love and admire. I beg you, my dear sister, to go to Him who alone is able to help you to bear your heavy burden (the blessed Saviour). He alone can give you the help you need. To Him, therefore, I again beg you to go, and lay your burdens at His feet, and He will assuredly take them up. May the Lord help you in this your hour of need, and sustain you with His grace and favor, is the prayer of

Your friend,

J. A. HANNAH,

(President of Farmers' National Bank, Mt. Sterling, Ky.)

GALT HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, KY., May 25, 1884.

MY DEAR MRS. REID: — What can I say to you, except that I sympathize with you with my whole heart. I know how unavailing this expression of sympathy is toward an alleviation of your sufferings. God alone, and the grace that He can give you, can enable you to bear all that you have been called on to endure. I pray earnestly that He may be with you, to sustain and comfort, and that, as time passes, with healing influence, you may be enabled to look back through your late weeks of agony and gloom, and still trust in your great and good Father and God, who never needlessly afflicts his children.

You must humbly turn down this last leaf of your life's history, and, looking forward with hope and trust, address yourself to the discharge of the duties yet to be met by you, during the years that are still allotted to you on this earth, preparing, too, for the great hereafter, when all things, now dark to us, shall be known and understood. You have your dear boy still left to you. Suppose that he, too, had been taken from you; how much worse would have been your lot! Thank God that he is spared to you. Devote yourself to him, and strive that the recent sad occurrence may not affect his sunny disposition. I have wanted to write you every day for the last ten days, but I have been constantly traveling, and really had not the heart to approach you in the sacredness of your woe.

Remember that you and your son have numberless friends throughout the land, and that, better than all, God is the friend of the widow and fatherless, and that upon Him you can and must lean for support.

With love to the boy, when you see him, or write to him,

I am, most sincerely, your friend,

JOHN ECHOLS.

LEXINGTON, MO., May 26, 1884.

TO ELDER JNO. W. MCGARVEY:

MY DEAR SIR: — Having just read in a Paris paper the touching, beautiful tribute you paid to the memory of my departed kinsman, Judge Richard Reid, I can not refrain from writing you my thanks.

His conversation and general bearing had impressed me more with the happy influence the profession of religion imparts to man than had been derived previously from any living man.

Certainly he must have been an admirable character to deserve the eulogy you pronounced, and surely much more than an ordinary one to cause me to reflect and admit to myself when in his presence that I stood before one who was, from some cause, happier, seemingly holier, than I.

His course since the dreadful occasion that impelled him to the grave had been closely observed, because it greatly concerned me to see how he would be delivered from the trying ordeal. He was not, I presume, sufficiently sustained.

I saw your telegram and others from good, conspicuous citizens, but there was not enough. Churches, or rather church congregations, did not hold up his hands with that promptitude the emergency demanded. I am not a member—would to God I were, so that the hope that once made him so buoyant, and gives you courage to proclaim as you do, would enable me to speak with more authority.

To my mind, he was as pure a man as mortal can become, and in conception of Christian duty far in advance of the generation of Kentuckians with whom he had being; — I mean he was of a standard too high, according to the teachings of Christ, as set forth by Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to be appreciated by the multitude. As Peter denied his Saviour when violent hands were laid upon him, doubtless good men under ordinary circumstances denied my lamented kinsman, when their friendly acquaintance was needed. I did not start to write you a letter; only to thank you, was my purpose. Injustice has been pursuing the desolate woman he loved so much. Please give her the benefit of your great influence. I take the liberty of sending you a card of mine, which by typographical errors and punctuation is almost bereft of sense, yet you will understand it.

Very respectfully,

JOHN REID.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 27, 1884.

DEAR MRS. REID: — If I will not be an intruder in your house of mourning, I would like to give expression to the sympathy I feel for you in your great bereavement. On occasions like this, however anxious friends may be to take away your distress, they are powerless to do more than offer words of condolence. How sweet it would be if we could lift the burden of grief from your heart and bear it ourselves! But God has not so ordained, and we have to resort to words of sympathy and prayers for your speedy relief. In this hour of trial, when the body seems no longer able to bear up under the pangs of distress, and life itself is almost a burden, please consider how deeply your many friends and relatives feel for you, and how gladly they would suffer in your stead, if it were possible; consider their deep interest in and devotion to you, and be comforted. Think how many things you have yet to live for, and do not give up entirely to your grief. I know you must have loving ones around you to minister to your wants who will leave nothing undone that will comfort or please you; and I think it is one of the sweetest

things in life to feel that you have hosts of friends who are always ready to respond in times of trouble and distress.

And now, trusting you may soon be restored to health, that you may live long and be happy, and make of your son what he deserves to be and will attain to, an ornament of the age,

I am, with deepest sympathy and love, your friend,

S. M. MAGOFFIN.

FULTON, Mo., July 1, 1884.

MRS. JUDGE REID, Mt. Sterling, Ky.:

MY DEAR SISTER: — I find I can think but little of other things, somehow, beside your trouble, and my own sorrow over the loss of my dear brother. I don't believe I ever loved another man, or ever could, as I did Mr. Reid. I miss him every day. An indefinable sadness has come over me, and life is not as bright or pleasant as it used to be. Oh, how I do wish it were all otherwise! But it is not so to be. I can only hope that time will yet bring much of happiness and usefulness to you; at least, that it will confirm your faith in the glorious meeting hereafter. We have that glorious hope left, after all the sorrows of earth.

Love to Reid and May. Affectionately, your brother,

JOHN H. JAMESON.

The following testimony from a colored Christian preacher shows how unlimited were Judge Reid's sympathies in behalf of human kind, wherever he could be helpful to them:

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 20, 1885.

MRS. JUDGE RICHARD REID:—In the untimely death of your honored husband, my race of people, and especially those in Mt. Sterling, lost one of their best friends. His philanthropic heart was open always to the wants of mankind at large; the calls upon him were never too great; he never shut up his compassion, or made a refusal. His counsel or advice was always free to his brethren; and in my work at Mt. Sterling, both in preaching and financiering, he was there to give success.

On the day of the dedication of the Fifth Street Christian Church, Bro. Reid was the only white person present, and after services he said to me, "I have enjoyed this meeting so much, I want you to send one of the colored brethren over to the Main Street church to-night to preach for the white people." After the erection of the church, we were $1,000 in debt; and the contractors demanding their money, I went to Judge Reid and laid the matter

before him. He at once wrote a note, signed it, and nine other white brethren affixed their signatures to it, and the Farmers' National Bank loaned the money on it.

Two years ago, when I was a delegate to the Christian Missionary Convention at Cynthiana, to ask the white brethren to aid us in establishing a Bible College for the purpose of educating our young men for the ministry, he was the first to give me his note for $50. Since his death we have purchased the New Castle College property, and on presenting the note to you, it was promptly paid.

On one occasion, about ten years ago, I went to his church to hear a sermon, and took my seat in the rear of the church, near the door. When the house got crowded, one of the ushers ordered me to the gallery. Just at that minute Judge Reid came in and invited me to his pew to sit with him.

All the servants who have lived in his family testify, when the hours came for worship, they were always invited in to join the family around the altar. As a citizen, as a lawyer, as a Judge, our race always found in him a true friend. There never was, before or since, such lamentation among our people in Mt. Sterling, as over the death of Judge Reid; and on the day of his funeral work was suspended and our people came from near and far to witness the last of their dear friend.

Personally he was my greatest friend, among men, on earth; and I have never found one to fill his place since he went into immortality; but I have the hope of meeting him again, and endless will be our union.

Very truly, Yours,

PRESTON TAYLOR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DID JUDGE REID TAKE HIS OWN LIFE?

The verdict rendered by the Coroner's Jury, that "Judge Reid came to his death by a pistol shot from his own hand," received general credence. The facts, as given, were not questioned, and the editorials from the press, the funeral sermons, the letters of condolence written, were all upon the assumption of the truth of this verdict. Public opinion was divided between two theories: either that Judge Reid's death was premeditated, and the result of mental depression from various assigned causes arising after the assault, and in consequence of it; or, being unpremeditated, sudden and unforeseen, was yet the result of the same causes, producing first insanity and then death. There is strong evidence to believe that the real truth has never been known. In this life it may never be revealed. Much that was stated was mere conjecture, and from the review of facts in this chapter, it will be seen upon what slender proof even conjecture was based.

H. R. Trickett in Daily Sentinel-Democrat, May 23, 1884.

In common with many of the friends of Judge Reid, I dissent from the often expressed opinion that his tragic death was premeditated. The facts seem to me entirely opposed to such a conclusion. There was nothing in his past history, the recent condition of things, nor in the avowed future purposes of Judge Reid, that ever hinted suicide. His mental agony, it is true, has not been overestimated; but he had passed beyond the idea of degradation to himself on account of the assault. With his friends, he regarded himself as a sacrifice to a barbarous and vicious public opinion. He looked upon all the consequences that came from it as a part of the consequences

resulting from his profession of Christianity. The condolence, sympathy, and approval he had received from so many great and good men had confirmed him in his resolution; and he was really beginning to wear his crown of thorns with an inward sense of glory and satisfaction. At the same time, he knew that all who saw the back of his head, knew the blows of the cane stunned and bewildered him so that resistance was impossible. He only had left him the instincts of a wounded animal. When he was able to think, we all thank God that his Christianity prevailed over his outraged manhood, and he did what he did. Not for worlds would his true friends have had him do otherwise. The charge of cowardice was, therefore, only made by the thoughtless, the brutal, or the malignant.

His depression and agitation of mind arose from two causes: First, no certainty about continuing the canvass; second, Mrs. Reid's health. It was her life he feared for; his own death never seems to have entered his mind. When the determination to continue the canvass was made, a great part of his anxiety was gone. Grief and sorrow, pain and disappointment, the anxieties of an excited and doubtful campaign, continued of course to affect; but they were not more than Judge Reid, if he had been himself, could have endured easily enough. I believe his wife's health and the fear of her death distressed him more than anything else. His political prospects were improving, and the last reports were favorable beyond the most sanguine expectation. On the morning of the fatal day he was more cheerful than usual; he was more like himself, and his friends were glad to see it and congratulated him on his appearance. His plans and purposes were all made, and he intended to act up to them. He left his house from communion with God; had his usual confidential talk with Mrs. Reid; came down town and mailed a letter to his son, Reid Rogers, which letter in itself is a refutation of the idea of premeditated suicide; had a brief conversation with Col. Stone, Mr. Hamilton, and others, and all were impressed, that had any contact with him, with the fact that his determination to act the Christian was bearing its fruits in peace of soul. When he went up to Judge Brock's room, it was to rest, to obtain relief from headache; something he never experienced, previous to the assault, in his life.

He went there because he knew Judge Brock had a bed-room above his office, and a bed was there, and it was the most convenient place he could find for rest and quiet. But he had no purpose of committing suicide. What occurred in that room, God only knows. Whether Judge Reid saw anybody, heard anybody, or anything, or any sudden horror appalled him, is a secret the last great day alone will reveal. But something did occur. I think the clue lies in the

terrible headache of which he complained to Judge Brock. Some sudden physical derangement of the brain, producing acute suffering and frenzy, must have occurred; and he did, under pain almost equal to the torments of the rack, what all his mental anguish had no power to cause him to do. His troubles he regarded as a cross from God, which it was his duty to bear, and he had fully made up his mind to bear them, as a God-gift, however painful they might be. Physical agony in its most intense form came upon him, and thought was impossible, the will paralyzed, and the fatal shot ended his most precious life.

If Judge Reid's friends had suspected what some now say they saw plainly, they would not have left him alone for a moment. But we are all wiser after an event has happened.

That the different views entertained of Judge Reid's death may be impartially stated, the following is given, though at variance with the belief of Judge Reid's immediate family and friends:

C. C. Moore to Mrs. Reid.

For the sake of the moral in it, I must beg you to allow me to allude to the tragedy of his death. To me it has all the significance that there was in the death of Socrates.

Both men had what was in one sense the misfortune of having lived in advance of their fellows, and they both died for the sins of the people—Socrates for Athens, and Richard Reid for Kentucky.

I see in the death of the latter no element of accident, no rashness, no purpose to wound others, no lashing of conscience, no remorse, no gradual or sudden dethronement of reason; but a conclusion at which he had arrived after a process of thought so in advance of our more ordinary capacities that we can scarcely appreciate it. Like Samson, he was mightier in his death than in his life.

But few men in the history of the State have been subjected to such a temptation. I have no doubt but that he prayed with a perfect Gethsemane of fervency that the cup might pass from him. But a false sentiment in the Kentucky code of ethics thrust it upon him as truly as they did the hemlock to his prototype centuries ago; and for the double purpose of giving all force to his example by robbing gainsayers of the charge that his course was the result of a lack of courage, and to make it impossible that he should fall from his high resolve, he died.

He had read and believed that One had said, "Vengeance is mine;" and if possible, far less would he have trespassed upon that prerogative than upon that of his neighbor, whom he loved.

Reid and Elliott—*par nobile fratrum*—have written in the history of Kentucky two chapters rubric with judicial blood, the reading of which leaves us poor indeed, if we are not profited thereby. It may seem hard and almost unkind to say, but I believe it is all right. He filled a position where he had ample scope to exercise his magnificent judgment as to the great necessities of the State. I have reasoned with him oft and over upon these and kindred subjects, and never found a flaw in his conclusions. I am willing to risk him in this one, and to believe that what I can but dimly appreciate, his brighter and stronger vision clearly saw to be his duty and for the good of his country. . . . . .

But it is, madam, your right to be inconsolable, and I would not offend you by trying to reason away your sacred sorrow. You have a right to cherish it. You have been called upon to make a sacrifice for which government and society can offer no equivalent; but all that is generous and noble in Kentucky claims the right to suffer with you.

The letter to his son referred to, as well as one to his niece in California, was written on May 14, but bore postmark the 15th.

The son was summoned home by telegram on the 15th; but being too ill to travel, did not leave Princeton until the 17th, and arrived at Mt. Sterling on the 18th. He had not been informed of the death of his father until he reached his home, nor was he then told of its tragic nature. All was over, and the last sad rites performed.

This letter was returned; and it was thought that if there had been any premonition of death, any intention upon the part of Judge Reid to take his own life, any farewell given, they would be found in this letter to his son. The friends hesitated to open it, or to submit it to be opened by mother or son in their enfeebled and suffering state. When at last the brother, John H. Jameson, consulted with Mrs. Reid, she said: "It is not possible there should be anything unusual in the letter; it will only convince you and others that Judge Reid did not know that death was coming, and that he did not take his own life."

The letter was opened and found to be a brief business communication, and is given in its entirety, as one sentence was afterwards wrested from its proper meaning.

MT. STERLING, KY., May 14, 1884.

DEAR SON:—I enclose you New York draft for sixty dollars, as you asked. I just happened in home on my canvass, and have not time to write a letter. Your mother and grandmother have been sick, but are better. I am doing what I can on my canvass. God bless you, my dear boy. If you need more money, write to your mother.

Your affectionate Dad,

RICHARD REID.

The niece, in her wild anguish, left Los Angeles the day after receiving the telegram of her uncle's death; alone and in delicate health, and under the fresh burden of her grief, she crossed the weary way of the continent and returned to her father's home in Missouri. In two weeks after, the letter to her that had gone to California, followed her home. It was thought that perhaps to this child, so dear to Judge Reid's heart, there might have been some word of farewell or some warning of the approaching end. It was the last letter.

MT. STERLING, KY., May 14, 1884.

DEAR SALLIE:—At the direction of your aunt I send you New York draft for two hundred and fifty dollars, payable to your order. It could not be sent sooner, as I was away, and your aunt not well. Your Uncle,

RICHARD REID.

In the letter to the son, the sentence that was made to bear an improper construction, "If you need more money write to your mother," gave the most conclusive proof that Judge Reid's thoughts were projected into the future of his

campaign, and that he anticipated being absent from home much of the time. Therefore he wrote to the son to call upon his mother; for Judge Reid habitually gave to his wife authority to sign his name to any money draft. Moreover, only the expectation of writing more at length at an early date, and the absorbing activities of the day upon which they were written, will accouut for the business brevity of these two letters, in such striking contrast with the usually affectionate communications to niece and son.

Furthermore, it was rumored that on the morning of the 14th Judge Reid had gone to the Farmers' National Bank, where he kept his valuable papers, and had examined them; altered or destroyed some; made a new will, and destroyed an old one. This rumor strengthened the belief that Judge Reid's death was anticipated or premeditated by himself; and reaching the immediate friends and relatives, gave rise to the gravest apprehensions. It was made known to Mrs. Reid in her deepest despair. She said it was impossible that it could be true; but it should be investigated at once. She sent for Col. H. L. Stone, and authorized him as an attorney to ascertain upon what foundations the rumor rested, saying that she could not live under these torturing reports; that she wished to have her faith confirmed, that so far as Judge Reid's purposes and actions were concerned, the light of the judgment itself could only reveal them shining clearer and clearer unto the perfect day; but that, if there was ground for a reasonable doubt, she wished to be kept in ignorance of it as long as possible.

In obedience to these instructions, Col. Stone, in the presence of witnesses, made an examination of Judge Reid's papers, and simply wrote to Mrs. Reid: "It is all right; the rumor is false." Everything was in perfect order. His will, bearing date December 31, 1883, was untouched, and was afterwards found to be in accordance with his oft-repeated statements concerning it to his wife and intimate friends. It had been rewritten or revised, at the date named, in keep-

ing with his unfailing custom of devoting the last days of the old year, to setting all his affairs in order for the new. Thus was the last doubt set at rest; but busy gsssip circulated the rumor for many a day and month, and it was added to and magnified by those who desired to believe it.

But with the tenacity of preconceived belief, it was urged that while Judge Reid would have spared his immediate family, and withheld knowledge of his approaching end from them, there must have been some communication for his former partner, Col. Stone, or his brother, J. Davis Reid. The brother came to the home desiring that a search be instituted. Mrs. Reid had but one reply: "He could not have written to any one; it is impossible that he would have attempted to deceive me; but I desire every investigation made." In pursuance of this, books, trunks, clothing, secretary, papers, the personal effects that had been in the keeping of the Coroner, were all examined; but no letter, no memorandum, no communication for any one was discovered.

It is farther seen from the morning prayer, as usual; from the breakfast table-talk given in its inconsequential minuteness, and because of this; from the farewell to his wife, that was quick and more after a business fashion than any leave-taking during the month; from his interviews with friends upon the street; from the plans formed and discussed that were to occupy all the days until the county, and subsequent general convention; from his last confidential talk with Col. Stone, that his thoughts were upon the immediate activities of his canvass, and the remoter duties and expenditures of the year.

Much was said of Judge Reid's melancholy, his grief, humiliation, despair; and these were alleged as the causes that led to his death. All was true that could be said of his depression, of his extreme sensitiveness, of his loneliness, of his solitude of spirit when away from home. He literally trod the wine-press alone. Letters, telegrams, edi-

torials were sent; they accomplished a good work, but they were impersonal, they did not give companionship. His wife wrote that she would join him at Winchester, Paris, Maysville, any point to which he would call her, but day by day marked a deeper decline in her health; and so it was that he must often have been alone after he left the streets of the towns he visited and in which he spoke; that in the solitude of his chamber he reached depths of woe known only to himself and God, that brought him in the late hours of the night soul to soul with the Divine Sufferer; and that he wrestled and struggled and prayed that the bitter cup might pass, until he sweat great drops of agony, while others slept who might have watched and waited with him. Henceforth he was to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Life would never again be only the glad song of a summer day. Honors, renown, high appreciation, might come in time, but they could not remove the burden of the cross. Whatever might be the effect of his conduct upon his generation and the future of his State, it was the way of darkness and storm for him. But this, all this, had not altered Judge Reid's decision, had not made him falter in his determination. He could not have done otherwise. He chose the way of thorns—he gave himself up as a sacrifice. He believed that God had some lesson to teach the world through him, some wise purpose to serve in this affliction, if he but maintained the right. It was never his intention to wrest this purpose from God's hands. If he was the honored instrument for the accomplishment of good, or the overthrow of evil, he would endure the suffering, believing that in His own good time God would make it clear and more than compensate. He knew that he was misunderstood; knew that he would lose the friendship of some; but he knew also there were many brave and true hearts bound to him as never before; and so he said, "My sufferings have not yet reached those of the Son of man, who, betrayed by one, was deserted by all." And looking upon

life from a new standpoint, he realized the worthlessness of much that he might once have valued in the friendship of men, and appreciated as never before that which had been tried, and was true and loyal. He accepted the loss for the greater gain.

But it was thought that "we may have counted too much upon his strength, and that to such a noble spirit death had no fear in the face of suspected dishonor."* It is true that Judge Reid did not fear death, although he never regarded it otherwise than as an event whose solemn significance was beyond estimation in the life that was ended by it. Of a sensitive organization physically, as well as spiritually, he shrank from sickness, and suffered unduly from ordinary bodily pain, or from sympathy with others who suffered. But that which ended the racking torture, that gave birth to immortality, and opened the way to a life that was free from pain or sickness or sorrow, of which death was but the beginning and not the end,—death itself was without sting, and he did not fear it.

This life he considered but the portal to another, vaster, grander, more enduring, and without sin. He believed the emancipated soul went at once into the presence of the Son of God; into the full activity of all its undying energies; into the society of the known and loved who had passed behind the veil; into the companionship of the grand immortals of every age and nation and tongue. He had frequently discussed what changes Heaven would make in character; how rapid would be the progress and development there of the soul; how far those the longer left to earthly hindrances and vicissitudes, might find themselves outgrown by those who had had the advantage of many years in the free and untrammeled expansion of the heavenly existence. He would indulge in the pleasing expectation of meeting the great minds who had led the world to higher planes of thought; who were known to him through history, or poem,

*President Robert Graham.

or song; who had suffered for the cause of truth, or had, by their martyrdom, marked the stages in the world's advancement. Without irreverence he would freely express his preference among those whose acquaintance he should form, whether the worthies of the Old or New Testament, or the classic minds of ancient times, or the men of later periods whose books he read or whose portraits hung in his library. It was no dream, nor vision, nor imagination, but a realizing faith by which he saw congenial souls grouped together in blissful intercourse and speaking a common tongue. That he would find his own proper place and setting among these, was his happy belief; and the spirit-world was daily brought very near to him in familiar contemplation. For the solution of all mysteries he confidently waited until he should know as he was known, and when it might be permitted him to read the beginning and progress of human events in the light of their eternal sequence. For these reasons he accepted as ultimate whatever turn the tide of personal affairs might take, with what, but for his Christian faith, would have been considered as the resignation or despair of fatalism. A venerable friend had lodged in his heart, in the sorrow of his young manhood, this consolation, that he carried to the end of his life: "No doubt the most delightful occupation of the next world will be the unraveling of the mysteries of this."*

But while he did not fear to enter behind the veil and penetrate the unseen, he did fear to do wrong. That he had rather die himself than kill another, no one who knew him could doubt. That he did not regret that he had not slain his betrayer and persecutor, of whom he but seldom spoke, is clearly established by his utterances concerning him on the last night of his life. "I have never ceased to be thankful that I did not kill Cornelison, nor have I ever regretted not doing so." This was said after his month of suffering,

* Bishop Kavanaugh.

after he had fully tested and proved all the consequences to himself that his decision involved.

As he had not killed his enemy, as his horror of suicide was even greater than of homicide, he would not knowingly have raised his hand against himself. He had loved his life; and with his life he loved his work for noble ends, his friends, his family, his profession, his country, his State, his church. He did not wish to leave all these—he did not intend to resign them voluntarily. He had the promise of the life that is, as well as of that which is to come; and though outrage and violence had clutched and torn blossom and fruit with brutal hand, and left every tendril quivering, he yet determined to stand. He would not be crushed; he would live to triumph over the evil; he recognized no one's right to rob him of his days; he would fight to the end; and therefore he cast energy, will, faith in God, and trust in His overruling Providence, belief in the integrity of mankind, into the balance, and never doubted that any of these would be found wanting.

Again, while it was not known to what extent his depression went on account of his wife's health, he was more hopeful concerning her on this last morning, and his well-known devotion to her would alone have stayed his hand if raised to take his life. He would not have left her the suffering to bear alone; he would not have left her feeble arm unaided in a contest against the evil that challenged all his strength, nor would he have given her the additional sorrow for his loss. He would not have left the young manhood of the boy he loved unguarded and unprotected. If thoughts of these came to him in his last rational moments, they would have held him back from the grave, had it been given him to choose between life and death.

Politically, the outlook was every way brighter. He had said on Wednesday that he *had the race won.* The news given on the morning of the 15th was more and more encouraging. The reports from his own county, from

neighboring counties, the activity and zeal of his friends, all gave assurance of success. The clouds were rifting apart—light was breaking through everywhere. He had accepted the past, he did not fear the future. Death was, therefore, not the result of mental depression from any of the assigned causes. However it came, it came to Judge Reid in the hour of his victory.

. . . . . .

The Coroner's verdict rested upon the testimony of three witnesses and the card found. One of these witnesses,* who worked above stairs, thought he had heard a pistol shot, but it might have been a plank falling; and he had not investigated the cause.

A second witness † had talked with Judge Reid the day before, and thought he found his mind unbalanced, and that he had a vacant stare. But this witness had upon that very day decided for the first time to take an active part for Judge Reid in his canvass, and hence the conversation with him.

The third witness ‡ stated that he had met Judge Reid that morning; that "he was pale, and his greeting not as usual." This was doubtless true, for Judge Reid was habitually pale—had been more particularly so after his ill-health and confinement of the winter in Frankfort. The anxiety, the nervousness, the sleeplessness, the agony of the month, the shock of the violence, had all increased this. But it was not more marked or noticeable on the morning of the 15th than at any other time during the month.

Others had not found it so; on the contrary, they thought him in apparently better health and spirits. His greeting must have lacked the careless gayety or cordial warmth of the past. But even under ordinary circumstances, Judge Reid had sometimes a preoccupied air, arising from the lawyer's habit of seeming to give, through courtesy, a side attention, while his eye and mind were concentrated upon the page

* Mr. C. Burchell. † R. A. Mitchell. ‡ Col. Holt.

upon which his hand was engaged in writing. Those who did not know Judge Reid well, and were not familiar with his habit of concentration, in the midst, often, of confusing surroundings, sometimes complained of the abstracted manner of his greeting. At any time, therefore, in Judge Reid's life, had he been found dead without known cause, the same could have been said: — that his greeting was not as usual; that he was pale; that he was absent-minded; that there seemed a vacant look in his eyes.

Judge Reid's position was not that of a man who had taken his own life. It will be remembered that he was lying upon his back; that his right hand was by his side; that it did not grasp the pistol; also, that there were no powder-marks visible, nor any burning of the hair; and that the wound had been carefully examined through a microscope. The pistol was of the same pattern as his own, but was like thousands of others, and was not identified by number or otherwise.

If Judge Reid fired the shot that ended his life, it is perhaps the only instance known in which death did not tighten the grasp of the hand upon the weapon used; the only one in which the hand was open and easily placed; the only one in which the body had fallen backward; the only one in which there was no trace nor deposit of powder, when the weapon was held so close to the person as it must have been, with the arm raised and reversed, so as to point the muzzle towards the back of the head.

But another proof given was that the course of the ball ranged upward. This might have been the same, had the shot been fired in a personal encounter, or from any part of the room or the stairway; or, if by his own hand, the course of the ball might have been either in a straight line or in a downward direction.

There remains the card upon which was written, " Mad, mad! Forgive me, dear wife, and love to the boy."

It was a business card of some Louisville firm, and the pencil writing was upon the reverse side. There had been no such card in Judge Reid's home or office, or among his papers. Some one might have brought it to Judge Brock's office. No pencil owned by Judge Reid was found. He carried his methodical habits into the smallest matters, and his pencils were always neatly pointed; and ordinarily he used a gold or indelible pencil. Only a short, roughly pointed stub was found.

The Coroner's Jury accepted the card as genuine. They must therefore take it in its entirety. To do this, destroyed the faintest possibility of identifying the handwriting. To accept the first words of the card, put it out of any one's power to say that the writing resembled what any man would naturally have written. If the card was genuine, then was it written by a frenzied hand, and could no more have resembled Judge Reid's ordinary writing than that of any other man. It *did not* resemble Judge Reid's, except in the closing words, " the boy." But no one questioned; — the card was hastily accepted, and the verdict rendered upon such insufficient evidence. But if it be granted that the pencil writing, even in the last agony and delirium that the card, if genuine, would make manifest, did resemble the accustomed writing of the firm and steady hand, it would not prove that Judge Reid had written it. For when in happiness and health, without suspicion of danger, with no cloud upon the full day of his life, he had been ostensibly assaulted upon the opinions of four men who had mistaken another's handwriting for his. He had gone to his first betrayal upon the statements of these witnesses, who testified to knowing him well, and being *familiar* with his handwriting.

Within a month from the day of the assault, Judge Reid was dead. According to conjectured cause, and the brief tes-

timony taken, he was absent-minded, not as usual; death was the result of mental depression, torturing anxiety,—of the month's tension upon nerve and brain, under which reason at last gave way; and yet the verdict of the Coroner's Jury rested for proof largely upon the supposed identification of his handwriting, in words in pencil, containing but two letters more than those other words mistaken for his upon the margin of a record.

But if it be granted that the card was genuine, then there remains but one plausible theory of Judge Reid's death: it was the direct result of physical injuries to the brain.

When he complained of the pain in his head and went above stairs to lie down, he was already a dying man. The end had come. It had been surely and steadily coming since the day when the blows of the bludgeon had fatally injured the head. Judge Reid had come from the office of the betrayer on April 15th a murdered man. The soul had triumphed over the body, and had maintained the conflict against the evil; it had vindicated the right; it had come forth godlike and undimmed in its immortal splendor;—but the murdered body could bear the strain no longer—it reeled, staggered, sank down to rest. The pain in the head grew into frenzy as the fingers of death reached out and clutched tighter and tighter upon the suffering brain. The body, with lingering strength, yet obeyed the dictates of the soul. Judge Reid arose and went to the mirror,—he would ascertain what this increasing agony meant. He saw a great change; the fingers of death were now upon every feature. He mistook the change for madness—he had feared for his brain. It was madness—it was the delirium of death; one moment's thought for the dear wife, one word of forgiveness that he was drifting away without a farewell word or kiss, one message of "love to the boy," and the darkness shut down upon this life forever—how or when he

knew not; and he went out into the Unseen and the Unknown.

