THE GALLOWS.

Five Executions for the Crime of Murder.

SAD WORK OF THE DEMON JEALOUSY.

The Fiend Who Whispered "Kill Sallie! Kill Sallie!"

ASLEEP BESIDE HIS MURDERED VICTIM.

Intoxicated and Incoherent on the Scaffold.

A HUSBAND'S LOVE AND SUSPICION

Unprecedented Efforts to Save a Wife Murderer.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEW ORLEANS, June 15, 1877.

To-day, on the gallows in this city, three men expiated their crimes, who, for brutality and the malignant determination with which they perpetrated their deeds, have little parallel on record. The first of these three was named George Morris, a bright mulatto, about forty years of age, who murdered, on November 7, 1875, a colored girl, named Sallie Jones, residing in what was the old French quarter of the Faubourg Tromé, in this city, mostly inhabited by people of her color and of ill repute. The murder was the most horrible that had been committed in this city for years, and with its attendant circumstances and the cold brutality of the victim has no equal.

STORY OF THE MURDERER.

The story of Morris, as told at the time, is as follows:—

"I worked on the river as a deck hand, and have been living with Sallie Jones for some time as my wife, though we were never married. We had quarrels occasionally, and about a year ago she cut me on the lip with a bottle. I said, then, I should carry that mark on me for a sign, and that if she ever deserted me and went to live with another man, as she sometimes threatened to do, I should kill her. Shortly after this difficulty I went away, and coming back found her living with a white man and demanded to see her. This was refused me, and then I walked down to the market, where I saw a butcher's knife on a stall. This I picked up, and put under my coat. After waiting for a few hours I walked back and knocked on the door, when the white man ordered me away or he would have me locked up. Sally at that time appeared with him in the door, and I rushed at her and stabbed her in the back. She broke from me and ran into the back alley, where I seized her, and, dragging her out on the sidewalk, stabbed her five or six times. I then tried to cut her throat, but the knife had got dull; so I walked to the curbstone, sharpened it and cut her throat as I wished. A policeman then arrested me."

"You say she is dead? Thank God for that!"

"I meant to borrow a pistol, but I could get none. So I stole the knife. I had made up my mind to kill her. I came from Cincinnati to do it, every step of the way. Every time the steamboat wheel struck the water was nothing but 'Kill Sally! kill Sally!' When I got here I hadn't even seen my mother for two years; but, as much as I wanted to see her, I couldn't do it until I had killed Sally first. I loved her to distraction, and I would have killed her a thousand times rather than have her take up with any other man, white or black. What I did I would do again. I don't want any trial. I killed her, and I am ready to die and meet her."

This story George Morris told in his cell at the station house on November 7, 1875, the night of the murder, dramatically, earnestly and bitterly, with all the vindictive hate and bitterness of a demon.

A GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

The facts as thus told were substantially correct. The victim of his wrath was cut literally in pieces. One of her breasts was severed from her body, and she had no less than seven other ghastly wounds, each one of which would have been mortal. She had been a remarkably pretty girl, but is known to have had a violent temper and, it is believed, left Morris more out of revenge or spite than anything else, as she frequently spoke of him, saying she never cared for anybody else.

A PARALYZED CROWD.

The murder, as may be imagined, created an intense excitement among women of her class in the neighborhood, many of whom also were known to have white friends, and when Morris, after stabbing his victim, walked coolly to the curbstone and wiped the clotted blood from his knife, and, returning, cut the throat of his victim, he was unchecked, though surrounded by a crowd who saw the deed.

ARREST AND TRIAL.

When called upon to surrender to the police Morris, however, quietly submitted, and, presenting the most stoical indifference, demanded to be hanged. The Coroner's jury promptly found a verdict, and the case was called in court. Here Morris again insisted he was guilty, and refused to be tried, demanding to be hanged immediately. Counsel was, however, furnished him and a fair trial had, which resulted in his conviction, and on the 29th of May Governor Nicholls signed the death warrant which brought him yesterday to the gallows.

AWAITING DEATH.

Since his incarceration in prison Morris has manifested the same reckless disposition he exhibited at the time of the murder. When the warrant was read to him, with those of Florenzo and Eveque, he clapped his hands and laughingly said:—

"Goly! Cap, I'm mighty glad I'm going to have lots of company."

It was thought this might be mere bravado; but shortly afterward, procuring a knife, he attempted to have one of the prison officials kill him by attacking the turnkey, stating as he did so that he wished they would shoot him at once without keeping him until Friday.

Upon being questioned by the HERALD correspondent he laughingly admitted his guilt, saying, "Yes, I killed her 'cause I loved her, and would do it again." He expressed surprise that anybody in New York should care whether he was hanged or not, but ascribed it to the fact that it was because he was a negro.

THE SECOND OF THE TRIO.

