The Greatest I Cent Paper Published.

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PRICE ONE CENT.

DRISCOLL HANGED,

The Whyo Leader Pays the Penalty of the Law.

Executed in the Tombs This Morning.

THE DROP FELL AT 7.24

How Beezy Garrity's Murderer Spent His Last Hours.

Dan Driscoll, the Whyo leader, who murdered Beezie Garrity, was hanged in the Tombs yard at 7.24 A. M. in the presence of Sheriff Grant, the Sheriff's jury, some jail officials and ten reporters.

At 1 o'clock he was awakened by the clanging of the Franklin street door-bell.

At 3 o'clock he sat up, and forty minute later he dressed himself and walked about

He remained awake until 2.

At 5.45 Father Gelinas read mass and ad ministered sacrament to the doomed man. Driscoll showed no change and was im-

6.19 A. M. -Joe Atkinson, the hangman, ar rived, dressed in black, and hurried through the empty corridors to the gallows.

6.22 A. M.—Driscoll, in answer to a questio from one of the deputy sheriffs, said

" Yes, I think I will take a little something to est. I don't want much. If you will get me a little toast and coffee

will do. I don't want any milk or sugar in the coffee. The breakfast was already waiting on the stove in Warden Walsh's kitchen. A Deputy Sheriff brought it into the cell

and Driscoll sat on his cot and ate the toast, supping the coffee in small swallows.

6.30 a. m.-The condemned man finished his last meal and inquired the hour. He then paced slowly up and down the cell, with his hands hanging loosely at his sides. Driscoll is possessed of good herve, and the deputy sheriffs think there is no danger of his losing

6.35-Undertaker Sexton arrived at the Franklin-street door, and a moment later Coroner Messemer arrived. All are now here but Sheriff Grant and his deputies.

The Sheriff arrived a few moments

HIS LAST DAY ON EARTH.

Driscoll Sleeps Some, Eats Well and Smokes -Parting Agonies.

The soft, sweet notes of the little organ and voices raised in hymns of praise to One who watches over the destinies of us all, sounded with peculiar significance through the grim corridors of the Tombs yesterday. It was the regular Sunday service, and Chaplain Low's voice was moved by a tenderness that shone in his eyes as he spoke.

Sunday, happy with pure, innocent recollections to thousands of hearts. Sunday, glad with chimes of reverence and praise. Sunday, the last day on earth for a man who the law decrees must pay the penalty with his life.

the law decrees must pay the penalty with his life.

The gray spirit brooded over the place and even the small but curious crowd that came in to witness the services, with the hope of seeing the condemned man, showed that they, too, felt the chill pressure by the quick, hushed look on their faces.

And the simple hymn of the service sounded there with the sweet solemnity of a voice from another world. The singers sung with an involuntary and quick sincerity. Hearts grow tender in the face of death.

And the man between whom and the impenetrable gulf the brief span of light and darkness intervened sat silently in his cell and listened. His face showed no emotion, but what emotions were stirred in his breast were known only by himself.

He spoke not, and the grave-faced men that watched at his cage—the death-watch—were as silent as he.

Now the measured voice of the chapfain

He spoke not, and the grave-faced menthat watched at his cage—the death-watch—were as silent as he.

Now the measured voice of the chapfain sounds along the corridors. His voice has a sadder ring than it has had for many Sundays. There have been few such as this. The little organ peals out plaintively again. The service is over. Driscoll raises his head as if suddenly interrupted in some train of thought.

He had arisen at 7 o'clock in the morning and appeared in better spirits than for many days previously. There was a high color in his face and all his former nervousness had left him.

A black suit gave him a nest, dressed appearance and while he read the evening papers, as was his usual custom on arising, he chatted pleasantly to Deputy Sheriffs Young, Walah and Carroll, the death-watch, whose eyes, unrelenting as the fate which awaited him, had noted his every movement throughout the silent hours of the night.

He did not mention his impending fate, and in his apparent burst of good spirits seemed anxious to avoid doing so.

"It is very cold out," said one, after he had sunk into a meditative silence.

"Is it?" asked Driscoll, as he looked up

"It is very cold out," said one, after he had sunk into a meditative silence.
"Is it?" saked Drissoll, as he looked up absently; "I thought it was like summer."
Then he collapsed into silence again, and the grim watchers did not interrupt him.
At 10 o'clock, after pacing slowly up and down his narrow cage, the condemned man threw himself on the cot and lay with his eyes turned towards the ceiling. Thinking? "He's asleep," said the grim watchers.

but—their eyes never left his motionless figure.