Or, when Judge Reid lay down to rest, there may have been other days of life before him, though it is now believed they were few, and death would have been the inevitable result of the assault. But exciting and disturbing causes not yet known to the world may have hastened the end, which may have come by other hands than Judge Reid's, or as the direct result of these causes by Judge Reid's own hand. There are many things yet unexplained in this dark mystery, from its incipiency, from the conception of the murderous assault to its execution, to its following with falsehood and slander and persecution, to its more dark and mysterious ending.

The unaccustomed presence of J. J. Cornelison at the office of Judge Brock after the latter had left it, on this, the morning of Judge Reid's death, yet remains to be explained.

Whatever may have been the immediate as well as remote cause of Judge Reid's death, the malevolent spirits that triumphed in the outrage done him now seized readily upon the theory of suicide, and found in this cause for still greater gratification. Consistency was cast aside; he had died, not from physical causes, not because of the assault, but from deliberate choice and purpose. And those who would not dare brave death to meet him in the hereafter—who could not even brave the sentiment of a violent few in order to sustain high moral principle—could only ask, "What now have the ministers of the gospel to say of suicide?" If, according to their theory, to kill was the only proof of courage, and Judge Reid had preferred to die rather than kill his enemy, by their own reasoning he had shown a courage that should have awed even them to silence. But Judge Reid had passed beyond the reach of malice, and those that loved him most were already too deeply hurt to be farther wounded by their thrusts.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RETROSPECTIVE.

To those who have read the preceding pages there need be very little added concerning Judge Reid's character.

The early life has been given for little purpose if it is not seen who and what was the man whose ruin was plotted, whose betrayal perfected, whose grave was dug while he stood on the threshold of his home on that mid-spring day in the very apotheosis of love and happiness, bidding farewell to his wife.

There are some pictures that stand out in the perspective of his life, and some prominent characteristics, that all who remember this martyr of the nineteenth century must forever retain in their minds.

Of these there is a brief review in this chapter, as in the light of the tragedy they seem to acquire a new emphasis and pathos.

He was orphaned before his untried feet had learned to steady themselves in the pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, in the way that may lead by running brook or green meadow, through fragrant wildwood or over fair upland; but which may, alas! be over burning desert sands; over bruising stones and thorns; into the dens of wild beasts; into the battle's fierce front, and through storm and darkness and blood!

What an uncertain, perilous journey for the child to enter upon, without the guiding hand of the mother! What more sad than for childhood to fail in its brightness and rounded beauty for the want of the mother touch;

than for the tenderest blossoms of the soul to hide away, closed down in sheath and bud, because the mother love has not breathed upon them, and wooed them forth by gentle warmth into the fullness of their delicate beauty and fragrance. If the child be taken away, the mother walks henceforth with the soul turned heavenward, that she may catch, above the earthly din, the prattle of a baby voice among the music of the angels. But when the mother is taken from the child, the orphan wail seems never to die out of the life. By and by it may sink down to hushed quiet upon the chords of the soul; but whenever they are swept anew, this plaintive tone sends its pathos through every strain, be it either sad or joyful.

There was no want of tender love and care and fond devotion in this young life; but there are childish confidences that can be breathed only to the mother heart; wounds that can be healed only by the mother hand; revealings of a sensitive nature that can be shown only to the mother eye. And so the heart goes out in yearning sympathy to the child who lost his mother before he knew the value of her love.

The shadow of a heavier cloud closes around the pathway of the boy; and through long years we watch the patient heroism of the young martyr struggling against physical torture and pain, and achieving in the beginning of life an expansion of soul that is born only of the throes and sufferings of the body.

We do not fail, because of this, to see the beauty of that scene before the old-fashioned log-fire, where the handsome, blue-eyed, pale-faced boy, with the large head crowned with its suit of black hair—already the prodigy of the household and the worshipful young master and confidant of the negro servants—sits reading aloud to the grandfather from Burns or Shakespeare; or repeats under the grandmother's tutelage the lengthening passages of Bible literature; or

solves the knotty problems with which his young uncles and comrades test his powers; or, sleepless and open-eyed, listens with absorbed interest to the stirring recitals of the frequent guests who gather in the hospitable mansion.

The scene shifts, and we see the school-boy giving his first guardianship to the half sister, Flora, who walked but a brief journey with him, when their footsteps parted, and she went over to the shining land, where lessons are never to be unlearned, nor are learned amiss. A few years carry him beyond the country school. We pause for awhile upon one of those characteristic incidents that give the perfect prophecy of the man. He has outstripped his fellows so far that he is promoted to a class of which he is the only member. He goes to his classmates and says: "Boys, I hate so much to leave you, I have asked Mr. Potter to turn me back, that I may stay with you." The wise teacher did not permit that he should turn back, but the boys he "hated so to leave" did not envy his advancement;* and when the fullness of time gave opportunity they crowned him with honors of their own choosing. In the day of his trial they did not leave him; and now they keep watch over his memory, that it be not obscured by the darkness that closed upon his life, and they bring their loving tributes and lay them upon his grave.

The youth starts off to college upon the swinging stage-coach, and the music in his heart, and the glad rejoicing of the birds in the dewy morn, make the symphony of a new-born day. The noon is past; the songs have ceased; the journey is midway; and another youth bound for college struggles for a place. Without hesitation or formality a helping hand is reached down, and the new-comer is pulled to a seat on the top of the stage; a friendship is formed as

* An incident told by his schoolmate and friend, Mr. John Maupin, since this book has been in press.

lasting as life. The incident was an earnest of the life-work of the man who helped his fellow to mount. He reached down the hand to all who struggled. He raised them up and seated them at his side. If others were above him, he did not resent it. He must and would rise himself, but by his individual effort, and without dragging another down.

If there were any beneath him who wished to rise, he drew them upward. Whatever elevation was attained by a liberal education, thorough scholarship, official promotion, business prosperity, he did not wish to be alone in it. He wanted his friends by his side, and he looked around at once to make room for them. His soul was too large for envy; his culture too broad and deep and liberal for narrowness of any kind. He appreciated merit in others. He sought and attained it himself, but was modest in wearing it.

He gave the individual beauty and charm of his own soul to high intellectual and moral excellence. He made learning attractive to the illiterate; charity a blessing to the receiver; religion a beauty to the ungodly.

It has been seen that throughout his college career he maintained the same pleasant relations with his associates. They acknowledged his success; they rejoiced in it; they accorded him his well-won honors without envy or regret; and their tributes in this book speak no less of his worth than of their own breadth of soul.

And yet this man, who envied no one, who excited no ill-will among his co-laborers and equals, at last fell by the shafts of envy from an ignorant and malignant few. Envy, the child of hell, takes up her abode only in small souls, and continues so to narrow and contract them, that at last a spiritual nearsightedness shuts out all perception of magnitude or grandeur in the moral world.

The lights and shades follow each other in quick succession. The young man, crowned with his academic wreath, rests awhile beneath the shade of the trees that embower the family homestead. The doting father and mother, the loving brothers and sisters, delight to do him honor. "Brother Dick" is an oft-repeated name that dwells upon the tongue, and brings conscious honor to those who love to call it.

Now we hear the tramp of contending hosts, the thunder of conflict, the groans of a nation's agony; and we see the young man, who may not enter the conflict, standing upon the edge of battle, with his high hopes, noble ambitions, and perfected equipments, lying all unused and strewn around him.

But while he stands and waits in awed wonder and impatience, a flower springs up in his path, and reaches up its tendrils and clings to him. It blooms before him, and sheds its perfume throughout his soul, and covers his life with a strange beauty, that shuts out the desolation of all the land. With its magic influence, it draws down the coloring of the skies, and clothes the space about him with rose-hued glory and warmth. It sends a new joy thrilling through every nerve and vein, and by its mystic and rooted strength draws up the shattered hopes and binds them again about his brow. It gives new purpose and power; opens up wider fields to the vision, wherein all that is God-given or acquired shall find its fitting use and activity. But while we see the arms reach forth to clasp the flower and draw it to the heart, a treacherous foe whose step had not been heard thrusts in his remorseless sickle—and the flower is cut down, and lies withered and dead.

The saddened man turns from the grave of buried love with a new sorrow in his soul, and a new darkness upon his life.

We follow him through the coming years. There is the return to classic study; the instruction of the brothers and sisters; the solitude, in which the soul is developed on one side, and dwarfed upon the other. We see the successful lawyer; the man of business; the manager of affairs; the wit, the jester, grown somewhat cynical; the laborious worker, strengthened, but threatened with hardness—until we come to the years that are all beauty, and brightness, and song.

The married man is in his own home now; and under the full sunshine of happiness, all the hidden buds of the soul burst into such wealth of bloom, that, like a tree in full blossom, it can retain enough for its own perfect fruitage, and yet load every breeze that stirs its boughs with benefactions for distant spots, and bless all the world around with showered beauty and fragrance.

How rapidly the bright pictures come now! Surely there are no shadows ahead! Would we might linger for ever here! What more beautiful in all the earth than the happy scenes in this married life! The companionship must be perfect. The wife must keep step with him, and be evermore at his side. Her mind must not be dwarfed, but expand continually. Each soul must be the richer by all the gifts of the other. She must enter every domain wherein he walks himself. There is a rich realm she has not explored; and with the fondness of the lover, and the pride of a conqueror, he conducts her into this new kingdom. He turns teacher again, and begins from his own books to familiarize her with Greek and Latin. Here are two new tongues in which she must learn to decline *amo* and *φιλέω*.

A born educator, he instructs his boy, and watches eagerly for the putting forth of every tender bud of thought, —and this boy's childhood shall be all brightness.

A cloud of incense arises from his life, a perpetual thanksgiving to God for his completed happiness. Every

precious moment is freighted with its proper burden of labor. There is no idling, no waste of opportunity. Each day is to be a leaf well written, each year a finished chapter, that shall lead up to a still enlarging chapter in the book of his life, until the Master's hand shall write "Finis," and close down the volume.

We pause long upon this scene, before the curtain falls upon it, to rise no more.

It is the noonday of life, of success, the noonday of the soul with Judge Reid. How feeble are words to give a portrayal of the finished man in his proper light and surroundings — in the setting of that home which, so far as a wise stewardship would allow, should become, through books, refining influences, liberality, hospitality, his own dream and realization of the perfected home of the soul.

He rises before us, a man in advance of his age. Kentuckians may reach his standpoint fifty years hence; by more rapid strides in the future than in the past, perhaps in twenty-five. The truth that is itself unfettered had stirred within his soul and set it free. He had entered a realm of grand intellectual expanse; endless stretches of thought were before him. The spirit of a free religion and a free government found their perfect embodiment in him. With his judicial cast of mind and clear eye of faith he had solved many questions not found in legal records. He gave himself no concern about the future of many issues that trouble narrower minds, and whose ultimate outcome could not be seen by more contracted vision.

He had the courage of his convictions—that rare moral courage that enables one to stem the tide of set opinion and usage. He rode no hobbies, was no specialist, went to no extremes; but held with a tenacity to his belief and purpose that knew no wavering, and, when occasion gave opportunity, spoke with a zeal and earnestness, and a strength of reason, that carried conviction to others. He contemplated

the surprise that the statement of some advanced view would give, with an exquisite relish and sense of humor that added spice and zest to his own advocacy of it, and that made it a pleasant morsel to those whom it might have otherwise disgusted.

While he did not contend, he reasoned clearly, and his flashes of wit upon the solid background of logic gave such fascination that many found themselves affirming that such or such had always been their own conviction, and that they were just awakening to a conscious perception of it.

He anticipated no antagonisms of race, no disturbance of social order, no possibility of forced equality. He saw many theories, right in themselves, hampered by imperfect methods; many needed reforms fail of their purpose because of the forbidding aspect of the reformers; many a worthy enterprise destroyed by visionary cranks. Therefore, while accepting the right principle, the underlying truth of all progress, he could not keep back his satire, nor withhold his humorous caricatures of the intemperate advocates of temperance; the unwomanly exponents of woman's rights; the tyrannous apostles of liberty; the hypocritical, false and malevolent disciples or ministers of a religion of love and charity and truth and brotherly kindness. That which was right and true he believed would survive its own fallible and imperfect representatives and followers. Whoever by merit, by established worth, or education and refinement, was entitled to rise, would rise. No man, no spirit, no prejudice, could keep such down. He was a bigot, the slave of opinion, the distorted pessimist, who would seek to crush such or hold them back from their proper adjustment in the world.

Added to his liberality of thought and his high moral courage, he was eminently a philanthropist. This was so innate, so permeating, that it manifested itself in his face, his eye, his voice, his gentle touch, his benevolent presence.

But so unconscious was he of this himself that he was often puzzled to know why he so attracted children, why the aged women, the infirm and helpless, the afflicted and sorrowing, the oppressed and friendless, the widow and orphan, should rest so securely and confidently upon his sympathy, his love, his charity, his succor, his prayers, his outspoken defense and fearless advocacy.

He loved humanity; the sorrows of others oppressed him as if they were his own. The foibles of men did not weaken his interest in them, nor destroy his friendship, but afforded the rarest amusement and entertainment, and the most profitable exercise of his native humor.

It was not strange, therefore, that almost alone of Kentuckians, he could stand up and advocate all that was most advanced in the rights of woman, in her higher education; in broadening the fields of her usefulness, in unfettering her hands and giving them higher work to do. Above all did he advocate, and support in his own person, the largest work for her in the church—let it lead to any legitimate and untried issues.*

He believed that his own nation and his own church should stand in the vanguard of civilization and progress, and he believed that the Christian religion meant both—and that therefore the gospel of peace and love should be sent circling around the globe.

"Not only at his own home, but wherever he went, the church was his Father's house, a place of devotion, of enjoyment, of fellowship and active usefulness. It is a terrible reflection, that it was a member of the very flock over which the Holy Spirit had placed him as overseer, that committed the mortal outrage on him." (Pres. Loos.)

Firm in his own belief and bold in maintaining it, active in all departments of church work, enjoying and seeking his own church affiliations, his religion was yet

*See Address upon Woman's Duties, Rights and Capabilities, pages 130-134.

above bigotry or prejudice. It was as broad as humanity, and narrowed only by the particular wants of each individual soul. That man to whom he could show a kindness, was his neighbor, of whatever creed, or name, or nationality. He gave his active aid and support to all missions, home or foreign, and did not fear that the nearer duties would suffer because of a broader and remoter good.

It can readily be seen why, as a Southern man, a Democrat of Democrats, a popular and successful candidate for the suffrages of his people for high office, he could with perfect relish and enjoyment of his situation, sit, the only white man in the pulpit of a colored church, among colored ministers and flock, and listen with interest to a sermon by one of their number at the dedication of their church;—and farther, that he could, without fear of opposition or criticism, invite one of their race to speak from the pulpit of the church of which he was an Elder. And in nothing was his humor more appropriately and harmlessly utilized than when he said to those who criticised the speaker, "I do not wonder you could not follow his thoughts, he shot too high above your heads." The jest sugar-coated the truth, so that it was without bitterness.

Side by side with this love of men was his trust in them—his belief in their rectitude. He could not hate. Malice was a stranger to his heart. This trait impressed itself upon all the wide circle of those who were familiar with him. The entire absence of ill-will towards any, together with the very delicate sensitiveness of his nature, would make him feel intensely any wrong aimed at him by others, whether in thought, or word, or act.

"Such wrong could cause him cruel suffering of heart, but could excite no feeling of hate nor desire for revenge. Even the wanton and barbarous deed that sought to crush him to the earth before men, to murder his heart, to kill his

soul and give his good name to infamy—could never, from the hour of the terrible crime to the day of the martyr's tragic death, extort from him even one word of hate or vengeance. It would no doubt have afforded some relief to the wrong-doers, to his enemies, some mitigation of the dreadful guilt, if the victim had breathed out and sought to execute vengeance in return. As it was, the entire absence of all manifestation of vindictiveness, if the heart of his enemy be not wholly hardened, must be to him, while life endures, an avenging sting, a devouring remorse, an undying punishment, the keenest the human heart can know on earth.* Rather than seek to wipe out the unutterable dishonor sought to be inflicted upon him in the blood of his mortal foe, he could say to his mother on the day of the appalling crime, "Mother, I would sooner take my own life than have that man's blood upon my soul." †

God being God, and Jesus Christ His Son, and the Bible his revealed word, Judge Reid was troubled by no rationalistic doubts. He did not measure the universe by the horizon of his own soul. He could not explain the infinite by the finite, therefore he accepted the infinite as that which was above and outside of the finite. But this infinite was a loving Father who had called the finite into communion, through the voice of prayer. He could not accept God and doubt His presence, power, and promises. His outreaching intellect found in constant communion with this Invisible Presence, the stimulating motive and reason for his highest aspirations — a superior strength that gave perfect assurance of victory in every conflict. It was only in harmony with his belief and consistency of character that Judge Reid should therefore accept the promises of God

*It has been learned that Judge Reid was twice warned that Cornelison was not his friend, and that he was playing a treacherous part towards him in his canvass. He replied with the utmost good humor, that he did not doubt his friendship. But those who warned did not conceive that the treachery extended beyond the trickery of politics—that it covered a murderous design.

†President Loos.

with a child-like trust and confidence that he retained unimpaired throughout life; that though the able Judge, the thorough lawyer, the wit, the center and life of a large social circle, the eminently intellectual man, he should be, above all, the devout man of prayer, raising his voice to God with such power of word and soul, that all who heard felt themselves lifted into the presence of the Divine Spirit. With a readiness and fearlessness that was also in keeping with his character, he obeyed the summons that called him to pray with the sick, to administer to the dying, to comfort the bereaved; that enabled him to say with perfect faith as he knelt by the couch of the dying sister: "The storm will soon be over for you and all of us."

Nor is it to be wondered at, when the storm swept over him and his earthly prospects and hopes were dashed to the earth, that he should still cling to the promises of God, and trust Him, though slain; that he should continue to seek Him daily and hourly in prayer; that, strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, shod with the gospel of peace, and having the shield of faith, he was able to quench the fiery darts of the wicked and to stand against the wiles of the devil.

Judge Reid's philanthropic and religious spirit made him so eminently liberal in charities and in support of worthy enterprises, that he would have over-burdened his means and exhausted his resources, but for his early formed and deep-laid principles of economy, and his rare business promptness, industry, energy, order, accuracy, method and dispatch. The same habit that prompted him as a student to begin on Friday night the duties for Monday, entered into the lawyer's life and kept him abreast of the demands of his business.

But beyond all that Judge Reid was, in Church and State, in business and profession, we must not forget the resplendent beauty of his character as seen only in his domestic life. It is rare, though not singular, that a nature so delicately wrought, so generously endowed, should be seen only at its very best in the home circle, where wit, learning, sentiment, met with their highest appreciation and flowed forth most freely and lavishly.

"In his own family he found the fullness of enjoyment for which his whole soul longed. Here he lived his happiest hours. Hither he always returned from his duties abroad with an anxious haste, which showed that his home was worth infinitely more to him than all the attractions of public life. Even when necessarily absent by the imperious demands of duty, his almost daily letters to his wife and other members of his household, show that his heart was still with the scenes and loved ones of home. These letters, so full of the tenderest concern and affection, reveal to us more of the loving gentleness of his inner nature than all his life as seen only by the outside world." *

. . . . . .

In looking at this many-sided character, the wide scope of his learning and capabilities, it seems difficult to decide in what department he would have been most eminently useful to mankind.

Had he devoted his life exclusively to letters, his success would have been assured and brilliant, and would have told for incalculable good upon his own and future times. What a power his pen would have been in raising the world to higher development, to nobler and purer living!

At recurring periods in his life his strong inclination for the ministry would seize upon him—the longing for the refuge of the pulpit, where, in fitting men's souls for a better and higher life, he might forget the pettiness and strife and cares of the world.

* President Loos.

He had rare gifts as a physician known only to a few; which, had he preached the gospel, would have enabled him as he went to heal the sick in body.

Above and beneath statute and law he saw the higher principles of government, and by tongue and pen would have been a wise and effective statesman.

But for his eminent success as lawyer and Judge, it would seem that he had committed that frequent and irreparable mistake,—the unwise choice of a profession.

. . . . . .

So the character stands full orbed, well rounded in this last light that is thrown upon it; and it may well be asked, What was lacking?

After his agony, after he had borne his cross without murmuring, he at last rose above the sense of his own calamity, saying: "It is not for myself that I suffer. I could endure this affliction alone and in my own person, but I can not bear that my wife should suffer."

Is not this the exaltation of soul, of unselfish love, made manifest by the Son of God in the last words spoken to the mother, the sight of whose suffering added to his own agonies upon the cross?

Is not this the godlike man, fashioned in eternity when Jehovah said, "Let us make man in our image and after our likeness"? and when the likeness was destroyed through sin, and was again made manifest in the flesh, is this not the perfected, recreated man, become Christlike?

Is it only through such suffering that such perfection is reached? Will this solve the mystery? For what else was needed to the complete perfection of Judge Reid's character?

Why should the awful outrage have been permitted, except that life had nothing more to give than a supreme suffering? that the daily prayer, put up for many years, "Help us to grow more like Jesus," should at last have its answer in the cup that He drank, and the baptism wherewith He was baptized?

God permitted that His own Son should be so perfected. Is this the use of suffering in the economy of God's universe?

Is Satan permitted to enter into men and use them for the perfection of God's saints?

What else could it mean than as of old, when the "sons of God came before the Lord, Satan came also among them, and God said: "Dost thou consider my servant?" and Satan answered: "Hast thou not made a hedge about him and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?—thou has blest the work of his hands and his substance is increased in the land;"—that God permitted that Satan should enter into and take possession of a human soul; that even through treachery, betrayal, lying, envy, outrage, persecution, this child of God should be perfected; and through suffering, crucifixion, and martyrdom, be fitted for an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away—where, though it doth not yet appear what manner of man he shall be, he sees face to face, knows even as he is known, and is made like unto the Son of God?

. . . . . .

"The most precious of all the sayings of the Book is, that Christ was perfected through suffering. All of those whom God loves must suffer;—unless we suffer we are not worthy to be called His children. Through suffering we grow like Jesus—are made like him in character. We do not understand now; we see through a glass darkly; in a little while we shall see face to face and know even as we are known. One by one the cords that bind us to the earth are snapped; the flowers that cheer and gladden our lives fade and die; but with the eye of faith we see all the links formed in a golden chain, and the flowers that perished and left the earth without beauty or fragrance, blooming in undying vigor on the banks of the River of Life."—(*Judge Reid to Mrs. Jno. D. Harris, July* 20, 1883.)

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

By Chas. Louis Loos, President of Kentucky University.

The story of the life of Richard Reid is now before the reader. It remains only, in conclusion, to set forth the motives which prompted this book, and the lessons which it teaches.

There were many important reasons why the history of Judge Reid's life should be made known to the world. First of all was the natural desire of loving and appreciative friends, of his kindred, and above all, of her who stood nearest him, that such a record should be left to them, as a precious and enduring treasure. For to these, and to all who knew him well, his was a life of singular excellence every way, rich in all the noble characteristics which constitute a high Christian manhood, and which had been made especially precious to kindred and friends by his martyrdom, by the greatness of soul revealed in the trying events of his last days, and by his tragic death.

It was desirable, also, that others, beyond even the widest circle of family and cherished acquaintances, should be able to know and judge well the man whose cruel wrongs, whose sublime moral heroism in the midst of sorest trials, and whose sad end had, to such an extraordinary degree, attracted the attention and excited the admiration and applause, as well as the profoundest sympathy, of thousands of the noblest hearts over our entire country. It was just and necessary, too, that the full and clear testimony of this

should be heard of men, that it might smite to the earth the malevolent efforts of foes—few though these were—who pursued him while living, nor ceased to do this, even when they had inflicted the cruelest outrages on him—not even when the grave had closed over him. That this could be, is not strange; for it is not seldom the very effect of superior virtue to excite the malice of baser natures; and it is an old and true proverb that "it is natural for men to hate those whom they have injured."

But beyond this, it was a duty to set before men the example of such extraordinary moral strength of soul, which, under the tremendous pressure of strongest temptations, rose loftily superior to every evil impulse, by force of the mightier power of an enlightened judgment and a profound love of right and abhorrence of wrong, and above all, of the supreme law of a Christian conscience that looked to God alone for approval, and that could defy triumphantly the tyrannous dictates of evil custom so powerfully and so inveterately entrenched in a false public sentiment. It was a duty, we say, to place before the young men of this and future generations, this bright example for their instruction and encouragement in the great virtue of self-denial, of strict reverence for law, and supremely of perfect obedience to the law of God, even when most sorely tempted, against all the influences of their own evil passions, and the corrupting opinions and habits of society.

It was imperative, too, as an obligation of the first order, to give to the world a complete exposure of the history, the character and motives of the terrible crime against Judge Reid, that men might understand the full magnitude of this awful tragedy, and the mystery of its sad end; that they might know where alone the guilt lay; and that the victim was wholly innocent of all just cause for the fearful deed. This was a sacred duty to the name and memory of Judge Reid.

A most important chapter of this book, is that which records how the people of this land, in all parts of it, and in their best representatives, thought and felt about the crime committed on the sixteenth of April, and of Judge Reid's conduct in reference to it. What is given in the book is but a very imperfect echo of the voice of the public press, and of the telegrams and letters that poured in like a flood from the lakes to the gulf and from sea to sea—all of one mind and one heart. This expression of public judgment is of immense value and interest, is worthy of permanent record, and deserves to be read and pondered by all.

But still another great service has been done by this book. There has been too much just cause for the reproach that has so long rested, and yet rests, on so many parts of our land, especially the southern portion of it, because of the encouragement given to the false notions of honor that teach men to wipe out in bloody vengeance real or supposed injuries. The voice heard in this book from prominent men of all classes, Christians and those who are not Christians, and chiefly from the very regions where this custom of lawless, mortal revenge has most prevailed, shows that a better sentiment exists, and more generally than is commonly believed, and that wise and good men everywhere abhor this barbarous code of honor.

It was a strong conviction, that the lessons that might be drawn for the good of men from a life so rich and eminent in the qualities that truly ennoble human character, illustrated above all by the last days of this life, are of such real value that they ought not to be lost. As the writing of this history proceeded, and the materials accumulated, this conviction was only strengthened.

And we now believe, since the full history is completed, that the purpose which counseled it, that was so promptly and so cheerfully accepted, and that has been so sacredly cherished in the heart of her who has written it; that has

sustained her through many months of patient toil under the burden of great bodily weakness, and the weight of more than common human woe,—will be justified by all who will read the book, and will be accomplished in the strong encouragement of what is great and good in human character, which such examples as the life which has been here set forth bring to men.

APPENDIX.

ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL.*

The trial of Cornelison for "an assault and battery upon Richard Reid, with intent to wound and kill," took place in the Montgomery Circuit Court at Mt. Sterling, at the December term, 1884. The indictment against the defendant was returned by the Grand Jury of Montgomery County at the June term, 1884, of the Circuit Court, but the cause was continued on motion of the defendant.

On the trial in the Circuit Court the Commonwealth was represented by C. R. Brooks, Esq., the able Commonwealth's attorney for the district; W. R. Patterson, Esq., and Col. H. L. Stone, of the Montgomery Bar; Gen. John Rodman, of Frankfort, and Wm. J. Hendrick, of the Fleming Bar. Thos. Turner, A. T. Wood, Henry Woodford, B. F. Day, R. A. Mitchell, and several of the younger members of the Mt. Sterling Bar appeared for the defense. The trial commenced the first week of court and extended well into the second week. From the very beginning it elicited the most intense and absorbing interest, and the court-room was crowded with eager listeners until the argument of the case was finally completed.

It was not until the trial that the full measure of Judge Reid's wrongs was properly understood. The testimony of Mr. Jeff Cockrell, to whom Cornelison told the story immediately after he committed the outrage, and his boast to Mr. Bosworth, some three weeks after the assault, that he must have struck Judge Reid over the head not less

*By Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick.

than twenty-five times with the heavy hickory cane, were revelations even to those who were familiar with the facts. The prosecution grew in power and force from the first day of the trial. The shambling, shuffling character of the defense in repeatedly withdrawing, and then entering again the pleas of "Guilty" and "Not guilty" to the indictment, was not lost upon the jury or the spectators.

The argument was opened by Thomas Turner for the defense, followed by W. R. Patterson and Wm. J. Hendrick for the prosecution. Henry Woodford next spoke for the defense, followed by Col. Stone and Gen. Rodman for the prosecution. A. T. Wood closed for the defense, and C. R. Brooks for the Commonwealth. The speeches were elaborate, and presented every phase of the case *pro* and *con*. The arguments for the State will be found in this Appendix, and will well repay reading.

The jury, upon retirement, stood six for twenty years imprisonment in the county jail; four for ten years in jail; one for five years in jail; one for one cent fine and thirty days in jail; but in order to prevent a miscarriage of justice, those who desired to inflict an adequate punishment finally agreed to three years confinement in the county jail, with a fine of one cent, as the verdict of the jury. This was the verdict returned into court, while, as has been seen, but for one man, the penalty inflicted would have been much heavier.

The counsel for the State had carried the point insisted upon by them, that *no fine* beyond one cent would meet the demands of justice, but that it was the duty of the jury to imprison the defendant in the county jail.

Many thrilling scenes and incidents marked the progress of the trial, and it was only when the verdict was announced that the tension of public interest was relaxed. Then all breathed freely again, and while many had hoped for a severer verdict, all felt that they had occasion to thank God and take courage that the courts still had the power

to punish violence and wrong. And in addition, it was gratifying to good men everywhere, that the fame and character of Judge Reid had been so signally vindicated at the bar of justice.

We add to the foregoing a synopsis of the trial and testimony as taken from the *True Kentuckian, Courier-Journal,* and other papers.*

1. Cornelison wished to quash the indictment for "assault and battery, with intent to kill." This being done, the hope was in a trial before the Police Judge for a common misdemeanor, and by paying a small fine, to be able to plead "former conviction" against any future indictment by the Grand Jury.

2. This failing, he pleaded guilty to the indictment. This was in the hope that testimony showing aggravating circumstances and the enormity of the crime might be ruled out.

3. The Court allowing testimony to be introduced, the plea of "Not guilty" was entered.

4. The testimony being so overwhelming, the plea of "Guilty" was again entered, that the case might go to the jury without argument.

