

# The Evening Times

WASHINGTON, TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1893.

## DEATH WARRANTS READ

### Taylor and Brown Formally Notified of Their Fate.

**The Slayer of Police Sergeant Passau Laughs at the Sheriff's Solemn Notice—His Accomplice Nervous and Distressed—Interviews With the Murderers of the Rosensteins.**

Frederick, Md., July 25.—Sheriff Horton G. Thompson, of Montgomery county, arrived in Frederick yesterday with the death warrants of Armstead Taylor, who shot and killed Police Sergeant Passau in Washington while resisting arrest, and John Alfred Brown, the two negroes who were condemned to death in the Frederick circuit-court for the murder of Dora and Louis Rosenstein, at their home at Siddell, Montgomery county, and who are confined in the county jail for safe keeping, and where the court says they will remain until the day before the date set for their execution at Rockville. Sheriff Thompson visited the jail at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and in the presence of Deputy Sheriff Groff and the death watch, read the warrants to each of the condemned men, thus officially apprising them of the few remaining days they still have on earth.

The warrants were read separately to each and they both stood the painful ordeal with remarkable composure. Taylor actually laughed at the reading of the document and subsequently remarked that Sheriff Thompson must have lots to do to come here from Rockville and tell him what he already knew. "That thing didn't hurt me a bit," he said. "Why, that was no news to anybody. I know I've got to die and that settles it. Why make so much fuss about it?"

Brown was more serious and did not make so light of it when informed of the fate that awaited him. However, he did not seem to be affected to any extent, as was expected. He had hoped his pastor to be with him to help him bear up under the ordeal, but the priest was detained by sickness.

A newspaper correspondent visited the prisoners yesterday. Brown said: "Tell the people I am innocent and that 'Hump' Taylor did the deed. I am sorry that I am here, but I cannot help it now. My life was in the hands of my lawyers and as they deceived me up to the last minute by promising to let me go on the stand and testify I feel that they are responsible for my life.

"Of course it is right hard to lose your life, but I have about become reconciled to my fate. I was right smart worried up to last Friday and could not eat or sleep well at all, but now I rest very well, indeed, and feel contented since I have made my confession and been baptized. Up to that time I felt pretty shaky and bad, but now I feel more satisfied."

"Well, Brown, why not tell me what you had intended to tell the jury on the witness stand?"

"Oh, it won't make any difference now; it is about all over with me, I guess. I have confessed to the priest, and he can tell you, if he wants to, but you will find I didn't kill Louis Rosenstein, and knew nothing at all about it. I feel lonely to-

day, as Father Coleman has not been over since Friday, and I would like very much to see him. I feel better when he is around and prays with me. I like him, and am going to ask him to do me a big favor."

"What's that, Brown?" "Why, I am going to ask him to go along down to Rockville with me and be with me on the gallows when I am to be hung. I hope he will do it, but I am afraid to ask him, as he may not like to go, and he is not feeling well now, they tell me. My cell must have been too warm for him on Friday."

"Can you not tell me anything about this case?" "No, indeed. I have nothing to say. I am spending all my time now preparing my soul to meet God. That is about the best way I can spend my time. When I wanted to tell the people what I knew about the murders my lawyers would not let me, so it will be of no use at this late day to tell it.

"I am forty-two years old," said Brown, "and have a wife and eleven children living in Washington. They separated from me four years ago when I went and lived with Nell Turner. Nell told all she knew about the case, I reckon, but then she is very dumb. She was scared on the witness stand and got a little mixed at times. I didn't mind what anyone else said against me, but when I saw that 'nigger' Taylor come I felt kind of funny. But when he spoke up and told all them lies on me then I felt like breaking his black neck. But 'Hump' is a bad nigger and will do anything to get people into trouble. Why, he served fourteen years of his life in prisons—two terms of five years each for burglary. I know his record well enough, and it is a bad one at that."

Taylor, who is known to have killed three people, and, perhaps, a fourth one, was in the best of spirits and as gay as a lark.

"Hello, Taylor, how are you?" said the reporter.

"Hello, how are you?" Taylor replied, with a loud laugh. "Say, mister," he added, "I can't understand why everybody wants to know how I am. I am well and contented and not bothered about nobody. If everybody hasn't heard of me by this time they never will. So you is a newspaper man. Well, I seen 'nough of 'em in Washington and I sepet you want me to tell you something. I am thirty years old and have no father. My mother lives at Dickerson Station and works for former Sheriff William Collier at that place. I was a member of the Methodist Church, but Rev. Osborne Ingle, of All Saints' Protestant Episcopal Church, has been coming to see me and praying with me. He is a good man and has given me the ten Commandments to learn, but, say, that's no good to me. I want picture papers and books. I want something that I like."

"Taylor, I suppose you know that Brown says you swore his life away on the witness stand."

"Now, see here, mister, that makes me mad. Why that old black coon should have been hung ten years ago and Nell Turner should have been lynched long ago, and I would not have been here today. You don't know them niggers like I do. That old murderer, Brown, has got to be so good that he don't want to be in the cell next to me. Well, think of it, he couldn't get close enough on Thursday and Friday nights when he planned and arranged for the deed to be done. I have nothing more to say than what I have already told. But you can tell the people one thing, and that is I am not afraid to die. We have only got to die one time, and death has no horrors for me. Tell them people that swore to more than they knew that I am going to come back and haunt them after I am hung and make their lives miserable. I guess everybody

in that hayseed town will sleep better after I am stretched up. Tell them all to come and see me dance; it will do them good. I ain't afraid to die, but, say, I would like to come across some of them Washington detectives. I wouldn't do a thing to them, and that old coon over there in his cell is a daisy. But they ought to let us out there in the hall together. I wouldn't do a thing to him. Tell the people that Taylor gets plenty to eat and drink, but is not getting any 'bug juice,' but he has nerve enough without it. Brown will want lots of it at Rockville, but I won't. I am getting big and fat here, having all the good things I want, and they don't cost me anything.

"If anybody tells you Taylor is afraid to die tell them for me they are liars and don't know me. I don't want any religion, but I think it is good in Rev. Mr. Ingle coming to see me."

Brown is much depressed in spirits and despondent, while Taylor is alert and full of bravado. He laughs and jokes about the hanging match and interlards his talk with many vile oaths. Whether he will keep up his bravado to the end remains to be seen. The prison guards doubt it very much.