NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

Execution of John Richard Dolan Yesterday.

SCENES IN THE TOMBS PRISON.

How the Condemned Man Met His Death.

A REMARKABLE MIDNIGHT WATCH.

Extraordinary Coolness and Fortitude of the Prisoner.

The Proceedings Conducted with Decorum and Solemnity.

John Richard Dolan was hanged yesterday morning in the yard of the Tombs Prison for the murder of James H. Noe, a crime committed on Sunday, August 22, 1875. The execution was conducted with proper decorum, and the condemned man met death quietly, being apparently resigned to his dreadful fate. As an example of the majesty of the law in the penalty paid by the prisoner for his crime, the legal tragedy enacted yesterday was full of force and terror to the reckless class to which Dolan belonged.

PREPARING FOR DEATH.

Dolan took his last farewell of his mother on Thursday night, and also parted for a time from his wife. It was then nearly midnight, and the sounds of the passing storm could be heard in the silent corridor of the prison. As the sough of the wind and the rattling of the rain drops fell on the ears of the prisoner he stopped for a moment, and listening intently, said, in an indifferent tone of voice, "It's raining pretty hard. If it keeps on like this this time to-morrow it'll be beating on my grave." No quiver in his tone could be discerned, and the only trace of emotion perceivable was in the manner in which he chewed and tugged at his cigar. The bitterest part of his last hours was over—the parting from the woman who had given him birth—and Dolan had evidently braced himself to endure the torture of preparation for the gallows in a spirit of quiet determination to keep his body strong and his mind firm. But the storm was hushed, the wind fell and the rain no longer pattered on the skylights, and then the unfortunate man turned to his confessors and engaged for a time in earnest prayer. At eleven o'clock Deputy Sheriffs Hillyer, Maxwell and Stewart came on duty as the night guard over the prisoner, and as they relieved their predecessors Dolan greeted them with a pleasant smile and a nod. This scene of relieving the Sheriff's guard is a striking one. The deputies who had remained with Dolan all the evening and witnessed the sorrowful parting of the wretched mother and son were glad to escape from their unpleasant duty, while the new comers were reluctant to assume their share of the task of watching the last hours of their prisoner. The new guard were nervous and even agitated, while the prisoner seemed unconcerned and indifferent, so that one not knowing who Dolan was would suppose that the sheriffs were under the ban of the law instead of him.

MIDNIGHT.

At midnight Dolan betrayed no sign of weariness and he continued to sit in the corridor near the door of the condemned cell until after three o'clock. He smoked cigars in rapid succession and chatted cheerily with those who were watching the night hours pass. A few minutes before two o'clock a HERALD reporter entered the corridor, and as he appeared Dolan playfully turned on the light of a dark lantern. Seeing who it was John turned the bull's eye aside again and went on talking. The reporter passed through the little gate that separates Murderers' Row from the remainder of the corridor and seated himself in the little circle. For some time no conversation was indulged in other than between the deputies, the keepers on duty and Dolan, and it was difficult to comprehend that any one of the parties engaged in the conversation being carried on could possibly be a man condemned to suffer the direst penalty of the law within a few short hours. Finally, however, the identity of Dolan was made known by some casual allusion to the approaching legal tragedy by the condemned man himself. The reporter then joined in the colloquy, and was not a little amazed at the light and airy manner in which Dolan responded to all remarks that were made. No connected or continual conversation could be carried on with him, however, for he would constantly break in with some remark foreign to the matter in discussion.

THE CONDEMNED'S MANNER.

His manner appeared to be one of rollicksome humor, and he laughed and joked on things past and future, on dates and localities, as though he had many, many years yet before him instead of a few fleeting hours. He would chaff the deputies and recall to their memories some sporting house, and then narrate to them some of his experiences in these places. Not a word could be got from him of a serious nature other than that if he had not on several occasions turned the woman who testified against him on his trial out of a saloon where he tended bar he would not have been in the "snap" he was. All this time he was perpetually referring to the occurrences of the day, and quoted many of the articles that appeared in Thursday's HERALD when talking on subjects to which they had pertinence. He showed no signs of nervousness or trepidation at the approaching crisis. Still he appeared at the same time to realize that he must die, yet, contradictory as it would appear, his manner was not that of bravado, but rather that of a man who was physically insensible to finer feelings of the heart or brain, as though his mere animal nature was predominant over the intellect, and that it was sufficient for him to live for the moment alone without a thought or a glance beyond. He entered into an account of the shipwreck of the steamship Atlantic, for instance, and referred to the ghastly work that the divers performed at that wreck in discovering the bodies of the ill-fated victims, remarking:—"What a nasty job it must have been for those divers to go down between decks of the ship and come face to face with the bloated and swollen dead." He also spoke of the hideous appearance these corpses must have presented when brought up. The reporter endeavored to change the conversation, but he still harped on this same string, saying he had paid a visit to England on the Atlantic on her outward trip from this port, on her return from which she was lost. He entered into a long dissertation on the lower quarters of Liverpool and London and appeared to be very familiar with all the districts peculiarly notorious as the resorts of thieves. He then came back to the wreck of some ship off the Battery and the finding of a dead body and its recovery therefrom by the divers, saying he would not like to have anything to do with, or the handling of, such a repulsive looking object as he saw at that time.