5. The Court allowing as many speeches as counsel might choose, Cornelison again asked of the Court to be allowed to change his plea, stating that he had been improperly advised by his counsel, and that he did not fully understand the nature of his plea of "Guilty." This the Court allowed, and he again entered his plea of "Not guilty," and the speeches on both sides proceeded, Patterson, Hendrick, Stone, and Rodman speaking for the prosecution. But at the close of the last speech for the defense, by Col. Wood, he requested

6. That he be allowed to read a communication to the jury from Cornelison. This the Court refused, but the Commonwealth's attorney, C. R. Brooks, who was to follow in the last speech, granted permission in behalf of the prosecution. The communication, therefore, was read, in which Cornelison pleaded guilty to the indictment, asking mercy of the jury, because he had a thousand times repented of his crime, and because he was a poor man with a wife and eight children.

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*The testimony, as revealed at the time of the trial, having been discussed in the chapter headed "A Review of the Nominal Cause of the Assault," it is not again elaborated, except as given in the speeches.

7. In alluding to this in his speech, the Commonwealth's attorney said that Cornelison himself had had no mercy upon his wife and children, nor any upon Judge Reid's wife or boy—that he had continued his persecutions upon Judge Reid after the assault and until the day of his death; that he spoke for all the wives and children in the country in asking that defendant be properly punished.

"If he had eight hundred children," said Gen. Rodman, "he should suffer the full penalty of the law."

Said Mr. Patterson: "No fine is wanted. Judas returned his thirty pieces of silver, and a potter's field was bought therewith; but no pauper in Kentucky would want to be buried in a lot bought with Cornelison's money."

"My God!" said the Commonwealth's attorney, "what is behind all this? What back of all this assault? There is no cause for it revealed in the testimony, even according to the defendant's own statement."

The trial of the case reawakened the excitement, which, since the unfortunate occurrence, had nearly abated, and the court-house was crowded with eager, anxious spectators, ladies and gentlemen. The speeches were very eloquent, and listened to with rapt attention, abounding now in pathos, now in crimination or recrimination. Cornelison appeared restless and uneasy, and his appearance indicated that he was suffering great suspense.

THE TESTIMONY REVEALED,

1. That Cornelison had struck Judge Reid not less than twenty-five blows upon the head with the stick; that he was thrice-armed with concealed weapons; that Judge Reid, wholly unarmed, went to Cornelison's office upon a friendly invitation; that the office was above stairs, remote from the street; that Judge Reid was seated, head bent forward, both hands engaged; that Cornelison standing above, behind, struck without warning; that the first stunning blow behind the ear, and on the base of the skull, was followed by others so swift and furious, that Judge Reid was utterly without defense.

2. The charge that Judge Reid had influenced his court in the adverse decision reflecting upon Cornelison's practice as a lawyer, was again disproved by Judges Richards and Bowden upon the witness stand, who stated that Judge Reid took no part in the case—the marginal annotations being theirs, and not his, the three objectionable words being "why" and "his fee."

3. According to Cornelison's own statements, he decided upon his plan of assault upon March 23d (a Sunday when he was too pious

to attend church, as Judge Reid might break the loaf)! But he did not see the record with the handwriting for which he attacked Judge Reid until the 29th of March, giving as a reason, therefore, for the assault that which occurred six days after it was planned!

4. After the falsity of the first charge, upon which the assault was made, was proved, Cornelison charged that Judge Reid had influenced the Circuit Judge to remove him from the Master Commissionership.

It was proved that eight lawyers at the Mt. Sterling Bar had petitioned for his removal. Judge Reid, being at Frankfort, had no interest in the matter.

Three physicians testified to the fatal nature of the blows upon the head.

At last, as if in verification of the Scripture, "So shall they make their own tongue to fall upon themselves," the phenomenal plea for the defendant, in the mouths of his attorneys, was introduced—that he deserved death, even had it been necessary to follow him to the jungles of India; but, because he had committed a crime for which he had not already been killed, and was a poor man with a wife and eight children, he ought, therefore, to be recommended to the mercy of the jury, and to escape without punishment!

The analysis of the trial by Dr. Kavanaugh, the Methodist minister, presented at the indignation meeting in April, was sustained by the evidence. Judge Reid was first to be disabled; but as he struggled and escaped to the street, then, when the scene became public, was the most ignominious weapon known to our country drawn from its hiding-place, and the attempt at murder to be covered under the attempt to disgrace.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the jury returned into Court. The interest was intense and deep. Amidst the most profound silence the verdict was handed in, and each juryman responding to his name, said that it was his verdict. The verdict was a fine of one cent and three years' confinement in the county jail.

The jury, on first retiring to their room, stood as follows:

George Anderson, for twenty years in county jail; John Warmsley, twenty years in jail; John Lockridge, twenty years in jail; Chas. Lockridge, twenty years in jail; E. J. Shackelford, twenty years in jail; W. H. Bryant, twenty years in jail; John McDonald, ten years in jail; J. G. Moberly, ten years in jail; J. W. Mason, ten years in jail; W. S. Thomas, five years in jail; H. H. Ringo, one cent fine and thirty days in jail.

Cornelison took an appeal and executed a supersedeas bond. Sureties: Thomas Munnell, R. A. Mitchell, Corwin Anderson, Clay McKee, C. H. Bryan.

The criminal code of Kentucky prescribes that the bond shall be for an amount equal to two dollars per day for each day's imprisonment. The Commonwealth, through H. L. Stone, moved that the defendant, during the period before obtaining the certificate of appeal of the Clerk of the Court of Appeals on the filing of the transcript, be given into custody. This was overruled.

Dr. John C. Darby writes:

DECEMBER, 1884.

Well, the Cornelison trial is over, though the jury has not yet brought in a verdict. I have been familiar with and have attended a number of trials in criminal cases, but never before heard one which so completely failed in making out any defense; and the so-called defense was singular in the extreme. Instead of a defense, it was a prosecution of Judge Reid; and that prosecution was based upon two monstrous assumptions.

These two monstrous assumptions have already been reviewed.

It is a peculiarity of this crime that it met with its defenders and apologists. Not only in the courts, but in the church, was it urged that the victim should be first put on trial, if, perchance, by mitigating or extenuating circumstances it might not be ascertained that the criminal was justifiable in his crime; and it was at last asserted by one of the apologists that the crime was such that any lawyer of the prosecution might have committed it under the same circumstances. The extenuating circumstances were not such as have been pleaded in defense of other noted criminals—insanity, heat of passion, fanaticism for a cause or principle, as in case of the Robespierres, Ravaillacs, Guiteaus, Bufords of the world, and a plea for mercy and the lightest punishment within the limits of law, in consequence thereof; but the pretext for the outrage having been proved false, it was urged that the criminal should not be punished by Church or State until farther charges to be brought by him against his victim should be investigated; and that, not only after

the crime had been committed, but after the victim had been laid in his grave and could no longer be reached by malice or the jurisdiction of human tribunals.

The speech of Col. Stone is given without abbreviation, as it is a full review of the testimony, and of the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, the decision in which, by the Superior Court, was the asserted cause of the murderous assault upon Judge Reid.

Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick's speech is also given in its entirety.

Of the remaining speeches only synopses are given.

W. R. PATTERSON'S SPEECH.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

In presenting myself before you upon the present occasion, I am compelled to say that I do so reluctantly. I have been chosen to make the opening argument, in behalf of the Commonwealth in this case, and my reluctance is due only to the fact that I am profoundly impressed with a sense of my inability to discharge the duty imposed upon me by my associate counsel, in a manner that the importance of the case demands.

This large audience must be taken as an earnest of the magnitude of the case; their silence betokens the interest this case has awakened; their eagerness to gather all the facts in this trial most unmistakably proclaims the stubborn truth, that they are not alone interested in having justice meted out to an offender against the majesty of the law; but your Country, your State, your Nation, yea, every home, every father, every lover of law and justice, are alike interested in the verdict you may render.

I am standing almost in view of my birthplace on the one hand; on the other, I find myself standing in sight of the cold, white marble stones, that mark the sleeping place of my kindred. I am in this temple dedicated to justice, and am here to make an offering upon the sacred altar of the law, because the Priest who officiated here has had violent hands laid upon him, and I find the cruel imprint of blood upon that altar. I stand in the temple, where, in other days, Judge Reid was wont to stand; and the shadow of this building, as it lengthens eastward, would seem to indicate, as it reaches toward the place where his pulseless remains lie entombed, that justice has not entirely fled the earth.

With such an environment as these scenes constitute, I find myself swayed by a tumult of contending emotions; and amid them all, I declare that I am actuated by no other ambition than that of having justice done and the broken and down-trodden law elevated to its true level. My personal interest is made subordinate to this ambition, and is only such an interest as must be felt by every citizen.

With the qualifying epithets of other languages I am not familiar, and although my own vernacular is said to be admirably adapted to the expression of the nicest shades of thought, yet my mother tongue becomes bankrupt when I appeal to it for adjectives strong enough to properly characterize the guilt of the defendant at the bar.

I hold in my hand the indictment. Six months ago, a grand jury was impaneled and sworn, and each of them took upon himself a solemn obligation that he would discharge his duty. His Honor, before entering upon the arduous duties and responsibilities of his office, had to take upon himself a solemn oath to faithfully perform the functions of his office. That grand jury returned into court this indictment. You have sworn that you will faithfully try it. Listen: this indictment accuses John J. Cornelison of "willful and malicious assault upon Judge Richard Reid, with the intention of taking his life." To this indictment Cornelison has, in the presence of God, in the face of this court, and before this people, pleaded guilty. It is true, he changed his plea; but not till his obdurate heart had been moved by the pressure of outside sentiment, and his mind became awakened to a realization of the fearful position in which he had placed himself; he then withdrew his plea, and now has the insulting audacity to say to you, after you have heard the proof in the record: "Not guilty."

My associates and myself have sworn under all circumstances to do our duty as lawyers; and he who fails in this case to properly represent the enormity of Cornelison's crime, as far as in his power lies, and who does not grasp every legitimate argument within his reach to bring your minds to a just conclusion, fails in his responsibility to himself, as well as in his duty to the law. These duties, I expect to labor faithfully and fearlessly to perform.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, there came from the Court of the King Eternal, the grandest of all the peacemakers; who bore a benefaction to our poor, depraved race. The manner of His betrayal and bloody passion are fresh in the memory of every Sunday-school child in the land, and the name of Judas Iscariot has become the synonym of all that is base, mean and vile in human nature.

Only a few years ago, there sped along the telegraph wires of our own Commonwealth, and thence to the confines of our great liberty-loving Republic, the news of the death of Judge John M. Elliott. The

remembrance of the deep sorrow that fell like a pall upon the people, and especially upon the people of Eastern Kentucky, where he was known, honored and loved, is fresh in the memory of all present.

A few years later, the clicking wires startled the American Republic with the intelligence that the Chief Magistrate of the Nation had been assassinated. Who is there that fails to recognize in the character of the assassin, a daring aspirant for a name, though that name, like that of Erostratus of old, be coupled with infamy and disgrace? Who is there that fails to remember how a Nation mingled its millions of petitions with matin orisons, that God would spare the President to the people? Who fails to recollect how, through the long days, the eager populace watched the flying messages, and with their vesper petitions mingled one heart-warm prayer that the head of the Nation might live? And who fails to find in memory's casket the picture of a Nation in mourning when the announcement was made that the President was dead?

A few years later, and the name of another martyr to justice, law and liberty is added to the list; and the impartial historian, gathering inspiration from the sinless life of the persecuted Nazarene, will record the name of the murdered Judge Reid along with those of Judge Elliott and President Garfield, while the same uncorrupted pen must so write, as to associate the name of John J. Cornelison with that of Judas Iscariot, Thomas Buford, and the infamous Guiteau.

Even about the darkest and most damning deeds of villainy, there is ever and anon, some mitigation of its blackness. Judas Iscariot repented of his crime, and went out and hanged himself; thus showing that while his conscience had been seared, one spark of a common humanity at least lived to break out into a flame of self-condemnation. Cornelison has never shown the least degree of repentance. When asked by Mr. Eakin (as shown in the proof), if it was to do over again, if he would repeat his act, he answered, "I would." To make his deep-seated malignity stand out more prominently: in a conversation with Mr. Bosworth, three weeks afterward, he coldly, cruelly and gloatingly repeated in detail, his cowardly and infamous actions; nay, more: he has never, up to the present moment, evinced the slightest degree of sorrow over his deep wrong, nor the least shadow of a compunction of conscience for his great sin.

Thomas Buford shot Judge Elliott on the broad thoroughfare of the city of Frankfort, in the presence of many witnesses; yet the bloody deed has hung over it the fringing of humanity, in virtue of the fact that Buford stepped up to where the expiring Judge lay and placed a hat beneath his fallen head. What does Cornelison do? With the cruelty of a Marat, and in violation of every principle of

manhood—a walking personification of hypocrisy, mantled in the guise of friendship—pretending to do him a favor, he invites Judge Reid into his office, and when his victim stands all unsuspecting, unarmed and alone, this modern Nero in crime, having armed himself with a cane, cowhide and pistol, afraid for a human eye to witness the cowardly, dastardly, diabolical deed he had planned on the 23d day of March, almost a month previous; thus thrice armed, he strikes the Judge at the base of the brain. One lick? No: Mr. Bosworth swears that he said he hit him at least twenty-five! Finding that he was dealing with a man whom he had bereft of reason, whom he had placed beyond the power to defend himself, he then draws his cowhide—implement of degradation—and follows the Judge, stunned and retreating into the street, for the purpose of carrying out his hellish designs, and completing the humiliation. This done, he returned to his office to await the mob that he knew his action had justified him in believing would wreak summary vengeance upon his guilty head. His excuse for having the pistol, given in his own language, was, "I feared a mob."

Guiteau, in a Washington depot, in the presence of many witnesses, in close proximity to the officers of the law, shot his victim. He ran the risk of being torn to pieces by an enraged populace. There was no skulking from danger. He sought Garfield's life, and not his disgrace and humiliation. He obtained what he sought, and when his overweening ambition had been stifled, and reason had assumed her wonted sway, he expressed regret for his victim's suffering. His only plea of defense was insanity. He was hung, and a Nation breathed freer when it was known that he had expiated his crime upon the gallows. What can or what has Cornelison pleaded in mitigation of the murder of Judge Reid? . . . . . .

The attorneys for the defense have the right to confine me to the record, and I shall willingly submit to any interruptions from the Judge, if I vary from the record, or make any statement that I am not warranted in making from the light of the evidence. I make this statement more particularly at this point, because it would seem to be a work of supererogation upon my part, to attempt to answer the argument of Col. Turner before this jury. The statement of the man he is defending is a more successful refutation of all he has said than I could reasonably expect to make. Col. Johnson says, "I called Cornelison into Reid & Stone's office, and told him that Col. Turner had written an infamous letter in regard to Judge Reid's candidacy, was circulating it in the mountains, and that in the letter he spoke of a certain mortgage. Cornelison, who seems to have seen the letter, says, 'Col. Turner is a liar. I have the deposition in my office in which he has sworn to the contrary.'"

The difference in the ages of Col. Turner and myself, would prevent my saying anything unbecoming or offensive. Besides, I have no desire but to maintain friendly relations with him. But I submit, was Cornelison's charge against Turner true? or was he at that time only planning to get Judge Reid to his office to look at that deposition? There was Judge Reid in the office talking friendly with Cornelison, who was taking part in plans for his canvass, and Cornelison had at that time "*determined upon his course.*"

Gentlemen of the jury, this is a strange case, in this particular: We are compelled to take the statements of the defendant alone. Upon these he is tried. "On the 23d day of March," says Cornelison, "on Sunday morning, I met Judge Reid on the street and told him that Judge Riddell had said that he (Reid) had been instrumental in having me removed from the office of Master Commissioner, and told him that Riddell was at that time in Bean's store. Reid's reply was, 'If he says so, he tells what is untrue;' and then turned and left me. I did not go to church, but went to my office, locked myself up, and *there and then determined upon my course.*"

Here, then, we have Cornelison, by his own admission, closeted in his office on this quiet Sunday morning, within the hearing of the church bells, and mayhap within reach of the voices of his own innocent children. With no eyes resting upon him save those of the All-seeing, he brooded over fancied wrongs, and plotted his hellish scheme. It was not a scheme to take life only. Judge Reid had always been his friend, and had Cornelison, having invited Reid to his office, drawn his pistol and made known his intention of taking his life, in mild surprise Reid might, in his defenseless condition, have exclaimed, like Cæsar, "*Et tu, Brute!*" But the trickling blood at the foot of Pompey's pillar is red-tongued in proclaiming Brutus merciful as compared with the prisoner at the bar. He coldly, deliberately and cowardly sought the humiliation and downfall of the man who had done him no wrong. With the spirit that seemed fresh born from the regions of perdition, he sought to dishonor a man who was eminently a man of peace, and whose voice was always on the side of law and order. On that quiet Sunday morning, when a cessation from secular labor, and the chiming of church bells, are but tokens of our civilization; when the minds of all good people are turned in thankfulness to the Giver of all our blessings; to find, amid such surroundings, a man closeted away in his law office, deliberately planning, with fell intent, such a soul-blackening crime as this assault upon Judge Reid, truly may I be led to exclaim, From whence but of the devil could such fiendish work have had its origin? Yet he says on that morning "*his mind was made up to take this course.*"

I draw no conclusions not warranted by the testimony, nor do I misquote the evidence. I give the language of Cornelison himself. He says, "I went to the law office of Reid & Stone, and after I had denounced Col. Turner as a liar, I consulted with Judge Reid as his friend, concerning the race for the Appellate Judgeship." Let me call your attention to that picture again. Contemplate Judge Richard Reid in his own law office, consulting about his race, laying bare his plans, speaking unsparingly and without reserve to Cornelison about the attainment of the great ambition of his life; thus giving to Cornelison every evidence of his confidence and friendship, and believing that he possessed the good will of the man to whom he talked. Contemplate the bland face and the open countenance of Judge Reid as he unrolls his plans and prospects to this prisoner, and tell me, yea, tell me, can you find anything upon which to hang the shadow of a justification of the cruel fate meted out to him at the hands of Cornelison! Again, contemplate the sinister face of the defendant as he listens, and who now says that at that time "*his mind was made up to take this course.*" See that hypocritical smile; hear those false protestations of friendship; and then draw for me, if you can, a shade of difference between this character and the one who impiously betrayed the Master with a kiss. Judas gave the Saviour no sign that he was to fall into the hands of a persecuting mob. Cornelison can not boast of being any more humane, for he did not give to Judge Reid the slightest intimation of the intended assault.

On the day of the assault Judge Reid passed the office of Cornelison, unarmed, to his own office. Cornelison had nursed his intention since the 23d day of March, and yet he waited till the 16th day of April for an opportunity to get him into his own office, that thereby he might have the Judge completely in his power. He had had repeated opportunities to assault him upon the street before this. Even the morning of the assault, when Reid met him near his office, Reid spoke to him kindly, and placed his hand upon the head of Cornelison's little son. May it not have been that he did not make the assault then and there, for this reason? If this be true, it is the only evidence that Cornelison has exhibited during this whole tragedy that he has a human heart.

Judge Reid was invited into Cornelison's office, and the opinion that had been rendered in the Superior Court was handed to him as he sat at the table. Cornelison stood behind the Judge, who was leaning over while examining the opinion, and in his heart there rankled hate, treachery, and murder. No time was allowed for explanation. A foul and secret plot had been matured for the ruin of Judge Reid, and the time of its culmination was at hand. Why, O why did not the Ruler of sleeping justice paralyze the hand ere it

laid the assassin's blow upon the head of innocence? For Judge Reid was as innocent, gentlemen of the jury, of the charge, as either you or myself. But no; heaven interposed no hand. In the stillness of that office Cornelison said, "I hold you responsible for this" (alluding to the opinion), and with a heavy cane struck the Judge *twenty-five blows*, according to the testimony of Felix Bosworth. A stalwart specimen of the physical man, with a huge club, standing behind his victim, might easily deal a blow at the base of the brain that would daze and render him powerless. It is the verdict of the civilized world that no one but a dastardly coward would impose upon a prisoner. Judge Reid was a prisoner—in durance vile—*vi et armis*. Judge Reid had been unsuspectingly captured by Cornelison; he was unarmed, and was at the mercy of his tormentor. In this condition Cornelison furtively made his attack, and struck with such a bludgeon as a humane man would use only to kill a dog which he wished to slay without misery to the poor dumb brute. But death was not the first end sought. This is clearly indicated by the concealed cowhide which is made to figure in a subsequent part of this tragedy. Indeed, I confess to you, gentlemen of the jury, that the seemingly studied nefariousness of Cornelison's acts in the premises, though I have pondered over them much, remains to me an unsolved problem—one to which has been found no answer. How he managed to so temper the twenty-five blows as not to produce death, can be accounted for only upon the hypothesis that he had made the matter a profound study from the 23d of March till the 16th of April.

It seems from the proof that, although it might possibly be at the subsequent sacrifice of life, the immediate end to be attained was the humiliation of the victim; and hence his boast to Bosworth that he hit him twenty-five blows, at least, with the club, and then took the cowhide. A cowhide! (the speaker here paused long enough to ask the clerk to pass him the cowhide). This is the cowhide with which Cornelison sought to disgrace the honorable Judge. See how it coils and writhes like a very serpent! Can it be that a part of the diabolic spirit that prompted its use has crept from the hands of the user, and still dwells in the thing? Can it be that it writhes and twists thus in the agony of a damning shame, because I plead before it the cause of injured innocence? A relic of barbarism! Emblem of slavery! How shall I designate the degradation inflicted by an instrument before which vassals only crouch, and which tyrants only use! How can I portray the smart of an instrument which to a Kentuckian means humiliation and disgrace? In God's name, why did not Cornelison kill Judge Reid at once? That would have been mercy! Ah, had such been the case, those who now mourn his untimely loss, and make their periodic visits to

scatter fresh flowers over the grave where he now sleeps his last sleep, could have at least the consoling reflection that he died but *one* death. Alas, that his should have been death in a threefold form!

Gentlemen of the jury, I have looked back over the black catalogue of crime in its multiform phases, and in the light of the nineteenth century, I challenge you to show me in the age of civilization, a crime so blood-curdling in its enormity; so dastardly in its concocting; so mean and cowardly in its execution, taking no other than the admissions of the accused himself. That Judge Reid was innocent of the charge for which he suffered and died at the hands of this fiend in human form, this craven sycophant and pretended friend, I have already most emphatically stated. Have you a lingering doubt that in this I am correct? If so, recall the testimony of the Judges of one of the highest courts in the Commonwealth, namely: Judges Bowden and Richards. Judge Bowden swears that he made those marks and wrote those words on the margin of the record himself, which were the causes of Cornelison's ire, and which he claimed to be the work of Judge Reid. Judge Richards swears that Judge Reid had nothing to do with that record, and was not in Frankfort when the decision in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison was rendered.

Judge Reid had nothing, in any way, therefore, to do with that record, and was no more responsible for the marks and writing on the margin of that record than I am; and the prisoner is as fully convinced of this fact, as I know you are. You have seen the prisoner manifest the most dogged indifference throughout this entire trial. Indeed, if correctly reported, the echo of his voice has scarcely died along the streets of your city on which he has boasted of his triumph. Nay, more: even now he leans, and has throughout this entire trial, upon that very cane with which he felled the dead Judge. Is there some magic power, devil-imparted, in that cane, to support and solace him in this trial and condemnation? Were I in his place, I would dash that cruel emblem of a more cruel death from me, lest, like Laocoon, of mystic fiction, it turned to a horrid serpent, and in its tortuous folds crushed me and my unoffending children.

John J. Cornelison, a Kentuckian, has disgraced our country; he has dishonored the profession I love; he has cast the foulest blot upon the escutcheon of our State history, and as a member of the bar, he has placed a stain upon the fraternity which years of chivalry and honor will scarcely wipe away. He has committed a crime for which not a single mitigating circumstance can be pleaded in extenuation; he is the author of a deed for which there is no justification. The defense may multiply words; they may make heavy

drafts upon their imagination; but, after all, facts are stubborn things, and facts are the things in which I propose to deal. I will not insult the intelligence of this jury by adducing the proof that Judge Reid was innocent of the charges made by Cornelison in regard to the record in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison. This, as we take it, has been fully settled by the proof.

Finding that the defense in regard to the marginal notes would not avail him anything, the accused says he "castigated" Judge Reid because he procured his removal as Master Commissioner of the Montgomery Circuit Court, and that this was the cause of the assault. He then proceeds to plead this, and relies upon political sympathy to extricate him. What a subterfuge! If this were true, why did he not "castigate," or, as I would put it, assassinate, the other members of the Bar who signed the petition, and sought his removal as Master Commissioner? The plea is too flimsy to deserve more than a passing notice, and is an illustration of the old adage: "Any port in time of a storm." But suppose Judge Reid did seek to have him removed from the place of Master Commissioner, was the act any justification for an assassination of Reid upon the part of Cornelison? Why was Judge Riddell not brought into this court, that the part Judge Reid took in the removal might be proven? Evidently because Cornelison was afraid of his testimony.

The defense talk about a fine in this case. No, gentlemen of the jury, we do not want any fine, nor does the State of Kentucky want any fine. I trust my people are too philanthropic, too generous, and too noble, to want any modern Aceldama planted in their midst; and such a fine would verily be the price of blood. What would the State do with the money collected as a fine in this case? Suppose this jury should fine Cornelison, and the State should expend the money in buying a Potter's Field in which to bury strangers; where is the stranger who would not feel that his sepulture at the hands of charity would be cruel, when he was told that his last sleep would be in a grave bought by Cornelison's money, the price of blood?

Gentlemen, the rain that is so gently falling at this moment on the grave of the dead Judge, falls just as gently on the massive stone walls of yonder prison; and I am free to say that Cornelison should be incarcerated therein, and that the pattering rain-drops would wear away the solid granite ere Cornelison had expiated his crime, or paid a penalty commensurate with the enormity of his guilt.

What is meant by saying that Judge Reid should have resented the assault? In answer to this I hurl back into your teeth the statement made to Bosworth: "I struck him twenty-five licks with the

cane;" and I repeat that you deprived him of the power to defend himself, as well as destroyed his power to reason. When reason returned, he found himself bruised, dazed and tottering, as it were, upon the confines of the unseen, and yet in the midst of this dire extremity, he made a manly effort to maintain his position. Few under the circumstances would have done any better; many would have done far less.

Allow me, now, to call attention to the speech of Judge Reid, to the reading of which in this court-room objection has been made. I refer to it as a sublime exhibition of moral heroism. I stood in this court-room and gazed with grief into that sad, feverish and troubled face, while that speech was being made. I shall never forget it. He announced to this community his determination as to his future course. He declined to become the slayer of his assassin, for by so doing, he felt he would be violating the Divine law, which he had struggled to exemplify in a life of purity; and would be violating the civil law, which he had always so nobly maintained. He took his position on the side of human law, and about that made a bulwark of the Divine law. Thus planted and thus fortified, in the darkest hour of his sorrow, he walked in the pathway pointed out by Him who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. Such a grand and triumphant faith is found alone in him who gathers inspiration from the Master sufficient to call from the heart the sublime yet simple cry, "Lord, thy will, not mine, be done!" There were expressions that fell from his lips upon which heaven has set the signet of approbation, and I could but wonder if angels from the regions of light had been commissioned to endow him with more than human courage.

It may not be dogmatically affirmed that spirits from the unknown world visit the habitations of men; but if they do, may not a convoy of bright messengers be here to-day to watch the verdict of this jury, which if made in harmony with the laws of justice, will send them back to the realms of bliss, bearing the news of a triumph for law, home, happiness and heaven; or, if otherwise, may not doomed imps be peering in upon you from outer darkness, to carry back to the regions of eternal night a victory for brutality, cowardice, hypocrisy and hell?

Judge Reid took his position, but the world would not justify him in it, but demanded Cornelison's life at his hands. Those hands were free from blood. As a Judge and a lover of human law, he knew he would violate every principle of a hitherto uncorrupted life if he stained his hands with the blood of his enemy. He pointed to heaven and asked to be directed. The answer came: "My law you have kept." The commandment is, "Thou shalt not kill," and he thought till thought grew painful, and memory, like a drop, which

night and day falls cold and ceaseless, wore his heart away. And now, you Christian people, how vain are your regrets that you did not gather around him, strengthen him, and bear him on to a better fate! Too late! The opportunity is forever lost.

Cornelison's plea, as shown by his own handwriting, is mercy for his wife, whom he now brings into court, and for his little children. The heart would not be human that did not go out in sympathy to them. But he forgot them on that memorable Sunday morning. He forgot the obligations he was under to them during the long period of time that rancorous hatred was clamoring for the blood of Judge Reid. He now asks *you* to *forget* your *oaths*, to *forget* your *obligations to your families, to your wives, your children;* yea, to *forget* your duty *to all wives and children in this Commonwealth.* Bring one of his little children into this court-room, place it upon the stand before this jury; lawyers, court and audience would at once be filled with sympathetic sorrow for the child. But detail the recorded evidence of the father's crime; hand it that cane; hand it that cowhide, and let it ask the question, "Papa, why did you do this?" In the light of the evidence he can frame no reply for his own child. In the facts he can furnish no answer to the same pertinent question now sought by this jury. Now, the question recurs, What must his punishment be?

The conclusion, gentlemen of the jury, in regard to this sad tragedy, is this: John J. Cornelison murdered Judge Richard Reid, and in committing the foul deed murdered an innocent man. The evidence in the case leaves the fair name of Richard Reid without a blemish, and Cornelison has left with us, unwittingly, the privilege of sadly cherishing the memory of a martyr to law and order; the proud privilege of contemplating him as a triumphant conqueror of self and a hero of moral rectitude. His name must ever be dear to this people; his memory a sacred souvenir to be placed upon the altar dedicated to justice.

Gentlemen, every charge that Cornelison has made in this case has been most successfully disproved; and it remains only to be said that Judge Reid, after suffering all the tortures that a human heart could endure, is last seen crossing the street where oft he was wont to cross before. He lays a coin in the hand of a poor, blind beggar, passes into the office of a friend, and then into a private room, and then—into the presence of God. To the Judge of heaven he presented a hand that was never raised in anger; a hand that never inflicted a blow upon a human being; a hand that wore no marks of blood. The coin had dropped; heaven saw it fall; the gate was opened, he passed in, and we leave Judge Reid there. The verdict, gentlemen, is with you.