Brutal as was this cold blooded murderer the second of the three victims of the rope, Florenzo, the Mexican, showed an equal carelessness of life and a brutish insensibility appalling in this age of civilization. Joaquin Florenzo, though called a Mexican, was believed to have been a native of the Philippine Islands, and was of the lowest order of intellect which characterizes his class from that latitude. In appearance he was low, squat, with dirty, yellowish face, shining eyes and shaggy, matted hair. The crime for which he suffered was that of murdering his mistress, a mulatto, with a shoemaker's knife at No. 185 Bourbon street, on the night of January 16, 1876. It appears, from his own statement, that he was a shoemaker by trade, and had a little stand near the French market. This was, however, disbelieved by the police, who averred that he was a smuggler by occupation. However, he had managed to save up some $1,200 in coin and greenbacks, which he kept in an old shoe underneath the mattress upon which he slept. He lived comparatively happy with his mistress, Juliannie or Marie, as she was indifferently called, until New Year's, 1876, when he began to suspect her of infidelity.

THE MURDER.

To such a creature jealousy would apparently be out of the question, but it so worked on his feelings that, on the night of January 16, he took his shoemaker's knife and stabbed her to the heart, after which he inflicted seven or eight other wounds. He then took the money from its hiding place and spread it over her face, so that when the body was found it was literally covered with gold, silver and greenbacks. He did this, he said, because they had quarrelled about it often, and now she was dead he was sorry, and wanted to give it all to her. His idea was, apparently, to pretend that some one had entered the house, and while attempting to steal the money had murdered the woman, after which they had fled, leaving the wealth which they sought.

After the commission of the deed, however, Florenzo went quietly to sleep alongside of his victim, when he was arrested by the police, who accidentally discovered the murder.

TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION.

At his trial, though apparently sorry he had lost his mistress, he felt no regret at having murdered her, and when the death warrant was read to him in Spanish he laughed in a simple, childish way, and upon being told that on the morning of the execution he could have what he wished for breakfast, outside of the regular prison fare, seemed more engaged in arranging a bill of fare for that occasion than in preparing for his death.

THE THIRD MURDERER.

Adrien Eveque, the third and last of the law's victims, was a mulatto, between twenty-five and thirty years of age, who killed a negro named Richard Turner, at a ball given at the corner of Claiborne and Ursuline streets, in February, 1876. The ball—or, rather, entertainment—was given by what was known as the Grand Army Club, a colored political organization, and was attended by all the colored *élite*.

MURDER AT A DANCE.

The dancing was nearly over, and it was about five o'clock in the morning when several colored men, among whom was Eveque, went to the door of the barroom connected with the establishment and demanded admittance. There they were met by Richard Turner, who was also known under the names of "Poncette" and "Francois." He being in charge of the refreshments, and seeing that Eveque and his friends were already under the influence of liquor, refused to sell them any, saying that as there were ladies present, among whom were his own wife and sisters, they ought to be ashamed to conduct themselves in that manner the more that white people when they gave a party always were well behaved in the presence of ladies. This appeared to incense Eveque, who, walking up to Turner, said:—

"I'll kill one nigger, anyhow," and, placing his pistol to his victim's head, fired the ball, striking Turner just below the left eye, killing him instantly.

ASSUMED BRAVERY.

The murderer at the time made his escape, but was subsequently arrested and after a fair trial sentenced to death. When the warrant was read to him he attempted to laugh to show his indifference, but before the reading was over broke down and overcome with emotion wept and prayed vehemently. He was engaged up to the last hour reading the Bible and appeared to repeat his crime bitterly.

HOPEFUL TO THE LAST.

Upon being interviewed by the HERALD correspondent he stated he felt he deserved punishment, but so many had escaped death even at the last moment that he could hardly realize he was going to die. Upon being questioned he did not deny his guilt, but appeared anxious to avoid the subject.

As this was the first execution in New Orleans for many years, in fact with one exception since the war, the affair created the most intense excitement and many requests were made to witness the execution. Sheriff Houston, however, determined this should be as quiet as possible and that it should be held within the walls of the Parish Prison, an immense brick and iron structure, which has been in use since the time of the Spanish possession. The gallows was accordingly erected in the large open court yard of the prison. It consisted of a sort of door or platform held up by hinges attached to the wall, these hinges being upheld by a stout rope. This rope stretched back through a window into a cell, where the hangman by the stroke of an axe could sever it. The platform would fall and launch any one standing on it into eternity. The ropes placed around the necks of the victims hung from three uprights above, the whole giving a fall of at least fifteen feet.

THE PREPARATIONS.

Captain Cain, in charge, had everything arranged in perfect order. A heavy detail of police and deputy sheriffs guarded the doors which faced on Orleans street, where was gathered an excited crowd of over ten thousand persons, entirely composed of men, not a single woman of the most degraded class even being visible. In the yard of the prison was only admitted some two hundred persons, including the members of the press, who were allowed every privilege.

THE LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

The night previous had been spent by the doomed men in prayer with their spiritual advisers, Evique and Fiorenzo being Catholics and Morris a Protestant Episcopal. After taking a hearty breakfast this morning they again indulged in prayer, remaining in their cells until the hour of execution.

