

DORAN'S DREADFUL DEED.

A Homicide that Made a Summer Sunday Scour.

LONGING FOR A LYNCHING.

The Big Excitement of 1870 in Omaha—Cowards and a Capture—Stabbed with a Silencer—An Unrecorded Crime.

TICKLISH TIMES.

Without any fear of successful contradiction, it can be truthfully said that the years 1868, 1869 and 1870 were the liveliest in a criminal line ever known in the history of Omaha. There were several causes for this, principally among which was the construction of the Union Pacific railroad, which was the big advertising card for this city and brought within the latter's walls as motley a crowd of fortune seekers as ever launched their boat on the uncertain sea of life. There was an unusual number of "bold, bad men" from the east and south, while the farther west sent in ranchmen, miners and freighters of pious pistol proclivities, whose occupation on the Wyoming plains and around the "rockies" had been destroyed by the advent of the steel-clad courier of commerce. Money was plenty—very plenty—and business in the necessities of life—bacon, clothes and whisky—was exceedingly brisk. Sunday was a day of rest, except for gin and gun, pot and pistol, and it was no uncommon thing to see the sporting fraternity betting on the number of warlike introductions a Sabbath would bring forth, or whether the pass for a trip with old Charon across the Styx would be a blade or a bullet. I have not the slightest doubt but that pools would have been selling on those evenings of chance were there "diamonds" and "Turf Exchanges" in existence then.

General John C. Cowin was district attorney at this period, and had his hands full. Colonel, now ex-Judge James W. Savage, was the leading lawyer of those days, and was a rather peculiar character; those legal warriors occupied the same office room, to wit, the southwest corner of Vosscher's block, which stood on Thirteenth and Douglas streets, where now stands up the Millard hotel. In 1868 they joined in a political encounter, running against each other for district attorney. Savage, of course, got left for there were too many of the G. O. P. in this neck of woods then.

A HORRIBLE HOMICIDE.

Of all the crimes committed in this city since its birth to the present strong, healthy and just manhood, the celebrated Doran stabbing affray of June, 1870, caused the most intense excitement. I do not except the Watson B. Smith case, although the circumstances surrounding it, and the character and standing of the deceased were so well calculated to make the public pulse beat "off and quick." The latter tragedy lacked the sensational essential of the discovery and capture of the criminal and the prospects of an accompanying season of Justice Lord's court, which was the exciting feature of the Doran case, and which kept Omaha on the "ragged edge" of anxiety for many days.

The story of this memorable case is as follows: In 1869, there came to Omaha from Chicago, a middle-aged man named Pierce Doran. He was a mechanic and readily found employment in the Union Pacific shops. It seems that he had some property in the "Queen City among the Lakes," but preferring this city as a place of residence, he sold his possessions and invested in some lots between Burt and Webster, Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets near the present St. Paul railroad grade. He bought a two-story house which had a few companions of similar style scattered around, but the greater portion of that neighborhood consisted of "forest in the board"—trees that had seen a saw mill—or large lumber yards. He had a wife, and Doran's wife arrived. She was many years his senior and enjoyed matrimonial sweets long before she captured the pliable Pierce. The latter had also been married before and had a son, who completed the family circle in Omaha, sometime after his stepmother arrived. It was not long before the Dorans introduced themselves to the Omaha community, most prominently to the press and the police. In fact they claimed the attention of every court, high and low, criminal and civil in this city, and as they changed lawyers every round many a briefless barrister earnestly prayed that neither man nor wife would ever throw up the sponge, and that the family circle within the local court jurisdiction. For a time there were weekly fights about proprietary rights, then came charges and counter charges of assaults and batteries and, finally, accusations of infidelity on the part of both. Here, the climax was capped and one of the bloodiest homicides ever known in Omaha occurred.

ACCUSED ACCUSATIONS.