Now, ladies, a word to you. Your presence here, and the expression of your countenances, attest the interest you have in this trial. Woman's influence is incomparably grand. She is a favorite of the law and she was a favorite of the Master. As the embodiment of a living faith it was the trembling hand of a woman that wanted only to touch the garment's hem of the great Physician. Anxiety for the welfare of his mother was the last manifested thought of the great Teacher, as He resigned her into the care of His grief-stricken disciple, and to Mary was awarded the honor of first proclaiming the resurrection of the Saviour from the dead. From then till now, good women have ever been ministering angels of mercy. Amid the sad surroundings which are ours you have a duty to perform. Go to the help of that noble, Christian woman who grieves without earthly hope. Go to her beautiful home from which the light went out on the 16th of April, and minister the balm of consolation to a heart that bleeds under a complication of agonizing distress. On bended knees appeal the case to the Highest Court and ask a blessing for her.

By and by, when a messenger shall come to unlock the casket and set her spirit free, then, and possibly not till then, in a happy reunion, will she understand why the true, noble, Christian Judge and gentleman should have his life so ended. It may be that it was "God's way of ending the story more perfect than man's."

One word, gentlemen, and I am through. You know your duty; I have tried to discharge mine. Thanking you for your very courteous hearing, I leave the case for further argument by the attorneys who are to follow.

SPEECH OF HON. WM. J. HENDRICK.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

In the case now submitted for your final decision, upon the facts, under the instructions of the Court, we have presented, in the conduct and bearing of the dead Judge, one of the grandest spectacles of moral heroism which the history of civilization affords. On the one side, the cruel hand of ruthless violence and lawless fury has stained our annals with the most atrocious crime of modern civilization; while, on the other, stands out in striking contrast the almost godlike forbearance and Christian courage of the noble victim.

It is due to you, gentlemen, as well as to myself and the honorable profession to which I belong, to say, that I bring to a discussion of this case no other motives than those which should actuate the lawyer and the advocate. To me, personally, the defendant is unknown. I know him only as the defendant in this case, as his features are reflected from the faithful mirror of sworn testimony by true and able witnesses; and I shall endeavor to deal with him and with the case, within the record as presented.

And in this connection, permit me to say, in response to the repeated plea of defendant's counsel on behalf of his wife and children, that I do n't know, nor do you, under the testimony in this case, that he has a wife, or child, or children. If he has, may the Angel of the Eternal Goodness camp round about them! But if he has given these hostages to society, he has also, by a cruel and inhuman act, recklessly sacrificed their happiness and comfort to his own devilish malevolence. And the fact that they exist affords no reason known to the law why the sword of Justice should be arrested in the stroke aimed at the criminal who has violated her laws. Nay, rather does it afford an additional consideration why the law shall be enforced, in letter and spirit, in this case, for the protection and security of all the wives and children who breathe the vital air of this broad Commonwealth.

And so it happens, that the Commonwealth of Kentucky, the proud mother of us all, now presents herself in one of her own courts to vindicate her violated honor and demand of the defendant legal justification or lawful excuse for his reckless and brutal assault upon the person of one of her noble and gifted sons. She comes to

demand of the Court, her counsel, her jury, the fearless and faithful execution of her laws, in the light and spirit of an enlightened jurisprudence. But she also desires that it shall be done by the law and under the forms of law—not only for the punishment of the offender in this instance, but as well, that the violent and the lawless may know and understand that the penalty follows the commission of crime as certainly as the night follows the day; in order that the law-abiding people of the State of Kentucky may be assured that the arm of the law is powerful and ready to shield them from outrage and violence; to the end, that the shadow of an excuse shall be taken from the thug, the bully, and the blackguard, when he seizes the slightest provocation to resent by personal violence a real or fancied injury.

Surely, gentlemen, it is high time for the people of Kentucky to awake out of sleep. If the history of the past twenty years has not been filled with bloody lessons enough to arouse the juries of Kentucky to a stern performance of their duty, then may we indeed despair of adequate punishment by law. All around us the soil is stained with the blood of innocent victims. Hardly a county in the State that can not tell its story of bloodshed, of open and defiant violation of law, and the escape of the offender through the sympathy of the jury. I say it as a Kentuckian, in sorrow and not in reproach. I know not how any man could love his State and people with a more ardent devotion than I. My heart swells with pride when I recall the noble part which the sons of Kentucky have borne in shaping the destiny of this Western World. In every honorable and noble endeavor they have been "the choice and master spirits" of their times. And upon the perilous edge of battle, a Kentucky rifle, with the eye and heart of a Kentuckian behind it, has demonstrated on every battle-field of the Republic, from Raisin to Shiloh, the dauntless courage and intrepid valor of Kentucky's sons. The martial spirit of her people has put a premium on the soldiers of the Commonwealth, and charged our very atmosphere with the electricity of personal valor. And this is well.

But alongside this fair flower there has also grown a rank and ugly weed—a corrupt and vitiated public sentiment, which not only tolerates, but demands, private vengeance for personal insult or injury; a sentiment as brutal as it is uncivilized, as unchristian as it is unreasonable, as defiant as it is lawless; a sentiment under which it has proved possible for the bully to insult and outrage the Christian gentleman; a disguise assumed by the murderer, in which he may, with some sort of pretense of justification, hunt down the victim of his hate; and, worse than all, because more hurtful, a sentiment which has paralyzed the arm of the law, and in many

instances brought the administration of justice into open shame and contempt.

It is against this sentiment, and in condemnation of this judgment of public opinion, that we wish the verdict of this jury to speak in tones that shall be heard on every hill and in every valley, ringing out in crystal notes the supremacy of the law, the subjection of lawlessness and violence.

But let it not be said that we wish this result in violation of your sworn duty, nor in disregard of any right to which the defendant is entitled under the law. Nay, rather do we desire that he shall be enveloped in the friendly folds of the cloak of innocence, which the dictates of a wise and humane law has thrown around him, until the Commonwealth has proven his guilt beyond a reasonable doubt. We would not have it otherwise. We complain not because he has surrounded himself with able and skillful counsel to protect him from the force of this prosecution; nor that the most ample opportunity has been given him to make his defense. Such is his right. The law allows it, and the Court awards it. The voice which his own cruel hand has hushed in death, could it be heard here to-day, would sanction this provision of the law, and it is eminently proper that the law-abiding spirit of the dead Judge should follow this prosecution to its close. We demand no punishment which the law does not direct; we ask no penalty which the law does not inflict. But we do ask, and we do demand, that when his guilt is proven beyond the shade of a shadow of doubt, your verdict shall speak the terrors of the law without doubt or quavering. We could not demand less; the defendant could not ask more.

Now, gentlemen, with this conception of our duty, let us proceed calmly and dispassionately to consider the charge which the Commonwealth brings against the defendant, and the evidence by which that charge is sustained. In short, the law and the facts.

The law of the case, so far as we are concerned, is embraced in the instructions of the Court and in this indictment, in which "the Grand Jury of Montgomery County, in the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, accuse Jno. J. Cornelison of the offense of unlawfully and maliciously assaulting, beating and wounding Richard Reid, *with the intent to kill him.*" This is the language of this charge, made by the Grand Jury, "in the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky." (Here reads the indictment.)

To this charge, the defendant pleads, as the Court last instructed you, "Not guilty." The plea of "Guilty," upon which all the testimony was heard, has been withdrawn, upon the affidavit of the defendant, containing the remarkable declaration that neither he nor his counsel understood the legal effect of a plea of "Guilty." So far

as the Commonwealth is concerned in this prosecution, it is a matter of utter indifference whether the plea of "Guilty" or "Not guilty" be entered. The plea made by the defendant can not in any manner change the result, because the testimony overwhelmingly establishes his guilt. And it is not for the purpose of convincing you that his guilt is proven that we argue this case, for we know that must be the conviction of every one who has heard the testimony; but in order that "the deep damnation" of the defendant's act, when examined in the light of justice and reason, may so impress you as to secure in your verdict adequate punishment.

Now, gentlemen, as to the law of the case, it will readily and naturally occur to any mind, on hearing the charge made by the Commonwealth, that the defendant is accused of a very grave offense. And I say to you that in law it is only one step removed from one degree or the other of the gravest crime known to the law —that of murder. The defendant is charged, not only with beating and wounding Judge Reid—an ordinary assault and battery—but the charge is that he struck, beat, and wounded him, *with the intent to kill him.* In morals, I suppose there is no difference in the quality of the act of one who strikes and kills, and he who strikes with the intent to kill and fails in the attempt. The evil and deadly intention is the same in both hearts. And the law under which we try this case, without recognizing fully the doctrine of the moral law, does contemplate the state or condition of the mind and heart of the defendant at the time he committed the assault, and, going back to the fountain of human agency, drags to light the hidden mischief of the soul. It is this quality of the act which renders it so foul—the intent with which the assault was committed — the intent to slay, to blast and destroy.

The law writers, whose books are authority with the profession, tell us that there are three absolute rights which every man possesses: the rights of personal security, personal liberty, and private property. And a moment's reflection will convince you that there are no dearer or more sacred rights which belong to man. In a state of nature, the individual asserts and maintains these rights by personal prowess, and punishes a violation of them by personal vengeance. But in a state of society, where the individual surrenders up to the body politic these functions of government, and relies upon the State for the protection of those rights, you will readily see, that in the event of a failure upon the part of the State to punish a violation of the individual's rights, he is left absolutely helpless and without remedy. In this case, Judge Reid had a right to expect and demand of the State of Kentucky the absolute security of his person from harm, as every other citizen of the State has; and when the defendant "broke within the bloody house of life," he not

only trampled under foot the law he had sworn to uphold and obey, but he also struck down a Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky, a valuable and useful citizen, a loving father and a tender husband.

At one era in the history of our law, we know that these sacred rights of the individual were not respected, because they were not enforced. But this was very early in English history. It was at an era when might made right; when the weak and the helpless crowded around the castle of the baron and rendered him homage for the safety of their lives and the protection of their property. Even then, the person of the vassal could not be violated without wrong to his chief; and the imperfect protection guaranteed, was at least an excuse for personal violence in vindication of the right. In this case we have illustrated a crime common to such a state of civilization, and by a strange coincidence, modern penal legislation has failed to provide a statute for the punishment of such an offense, and the Commonwealth is thrown back upon the common law to find a description and a penalty for an offense worthy of the middle ages. It may also prove fortunate, gentlemen, that the common law does not prescribe the extent of the punishment, but simply directs what character of punishment you shall inflict, leaving you to be guided in that matter by your sense of wrong and outrage.

But while the crime committed is such as we might expect to find in the criminal annals of the middle ages, let us not forget that it was actually committed in the broad light of the boasted culture and civilization of the nineteenth century. And since there can be no doubt of the protection of the defendant's rights by society or the State, let us also recollect that the protection guaranteed by society to the rights of the individual, increases the respect due to the law that protects, and hatred for the hand that violates.

So much for the law by which we are to be governed.

Now, as to THE FACTS. The testimony reveals two principal actors—the assailant and the assailed. Who are they?

On the one side, the defendant, John J. Cornelison, is the assailant. the violator of law. We are entitled to know him and his character from the testimony alone. From that source we have learned that he is a student and a practitioner of the law, and one who, from his very profession, must, when he committed the assault, have *pretended* at least to represent the majesty of the law, and we must reasonably conclude, knew the fundamental, elementary principles of the science he professed to practice. And not only this, but he had been honored by the Circuit Court of your county with the appointment of Master Commissioner, and to use the language of his own counsel, who first addressed you, he was "the best Master Commissioner in the State." *Physically, he was then and is now the superior of any man under my eye. Young, vigorous, muscular, large*

and strong. This man was the *professed friend* of his victim, and as we shall see farther on, it was under the guise of this *pretended friendship* that he lured Judge Reid to his office, with the avowed intention of examining papers then in his possession, which none but a trusted friend could, in the very nature of the case, have ever had.

On the other side, Richard Reid. And from the same source we know that he was, at the time of the assault, a man of forty-five years, in the full maturity of a vigorous and cultured and intellectual manhood. A man of learning and parts, who from his boyhood had exhibited an ardent love of science and literature, and by constant labor and unwearied devotion to the law, raised himself by sheer force of worth into the front ranks of his profession. Conscious of his ability to serve his fellow-men, he had been elected by a proud and confiding constituency to the position of Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky, where he had illustrated the virtues and qualifications that do most adorn a Judge. With the ambition which is said to be an infirmity of noble minds, he had contemplated a bolder, higher flight, and was then vigorously and successfully prosecuting a canvass in the First Appellate District for Judge of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky. His character was kind and gentle, and in the hour of suffering and humiliation it was his proud boast to say, that he never struck a human being in anger. Understanding fully his obligations to God and man, he sought by a strict observance of divine law to regulate his conduct among men, and was an earnest and consistent ruling Elder in the Christian Church. A beneficent Providence had blessed him with moderate wealth, a home of elegance and refinement, and an unusually interesting family, from which he drew never-failing draughts of pleasure and delight. Of noble and striking presence, with a full though not strong physical development, he realized, to his constituency, as near an approach to the perfect man as any they had seen in a brilliant galaxy of gifted men. When we recall his noble mien, we may not better express our thoughts, than in the words of Antony over the dead body of Brutus:

> "This was the noblest Roman of them all.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> "So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> "And say to all the world: This was a man!"

Thus, we have, as far as we can gather from the testimony in the case, the mental photographs of the assailant and his victim.

And just here, let me dispose, in passing, of any impression that the prosecution is concerned in the discussion of whether Cornelison

intended to kill Judge Reid by the twenty-five blows he struck him with the bludgeon over the head in his office. I shall not insult your intelligence and common sense by saying anything upon that head. The admission of the defendant himself to witnesses of the highest character and standing, who have sworn to the facts here before you, leaves that matter a settled and indisputable fact. But in view of the so-called "matters in mitigation" of the assault, I desire to direct your attention to an ultimate object, beyond the mere killing of Judge Reid, which the defendant must have had in view, when we group together all the controlling facts and motives as they are presented in testimony. But before we touch this, what are these "extenuating circumstances" upon which the defendant relies to mitigate the severity of your verdict?

They exist, either in the alleged interference of Judge Reid in the decision of the case of Howard against Cornelison, whereby that cause was decided against Cornelison by the Superior Court of Kentucky, on appeal from the Montgomery Circuit Court, because Judge Reid's influence with his associate Judges was against Cornelison; or, second, because Judge Reid, it is alleged, exerted his influence with Judge Riddell, the Judge of your Circuit Court, to secure the removal of Cornelison as Master Commissioner of your Circuit Court.

We will take it for granted, for the present, that both of these so-called provocations are true in point of fact; and, considering them as true, can you then determine that the means of revenge adopted by this tiger was in any sort commensurate with the alleged wrong done? Has the time come in our society when a man must suffer the brand of disgrace and ignominy for an expression of his opinion upon any man or measure? The very statement of the alleged matters in mitigation, even if taken without investigation and at the worst, but serves to illustrate the flimsy, shambling, trifling character of the defense. Farther on, we shall have occasion to see that both of these charges against Judge Reid are false, and never had any existence, unless, perhaps, in the disordered fancy of the defendant.

I said, a while ago, that there was an ulterior object beyond the intention to kill Judge Reid, in this assault by the defendant. You will recollect that Cornelison told Bosworth, the witness who had the conversation with him three weeks after the assault, that he had made up his mind on the 23d of March to cowhide Judge Reid. This decision was made by the defendant on Sunday, March 23d, in his office, while the rest of your city was engaged in the public service of the sanctuary, just twenty-four days before he actually put his resolution into execution. And here, by his own confession, he deliberately sat down, and after looking over the whole field, conceived the idea that Judge Reid was,—not to be killed at once,—but

that he was to be disgraced and dishonored. His own devilish malignity with cunning craftiness told him, and told him truly, that instant death would have been a mercy in comparison with the shame and disgrace of a single stroke of his accursed rawhide. It was only as the idea of revenge, of punishment by a blow that should be sudden, swift and terrible, grew upon him and occupied every power of his mind, soul and body, that the possible necessity for the life of his victim, to complete his revenge, was added to the original conception of humiliation and disgrace. So that you know from the defendant himself, that the original plan upon which he resolved, nearly a month before an opportunity for execution occurred, was to disgrace and humiliate the victim of his hate. It was only as he matured the original plan, that the subordinate and incidental intention of taking the life of his victim was added, and then he also added the bludgeon and the revolver to the cowhide.

This view of his motives and intentions, which the defendant has given us in the very inception of the crime, is most fortunate for the Commonwealth, as it gives us an opportunity, not only to examine the development of the defendant's plan for the commission of the crime, with all attending incidents which would serve to mitigate or aggravate the penalty you shall inflict, but it also removes every element of doubt as to what was the actual intention of the accused when he committed the assault. It answers the question, "Did he strike and beat with the intent to kill?" although that intention, as we have seen, was subordinate to the original intention to disgrace and humiliate.

So, then, we start from the 23d of March, when the plan to attack and wound Judge Reid was definitely formed and conclusively settled in the mind of the defendant, to look for the development of this devilish conception.

Now, mark you, that from the 23d of March to the 16th of April, with the determination fixed to commit this crime, the defendant was simply waiting for an opportunity to put his plan into execution. Cornelison was here in your city, apparently engaged in the ordinary pursuits of his business. Judge Reid was prosecuting his canvass for Judge of the Court of Appeals, and was everywhere received with marked demonstrations of approval. No one acquainted with the condition of public sentiment in the First Appellate District had any doubt but that the voice of the people would call him to come up higher. He regarded Cornelison as his friend. The secrets of his heart were confided to him. During all this time Cornelison had possession of a locked box containing confidential papers of Col. Johnson, important to Judge Reid in his canvass. With the bitter hate rankling in his breast, Cornelison met his victim with the smile of friendship, and with his serpent eyes looked

into the pure depths of Reid's clear soul. He calculated, to a nicety, upon the gentle spirit of the man he had determined to betray and disgrace. And he knew, as well as any of us here know, that a violent, personal assault upon Judge Reid, was as free from danger to the assailant, as if he had made it upon the helpless innocence of this prattling babe (designating a little child sitting on the lap of a lady, close to the speaker and in front of the Judge). This, too, in extenuation!

Ah! gentlemen, what must have been the moral blackness of darkness of a heart that deliberately planned and so cruelly executed such a design? His smiling face was like that which Lady Macbeth and her mate presented to the unguarded Duncan; and during these twenty-four days that he steeled his heart to the ordeal, I think his prayer must have been that which she prayed:

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, . . .
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it."

The deed was not that of a man seized by a fit of sudden anger or unbridled passion, but the deliberate, premeditated, cunningly devised plan of a soul consumed with hate and malevolence. The twenty-four days in which he carefully arranged for the commission of the crime and stealthily sought an opportunity for its execution, was ample time for reflection and reconsideration. But those days and hours were not used for that purpose, nor yet in an effort to know the truth of the suspicion he professes to have had of Judge Reid's conduct as a Judge of the Superior Court and his friend.

The evidence reveals the fact that he was, during all these days, cautiously and carefully preparing the way for the last blow. Reid's habits were known to him. His places of business and recreation were frequented by Cornelison, and his plans and methods fully understood. We find him at one time going to the office of Reid & Stone, for the purpose of executing his design. But he found other men there, and he knew no such outrage would be permitted by them. Again he goes to the same place for the same purpose, but he finds Col. Stone with Judge Reid. Ah! that will not do! He knew too well what would have been the result of any effort to assault Judge Reid in the presence of a man physically his equal and with the courage and resolution of Col. Stone. He knew Stone

as well as he knew Judge Reid, and his indignant soul could always restrain itself when discretion was the better part of valor.

After repeated efforts to find, what to him seemed a suitable opportunity for his dastardly act, we find the defendant, finally, in the office of Reid & Stone, with Col. Johnson and other friends of Judge Reid, with the avowed purpose of consulting together about the interests of Judge Reid's canvass. Cornelison has the box containing Col. Johnson's private and confidential papers, and when the papers are to be examined, the key is not to be had,—and the box can not be opened without it. In the execution of a plan to lure Judge Reid into his own office, remote from the street, alone, Cornelison had purposely omitted to bring the key. He stated that he had forgotten it; and then it was that the arrangement was made that Judge Reid should go to Cornelison's office, after dinner of that day, the fatal 16th of April. We have, from Prof. Schaeffer, a striking and touching picture of the unsuspecting, innocent victim and his relation to the defendant on the forenoon of that day, just before dinner. You will recollect that Prof. Schaeffer told you, that he saw Judge Reid that day talking with the defendant; that he (Schaeffer) wanted to speak to Judge Reid about some matter, but noticing, as he came up, that Reid was in conversation with the defendant, he waited a short distance off until Judge Reid should be disengaged; but that the talk with Cornelison lasted longer than he expected, and he went away, leaving them still together in friendly talk. You will not fail to recall the attitude in which Schaeffer says he noticed Judge Reid, with his head resting, thus, upon his open hand, his whole manner and gesture indicating unsuspecting confidence and faith in the loyalty of the man to whom he was evidently talking about some confidential matter. It was in this frame of mind, with every avenue of his mind and heart open, free from the shadow of suspicion, free from the consciousness of guilt or wrong, free from anger or ill-will, unarmed and alone, he returned from dinner, and said to the defendant, at the foot of the steps leading to Cornelison's office, "*I'll go with you now, John.*"

He went, as he supposed, in pursuance of the arrangement made before dinner to examine the papers in the locked box. Seated in the office, he is handed a pamphlet by Cornelison, and without warning, suddenly, violently and furiously assaulted with a club—the hickory stick shown you here; and when stunned, dazed and all but killed with twenty-five blows or over, upon and about the head, from the brawny arm of this man, it is then, that the rawhide is drawn and the licks poured upon his defenceless person, which Cornelison intended should forever humiliate and disgrace him.

Hunt diligently, gentlemen, and tell me if, in all this, you can find a single extenuating or mitigating fact?

Let us leave the parties at this point a few minutes, and examine these alleged grounds of offense, which the defendant pleads provoked him to this barbarous business.

If you will take this record, which is the transcript of the case of Howard against Cornelison, filed in the Superior Court, upon which that tribunal decided the case, you will find the marginal memoranda upon which the defendant professes to have based his belief that Judge Reid made those marginal references with a view to prejudice his associates against the defendant. Both Judge Bowden and Judge Richards have testified before you as to those words "Why?" "His fee," etc., found upon the margin here, and you know from Judge Bowden, that he wrote those words, and from both Judges that Richard Reid never, by word or deed, sought in any way to influence the action of the other two Judges in that case. When the sunlight streams in upon the conduct of the dead Judge, we see revealed the noble, manly, dignified and honorable spirit of the man brought out in bold relief. He not only did not take part in the trial and decision of the case, as the record shows, but he never so much as opened his mouth to one of the Judges upon the subject. But, say defendant's counsel, Cornelison thought these marginal notes were the work of Judge Reid, and the handwriting strikingly resembled that of Judge Reid, and the defendant thought it was Judge Reid's handwriting. If he thought so—if he had a suspicion that Reid, while pretending to be his friend, was in reality his worst enemy, and was playing the part of the traitor and the hypocrite, why, gentlemen, in the name of all that was decent and fair did he not go to Judge Reid himself and have from him an explicit denial or confession of the facts? What effort did he make to know the truth? Whom did he consult upon that proposition? Two or three gentlemen, your fellow citizens here, have testified that he showed them the marginal references and asked their opinion as to whose handwriting it was. But at least one of them told him that he ought to be very certain that was Judge Reid's handwriting, and while he, the witness, thought it was, he was not certain. The defendant, as a lawyer and a business man, must have known how uncertain the identification of one's handwriting is. His investigation stopped with the two or three men consulted, who have testified before you, and he never consulted Capt. Poore, the Clerk of the Superior Court; he never consulted Judge Reid, or Judge Bowden, or Judge Richards, any one of whom could have told him instantly and without hesitation, that the marginal notes were those of Judge Bowden. *No, gentlemen, he did not want to know the truth; but he sought this as an excuse, a so-called provocation for the commission of the act upon which he had determined before he ever consulted anybody about the marginal notes. He made his resolution to assault Judge Reid on the 23d of*

March, and none of these gentlemen were asked their opinion as to the handwriting on the margin of this record until after that date. The pretended suspicion of Judge Reid's having influenced the opinion of the Superior Court was a part of the plan upon which he had formerly determined, and his showing the record to these gentlemen who have testified, a cunning device to secure testimony for his defense in advance.

Counsel for the defendant characterize the opinion of the Superior Court in this case as an outrage upon the rights of the defendant; but in what respect it may properly be characterized as such, I am unable to determine from this record. The Judges who decided it found all the facts here. They had no possible opportunity to know anything except as it presented itself in this record. They were governed exclusively by what they found here, and I am sure, from such examination as I have been able to give the case, that the judgment of the Superior Court in this case will stand the test of right reason. So that you find, when the facts are known, that Judge Reid not only did not influence the decision of the Superior Court in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, but that his conduct was eminently high-minded and honorable; and—what is more important—that the defendant had no reasonable ground to believe that Reid had influenced or attempted to influence his associate Justices; that defendant's claim in that respect is a sham and an afterthought, and the decision itself what might be expected from any other learned and disinterested Court of Justice.

Now, as to the claim of the defendant, that Judge Reid secured his removal from the position of Master Commissioner of your Circuit Court, or was influential in securing his removal. There is no doubt but that Reid was in fact the friend of Cornelison up to the time of the assault. All his acts show it. The letter introduced by the defense is but one of a series of facts that prove the sincerity of Reid's friendship for the defendant up to that time. The only fact upon which there is the shadow of an excuse to base a belief that Cornelison's removal was caused or favored by Judge Reid, is what you learn from the testimony of Lewis Apperson. There can be no doubt of the facts to which Apperson testifies. He met Judge Reid on the train, and, in conversation with him, told him of the probability of Cornelison's removal, and the reasons for it. To this, Reid replied that he thought it best that he should be removed. Why, in all charity, may he not have thought, under all the circumstances, that it was best that Cornelison should be removed, and still have been his true friend? He might have thought it best, though he did not personally desire his removal. There is no reason why Judge Reid may not have said all that he did say to Lewis Apperson, and still have cherished a warm, true personal regard for the defendant. But the crowning fact of all is, that the defense does not bring here

the only man who knows whether Judge Reid did or not in fact influence or attempt to influence Judge Riddell in the removal of Cornelison. If Judge Reid did so attempt to influence the Circuit Judge in the removal of Cornelison, why, in the name of all that is reasonable, is not Judge Riddell here to prove it? He is only a short distance from this city and county; he is amenable to the law, and can be had for the asking. There is only one answer, gentlemen, only one inference which reasonable men can draw: *Judge Riddell will not swear to that fact, nor will any man.* If any man knows it, Judge Riddell does, and yet he is not brought here to prove it.

Thus we find that both the alleged grounds of provocation are absolutely false and without foundation; and I assert now, with absolute confidence, what I have before stated—that this assault was without provocation, and the most brutal of any known to modern criminal annals.

We turned a while ago from the scene of the assault, painful in all its details, to examine the alleged provocation. Let us start from that point again. Up to that point the plot works well. The defendant has kept his own counsel, and, with consummate cunning and resolution, has wrought out his plan. Judge Reid has felt the sting of this degrading weapon, and the affair has caused a halt along the entire line of his advancing and victorious column of devoted friends. The question was, What is to be done?

And here, a quantity, upon which the defendant, in his nice calculation, had not counted at all, came sublimely into action, and struck to earth the hopes and plans of malevolence. Blinded by passion, the defendant had never seen the lofty nobility, the brave, intrepid, heroic character of the man he had tried to ruin. But now, in the darkness and desolation of this supreme moment of anguish and pain and mortification, the intrepid Christian spirit of the wronged and outraged man sprung into life, "as springs a flame above a burning pile." There was no thought of personal violence, of personal revenge, but concern for the good of his people, prayer for the light to shine upon the path of duty, lofty resolution to illustrate the principles of a pure morality and an earnest Christianity. From this stand you heard him say that he appealed to the judgment of good men everywhere for approval of his conduct; and when referring to the only other alternative, that of shooting down the man who had thus outraged decency, you heard him say, "I could not and I would not accept such means of revenge; I did not want the face of that man to stand like a specter at my doorway, and look into the windows of my home." With unfaltering courage, he appealed to the people of the First Appellate District, and went forth to meet the storm of popular disapproval which even his friends feared he would encounter. But the shocking details of the cowardly act are flashed over the State and over the country, and a

storm of indignant fury sweeps over the chords of the popular heart everywhere. "Shoot him! Cut him down! Kill him!" are the cries that swell in tumult from the indignant and outraged people; but serene and calm from the lofty height upon which his great soul sat enthroned, he counseled moderation, prudence, patience, and legal punishment by legal methods. I can think of but one other scene in all history in which human nature rose to such sublime heights of moral grandeur. It was when Stephen, bleeding and bruised and dying, with the hissing stones of Jewish hate falling fast and thick upon him, cried, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

There are times in the experience of all of us when the contemptible littleness and selfishness of human nature turns us heart-sick, and we despair of higher, nobler, better things; but, when we turn to the contemplation of such an act as that which the dead Judge gave us in this crucial hour, we can reverently and thankfully say:

"Not wholly lost, O Father, is this evil world of ours:
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden flowers.
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their prayers,
Ever still the white-winged angels hover dimly in our airs."

You will readily recall the testimony of the medical gentlemen who have testified in the case, as to the extreme dejection of Judge Reid, and, in the same connection, the effect of their testimony as to the results which might have been expected from the blow at the base of the brain. This was the stroke which drove Reason from her throne, and which, as he saw the inevitable approaching, he determined he would not endure.

But the spirit of a martyr stirred the pulses of Judge Reid, and, although struggling under a load that was too heavy for stronger shoulders than his, he goes forth to the people, and will not give way to the billows of sorrow that sweep over his soul. The people shall have an opportunity to render a verdict upon his conduct. He will carry the contest, bitter and hard as it is, to the end. In the prosecution of this purpose, he returns to your own and his own city, for a brief rest before going to other parts of the District. The news is encouraging. Hope, the presage of victory, again fires the hearts of his friends and darts a ray of sunlight into his own sad soul. His banner is going to the front, after malice and treason had done their utmost. He mingles with his friends and hears their words of cheering hope and steady courage. He plans, and writes, and works. Then, weary and tired, he lies down in Judge Brock's office to take a little needed sleep. He lies down in the possession of all his faculties. He wakes, and as he glances into the mirror, when

about to arrange his dress, he sees in the reflected image of his face that the change is coming, and coming quickly. The blow at the base of the brain was about to complete its work. He had borne all nobly, patiently, and with unflinching courage; but there is one depth of the dark waters into which his unwilling feet will not step; he can not, he will not be—a madman. He falls, the wreck of Richard Reid; the victim of infernal, devilish hate; the martyr to a cruel and senseless sentiment.

