

PRICE ONE CENT

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1890.

PRICE ONE CENT

EXTRA 11 O'CLOCK. BRUTAL.

Kemmler Dies a Terrible Death in the Electric Chair.

The First Shock Did Not Kill Him and a Second and Third Were Applied.

Alive Six Minutes After the Current Was Turned On.

The Wretched Man's Flesh Burned After the Third Shock.

Kemmler Nerve Up to the Last Moment.

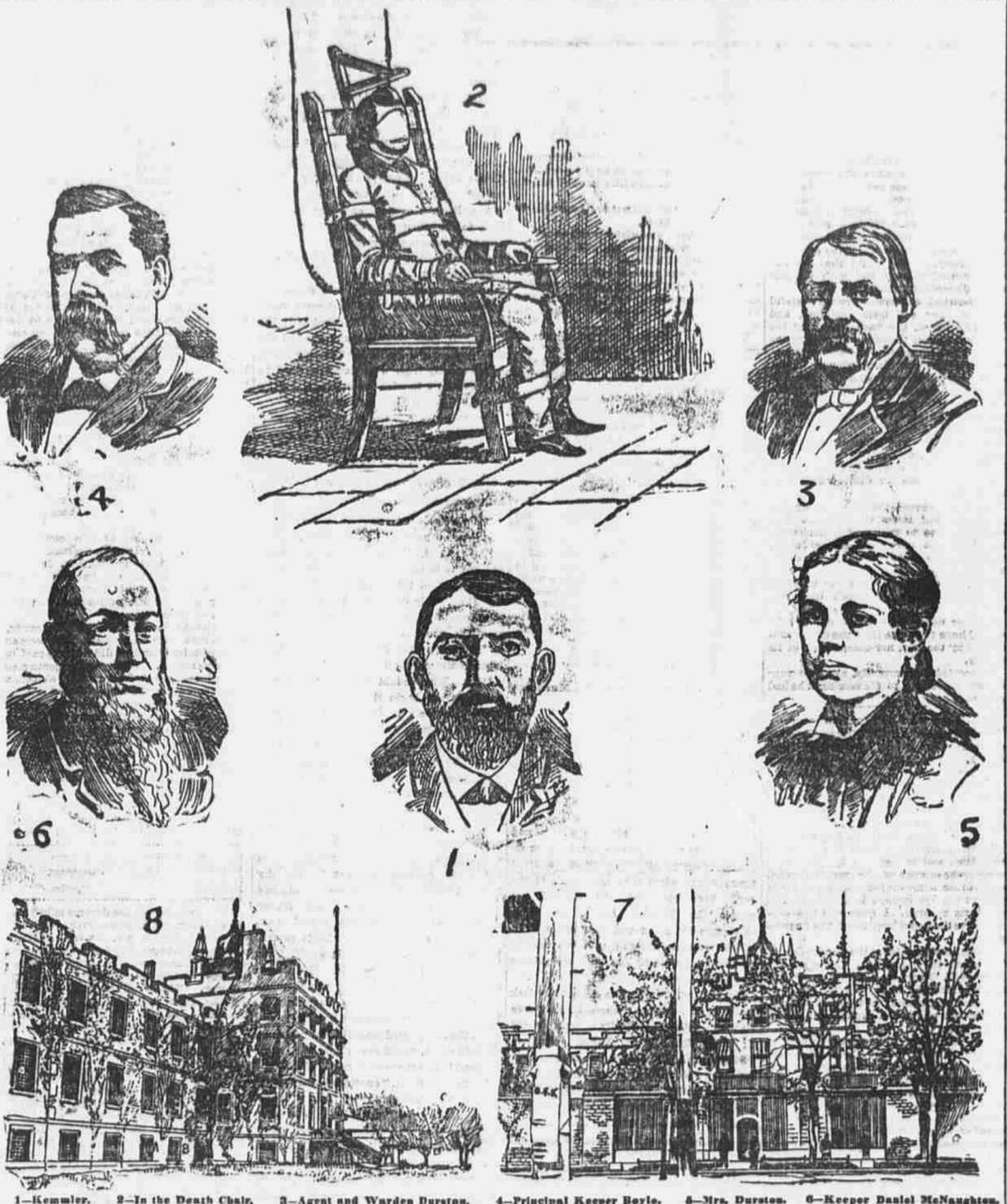
A More Revolting Exhibition Than the Inquisition Ever Saw.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

AUBURN, Aug. 6.—The first case of electrocution—the new method of administering death as the extreme penalty of the law for the terrible crime of murder—is not to be set down as a complete success. William Kemmler died this morning, so far as the best obtainable evidence goes, not in the instant and painless manner in which it had been intended to execute him, but under torturing conditions. It was not a single, paralyzing shock which took his life away. It was a succession of awful, rending throbs, as if the nerves were being torn piece by piece from their centres. THREE SHOCKS TO KILL. The current was turned into the body three times. On the first occasion the electric throbs were continued for sixteen seconds. Then the switch was turned back and a careful examination of the body was made. Two minutes later, at 6:45 o'clock, signs of respiration were observed and the current was hastily switched into the poor wretch's body for the second time. This time the awful work was thought to be done for sure. Scarcely had the current been removed

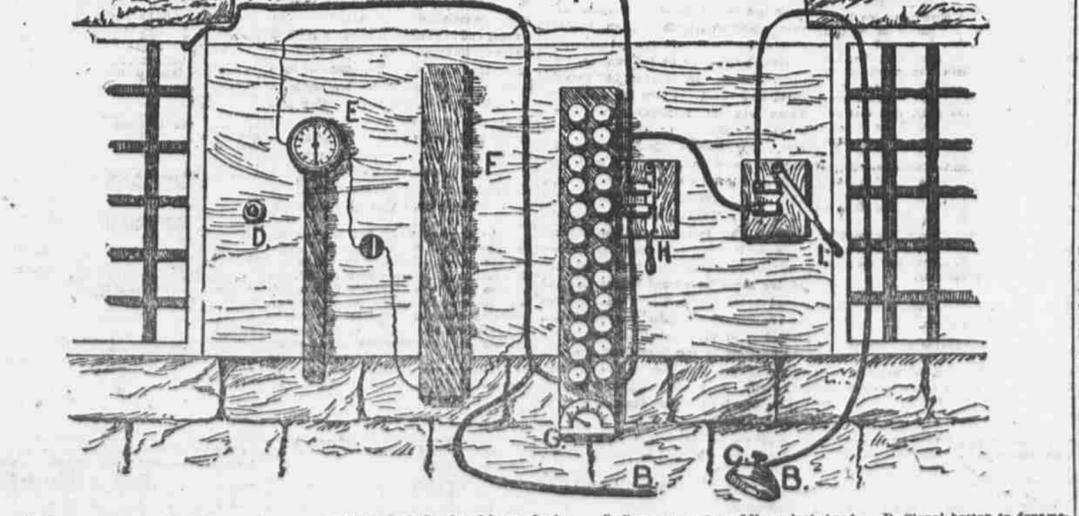
for the second time, however, when again appeared the signs of continued life. The man's chest heaved and froth gathered at his mouth. It was a spectacle which no tongue nor pen could describe. Hastily the word was given to the concealed executioner in the next room to turn the switch again. This time the dynamo was allowed for four full minutes to pour its destroying tide into the poor, strapped-down piece of humanity. THE BODY BEGINS TO BOAST. Then there appeared the signs known to those familiar with the cases of death on the wires in New York. Smokes came from the mouth. The odor of burning flesh filled the stiflingly hot room. Kemmler was dead at last. By this time even the coolest-headed of the party was terribly impressed by the awfulness of the event. What was the matter nobody can tell at this time. It is declared that the first voltage which went into Kemmler's body was registered at 1,800. That was enough to have killed instantly. What, then, was wrong? Was there meat in the stories of the disarranged volt-metre, after all? KEMMLER'S SUFFERINGS. "How long did Kemmler suffer?" asked an EVENING WORLD reporter of one of the physicians who saw the execution. The doctor was loath to reply at first, but, finding the reporter knew already something of what had gone on in that awful death-chamber, he spoke, reassuringly: "Oh, the poor fellow was unconscious after the first shock. He did not feel the rest." Heaven grant that the doctor spoke the truth. It was a nervous, unstrung party which left the prison after the event was over. More than one of them will see for long days in his mind's eye the pain-distorted face, with half-opened eyes, revealed when the face of dead William Kemmler was finally uncovered. A Brutal and a Sickening Event. SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. AUBURN, Aug. 6.—Little by little it becomes evident that the whole truth of the Kemmler execution was not told by the men who saw the occurrence. FIRST STORIES NOT THE WORST. Most of the witnesses seen when they first came out of the prison, though their looks showed that they had been through a terrible strain, united as if by common consent, in the tale that electrocution had been proved a success. But not all were able to do this. Dr. Fowler was pale and haggard when he escaped from the scene of the legal killing, and he ejaculated in horror-stricken tones: "There'll never be another execution by that means." The moment the current was turned off after the first shock a half dozen medical men sprang to their feet and felt the pulse of the man in the chair. PRONOUNCED DEAD WHILE LIVING. They pronounced him dead and fell into a discussion of the case, examining this feature and that; the pupils of the eyes, the pulsing places in the neck and other points, when suddenly the body began to show signs of life. There was faint respiration, and Kemmler was surely returning to life, as did that linesman who was knocked from his ladder in East Thirty-fourth street, two years ago, and revived after being taken to the Morgue. For a moment there was commotion. Warden Durston, who had calmed down his intense agitation, became excited again. Word must be sent to the dynamo-room, 500 feet away—an order to turn on the pressure again. It was done in a few seconds, but each second was an age to the witnesses. A second current was sent through the poor wretch's body, this time for nearly two minutes, and then Kemmler was dead beyond a doubt. (Other witnesses say three shocks were used, as affirmed above.—Ed.) The relief experienced by those who were but spectators can be better imagined than described. "HORRIBLE," SAYS ELECTRICIAN HUNTLEY. C. H. Huntley, the electrical expert, is even more outspoken. He says: "The scene was most horrible. There was a smell of burning flesh or as if hair was being scorched. "There was no smoke, and the burning must have been at the point of contact, at the small of the back. "There was a foam on the lips of the poor fellow, and there was horror on every face." A REMEMBERED MARK IN HIS SHIRT. Mr. Hein, the United Press representative, was so affected that he vomited and was very ill for some time afterwards. Dr. George F. Schrader, who was taken into the scene of the execution, said: "I have seen many men hanged, and I must say that there is nothing in the old method so revolting as the scene I there witnessed this morning. "The execution was decidedly not re-

KEMMLER EXTRA---NO. 4.



1-Kemmler. 2-In the Death Chair. 3-Agent and Warden Durston. 4-Principal Keeper Boyle. 5-Mrs. Durston. 6-Keeper Daniel McNaughton. 7-Auburn Prison front from State street. 8-Prison front showing (A B) windows lighting Kemmler's Cell and Death Chamber.

THE SWITCH OF DEATH.



turning on at 6:40 o'clock, and Kemmler was perfectly composed. He said that he was going to a better world. AGAIN KEMMLER'S FRYE. When Kemmler took his place in the death chair he unbuttoned his suspenders which were in the way. His hand did not shake nor his face blanch. Kemmler said the newspaper had said a good many things about him that were untrue. He was not insane and he had not weakened. As soon as Kemmler was fastened in the chair Warden Durston said, "Good-by," and immediately rapped on the door of the adjoining room, in which the man who was to pull the lever was sequestered. A second later those in the execution room saw the body of the murderer of Tillie Ziegler draw up for a moment and then relax. His Last Night on Earth. SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The last night of life for William Kemmler was spent by the condemned man as he had spent many nights before. Kemmler had a good deal of sleep, and at 10 o'clock he removed his clothing and sank upon the cot bed, and in five minutes was sleeping like a tired child after a hard day's play. Just before he fell asleep the idea seemed to seize him that ere he awakened Larry Donahoe would be succeeded by Daniel McNaughton. Starting up, he said to his watchman: "Good-by, old man." They shook hands between the grates, and then the man who had at the most not half a day to live composed himself, and in a trice was fast asleep. Up to an hour before, Frank Fish, the Canandaigua murderer, who had recovered from yesterday's depression, had thumped his banjo. The soft notes of "Nellie Fly" came from his instrument, but now he had laid the banjo away. He was not so restless as the man who was about to die. He tossed and turned on his cot, as when asleep, it was not a restless slumber, for now and again a sigh or half moan escaped him. At midnight old McNaughton, full of religious thoughts and sorrow for the man whose life he had guarded for fifteen months, relieved the less sentimental Donahoe, and the beginning of the last day was inaugurated. The morning hours crept on with slow but relentless tread. The word had been given at the 9 o'clock conference last evening of the invited and appointed witnesses that in the first hours of daylight to-day the rest was to be taken from the wretched sinner, and it was but a little while ere the whole city of Auburn knew it. All night long the throngs of people congregated about the massive prison gates, and when the faint yellow dawn began to light up the heavens there were at least 100 citizens about the entrance to the institution. At 5:10 o'clock Chaplain Yates, of the prison, and Parson Houghton, the two good men who had labored incessantly for many months to turn the mind and heart of the bitterer of woman towards the better world, walked together up to and through the iron gates of the prison. Sadly, sedate and mournfully decorous, the two men of God passed in, heading out the queries of the tireless news-gatherers, who had stood guard at the portals all night long. An hour later the eminent specialists called by Warden Durston, as witnesses, jurymen and spectators of the last act in the awful tragedy began to arrive. Dr. Fell, the Buffalo physician, was the first of the specialists to ring the electric bell for admission. It was just 6 o'clock and his entrance stimulated the curiosity of the witnesses. He was followed by Drs. Southwick, Daniels and Fowler, and then there came George A. Irish, of Canastota, one of Warden Durston's chosen deputies, but he had forgotten his card of invitation and Gatenman Martin refused to let him in. There was a discussion in which the citizens took an active part, but the inmates of Canastota had to go back to his hotel, his credentials. Last night he invited visitors were taken to the chamber of death, and were shown the workings of the death-dealing machine. No noise of the machine had been made, save with the lights and the volt meter. Afterwards Dr. Southwick stated to the reporters that the volt meter was slightly defective. When informed of this Warden Durston, in his own facile, quiet way, declared that Dr. Southwick was a liar, with a big, big D. He said the volt meter was in perfect order. Dr. W. S. Jenkins was finally selected by Warden Durston to perform the autopsy on the body of Kemmler. This will complete the experience of the Deputy Coroner in cases of electrical killing, as he has handled cases of death by wire in every conceivable form. Dr. Southwick said last night that the immediate cause of death by electrical shock had not yet been absolutely determined. It was definitely known that in some cases the blood of the victim had been disintegrated while in other cases it seemed that some other cause had produced death. Whether it was nerve shock or something else, it was hoped that this day's supreme tragedy would determine. William Woodcock, the young man who has charge of the engine that furnishes the power for the dynamo, spent the night of his last night. Kemmler's Last Dwelling and the Scene of His Death. It is an old tradition that early in the present century, when the western part of New York was a wilderness, just beginning to get forth into its coming importance; when the centre of population of the Empire State was moving west instead of north from Manhattan, and moving at a lightning gait, the Legislature considered a proposition to move the capital, and among the candidates for the seat of government was the little village of Auburn, which was the most important town west of Albany in those days. The controversy waxed warm, and finally Albany and Auburn struck a compromise. Albany took the capital and Auburn the new State prison. The prison was finished in 1818, and on the corner-stone, at the southern corner, was placed a bottle of whiskey, probably as a symbolical of the position of that spot of the penitentiary which the whiskey was supposed to hold. The prison covers thirteen acres of ground.

of the electrode to the spinal column, and that part of the work the Warden performed himself. First Stories of the Execution. SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. AUBURN, Aug. 6.—There was little satisfaction to be gained from witnesses to the execution when they first made their exit from the prison. Apparently they deemed it discreet not to fully reveal the horrors of the scene they had just witnessed. District Attorney Quimby, of Erie County the man who prosecuted Kemmler for his crime, emerged from the prison at 7:00 A. M., looking depressed and dejected, he said: "It is all over. He died as quick as that." The excitement in the crowd at the announcement made by District Attorney Quimby was intense, and everybody jostled each other to get nearer to the iron grating. No one else appeared on the iron stoop, however, for some time, and the crowd slumbered down to quietness. It was 7:20 when heads began to appear in the windows of Warden Durston's office. Dr. T. K. Smith, emerging ten minutes later, gave this account: "The deed was done at 6:40 o'clock. There was a slight twitching, and all was over. Kemmler was full of nerve. He said as they led him on: "'Take your time, now; do it right.' "Then when the sponges were not placed on his head firm enough he said: 'Put down hard.' "What have you to say, William Kemmler?" asked Warden Durston. "'Nothing; only good-by, boys. I wish you all good luck.' "Then after a moment he added: 'I wish you all good luck, boys. Good-by.' "The switch was worked on the board in an adjoining room by some person whose name will probably be unknown forever. There was a slight twitching, and all was over. William Kemmler was dead in a wink. Chaplain Yates and Rev. Mr. Houghton were very sad faces and were solemnly silent when they emerged arm in arm from the prison. PRAYING WITH THE WITNESSES. Chaplain Yates would say nothing. They had repaired directly to Kemmler's cell on entering the prison. There they knelt and prayed with and for the young man about to pass from the world to another. Lawrence Donahoe, himself a devout Catholic, crossed himself as he left the scene, and old Dan McNaughton knelt humbly in a distant corner of the little room, while the reverend gentlemen prayed, first Chaplain Yates and then the pastor of the fashionable Methodist church. Kemmler, with his head half buried in his hands on the cot that had been his bed of peaceful rest for fifteen months, gave no sign of any emotion. At the close of prayers Dr. Houghton took the hands of the doomed man and in his gentle voice drew from him the disjointed words: KEMMLER'S REPERTANT WORDS. "I was bad—wicked. I am sorry I did an awful deed. I should be punished for it. "I am ready to take any punishment. I ought to die. I shall die game." The two good men talked a little further to him and then withdrew. A few minutes later Kemmler was led from the cell and placed in the chair of death. HIS ARMS BOUND. His arms were bound to the arms of the chair, his legs to the rest. The mask, an oval piece of leather with an opening over the mouth large enough to permit of free breathing, was placed over the face and buckled behind the head-rest, holding the head firmly in place. WARDEN DURSTON'S REMARKS. Then Warden Durston addressed the assembled witnesses, who had been disposed about the little room. "The Warden said he had always done his best to make the last days of his prisoner on earth as pleasant as possible and strived to lift him by education and the companionship of good, God-fearing men out of the slough into which his former life had plunged him. He had carefully followed the law of the State in the spirit as well in the letter, and while he may have made himself unpopular with those who sought to gratify their morbid curiosity, he felt that the man Kemmler had profited by it and would die a far better man than he had ever been in life. KEMMLER ASKED THEM TO HURRY. Kemmler, at this juncture, wriggled a little in his chair uneasily, and ejaculated: "Hurry up?" The Warden asked him if he had anything to say, and Kemmler said: "Nothing, only good-by—good-by, boys"—and similar things. ADIEUX CUT SHORT. Even while he was repeating his adieux in a bold, loud voice, there came a sudden convulsion of his muscles. The current was on for the first time. When Kemmler followed Warden Durston into the presence of the death chair, his carriage was erect, his step firm. His eyes were clear and unflinching, and he walked with only a little self-consciousness of pride. He wore a new suit of dark clothing, and his hair and beard were carefully brushed. Those who desired were permitted to leave the chamber of horrors immediately, and then the scientists proceeded with the autopsy. KEMMLER'S IMPROVEMENT AND PLUCK. Sheriff Jenkins, of Erie County, declared that Kemmler's improvement, both physically and mentally, during his long confinement in Auburn was most marked. "He was a plucky fellow," said the Sheriff. "He was not half so much concerned as was Warden Durston. He stepped out smilingly, took his place in the chair and seemed only anxious that the job be done quickly and well. When the electrode seemed to be loose on the top of his head, he exclaimed with a half-boisterous smile: "'Push her down hard, Sheriff.' "It was Under-Sheriff Yelling who performed the work of binding the doomed wretch to the instrument of death. WHAT THE DOCTORS SAID. Dr. Fell, of Buffalo, said that the voltage of the current was between 1,200 and 1,400, and the current was applied for about five seconds. The taking off of Kemmler, he claimed, demonstrated that no method of inflicting the death penalty was as humane as electrocution. He believed, however, that the dynamo should be located near the execution room. Mr. Southwick said that the warden was