



The Evening World



PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NOW IT'S WILSON.

The Second Battery's Captain Again Leads "The Evening World" Contest.

Lieut. Col. Moran Hanging on to Second Position Desperately.

Major Kipp and Lieut. Crolius Indulge in Wonderful Spurts.

Again the irrepressible Capt. Wilson, of the Second Battery, jumps to the front in THE EVENING WORLD'S National Guard election, this time with a grand total of 19,578. Lt.-Col. Moran is second with his total increased to 15,770.

Major Kipp, of the Seventh Regiment, strides forward into third place with 13,927, while Lieut. Crolius, of Co. F, Thirteenth Regiment, holds fourth, with 11,008 to his credit.

Dan McGinty, Sub-Marine General, received one vote yesterday, but he cables that it is too wet where he is, should he win the prize, to properly keep such an elegant sword and, therefore, he must decline to be a candidate.

The sword which the successful candidate will receive to be a most magnificent affair. In the first place, it is to be made upon an entirely new design, richly ornamented, and of the best material to be obtained.

The blade will be of the finest Damascus steel. The handle and guard will be of brass of special design, burnished and hand-chased, as well as the mountings upon the scabbard, which will be of steel and nickel-plated. The grip will be of shark-skin or of embossed metal, silver-plated and burnished, the design depending on the views of the officer receiving it.

The shape of the blade will also depend upon the rank of the winner: if he is a lieutenant it will be straight, and if a captain it will be a sword and curved in form.

A medallion mounting of burnished and hand-chased metal on the hilt part of the scabbard will be inscribed with the name of the winner, with his rank and regiment.

The sword will be manufactured by B. M. Whitlock, of 69 Fourth avenue, the well-known maker of military equipments, and this announcement of itself guarantees the best of material and workmanship.

Owing to the urgent request of members of different companies from the west and north of this State and New Jersey, it has been decided to continue the contest beyond Dec. 10, the time originally fixed for closing. Due notice will be given in the date when the contest ends. This extension of time will give parties at a distance plenty of time to get in their ballots, which they could not otherwise do on account of the unavoidable delay in getting copies of the paper. It is not yet decided whether to cut out and send the following blank, properly filled, to THE EVENING WORLD:

THE EVENING WORLD POPULAR VOTE IN THE OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL GUARD OF NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY. MY CHOICE IS— RANK AND POST— SIGNATURE OF VOTER— RESIDENCE—

EXTRA THE NOOSE.

John Greenwall Hanged This Morning for the Murder of Lyman S. Weeks.

The Execution Takes Place in the Yard of the Raymond Street Jail.

Greenwall Coolly Examined the Gallows and Asked to See the Weights.

He Earnestly Asserts His Innocence in His Last Will.

"I Can Die as Game as Carlton," He Said This Morning.

The History of a Most Mysterious and Startling Crime.

John Greenwall, convicted of the murder of Lyman S. Weeks, was hanged this morning in the Raymond Street Jail, Brooklyn. The drop fell at 7.24.

Greenwall walked firmly to the gallows and gave no outward appearance of fear.

It was but a moment after he was brought out that he was hanged.

Hangman Atkinson performed his work well, for death was instantaneous.

Just before the signal to cut the rope was given Greenwall became very pale.

Atkinson supported him with one hand while he gave with the other the signal to let the drop fall.

Unless a change is made in the law which punishes murder with death by electricity, Greenwall was the last to die on the gallows in New York State.

After he went to sleep at 1 o'clock this morning, a solemn stillness prevailed in the prison.

Every gauntlet was turned low in the vicinity of his cell, and Deputy Sheriffs Lamp, Campbell and Sullivan, comprising the death-watch, sat in front of his door on camp stools. It was a weird sight.

Up in the Warden's office the reporters sat. The three men watching Greenwall saw him move uneasily about 2 o'clock, and at 3.30 he moaned as if suffering great agony.

At 4.30 a. m.—Greenwall woke of his own accord at 4 o'clock, just as Warden Brymer was entering his cell.

"Ah, good morning, Warden. Is it cold out?" he inquired, vivaciously.

"No, not very cold; but how do you feel yourself?" said the Warden.

"I never felt better in my life. I don't believe I ever cared so much for life before as I do this morning," he added, earnestly.

He walked out into the corridor, but Warden Brymer could detect no signs of weakening in the young man's face.

Greenwall saluted the death-watch feebly, and peered up anxiously through one of the iron grated windows to get a glimpse of the sky.

"It is not daylight yet, but I might as well make the most of my time now," he remarked.