> "Here wast thou bayed, brave hart,
> Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
> Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe."

The conduct of the defendant everywhere since the commission of this most horrible and detestable act, has been that of a man who gloats over the ruin he has wrought. Three weeks after the commission of the deed, he reviews the whole matter in detail with one of your citizens, and brags of the way he did it. To the correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, who visits him for the purpose of an interview, he tells (for publication) that "he would do the same thing over again," and, showing the deadly nature of the assault, assures the correspondent that when he attacked Judge Reid he "had a pistol where it would not take long to find it." The insinuation that the correspondent of the *Courier-Journal* was paid by Reid's friends to write up the matter, is but another of the gratuitous falsehoods that have followed and covered this assault; and not only so, but an unwarranted reflection upon the integrity of the greatest newspaper of the South. The correspondent testifies to the truth, and his reports to the *Courier-Journal* were those of an unbiased and honest correspondent. He never received a dollar of Judge Reid's money, or of that of any of Judge Reid's friends.

It is with you, gentlemen, to name the penalty for this crime. I do not disguise, that in the judgment of the Commonwealth's counsel, *a fine would be considered equivalent to no punishment at all. We do not want a fine, because no fine could punish the crime.* In determining what penalty you shall inflict, I ask you, not only to remember the wrong done to the dead man and his family and friends; not only the hearts that have been crushed, the firesides desolated, the hopes blasted; not only the savage, cruel and brutal manner of the assault; but consider, I pray you, the responsibility of your position, the honor of the great State you represent, the good of society, the majesty of the law, and, above all, your solemn oath. I have detained you too long, perhaps, already. Other and abler men will follow me, to whom I shall hasten to give place.

If I have been able to assist you, in any way, in the discharge of the important duty which devolves upon you in this case, I am amply compensated for any effort it may have cost me.

May Almighty God, before whom you have raised your hands in solemn oath to make a true deliverance between the Commonwealth and the accused, guide you to the truth, and give you the courage to declare it in your verdict!

I thank the Court for its indulgence, and the Jury for their attention.

SYNOPSIS OF GEN. JOHN RODMAN'S SPEECH.

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

In May last I came to your city to attend the funeral of my honored friend, Judge Reid.

As I, in company with some of the most distinguished members of the Kentucky Bar, looked upon the mournful procession that carried him to his grave, I saw that the heads of your men were bowed down in sorrow, and the tear-stained faces of your beautiful women showed that a great calamity had fallen upon your people.

Who caused it? How came it about?

Just a month before Judge Reid's death, the news came flashing along the wires that an assassin had struck Judge Reid several blows with a hickory cane, and that after beating him to insensibility, he finished his cowardly attack by striking the Judge several blows with a cowhide; so that, bruised and dazed, he had to be carried home by his friends.

I saw men's faces become pale with indignation, and heard them say that it would be better that Kentucky should at once lapse into barbarism, if a crime like this went unpunished.

I came here to aid in this prosecution, because, in my conscience, I believed that this defendant was the cause of Judge Reid's death; and to aid you in wiping out the stain that this crime has cast upon the fair name of Montgomery County.

I shall deal in plain language, for I believe that the case requires it, and you want nothing but the truth.

The defendant is indicted "for willfully and maliciously striking, beating and wounding Judge Reid with a cane, stick and cowhide, with the intention of killing him."

Five times he has changed his plea. Up to the time that the evidence closed, he stood upon the plea of "Guilty;" and then, by permission of the Court again changed it to "Not guilty," alleging that his *attorneys had wrongly advised him.*

Now we are to see if the facts in the case show whether he is guilty or innocent. It is shown that the defendant had a case in the Superior Court, of which Judge Reid was a member, on the appeal of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, in which Judge Reid had no interest. The case was decided against the defendant by Judges Bowden and Richards, the latter delivering the opinion. *Judge Reid did not sit in the case.*

Dissatisfied with the opinion, the defendant obtained the record, and seeing certain marginal notes upon it, assumed that Judge Reid had made them, without making any inquiry of either of the two Judges who decided the case. On the day of the attack, in utter ignorance of the defendant's intention, Judge Reid was seen standing in front of the defendant's office, by the witness Shaeffer, having apparently a friendly conversation with him. There was not the slightest ill feeling apparent to the witness.

Cornelison, according to his own confession, invited Judge Reid into his office. Reid accepted the invitation, and they went up stairs together, and the Judge took a seat. Handing him the record of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, the defendant pointed to the marginal notes and asked the Judge if he made them. He answered that he did not. Calling him a liar, with his pistol near him, and while the Judge held the record in both hands, the defendant standing behind him, struck him upon the head and shoulders with a hickory cane more than twenty-five times. Then, after putting it out of Reid's power to make resistance, he strikes him more blows with a cowhide.

Now this is his plain statement to his friend Bosworth, made three weeks after the assault, and to others on the day of the assault. Now, what excuse is given for it? The defendant said that he believed that Judge Reid made the marginal notes on the record. Suppose he did. Was that any sufficient reason, or any reason at all, for the base and cowardly act? He says he asked the opinion of others, including Mr. Mitchell, the well-dressed Mayor of your city, and Judge McKee, and they told him they believed the writing was that of Judge Reid; but at least one of them (Judge Hazelrigg) advised him to go to Frankfort, and ascertain from the clerk of the Court, who it was that wrote the words. But no; he must take the matter into his own control, and without such decision lays the felon's hand upon a member of the Court, and his cruel blows drive his unresisting victim to insanity.

Judge Bowden has testified that he made the marks in red, and Judge Richards that he wrote those in blue pencil; and both prove that Judge Reid never spoke a word to them in his life in regard to the record or any portion of it. Yet one of the defendant's counsel, Col. Turner, still expresses his belief that the words were written by

Judge Reid. Such a belief does little credit to his head, for both of the Judges have, in his presence, distinctly avowed their authorship.

But the defendant says that the dead Judge aided in depriving him of the office of Commissioner of your Circuit Court. It is the merest pretext, unsustained by any fact, and unworthy of consideration.

Now you have the instructions setting forth the law of this case, and it is for you to apply them to the facts. You have in proof a case that, in violence, in devilish malignity, and in cowardly purpose, has no parallel in the annals of Kentucky. Doubtless the assault was committed in order to give Mr. Cornelison a cheap notoriety, but he will find it a very costly notoriety to him in the end.

Erostratus burnt down the temple of Diana because he desired fame. He got it, but it was the fame of a scoundrel.

When Guiteau assassinated President Garfield, he shouted that he wanted his name to go down to posterity. It will go down as that of a miserable assassin, and to-day his skeleton grins at you in a building at Washington. And your verdict, gentlemen, must fasten on the defendant, like the brand upon Cain, the stigma of *bully*, *coward*, and *murderer*, for all time to come.

If, with time for reflection, he had repented and acknowledged his crime, the community would have attributed his conduct to sudden heat and passion, although unbridled; but, three weeks after the dastardly act, he boasts of it to the witness Bosworth. "He would do the same thing again under like circumstances." He struts through your streets, twirling the same cane with which the Judge was beaten by him, a cane which is before you, and with which any man on the jury could knock down his neighbor at a single blow. He comes into the Court, and with a brazen face, and the same cane in his hand, asks to withdraw his plea of "Guilty," and impudently puts himself on the proof, saying, "I glory in the act." I was struck with surprise and amazement to hear Mr. Mitchell, who testified for the defendant, say that the cowhide which the defendant used was his "baby's cowhide," leaving the impression that it was a mere child's toy. Suppose it was: does that fact lessen the humiliation? But the "baby's toy" is before you, and you see that it is in length and thickness as large as that you use in riding your horses, and as slave-owners formerly used upon refractory slaves. Unless the infant is a very large one, the cowhide is longer than the baby.

I said in the beginning, that the murderous blows which Judge Reid received produced insanity. Now hear the proof: The physicians who have testified are Drs. Darby, Richardson and Bright. Dr. Richardson, whose keen and incisive intellect convinces us that he is thoroughly conversant with the case, tells you that he examined the Judge's head, and was told by him that he was suffering in

a manner that convinced the doctor that insanity must, of necessity, be the result. He tells you what it was, and I will not restate it. Dr. Darby, a patriarch in the profession, hearing Dr. Richardson's evidence, gives his opinion that no other result could occur but insanity. Dr. Bright, the Judge's brother-in-law, tells you that he was the most complete picture of mental depression and despair he ever saw. Dr. Bright also told you of the bruise at the base of Judge Reid's brain. Now there is not one word of proof to controvert the evidence as to the facts detailed by Dr. Richardson, or the medical opinions of all the physicians. Therefore am I not right in asserting that the Judge's mind was fatally affected by the blows he received?

Gentlemen, can you conceive of the awful condition of Judge Reid when he was first convinced that he was becoming insane?

He had left the bench at Frankfort for a few days for the purpose of seeing his old friends in his district and enjoying with his lovely wife the quietude of his beautiful home. No man loved his home and his family more than Judge Reid. He had been in your city but a day or two, when this serpent in human form *beguiled* him into his law-office. The result of the cruel attack you have before you, and I trust in God that the history of the civilized world will never be stained by its repetition.

Day after day the symptoms of insanity increased, until finally he felt, however painful the thought, that his work on earth was done. He made a noble fight against it, but at last the bells of his mind were jangling out of tune. Clouds and darkness were gathering around him. To feel that he was losing the light of a powerful intellect; that the sweet influences of reason, of memory, of sound judgment, were departing, and that the blackness of absolute despair was usurping their place; to feel the very earth reeling beneath him, was too much for the poor Judge, and at last he was found dead in the office of his friend, Judge Brock.

O, if some avenging Nemesis could have taken Cornelison by the throat and dragged him to that office and compelled him to look upon the ruin he had wrought! Methinks the very blood in his veins would have frozen with horror.

Judge Reid was a noble Christian gentleman. With such a profound intellect and such rare culture and thorough knowledge of the law, he promised to make one of the best Judges the State has ever produced. He had the courage to carry out his own convictions, and was a true friend. At Frankfort, where he was well known, we have wept over his untimely fate, and felt that Montgomery County —indeed, the whole State—has lost one of its brightest men.

Peace to his ashes! and may the earth rest lightly upon his noble heart! — for not a nobler sleeps in your beautiful city of the dead.

Now, gentlemen, we have shown you the commission of the crime and its results.

In April last, Judge Reid was happy in the discharge of his duties at Frankfort; happy with his lovely wife, and happy in the expectation of going to his home in your city. In May, his bruised and lifeless body was lying in the embrace of death.

The defendant's act *was as base and cowardly as it was cruel;* and I ask you, *What shall be his punishment?* I have been a practicing lawyer for more than forty years, and have never seen or heard a case of more cold-blooded atrocity. I, with others, prosecuted Buford for the murder of Judge Elliott, because the latter, with other Judges, had decided a case against him. *He* had the decency to plead that he was *insane*, and proved it by thirty witnesses.

Here, Cornelison seems to *enjoy* the publicity which his murderous act has given him, and *boasts* that he would again commit the same act under the same circumstances. A lawyer himself, sworn to obey the law, he commits with ruthless hand a deed that none but a savage would commit.

I care nothing about the merits of the case of "Howard against Cornelison," but I know it was decided by two of the ablest lawyers in the State—lawyers of unimpeachable character. And I do know that unless this thing of killing and assaulting Judges for their decisions on the Bench, by disappointed litigants and bullies, be properly punished and stopped, every Judge will have to deliver his decisions hereafter with a pistol in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other.

Accounts of this assault have gone to the uttermost ends of the Union; and time and again it has been asked whether Kentucky juries intend to permit crimes like this to go unpunished. Your verdict will answer the question.

The usual excuse is made that the defendant has a wife and several children. Grant it; but I maintain, if he had as many children as Brigham Young, it is not a feather's weight in his favor. No doubt his wife is an estimable lady, but such considerations as wife and children are lost in comparison with the absolute necessity of stamping your indignation upon the commission of such heinous offenses. Even as David of old committed a murder to attain his ends, so this man has destroyed a valuable life for a still more unworthy purpose; and I say unto him, as the Prophet Nathan said unto David: "Thou art the man,"—for he has surely cast the shadow of death upon a once happy home, simply to gratify his own devilish malignity.

We care nothing about a fine, for all the money the defendant ever saw would not atone for his awful deed. But it has been said by the defendant's counsel that he loves his family. Doubtless it is true, for the wolf loves its whelps.

Is there nobody to be considered in this case except the defendant and his family? Is it to be forgotten that Judge Reid in his death left a widow who is one of the loveliest women in the land? Go with me to her mansion while the December winds are moaning around her chamber to-day, and see her, like Niobe of old, weeping for her loved one, or like Rachel, lamenting and refusing to be comforted. Don't you suppose *she* loved *her husband*, as Andromache loved Hector, or Penelope Ulysses? Yes, with a love like that born in the garden of Eden; a love like that which lives in the hearts of your own honored wives for you; a love that will live and blossom in the hearts of all good men and women till the last star shall drop from the firmament, and will die only to be re-born and re-baptized upon the sun-clad hills of the better land. Such is her love, such is her grief, and such will be their reunion when her lovely and blameless life is ended.

Gentlemen, it is for you to settle the question whether the fairest portion of Kentucky is to be again subjected to scenes such as this case discloses.

I invoke you to do justice to your own consciences, your country, aud your God, and that you fix the seal of your condemnation upon this most cruel and deliberate violation of law.

Do this, and you will deserve the respect and gratitude of the civilized world.

The following portion of the tribute to Col. H. L. Stone by Wm. J. Hendrick, has been transferred from its logical setting in connection with the partnership of Reid & Stone, to its equally important, and more proper chronological connection with the trial of the assassin of Judge Reid:

"In the hour of darkness and affliction the sympathy and tenderness of Col. Stone with his stricken friend was a healing balm.

"The power of the beautiful and manly affection which existed between them has been signally illustrated in the devotion of Col. Stone to the interests of Judge Reid since his death. Not only has his strong arm and clear brain sustained and guided the widow of his friend in the control and management of her business affairs, but he has also guarded with jealous care the character and reputation of Judge Reid, and with a vigor and power characteristic of

the man, has repelled every assault and met every attack, whether aimed at the fair fame of his dead partner or the stricken heart of his afflicted widow. In the prosecution of Judge Reid's assailant in the courts of Kentucky, Col. Stone has been the life and soul of the Commonwealth, guiding, directing, animating and leading the cause of the State. He approved Judge Reid's determination not to take personal revenge against Cornelison, and insisted upon the power of the Courts under the law to redress his wrongs and punish the outlaw. In furtherance of his theory, he persistently invoked the whole machinery of the law, and skillfully wielded the weapons at his command to secure a punishment in some degree commensurate with the enormity of the crime."

SPEECH OF COL. HENRY L. STONE.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

Richard Reid was my friend. I loved him as a brother. No one engaged as counsel in this case occupied as intimate relations with him as I did. I am here to-day in this temple of justice, where he loved so well to practice his profession, to aid as best I can in the prosecution of his murderer—not on the charge of murder, it is true, but for a crime a thousand-fold worse than murder. Had the defendant fired a pistol-ball through Judge Reid's brain, or driven a dagger into his heart, it would have been more merciful, more humane, than the cold-blooded outrage and cruel torture he was subjected to at the hands of the defendant, and under which he suffered for four weary weeks after the assault was perpetrated upon him, before reason was overthrown, and his injured brain ended in insanity and death.

Rather would I, by far, have heard of his murder outright; it would have been preferable to every friend and relative he had on earth, to the brutal assault and slow death inflicted upon him by the defendant.

In our State, public offenses are divided into felonies and misdemeanors. Those punishable by statute with death or confinement in the penitentiary, are felonies; all others are termed misdemeanors. The punishment for the offense with which the defendant is charged is not fixed by statute, and being a common-law offense, for which there is no statutory provision, it is punishable as at the common law, as the Court has instructed you, by fine in any sum and imprisonment in the county jail for any period of time, one or both, in the discretion of the jury.

The indictment charges the defendant, John J. Cornelison, with having committed a willful and malicious assault and battery, by the use of a cane and cowhide, upon Judge Richard Reid, with the intention to kill him. This is one of the highest misdemeanors known to the law. It should be a felony. People are loth to believe it is not a penitentiary offense. The popular estimate of this offense (and it is one founded in reason and justice) is that the offender can not be adequately punished without being confined in a felon's cell. Well and truly is this case styled, "The Commonwealth of Kentucky against John J. Cornelison," and appropriately does the

indictment charge that his offense was against its "peace and dignity." No crime was ever committed in Kentucky's history that has met with more universal condemnation from her citizens of every class and condition in life. It seems incredible that in the nineteenth century, in a civilized and enlightened community, a person could be found so lost to all that is commendable in human nature as to be capable of doing a deed so lamentable, so detestable, and so disastrous in all its consequences, as the one now under consideration, and developed by the testimony on this trial.

I do not lay as much stress on that part of the indictment which charges an intent to kill, as some of my associate counsel do. There are some things in this world to which death is preferable. The foul indignity and grievous maltreatment perpetrated by defendant on Richard Reid, evidence a far more wicked and dastardly purpose than merely taking his life. The offense is fully made out, under the instructions of the Court, if it be established that this willful and malicious assault and battery was committed with the intention to beat or wound. But it is manifest that defendant's object reached beyond all this; that it was his diabolical purpose to degrade, if possible, Judge Reid in the eyes of his fellow-men. This purpose is conceded by his counsel; and while one of his attorneys (Mr. Turner) asserts that he would have killed any man who had assaulted him in like manner, even if he had been compelled to follow him to the jungles of India; that such an assault deserved death; yet this same attorney who boasts of what he would have done, under similar circumstances, has the hardihood to ask you to turn this guilty defendant loose in society, with only a paltry fine. Deserving death at the hands of Judge Reid, yet he insists that you, as sworn jurors, ought to set him at liberty! Whether this boastful attorney would have done as he says, I know not. You who know him in this community are the best judges of what he would or would not have done. That is not important. The point I make on his assertion is the inconsistency of defendant's own counsel, when he asks you to acquit or lightly punish the defendant, and in the same breath tells you that he ought to have been slain at the time by Judge Reid, without the intervention of a court or jury.

It has been said by this same attorney that the defendant has been punished enough by his expulsion from the Christian Church; that he had been "dashed out of the church by a star-chamber proceeding, without a trial or chance to be heard." While this is out of the record, I desire to say in vindication of the action of the church and its officers, that this charge is not true. The defendant was ably defended before the Elders of the church by his father-in-law, Elder Thomas Munnell, and the Elders carefully read and gave due consideration to all of defendant's papers and

communications sent to them, even his published statements. There was no secret trial; and the Elders, after a patient and lengthy deliberation, decided that there was "not the least shadow of an excuse or palliation" for his assault on Judge Reid.

When the grand jury of this county returned the indictment against the defendant on this charge, at the last term of this Court, the defendant filed his affidavit for a continuance, on the ground, principally, that his leading counsel (Mr. Turner) could not be present at that term. Delay was wanted, in the hope that time would cause our people (from whom a trial jury must be selected) to forget the infamy of his conduct. But never, never can they forget it, or overcome their natural indignation! The outrageous and murderous assault of defendant on Richard Reid is still fresh in the memory of us all, and his sad death, which soon followed the defendant's crime, yet hangs over our little city like a pall. The cry again and again comes up from the people all over this broad Commonwealth for the rigid enforcement of the law against this defendant. Justice and mercy alike demand his condign punishment at your hands. It is said by his counsel that he wanted no evidence introduced, but was willing that you might, under a plea of guilty, try him and render a verdict on what you may have heard of the offense out of court. First, when arraigned on this charge at the present term, he tendered and offered to file an anomalous plea, neither guilty nor not guilty, but confessing in part and denying in part the allegations of the indictment. This, the Court, on objection, very properly rejected. Then a modified plea of guilty was offered, which was also overruled, the law requiring a defendant to plead either guilty or not guilty of the offense charged in the indictment, without qualification or modification. Foiled in this species of demagogy, the simple plea of not guilty was entered of record. Then, changing front, the defendant at length asked the Court to permit him to withdraw his plea of not guilty and enter the plea of guilty, which the Court allowed him to do. All this preceded the introduction of any evidence. But when our first witness was put on the stand and called on to testify, the defendant again appealed to the Court, asking that no evidence be allowed to come before the jury; that the mouths of the witnesses be closed, and the story of his crime be kept away from the ears of the jury. This the Court refused to do, announcing that the Commonwealth would be allowed to prove any facts and circumstances in aggravation, and the defendant any in extenuation of his offense, notwithstanding the plea of guilty was entered by the defendant. How else could you have intelligently estimated the guilt confessed by the defendant in this case? You should first know the facts and circumstances from the testimony of sworn witnesses; then you can fix in your verdict defendant's punishment ac-

cordingly. After all the evidence was in, however, and before the argument began, the defendant filed another affidavit stating that his attorneys had misled him, and he begged the Court to let him withdraw once more his plea of guilty and enter the plea of not guilty. Over the objection made by the Commonwealth, he was allowed by the Court to again change his plea. I venture to say, such extraordinary vacillation, shifting and changing front in the presence of a jury, was never before witnessed in a court of justice. It was the merest and the most contemptible trifling with the Court.

I do not blame defendant's counsel for wishing to keep from this jury the damaging facts in this case against their client. But the evidence is before you, and after it has been carefully considered, I do not doubt that you will, under your oaths, as far as you are permitted by the instructions, deal with the defendant as he deserves.

While this case is submitted to you finally under a plea of not guilty, you know from this record the defendant is a guilty man beyond any reasonable doubt. What is his defense? He has none. No self-defense, no heat of passion, no insanity in the defendant (as in the cases of Buford and Guiteau), no drunkenness, no ignorance of the law, brought out in this investigation. All that defendant relies on in mitigation is the pretended belief on his part that Judge Reid had in some way caused the Superior Court of Kentucky to render an opinion against him, in which he was adjudged to have entered into a fraudulent conspiracy to defeat the honest creditors of the adverse party in a case where he was attorney. This alleged belief by defendant was nothing more at best than a bare suspicion, and the record does not sustain his claim that he in good faith entertained it at all, but it was used as a pretext to cover up his real motive, not disclosed by the testimony. Instead of mitigating, the evidence on this point tends only to aggravate, the defendant's crime.

Richard Reid was born and raised in Montgomery County. You all knew him well. He had more than an ordinary mind, stored with learning to an eminent degree; a lawyer by profession, he was for more than twenty years an honored member of this bar; a devoted Christian, and an Elder in his church, he was an ornament to society; "a man among men," of whom his State was proud. Chosen, without opposition, as Judge of the Superior Court of Kentucky, in a district composed of forty-five counties, he was a candidate for the office of Judge of the Court of Appeals, a still higher judicial position, with bright prospects of success. But on April 16, 1884, this honorable and distinguished citizen, who was "native here and to the manor born," in the prime of life (forty-five years of age), and in the height of his usefulness, living in a beauti-

ful and happy home, just in the suburbs of your little city, with a faithful and devoted wife, a step-son who bore his name, and orphan children reared and provided for as his own, was willfully and maliciously assaulted, beaten, and maltreated with a heavy cane and cowhide in the most dastardly and brutal manner. All at once, as a clap of thunder out of a clear sky, came the awful shock that filled the whole land with amazement and indignation. Whose was the ruthless hand that inflicted the cruel blows upon this unoffending Judge? What could excuse the dire calamity that followed —ruin to home, happiness and family? It is but a disappointed litigant, it is claimed, that has taken this method of revenge for fancied wrongs. Judge Reid is charged by defendant with procuring the other members of the Superior Court to render a decision in the case of Henry C. Howard *vs.* John J. Cornelison, which determines that the defendant, Cornelison, was guilty of a fraudulent conspiracy.

Defendant's counsel have undertaken to show in argument that the criticism of the defendant's conduct by the Superior Court in its opinion in that case was unjust; that the Judges went out of the record to characterize the acts of the defendant; the opinion is called by them an infamous one; and defendant's leading attorney (Mr. Turner) says it contains unwarranted and outrageous statements reflecting on his client's character as an attorney; that it shows on its face that the Judges delivering it were filled with vile prejudice; and some one must have poisoned their minds against the defendant. This is but the echo of what the defendant himself has heretofore asserted. Yet defendant's counsel insist that they and their client make no attack upon the integrity of these Judges, or the judiciary of the State. What is it but a slander of the judiciary to charge that the members of the Court rendering the opinion were induced to decide against the defendant by Judge Reid, the other member of the Court, who (according to the sworn testimony before you of Judges Richards and Bowden) never mentioned the Howard-Cornelison case, or spoke to either of them about it in any way, previous to the delivery of their opinion, and was not even in Frankfort when they took up the case for consideration and rendered their decision?

I shall undertake to establish to your entire satisfaction, gentlemen of the jury, that, so far from going out of the record to comment on Cornelison's conduct as an attorney, these Judges were entirely justified in using the statements concerning the defendant complained of, holding the view they did of the pleadings in that case; and had milder language been employed (believing as they did), they would have been recreant to their duty as one of the highest Courts of this Commonwealth. The whole of the record on that appeal, including the suit of P. A. Howard and Josiah Anderson against M. M.

Clay, in the Bourbon Circuit Court, is before you as evidence introduced by the Commonwealth on this trial. Now, let us look into that case, for I want you to understand the facts and then judge for yourselves of the defendant's acts as shown by that record.

Josiah Anderson held an obligation executed by M. M. Clay for about $1,500, besides interest. He assigned this claim to P. A. Howard, and they brought suit on it in September, 1874, in the Bourbon Circuit Court, for the use of P. A. Howard. During the pendency of that suit, Richard Reid and Samuels & Jordan, creditors of P. A. Howard, brought their suits in the Montgomery Circuit Court, and attached in Clay's hands any sum that he owed on said obligation assigned by Anderson to P. A. Howard. This debt assumed by Clay was a just one, and was originally the debt of Howard, Barnes & Co., a firm composed of H. C. Howard and two others, engaged in the distillery business at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, where they failed about the year 1870. Clay was the uncle of H. C. Howard's wife, and assumed the debt to Anderson under an arrangement with H. C. Howard and the creditors of Howard, Barnes & Co., whereby he obtained a transfer of their property, then attached by said creditors in various suits.

The defendant, Cornelison, was the regularly employed counsel of Clay in these matters, and also, as he claimed, to defend the suit of Anderson and P. A. Howard against Clay in the Bourbon Circuit Court. Thomas Turner was the attorney who brought the suit for plaintiffs in that action, but seems to have dropped out of the case after the fund in Clay's hands was attached by Reid and Samuels & Jordan. It soon became apparent that in the event of a recovery by Anderson and P. A. Howard against Clay, these attaching creditors of P. A. Howard would get it all; and they were anxious to get their money out of Clay, or all they could, at least, and at the same time avoid the attachment liens on the fund due from Clay. To accomplish this purpose was a puzzling question. Cornelison, defendant Clay's attorney, was selected as a fit man by the plaintiffs, Anderson, P. A. Howard and H. C. Howard (who entered into the scheme), to devise a plan by which the object in view could be attained, without detection by the attaching creditors. After repeated interviews and consultations at Cornelison's office, which was "headquarters," a compromise was agreed on, by the terms of which the sum of $750 was to be realized and paid to Anderson and P. A. Howard—$250 by Clay, under the guise of a fee to Cornelison, and $500 in a note, executed by H. C. Howard (one of the original debtors) to Cornelison, also under the pretense that it was for a fee to defeat a recovery in the Bourbon suit, as was set out in a writing executed by Cornelison simultaneously with the $500 note and delivered to H. C. Howard, who produced it on the

trial. This fix-up was in January, 1875, two or three months only after the attachment suits were brought. The case against Clay was to be so managed by Cornelison (who now had full control of it for both plaintiffs and defendant), as to show a defeat of any recovery by plaintiffs in a trial on the merits, so that the attaching creditors would not discover the means by which they were defrauded. About eighteen months after this programme had been concocted, it was carried out by a trial in the Bourbon Circuit Court, in which a judgment was rendered that plaintiffs recover nothing of Clay. In order to bring about this result, P. A. Howard and Anderson, after the plan was adopted, were procured by Cornelison to say off oath in his presence that Clay did not owe either of them one cent, and did not at the time the Bourbon suit was brought, and had not at any time since. Then Cornelison, Clay's attorney, gave P. A. Howard notice he would take depositions at his office; on the day set, P. A. Howard, Anderson and Cornelison alone were present, beside the examiner, no attorney being present to represent the plaintiffs, unless it was Cornelison, who gave his own deposition to prove what P. A. Howard and Anderson had said in his presence about Clay not owing them; then Anderson gave his deposition for the defendant, Clay adopting the statements in Cornelison's deposition as correct; there was no cross-examination of either. P. A. Howard, to his credit be it said, kept off the witness stand. And on this proof Clay of course gained his case. Soon after the judgment in his favor, Clay paid Cornelison $250 in a note due on short time, ostensibly for his fee, as Cornelison says, but really (as Clay, and also Anderson, Cornelison's own witness, swore on the trial of the case against H. C. Howard) as a part of the $750 compromise. Cornelison, instead of crediting any account he may have had as attorney against Clay, swore, on the trial of his suit against H. C. Howard, that he gave P. A. Howard credit, at Anderson's request, by this $250 paid by Clay, and as P. A. Howard owed him fees, he was thus enabled to keep the money. Although the $500 note executed by H. C. Howard was stated (in a separate writing, signed and delivered by Cornelison to H. C. Howard) to be for a fee to defeat a recovery in the Bourbon suit, thereby making Cornelison's fee $750, or the whole of the compromise money, still Cornelison swore in his suit against H. C. Howard, that this $500 note was Anderson's money, not his; that he took the note payable to himself by Anderson's direction; that he did not state the real consideration of this note in the contemporaneous writing delivered to H. C. Howard, "because if it appeared that the plaintiff in the Bourbon suit got anything by reason of his said suit, *the attaching creditors of Howard might be entitled to it;*" and therefore he "stated it was for a fee when *such was not the real fact in the case.*" The suit on this $500 note by Cornelison against H. C. Howard

brought out all the facts in this discreditable transaction, but under the rulings and instructions of the Circuit Court a verdict was obtained by Cornelison. H. C. Howard appealed. One question on this appeal was whether the pleadings were such as to authorize the Superior Court to decide that the consideration of the note was vicious and against public policy; and, if so, then, although H. C. Howard may have participated in the fraudulent purpose, Cornelison would not be allowed by a court of justice to profit by the transaction and reap his reward for such services.