The husband had the wife before the courts several times on these grave charges, but always failed to convict. As a last and terrible resort, he accused Mrs. Doran with being too intimate with her own stepson, who boarded with her. The main point was to get direct and positive evidence. The senior Doran worked up a case to a point where he thought everything was ripe for a sensational denouement. Thus it was that he engaged Jerry McCheane, an old pioneer, a faithful officer of the law and a most popular citizen to go to Mrs. Doran's house on the night time, surprise the parties and make an arrest. Colonel Thomas Mulcahy, a well known lawyer of those days, had done considerable legal business for Doran and encountered McCheane as he was going north on Sixteenth street to meet Doran at the corner of Burt. Mulcahy walked down with the constable. Doran was far from being prompt in his appointments and the midnight hour had come and gone before he came hurriedly up, saying the "accepted time" had arrived. The three men started for the Doran mansion. On arrival, the accused kept in the background, McCheane being in front of the door and Mulcahy remaining on the threshold of the small front room. There stood young Doran in the middle of the apartment apparently preparing to retire.

"Well, what's wanted now?" he asked, for he knew the officer very well, having frequently had official business with him before.

"I came to arrest you," replied McCheane.

"All right, I suppose I must go. I'm getting used to this kind of work; but let me get my coat and vest."

Doran then stepped into a back room, secured the articles he desired, then went to a trunk, where he secretly secured a revolver. He then walked unceremoniously towards McCheane and when near enough for his feathery work he struck him with

the deadly instrument in the forehead. The blade was buried to the hilt and the old man fell to the floor a corpse. Mulcahy was then attacked. His back was turned towards the assassin, and, as a result, seven frightful stabs were made between the shoulders and the neck of the apparently lifeless. The young desperado then secured two revolvers and calling his ferocious Newfoundland dog left the house going in the direction of the "shops" and lumber piles.

A COWARDLY CROWD.

Pierce Doran, the father and cause of all the trouble, from his hiding place saw McCheane struck down, and immediately alarmed the neighborhood. Several men responded to his calls, and, as the news spread the crowd rapidly increased. Some entered the cottage, and were surprised to find Mulcahy alive. He was immediately removed to more suitable quarters, his family notified, and the best surgical skill in Omaha summoned. The majority attempted to arrest young Doran. He fled in the guise of a thief, tried to shoot the first one who attempted to come near him, all the time walking backward to the lumber piles, while his savage dog, faithful in a bad cause, attacked several of the pursuers and aided temporarily in keeping them away from his master. Thus, matters stood until daylight, the crowd contenting itself as a "guard" until the police would arrive. One or two "stars" did come upon the scene, but deemed discretion the better part of valor and would not be thought of as meddling in a matter more official-like to acquaint their superior, City Marshal W. G. Hollins.

Now, the latter had an immense amount of Don Quixote bravery. He was a Marshal Sax in word, but a snot-nose Puffin in action. Neither he nor the two officers who started to notify him showed up in that vicinity on the day in question. Coroner Jacob Gish removed the remains of the dead officer and Doran and his dog were buried in the same grave. The beautiful June morning was at hand. The advancing hours brought the peaceful and sweet sounds of the church bells. The streets were becoming populated with the old and young in the bright new summer frocks, on their way to worship. Those who passed in the vicinity of the tragedy heard, of course, the details. Some lingered as long as they could and others sought their respective churches, spreading the bright news among their more official-like to acquaint their superior, City Marshal W. G. Hollins.