After a short walk up and down the corridor he went to the improvised chapel near his cell and knelt in prayer.

Meanwhile, by Warden Brymer's direction, a force of keepers were removing the prisoners in the vicinity of the condemned man's cell and those in cells near the gallows to temporary quarters in other parts of the building.

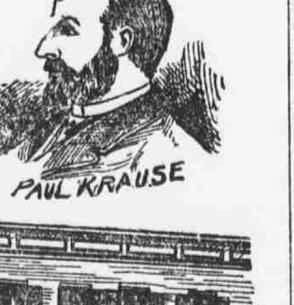
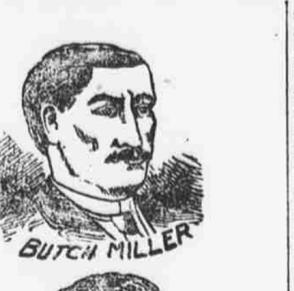
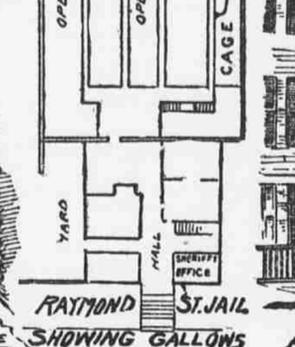
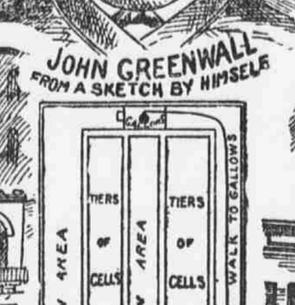
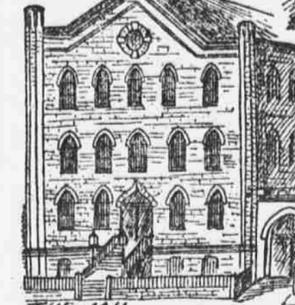
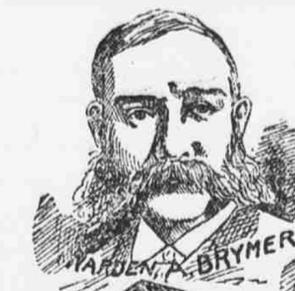
5.05—Father O'Hara reached the jail at 5 o'clock. He was unaccompanied, and hurried at once to Greenwall's side. The law's victim and his spiritual adviser shook hands warmly and then knelt side by side in the cell and spent some time in prayer.

At 5.30—Mass has just begun. Father O'Hara is the celebrant and James Neary soloist. Greenwall prays devoutly.

5.45—While the mass was going on Sergt. Walsh and a platoon of police entered the jail and scattered about through the interior in order to quell any demonstration by the prisoners should any be attempted.

6.1—Inspector McLaughlin and a hundred men surrounded the jail on the outside.

6.10—Greenwall received his last communion on earth at 6 o'clock. A dramatic scene here occurred. It was so bitterly cold outside that Inspector McLaughlin asked permission to open his men for a few minutes in the jail, which permission was readily granted, and about two hundred of them filed in single file.



asked what it meant. He was told, and then made a little joke, saying:

"Well, it's a good many policemen to have behind prison bars. I was afraid they came for fear I would try and escape."

After mass he sat down to a hearty meal of roast chicken, hot rolls, boiled eggs and chocolate, which he partook of with relish.

6.35—Greenwall's face begins to grow whiter and whiter, as the hour set for the execution draws nigh.

He betrays his nervousness only by constantly wetting his lips, which seemed to be dried up.

"The anticipation, the waiting is worse than the reality," he said once.

Again he asked: "What time is it?"

"Half-past 6 o'clock, he was informed.

"Just think," he remarked in a despairing sort of a way, "I have only one hour at most to live."

6.40.—Hangman Joe Atkinson and his assistants are on hand. They arrived at 6.00.

6.45.—Greenwall has just asked for cigars and is smoking.

6.50.—The police have filed out into the street again. A small crowd has begun to collect in front of the jail.

He is making preparations to leave his cell for the last time.

He made a package of his few personal possessions, which he requested should be given to Mrs. Bingham.

He called for writing materials and wrote a hurried letter.

7.00.—Greenwall is now saying his final prayer.

7.05.—Atkinson has told Warden Brymer that everything was ready for the execution and that the gallows has been firmly erected.

7.08.—Father McNamara arrived at the condemned man's cell a moment after 7.02. The Sheriff's Jury has been sworn in.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon he expressed a wish to be hanged at 7.30.

7.30.—Everything is now in readiness for the final act in the tragedy.

7.34.—The drop has fallen.

GREENWALL'S STARTLING COOLNESS.