You now, gentlemen of the jury, doubtless begin to understand and appreciate this defendant's maneuvers in the Howard-Anderson-Clay business. I will read you the opinion of the Superior Court, delivered by Judge A. E. Richards, February 27, 1884, and let you determine whether he said more than he should of the defendant. It is as follows:

"HOWARD VS. CORNELISON.

(*Filed Feb.* 27, 1884.)

"1. *Attorney—Contract—Public policy.*—A and B sue C on a note, and D, who is jointly liable with C, offers to pay $500 in settlement of the suit; plaintiffs accept the offer, but in order to defraud their attaching creditors, take a note payable not to themselves but to *Cornelison, defendant's attorney*, who on his part signs a writing in which he falsely states that the $500 is paid him on account of fees due him—*held*, the law will not enforce a contract (such as this) between plaintiffs and the attorney of defendant, by which the former's creditors are fraudulently deprived of the lien they have acquired under attachments.

"Appeal from the Montgomery Circuit Court.

"Opinion of the Court by Judge Richards.

"The appellee sued H. C. Howard upon a promissory note for $500. The defendant pleaded no consideration. The plaintiff, not contenting himself with a denial of the allegations of the answer, proceeded to set out what he understood to be the facts attending the execution of the note. From these we find that a suit was pending in Bourbon County, in which P. A. Howard and Josiah Anderson, for the use of P. A. Howard, were plaintiffs, and M. M. Clay defendant; that Clay employed the plaintiff, Cornelison, as his attorney, to defend said action; that while he was so engaged, H. C. Howard, who was originally liable upon the debt upon which Clay was being sued, came to him, Cornelison, in company with Anderson, and said that he, H. C. Howard, had agreed to give to Anderson, or to anyone he might designate, his note for $500.

The necessary inference is, although not definitely stated, that this note was for the purpose of settling the Bourbon County suit. The reply further states that 'when the defendant was about to execute said note to said Anderson, said Anderson directed said Howard to execute the same to this plaintiff, as he, Anderson, was owing large fees to plaintiff for legal services;' that although the above were the true circumstances under which the note was executed, he admits that at the same time he gave H. C. Howard the following writing:

"'Whereas, H. C. Howard has this day executed to me his note of even date herewith for $500, due twelve months after date with ten per cent. interest thereon from this date. The condition of said note is as follows: Howard has employed me to defend the suit pending in the Bourbon Circuit Court of P. A. Howard *vs.* M. M. Clay, upon an obligation which purports to have been assigned to P. A. Howard by Josiah Anderson, *and the note above named is for my fee in said suit,* and I agree, if I do not defeat said claim, and prevent a recovery against M. M. Clay, to surrender the note and make no charge for my services.'

"In explanation of why a false consideration was stated in this writing, the reply alleges that the creditors of P. A. Howard had attached whatever might be due on the claim sued upon in the Bourbon Circuit Court, and 'if it appeared that the plaintiff in the Bourbon suit got anything by reason of his said suit, the attaching creditors of Howard might be entitled to it, and plaintiff could not state the real consideration of the note, but stated it was given for a fee, when such was not the real fact in the case.' We further learn from this reply that although the Bourbon suit was being prosecuted by P. A. Howard and Josiah Anderson for the use of the former, the latter was the real owner of the claim.

"According to appellee's own pleading, when analyzed, we then have this state of facts.

"1. Anderson, for some reason not disclosed, is seeking to recover in the Bourbon suit his claim from Clay under the cover of the name of a third party.

"2. That Cornelison was employed as the attorney for Clay to defend said action.

"3. That H. C. Howard, who was originally liable for the debt upon which Clay was sued, and Anderson, the real owner of said debt, came together in the office of Cornelison, Clay's attorney, for a settlement.

"4. H. C. Howard was to execute his note for $500, but it could not be given P. A. Howard, because his creditors had attached the claim; it could not be given to Anderson, because P. A. Howard's

creditors would still get it, as Anderson was prosecuting the suit for the use of P. A. Howard.

"5. Therefore the attorney for Clay enters into a conspiracy with these parties to defeat the creditors of P. A. Howard.

"6. To carry out this conspiracy, Clay's attorney agrees that the note may be executed to him, and that he will give Anderson credit therefor on his account for fees owing him.

"7. That to put it out of the power of said creditors to detect the fraud that was being practiced upon them, the attorney signs a writing by which he falsely states that the note was given him for professional services to be rendered by him to the *maker*, H. C. Howard.

"If we had any doubt about this being the proper interpretation to be given to this pleading, it would be removed by reading the plaintiff's testimony, where he says, among other things, that after the termination of the litigation in Bourbon County he collected $250, as a fee from Clay, but credited it to his adversary, P. A. Howard, at the request of Anderson; and long after that, which was in July, 1876, he made an arrangement with Anderson by which he was to have the benefit of the $500 note, which had been executed to him, Cornelison, on January 9, 1875.

"If this had not been in fact a conspiracy to defraud the creditors of P. A. Howard, there could have been no reason why the Bourbon suit should not have been dismissed so soon as the settlement was agreed upon between the real parties in interest.

"And yet it seems to have been prosecuted for over a year thereafter, during which time Cornelison goes through the farce of taking his own deposition and that of Anderson to prove that the claim sued on was without foundation, and obtains a judgment to that effect.

"Public policy forbids, and the law will not countenance a combination by which the defendant's attorney can reap any profit from a contract with the plaintiff, by which the latter's creditors are fraudulently deprived of the lien they have acquired under an attachment of their debtor's interest in the claim sued upon.

"It is unnecessary for us to discuss any of the other phases of this case. Under the circumstances a general demurrer should have been sustained to the reply, but as none was filed, the Court, instead of instructing the jury peremptorily for the plaintiff, should have given such an instruction for the defendant.

"The 9th assignment is sufficiently definite to require the consideration of this error. The judgment is therefore *reversed*, and the case remanded for a new trial, and for further proceedings consistent with this opinion. Judge Reid not sitting.

"A. T. Wood, W. H. Holt and B. J. Peters, for appellant.
"H. L. Stone, for appellee."

The response to the petition for a rehearing delivered by Judge Bowden is clear and logical, and demonstrates the correctness of the original opinion. I will not weary your patience by reading that response; but there is more still in this record that is entertaining; and, as it is all in evidence, I want to quote some choice extracts from the briefs filed in the Superior Court by Judge Peters and Judge Holt, attorneys for the appellant, H. C. Howard, in that appeal. We will see what they thought of Cornelison's tortuous conduct as an attorney in the Bourbon suit. Judge B. J. Peters, in his brief, states:

"But the most marvelous disclosure is yet to be made. How do your honors imagine appellee defeated the suit of Howard, for the use of Anderson, against Clay? By his skill as attorney? If you do so imagine, you are mistaken. He has a more convenient and sure way than that. He takes his own deposition and swears he has heard P. A. Howard and Josiah Anderson, who were prosecuting said suit against said Clay, both say that Clay did not owe them, or either of them, one cent. . . . What was the note given for that is sued on in this case? To compromise and settle the claim or demand of Anderson against appellant and Clay, or either of them? Why, according to his own proof, he had not a shadow or pretense of a debt or demand against either of them, and the Court below should have instructed the jury peremptorily to find for the defendant. There was not the pretense of a consideration to uphold the note. *The transaction was most vicious, conceived in fraud and brought forth in iniquity.*"

Again he states: "From the evidence in the case a development is made of the most extraordinary management to defeat honest creditors of their rights, made successful by testimony, considered in the light of other facts and circumstances in the case, that astounds credulity itself. Mr. Anderson says in his evidence that he did not know how to fix it up, but they went to appellee (Cornelison), who they knew could do it, and he did do it effectually, and for doing it he saved for Anderson $250, gotten from Clay, and appellant's (H. C. Howard's) note for $500, for a claim of which lawyer and client prove not a cent was owing, but Mr. Anderson thinks it all right, because, he says, 'something is better than nothing,' no matter who suffered."

Judge W. H. Holt, in his brief, states: "The appellee (Cornelison) testifies that he had nothing whatever to do with Howard and Anderson; that he represented Clay alone in said case, and for a conditional fee of $250; that Anderson and the appellant, H. C.

Howard, came to him and informed him that they had settled the Bourbon suit; that *he did not advise* them or P. A. Howard in the matter, and *was not a party to the settlement;* that the appellant and Anderson told him that the appellant was to give a note for $500, *and Clay was to pay* $250 *in settlement of the suit;* that Anderson directed him to take the $500 note payable to himself, and to give him (Anderson) credit for whatever he realized on it, and he did so; and it is the note sued on. That at the same time, or at least on the same day, the appellant got him to give him the writing of January 9, 1875; that *he wrote it and signed it;* and although it recites that the consideration for the note was *his employment to defend the Bourbon suit, and if he did not defeat said suit and prevent a recovery therein, he was to surrender the note and make no charge;* yet the appellee (Cornelison) testifies that all he so wrote was a *falsehood.*

"Whether the version of the appellant or that of the appellee be correct, *a fraud was concocted, and the appellee is the plaintiff.*"

Again, Judge Holt states: "The appellee (Cornelison) vainly tried to reconcile his own testimony; it is *utterly* and *surprisingly* inconsistent. For instance, it is agreed by all that Clay never paid anything to any one in the whole matter, save $250. The appellee says this was *his fee;* that he got it. Yet he testifies that Howard was to give a $500 note — Clay pay $250 — making about one-half of the claim, and *thus the claim was to be settled.* If the $250 Clay paid was the appellee's fee, then Clay never paid $250 in settlement of the claim. By appellee's *own testimony* Clay was to pay $250 to the *other side;* and if he owed appellee a fee, it was a separate debt, and upon *his side* of the house. Clay and appellant both, and even Anderson, testify that the $250 Clay paid was to the other side, and to *settle the suit.* But what is yet more surprising, the appellee having testified that the $250 paid by Clay was *his* fee, *owing to him by Clay*, yet before he closes his testimony says that it was paid by Clay's note, due in thirty or sixty days; and that he sold it in bank for $245; and that both Anderson and P. A. Howard then owed him; *and by Anderson's request appellee gave P. A. Howard credit on his books by the proceeds of the Clay note, given for his fee, and by giving credit kept the money.* Thus did appellee get what Clay *owed him;* but kept it by giving the man credit to whom Clay and appellant say it was going!"

These briefs were filed and in the record before the decision was rendered by the Superior Court. Their language is severer than that employed by Judge Richards. This defendant must have known they were on file and had undoubtedly read them, but we hear of no attack on Judges Peters and Holt, who resided here in Mt. Sterling. Why did he not attempt to lay the hand of violence on these gentlemen?

But it has been said that Judge Reid was one of Cornelison's attorneys in the suit against H. C. Howard on the $500 note. I deny it. The firm name of Reid & Stone was signed to the petition by Judge James H. Hazelrigg, because the petition drawn by Cornelison himself in a previous suit on the same note (which was subsequently dismissed by him without prejudice) had the firm name of Reid & Stone signed to it by Cornelison; and in each instance it was done without any employment of them, and without their knowledge. When the case came on for trial, at his request and as a courtesy to the plaintiff (Cornelison), without fee or reward, I assisted Messrs. Tyler and Hazelrigg, his attorneys, and argued the case for him before the jury. Judge Reid took no part in that trial whatever. He never, as the proof shows, wrote the scratch of a pen in the case, or consulted with or gave any advice to either the plaintiff (Cornelison) or his attorneys in the management of the suit or conduct of the trial. He did sit by at the table where he usually sat when in the bar, near where plaintiff's attorneys were during the trial, and took some notes. The testimony on that trial was a revelation to Judge Reid. He discovered for the first time, as it was unfolded, and so expressed himself, "the hole his money went into." He took some notes of the testimony, not for the purposes of the trial, but doubtless in order that he might determine whether the fraud perpetrated on him and his clients, Samuels & Jordan, would fix a liability on Clay (then the only solvent person in the transaction) to pay to them the $750, the amount realized by Anderson and P. A. Howard on the compromise of the Bourbon suit. The evidence was not deemed clear enough against Clay to show his personal knowledge and participation in the fraud. Besides, Judge Reid's cause of action, and that of Samuels & Jordan, if any they had, were then (January, 1882) barred by the statute of limitations.

This defendant knows he did not recognize Judge Reid as his attorney in the case against H. C. Howard; did not rely on him as such in either the Circuit or Superior Court; and never received or sought any advice from him as attorney in that case in any way. I alone briefed the case for the appellee (Cornelison), at his request, in the Superior Court, as best I could on the law I deemed applicable to the case, and only my individual name appears to that brief.

To have concluded that Richard Reid approached his fellow-judges to bias their minds against Cornelison in that case, was improbable to any one who knew him. The defendant knew him, and knew he was utterly incapable of such a breach of judicial integrity. If the defendant ever entertained such a belief, it was a violent presumption on his part, which involved Judge Reid's honor as a man and a judge, and that of his associate judges. Such a charge was at once a slander of the entire court, and presupposed

every member of it to be destitute of integrity—Judge Reid for making such an effort, and Judges Richards and Bowden for listening to or being influenced by it in the faithful discharge of their duty to decide the case conscientiously on its merits. Yet this defendant would have you believe he came to that conclusion, and acted on it when he assaulted Judge Reid. I shall undertake to show you that the defendant did not believe Judge Reid had caused the opinion to be rendered against him, and had no reasonable grounds to so believe; that this alleged belief on his part was a false pretense; and when he had the means in his power to ascertain beyond controversy whether Judge Reid wrote the marginal memoranda in red pencil on the transcript in the appeal of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, or interfered by word or deed to prejudice the other judges against him, he willfully neglected and refused to avail himself of those means; and to gratify *some other motive*, maliciously prepared himself for weeks to assault Judge Reid in the most cowardly, brutal, and assassin-like manner. I shall demonstrate to you from the evidence that the defendant premeditated and resolved to make this assault *prior* to his having any knowledge of the red pencil memoranda on the margin of the transcript, which he claims to have believed was in Judge Reid's handwriting, and which constitutes the sole ground for his conclusion that Judge Reid influenced his fellow-judges or procured their opinion against him.

Felix L. Bosworth testifies that he had a conversation with the defendant at the depot in Mt. Sterling, two or three weeks after the assault, in which the defendant stated he saw Judge Reid on Broh's corner, in Mt. Sterling, on Sunday morning, March 23, 1884, and had then and there "charged Reid with being in some way responsible for the attempt to disgrace him by the opinion which Richards had rendered, and called Reid's attention to what he had heard of Howard's saying that Reid had promised to see that the case was reversed by his Court, *and Reid had denied it and denied having anything to do with said opinion.*"

Here it is admitted by defendant himself that Judge Reid had, as early as March 23, 1884, *denied* that he was in any way responsible for the opinion of the Superior Court, or had ever promised Howard to see that the case was reversed by his Court. Yet, notwithstanding this square denial by Judge Reid of these imputations, what does the defendant do? He goes to his office on that very Sunday, March 23, 1884, and stays there that day, and, as he told Bosworth, "made up his mind as to what course he would pursue." He admitted the same in substance to Mr. Joseph J. Eakins, correspondent of the *Courier-Journal*, on Monday, April 21, 1884, but fixed (as I recollect the letter written by Mr. Eakins as to that interview) Thursday, March 20, 1884, as the day on which he made up his mind to assault

Judge Reid as he did. Without a particle of evidence to base his pretended belief upon that Judge Reid had in any way brought about the opinion, and in the face of a positive denial that he had done so, which ought to have been sufficient for any reasonable man, Cornelison deliberately sits down in his office and plots and devises his plans on that Sunday for the ruin of his unsuspecting neighbor. This was more than three weeks before the assault was made. In the meantime he gives Judge Reid no warning of his impending danger, or even of his hostility, but on the contrary plays the *role* of a friend. He, on that Sunday, made up his mind as to the course he would pursue. We know what course he did pursue, and he comes before you, through the testimony of Bosworth, confessing that he had been nursing and harboring his devilish design for *twenty-four days before* he got an opportunity to carry it out in the secret and dastardly manner that he did.

It is claimed, however, that he obtained the opinion of three or four persons that the red pencil memoranda on the margin of the transcript were in the handwriting of Judge Reid, and he had these opinions to found his belief upon. He showed the transcript to these persons (so two of them testify, and one other gives that as his recollection), after Judge Bowden had written an order in his (Cornelison's) presence, at Frankfort, extending the time for filing a petition for rehearing in the Howard case, which order is dated March 29, 1884, *six days after he had made up his mind as to the course he would pursue.* So he made up his mind to do what he did *before* he got any one's opinion as to the marginal handwriting, and *before* he even knew there was any such handwriting on the transcript. There is no proof he had the transcript at Mt. Sterling, until after Saturday, March 29, 1884, when he, for the first time, saw these red pencil memoranda. Yet he made up his mind as to his course on Sunday, March 23, 1884. Hence, he did so *from some other motive. He plotted the ruin of Judge Reid for some other reason not yet brought to light.* How easy it would have been, when he got Judge Bowden to write that order, to have asked him, or the clerk, whose handwriting the memoranda on the margin were in. Tucker, Mitchell, McKee, and Hazelrigg testify they told the defendant they *thought* these memoranda were in Judge Reid's handwriting. The words in red pencil found on the margin have been exhibited to you, and are, "Why," "His fee," and "To his own statements." Tucker, the Circuit Clerk, swore the defendant did not show him the words, "To his own statements" (although they appear on the next page from the words, "His fee"), and had he done so, this witness states he could not have said whose handwriting they were in, and that they do not look like Judge Reid's. Mitchell, ex-Circuit Clerk, testitified Cornelison did not show him the words, "To his own state-

ments," and, on examining them on this trial, he swore *they did not look a particle like Judge Reid's handwriting.*

Now, why did the defendant thus conceal these four words from these two expert witnesses? He knew they were there on the next page from those he did exhibit. Can you imagine any reason, except that he did not want to show them too many words, or those having no resemblance whatever to Judge Reid's handwriting, and thereby produce a withdrawal of their first opinion expressed as to the other words? The words, "To his own statements," were four out of the seven written in red pencil on the transcript, and were composed of eighteen letters, while there were only nine in the other three words. I ask you, gentlemen of the jury, if this was an effort to obtain the opinion of these two witnesses in good faith? You can see for yourselves that the "H" in the words "His fee" is made in the same way as the capital H's found five or six times in the order written by Judge Bowden on March 29, 1884, in Cornelison's presence. Why did not he notice this striking similarity if he was seeking the truth? But what did Judge Hazelrigg, his attorney and witness, tell him? After examining these words on the margin, he swears: "I said, 'John, as you are going to Frankfort, take this record with you and ask the clerk whose handwriting these red-pencil marks on the transcript are in;' but defendant did not say whether he would or not do so. Capt. Thos. G. Poore, Deputy Clerk of the Court of Appeals, having charge of the records in the Superior Court, testified that defendant never asked him or any one else connected with the office, as far as he knew, whose handwriting these memoranda were in. He, Judge Richards, and Judge Bowden himself, have all testified before you that each and every word of these red-pencil memoranda is in Judge Bowden's handwriting, and those in blue pencil in Judge Richards's.

Nowhere on the entire transcript can there be found a word, a letter, or a mark of any kind made by Judge Reid. The defendant could see the difference in the handwriting between the blue and the red pencil memoranda. That the words in blue are those of Judge Richards could be plainly discerned by comparison with his manuscript opinion in the record. The defendant knew that Judge Bowden sat in the case, and as one Judge had written marginal words in blue pencil, Judge Bowden, the other sitting Judge, of all others, must have been the author of the red pencil words, unless written by Judge Reid. The issue, then, in any view, must have been narrowed down to whether they were Bowden's or Reid's. Before taking the terrible step he did against Judge Reid, and committing a crime of the most heinous character on mere suspicion, why did not the defendant avail himself of the advice of Judge Hazelrigg? Why did he not go to the fountain head, Judge Bowden

himself, and inquire if he made these red pencil memoranda? He could have done so without disclosing his suspicions, if he had any, or being guilty of any impropriety. No, no, he recklessly, and, as I maintain, intentionally, threw aside all the opportunities at hand to discover the writer of these words, and, in the absence of any evidence, ignored Judge Hazelrigg's advice, disregarded Judge Reid's denial of having anything to do with the opinion, in defiance of his knowledge of Judge Reid's unimpeachable reputation for integrity and all the characteristics of a true Christian gentleman, and, after more than three weeks' plotting and deliberation, consummated his foul design against one of the highest judicial officers in the Commonwealth. Where is the palliation, where is the extenuation, in the defendant's course? There is none. One of the defendant's counsel (Mr. Turner) has asserted without a scintilla of testimony, that the defendant showed these marginal words to me, and I did not deny they were in Judge Reid's handwriting. Now there is no truth in this assertion of defendant's chief attorney, and no witness has testified that the defendant ever stated that I did not deny these marginal words were in Judge Reid's handwriting, or what occurred between him and myself as to these red-pencil memoranda. Bosworth does not testify that the defendant mentioned my name at all in the conversation at the depot, as one of those to whom he exhibited that transcript. Full well does the defendant know what opinion I gave him as to whose handwriting these words were in, what comparison I made between them and Judge Bowden's order of March 29th, and what advice I gave him as to what he should do before coming to the conclusion that these marginal words were written by Judge Reid. Had he thought my testimony could have been of any benefit to him, he was at liberty to place me on the witness stand. You may draw your own inferences from his failure to do so, as to whether what took place in the interview between us on this subject was for or against the defendant.

One other matter is urged by way of palliating the defendant's offense, and that is Judge Reid's alleged course toward the defendant pending the efforts that were being made to remove him as Master Commissioner of this Court a year or two before the assault. It is charged that Judge Reid professed to be opposed to the defendant's removal, and either before or afterward, without defendant's knowledge, advised Judge Riddell to remove him. What are the facts?

The defendant, several years ago, at the solicitation of Judge Reid and others, was appointed Master Commissioner by Judge John M. Elliott, then Circuit Judge. In the course of time the defendant became odious to a large number of the lawyers of this bar, as well as to many citizens of this city and county. Petitions, time and again, were signed by attorneys and prominent citizens and presented

to Judge Riddell, asking for defendant's removal, and remonstrances, on the other hand, were signed by other attorneys and citizens favoring his retention. Several attorneys stood neutral in the controversy. But such lawyers as Judge B. J. Peters, Judge W. H. Winn, A. T. Wood, A. B. White, Lewis Apperson, Joseph L. Elliston, and others, signed the request for defendant's removal. The bar was about equally divided. This occurred at several Courts, and it became a very perplexing question to Judge Riddell. Mr. R. A. Mitchell testifies, on one occasion, he presented the remonstrance against Cornelison's removal to Judge Reid for his signature. Judge Reid had then become Judge of the Superior Court, had ceased to be a practicing attorney at the bar, and doubted the propriety of his taking any part in the efforts to remove or retain the Master Commissioner. He so informed Mitchell, but added, as Mitchell states, that if he (Mitchell) or I thought he should, or that it was proper for him as Judge to sign the remonstrance, he would do so.

Mr. Lewis Apperson testifies he wanted the appointment as Master Commissioner, but did not know what Judge Riddell was going to do about the matter. Apperson rode with Judge Reid on the cars between Mt. Sterling and Lexington during the term of this Court, either six or twelve months before Cornelison's removal at the spring term, 1883, and expressed to Judge Reid his ignorance of what Judge Riddell was going to do; and he states Judge Reid spoke up and said he knew the defendant would be removed; that he had seen Judge Riddell the day before, and had told him he ought to remove the defendant as Commissioner. Apperson says Judge Reid did not say whether he approached Judge Riddell or Judge Riddell approached him on the subject of the Master Commissionership. Taking the recollection of Apperson, after the lapse of two years or more, to be correct as to the language used on that occasion by Judge Reid, it furnishes no evidence of inconsistency in Judge Reid. Doubtless Judge Riddell (knowing Judge Reid was then a Judge himself and not a candidate at that time for Appellate Judge) sought Judge Reid's advice as to what he ought to do as to these petitions and remonstrances. He may have recounted to him all the efforts of the bar and citizens *pro* and *con*, the divided sentiment coming up term after term for his consideration, the hindrance it occasioned to business in Court, a part of the attorneys not being on speaking terms with Cornelison, who had their cases before him as Master, and, under this state of facts, asked Judge Reid what his duty was; and, notwithstanding Judge Reid personally might have wished the defendant retained, he, thus appealed to for advice by a judicial officer like himself, as to what was best for the Court and Bar, would have done right, if he so believed, to say to Judge Riddell: "Under these circumstances, you ought to remove him."

It is therefore absurd to claim that Judge Reid *caused* the defendant's removal. There were many agencies at work to secure another Commissioner in place of the defendant, who had become obnoxious to certain individuals. Among others, Mr. J. Green Trimble, an influential relative of Judge Riddell, and then hostile to Cornelison, took an active part against him, as the proof shows. There is no evidence on this trial that Judge Reid ever voluntarily sought out Judge Riddell and made an effort to have Cornelison removed. He took no part in the contest, unless it was to give Judge Riddell his candid opinion when sought, in all probability, as to what he should do for the good of his court, in view of all the facts and circumstances.

Now, gentlemen of the jury, how did Cornelison learn Judge Reid had even given his opinion on this subject to Judge Riddell? Not from Apperson, because he and Cornelison were not on speaking terms; besides he swears he never mentioned to any one the conversation between Judge Reid and himself on the cars until after the assault. There was but one other person from whom the information could have come, viz.: Judge Riddell himself. That defendant did obtain his information from Judge Riddell before the assault, is confirmed by defendant's own account to Bosworth of his interview with Judge Reid on Broh's Corner, on Sunday, March 23, 1884. He says he told Judge Reid then that Judge Riddell had said if Judge Reid had signed a remonstrance against defendant's removal he (Reid) would have been a "d—d hypocrite," to which, he says, Judge Reid responded, If Riddell said so, he was a liar. How did Cornelison know Riddell had used this profane language concerning his opponent for the Democratic nomination for the Appellate Judgeship? He said to Bosworth he asked Judge Reid, on Broh's Corner, to go with him to confront Judge Riddell, who was then (March 23, 1884), in Mt. Sterling, which Judge Reid, on that Sunday morning, very properly declined to do. Here we discover some daylight as to Cornelison's associations shortly previous to the assault. The pretended friend of Judge Reid in his canvass, it seems by his own story that Judge Riddell then had his ear, and by some means Cornelison had been taught to regard Judge Reid as his enemy. In the heat of a political canvass many schemes are resorted to by candidates and their friends to gain success. Whether Cornelison was worked upon and his hatred of Judge Reid engendered or cultivated by others friendly to the aspirations of Judge Riddell for Appellate Judge, I know not. The defendant's attack upon Judge Reid may have been the outgrowth of his own bad passions, without instigation or encouragement by others; but of one thing I feel confident—this evidence has not disclosed the funda-

mental motives of the defendant (whatever they may have been) in committing the crime for which he is now on trial.

If Judge Reid did anything against the defendant, with reference to his removal as Master Commissioner, inconsistent with his previous or subsequent expressions of friendship, Judge Riddell could have enlightened this jury. He is not here. The defendant has not caused him to appear as a witness in his behalf. You can draw your own conclusions from his absence at this trial. Judge Reid, on Broh's Corner, gave the *lie* to this charge, once for all, and here I am content to let the matter forever rest.

I now come to the testimony as to what the defendant did on April 16, 1884. Armed with a walking-stick in his hand, a cowhide concealed under his clothing, and a pistol, as the proof tends to show, he went, according to Cockrell, Coleman, and Bosworth (who all had conversations with him after the assault), to the law office formerly occupied by Reid & Stone, two or three times that day to carry out his foul purpose to assault Judge Reid. He found some one else in the office beside Judge Reid each time. He deferred his attack. He wanted by some means to get him where he would be alone, unarmed, unsuspecting. Col. Thomas Johnson testifies that he was at Reid & Stone's law office about ten o'clock on that morning, and there was no one else present, except Judge Reid, the defendant, and myself; that he (Johnson) sat near the fireplace; Judge Reid sat at his desk, and I at mine, with Cornelison seated between us; that Judge Reid handed Cornelison what Col. Johnson calls "an infamous letter" Thomas Turner had written and sent to the mountain counties to injure Judge Reid in his canvass for Appellate Judge; that Cornelison read this letter and then said to Reid, what Turner had written in it as to Reid was a *lie;* that he (Cornelison) had cross-examined Turner in his deposition in the suit of Turner *vs.* Johnson, and had in Col. Johnson's valise at his (Cornelison's) office, copies of the deposition and mortgage referred to in Turner's letter; that Reid then said he wanted to see them, in order to reply to Turner's letter; that Cornelison said to Reid if he would go around to his (Cornelison's) office he would show them to him; that Reid said no, he had an engagement that morning, but would call at Cornelison's office at two o'clock that afternoon, as he came from dinner; and it was so arranged. Col. Johnson further states that the conversation between Judge Reid and Cornelison was *entirely friendly.*

Here we see the defendant *invites* Judge Reid to go then with him to his office, and the invitation is accepted, the time of going being postponed until two o'clock in the afternoon, as Judge Reid returned from his dinner. Yet he tells Cockrell, Coleman, and Bosworth, afterward, that at the very time he was at Reid & Stone's

office, in the attitude of a friend, he went there to assault Judge Reid with a cowhide, then concealed on his person; and to carry out this crime he had resolved upon as early as March 23d, but he was deterred from doing so because there was some one else in the office besides Judge Reid, and he said he knew if he had tried to accomplish his purpose there he would have been prevented.

You now begin to see how Judge Reid was unsuspectingly beguiled into this defendant's office.

The author of that "infamous letter," as Col. Johnson termed it, within a few days after the assault, turned up, by some sort of process, as the chief legal adviser of this defendant, who said he had lied in making the statements he had in that letter. This attorney says to you, Judge Reid went to Cornelison's office to obtain papers to refute another charge that had been made against him, referring to his (Turner's) own letter. This jury and this community know whether that charge uttered against Judge Reid proved to be a boomerang, and whether the *charger* was in the end injured more than the person *charged*.