FIRST ALLUSION TO HIS FATE.

Just then he observed one of the deputies was looking tired, so he advised him to retire and get a sleep for a few hours. When it was suggested to him that he probably wanted to take a sleep himself, he made the first allusion in words to his approaching fate, but not in any sorrowful or regretful tone. Rather the contrary; for said he, laughing:—"Well, no; if I had wanted to sleep I should have turned in some two hours ago. I guess I will take a shake-down for a couple of hours about five o'clock, before the final event comes, so as to prepare me." He then went on to say what a slap the HERALD had given President Grant. One of the deputies happening to say that he had not seen it Dolan went into his cell, produced the paper and handed it to the Sheriff to read.

GETTING READY TO DIE.

This done he again retired to his cell and brought out several pots of flowers, which he placed on a shelf in the corridor ready for his wife to take away with her after her final parting in the morning. He next distributed a few little trinkets among the deputy sheriffs and keepers as mementoes. He once more started conversation, but shortly after broke away and went into his cell, from which he brought forth his bed coverlets and sundry other things, which he neatly folded and placed in his trunk in the corridor, remarking:—"I guess I might as well put these in the box and lock them up, for if I don't there will not be much of them left in three days from now." He again resumed his conversation after completing this operation and puffed away at his cigar, talking all the while until Father Duranquet appeared in the corridor from out of the condemned cell where he had been resting. Dolan, as soon as he saw the venerable priest, threw away his cigar and went to greet the Father and seated himself beside him. This was at half-past three o'clock. All now withdrew out of hearing, although the deputy sheriffs still kept an eye on their charge. Dolan shortly after this retired to his cell in company with Father Duranquet for religious devotion, and it was soon after announced that Dolan, tired out at last, had fallen asleep on his pallet. By the bedside knelt the faithful missionary priest, who prayed to the Almighty for the salvation of the prisoner's soul.

WAITING FOR DAYLIGHT.

The clock struck four and deep silence reigned in the prison. Now and then the attentive watchers could hear a smothered cry uttered by some sleeping prisoner on the upper tiers, who perhaps dreamt of happier days before crime had brought him within a prison's walls. Once a rat scuttled over the stone pavement and darted into a convenient hole, and then the wind rose and moaned outside, as if wailing for the soul so soon to enter into eternity. The lamps grew dim, the shadows were fainter and the pallor on the faces of the watchers became deathlike in the changing lights from night to day. It was a weird period, and the slightest movement of any one of the wearied group startled all the rest into wakefulness. Yet amid all the condemned man slept peacefully and dreamless. No shadow of the gallows tree seemed to hover over him, and he gave no token of the dreadful end he was so rapidly approaching. So it is in nearly all such cases. The tired body of the criminal lays a weight on the brain, and he is mercifully permitted to sleep unconscious and peaceful.

THE BREAK OF MORNING.

But the iron tongue of Time moves rapidly and daylight came almost before it was expected. The keepers extinguished the lamps and a misty light became visible through the windows and skylights betokening the coming of the day on which Dolan was to die for his crime. At half-past five Dolan awoke and asked, "What kind of a day is it?"

"Beautiful weather," replied Deputy Sheriff Stewart.

"Well," said Dolan with a shrug, "it don't make much difference to me whether its a fine day or not. The whole thing will be over pretty soon."

As Dolan uttered the words he began to walk up and down the corridor with a nervous step. Just at that moment the wife of the prisoner entered the prison, and news of her coming was sent to the husband. Dolan merely said:—"All right. Let her come along. I'll be glad to see her."

The poor woman came in a few moments later, and when she saw her husband she tottered forward, and, throwing her arms around his neck, sobbed bitterly as she exclaimed, "Oh, John, John! what shall I do?"

"Oh, be quiet, Maggie, be quiet," said Dolan; "you know I've got to die, so what's the use of making a fuss over it? Take good care of mother and keep out of bad company. It's that what's killed me."

As he uttered the words the wife seemed to lose her strength, and would evidently have fallen had not her husband supported her. As he did so the man kissed the woman two or three times affectionately and tenderly.

Looking at the wretched pair as they stood clasped in each other's arms in the early daylight the awful fate of the man condemned to die appeared all the more terrible. It was a shocking scene and one not to be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it.

Father Duranquet then approached Dolan, when the wife threw herself on a window sill and sobbed as if her heart was fairly breaking with intense grief.

A TOKEN OF THE GRAVE.

As the clock struck six Warden Quinn heard a signal at the outer wicket of the prison, and on his opening the big, heavy door two men came hurriedly in, carrying in their arms a misshapen burden, covered with a rubber blanket. It was the coffin in which Dolan's body was to be placed for burial after death. Very few people saw the casket carried into the prison, and it was immediately taken to the enclosure behind the gallows to be in readiness for use in a few short hours.