"Adjust the Noose Properly." His Last Words Before Sleeping.

Sleep closed very few eyes in the Raymond Street Jail last night. Greenwall's impending fate affected jailors and prisoners alike, and every nerve was strained to the highest tension.

To add to the effect, nearly every inmate of the immense jail believed that the murderer was not guilty, and regarded him in the light of a martyr.

The prisoners discussed his case in audible tones, shouting to one another from the respective cells in which they were confined. When an EVENING WORLD reporter walked through the jail he noticed that many of the prisoners were pacing restlessly up and down.

Innocent a feverish spirit seemed to possess every one connected with the institution from the Warden down. The lights were not turned out at the usual hour.

Lighted flashes in many windows at midnight. The two big lamps at the foot of the wide flight of marble steps leading from the street to the main entrance were flaring. Men and messenger boys hurried in and out. Warden Alonzo Brymer was everywhere to see that there should not be the slightest hitch in any of the arrangements.

OUTSIDE THE JAIL.

Outside the jail in the falling mist a crowd of people gathered on the sidewalk opposite the frowning, fortress-like looking prison.

Greenwall's name was on every tongue. Meantime the cause of all this commotion was sitting just outside his cell door talking cheerfully with Mrs. Elizabeth Bingham, who tried so hard to establish his innocence, and who reporters of the Brooklyn World. He did not

asked what it meant. He was told, and then made a little joke, saying:

"Well, it's a good many policemen to have behind prison bars. I was afraid they came for fear I would try and escape."

After mass he sat down to a hearty meal of roast chicken, hot rolls, boiled eggs and chocolate, which he partook of with relish.

6.35—Greenwall's face begins to grow whiter and whiter, as the hour set for the execution draws nigh.

He betrays his nervousness only by constantly wetting his lips, which seemed to be dried up.

"The anticipation, the waiting is worse than the reality," he said once.

Again he asked: "What time is it?"

"Half-past 6 o'clock, he was informed.

"Just think," he remarked in a despairing sort of a way, "I have only one hour at most to live."

6.40.—Hangman Joe Atkinson and his assistants are on hand. They arrived at 6.00.

6.45.—Greenwall has just asked for cigars and is smoking.

6.50.—The police have filed out into the street again. A small crowd has begun to collect in front of the jail.

He is making preparations to leave his cell for the last time.

He made a package of his few personal possessions, which he requested should be given to Mrs. Bingham.

He called for writing materials and wrote a hurried letter.

7.00.—Greenwall is now saying his final prayer.

7.05.—Atkinson has told Warden Brymer that everything was ready for the execution and that the gallows has been firmly erected.

7.08.—Father McNamara arrived at the condemned man's cell a moment after 7.02. The Sheriff's Jury has been sworn in.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon he expressed a wish to be hanged at 7.30.

7.30.—Everything is now in readiness for the final act in the tragedy.

body for fear the doctors or the Coroner will let it out and up.

of glass in the basement window; then the burglar slipped his hand in and unlocked the door.

Mayor Whitney offered a reward of \$2,500 for the apprehension of the murderer, but it remained for Inspector Brynes to strike the right clue.

One night the residence of Barker E. F. C. Young, on Jersey City Heights, was entered and robbed of a quantity of silverware. Two men, named Krause and John Becker, were arrested by Brynes's men as the robbers. They were locked up at Police Headquarters, in this city.

When examined by the Inspector they denied all knowledge of the crime themselves, but said that they had been committed by John Greenwall, of Bowers. Brynes's men at once gathered him in.

Greenwall said he had pawned the pistol, but that it had been given him. Then he was told that Krause and Becker had "talked" and "given him away." Thereupon he confessed and nearly proved it. He admitted having worked with Krause, Becker, Charles, alias "Butch" Miller, and a kid named Fred Christian, in various burglaries, but claimed that the absence of the Young robbery.

In return Krause and Becker swore that it was he who had kid Lyman S. Weeks, and so the story came out.

Becker and Christian were arrested. Greenwall was tried twice, and each time convicted, principally on the testimony of Krause, Becker and Christian, and partly through strong circumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Weeks identified him as the man she had seen at her house, and other reputable citizens testified to his being in the vicinity of Mr. Weeks's house on the night of the murder.

This latter fact he did not deny, but claimed that he was the victim of a conspiracy hatched by Krause and Becker, and in turn accused Krause of being the murderer.

Recently, a female detective undertook to identify the man who had been named as Krause, but her statements, which, if true, would tend to show that Krause and not he was the murderer, were not believed.