At 1 o'clock the still figure on the cot moved. Awake again! Awake to life and the reality of the grim, gray presence at his side.

Hungry? A dinner of roast chicken, celery, potatoes and rolls. The meal over, a cigar. There is fictitious solace in smoking, and the man smokes as he paces up and down with the presence at his side.

In this monotony of existence the hours

In this monotony of existence the hours must drag! No, they even cheat one in their cagerness to escape.

The watches are changed.

It is 2 o'clock. There are sounds of footfalls in the corridor, and the man pauses in his pracementary.

falls in the corridor, and the man pauses in his preoccupation.
Visitors! Their footfalls say so. Not the regular, methodical echo of the tread of the watchers, that sounds as some giant clock marking the seconds between hife and death.
Two women and a three-year-old girl. His wife and a relative. The mother's face bears evidence of the terrible strain she has undergone. Tears and lamentations. The little child looks with wide-open eyes of wonderment. At least it does not suffer. Sobs, tears—tears wrung by agony. And through all, the gray presence drew closer and closer to the man.

tears—tears wrung by agony. And through all, the gray presence drew closer and closer to the man.

And at this time in the bleak prison yard below two men stand on a grim and awful instrument—gaunt, bare and fordidding. The gallows!

The men were the executioner and his associate. Their work was for the morrow, and they would be sure of it.

At 30 clock the condemned man's mother and brother arrived, and a few minutes later the little group was joined by Father Gelinas. Half an hour sped by and then one of the watchers said that they must make their farewells.

The old mother tries to avoid a scene.

"Good-by, Dan," she sobs. "Good-by." She could utter nothing else as she clung to him.

"Good-by, mother," he says, as the lines

"Good-by, mother," he says, as the lines tightened around his mouth in the effort to be calm. "I am all right," he says gently as her sobs increase. "Hear up and don't feel bad!

bad!
A last embrace and a "God bless you,
Dan " and she staggered out of the narrow
corridor,
Brothers are ffice to face—one about to go

out into the free, open sunlight, the other with the gray presence closer and more ex-ultant than before. One is in tears; the other's eyes are dry, but strained in their ex-

pression.

"Good-by, Dan."

"Good-by!" fairly with an almost unnatural ring in the voice. A convulsive grip of the hands and they are apart.

The wife and child are back again. Now the strong spirit of the man gives away a little in the presence of the little one. He does not break, however, but kisses the little one a dozen of times. To the tearful wife he says:

one a dozen of times. To the tearful wife he says:

"I die happy. Take care of yourself. I'll pray for you, Mary."

They clasp each other in a long, tender embrace, and even the stern watchers turn away their faces to hide their emotion; but Driscoll did not have any tears to hide.

Again he kisses the devoted little wife, and bends and whispers something to her. The stern watchers do not hear what it is. Around her neck he hangs a small medal. The Sisters of Charity who visited the prison gave it to him and it may still do good.

More kieses for the little one, a last embrace to the wife, and at 4 o'clock they part forever. And as the voices grow inaudible down the corridor the man sits on his couch, thoughtful and silent. The sad-faced sisters whisper some words of consolation and, too, pass silent away.

whisper some words of consolation and, too, pass silent away.

At 5 o'clock good Father Gelinas came to the cell. He is followed by Mrs. Livingston, who has been visiting prisoners. The kind priest talks long and carnestly, and as he comes from the cell his eyes shine happily through a mist of tears as he says:

"Dan bears up bravely. He is reconciled to death and thinks that it will be his salvation. He is willing to die."

A number af friends follow, but the time allotted them is short, and they soon pass on.

The watches are changed again. This watch is the last—Delmour, Carraher—with the condemned man for a half-hour, when he was joined by Father Gelinas, who prepared to remain for the night. They prayed for a long while and Father Gelinas occupied the adjoining cell to Driscoll.

the adjoining cell to Driscoll.

At midnight Driscoll retired for the night.

OLD TIMES ON THE RIVER.

Highly Original Way in Which a Mississipp Steambout Captain Collected a Debt.