A few minutes after the coffin had arrived Father Duranquet announced that it was time for mass, so the prisoner, under guard of his keepers, the Deputy Sheriff, and accompanied by his wife and Deputy Warden Finley, proceeded to the desolate looking chapel, where so many condemned have taken their last communion. No one else was permitted to be present, and when the service was over Dolan came back into the yard and passed on to his cell. At the moment he emerged into the open air the sun was shining brightly on the house tops, and all nature seemed to rejoice in the season of springtime, now at hand. But no rays of the sun fell on the stony pavement, the high walls of the prison jealously shutting them out; yet Dolan seemed to gain fresh strength at the sight of a few chimneys near by as they glowed in the brightness and effulgence of the sun. In a moment after he was in the corridor again, there to remain until he left it forever.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE.

A few minutes after seven squads of policemen began to make their appearance in the vicinity of the Tombs, and as they marched toward the Franklin street station little knots of curious idlers gathered and watched these outside preparations for the execution. While the details of the several neighboring precincts were thus assembling, Inspector Dilks arrived and assumed charge of the police arrangements. He had under his command 250 men, selected from the First, Fourth, Seventh, Tenth, Eleventh, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-first precincts, in addition to a platoon from the Sixth precinct, under Captain Lowery. This force was mustered in the vicinity of the Franklin street police station, each section being under charge of a sergeant, and the Inspector being assisted by Captain Williams, of the Fourth precinct; Captain Clinchy, of the Thirteenth precinct; Captain Van Deusen, of the Fifteenth precinct, and Captain McCullogh, of the Seventeenth precinct. A body of 100 batons was then marched into the yard and so arranged in line that a lane could be preserved for the passage of the procession. Behind the police was a space intended for the spectators. The remainder of the force was posted at the corners of the prison building and kept the rapidly increasing crowd from too near an approach thereto.

While the police movements were in silent progress Dolan partook of a light breakfast, consisting of coffee and toast. As he was thus eating his last meal Dolan's wife said to him, "Keep up, John," when he replied in an emphatic tone, "You keep up, you keep up!" Then the final parting came, and the wife left her husband alive and strong to be brought home to her in a few short hours dead and silent in his coffin. As the poor woman came out into the yard she caught sight of the police, and immediately hid her face and her tears amid the foliage of the potted plants she carried as a parting gift from the man condemned to die.

APPEARANCE OF THE SHERIFF.

Up to this time the demeanor of Dolan was courageous and calm, but it was soon changed, for at half-past eight Sheriff Conner arrived at the prison with his posse. Leaving the deputies in the yard the Sheriff, with Under Sheriff Cummings and the Order-of-Arrest Clerk, Major Quincy, entered the corridor and began the last preparations. Previous to the arrival of the Sheriff the prisoner was in charge of Deputy Magonigle.

As Dolan caught sight of Mr. Conner he seemed instinctively to understand that the last scene of all was soon to be enacted. All of a sudden the healthy color in his face changed to a death-like pallor, and he became quite nervous. Still he evidently tried to appear indifferent, but the sudden glances of his eye as he followed every movement made about him showed how painfully alert he was to everything. Fathers Duranquet and Barry then entered the cell with Dolan and engaged in further religious exercises, the prisoner being earnest in his devotions and fervent in his responses.

At twenty minutes past nine Sheriff Conner announced to the prisoner that he must prepare for execution. Dolan said, "All right, Sheriff; I'm ready." A Deputy Sheriff then produced a cord, with which he proceeded to pinion the prisoner's arms. To this operation Dolan submitted quietly, his face being very pale. Then the hideous black cap and the terrible "necklace" were shown him. Dolan trembled terribly as the fatal noose was put around his neck, and as the cap was placed on his brow a remarkable change was apparent. His features became swollen and the flesh grew purple under the sudden rush of blood to the face. At that moment Dolan was no more like the man he was an hour before than death is like life.

THE MARCH TO THE GALLOWS.

All being ready, the procession was formed. First came Inspector Dilks and Captain Lowery, followed by the Sheriff. Next came the condemned, supported on either side by the priests. Behind them were the sixty or seventy Deputy Sheriffs. Dolan stepped forward manfully, despite his bonds, and he prayed silently as he marched to his doom. Passing from the door of the male prison into the yard, the cortège moved past the "ten day house" and turned the corner toward the rear yard, where the gallows frame had been erected. As Dolan came to this part of the yard he stepped into a broad band of warm sunlight and saw his shadow moving before him. A moment or two after he was again turned in his course, and as he passed from the sunshine into the shadow again he caught his first glimpse of the beam where dangled the cord that was to end his life. It was indeed a passage into the shadow of death. Dolan's eye became stricken in its horror, and he needed the tender support of the priests. But it was for a moment only, and he walked on calmly and bravely. On reaching the platform under the beam, Dolan knelt on the loose boards and muttered a brief prayer. This done, he rose to his feet and bade farewell to Fathers Duranquet and Barry. Taking the crucifix from the prisoner's hands, after he had kissed it, the priests stepped back and surrendered their charge into the hands of the officers of the law who were to put him to death.

THE DEATH SCENE.

All was now a scene of bustle and movement. The deputies, the Sheriff's jury and the few privileged spectators near the gallows huddled themselves together and watched the face of the condemned man. He was attentive and obeyed every command given him; but though the final preparations occupied scarcely a minute the time must have seemed an age to him. The eyelet at the end of the "necklace" was hooked into the staple of the pendant cord, the prisoner was gently placed directly under the beam and the cap drawn over his face. At the same moment the Under Sheriff waved his white handkerchief as a signal, and in an instant the deep thud of the hangman's axe was heard, and John R. Dolan's body dangled in the air. The death of the unfortunate man was happily a brief and comparatively painless one. There were very few struggles. Dr. Butties and Dr. Finnell examined the pulse of the hanging man, and found that for the first two minutes it beat at the rate of seventy, and for the next three minutes at 100. After that time it gradually declined, and at the end of ten minutes ceased to beat. The heart, however, continued to pulsate for three and a half minutes longer. At ten minutes of ten the body was lowered into the coffin, on which was a plate bearing the words, "John Dolan, died April 21, 1876, aged twenty-two years." Coroner Woltman, assisted by Deputy Coroner Cushman, then empanelled a jury, and an inquest was held over the remains. When the inquest was over the undertaker took charge of the body, and according to the express desire of deceased and the family carried it to Calvary Cemetery for interment. This movement was accomplished as quietly as possible so as to prevent a gaping crowd gathering and following the deceased's remains through the public streets. Scarcely any one outside of the officials knew what had been done with Dolan's body after the execution until last night. Thus died the twenty-seventh man on the Tombs list of murderers executed.

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

On Sunday morning, August 22, 1875, Mr. J. H. Noe received wounds from a burglar attempting to rob the premises No. 275 Greenwich street, which resulted in his death, at the Chambers Street Hospital, on the evening of August 27, having lingered in a critical condition during five days. Mr. Noe went from his residence, No. 21 King street, to his store in Greenwich street, on the morning of the assault, feeling a little uneasy about the premises, as a building was in process of construction adjoining, the ladders belonging to which afforded easy access to the roof of No. 275. The roof of Mr. Noe's store was covered with iron sheeting and on one side was provided with a trap door or scuttle, from which a ladder led down to the top floor of the premises. The scuttle was only slightly secured. When Mr. Noe entered the premises he found the first and second floors undisturbed, and was proceeding up the third staircase when he saw a man in the act of entering through the scuttle and about to descend the ladder. Mr. Noe at once confronted the burglar and secured him, but when he had taken him down the ladder into the top room the burglar struck his capturer with a "jimmy" on the head. Mr. Noe attempted to seize a weapon lying near, but was again struck on the head, and, having received two more blows, fell nearly senseless on the floor. The burglar then got a stout cord and tied his victim's legs at the ankles and knees, and must have attempted to gag him with handkerchiefs and a check apron, which were subsequently found tied round his neck. The task of robbing the unfortunate old gentleman was then easy, and a watch and chain, which have since played such a conspicuous part in Dolan's conviction of the murder, and $25 in money were stolen from him. Mr. Noe stated subsequently that when he had been rendered completely powerless he asked his assailant to give him, "for God's sake, a drink of water," but the burglar answered, "No, no, sir; it's twenty years for me if I'm caught! I'll send somebody to untie you; it you make a noise I'll come back and finish you." The burglar then fled.

The wounded man lay in the room in which the bloody deed was done until his moans attracted the attention of Mrs. Harris, who came to his rescue. Her story was as follows:—"My daughter was getting breakfast ready this morning, when she heard cries of 'Murder! Help!' I ran to the back window and heard the cries, but couldn't see anybody. Then I went to the front, but saw and heard nothing. I then went back to the window again and told my husband. He said, 'I guess it's in the boarding house.' I then heard cries of 'Murder! help! For God's sake, help!' I then went to the top floor, through the skylight and across the roof, and looked over into the new building, thinking somebody might be hurt there, but didn't see any one and called to a woman in the opposite house, but she couldn't tell me anything. I then hallooed out, 'Who are you?' 'Where are you?' 'What's the matter?' I then heard the voice come up the scuttle and I went down. It was pitch dark in the corner, but I could see a pair of hands up in the air. I thought perhaps it was a watchman that had been hurt or beaten. He said, 'For God's sake untie me.' I said, 'What shall I untie you with.' He answered:—'Get a knife.' I saw a large pair of scissors that they use for cutting the tin used in brushmaking. I took it, but his hands were so dreadfully swollen that I was afraid of cutting them. At last I cut through the cord and then scraped the clotted blood off his face. It was not till then that I knew it was Mr. Noe. I asked him what was the matter. He said:—'A burglar has robbed and beaten me, but I don't care about that; save my life.' He got up, but was dreadfully exhausted. He managed to get down stairs with my help. He then undid the door on the inside, and I went, by his wish, to get the padlock for the outside. When the door was opened we met my husband, who had gone to look for an officer on account of the cries of 'Murder.' When he got outside he wanted to come into my house to get washed and dressed. He was covered with blood from head to foot. He said he was well able to pay for attendance, and wanted to be taken home; but the officer, seeing his condition, refused to let him go and took him to the Chambers Street Hospital."

SEEKING THE ASSASSIN.

The Police Department sent out a general alarm for the arrest of the murderer, and the following day John Moore, alias "Billy Boston," alias "Billy DeWitt," was arrested and locked up in the Sixth precinct station house; also a comrade of his, Michael Walsh, alias "Desperate Mike," both of whom when taken to the Chambers Street Hospital and confronted with Mr. Noe were not positively identified. Witnesses said that they believed they had seen both men loitering about the premises on Sunday morning. Two other men were also arrested on suspicion, but when taken before Mr. Noe at the hospital he could not identify either of them. The arrest of the

NOTORIOUS "JACK" CORBETT

was made the following day, but as Mr. Noe was now very low, and little hope of his recovery was entertained, there was no possibility of his being able to recognize the murderer even were he at his bedside. After the death of Mr. Noe, on the evening of the 27th, Mayor Wickham offered a reward of $1,000 for the capture of the burglar. On September 15 the inquest was held by Coroner Croker, which was a mere formality, and ended with the usual verdict, "Came to his death through violence at the hands of some person unknown."

DOLAN ARRESTED.

On October 7, John Dolan was arrested by Detective Dorsey, off suspicion of being the murderer. The clew which led to the arrest was the discovery of Mr. Noe's watch, which the murderer had stolen. Aaron Black, a young man employed in a loan office at No. 86 Chatham street, called, on the day after the murder, at the Police Central Office, and delivered to Superintendent Walling a watch answering to the advertised description of the watch stolen from Mr. Noe. Mr. Black described the man who had pawned the watch as about twenty-six years of age, of dark complexion, black hair and eyes, beardless, and about five feet seven inches in height. Black aided the detectives in every way he could in the hunt for the murderer, and it was when visiting a saloon in the Bowery in company with Detective Dorsey, on the night of October 6, that they saw Dolan, and concluded that he was the man who had pawned the watch. Dolan was "shadowed" to his home that night and on the following day was arrested. When taken to Police Headquarters he was submitted for identification to Black, who was positively sure he was the man who had pawned the watch, except in the one particular that Dolan now wore a mustache, whereas the man who had pawned the watch was beardless. Dolan, however, admitted that he had pawned a watch at Black's store, but that he had obtained it from a friend of his. Justice Wandell was then summoned to the Central Office, and gave a commitment for Dolan's detention as a prisoner. The following day the prisoner was arraigned at Washington Place Police Court, charged with the murder of Mr. Noe, and an examination was held by Justice Wandell and continued next day, when he was formally committed to the Tombs for trial. The widow of the murdered man, her son, Mr. Isaac W. Noe, and Detective Dorsey were the witnesses examined. On Sunday, October 10, Mary Reed was arrested and the following day told a story which fastened the suspicions already entertained irretrievably on the prisoner. There was a scratch on his face, she said, when he returned to her residence, at No. 43 Bowery, about nine or ten o'clock on the morning of the murder, which was not there at about six o'clock, when he had called before and remained a few minutes, after being out all night. He said he had got the scratch accidentally by his nails. He admitted he had made a noise, and left to change his shirt at his mother's. When he came back at noontime he showed her $45, which he hid away in a closet. He cautioned her to say nothing about the money. Maggie Casey, another friend of Dolan's, stated to the police that Dolan had told her that Mary Reed knew something about him, which, if divulged, would make him fly from the city. The clothing worn by Dolan when he first called on Mary Reed, a few hours after the murder, tallied with the description of the clothing worn by the murderer as given by Mr. Noe. Next came the finding of the cane with the monkey's head and the bloody handkerchief, the incidents connected with which are still fresh in the minds of the public.

PLACED AT THE BAR.

On October 18 Dolan was placed at the bar of the Court of Oyer and Terminer to answer on the Grand Jury's indictment of murder. He pleaded "Not guilty," and seemed in no way nervous as to the issue, and his counsel, Mr. Howe, read a special plea that the Grand Jury which indicted him for murder in the first degree was not a Grand Jury of the county of New York, because the list was not wholly selected from the petit jury list, and because Douglas Taylor, the Commissioner of Jurors, did not supervise the drawing of the alleged panel, having been by duress prevented by the Clerk of the County from so doing. The Assistant District Attorney asked time to consider the plea, and Dolan was remanded to await the result.

On Monday, October 25, Dolan was again placed at the bar of the Court of Oyer and Terminer. At the close of the day the following jury had been obtained:—Curtis Bond, N. J. Phillips, Bennett J. King, William M. Leeds, Rosweld T. Fish, Myron A. Decker, Henry Cherbish, Thomas Dunlap, Jr., William Glover, Samuel Browning, Francis W. Doane and Abraham Steinfelt. Judge Barrett presided and the District Attorney conducted the prosecution, ex-Judge Curtis being associated with Mr. Howe for the defence. The testimony on both sides closed on the second day of the trial, a night session being held, beginning at half-past seven o'clock, during which Dolan continued his evidence, and an alibi was attempted to be proved by the defence. There were some nine witnesses produced by the prosecution. The witnesses for the defence were the prisoner himself, Margaret Casey and Bartholomew Sweeney. On the third day of the trial counsel made their addresses and the case was given to the jury.

FOUND GUILTY.

After a deliberation of eight minutes the jury returned to Court with a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Judge Barrett then sentenced Dolan to be hanged on December 10, 1875, at the City Prison. On November 22 Mr. Howe applied to Judge Barrett to have the execution of the sentence stayed to enable an argument to be heard upon the special plea interposed at the trial, and the Judge took the papers, but gave no decision, and again on December 2 the Supreme Court, General Term, refused the writ of error and stay of execution asked for.

RESPITED.

On December 6 a petition for respital was presented to Governor Tilden by the prisoner's counsel, and on December 9 the Governor granted a respite for seven days, some new testimony in Dolan's favor having been discovered and affidavits made to that effect. On the same day Orville Williamson, a convict in Sing Sing, made an affidavit charging that the murderer of Mr. Noe was a brother cracksman named "Diamond Jim." Then followed within a few days other affidavits in favor of Dolan's innocence, and on December 14 another petition for a further respite was forwarded to Governor Tilden, but he declined to interfere again. Dolan might now count his hours on earth, one by one, and meantime his counsel were working heaven and earth to stay off for a while the impending doom. On December 16 Mr. Howe again applied to Judge Barrett for a stay of execution, but his motion was firmly denied. The Governor was again appealed to, but in vain; but to Mr. Beach's urgent prayers and arguments Judge Donohue at last yielded and granted a stay of proceedings. There was then a strong hope that evidence would be discovered which would eventually save Dolan; but it proved to be delusory, as the statements put in circulation were never verified. January 20, 1876, an argument was made before Judges Davis, Brady and Daniels, in Supreme Court, Chambers, on the writ of error, and January 29 the Supreme Court, General Term, sustained the conviction of the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

RESENTENCED.

On February 7 Dolan was once more placed at the bar of the Oyer and Terminer Court and was resentenced to be hanged, the day fixed being March 24. After the sentence on this occasion Dolan said:—"Your Honor, I stand for the second time to be sentenced to death for a crime which God knows I never committed. I was convicted through that watch, and God knows it came innocently into my hands. I never lifted my hands against any man, and God knows I ought not to be convicted for something I never did. I never shed human blood." Dolan then burst into tears. After some further preparations before the Courts, Mr. Howe brought the case before Judge Rapallo, of the Court of Appeals, for a stay of proceedings. As the Court of Appeals had adjourned to March 20 the case could not be heard at the intended time, Dolan's resentence naming March 24 as the day of execution, and Mr. Howe, therefore, asked for a respite.

AGAIN RESPITED.

The District Attorney opposed the motion. Judge Rapallo said that if a stay of proceedings were now granted Dolan might have to be resentenced, and he, therefore, thought a respite by the Governor for a sufficient length of time would meet the difficulty. This was agreed to, and on application of the District Attorney, the Governor respited Dolan to April 14, which happened to be Good Friday. On Tuesday, March 21, Mr. A. Oakey Hall argued Dolan's case before the Court of Appeals. The Court of Appeals on April 4 rendered its decision, unanimously confirming the decision of the lower courts. Dolan was again respited for one week by the Governor, so that his execution should not take place on Good Friday.

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

JAMES M'CARTHY'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A FEARFUL DEATH—HYDROPHOBIC EXPERIMENTS AND THEIR RESULT.

The medical fraternity in New York and Jersey City is just now agitated over the case of James McCarthy, a resident of Grand street, Jersey City, who was rescued from an untimely death by a mere accident. It is not too extravagant to state that the case here presented is the most remarkable that has come to public notice within the memory of the present generation, and it should convey

A WARNING TO PHYSICIANS

which should never be forgotten.

The facts are briefly these:—A servant girl, named Lizzie Molloy, employed in James McCarthy's house, was taken ill in January. A physician was summoned, and observing symptoms of hysteria he inquired into its cause. The answers did not satisfy him, and the case was shrouded in mystery till some person remarked that Lizzie had been bitten by a dog. The physician at once jumped to a conclusion that the girl was suffering from hydrophobia, and he resorted immediately to a desperate test of his belief. A glass of water was presented to the patient, and she drank it without manifesting any repugnance. But the physician could not be mistaken (?), and the girl was removed to St. Francis' Hospital, where glasses of water were continually presented to her, and she was even informed that she had hydrophobia until finally she was overcome by terror. Then she was attacked with convulsions and died within a few days. The cause of her death is still a subject of discussion, the prevailing opinion being that she did not die of hydrophobia. The reputed bite of a dog was only a scratch, of which the girl never complained.

Not many days after her death James McCarthy, her employer, was taken sick. Dr. Watson was summoned and pronounced him to be suffering from hydrophobia. To set at rest the fears of the family Dr. McLaughlin was summoned, and after a consultation with Dr. Watson he agreed with the latter. Another physician was called upon, but through his regard for professional ethics he declined to give an opinion till he consulted with Dr. Watson. He did so, and coincided with his opinion. As a last resort Dr. Austin Flint was summoned from New York. He, too, conferred with Dr. Watson and agreed with his views. Nothing now remained for the unfortunate man McCarthy but to await his doom by the

VERDICT OF THE ALLOPATHS.

Everything being in readiness he was advised by his physicians to make his will, bid farewell to his family, make his peace with God and pass from this vale of tears to a better world.

Now for the treatment. Strychnine was first administered in doses of one-third of a grain every two hours. This was continued till the physicians found that no hydrophobic symptoms were developed, and they at last concluded they had made a huge mistake. Instead of admitting the error and giving the family the opportunity of obtaining the advice of more competent physicians, they resorted to the use of curare, which was administered in hypodermic injections to neutralize the effects of the strychnine. Before these injections were applied the temperature of the room in which the sufferer was lying was increased to ninety degrees, until the heat became almost insupportable. "For God's sake," groaned out the ill-fated man, "give me a breath of air; don't smother me. I am prepared to die; but I will die like a man. Let me see my family." But his entreaty was disregarded. McCarthy's brother-in law, who was present, and who had misgivings from the beginning in regard to the case, revolted against this continual torture, and the result was that Dr. Watson was informed his services would be no longer needed. McCarthy had at this time passed through

FOUR DAYS OF TERRIBLE SUSPENSE

and mental anguish. Dr. Achilles Rose, of Seventh street, near avenue D, New York, was then summoned to McCarthy's bedside. This physician's statement, as given to a HERALD reporter yesterday, is as follows:—"Some time in February I was called to attend James McCarthy, in Grand street, Jersey City. I found him laboring under very great excitement, and I prescribed bromide of potassium to allay the nervous irritation. Nothing was the matter with the man from the beginning except some gastric affection. I inquired into the previous medical treatment and learned that strychnine had been administered in doses of one-third of a grain every two hours. Now, according to the highest medical authorities, this was a fearful specific. The largest dose that should be administered is one-eighth of a grain three times a day, and I am astonished that the patient bore up under this treatment. Moreover, strychnine should not be administered at all in cases of hydrophobia. McCarthy showed no symptoms of hydrophobia whatever. I was astonished to learn that the physicians had water brought to him—a most reprehensible thing in such a case—and yet the man drank it. The physicians might then have easily seen that the chief symptom of hydrophobia—inability to swallow—was not present. Even if hydrophobia existed a patient should not be frightened by having water presented to him. There is

AN ERRONEOUS IMPRESSION

in the public mind regarding hydrophobia. A person may have that disease without being bitten by a dog. A woman may be attacked with what is termed hydrophobic hysterics through anger, fright or shame, and develop all the symptoms of hydrophobia. There was not a single symptom of hydrophobia that I could detect in McCarthy's case. It was evident that when the doctors found out their mistake in administering strychnine they injected curare to counteract its effects. One of the reasons why strychnine should not be used in such cases is that it develops all the symptoms of hydrophobia. On the third day after I was called to attend McCarthy he was

ALL RIGHT AGAIN.

I have consulted with eminent physicians on this case, particularly Dr. Frank Hastings Hamilton, and they have agreed with me that McCarthy would soon have succumbed if the treatment to which he was subjected were continued. The terrible excitement under which he labored was the most serious phase of the case. Had Lizzie Molloy been attended in time, or received proper treatment, she might be now living, as I do not believe she had hydrophobia at first. She was scared into it, to use a common expression. There was no warrant for presenting water to her or telling her she had hydrophobia."

McCarthy has completely recovered and is thankful to Providence for his very narrow escape from the grave. "I believe in my soul" said McCarthy's brother-in-law to the HERALD reporter "that if those doctors had him in hand four hours longer he would now have pine boards over him."

The supplement to all this blundering is almost incredible. A child of McCarthy was taken ill after its father's recovery, and Dr. Watson being summoned treated the child for hydrophobia, as Dr. Rose alleges, but the child soon after recovered and is now in good health.

REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

DALLETT BLISS, THE COFFEE MERCHANT, SHOT HIMSELF IN CENTRAL PARK YESTERDAY.

About eleven o'clock yesterday morning a finely dressed gentleman entered Central Park by the southeast gate and walked past the lake, crossing over to the west side of the park. Keeper Edward Burns, who had remarked him on account of the elegance of his dress, here lost sight of him. Returning to his beat after dinner, the officer was walking along a little stream called the Loch, which runs from Eighth avenue down to the lake, when he saw some object floating in the water. On going nearer he was horrified to find that it was the body of the gentleman he had noticed in the morning. Not thinking that he could have been drowned in such shallow water, the keeper pulled the body to the bank. The cause of death was then at once apparent. Water stained with blood dripped from the man's clothes as he was drawn from the brook. The officer then summoned help, and the body was taken to the Morgue in an ambulance. Here the corpse was examined. His clothes, which were saturated with blood, were a black coat, vest and pants, white shirt and undercloths. Near the centre of his body, exactly over the heart, was a wound which must have been caused by a very large bullet. Great clots of blood from the main artery covered his breast. He appeared to be about fifty years of age, had light brown hair mixed with gray, side whiskers and mustache of the same color and blue eyes. His silk hat, which the officer had picked up, was deeply trimmed with crape. In his pockets was found the sum of $76 82 in bills, a fine gold stem-winding watch and chain, a penknife, two safe keys and a blue silk handkerchief, embroidered on the corner with the letter "B." His shirt buttons and studs were also of gold. In his hat were found a pair of kid gloves and a morning paper of the 21st.

It is supposed that he had deliberately walked into the stream and shot himself through the heart, thinking that his body would sink and all trace of the act be lost. The pistol had probably sunk to the bottom of the stream, as it was not found in his hand. His clothes were marked in black ink, with the name "D. Bliss." It was ascertained that his full name is Dallett Bliss, head of the firm of Dallett Bliss & Co., large coffee dealers, at No. 135 Pearl street. A HERALD reporter proceeded last evening to the residence of the deceased, No. 91 Park avenue, where he found the family already acquainted with the sad fate of their head and surrounded by friends who came to extend their sympathy in the trying hour. They objected to giving any particulars of the deceased's life.

It is supposed that business troubles were the cause of his untimely end. The hard times have been felt more particularly in the coffee trade, in which the deceased was engaged, and there has been an unusually great shrinkage in values in this branch.

The case is in the hands of Coroner Croker, who will begin an investigation to-day.

A reporter of the HERALD called on Coroner Croker at his residence last night and learned from him that he deceased's brother, with a physician, called on him and got a certificate empowering the removal of the body to No. 91 Park avenue. "But," said the Coroner, "I did not know that Mr. Bliss had committed suicide until I had a talk afterward with the officer who found him. They are very wealthy people, I believe, but did not give me any reason for the rash act of their relative. In fact, I do not at this moment know any more than that he is believed to have shot himself. I have not issued any orders for the holding of an inquest, nor have I instituted any inquiries in the matter. To-morrow I will order an inquest, which I don't suppose will begin until next week. From what I can learn important testimony will be given then."

Later a reporter visited the dead man's residence, but it was closed up and none of the family could be seen. Mr. Bliss belonged to the firm of Dallett Bliss & Co., No. 135 Pearl street, and was a well known member of the coffee trade. His sad end has created a profound sensation.

PLYMOUTH PRAYER MEETING.

The attendance at Plymouth prayer meeting was as large as usual last evening, and many were disappointed at not seeing Mr. Beecher occupy his accustomed chair. Mr. Beecher is off on a lecturing tour through Massachusetts, and will end it by preaching next Sunday in Boston. Mr. Halliday presided at the prayer meeting last night, and a larger part of the time than usual was taken up with prayer and singing, after which Mr. Halliday gave quite an interesting account of revivals in the olden time as contrasted with those of the present; but Plymouth prayer meeting is not Plymouth prayer meeting without Mr. Beecher.

After the customary exercises Mr. Halliday said:—I have lately been much interested in reading the memoirs of Mr. Finney, and I have been led to compare the work he did with more recent revivals. I remember to this day, although occurring almost fifty years ago, a revival in Morristown, N. J. I remember the great seriousness and solemnity that pervaded the community. I venture to say there was not a family nor an individual but felt its influence. Subsequently the revivals occurred in New York, about the time of Mr. Finney's coming, under what was known as protracted meetings, and in these revivals it seemed as though the whole city was pervaded. Wholesale merchants shut up their stores to attend these protracted meetings. How different the revivals we see in these days! We hardly have revivals now. I have been in this church eleven years, and during that time there has not been anything like what would be called a revival in it, and yet there have been accessions all the time.

At the close of the meeting a collection was taken up for three destitute families.

The Examining Committee met after the prayer meeting to confer with any who were desirous of joining the church.

PALETTE CLUB ELECTION.

The following officers were elected at the annual election of officers of the Palette Club last evening:—President, Clark Bell; First Vice President, William A. Camp; Second Vice President, