

E Williamson

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The family of Colonel John R. Williamson, living across the river from Brunswick in the Fancy Bluff neighborhood, returned home from church, and the little six-year-old boy was placed on a bed to take a noon-day nap, while waiting the preparation of dinner. Another of the children is a boy nine years old, who shows unmistakable signs of mental weakness. The report of a gun was suddenly heard in the room where the little fellow was sleeping and the family rushed thither in alarm. A sister was the first to reach the door, and upon the threshold she met the half-witted boy, who said, in apparent unconcern, "Oh, it's all right-nobody hurt." But her eyes told her better. On the bed lay the lifeless body of her little brother, with his head literally blown to pieces, and the bed saturated with his blood and brains. On closer examination, however, the youthful fratricide admitted that he had shot his brother, but "didn't go to do it." The family are, of course, almost crazy with grief over the terrible occurrence.

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