There was one man on the force at that time who was "sans peur et sans reproche," and that was Captain Saunders. He was a sturdy, brave Scotchman. As soon as he learned the conditions of the case he hurried to the scene immediately advanced beyond the front rank of the "watchers" and approached Doran with drawn revolver, demanding his surrender. Knowing that the dog was not familiar with his official request, Saunders, in the twinkling of an eye put a quietus on his canine career with a well aimed bullet. Doran apparently saw that Saunders meant business, and after a second demand agreed to surrender on a guarantee that he would be protected from mob violence. This was agreed to. Saunders warned the crowd not to interfere with the prisoner. His revolver was taken away and the march to the old jail, corner of Sixteenth and Farnam, commenced. A big, angry, talkative, threatening crowd followed, but Doran was safely coddled. Shortly afterwards the church services were over and their congregations swelled the crowd around the jail until more than half the population of the city was in the vicinity of the building. The atmosphere everywhere, and though Sheriff Grebe had taken the greatest precautions and sworn in a large number of deputies, concerted action on the part of the crowd would have overpowered the force and his officers, and Doran would have been swinging in the summary justice. The question of rope or no rope hinged now on the death of Colonel Mulcahy, and in order to get the news from his bedside a lively line of couriers circled briskly between the home, where Mulcahy lingered between life and death and the corner of Fifteenth and Farnam. To counteract this, the advocates of law and order had requested the several surgeons at the hospital to give reports, and even if death, which they all momentarily expected, should ensue, the fact should be kept from the public as long as possible, until Doran could be removed to some secret place of safety. Mulcahy's death distinctly meant Doran's doom.

LONGING FOR A LYNCHING.

Thus the early afternoon of that eventful Sunday passed, and many a good Omaha housewife, not knowing the exciting occurrences of the day, wondered why her neighbor that day absented himself from the midday meal. Towards evening some crazy fellow started a rumor that Colonel Mulcahy was dead. Then the crowd became really wild. While a delay was caused by a search for senders and other preliminary motions for opening Judge Lynch's court, several prominent citizens, seeing breakers very near at hand, made a rostrum of the little hill on the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Farnam, and began to address the crowd in the interest of law and order, promising that justice would hold its sway against all opposition. As many of the leading Omahans of varied occupations and professions as could be secured were called upon for addresses. Among them was the late General Sims A. Strickland, who could move a crowd of any kind in his favor more easily than any man in Nebraska. His remarks had a telling effect and perhaps he did more than any other speaker that day in saving Omaha and Nebraska from the disgrace of a lynching, or a repetition of what had occurred just before the body of James Bovey was found hanging from a beam in the old jail on Saturday, March 11, 1871, eleven years before. Here, and in other places, named George Her had robbed the premises of George Taylor on the Military road, ten miles west of Omaha, and brutally treated Mrs. Taylor.

HARBORING AGAINST THEM.

If the memory of the writer serves him right Bishop Clarkson, Bishop O'Gorman, or his vicar, Father Curtis, Judge Lake, Ezra Millard, then mayor, were among the speakers. At any rate, these talks, and favorable reports from Mulcahy, the rumor of whose death was false, had the effect of thinning out the crowd as the dewy shades of evening approached. There was quite a number remained during the night, but whether they were depauper or "dangers on" it was hard to say. The same crowd continued the next day, but the good news of Mulcahy's improvement blunted its keen edge. The intense feeling of revenge was renewed, however, on Saturday, when Jerry McCheane was buried.

He was known by every one in the city. Rich and poor alike respected

him, and felt grieved at his sudden taking off. His funeral was one of the largest ever held in Omaha. The deceased had resided in a row of white cottages, the second south of Farnam on the west side of Fifteenth street. In fact there were cottages on both sides of the street. It was near the residence portion of Omaha, when no mammoth brick lined Fifteenth street, and a fellow could walk along the sidewalk without any danger of a flower pot falling from a fifth-story window and cracking his skull.

After this things began to assume a rather nominal condition, but the tragedy still had a prominent hold on the memory of the citizens. Judge Lake summoned a special grand jury June 30 to investigate the case, and an indictment of murder in the first degree was returned against Doran. Colonel James W. Savage was appointed to conduct the defense, and after he accepted he found himself threatened more frequently with death than he had been during four years' service in the rebellion as leader of the famous Twelfth New York cavalry, or as a member of the staff of General John C. Fremont. Letters requesting and commanding him to relinquish the defense of Doran came pouring in every day, but each successive missive made the colonel more solicitous for his client. The direct consequences were threatened should he refuse, but without effect.

SAVED FROM SWINGING.

When the trial came off every body in Omaha and part of the country tried to squeeze into a court room, capable of holding about five hundred, if packed like sardines. Notwithstanding the great efforts of District Attorney Cowin, only a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Doran, and his sentence was to the penitentiary for a term of years only.

The main point of the defense and it seemed to have been a good one, was that the deceased officer, having no weapon, had no right to enter the Doran house as he did, and seeing nothing unlawful in progress had no right to attempt the arrest. The prisoner was remained to his cell. He felt happy, but the public did not. Colonel Savage smiled like a basket of chips.

At that time the basement of the court house (the old jail) was the bastle for federal criminals, for state prisoners, county culprits, city unfortunate and impatient witnesses who could not procure bail, consequently each of the incarcerated had a right to a reward. In the following July however the penitentiary at Lincoln was completed and on the 6th of that month Sheriff Grobe took the first batch of convicted prisoners from Douglas county. They were the luckiest crew that ever passed between here and the capital.

There were several life prisoners with Doran in the gang. They didn't stay in the pen very long, for on the night of April 17, 1871, the insane asylum near by was burned and with the penitentiary were assisting their neighbors a large number of the prisoners escaped including the whole Omaha criminal contingency. Doran included. It was said that the asylum was set on fire by the mistress of Sam Poole, one of the Omaha life prisoners, who had killed a barber employed by George Hill, which really was the result. This woman died in disgrace and poverty on Harney street some years ago. She was sent for Sheriff Grebe just before her death, evidently to reveal something important to communicate. She was too near the shadowy shore when the sheriff called and her secret was buried with her. The redoubtable Dave Butler was governor of Nebraska then. He was asked to offer a reward for the capture of the escaped convicts.

"Reward!" he said. "Ain't them fellows out of the state? Ain't we rid of them? You bet they won't come back, yet you want to pay some one to bring them back? You bet they won't reward me until a certain warm place of biblical fame is frozen over."

Two of them did come back. The writer saw Doran enter the old saloon of Lucas & McManara near the corner of Farnam and Webster, and he saw him after the escape. He talked over a half hour privately with one of the proprietors and then walked out unceremoniously. Then again a man was arrested here last year whom Sheriff Grebe would almost swear was Sam Poole. He had friends, however, who said nay and he was let go.

Thus endeth the story of the Doran case. It has never been published—not even in Andrew's Jumbo book, which claimed to reproduce the entire case, as far back as the days when they and Corrado took up a claim on the North Platte, three centuries ago.

Colonel Mulcahy improved rapidly much to the surprise of the best surgeons in town and to-day a strong, worthy citizen of his age, if he was having a sad memory for that eventful June night twenty years ago. The other Dorans were soon lost to Omaha eyes—good riddance.

Pimples, boils and other humors are liable to appear when the blood gets heated. The best remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla.

AFTER THE CURFEW.

After we had fallen in the Atlantic, The jovial tons went graying round; Yet lingers in the dancing hall, I come to say a last good night Before the final exeat all.

We gathered once, a joyous throng; The jovial tons went graying round; With jest and laugh, and shout, and song, We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and low, A little band of four or five, Left from the wreck of long ago, Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they Whose memories it is ours to share Spread the long table's full array— There sits a ghost in a wicker chair!

One breathing form no more, alas! And our wanderer group we see; With him we still remained "the class"— With his presence what are we!

The hand we ever loved to clasp— That tremble and which knew no rest— Loosed from affection's clinging grasp, Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice, That lent to life a generous glow, Whose every meaning and "volante" we see, We hear no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss, Earth's shadowed features look less fair, And e'er we watch the daily cross His willing shadow hangs o'er our chair.

Why mourn that we, the favored few Whom grasping Time so long has spared Life's sweet illusions to pursue, The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of friendship's heart There tremble and which know no rest— One hour must read its links apart— Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends "The Loves"—a life-long play. We, too, must meet the conqueror's call To fairer scenes and brighter day; Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

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