THE EXECUTIONER.

At eleven o'clock the executioner, who was a prisoner engaged for the task, appeared on the gallery next the gallows, and a murmur of horror arose from the crowd as he began to coolly arrange the ropes around the traps. He was dressed in a long black domino or gown, confined at the waist, and wore a black mask and gloves.

ON THE GALLOWS.

At ten minutes after eleven some men perched on the neighboring cupola of the insane asylum shouted that the prisoners were leaving their cells, and almost immediately afterward they appeared, accompanied by the Rev. Father Duffy, Rev. John Perceval and Sheriff Houston. The doomed men were dressed with white caps on their heads; around their necks were suspended crosses, tied by a black ribbon, and on their feet were black slippers. They appeared calm and collected, and when Deputy Sheriff Hart read the death warrant not even a tremor was visible. After the reading of the warrants the three men took their seats on the scaffold, walking with a firm step, and after being seated the executioner appeared and began tying their hands and adjusting the fatal noose.

AN EXCITED CROWD.

This being announced to the crowd outside by the men on the cupola a desperate struggle commenced with the police, an attempt being made to break in the doors, the shouts of the crowd echoing with fearful distinctness against the tall walls inside where the silence of death prevailed. At a quarter past eleven the caps were pulled over their faces, and Sheriff Houston moved off the platform.

THE FATAL MOMENT.

The lips of the three silent figures moved in fervent supplication while the reverend fathers recited the prayer for the dying, and with a sharp dull twang the rope which held the platform was severed, and three souls were launched into eternity. The fall was one of at least a dozen feet, and the necks of all three were broken, though a spasmodic tremor of the bodies was visible. After hanging nearly thirty minutes they were pronounced dead by the attendant physicians, and the bodies cut down to be delivered to the medical faculty. Thus these three murderers met their doom.

The crowd slowly filed out and dispersed, while three common deal coffins carted away in a rough vehicle spoke of the vengeance of the law and of the three prisoners released.

UNDER SENTENCE.

There are now seven men in the same prison under sentence of death.

HANGING OF HARRY ADAMS FOR THE MURDER OF HENRY MULLHARRAN—DEATH IN A DRUNKEN STATE—STATEMENT OF THE CRIMINAL COMPARED WITH THE PROVEN FACTS.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

DAYTON, Ohio, June 15, 1877.

Harry Adams, the murderer of Henry Mullharran, was hung to-day.

The history of his crime has become somewhat familiar to the public through the efforts made to save him from the gallows and the respite granted him a few weeks ago in order to make spiritual preparation for his terrible doom. It will be interesting, however, to review the career for whose crimes expiation was made to-day, and this cannot be better done than by giving the statement of Adams, which for the first time was made public yesterday, and showing how it differs from the truth, which was made manifest at his trial. The original of the story, which was prepared and sworn to for the Governor's perusal, was read from the scaffold just before the execution; but it is not so full and elaborate as the following, in which the facts are detailed more smoothly and coherently:—

THE MURDERER'S STATEMENT.

I was born in the town of Petersburg, Adams county, Pa., on the 27th day of April, 1849, and was therefore twenty-eight years of age on the 27th day of last April. I was in the army from May, 1863, until the close of the war, in Company I, Ninth Pennsylvania cavalry. I was honorably discharged. I first came to Dayton four years ago this spring, and worked at shoemaking and tended bar at Borgelt's. I had known Mrs. Lou Huffman about two months before that time. I had been staying with her, off and on, prior to the 14th of February, 1876. On the afternoon of the 14th of February, 1876, I left Borgelt's between half-past four and five o'clock.

BEGINNING OF THE CAROUSAL.

I stopped at Mrs. Huffman's, and there saw Tom Ferguson and Ed Woodward, two soldiers from the Home. Woodward had a pint flask of whiskey and asked me to come along and get something to drink, and we went up to Sweinhart's—Woodward and I alone. Tom Ferguson came up afterward. We drank whiskey in there twice. After we had drank there the second time Mullharran came in and treated the whole house. I drank whiskey. He then asked for another drink and Sweinhart refused to give it to him. From there Mullharran and I went to Ritter's, and when there Mullharran, Grimes and myself drank together. Just as we were done drinking Woodward and Englebrecht came in. Mullharran, Woodward and myself then went back to Mrs. Huffman's. I went to the cupboard and got something to eat. Woodward then, while I was eating, asked Mrs. Huffman to fill his flask. She went out and brought the flask filled with whiskey. It was a pint flask. Then we went over to Kate Fisher's, who kept a bad house. There he and I drank whiskey and the girls drank wine. We then left Kate Fisher's, and as he wanted something more to drink we went to a saloon opposite the big schoolhouse and got a drink of whiskey there, he treating. From there we went to Kramer's grocery and saloon, on Brown street, to get some tobacco. While there we drank whiskey with Kramer's son, and he got a pint and a half of whiskey in an ale bottle.

