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June 27, 1891

JURY READY FOR "FRENCHY NO. 1."

THE ALGERIAN TALKS ABOUT HIMSELF AND PROTESTS INNOCENCE.

A jury to try "Frenchy No. 1" (George Frank) for the murder of Carrie Brown in the East River Hotel was obtained yesterday before Recorder Smyth, in the Court of General Sessions. The members of the jury are Joseph Bartella, clerk, 85 Franklin Street; Ferdinand Hesel, insurance, 1,007 Lexington Avenue; James Shipman, builder, 95 West One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street; B. H. Waterman, tobacco, 116 Water Street; Henry Lichtig, clerk, 248 Canal Street; William J. O'Reardon, clerk, 279 Broadway; Robert Niemann, cigars, 120 Third Avenue; Samuel S. Rutsky, broker, 57 East Ninety-first Street; Morris Boom, tobacco, 1,211 Broadway; Harris Brown, clothier, 622 Broadway; Henry Uebelhor, merchant, 649 East One Hundred and Sixty-first Street, and G. A. Phillips, upholsterer, 173 East Sixtieth Street. On Monday at 10:30 the jury will visit the scene of the murder, and upon returning to court the taking of testimony will begin.

"Frenchy No. 1," or Amer Ben Ali, as he calls himself in Arabic, was looking tired and sickly yesterday as he sat in court waiting for the impaneling of the jury. He is a typical Algerian Arab, with a dark, sallow skin, coal-black hair and eyes, and a thin, aquiline nose. His beard has grown somewhat during his incarceration.

During recess Amer was put into the prisoners' cage, where a friend took him a couple of sandwiches. A court attendant gave him a glass of milk. The Arab was considerably surprised when a Times reporter saluted him in his native Arabic. He was sitting on a bench puffing a cigarette. He immediately laid aside his cigarette and came close to the grated window that separated him from his visitor. When asked what he thought would be the result of his trial, he replied: "God knows what they will do with me. Perhaps they will hang me, but I swear that I never killed any woman."

"How old are you?" asked the reporter.

Amer replied that he did not know how old he was, and he undoubtedly spoke the truth, for very few Arabs, except those of the upper classes, know their ages. They generally say that they were born about the time of some important event, such as a war or earthquake, or during the administration of some well-known ruler.

Amer was brought up a soldier in the French Army in Algiers, he said, serving in one of the Turco regiments that was taken to France on the outbreak of the war with Prussia. He fought in several engagements with the Germans, and in one of them was shot in the leg. After the war he returned with his regiment to Algiers, and several years later was discharged, and got married and settled among his own people.

Some time ago he was told by some people—probably steamship agents—that it would be a very good thing for him to go to America, where he could earn a great deal of money. "You can easily make \$3 a day," they told him. Three dollars a day, Amer thought, was a good deal of money, and he decided to go to America and earn some of the money which was so plentiful there. First, however, he went to Tunisia, and

then to Marseilles, where he paid \$50 for a passage to Brazil. He could speak a little French, which he picked up while in the French Army, but in Brazil he could not find any one who could speak French. He also found out that he could hardly make a living in Brazil, and so he came up to the United States, where he fell in with some of his fellow-countrymen who were living at 379 Fourth Street, Brooklyn. How did he live here? He used to go out into the streets and do odd jobs wherever he could get them. Sometimes his friends and other people helped him. He finally decided to return to his home in Algiers, but did not have any money to pay for his passage.

Amer swore that he never had anything to do with Carrie Brown. Here he became quite excited, his eyes dilated, and lifting up both hands he exclaimed: "I swear that I did not kill that woman or any other woman. I did not know her; never had anything to do with her. Why should I kill her? She never did me any harm. Women like her never have any money about them. She might have 50 cents or \$1, or perhaps \$2 at the most, and who is going to kill a person for a couple of dollars?"

He declared that, although he slept in the East River Hotel the night of the murder, he was alone all that night, and went out about 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning, when it was already daylight. No one said a word to him when he went out. He said that he had a fight with a woman that night and that some blood was spilled, and declared that if the woman could be found and brought to court she would testify to the truth of his statement. After leaving the hotel he went about looking for work as usual, and was not hiding. A policeman laid his hand on his shoulder and told him to come along. Amer asked the officer why he arrested him, but the officer could not speak French and could not make him understand what was the matter.

"They say that the man who was with the woman had large and lovely mustaches," continued Amer; "just look at my mustaches. They are neither long nor thick." In fact, Amer's mustaches are of very medium size.

Amer was asked what he would do in case he were acquitted. "In that case," he said, "I shall go home to my wife and children in Algiers as soon as possible. I'd go and ask the French Consul to send me home, as I have served in the French Army."

New York Sun
June 28, 1891

Byrnes Has No Confession from Frenchy.

Inspector Byrnes denied yesterday that "Frenchy," who is on trial for the murder of Carrie Brown in the East River Hotel, made a confession to him. He said that he had seen the prisoner on two occasions only, in the presence of others, and that Frenchy did not confess anything.