(From the St. Louis Republican.)
Mr. Haines says, taking all things into considers. tion, that he would prefer steamboat engineering to radirond engineering. Life on the Mississippi fifty years ago was full of the charm of exciteme He tells many amusing incidents. Once while making a trip from Louisville to New Orleans on the steamboat Caledonia, Capt. Russell commandng, the boat stopped for an hour at Natchez. There were two towns of Natchez at the time-Natchez on the hill and Natchez under the hill, They were both in the same municipality, but the respectable people lived on the hill, and a band of respeciable people lived on the hill, and a band of outlaws outcasts and robbers under the hill. Natches under the hill had the reputation of being about the toughest place in America at the time. Steamboat capitains always warned their passengers when a stop was made at Natches to beware of Natches under the hill. On the occasion of the Caledonia's stop one of the passengers, an adventurous fellow, thought that he would explore Natches under the hill. On the occasion of the thing. Within half an bour he returned to the boat and told the capitain that he had been robbed of \$1,000 in a house about fifty yards away. The capitain told him to return to the home and make a demand for the money. He did so, and was ordered out of the house to avoid being kicked out. He returned and reported to the capitain. The Caledonia's commander awore a mighty outh and, summoning several of the crew, ordered them to bear a chain and follow him. When the robbers saw the capitain approach they barricaded their doors and prepared for mege. That was not the capitain's game, however. He ordered the men to string the chain around the house. It was a two-story frame building, set on apiles, and was a more shell. It stood on the side of the hill, and the foundation was only graded the exact size of the house. The capitain ordered the robbers to surrender the money or he would pull the house into the river. They returned a defant answer. He ordered the chains hitched to the boat and ordered the engineer to pull two feet out in the river. The first plunge given by the boat the chains tightened about the house and it squaaked. There were in the house the house was obeyed promptly, and the house and it squaaked. There were in the house when he house were scared by this time and tried to get out, but the chains were around the doors and they could not escape. The explain and another demand for two men, "the time and tried to get out, but the chains were released. Une rever in the house were scared by this time and tried to get out, but the cha outlaws outcasts and robbers under the hill. Natchez under the hill had the reputation of being

A club composed entirely of druggists finds relied from sods water and prescriptions by bowling weekly at Schloeffel's, Third avenue and Fifty-

BEEZY GARRITY'S MURDER.

The Crime for Which Driscell was Hanged

John McCarthy ran a disreputable lodginghouse in 1886 directly opposite Billy McGlory's dance-house in Hester street. No. 163 was known as a disreputable resort, and was the scene of many fights,

One day Dan Driscoll made a call with the intention of cleaning out the house. He was cleaned out himself, however, and made his exit with less dignity than bruises, Proprietor McCarthy accompanying the last applica-

exit with less dignity than bruises, Proprietor McCarthy accompanying the last application of his boot with the advice to Driscoll not to come again if he wanted to preserve his features intact.

Driscoll was whipped, but not satisfied, and he vowed he would kill McCarthy. In May, 1886, Elizabeth Garrity, known among her friends as "Beezy," a dark-eyed, well-formed girl, sixteen years old, became fascinated with the Whyo chief, and, forsaking her home in Leonard street with her aged and respectable widowed mother and younger sister, declared her allegiance to Dan Driscoll. On the night of June 25, 1886, as Hackman Patrick Brennan stood waiting for customers in front of Yorkie's saloon in Chatham square, Driscoll, Beezy Garrity and another woman, all drunk, shalled him, and he drove them to McCarthy's, 163 Hester street, where all got out. Driscoll and Beezy ascended the steps to the door. The other woman walked hastily away, and who she was no one but herself on earth now knows. It was then 8,550 A. M.

Driscoll and the girl entered the house. Two weeks before Driscoll had drawn a bead on McCarthy, but the bullet had missed the mark. As the two entered, McCarthy saw them and attempted to close the door of his room. Driscoll tried to force his way into the room, but the door was held partly closed by McCarthy's foot. Then Driscoll whipped out a revolver and fired. The bullet was buried in the wall of the room.

Driscoll ran to the door of the back room, thinking to surprise McCarthy from the rear, but McCarthy anticipated his intention, bolted the back door, and jumped out of a window.

Beezy Garrity, when the door of the front words.

window.

Beezy Garrity, when the door of the front room was freed from the pressure of McCarthy's boot, ran into the rear room and unbolted the door to let Driscoll in. Driscoll imagined it was his enemy behind the door, and when it opened a crack he fired another

and when it opened a crack he fired another shot.

Beezy threw up her arms, orying "I am shot!" and Driscoll ran away.
Carrie Wilson, of 144 Chrystie street, who saw the whole affair, said on Driscoll's trial that Beezy looked into the front room and then nodeded to Driscoll, who thereupon fired the first shot. That shet brought John Greene, a newsman, out of his bedroom across the hall. He and Emanuel De Vos, a bail-player and peddler, who was watching a game of cards in another room, and Ryan, Harris and Mattie McCarthy; who were the players, all saw the second shot.