Greenwall swore that the gang had planned to commit a burglary that night, but that Krause was the one who had been allowed to leave the premises.

Greenwall swore that he subsequently learned that after the period in Brooklyn, Krause went to New York, and that he had seen him at the residence of Mr. Krause and Becker went in, and "The Kid" remained on the lookout.

It is now doing eight years in jail for robbery in Baltimore; Miller is doing ten years, with a prospect of ten more, in Trenton (N. J.). "The Kid" is in the Reformatory in the State of New York; Krause is at large and was recently shot, but not fatally.

It is believed that he will keep him under constant surveillance.

Mrs. Weeks, a prematurely aged woman, is living with her sister in Bridgeport, Conn. Greenwall is dead. His right name was John Theodore Wild, and he has wealthy relatives in Germany.

INTRODUCED TO SUPERVISORS.

Men Who Will Pose as County Legislators Make Official Acquaintance.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday afternoon Messrs. Simonson, of the First Ward; Willis, of the Third Ward; McGuire, of the Ninth Ward, and Biggs, of the Twenty-first Ward, who were chosen Supervisors at the last election, were introduced to the members of the Board of Supervisors.

The meeting convened Supervisor Jungst, of the Sixteenth Ward, served the Supervisors with suppers in the case of Supervisor Thomas E. O'Brien against Contractor Thomas McCann for slander. It was charged some time ago that Contractor McCann made the assertion that Supervisor O'Brien was a thief.

Supervisor O'Brien approached him in reference to the matter, and the contractor, before the meeting, was ordered to pay the damages of \$50,000 and says he will not pay a cent.

Clerk Millard, of the Suffolk County Board of Supervisors, sent a communication, in which it is stated that the tax bill for the ensuing year has been prepared, and that Kings County's bill for \$10,136,000 is at Smithtown for the county clerk's office.

Supervisor Bascom said that the Board of Supervisors had investigated the matter, and was fully convinced that the demand was a reasonable one and should be allowed.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

Supervisor Bascom, of the Special Committee on Missing Records, moved that the communication of County Clerk William J. Kaiser be accepted in which he asked that the missing records of records which were now worn out and useless in their present condition, be books of records to copy and be judged by the Board of Supervisors.

EXTRA JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Great Leader of the "Lost Cause" Passes Away.

He Died at New Orleans at 12.45 O'Clock this Morning.

His Career and the Great Events of the Country's Stormy Period.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 6.—Jefferson Davis died in this city this morning at 12.45.

In the afternoon it was thought Mr. Davis was better than he had been for several days past, as he had been able to take nourishment.

Jefferson Davis's Career.

The Great Leader of the "Lost Cause" has passed into the eternal keeping of that history where the "Lost Cause" itself passed a quarter of a century ago. To the one end came under the blossoming apple-tree at Appomattox, in April, 1865, and to the other, Jefferson Davis, at 12.45 o'clock this morning.

This event is the postscript to the tragic story of the Civil War. As long as Mr. Davis lived, whatever he said and whatever he did became, in a measure, part of that story, but now the volume is closed forever. The greatest actor in the tremendous drama has left the stage, never again to reappear, and the curtain goes down.

Jefferson Davis was born in the Summer of 1808. Thomas Jefferson was in the last year of his second administration and James Madison was planning to inherit the succession and preserve the Virginia ascendancy in the National Administration. The Federal Union consisted of only seventeen States, so that Mr. Davis has seen twenty-five stars flash into the blue of the Union.

He could easily remember the close of the second war with England, and he was a youth of twelve or thirteen when the first great battle between the friends and opponents of slavery was closed with the Missouri Compromise. Mississippi was still a Territory when the father of Mr. Davis migrated to it from that part of Christian (now Todd, County, Ky., where the future President of the Southern Confederacy was born. It is a curious coincidence that six months later the martyred Lincoln was born in the same State. When this change of residence took place Mr. Davis was a mere child, but some years later he was sent back to Kentucky to the Transylvania University to be educated. In 1824, when he was only sixteen years old, he had made sufficient progress in his studies to be able to pass the examination for admission to the Military Academy at West Point as a cadet. President Monroe gave him the appointment. Four years later, in 1828, he was graduated. Among his contemporaries at the Military Academy were Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Leonidas Polk, John B. Magruder and others who in later years won high military distinction.

