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WILFUL MURDER--THE TERRIBLE END OF A DRUNKEN SPREE

A Shocking Tragedy in "Dutchtown" - Two Young Men Quarrel About a Woman, and One Stabs the Other to the Heart - Escape of the Murderer

A shocking tragedy, resembling in most features that of the HERTFELDER murder which shocked the community last spring, occurred last evening in the same portion of the city, the streets of the Sixteenth ward, commonly known as Dutchtown.

The circumstances of yesterday's tragedy are as follows:

John BETZ, twenty-two years of age, a car driver by occupation, formerly employed on the Bushwick Avenue Railroad, and more recently at work on the North Second Street Line, resided with his mother at No. 69 Morrell street. On Saturday last he married a young woman, "Miss" Maggie HEMANN, who has two children. On Wednesday last, his new-made wife left him, and is now residing with her sister on Humboldt street. It is said that Mrs. BETZ told her husband when she left that she liked someone else better. This was THE CAUSE OF THE SPREE which ended so disastrously for BETZ.

James DEVLIN, seventeen years of age, is the son of the well-known politician Felix DEVLIN, who keeps a saloon on the corner of Debevoise and Morrell streets where his sons boarded with him. James DEVLIN has always been a source of trouble and anxiety to his father, who, since the death of his wife, has been unable to restrain him. Within the past year James has been before Justice GUCK charged with offenses against the law, the last time on a charge of burglary, which was withdrawn and DEVLIN was fined \$15 for being disorderly. James DEVLIN was known about the neighborhood as a vicious young man, recently having attempted to kill Mr. James BOWERS, foreman of Wall's rope-walk, by drawing a knife and cutting him. Fortunately nothing but the clothing of Mr. BOWERS was injured, the knife but scratching the skin. DEVLIN was hustled out of the yard by a Mr. CRAFT and no charge was made against him for the attempted stabbing.

Yesterday, during the afternoon, John BETZ, who had been ON A SPREE From Wednesday last, the day his wife left him, was drinking with a number of boon companions in the rear hallway of his mother's residence, 69 Morrell street. Of the party, some of whom were in and out only, while others were constant in their attentions to the beer-pail, which was constantly replenished, were Xavier CONRAD, Charles MCAVOY, John EICHLER, alias BOLIVAR, Tom HARDMAN and others. At six o'clock, a quarrel arose between BETZ and DEVLIN, which began in the back yard and continued in the hallway. It consisted of bandying hard words and name only, until BETZ sat down on the back step and commenced playing with the little child of a neighbor. DEVLIN stood by the stair balustrade in the middle of the hall, and when Mrs. Sarah A. BODEN, an upstairs tenant, ordered him to stop his swearing and GET OUT OF THE HOUSE he abused her roundly and she retired to her rooms. At this time the only other persons present in the hall were DEVLIN, BETZ, Charles MCAVOY and a little boy named George GIBSON. DEVLIN said something to BETZ reflecting on his wife. BETZ said, "I'll lick you for that, you -----", and went towards DEVLIN cuffing him to the front door, which was open. DEVLIN was heard to say, "You cannot make me take water," and the squabble seemed to be subsiding. DEVLIN suddenly sprang at BETZ and plunged a knife blade deep into his heart. The murderer then ran rapidly through Morrell street to the saloon of his father,

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where his brother Peter was attending bar. James DEVLIN cleaned the money drawer out, and was away in less than a minute after he entered the saloon door, having hastily explained to his brother the cause of his haste. BETZ, after being stabbed, staggered out of the hallway on to the sidewalk, exclaiming, "I AM CUT," and fell. He then got up, seemingly without difficulty and ran towards Moore street.

Supposing that DEVLIN had gone to the corner saloon kept by Pat DUGAN, he staggered to the doorway of the saloon exclaiming, "Where is he? I can lick him." And fell dead on the threshold. DUGAN thinking that BETZ was drunk, asked "Bolivar" and another man to pick him up, which the men did only to discover that a torrent of blood was pouring from a wound just above the heart, BETZ was conveyed to the drug store corner of Sigel and Morrell streets, but life was extinct.

Meantime the policemen were being relieved and Captain WORTH was walking away up Bushwick avenue following the relief. He was stopped at Meserole street by Officer LANGRISHE at fifteen minutes past six o'clock, exactly five minutes after the murder was committed and the Captain and all the police within call went rapidly to the scene of the murder, the Captain and two of the officers proceeding to Devlin's saloon, where Peter DEVLIN was arrested, but at that time refused to say anything as to his brother's whereabouts. He was taken to the Sixth Precinct Station and locked up. The SEARCH FOR THE MURDERER continued. The entire force of the Sixth Precinct were ordered out in citizen's clothes, and also policemen from the Thirteenth Precinct and the detectives of the entire city. At about nine o'clock, Peter DEVLIN admitted that his brother had come home, and left only a minute before the police arrived; that he did not change his clothes, had no blood upon him, and had told that he had "had a bad muss" with some one and wanted money enough to get to New York, and that he, Peter, had given him twenty five cents. Crowds lingered about the scene of the tragedy all night, discussing its circumstances, and the wails of the bereaved mother were heard the live long night piercing the air. The father of the murderer was in convulsions during the night, and it is feared the shock may prove fatal to him.