Policeman John Mulholland, whose pest was on Hester street and the Bowery, heard a shot and walking towards the source of the sound met a woman, who gasped: "For God's sake go, down to Mike Ryan's. Dan

a shot and walking towards the source of the sound met a woman, who gasped: "For God's sake go down to Mike Ryan's. Dam Driscoll is killing everybody in the house." Dan Driscoll emerged from Sullivan's house just then, and the policeman gave chase. Driscoll ran into Baxtor street and up the stairs at 128, where his mother had lived on the third floor. There he succeeded in hiding himself for fifteen minutes. His mother had moved away, nobody knew where, the janitor said. Her rooms were empty and the key mislaid.

The policemen—there were four of them by that time—went through a room in No. 126, passed by the fire-escape to the windows of 128, got in and found Driscoll lying face down on the floor. He feigned drowsiness and said he had been there all night, sleeping off the effects of intoxication.

off the effects of intoxication.

His old mother put in an appearance at this point and said: "Yes, Dan, you have been here since 8 o'clock." Then Driscoll announced that he had found a cost and vest in the empty room, and asked h s mother to bring him his own. The old woman brought out another cost and vest and Driscoll put them on. He was put un-der arrest, but proclaimed his innocence. He

"Gentlemen, I would rather put my right arm on the railroad track than see that girl

Gentlemen. I would rather put my right arm on the railroad track than see that girl hurted. It's no use to take me to her, for she would not rap me."

When Driscoll was taken into the presence of the wounded girl she was unconscious. But before becoming unconscious—true to her infatuation—she said to a policeman who asked her who had shot her that it was "the man with the red whiskers."

That was McCarthy, and presently he returned to the house and surrendered himself, handing his revolver to a policeman. It was fully loaded and was perfectly cold.

Beezy Garrity was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. There her poor old mother and her sister visited her. The mother stoutly affirms under oath that in a short period of consciousness Beezy opened her eyes and said:

"He that you mamma?" Then after a

said:
"Is that you, mamma?" Then after a moment added: "Mamma, I am going to

stick."

The bullet from Driscoll's 38-calibre revolver passed into Beezy Garrity's abdomen. In his report of the post-mortem examination Dr. O'Meagher said that the young woman's form was almost perfect in development, and that she was a remarkably beautiful woman. Coroner John R. Nugent held an inquest July 1. The jury found that Driscoll did the shooting. Driscoll was tried before Recorder Smyth and found guilty. On Dec. 8, 1886, he was sentenced to be hanged on Dec. 30 following.

was sentenced to be hanged on Dec. 30 following.

Stays were had, appeals made, and arguments were heard by the General Term and the Court of Appeals. The judgment was finally affirmed. On Dec. 2 last Recorder Sinyth again fixed the time for Driscoll's death for last Friday. Gov. Hill granted a reprieve until to-day.

DRISCOLL'S CRIMINAL CAREER.

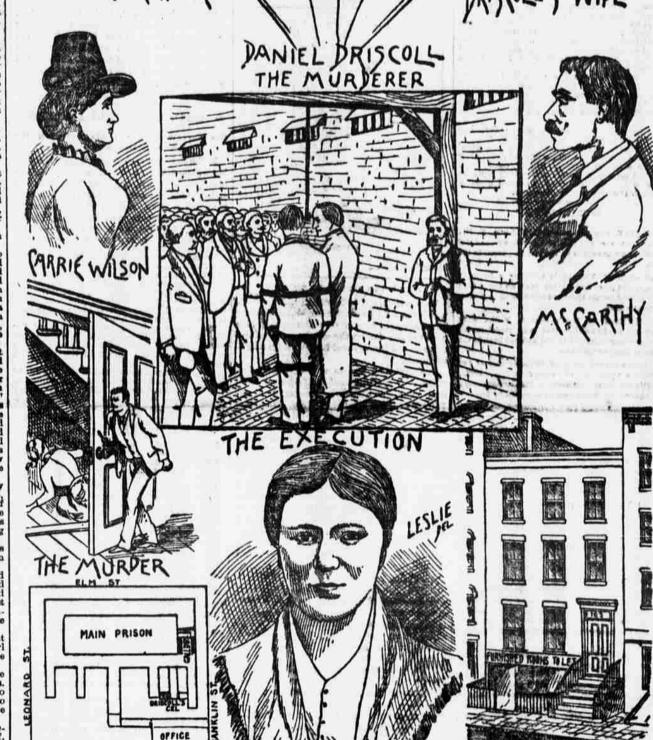
A Thiof, a Fighter and an Inmate of the Penitentiary at Fifteen.

Driscoll was thirty-three years old. H was fifteen years old when he was sent to the penitentiary for six months for picking pockets.

In 1875 he got a sentence of eighteen months n prison for stealing a watch from a man.

In 1876 he was concerned in a row about a woman in Barney Wintermeyle's Five Points aloon. It was three-cornered, Burglar Pat Flaherty holding up one corner and Thief Murphy having the third, Knives and pis-tols were used in the argument. Murphy was shot in the shoulder by Driscoll and Flaherty's right arm was broken by a ball

Caw's "Dashaway" Pen. o-feed fountain pen that mover falls. Caw's Ink Co., 189 broadway, opposite John st.



from Driscoll's pistol. But Flaherty, using his left arm, shot Driscoll through the body

his left arm, shot Driscoll through the body and then ran away.

Murphy and Driscoll were taken prisoners to Chambers Street Hospital. During the night a coach drove up to the door. Driscoll, hanging between life and death, got out of his bed, walked down to the carriage, entered and was driven away. He was found a few days later in bed in his mother's bouse in Leonard street, opposite the Tombs. Meantime the other men had disappeared, and as no complainent came forward he was

CENTRE ST

THE TOMBS

RACE OF EXECUTION

and as no complainant came forward he was discharged. In 1883 Driscoll shot a sauerkraut peddler In 1883 Driscoll shot a sauerkraut peddler and his wife in Chrystie street. Policeman Stuli, of the Eldridge street squae, chased him several blocks, and catching up just as Driscoll boarded a street car, clubbed him into submission and took him to the station-house. Fatty Walsh, for so long his keeper as Warden of the Tombs, interceded for this time and he was released.

In 1884 he instituted a house-cleaning at Paddy Green's saloon under his own home in Pell street, and in the fracas was shot, receiving a severe wound in the head. He escaped by a quibble of the law this time.

In 1892, while on the way to the pecitentiary for a minor offense, he traded names

tiary for a minor offense, he traded names with a ten days' man in the prison van and got off by paying a small fine.

port off by paying a small fine.

PORTRAIT OF A BUFFIAN.

Ban Driscoll a Vielest Jail-Bird, with a Pelitical Pull and a Devoted Wife.

The crime of which Dan Driscoll to-day paid the penalty with his life was the climax of a long series of violations of the law. He had been in prison many times. He was known to almost every detective in the sity. He was the acknowledged leader of that gang of more than one hundred thieves, cut-throats and scoundrels known as the Whyos, on account of the peculiar cry with which the sentinel—placed by them near at hand while they were committing a crime—warned them of the approach of danger.

He was the terror of the Sixth Ward, the hero of countless bloody encounters, the subject of a dozen indictments, and he had a political pull which was usually brought into

BEEZY GARRITY THE MURDERED WOMAN

not in confinement or a fugitive from justice, at 11 Pell street, a tumbledown, miserable

THE WHYO GANG.

Seventy-Five Per Cent. of Driscoll's Pals Either in Prison or Fugitives.

The Whyo gang, though still in existence, labors under the disadvantage of having 75 per cent. of its membership either in Sing Sing or the penitentiary or

HOUSE WHERE MURDER

WAS COMMITED

163 HESTER ST.

play successfully to save him from the law's punishment of his misdeeds.

His face looks out from portrait No. 1,112, of the Rogues' Gallery, taken some years ago.

He went under the alias of George Wallace at the time, and was quite a different man in appearance then from what he was when he expiated his high offense against society this morning. He was burly, stout and broad of form. His face were an expression of bravado in all manner of difficulties, and he swaggered—like the bully that he was.

There were the scars of forty or fifty affrays on his head, face and body, and an ugly gash distigured his square jaw. He had been cut, pounded, scratched, shot and gouged.

Yet he had a patient, devoted little wife and two children, with whom he lived when not in confinement or a fugitive from justice, at 11 Pell street, a tumbledown, miserable little tenement.

other the case was dropped and he was set free.

"Poll" Su livan, who was stabbed to death at the corner of Leonard and Centre streets last spring, and "kid" Hunt, now doing five years in Sing Sing for the crime, were both prominent Whyos.

Other members of the gang now in forced retirement are Toning Harrington, sentenced to four years for robbery with violence; "Mousie" Quinn, sentenced to five years for playing the green-goods game; McCarthy, Driscoll's mortal enemy, sentenced to five years for counterfeiting; Jimmy Dunn, serving one year in the penidentiary for years for counterfeiting: Jimmy Dunn, serving one year in the penitentiary for watch grabbing, and Timothy Galvin, serving two years and six months for burglary. There is on record but a single case of one Whyo betraying another. Soon after Driscoll's incarceration for the crime which he expiated to-day, he gave \$400 to Jim Fitzgerald, a well-known member of the gang. Fitzgerald was to use the money, not exactly to pay counsel, but for the purposes of Driscoll's defense. It was a secret-service fund raised by several raffles and by private subscription. Fitzgerald did not use a cent of it in Driscoll's behalf, but ran away with the money to Philadelphia and has not been seen since.

since.

Quite recently it has been judicially de-termined that it is not a crime to kill a Whyo.

Dan Lyons, a friend of Bruen's, was killed four mouths ago in Den Murphy's saloon, 199 Worth street, by being hit on the head with a bottle by the saloon-keeper. The Coroner's

PRICE ONE CENT.

jury absolved the latter of blame, and b never indicted by the Grand Jury.

TOUCH A BUTTON, OFF HE GOES Proposed Electric Executions Under Senator

Coggeshall's Pending Bill. There has long existed a feeling against hanging convicted murderers, and entions scruples on the subject have disqualified fully 40 per cent. of the total number of citizens summoned to act as jurors in capital

The mind of the sensitive or kindly hearted person revolts at the idea of taking the life even of a murderer by this method. A principal objection is the belief that a large per-centage of the deaths by hanging are not sudden, by the breaking of the neck, but are allow and in the nature of torture, the subject dying by strangulation.



THE BARRAROUS METHO

inflicted.

The Anarchists of Chicago were hanged the "death-trap" method. Each stood trap-door. At a signal the supports whocked from under the trap-doors and tell, the pinioned men following them till ends of their ropes were reached, when twere so suddenly checked as to break the necks, or at least to render them under the support of the support

were so suddenly checked as to break their necks, or at least to render them uncontrolled.

The method followed in the execution of Driscoll, as of his predecesors in this city, was to break his neck by the fall of a weight thrice heavier than himself. The rope passed over pulleys from the noose about his neak, following the outline of the gallows. The weight was attached to the other end of this rope and the rope was very slack at each end. The weight was drawn up four feet from the ground by means of smaller ropes. When all was ready the hangman cut this rope and the weight fell, taking up the slack in the hanging-rope and jerking Driscoll into the air.

Senator Coggeshall's bill before the Stata Senate would do away with all this, as well as with the description of the death struggle in newspapers. It provides that the exact day of executions thall not be known except to the executioner, two physicians, the Sheriff and the District-Attorney, a Justice of the Supreme Court, twelve citizens as Sheriff's jury, and two priests if the condemned wishes them.

The Court shall sentence the prisoner to death within a certain week, naming no day or hour, and not more than eight nor less

death within a certain week, naming no day or hour, and not more than eight nor less than four weeks from the day of sentence. The execution must take place in the State prison to which convicted felons are sent by the Court, and the executioner must be the agent and warden of the prison.



No newspaper may print any details of the execution, which is to be inflicted by electricity. A current of electricity is to be caused to pass through the body of the condeuned of sufficient intensity to kill him, and the application is to be continued until he is dead.

Several plans for inflicting death by elec-

and the application is to be continued until he is dead.

Several plans for inflicting death by electricity have been devised, but the "death-chair" is probably the most fessible. This chair is made of steel. Concealed in its arms are wires, which are to connect with a concealed dynamo. The condemned sits in the chair, his bare feet resting on dampened ground. At a signal a button is touched, the electric current is turned as from the dynamo, the hands on the arms of the chair and the body of the condemned connect the poles of the battery and the victim is dead, the electricity passing through him into the ground.

The yires of the death-chair could be connected with an ordinary electric light wire, from which electricity enough to kill a dozen persons could be obtained.

Another method would be by a collar or steel band clasped about the neck, with a wet sponge squeezed between the band and the neck at the base of the skull.

Still another plan provides for a tightly clasped steel band about the top of the band.

Death could also be inflicted by compelling the condemned to take the poles of a battery in his hands.

By the electric method there will be no suffering, utter unconsciousness being the instantaneous result of the first aboet, and

fering, utter unconsciousness being the in-stantaneous result of the first shock, and death is painless.