Charles Schaeffer testifies he saw Judge Reid and Cornelison at twenty minutes to twelve o'clock on April 16, 1884, talking in a friendly manner at the foot of the stair steps to the Masonic Temple that lead up from Main street to defendant's law office; they were close together, and Reid was leaning over on his elbow talking to Cornelison; the witness was off a few steps, waiting an opportunity to tell Judge Reid something touching his canvass; that he stood there some five minutes and went on home, about one hundred yards off, on the opposite side of Main street, and toward Judge Reid's residence; and in about fifteen minutes afterward, say twelve o'clock at noon, he saw Judge Reid pass by on the opposite side of the street, going toward home. Schaeffer states he had known Judge Reid for twenty years, and when they both lived at Versailles, Kentucky; that no one else was present or near Judge Reid and Cornelison on that occasion; that he saw nothing unusual between them, and, getting no chance to speak to Judge Reid, as he wished, he left them there talking quietly and alone.

This was only two hours before the assault; yet the defendant had, at the foot of the steps that lead up to his office, this social and friendly conversatiou with Richard Reid, when no one else was present after Schaeffer left them; and at that very moment the defendant was brooding over his contemplated assault, and only waiting the promised opportunity to attack his innocent victim, then all unconscious of the fate so soon to befall him. Why did not the defendant assault Judge Reid then and there? No person was there to interfere after Schaeffer went home; and they were alone on the sidewalk. No, he was not just ready to spring upon his prey. He

gave Judge Reid no warning at that time, else he would not have returned to Cornelison's office at two o'clock. What is defendant's next step? He follows stealthily after Judge Reid, who had gone on to the Baptist Church, some three hundred yards from where they had been conversing, and there joining his wife, Judge Reid witnesses the marriage ceremony between Dr. Skinner and Miss Lou Summers. But without the church, while the friends and relatives of this young and happy couple were gathered within, this defendant, like a hyena, walked back and forth for perhaps a half-hour on the sidewalk across the street, watching for Judge Reid to come out, that he might, in the presence of his loving wife and the audience when dismissed, pounce upon him with his cane and cowhide, and execute his hellish purpose of degrading him in the most conspicuous manner. This he confessed to Bosworth some three weeks afterward; but his courage oozed out at the ends of his fingers and he slunk back to his office, there to await Judge Reid's coming, according to engagement, at two o'clock. Can you measure the depth of such malice as that which then rankled in this defendant's heart? His actions were more like those of a wild beast than those of a human being.

After dinner Judge Reid, cheerful and light-hearted, leaves his wife and family and comes back to fulfill the appointment made in the morning to call at the defendant's office and get the papers he wished. He was met by the defendant, who is waiting and watching for him, at the foot of the steps, and up into the defendant's office they went together, and the door is shut to after them. Here Judge Reid, with overcoat on, unarmed, not dreaming of danger, having a private engagement with a supposed friend, is first seated, and when he asks to look at the papers he wanted, the defendant pretends the key to Col. Johnson's valise is not there. He had had four hours in which to ascertain whether the key was there or not. He knew for that length of time why Judge Reid was coming to his office. But this evidently was an excuse framed for the occasion. According to Bosworth's testimony the defendant admitted to him that while he (Cornelison) was standing up he handed to Judge Reid, who was sitting down, the opinion in the case of Howard *vs.* Cornelison, and said to him: "I hold you responsible for that." Judge Reid responded: "John, I told you *before* (doubtless referring to the interview on Broh's corner) that I had nothing to do with that." But the defendant replied it was no use to deny it, that he lied, and then, with all his strength, he began to strike upon the back of Judge Reid's head and neck the murderous blows with his heavy walking stick; and Bosworth swears that Cornelison told him that he *must have struck Judge Reid twenty-five times with his cane.* After completely disabling Judge Reid with his cane, he drew his cowhide

(hid in the leg of his pantaloons, hanging to a suspender button), and struck him with it seventy-five to one hundred times, as he boasted to Cockrell and Bosworth in his talks with them. He said to Cockrell he showed Judge Reid in the office a paper and asked him if that was his handwriting, and Judge Reid said it was not. He then told Reid he was a liar, and commenced on him with his cane; and subsequently drew his cowhide from under his clothes; that he got Judge Reid in between an arm chair and a table, and hit him in that position fifty licks with the cowhide, and then forced him in under the stairway in the office, and there struck him with it twenty-five times more. At last Judge Reid, dazed, bruised, bleeding, and wounded, succeeded in getting out of this death-trap set for him by the defendant, who followed him out on to the street and into Bean's store. Here his furious onslaught was stayed by the hands of Jeff Cockrell. When asked what he meant, this quiet, peaceable, church-loving defendant, responded, as Bean swears: "I am thrashing the d—d rascal." Cockrell swears his response was equally profane and coupled with an epithet too vulgar for repetition to the jury in the presence of the ladies in this audience; and states Cornelison then added: "I have not given him half enough.''

These, gentlemen of the jury, are the details of this brutal assault, as we have been able to gather them from the witnesses. You have noticed our proof has mainly been the declarations and statements made by the defendant himself to others after the commission of his crime. Of course he has colored the facts, as far as he could, in his favor, but according to his own admissions Judge Reid was powerless to resist him. Being overpowered by this sudden, unlooked for attack, and stunned by the blows on the head from the heavy walking cane, resistance was impossible. Judge Reid is not here to tell you how the defendant lured him to his office and made this inhuman assault upon him; nor how utterly prostrated he was from the blows on his head dealt by defendant, who was, as the proof shows, so much his superior in physical strength. No, his tongue is silent in the grave. His account of what occurred in that up-stairs office has been shut out on this trial by the defendant's objection. But we have enough evidence to convict the defendant of this crime, which is one of the blackest in the world's history. All the demons of the infernal regions could not have concocted or invented a more diabolical deed than this of which the defendant has been proven guilty to the exclusion of a reasonable doubt.

You have seen the loathsome cowhide brought in here, after an attempt by one of the defendant's witnesses, who had it in his possession, to burn it and thus keep it away from your inspection. Black in color, it is typical of the blackness of hell itself, and the

fiendish work committed with it by the defendant, who told Cockrell if Judge Reid had not been an Elder in his church he would have used *other means.* What other means? Why, that pistol which he told Bosworth was in the office and handy to get at; and which he told Eakins it would not have taken him over an hour to find. Yes, he would have used a pistol, a deadly weapon, and taken his victim's life. All he says that restrained him was his love of the church, his respect for its Elders, his regard for the teachings of his Master! What a mockery of all that is good and holy. Why, would you believe it, gentlemen of the jury, if I should tell you this defendant, who thus prated about his reverence for an Elder, went on the Sunday week following the assault to the house of God, where Richard Reid had so often presided as an Elder, took his seat close up to the front, partook of the sacrament administered at the Lord's table, and extended the right hand of fellowship to a gentleman and lady who united with the church that day?

Has the defendant ever regretted his infamous act? Has he ever expressed any remorse for his foul deed? No witness proves it. All his talk and conduct since go to show he is proud of what he did. He has gloated over the details of his crime in recounting them to others. Since the assault he has taken seemingly a pleasure in avowing his premeditated purpose to attack Judge Reid, and relating the manner in which he gratified his malice. He never has to any witness once said he regretted what he had done. The most that he has ever stated was some time after the assault that he regretted it took place in his own office, but always added if it had occurred anywhere else he could not have given Judge Reid half as much as he wanted to. He only regretted the *place* of his assault because his attack there, under the circumstances, had subjected him to the charge of cowardice, and for that reason only was the place of its occurrence a source of regret. But for the act itself he has never expressed or exhibited the slightest remorse, although he has known ever since the assault that Judge Reid was wholly guiltless of any part against him in the rendition of the opinion complained of, or of writing the marginal words, and he knew or might have known these facts beyond controversy prior to his assault had he acted with the slightest degree of prudence. No, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant, from all this evidence reveals, rejoices in his heart to-day in contemplating the devilish work he perpetrated. He said as much to Eakins on Monday, April 21, 1884. When asked by him if the whole thing of assaulting and cowhiding Judge Reid was to do over what he would do, the defendant answered that he would do the same again. He knew then that Judges Bowden and Richards had stated publicly, over their own signatures, in the newspapers here and at Louisville, that Judge Reid did not write a word on the tran-

script in the Howard-Cornelison case, or try to influence, in any way, the other Judges in rendering the opinion of February 27, 1884. He said to Cockrell he was glad he got Judge Reid up in his office alone, because he said he could not have given him half enough elsewhere.

Can you, then, have any patience with a defendant who shows such a defiant and relentless spirit under these circumstances? With what kind of grace can he have his counsel stand before you and plead for mercy? What mercy did he show toward Judge Reid? What mercy had he for Judge Reid's wife and family? None whatever. "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Does he come within that promise? Where was his mercy when he was dealing the cruel blows over defenseless Richard Reid's head with that heavy stick? As well might the defendant have struck a woman as that peaceable, child-like man, who never gave or received a blow in anger before in his life. No one knew the inoffensive disposition of Judge Reid better than the defendant. Then the defendant, although more than a match for Judge Reid in physical strength or when unarmed, took every advantage of him; armed himself with a large hickory walking-stick, a cowhide, and pistol near by; pretended to be his friend, decoyed him into an up-stairs office by himself, away from human eye or assistance; stood up over him, and, without the least intimation of his purpose, struck his helpless victim, who sat holding with both hands the paper he had handed him, not less than twenty-five licks with the stick, not to speak of the dastardly use of the cowhide afterward. Well may it be asked what effect these blows had upon Judge Reid. Dr. Richardson, who was Judge Reid's family physician, swears that the blows on his head, together with the character of the assault with a cowhide, would have ordinarily produced a derangement of the mental faculties. He saw him the day after the assault, and prescribed for him. He then found him suffering under a peculiar condition of nervous prostration, which he described, and his complaints were of such a character as he had not known before, and indicated in his opinion an injury to the brain by reason of the blows on the head inflicted by the defendant.

Dr. Bright, brother-in-law of Judge Reid, saw him the night after the assault, and prescribed occasionally afterward for his sleeplessness. He found a bruise on the head, which was swollen and puffed up, back of the ear, near the base of the brain, and it was such a wound as could have been made with a walking-cane. He was asked to give his opinion as to the ordinary and natural effect of a blow by defendant on Judge Reid's head at that point by a stick of the size of the one exhibited in evidence on the trial; and he answered that it would have had the effect at the time to stun, bruise, and confuse, and might have produced, in view of the character of

the assault with a cowhide, derangement of the mind. He also proved that before the death of Judge Reid, which occurred on May 15, 1884, he was the most perfect picture of mental despair, anxiety, and despondence he ever saw in his life.

Dr. Darby, an able physician of many years' practice at Lexington, Kentucky, and the author of an excellent medical work, testified that he knew Judge Reid well for ten years or more; and if it be true that within a day or two after receiving the blows on his head, he was suffering from the weakness described by Dr. Richardson, and had not been so affected previously, it would have been a symptom indicating an injury to the brain, and of mental derangement to follow.

The blows were of such force upon Judge Reid's head as to cut holes in a felt hat worn by him at the time, as proven by Dr. White, who also saw blood on his head and noticed him frequently in the evening after the assault and subsequently hold his hands to his head. Dr. Bright states, Judge Reid after he was assaulted complained of his head hurting him, and put his hands up to it several times in his presence. Can you doubt for a moment under this evidence that the defendant's blows injured Judge Reid's brain? In just one lunar month from the day of defendant's assault, insanity had usurped the throne of reason, and Richard Reid (who before this injury was in the enjoyment of health of body and mind), was found dead in a room over Judge Brock's office in Mt. Sterling, with a pistol ball through his brain, fired, as was supposed, by his own hand. In the eyes of God and man, John J. Cornelison is, to-day, morally, if not legally, guilty of the murder of Richard Reid.

Will you allow him to go unpunished? You, gentlemen of the jury, may have said, in common with many others, that Judge Reid ought to have killed the defendant; that he should have taken a shot-gun, any weapon, and never rested till the defendant had been slain. But Judge Reid was unable to do so at the time; and afterwards, as a peaceable citizen, as a Christian, as a judicial officer, sworn to uphold the law, he could not imbrue his hands in the defendant's blood, and thus violate all the cherished principles of a lifetime.

The malicious design of the defendant to degrade Judge Reid was not accomplished. While his career of usefulness has been cut short by the hands of the defendant, the noble example he has left behind will live as long as time shall last, and his name will be recorded in the history of his native State as that of a martyr, who preferred to die himself, rather than disobey the laws of God and man, or violate the dictates of his own conscience, by taking the life of his assailant. But what shall be John J. Cornelison's place in history? Instead of removing the stigma resulting from his dis-

graceful conduct as an attorney, and fastened upon him by the decision of one of the highest courts of the Commonwealth, his assault upon an innocent judge has recoiled on his own head, attracted public notice of that decision (which might have gone unobserved), and excited the scorn and indignation of the civilized world, from which he can never escape.

It was not Judge Reid's province to punish; but you have been clothed with that power, and under the evidence it is your duty to prescribe a punishment commensurate with the crime committed, as far as the Court's instructions will allow.

This defendant, who has walked your streets, flourishing the same cane in his hand he wounded Richard Reid with, who has smoked his cigars and strutted in and out of the court-house with assumed indifference as to the result of this trial, should be made to atone for his crime by corporal punishment to the extent of the law. Nothing short of confinement can satisfy the demands of justice. A mere fine would be a mockery. The defendant's crime is against the peace and good order of society, against religion, against government, against civilization itself. Let an honest and intelligent jury for once speak out in tones that will be understood. Place your names and verdict on the records of this Court as men of courage, who do not shrink from the discharge of their sworn duty to enforce the law. Let others do as they may, dare to do your duty like men. Return a verdict in this case that will not only inflict such a punishment on the defendant as he deserves, but prevent the commission of other offenses by him, and serve as a precedent for all generations, so that no man shall attempt to imitate his example.

Trivial offenses in comparison to this are deemed felonies. If one person knocks another down and robs him of a paltry sum, he may be sent to the penitentiary for ten years. Here Judge Reid was robbed of home, family, reason, life — all as the legitimate result of the defendant's act, done willfully and maliciously. The fact that he did not use a technically deadly weapon is all that saves him from a felon's cell. His knowledge of the law should have led him to respect the rights of his fellow-man. Lawyers have no more rights than any other class of citizens. Had the defendant been an obscure, ignorant man, you might have been asked and expected to fix his punishment at the extent of the law. A juror should be no respecter of persons. Your hands should not be stayed because the defendant belongs to the legal profession — a profession of which he has shown himself to be so unworthy. No: rather, on that account, should he receive the greater penalty.

Richard Reid wanted the law to take its course. He was willing to leave the punishment of this defendant, who so cruelly wronged him, to the verdict of his countrymen. He desired no mob or lynch

law to usurp the functions of a Court of justice. When the terrible news of Richard Reid's death reached him, the defendant, frightened at the result of his own heartless work, and realizing that popular sentiment had indelibly stamped "murderer" on his countenance, fled on the midnight train to the wilds of West Virginia, that he might stay for a time the vengeance which he felt ought to be visited upon him by an outraged people. But a patient and long-suffering community has permitted him to have a fair and impartial trial. Let your verdict be such as to leave no excuse for invoking the mob spirit.

The defendant, by his counsel, asks you to ignore the sorrowing and grief-stricken wife and family of the dead Judge, and endeavors to excite your natural sympathy for his own wife and children, whom he thrusts forward between you and the faithful discharge of your duty. You ought not to allow this craven plea to deter you in the slightest degree. There are higher considerations than these involved in this trial.

I now appeal to you, in conclusion, gentlemen of the jury, to vindicate the course of Richard Reid; to uphold the majesty of the law; to do your utmost to put a stop to this violent spirit of terrorizing over courts and attacking the sworn officers of the law by disappointed litigants; to render a verdict that will show to the people of the country at large that, while this unparalleled outrage has brought reproach on our State for the time being, a representative jury of Montgomery County have, as far as lay in their power, wiped out the stain upon her reputation by fixing the punishment of this guilty defendant at imprisonment in the county jail for a term of years. Do this, gentlemen of the jury, and you will have the approval of your own consciences, and merit the commendations of all law-abiding citizens.

I thank you for your patient and earnest attention.

PORTIONS OF JUDGE BROOKS' SPEECH.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:

In what I may say I shall be guided by my duty as Commonwealth's attorney in this case. It shall not be my purpose to add a feather's weight of sorrow to the already over-burdened hearts of the wife, her eight children, and those who have stood so close to defendant in this trial. I wish I could take the sorrow from out their hearts. I wish I could lift the clods from off the dead Judge's grave, and restore him to that deserted home and that widowed wife. I wish I could have stayed the defendant's hand on that fatal April afternoon—and thereby have saved this country's enlightenment, this country's civilization, this country's refinement, this country's culture, this country's justice, this country's law, this country's religion, from this unparalleled and incredible outrage and shame. But alas! this defendant must bear the burden of his crime. If there be unpleasant things spoken here and rehearsed in this record, it is this defendant's fault. I do not wish to wound any one's feelings, but simply to perform my duty, and that, God helping me, I intend to do in this case.

Was there a shadow of excuse, the shade of a mitigating circumstance, for this crime? Take defendant's own witnesses upon the Master Commissioner business—then the marginal entries.

(After a review of the facts and testimony upon these points, Judge Brooks continued:)

The gentlemen of the jury know that Cornelison had no cause of grievance against Judge Reid. They see clearly from the facts that there was no ground upon which to base a belief in an injury done him. But let us suppose that he *really* believed, although mistaken, that Judge Reid had done him a wrong. Give him the benefit of an honest, though mistaken belief. What would he have done under the circumstances? Selected a *secret* place away from all witnesses? Prepared a decoy? A betrayal? Taken every advantage? That is not the way men do with an honest belief. He would have gone to Judge Reid directly, openly; gone to his office, sought an opportunity when there were the greatest number of witnesses present, in order, that, being in the right, he might have the moral support and testimony of others. Secrecy implies malice—it means treachery, falsehood and betrayal. A *just cause* does not seek secresy,

but openness; it wants witnesses—it challenges investigation—it does not fear the light.

Well, this defendant *did* go to Judge Reid's office. Did he make known his supposed cause of offense—does he make it known to Judge Reid or to his friends? Listen to his own testimony. "*There were other people present! He would have been interfered with! He would have been stopped! They would have been separated! He wanted to get Judge Reid where he could gratify his devilish revenge undisturbed—where he could strike as many blows as he wanted to! Therefore he does not attack him in his office, nor upon the street.*"

No: he goes to his office on the 23d of March and concocts and devises his hellish scheme. While his unsuspecting victim was across the way in the ante-room of heaven, in the very presence-hall of God, communing with his Master, defendant was in his dungeon of hell communing with the devil. And from what he planned to do, and from what we know he did, we may readily believe that the room was crowded with devils. Upon every chair, upon every nook and shelf, there must have been a waiting devil to suggest some addition to that infernal plot.

Here is a righteous man, who feared God and eschewed evil. Judge Reid's life, character, happiness, home, prosperity, honor, the years of usefulness before him, the golden harvest he was reaping from past industry, honesty, and integrity, are all too much for a righteous man to enjoy undisturbed! Only the wicked are entitled to flourish like a green bay tree, in the devil's logic. The kingdoms of this world belong to him, and for the followers of Christ there must be persecution and martyrdom. So, as of old, the devil seeks to destroy such. He has his own methods, his own weapons, his own men. He found his man in this defendant, and he furnished him with the hissing, writhing weapons of hell. His methods are by betrayal, lying, hypocrisy; and he cloaks these often—as he did in this case—under the guise of friendship! hospitality! religious scruples! Defendant could'nt go to church—so he states to Bosworth—lest Judge Reid should break the loaf! He did n't use "other means," because his victim was Elder of the same church in which he held membership!

But to return to the conference. Says this defendant: "I thought at first to kill this man outright." "But," says his satanic majesty, "that will never do. This man is my enemy. He has been fighting me all his life—in prayer meetings and Sunday-schools, and in all his good deeds. Let me suggest a plan. Get him up here, even in our own abode—and *alone*. You have your weapons; I will furnish mine. Show him this record; tell him this decision is a great outrage upon you, and that he is responsible for it; and if he says, "John, I did not have anything to do with

this decision," then tell him he is a liar; then strike with the cane until you wound and daze him; then finish up with my weapon."

We might imagine that the defendant had conscience enough left to cry out to the devil: "Stop, do n't make a Judas of me! That is the way you crucified the Son of God; and though I may belong to you for all eternity, I had rather not find myself alongside of Judas Iscariot!" And he must have reasoned about the sacred rights of friendship and hospitality, and urged that out of a decent respect for the opinions of men he be allowed to warn Judge Reid of his impending fate. "No," said Satan, "the cloak of friendship is necessary. Warn this man, let him know you are his enemy, and you will never secure him. He has an open, frank, candid way about him that makes these Christians very difficult to manage; he will come right up to you, ask what you have against him—meet and answer every one of your charges. And since the Son of man called me the Father of Lies (it is very true, it is my mission to put down truth—to destroy it in the world—there is nothing we so much fear as the truth, although it is necessary we should often seem to be working for it), I have continued to use it as the most potent weapon against Him and His followers. You can not accomplish *evil* by *truth*—it is *necessary to resort to lies*—I am the father of them, and I always have a supply on hand."

We know from the testimony how the defendant followed this advice. How he claimed to be Judge Reid's political supporter—was his *warm friend, even up to the day of the assault*, say these four witnesses who have testified to the handwriting shown them. How he went to his office once, twice, three times; how he led his little child by the hand. Gentlemen of the jury, I do not believe the devil thought of that. He must have stepped aside then. I have never before known of Satan using a little child, but perhaps we yet have much to learn! We know how the witness, Schaeffer, saw Judge Reid with his face leaning upon his hands, looking with a soul of trust beaming from his eye, into the face of this man, who played his part so well, that while he was ready to slay him, Judge Reid *believed* him to be his *friend*. He invites Judge Reid to his own office—to the place where he had concluded his contract with the devil; *there* he will have him secure. Judge Reid accepts the invitation. . . . . .

We know how he follows him to the church, where even the wedding-bells do not startle him from his murderous mood; how he sees his victim join his wife and drive home with her. Talk of mercy! Gentlemen of the jury, where was this man's mercy then? Did not the sight of Judge Reid's wife, the thought of that happy home, plead to him for mercy, and did he show any? No: the devil was by his side then. He waits for Judge Reid—he meets him at

the foot of the stairs. Surely, when Judge Reid does not falter, nor hesitate, nor suspect—when he says: "I am ready to go up with you, John,"—surely a last remnant of humanity must have pleaded with this man, saying: "Give your victim a chance; tell him what is waiting him up that stairs; give him an opportunity to defend himself, to arm himself; let him get a friend—call a witness—pause at the foot of these stairs before going up; don't destroy this man, he has not harmed you. You know that you have no just cause of grievance against him. Consider: even if you destroy Judge Reid, you are selling yourself to everlasting disgrace in this world and to the tortures of the damned hereafter. You are bringing shame and disgrace to your wife and children—remember they wear your name." Surely this defendant must have faltered then. Why didn't he then turn back, seek Judge Reid, and say, "I have this and this against you; let us meet before our friends and talk it over. I will give you a chance to set it right." "Fool," said the devil, "didn't I tell you he *would* set it right? *Give him a chance, indeed!* Let him arm himself; call a friend if you will; and then your hope of destroying him is gone. I have stood by you thus far, and have brought this plan on to perfection—you have nothing to fear. You can put the shame and disgrace and charge of cowardice at *his* door. You can save yourself and children by lying about the whole assault. Besides, there are only *two of you.* You *need never tell what happens up there*; and you can soon dispose of him *so he will not know;* and if you do forget yourself *and talk* a little, he can not contradict you." So the devil wins, and they go up that stair. We all know what took place. We know how the coward's heart quailed before Judge Reid's gentle eye. "Turn it away, then," said the devil, "don't look him in the eye; turn it away, and then put it out forever so it will never reproach you again." "I can't strike him while he stands," said the coward. "Give him a seat, then," said the devil. "But if I use only this weapon from hell, he will escape. I can not destroy him with that, although I am the stronger man,—desperation might nerve him to get the advantage of me." Said the devil again: "Haven't you got your pistol? You know that it is where it will not take you an hour to find it. Haven't you got that stick in your hand? You know one blow with that placed just on the right spot of the head will leave him at your mercy; and haven't I gone this whole assault over with you time and again; and haven't I told you just where to strike? You may strike with that as often as you please, twenty-five, forty, seventy-five times, no danger of his escaping after that; *but remember the object is to disgrace*; death is a small consideration—he will go straight to the throne of God—and I have taught you *how to locate these blows, so death may seem to*

come from humiliation and disgrace. Now that is the fine point of my management, for you could never have done that by yourself."

And we can imagine just here, that if this defendant ever had a good angel, if there was one spirit in the next world who believed that he was not irretrievably lost, who felt it was worth while to try to save him, this spirit might have sought a last spark of humanity in the defendant's heart, and said to him: "Now you have this man in your power—he is your guest, in your own room, by your invitation; he believes you are his friend—tell him now to stand up, to defend himself. Give him half of your own weapons; call some one from the street; give him a fair opportunity; do not let it be said you took every advantage. Or, if you intend to outrage every instinct of humanity, and destroy him utterly, give him time to communicate with his wife, his family, the outside world; to arrange his affairs; so that you may not inflict too wide and unnecessary suffering. Leave this comfort to your own family at least—and save yourself *one plea for mercy.*"

"Fool," again said the devil, "you know if you were to give this man an *opportunity* for *attacking* you, he *wouldn't do it*—he wouldn't take your weapons; and then you would be just as much disgraced to call some one and let your plans be known; besides, I am in the majority here. I have a legion of devils with me, and didn't I tell you I would save you—that I would misrepresent the whole affair? Haven't I willing souls ready to do my bidding? Think of all the honor heaped upon this man, of others that are coming, unless you destroy him; and then look at yourself, and see what the world has done for you. You are already disgraced in it. Besides, you are a poor man with eight children—and what will you ever be now in the world? Your reputation as a lawyer is gone; all your practices of the past are brought to light. Think how for years this man has grown and increased in the land, while your course now is downward and downward. Strike this man down, and then I will take care of my own." . . . .

It is asked by defendant's counsel why he is not indicted for murder if he killed Judge Reid.

The assault upon Judge Reid was the cause of his death—whether by the blows that stunned him, or whether they afterward produced insanity that led to death. He is gone; and we could almost wish that, before he died, there had been blotted out from his mind the memory of this terrible infamy and outrage. I would not have him die with the terrible nightmare of anguish, that followed him through the month, still hanging over him. How he lived as long as he did, without mind and body both giving way, I can not tell. When he decided to let this defendant live, he took on himself a burden that was more than mortal man could bear.

. . . . . .

We are told by counsel for defense that it *was* his purpose to degrade and humiliate Judge Reid—and he calls this a bitter, unrelenting persecution for assault and battery; and says that defendant has already been sufficiently punished by being dashed out of the church without a hearing. Did defendant give Judge Reid a hearing? There is a legend of Judge Reid's other enemy having been dashed from heaven just as Cornelison was dashed from the church, and that it took him nine days and nights to reach his appointed perdition. But there is a safer and quicker road now, which this defendant has found.

Counsel for defense have said to you that we dwelt upon the power with which Judge Reid spoke—of his refusal to take vengeance—of his forgiving disposition. Now, this is all true. No man ever spoke as Judge Reid in this month of agony. It is true that he seemed as one inspired; that he did not indulge in bitter denunciations. But he claimed that he represented the majesty of the law; and because he did this, his mantle has fallen upon you, and you represent that law that must punish his murderer. And the punishment of this defendant's guilt rests with you, gentlemen of the jury, who have so patiently listened during this trial; and no more important decision for the present and future of our land — for the maintenance of law, and justice, and civilization — has ever been given, than that which you may render. The laws of a country ought to redress the wrongs of its citizens. We have no law sufficient to mete out the proper punishment for this crime. You can only punish to the full extent of the law as it stands. It is impossible to redress such a wrong. There are no *human* laws to reach it — if, indeed, the defendant be human and have a soul. You can only administer the penalty within your power; and God alone can punish him with such remorse as drove Judas to his death. No torture, no pain, no death, could be adequate to his crime, or to the torture, pain, and suffering inflicted upon his victim. You have been urged, and I still urge it upon you, to punish by imprisonment in your county jail. The imprisonment should be for life, but the law prescribes only twenty-one years. You have been told that we do not wish a fine. No; we do not wish to set this price upon blood. We do not wish to weigh Judge Reid's life against this man's money.

You are urged to mercy by counsel for defense. You are urged to consider his children. I urge you to consider your own wives and children, the wives and children in all this Commonwealth. If violent and revengeful men can take law and order in their own hands, and brutally assault, outrage, kill, any man against whom they may imagine they have a grievance, who is safe? how many

wives and children may be left widowed and orphaned? You can not take Judge Reid's blood upon your own hands and upon your children's children by refusing to punish this man. It is merciful to administer the proper penalty.

But are this man's wife and children to be introduced here as a plea for mercy? Then, go to that once happy home, and see the desolation and anguish that he has wrought, and the broken-hearted wife of Judge Reid mourning in despair, and asking, "Why, oh why has all this been permitted?" *

The appeal of J. J. Cornelison against the Commonwealth of Kentucky, from the judgment of the Montgomery Circuit Court, was taken to the Superior Court, and was docketed for the September term, 1885, of that Court. Judges Richards and Bowden having been witnesses for the Commonwealth in the trial of the case in the Court below, and Judge Ward having been consulted by the prosecution before his election to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Reid, they each declined to sit in the trial of the appeal in the Superior Court.

The duty thus devolving on Governor Knott to appoint special Judges to compose the Superior Court to try the appeal, he selected Hon. W. B. Harrison, of Lebanon; Hon. Malcolm Yeaman, of Henderson; and Hon. C. U. McElroy, of Bowling Green, for that purpose. This special Court convened at Frankfort, the second week in November, 1885. The case was elaborately argued orally by Judge Thos. F. Hargis, Hon. W. J. Hendrick, Gen. John Rodman, H. L. Stone, and Attorney General P. W. Hardin, for the Commonwealth; and Judge William Lindsay, for Cornelison; and, in addition to the oral arguments, briefs were filed by these and other attorneys of counsel for the appellant and appellee. On November 14, 1885, an opinion was rendered by Judge Yeaman, in behalf of himself and

*Judge Brooks' speech is produced from imperfect notes. As a *verbatim* report was not made, only the substance of his address is given.

Judge McElroy, reversing the judgment appealed from, solely on the ground that, in their view, imprisonment could not be inflicted as a part of the punishment for an assault and battery at common law in Kentucky; citing the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* Simmons (6 J. J. Mar., 614), as the principal authority in point. This opinion by a majority of the Court was not received as correct by the legal profession in Kentucky, the Circuit Judges in such cases having, from the organization of the State, uniformly given the law as set forth in the instructions of Judge John E. Cooper, who presided at the trial in the lower Court. Presiding Judge Harrison delivered a dissenting opinion, which, together with that of the majority of the Court, may be found in the *Kentucky Law Reporter* for December, 1885.

In commenting on the ground for a new trial, alleged by the appellant, that the verdict of the jury for three years' imprisonment in the County jail was excessive, Judge Yeaman, in his opinion, uses this language:

"It is shown by the record that the person assaulted was at the time one of the Judges of the Superior Court of this State; that the appellant was a practicing attorney in that and in other Courts of the State; and that the facts relied upon in mitigation were claimed by appellant to be in some way connected with, or to grow out of, Judge Reid's action as one of the Judges of the Court of which he was a member. But, admitting all the evidence that was introduced or offered by appellant to have been competent, *we do not discover a single mitigating circumstance.* Considering the positions of the parties; their relations to each other; the weapon, and the manner of its use; the place — appellant's own law office; the fact that one was a Judge, the other a lawyer: *the assault stands out as one of unparalleled atrocity.* If the *degree* of punishment were the only question raised by the appeal, *we would unhesitatingly affirm the judgment.*"

From the judgment of the Superior Court, Attorney General Hardin promptly prayed an appeal to the Court of

Appeals of Kentucky, where the case was again orally argued in January, 1886, and submitted. The argument of ex-Chief Justice Hargis in behalf of the Commonwealth before the Court of Appeals was an exhaustive and masterly effort. The court-room was filled with members of the bar from all parts of the State, who were eager and attentive listeners, and they were unanimous in their indorsement of the correctness of the positions assumed, and in pronouncing the argument unanswerable. Judge Holt, having been of counsel for H. C. Howard in the original case of Cornelison *vs.* Howard, declined to sit as one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals; and Chief Justice Thomas H. Hines, Judge William S. Pryor, and Judge Joseph H. Lewis, composed the Court on the trial of the final appeal.

No opinion has yet been rendered by this Court of last resort, but there is every reason to believe that the judgment of the Montgomery Circuit Court will be affirmed, and that the condign punishment fixed by the verdict of the jury, though long delayed, will be meted out to the criminal, unless he flees from the Commonwealth, and becomes a fugitive from justice.

INDEX.

PAGE

Allen, C. T., letter to Judge Reid.....241
" " Mrs. Reid.....434-35
Allen, Frank W., letter to Judge Reid.250
" " Mrs. Reid....440
Allen, T. N., reminiscences of Judge Reid..... 27, 28, 29
Speech at State Bar meeting, Frankfort 396
Ammon, Gen'l, teacher..... 18
Amsdem, J., letter from..... 242
Anning, B. S., letter from.....294-95
Apperson, Judge, Richard, Jr..... 56
Partnership with
Arthur, John C., classmate..... 18
Ashbey, Mrs. Marcia, letter.....281
Atherton, John M., classmate..... 18
Atkinson, Linda, letters to.....55, 149
Letter from. 449-50
Atkinson, C. O., letters to.....58, 59
Affidavit of.....179
Letters from.....269-70, 409, 450
Aubrey, J., letter from.....460
Bailey, Jas. T., letter.....242
Bain, W. H., telegram.....261
Baptist College, Georgetown, Ky..... 17
Barnes, Mrs. Emily.....15, 16
Beckner, Judge William, letter from...234
Berry, J. T., letter from.....242
Berry, R. Y., letter from..... .... .242
Blakemore, Mrs. Mary, letter from..276-77
Bolling, Mrs. Mary E., letter from..265-66
Boone, J. G., letter from..... 242
Bosworth, Felix, testimony of.....185
Botts, J. B., letter from.....238
Bowling, Wm., letter from.....238
Breckinridge, W. C. P., Committee.....138
Brock, Judge, Conversation with Judge Reid, May 15th.....367
Bridgeforth, Wm. M., classmate..... 18
Briggs, James A., letter from.....300
Broadhurst, Wm. A., letter from.....252
Brook, Judge, speech.....568-573
Brown, J. W., letter.....237
Bruce, P. G., letter.....238
Buckner, Judge B. F., letter.....232
Burdett, B. M., letter from.....235
Burnham, Mrs. Sarah H., letter from.451
Burton, W. Lindsea, letter from.....240

PAGE

Burwell, Newton, letter from..... 292
Bush, W. W., letter from.....234
Bushnell, John, teacher..... 12
Cadiz Church, action of.....258
Caldwell, Hon Isaac, speech on unveiling Elliott Monument.....208
Campbell, Alexander.....2, 8
Campbell, R., president..... 13
Cantrill, James E., classmate..... 18
Carter, D. D., letter from.....242
Carter, Mrs. Mary, hostess..... 45
Cartland, F. G., letter from.....257
Case, D. W., letter from.....260
Cassidy, Judge, allusion to 162, 163
Chambliss, Rev., D. D., classmate..... 18
Reminiscences..... 23
Cheatham, Dr..... 167
Chorn, James..... 234
Letter from to Mrs. Reid.....293
At Judge Reid's.....358
Church at Mt. Sterling, action of.....343
Unfortunate delay—foot note...343-44
Exclusion of assassin.....345
Classics, study of.....157, 158
Clay, Henry, politics..... 8
Clay, Mary W., letters from.271,275,279,457
Clay, Hon. James, classmate..... 18
Cockrell, J., testimony of 183, 185
Coleman, Mrs. Belle M., letter from.443-44
Cook, Joshua F., classmate..... 18
Coroner's inquest.....370-371
Review of.....476-77-78-79
Cowan, Mrs. Kate S., letters from..... 269, 445-446
Cox, Dr. J. W., wise advice.....161
Craddock, Judge, speech at Bar meeting at Frankfort.....396
Craig, B., letter from.....242
Crenshaw, Robt., letter from.....258
Crenshaw, J. W., letter from.....258, 298
Crouch, Mrs. Mary E., affidavit of.180-181
Letter to Mrs. Reid.....361
Crumbaugh, B. S., classmate..... 18
Dabney, Thos. C., letter from.....258
Daniels, Charles T., classmate..... 18
Darby, Dr. J. C., on the decision by Supreme Court.....201
Nature of assault.....210

PAGE

Darby, Dr. J. C.,
On Judge Reid's handwriting.....202
Master Commissionership.....205
On the trial.....505
Darsie, George, on Judge Reid's religious life..... 85
Letter from.....255
Daviess, Mrs. Eliza, letter from.....270–71
Davis, David, letter from.....238
Davis, Elizabeth, sketch by Dr. Wm. Davis.....3, 5, 6
Davis, Col. Josiah, sketch by Judge Reid.....3, 4
Davis, Mary, marriage..... 5
Davis, Mrs. Patsy Chandler, sketch of. 4
Davis, R. D., letter from.....238
Davis, Samuel, letters from.....10, 12
Davis, Wat. A., letter from.....238
Davis, Dr. Wm., letters from...5, 6, 293, 294
Ditzler and Wilkes' debate.....56, 57
Dodd, letter from.....233
Ducker, John S., letter from.....234, 235
Dudley, president R. M..... 24
Dunlap, Mrs. Minnie C., letter from...280
Duvall, Judge, Instructor in law..... 30
Eakin, Joseph J., testimony of.....183, 184
Echols, Gen'l Jno., letters from..... 283–84, 286, 461
Echols, Mrs. Mary H., letters from..... 272–73, 471–72
Edwards, Geo. T., letter from.....242–43
Elliott, Judge Jno. M., death of.....135
Errett, Isaac, letters from..... 246, 255, 258, 436, 437
Fallows, Bishop, Samuel, letter from.256
Farnum, Prof. J. E., testimonial from..... 24
Fawcett, Samuel, teacher..... 12
Feighan, Fanny M., letter from.....446–47
Felix, W. H., classmate..... 19
Fesler, Mrs. Jno., letter from.....260
Fitch, Margaret T., letter from.....277–78
Fisher, Dr. M. M., letter from.....260
Foley, Mrs. Capt., friend..... 15
Fowle, W. I., telegram..... 261
Floyd, C. B., letter from 257
Frazier, Mrs. Thomas, letter.....262
Gaitskill, S. S., bondsman.....338
Galloway, John M., letter from.....241
Gambetta, views upon by Judge Reid, 156, 157, 158
Gano, Gen'l R. M., letter from.....438–39
Gano, Dr. Stephen, home at Georgetown..... 19

PAGE

Garst, Mrs. Laura D., letter from....457–58
Garrison, D. B., in municipal contest, 337–38
Gatewood, James W., conference at Judge Reid's.....334
Last conversation with Judge Reid.366
Gilbert, Alfred N., letter from.....250–51
Gillespie, J. W., letter from.....242
Gober, Dr. Dan'l, letter from.....288–89
Goodloe, John K., letter from.....235–36
Goodpaster, C. H., letter from.....285
Graham, President Robt., on exclusion of assassin.....341
Letter to Mrs. Reid.....418–421
Graves, R. C., letter from.....242
Graves, J. W., letter from.....242
Green, Rev. Dr., on Judge Reid's speech.....316
Guerrant, Rev. E. O., on Judge Reid's school life..... 13
Testimonial.....433–34
Hamilton, Miss Margaret, letter from.263
Hamilton, Col. A. W., conference at Judge Reid's.....332, 334
Last interview.....365
Hamilton, George.....358
Hannah, Dr. J. A., home of..... 15
Upon unconditional exclusion....340
Letter from.....460
Harding, E. H., letter from.....259–60
Hargis, Judge Thos. F., opposing candidate.....136
Speech at State Bar meeting.....394–95
Hargis, Mrs. Thos. F., letter from.....265
Harkins, Elder, at Carlisle.....318
Harlin, James, letter..... .242
Harris, D. M., letter from.....254
Harris, Jane W., letter from.....258–59
At Judge Reid's.....358, 362, 368
Harris, Maj. Jno. D., home of.....165
At Judge Reid's.....358
Harris, Mrs. Jno. D., letter to, in bereavement.....98, 99
Letters from 282, 457
Harris, Mrs. L. L., letter from..... 268
Harris, Maj. Tyre..... 33
Harris, Virgil M., letter from.....245
Harrison, Albert G., death of..... 30
Harvey, Robt., letter from.....296
Havens, Capt., statements.....205
Haynes, O. H., on committee.....240
Hazelrigg, Judge James H., testimony of 197, 202
Hedden, falsehoods of 183, 185, 186

PAGE

Helm, Miss Kate, letter from.....451
Henderson, R. Z., letter from.....238
Hendrick, Hon. Wm. J., concerning Richard Reid as a lawyer.114-15
Concerning Richard Reid as a Judge.....160-61
Letter from.....233-34
Account of funeral.....376
Tribute to Col. Stone.....115, 538-39
Account of trial.....500-2
Speech.....518-33
Hewitt, Miss Mattie, letter from.....443
Hicks, H. H., classmate.....18
Hill, Z. H., letter from.....295-96
Hobbs, A. I., letter from.....247
Hobson, J. P., letter from.....236
Hogan, Helen S., letter from.....281-82
Holloway, Mrs. W. W., letter from...274
Holt, Col., on the assassin.....207
Election over Riddell.....234
Horton, May, as a member of Judge Reid's family.....66, 67
Letters to.....141, 142, 143, 144, 145
In the last days.....362, 363, 368
Horton, Lily, member Judge Reid's family.....66, 67
Marriage.....153
Letters about.....154
Howard, Col., charges against assassin.....206
Howell, W. H., letter from.....290
Huddle, artist.....58
Hudson, Dr. J. H., letter from.....290-91
Hume, Dr.....167
Hunt, G. D., schoolmate.....18
Hurt, Harvey, teacher.....12
Irvine, W. M., letter from.....284
Irwin, Jas., letter from.....292
Indignation Meeting.....213, 220
Jackson, Gen'l Andrew, incident.....2, 3
Jameson, Bessie, letter concerning death of.....151
Jameson, Elizabeth, concerning.....37, 57
Jameson, Emma H., letter from.....444
Jameson, Hon. Jno., sketches of...33, 34
Jameson, John H., letters to.....57, 65
Letters from.....287, 288, 463
Jameson, Miss Linda, letters to.....47, 49, 50, 53
Jameson, Mrs. Mary E., letter from...444
Jameson, Sallie Reid, member of the family.....63, 98, 141, 154
Letter from.....191
Last letter to.....469

PAGE

Jameson, Miss Sarah T., acquaintance and betrothal.....32
Death of.....38
Tribute of Jno. I. Rogers.....39
Jameson, Mrs. Susan, wife of Hon. Jno. Jameson.....33, 46
Letter of Richard concerning.....46
Mother-in-law of Judge Reid.....67
Affidavit of.....176
Jesse, Thos. H., letter from.....242
Jewell, J. K., letter from.....239
Johnson, Gen'l Thos., conference at Judge Reid's.....334
Last interviews with Judge Reid.366
Johnson, Miss Marguerite, letter from..318
Jones, J. B., letter from.....249
At Carlisle.....318
Jones, Jas. D., letter from.....238
Jones, Mrs. Mary K., letter from.....448
Jones, W. C., classmate.....18
Kavanaugh, Bishop, incident.....474
Kavanaugh, Dr. B. T., address at indignation meeting.....217-220
Prayer at funeral.....377
Lessons of the tragedy.....422-430
Kavanaugh, Mrs. B. T., letter from, 262-63
Keller, W. E., letter from.....249
Kelly, Miss Mary E., letter from.....453
Kimball, Miss Belle, letter from.....455
King, Mrs. Lily H., letter from.....275
Lansdown, George, letter from.....238
Laughlin, Mrs., hostess.....46
Lee, James.....358
Lee, Mrs. Wash., mention of.....15
Lewis, teacher.....12
Lewis, C. N. Sr., letter from.....238
Lillard, Miss Fanny, letter from.....267
Lillard, J. D., committeeman.....138
Littlejohn, S. W., letter from.....238
Loos, C. S., preface to letters.....231
Letter from.....248
Funeral sermon.....383
In Christian Standard.....384-85
At C. W. B. M. memorial services.418
On characteristics of Judge Reid, 491, 493
Conclusion.....496-99
Magann, C. C., letter from.....291-92
Magoffin, S. M., letter from.....463
Magowan, John, conference at Judge Reid's.....334
M. A. M., letter.....301
Manly, Basil, letters from.....253, 435

PAGE
Marlow, Thos. J., letter from.....254-441
Marshall, Gen'l Ed. C., letter from.302-303
Mathews, Thos. A., letter from.....284
McCarty, S. R., letter from.....238
McClintock, Alexander, letter from....289
McDaniel, Wm., letter from.....238
McDonald, Mrs. Laura, letter from...272
McGarvey, letter from.....246
On exclusion of assassin.....341
Funeral sermon.....378-83
Some errors corrected.....407-10
Letter to Mrs. Reid.....437
McGinn, J. B., letter from.....242
McHarry, J. H., on committee.....240
McKee, Mrs. Bettie, letter from.....281
McKee, H. Clay, testimony.....197-198
Bondsman.....221
Police Judge.....341
McKee, Melvin, letter from.....297
McKee, Samuel, letter from 239-40
McMichael, Mrs. Florence, letters to Mrs. Reid 450
Meguiar, P., at Judge Reid's.....358
Messick, R. M., letter from.....257
Miller, Jno. H., letter from.....238-39
Miller, W. H., letter from.....165
Mitchell, Mrs. M. A., letter from.....281
Mitchell, R. A., testimony ...197, 198, 204
Bondsman.....221
Municipal—Offensive conduct..... 338, 339, 340
Mitchell, Thos. W., letter from.....238
Montgomery, A. B., letter from 239
Montgomery, Jas., letter from.....233
Moody, Mrs. M. A., letter from....273-74
Moore, C. C., on Judge Reid's Versailles life..... 41
Tribute to Judge Reid.....392
On Judge Reid's death.....467-68
Moore, Judge Laban T., at Winchester.315
Moore, Mrs. V. S., letter from.....264
Moss, Miss Joe, letter from.....263, 459
Munnell, Thos., bondsman 221
Upon son-in-law's repentance.....340
Assistance in publications.....340
Influence upon the elders first to try Judge Reid 343
Attack on Col. Stone.....346
Myles, Mrs. Ella B., letter from....447-48
Parrish, T. M., letter from 299-300
Patterson, W. F.....250
Patterson, W. R., speech.....506-17
Payne, Fannie 272
Peak, Hon. Jno. L., reminiscences..18-21

PAGE
Pearce, B. S., classmate..... 18
Pearre, Dr. S. E., letter from.....246
Pearre, Mrs. S. E., letter from.....280-81
Peters, Judge B. J., brief.....207
Presiding at indignation meeting 214
Advice to Judge Reid to withdraw from the canvass.....350
Pitts, C. B., classmate..... 18
Pinkerton, J. P., letter from.....238
Poore, Capt. Thos., testimony 201
Telegram..... 261
Poore, Mrs. Thos., letters from.....263, 431
Pope, Hamilton, letter from.....241
Porter, Gov. Thos., in partnership...31-32
Letter from 237
Potter, Rev. D. S. C. M., teacher of Judge Reid's.....12, 13, 14, 15
Testimonial to Judge Reid.....14-15
Letters to from Judge Reid..24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 36, 41, 48, 59
Letters from.....136, 247, 252, 431-432
Powell, J. H., letter from.....241-42
Prather, Mary, incident.....2, 3
Pratt, Alfred, classmate.....18
Press—
Apostolic Times, Judge Reid's death.....411-12
Breckinridge News, on the outrage.....305-6-7
Judge Reid's death 406-7
Brooklyn Union, upon Judge Reid's decision.....301-2
Central Methodist, outrage.....305
Christian Standard, Judge Reid's decision.....308-9, 318
Judge Reid's death.412-13, 414-15
Clark Co. Democrat, Judge Reid as a candidate.....141
Courier Journal, Judge Reid's qualifications for office.....140
Riddell's defeat, Holt's election.....336-337
State Bar meeting at Frankfort.....393-97
Death of Judge Reid.....399-401
Cynthiana News, upon Judge Reid's nomination.....139-40
East Kentucky News, upon the outrage.....303-4
Falmouth Democrat, Judge Reid's nomination..... 140
Frankfort Yeoman, Judge Reid as a candidate.....141

PAGE

Press—
Henderson Reporter, upon the outrage.....309
Lexington Transcript, on Judge Reid's death.....406
Louisville Post, on Judge Reid's death.....416
Mountain Scorcher, Judge Reid as candicate.....140
Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat, Judge Reid as a candidate.139–40
Indignation meeting.....216–220
Exclusion of assassin from the church.....344–47
Halting Course.....347–49
Meeting Mt. Sterling Bar...397–99
Odd Fellows' resolutions.....417
Owen County Democrat,outrage.304–5
Owingsville Outlook, Judge Reid as a canditate.....141
Paris True Kentuckian, Judge Reid's speech.....316
Judge Reid's death.....402–3
Stanford Interior Journal, upon the outrage.....309
Vanceburg Courier, upon the assault.....175–76, 307–8
Judge Reid's death.....403–406
Prichard, K. F., on committee.....138
Prichard, G. W., letter from.....238
Prichard, L., letter from..... 238
Priest, W. C., letter from.....291
Rainey, teacher..... 12
Ray, Henry, classmate..... 18
Read, Joseph B., letter from.....287
Redfield, H. A., letter from.....292–93
Reid, Andrew, ancestor..... 1
Reid, Coleman, ancestor..... 2
Reid, J. Davis, brother of Judge Reid, 2–5, 34, 35, 36
Reid, Elizabeth Davis, mother of Judge Reid.....5, 6
Reid, Mrs. Elizabeth Jameson, concerning.....37, 57, 58
Letters to from Judge Reid, 62, 63, 64, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 170, 314, 317, 318, 321, 322, 323
Letter from to Pres't Loos.. 324
Mrs. Reid to Judge Reid..325, 326, 327, 328, 329
Statement of.....181
Diary.....338, 339, 352–361
Letter to Col. Jno. Reid.....363–64
Letter to W. T. Tibbs.....365

PAGE

Reid, Flora, death 52
Reid, Henry, father Judge Reid.....1, 4, 5
Reid, Henry, death..... 52
Reid, Col. Jno., mention of..... 2
Letters from 291, 300
Letter to.....363
Reid, Joseph..... 2
Reid, Mrs. Kate G., letter from.....291–300
Reid, Mrs. Mary, letters from.....10, 98
Reid, Judge Newton P., sketches of, 1, 74, 111
Reid, Paul, mention of..... 1
Reid, Richard Coleman..... 2
Reid, Judge Richard, birth, ancestry..1–6
Early affliction, childhood.....7–11
Orphanage..... 5
School life.....12, 16
Baptism. 13
College life, profession.....17–31
Versailles, law, love, politics.....32–44
Personal appearance..... 32
Bereavement.....39–41
Mt. Sterling, Reid & Reid.....4-5
Bachelorhood.....45–52
Family afflictions.....52–55
Married life, home, family, hospitality 56–71
His boy 72–78
Tenderness to children, letter to an infant.....78–81
eligious life..... 82–99
Belief in prayer, copies of family prayers.....86-99
Ministrations to sick, sorrowing, and dying.....90, 91
Prayers for Garfield.....91, 92
Humorous and religious.....93, 94
Influence over young men..... 94
Missionary, charity, church work, 95, 96
Death of Ella K. Reid.....96–98
Consoling letter to Mrs. Harris...98, 99
Books, literary culture.....100–105
Humorous readings.....106, 107
As a writer.....107–109
As a speaker.....110–112
As a lawyer, business habits...113–117
Reid & Stone..... 115
Temperance views.....117, 118
Temperance address.....119–124
Friendships.....125–128
Chivalry to women.....128, 129
Help to the C. W. B. M.....129–130
Address to young ladies.....130–134

PAGE

Reid, Judge Richard—
Candidate for Court of Appeals, 135–137
For Superior Court.....137–142
Descriptive letters from White Sulphur and Old Point Comfort.....142–145
Life at Frankfort.....146–167
As a judge.....160, 161
Work done by Superior Court.....160
Letters to boy upon work, manners, Bible.....147, 148, 149
Mission work, Kentucky boys at Princeton.....150
Prayer that he might live to see his boy a man.....149
Thanksgiving at home.....152–153
Use of the pen.....153
Habits of study.....155
Novel reading, manners, method, self-depreciation.....155
Holmes, Motley, attention.....155
Gambetta, classics.....157, 158
Princeton College, Aaron Burr.159
Barbaric in boys, associates.....162
To wife on his 45th birthday...162
And son concerning canvass.....163–166
Ill-health.....163–166
From Catlettsburg.....168
On wife's birthday.....169–170
Last departure from Frankfort—Coming home—Tour through district.....168–170
In his office—Judas among his friends.....171, 172
Betrayal and crime.....171–86
The happy home.....172
The attack upon.....173–186
Nature of injuries.....179–182
Decision.....187–195
Review of nominal causes.....196–212
Handwriting.....197–199
Lying pretexts.....196–206
A deliberate crime.....209–12
Universal indignation.....213–15
Friends.....214–215
Cornelison hung in effigy.....216
Indignation meeting.....216–20
Judge Reid's speech.....221–231
Sympathy and approval through letters, telegrams, press.231–311
Last tour.....311–329
Letters to wife.....324–329

PAGE

Reid, Judge Richard—
At Paris and Winchester...314–316
Richmond.....317
Carlisle.....318
Flemingsburg.....320
Maysville.....321
Brookville.....321
Vanceburg.....322
Greenup.....322
Grayson.....323
Suffering.....323–324
Letters from wife.....324–329
Return home.....330
Situation at Mt. Sterling.....330–349
Persecutions of assassin and clique.....330–331
Political—Judge Riddell...332–336
Municipal contest.....337–340
Cornelison's exclusion from the church.....340–47
Delay in action by the church, 341–347
Local Press.....347–349
Last days.....350–361
Wife's health.....351–352
Last conversation.....353–358
Last drive.....359
Thursday, May 15th.....362–373
The last morning.....362
Prayer.....362
Breakfast table talk.....362–63
Last letters mailed.....363
The last farewell.....363
Last conversation with A. H. Hamilton.....365–66
The death.....368–70
The assassin.....370
The inquest.....370–71
The home.....371–73
Funeral.....374–91
Sermon by Prof. McGarvey.....378–83
President Loos.....383–85
John S. Shouse.....385–87
H. R. Trickett.....388–92
The grave.....392
Tributes from press, bar, and organizations.....393–421
State Bar at Frankfort.....393–97
Mt. Sterling Bar.....397–99
Watson Lodge I. O. O. F.....416–17
Memorial services of C. W. B. M. at Paris.....417–421
Tribute from the colored race..463–64
Letters to the sorrowing.....431–462

PAGE

Reid, Judge Richard—
Did Judge Reid take his own life 465–80
Views of H. R. Trickett....465–67
C. C. Moore....467–68
Letters to son and niece....468–69
No premeditation....470–72
Views of death....473–75
Political outlook 475–76
Review of coroner's verdict.. ...476–77
Position—Card....478–79
Plausible theory....479–80
Retrospective 481–95
Conclusion....496–99
Reid, William, death of....52–53
Reid, Judge Walker, as a jurist.... 1
Richards, Judge A. E., letter from....159
Testimony....196, 200
Richards, Mrs. Mattie F., letter from....265
Richardson, Robt., letter from....348
Ridley, Mrs. Madge, letter from....278
Riddell, Judge....331–336
Robb, D. P., letter from....242
Roe, George Elliott, letter from....238
Rogers, B. F., letters to....35, 36, 37
Rogers, Mrs. E. J., letters to...45, 53, 54, 57
Rogers, John I., reminiscences of Judge Reid....39, 40, 57
Letter from....253–254
Rogers, Jno. J., letters from....285, 317–18
Rogers, Sallie J., letter from....276
Rogers, Richard Reid, mention of.... 57
Judge Reid's devotion to
Companionship....72–81
Juvenile literature....77, 78, 79
Incidents....76, 77
Letters from Judge Reid....75, 147, 150–57, 160–64, 167–69
Letter from upon the outrage....190
Last letter to....469
Rucker, J. J., Professor at Georgetown. 19
Ryland, John E., letter from....292–93
Secrest, J. B., letter from....238
Simms, Lucy B., letter from....271
Simms, Wm. E., mention of....328
Shackelford, Prof. Jno., letter from....256
Shaw, Wm. E., letter from....289–90
Shouse, John S., telegram....261
Funeral sermon....385–86
Letter to Mrs. Reid....438
Smith, B., letter from....237
Smith, H. W., letter from....242
Smith, Elder Jno., baptism by.... 13

PAGE

Sneed, Mrs. Aggie S., letter from to Mrs. Reid....445
Southgate, E. L., letter from....252–53
Stamper, H. W., letter. 242
Steele, Thos., letter from....242
Stewart, Isaac A., letter from 237
Stitt, W. J., letter from....242
Stoll, Albert A., telegram....261
Stone, Mrs. Annie Rogers....451
Stone, Col. H. L., partnership 115
Testimony....202
Speech at indignation meeting.... 216
Letter to correspondents....231
Consultation at Judge Reid's....334
Speech on Riddell 335
On Thos. Munnell....346–47
Last conference....350
In the trial....538–39
Speech 540–67
History of appeals....574–76
Stoner, George W., letter from....298
Street, E. R., letter from....258
Street, John L....258
Stuart, James, committee....240
Sturgeon, Sam H., letter from.... 244
Sublett, Miss Susie, letter from....456
Sweeney, C. W., telegram....260
Sweeney, J. S., letter from....248
Sweeney, W. M., letter from....240
Taylor, R. H., chairman committee...240
Taylor, Preston, testimonial to Judge Reid....463–64
Tibbs, W. T., on Judge Reid's religious life.... 83, 86
Letter from....251–52
Telegram.... .261
Letter from Mrs. Reid....365
Testimonial....432–33
Theobald, Thos. Dudley, letter from..238
Thomas, E. K., letter from 285
Thomas, J. M., letter from....260
Thompson, Mrs. Fannie S., letter from....269
Thompson, Harry G., descriptive of Judge Reid....168–69
Thompson, Mrs. Inez, letter from....283
Trickett, H. R., memorial discourse, 388–92
On Judge Reid's death....465–67
Tucker, J. R. P., testimony of....197–98
Vance, S. B., letter from....244
Viley, Mrs. Mary S., letter to Mrs. Reid.... 442
Voorhees, classmate 18

PAGE

Wadsworth, Col., allusion to.....104
On the situation.....315
Walden, Elder Jno. C., unconditional exclusion of assassin.....340
Walk, David, letter from.....255
Walker, Miss Sallie E., letter from.....279
Walker, J. Stone, letter from.....289
Wallace, Ed M., letter from.....242
Ward, J. Q. A., letter from..... 18
Ward, J. R., letter from.....238
Wasson, C. E., letter from.....242
Wasson, Mrs. M. H.....448–49
Wasson, D. Edgar, letter from.....242
Wasson, J. M., letter from.....242
Watterson, H., mention of..... 74
Webb, Wm., classmate..... 19
Welch, Wm., G., reminiscences of Judge Reid.....19, 20, 21
Letter from.....165
Welch, Mrs. M. E., letter from.....263–64
Wheat, A. C., classmate.....18–19
Whitney, George, consultation at Judge Reid's.....334
Last coming.....368
Wilhoit, E. B., letter from.....238

PAGE

Williams, C. C., letter from.....237
Williams, Jno. Aug., letter from.....247–48
Williams, Jno. S., letter from.....238
Williams, Mrs. Jno. S., letters from, 266, 274–75
Wilson, H. T., letter from.....259
Wilson, Miss Lue.....266–67
Wilson, Wm. A., letter from.....185
Wood, D., classmate..... 18
Woodard, J. C., letters from.....285–86
Woolfolk, Alexander, schoolmate..... 20
Woodford College.....57–58
Yandell, Dr. David S., letter from.....284

APPENDIX.

Account of trial.....500–06
Speech of W. R. Patterson.....506–17
Hon. Wm. J. Hendrick.....518–530
Synopsis of Gen'l Rodman's Speech, 533–38
Tribute to Col. Stone.....538–39
Speech of Col. H. L. Stone.....540–67
Extracts from Judge Brooks' speech, 567–74
Account of appeals, by H. L. Stone..574–76