MULLHARRAN ROBBED.

From there we went back to Lou Huffman's. Jennie Smith and Woodward were there when we came back. We then all, except Mrs. Huffman, drank of the whiskey out of a teacup. We were there fifteen or twenty minutes. Then Jennie Smith asked Mulharen to go and get some beer. Woodward had no money, but she said Mullharran had plenty of money. He said he wouldn't go unless I went with them, and he wouldn't let Woodward go along. Jennie Smith, Mullharran and myself then went up to Sweinhart's to get some beer. We went up south on the east side of the street, Brown, to the Ohio Brewery, and then crossed over. I was on the side of him next to the street, while Jennie Smith was on the inside. We each had hold of the other's arms. While walking along I took $1 80 out of his right vest pocket.

When we went into Sweinhart's, Redmond and Cahoe were in there. Mullharran, Jennie Smith and I took a drink. They drank beer, I drank whiskey. Then I gave Cahoe fifteen cents with which to get drinks. He and Redmond called for a glass of beer each, and also one for me. I did not drink mine, but threw it on the floor. Then Jennie and Mullharran went outside and stood there. Redmond, Cahoe and myself stayed in the barroom talking. Then Jennie Smith called me twice to come, but I did not go until Sweinhart told me to take them away. I went out and found Mullharran, Jennie Smith and William Hayes standing there together at the door. From there we went to Ritter's, and on the way up there Jennie Smith showed me $2 70 or $2 80. We went into Ritter's, and Redmond and Cahoe followed us in. We all drank twice while there. All drank whiskey except Redmond, who drank beer. We then all came out, and Jennie wanted Mullharran to go with her to Maggie Smith's. They started up a little piece and then came back.

THE DEADLY BLOW.

Jim Dumas came to Ritter's where we were standing. Jennie Smith and Mullharran were quarreling about his not going along with her. Mullharran started across the street, and Jim Dumas and Jennie Smith followed him across. Redmond, Cahoe and myself stood at Ritter's door talking. Then Redmond, Cahoe and Hayes started to go across to them. Hayes said, "We will go and see if he has got any dust;" I stood between Ritter's door and dollar laughing at them, they were standing right around him. Jennie Smith's arm went sort of over hand in a striking way and at the same time her shawl raised. Then Redmond, Cahoe and Hayes stepped back, while Dumas stood still and Mullharran fell. I went across and said, "What is the matter?" They said, or one of the boys said, I don't know which one of them who said it, "Be still;" and Jennie Smith then said, "Don't say anything," and the rest said the same, and I said "I won't." I told them it wouldn't do to let the man lay there, and said we would take him over to Ritter's, but they said, "No, it will be known." I then told them again it wouldn't do to let him lay there, that they should go away, and I would go and tell somebody.

THE ARREST.

When we came out with the light the policeman was standing by the man. It was Officer Keller. The man was lying on his back, and I saw that he wasn't dead. Blood was all over the pavement. Somebody said something about a doctor, and Jim Steele and I offered to go for one.

When we got to the station Officer Keller said, "Keep this man (that is me) here for a little while till I come back. I was there three-quarters of an hour before I was locked up. I was in there about two hours before they searched me.

Then Captain Clark came to me and said, "Who is the right one?" and I said to him, "Keep on until you find out who is the right one." Then he went away, but came back after a bit, and I asked him if he had searched Jennie Smith, and he said that he had. I then said, "You found $2 70 or $2 80," and he said "yes."

A WEAK CONCOCTION.

Adams' statement shows plainly signs of having been in part invented. He was charged with having stabbed Mullharran, and the evidence was sufficiently strong to convict him. He makes a very weak effort to fix the guilt of the blow which felled the victim on Jennie Smith, the courtezan. The trial closed on December 10, 1876, before Judge Elliot, who in his charge demolished with the stern logic of justice the prisoner's flimsy claim of mercy. The crime was evidently in the view of the court premeditated, and its principal object was robbery.

THE EXECUTION.

Adams came upon the scaffold followed respectively by Father Nichols, Father Murphy, Sheriff Beebe and Deputy Sheriffs Freeman and Wilcox. Adams advanced to the front of the scaffold and commenced making an address, which was at first intelligible but gradually grew incoherent, and the Sheriff and his spiritual advisers had to frequently caution the condemned man to keep still.

DRUNK ON THE SCAFFOLD.

It soon became evident that he was drunk, and he began to stagger. When the black cap was drawn down over his eyes and he was told to keep quiet and prepare himself for death he answered:—

"I am not guilty. Jennie Smith killed Mullharran. I stole $1 80, and promised to keep quiet from first to last, when Jennie struck him with a knife and he fell. I am not guilty."

Nobody believes Adams' statement. He somehow obtained too much whiskey and was quite drunk when he appeared upon the scaffold.

A MPE OF CRIME.

His life has been one continued crime, and to die drunk was perhaps the height of his ambition.

LETTER FROM THE CONDEMNED.

This morning Adams handed the following letter to Mr. G. J. Parker, who had been appointed by the Young Men's Christian Association to visit Adams:—

MR. PARKER:—

DEAR SIR—I hope you will forgive me for not writing to you as I said I would, but I hope to meet you in heaven. Life and trouble are no more for me, and when I am in my grave think of me. Yours truly, HARRY ADAMS.

MONTGOMERY COUNTY JAIL, June 15, 1877.

Adams before his death delivered his body to the brothers of St. Mary's, who, as soon as he died, took charge of his remains.

A FOND HUSBAND'S ABERRATION AND ITS AWFUL RESULTS—A STORY OF JEALOUSY AND MURDER AND ITS EXPIATION.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.]

NEWNAN, Ga., June 15, 1877.

To-day's tragedy, in which Stephen B. Brinkley, the wife murderer, was the chief actor, wound up the most celebrated murder case in the history of Georgia jurisprudence. A case that was contested before the courts by the best legal talent of the State seven different times; a case in which distinguished gentlemen from four States were summoned as witnesses; a case in which all the doctors disagree; a case in which two Governors, one ex-Governor and two generals are interested sufficiently to invoke Executive clemency.

THE CRIME.

On the 13th of May, 1874, Stephen B. Brinkley entered his wife's house after an absence of several weeks, and without notice literally cut her to pieces with a pocket knife. Then, stepping out of the door, attempted suicide, and succeeded in stabbing himself in four places before any one could interfere. As Brinkley was staggering and bleeding in the arms of his captors he was heard to murmur:—

"She disgraced herself, my children and my name. I have killed her, and will yet kill myself."

This was the only attainable clew to the cause of the brutal murder, and that was weakened from the fact that for the three years that she had lived in this place her deportment was such that there was not a breath of suspicion against her. The enraged populace, finding that Brinkley's wounds were slight, threatened enforcing lynch law, and it took the combined efforts of the best citizens and the officers of justice to quiet the mob until he was safely lodged in jail.

A TALE OF JEALOUSY.

The evidence introduced at the different trials proved the crime to be a closing scene to a tale of jealousy.

In 1864 Brinkley married a very beautiful woman eight or ten years younger than himself. During the first five years of his married life he became passionately fond of his wife and loved his children almost to idolatry. Then for some unaccountable reason, or, according to the mass of public opinion, without reason the idea that his wife was untrue to him commenced preying on his mind, and often when under the influence of liquor and occasionally when perfectly sober he accused his wife of infidelity, and generally added blows to impress her with his earnestness. Becoming tired of this state of things his wife had him arrested under a peace warrant and confined in jail in Atlanta, Ga., for about six weeks, when she dismissed the charges on condition he would leave her and go to Tuka, Miss., where he had a brother living.

The condition of his discharge being complied with he soon induced his wife, by promises of reformation and declarations of love, to follow him to Tuka. For the two years that they lived there we hear of nothing to jar the felicity of their home circle. In 1871 they moved to Newnan, Ga. There he became noted for his devotion to his children and his jealousy and cruelty to his wife, and though his wife demeaned herself in such a way as to maintain the good opinion of all her neighbors and her reputation for chastity, he often forced her by his brutality, caused from unjust suspicions, to call upon the police for protection.

A DIVORCE.

After experimenting for two years with this doubtful kind of life she sued for and obtained a divorce. Shortly after the divorce suit he entered his wife's house for the purpose of seeing his children. While caressing his children he was discovered by his wife and her stepmother. The result of the meeting was a civil war, in which the husband, who came out second best, beat a retreat, bearing several scars to remind him of his wife's stepmother. Not being satisfied at having gained the first battle, and probably fearing a renewal of the hostilities, she had him arrested for an assault and battery. After being forced to lie in jail for some time while awaiting trial he was acquitted of the charge. His wife then threatened him with a peace warrant if he did not leave town. That afternoon he left town on foot and was not heard of for six or seven weeks except through letters written to old friends in Tennessee and Mississippi. The burden of all these letters, which were dated from different country post offices, was a complaint that his wife loved him not and a desire to see his children and to become again reconciled with his family. Afterward in tracing him through his weary banishment it was found that he trudged from place to place on foot, always avoiding cities or villages and living mostly in communion with his own gloomy thoughts.

BEFORE THE MURDER.

On the day before the murder he was seen by several different parties walking into Newnan. These witnesses all agree that there was an unnatural stare about his eyes, that he talked in such a disconnected and incoherent sort of manner as to cause them to doubt his sanity. Later in the day he entered a hardware store, bought a pocket knife and wrote a note. His manner while in the store was such as to attract a good deal of attention and to cause several remarks to be made concerning his sanity. On being asked if he was going to stay in Newnan he replied that he came back for the purpose of making up with his wife and that he intended to quit drinking and treat his wife right if she would agree to live with him again.

THE MURDER.

After leaving the hardware store he is seen no more that day; nobody knows where he stayed that night and the next morning. About two o'clock he is again seen walking rapidly toward his wife's house. On entering the house he draws a knife, and without uttering a word of warning he commenced carving his wife, and continues this bloody pastime until he has literally cut the upper part of her body into slices, making four deep and ugly gashes in her chest, one long but shallow cut across her left shoulder, two similar cuts in her back and another deep and mortal wound in her stomach, besides quite a number of cuts and scratches on her arms. Leaving his wife writhing in the agonies of death on her own hearthstone he attempts suicide as he leaves the house, but is prevented; after he has inflicted four wounds on his person by the officers of the law, who, hearing the cries of his wife, had hastened to her rescue.

The only explanation he made in extenuation of his crime was that she had disgraced herself, his children and his name.

EFFORTS TO SAVE THE MURDERER.

Brinkley having relatives with influence and money the best legal talent in the State, with the Hon. Benjamin H. Hill as leading counsel, was employed in his behalf. At the committing trial a verdict of murder was rendered. The case was next carried before the Superior Court, and the result was another verdict of guilty. The counsel for the defence then moved for a new trial, on the ground that one of the jurors had made a bet on the result of the trial before he was drawn as a juror. This motion for a new trial was overruled. The case then went to the Supreme Court, and the judgment of the court below was sustained. The defence then sued out a writ of lunacy; on this issue a mis-trial was made, the jury standing six and six. A petition was then made to the Governor asking Executive clemency, and at his instance a commission of prominent physicians was appointed to decide upon his lunacy. This commission decided he was sane. His counsel then made another motion for a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence. The judge of the Superior Court decided that he could not grant a motion for a new trial during vacation. A petition was then made to the Governor, asking for a respite until the question of a new trial was decided. This petition was granted, and the result of the issue was a new trial. The Superior Court again rendered a verdict of guilty, and the Supreme Court again affirmed the decision of the Court below.

PETITIONS TO THE GOVERNOR.

Petitions then poured in upon the Governor, suing for Executive clemency. Two petitions were sent from Newnan, one asking for a commutation of the sentence and the other asking that he might be sent to the lunatic Asylum.

Another petition was sent from Iuka, Miss., asking that he be sent to the asylum for life.

Governor J. M. Stone, of Mississippi, wrote a private letter to Governor Colquitt invoking Executive mercy, in which he says that he always considered Brinkley partially deranged.

Ex-Governor N. S. Brown, of Tennessee, wrote that he was satisfied that Brinkley was insane at the time of the murder.

Governor James D. Porter, of Tennessee, in alluding to his insanity in a letter to Governor Colquitt, says:—

"I do not think that he ought to be held responsible for his deeds, and ask for a commutation of the death sentence."

General N. B. Forrest wrote from Hot Springs, Ark., that Brinkley was in his command during the war and that he had a mental disorder that rendered him wholly irresponsible for his actions, and that he sent him home to his friends because he was adjudged by his army physician to be insane.

Hon. Casey Young, member of Congress from Tennessee, wrote:—"I know of my personal knowledge that he has a mind that is diseased."

General W. H. Jackson wrote that he had known Brinkley from early childhood, and that he had always considered him unsound in his mind, and that while in his command during the late war he would never trust him with picket duty or hold him responsible for any offence or irregularity committed, and begged that he be sent to the lunatic asylum.

Governor Colquitt was very much moved by these petitions, and gave the case a thorough and sifting examination, and did not make up his mind until the day set apart for the hanging. In the meantime the preparations for the execution were continued.

THE LAST HOURS.

The condemned never seemed to realize that his doom was inevitable until this morning. After sending for his physicians and revoking his request of a post-mortem examination of his head and bequeathing his skull to his local attorney, he then turned his attention to his spiritual condition. While he prayed fervently and expressed deep contrition he uttered his conviction that there was no hope after death.

WASTED TO A SHADOW.

On being led from the jail at twelve o'clock his personal appearance astonished his old friends. Three years of close confinement in jail had wasted him to a mere shadow of his former self. His hair was whitened until he was scarcely recognizable.

THE EXECUTION.

Without uttering a word he went from the jail and mounted the scaffold without a muscle of his body even twitching. After the religious exercises were concluded the Sheriff asked if he had anything to say. He replied, "Nothing, except to beg you to hasten the execution." Then stepping on the trap the noose was adjusted, the trigger sprung, and he dropped six feet, and in ten minutes was dead of strangulation. His children were sent to his brother in Tennessee who will provide for them.

THE COURT HOUSE BONANZA.

A legislative enactment has authorized the expenditure of $750,000 additional for the purpose of completing the new Court House. It is at least surmised in official quarters that this sum will be ample to do all the necessary work. The present commissioners made contracts to the amount of $381,000. An investigation of the Commissioners of Accounts disclosed the important fact that these contracts went beyond the amount appropriated by the Board of Apportionment. Corporation Counsel Whitney gave an opinion that the Court House Commissioners were guilty of a technical evasion of the law.

The whole subject was referred to the Board of Apportionment as to whether more bonds should be issued and the work allowed to go on under the present management, and the subject came up before that body yesterday.

Mayor Ely expressed the opinion that although the Commissioners may have violated the law such violation was unintentional.

Comptroller Kelly was of the opinion that any impediment now thrown in the way of the completion of the building would prove injurious to the interests of the city. He was willing that additional bonds should be issued for the purpose of continuing the work.

Mayor Ely remarked that as the Comptroller had investigated the subject carefully he was not averse to taking the same view as intimated by that gentleman.

After some remarks from Commissioner Wheeler a resolution was adopted authorizing a further issue of new Court House bonds to the amount of $100,000.

CONTRABAND GOODS.

The large seizure made on the steamship Herder, reported in yesterday's HERALD, did not exhaust the entire stock of illicit importations. Yesterday the customs officers discovered a number of pieces of dress goods which were taken possession of and brought to the seizure room. These were also in the hands of one of the passengers at Castle Garden. Beside these 800 cigars were seized on board of the steamer City of Mexico, and a trunk full of Havana cigars in Brooklyn, which were landed by the City of Mexico and shipped then by Adams Express. Four more pieces of smuggled Ponson silk were taken measuring nearly 300 yards, valued at $2 50 per yard. A suit of ready made clothing worth $100, from London, was also seized on board of the steamship Holland.

AUTOGRAPH OR FORGERY?

An action has been brought in Brooklyn by Mrs. Caroline Dorison for an accounting against James A. Stotson and Marion Grimes. The cause of action was assigned to the plaintiff by her husband, who claims an interest in certain buildings erected by Messrs. Stotson & Grimes, on the corner of Greene and Thompson streets. In offset the defendants present a note for $3,251 44, signed by Dorison, for money advanced. This note, Dorison says, is a forgery, and he has had the defendants to the present action arrested twice on a charge of uttering it. Both complaints were dismissed upon hearing, and Mr. Dorison has found no more success in his efforts for an indictment from the Grand Jury than he did in the police courts. The decision of the action depends upon the validity of the notes put in in offset, and Judge Barnard, before whom the findings of a referee appointed in the case were presented yesterday, has reserved decision.

BROOKLYN BURGLARS' WORK.

Mr. James Lennon, residing at No. 276 Tillary street, Brooklyn, discovered James Hoey in his apartments at an early hour yesterday morning, grappled with him, and did not let go his hold until the arrival of the police. Hoey, in his endeavor to escape, bit Mr. Lennon's hands in a terrible manner.

A fifty-dollar gold watch was stolen at an early hour yesterday morning from the apartments of Mrs. Wall, No. 121 Norman avenue.

Silverware valued at $50 was stolen from the residence of Mrs. Benton, No. 40 Hanson place, last Thursday evening.

The residence of Mrs. Cox, No. 946 Fulton street, was robbed of $60 worth of jewelry on Thursday night last.

HONORS DIVIDED.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1877.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Please allow us a small space in your valuable paper to say a word in correction or rather in addition to your article of this morning headed "A Life Saving Policeman," and connected with the excursion of the Fourth Street Methodist Sunday school. This article is not intended, in any measure, to detract from the credit due to officer Biell for his prompt action in the matter of saving the young lady, Miss Stimson, who fell from the gangplank into the dock, but to mention another to whom, doubtless, Miss Stimson in the first instance owes her rescue from drowning. I was witness to the whole transaction. It was not more than thirty seconds after Miss Stimson fell when Mr. J. A. North, a gentleman of our party, also of the Committee of Arrangements, sprang in after her, and seizing her as she arose the second time held her, struggling against a strong tide, and holding, as best he could, with one arm the slippery post of the dock. At this point Officer Biell came to the rescue, and, telling Mr. North (a slight built man, who was now nearly exhausted) to save himself, swam away with the girl upon one arm and handed her into a boat, apparently as easily as he would have carried a bundle on the dock. Both have the gratitude of the officers and teachers of the school, as well as the friends of the girl for their prompt action in the emergency.

Permit me further to say that like accidents could be effectually prevented by the parties that furnish barges for these excursions providing gang planks with side rails, similar to those used by the Albany day boats and other steamers. IRA L. CADY,

Chairman of the Committee.

NO FEATHERED NEST.

William Featherstone, an old and once a wealthy Brooklynite, was found at a late hour on Thursday night in a dying condition in a vacant lot in Butler street, Brooklyn. He was removed to the hospital, but the doctors express slight hopes of his recovery.

THE SCHOOLSHIP MERCURY.

A BIG ELEPHANT ON THE CITY'S HANDS.

At a meeting of the Sinking Fund Commissioners yesterday a resolution was adopted permitting the sale of the schoolship Mercury at an upset price of $5,000. Several attempts have been made by the Comptroller to sell the vessel, but no bids could be received over $5,000. A contractor has already recovered a verdict against the city for $29,000 for improvements made upon this expensive craft.

By an act of the Legislature of 1869 the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction were authorized to establish a nautical schoolship. In June of that year the Mercury, about 1,400 tons burden, was purchased for the sum of $40,000. The ship was intended as a reformatory institution. Vagrant boys were sent on board to learn the profession of seamen. The object of establishing the ship was abandoned December 31, 1875, for want of an appropriation for her support. Another attempt will be made to sell her to-day.

THE DEVONIA.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW STEAMER OF THE ANCHOR LINE.

The new steamship Devonia, of 4,500 tons burden, of the Anchor line, so named in honor of the Duke of Devonshire, arrived in this city from Glasgow yesterday. She is the largest vessel of the line, and was built at Barrow, on the Lancashire coast, and is the seventh steamship launched at that place. When the Barrow docks are completed the Devonia will ply between New York and that port. The following are the proportions of the new steamship:—Length, 400 feet; breadth of beam, 42 feet, which is two feet more than any other vessel of the line; depth of hold, 33 feet. She is bark rigged, and has a large spread of canvas. She has compound condensing inverted surface engines of 2,500 effective horse power. During the voyage out on several occasions she made thirteen knots an hour. Like all the new transatlantic steamships she is provided with steam steering apparatus and electric bells. The music room is a very large saloon, and contains a piano and an American organ. The main saloon extends from side to side, and is filled up with four rows of tables, with revolving chairs. She has carrying accommodation for 150 first class passengers. Her steerage accommodation is of the most improved kind and the ventilation excellent. She is capable of carrying 700 steerage passengers. The vessel has several novelties of no small interest to steamship men—viz., her four-inch wire cables, used for warping purposes, instead of the usual nine to twelve inch cables, and an ash shoot invented by Superintendent McDougal, by which the ashes are brought up to the promenade deck and then turned into a pipe which leads to the outboard. This contrivance obviates the soiling of the deck and the occasional washing overboard of firemen. Another novelty is that all steam used returns to the boiler in a condensed form. She is commanded by the veteran skipper, R. D. Monroe, and the first officer, Alexander G. Allan, has been transferred to her from the Commodore's ship the Bolivia. In honor of the Duke of Devonshire the lighthouses of the Devonia in which the side lights are shown are surmounted by ducal coronets. She cost about $620,000.

ASSAULTING A CRIPPLE.

Dominick Leonard, a human brute, residing at the corner of Washington and Grand avenues, Brooklyn, entered the residence of Mr. John Mathew, No. 640 Grand avenue, without being invited. Mr. Mathew, who is very old and was crippled in the late war, remonstrated with him. This remonstrance enraged Leonard, and he assaulted the old man. Mr. Mathew's daughter tried to protect her father and was also beaten and injured by Leonard. The ruffian was arrested soon after the assault and locked up for the night. He was yesterday committed until Friday next by Justice Bloom.

A TRAMP BEWITCHED.

[From the Reading Eagle.]

Detective William Y. Lyon yesterday received a strange letter, addressed to "Mr. Lyons, Detective, Reading," the postmark of which is illegible, but it appears to be "Blandon." It is written in pencil, in English, poorly spelled, and without regard to punctuation or capitals. Put into something like correct language it reads as follows:—

MAY 17.

To Detective LYONS, of Reading:—

SIR—I write this note to you to let you know that I have scattered matches in a barn in Maxatawny township, by being driven to it by desperation by parties whom I do not know, but believe they are from Lancaster City, who I believe are mesmerists. I draw a pension in Lancaster, in Black's office, and the first I knew of of these parties having me under their control was last June, and since that time they have used me with most devilish, blackest inhumanity, until they have driven me to a desperate madman. They were the cause of me leaving matches in the straw in the barn where I slept last night. The brutish scoundrels have forced me to abuse unoffending men, women and children. Yesterday they forced me to quarrel with the woman in Kutztown, and influenced a crowd of men to gather around me with whips, clubs and stones. The brutish scoundrels have been using me about the country as a spy, reading people's minds, and keeping me among the country people, who, they say, are ignorant, and can impose upon. There is a bullet in my head, and I believe these mesmerizers have connected a galvanic battery with it. The scoundrels can stick a man nerveless in his tracks by sinking his will into his body, if he opposes them, by charging electricity into him through me. The inhuman scoundrels have had the clothes torn off me, and kept the lice almost eating me alive with dirt, so that nobody would look into my miserable existence, but think that I was a lunatic. The scoundrels can force enough electricity into a horse to throw him off his feet, and can draw this back among themselves, and rob men before their eyes at the card table by telling every card they hold by looking into their eyes. They can make a man as weak as a child; or make a desperate madman of him with the strength of a dozen men. They have had me whipped and abused, and kept at the point of desperation until I would die before I would stand their brutish torture any longer. I will place myself under the protection of the law against inhuman scoundrels.

MURDERED BY TRAMPS.

[From the Reading Times.