As a boy and a young man he was ambitious and he believed that the path to distinction could best be carved out with the sword. Andrew Jackson was then the idol of the country, and it may be easily imagined that the hero of New Orleans had indirectly no small share in determining Mr. Davis's choice of a profession. The young soldier was soon in active service. He was promoted to the cavalry as First Lieutenant of Dragoons. The transfer brought enlarged opportunities which he was quick to improve for gratifying his ambition. Temperate, careful, a model soldier and officer, in fact, it was only a question of time and of life when he should attain to the highest army honors and commands. Suddenly, however, to the astonishment of his fellow-officers and friends, his resignation from the army was sent to the War Department. This was in 1835.

A letter which the fortunes of war during the rebellion threw into the hands of an Illinois soldier, and which was published some years ago, shows that the young Lieutenant of Dragoons was at this period deeply in love with the daughter of Gen. Taylor, who subsequently became President of the United States. It was dated at Fort Gibson, Dec. 16, 1834. Gen. Taylor opposed the marriage of the young people at first, but finally consented. His objection was that, being a soldier himself, he knew the dangers and perils of the profession, and wished his daughter, if she married at all, to wed in civil life. Very many romantic stories have been published in regard to this first marriage of Mr. Davis, but, however pretty they may read, they must be set down as untrue. It is said there was an elopement, and that during long years Gen. Taylor never spoke or held communication with his son-in-law; that after brilliant acts of heroism in the Mexican war, old "Rough and Ready" was called by Col. Davis, asked his forgiveness and clasped him to his bosom. The pretty story is pure fiction. Mr. Davis himself disposed of it some years ago in this way: "I was one of the two officers selected from the First Infantry for promotion in the new regiment of dragoons organized in March, 1835, which separated me from Col. Taylor's regiment. In 1835 I went to Kentucky, where Miss Taylor was with her father's sister, his son-in-law and daughter (Dr. and Mrs. Wood), with many other members of the Taylor family." The Lochinvar romance was, however, utterly destroyed in a despatch to THE WORLD from Atlanta a year ago last September.

The story was the invention of personal and political enemies, who strove to make it appear

of glass in the basement window; then the burglar slipped his hand in and unlocked the door.

Mayor Whitney offered a reward of \$2,500 for the apprehension of the murderer, but it remained for Inspector Brynes to strike the right clue.

One night the residence of Barker E. F. C. Young, on Jersey City Heights, was entered and robbed of a quantity of silverware. Two men, named Krause and John Becker, were arrested by Brynes's men as the robbers. They were locked up at Police Headquarters, in this city.

When examined by the Inspector they denied all knowledge of the crime themselves, but said that they had been committed by John Greenwall, of Bowers. Brynes's men at once gathered him in.

Greenwall said he had pawned the pistol, but that it had been given him. Then he was told that Krause and Becker had "talked" and "given him away." Thereupon he confessed and nearly proved it. He admitted having worked with Krause, Becker, Charles, alias "Butch" Miller, and a kid named Fred Christian, in various burglaries, but claimed that the absence of the Young robbery.

In return Krause and Becker swore that it was he who had kid Lyman S. Weeks, and so the story came out.

Becker and Christian were arrested. Greenwall was tried twice, and each time convicted, principally on the testimony of Krause, Becker and Christian, and partly through strong circumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Weeks identified him as the man she had seen at her house, and other reputable citizens testified to his being in the vicinity of Mr. Weeks's house on the night of the murder.

This latter fact he did not deny, but claimed that he was the victim of a conspiracy hatched by Krause and Becker, and in turn accused Krause of being the murderer.

Recently, a female detective undertook to identify the man who had been named as Krause, but her statements, which, if true, would tend to show that Krause and not he was the murderer, were not believed.

Greenwall swore that the gang had planned to commit a burglary that night, but that Krause was the one who had been allowed to leave the premises.

Greenwall swore that he subsequently learned that after the period in Brooklyn, Krause went to New York, and that he had seen him at the residence of Mr. Krause and Becker went in, and "The Kid" remained on the lookout.

It is now doing eight years in jail for robbery in Baltimore; Miller is doing ten years, with a prospect of ten more, in Trenton (N. J.). "The Kid" is in the Reformatory in the State of New York; Krause is at large and was recently shot, but not fatally.

It is believed that he will keep him under constant surveillance.

Mrs. Weeks, a prematurely aged woman, is living with her sister in Bridgeport, Conn. Greenwall is dead. His right name was John Theodore Wild, and he has wealthy relatives in Germany.

INTRODUCED TO SUPERVISORS.

Men Who Will Pose as County Legislators Make Official Acquaintance.

At the regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday afternoon Messrs. Simonson, of the First Ward; Willis, of the Third Ward; McGuire, of the Ninth Ward, and Biggs, of the Twenty-first Ward, who were chosen Supervisors at the last election, were introduced to the members of the Board of Supervisors.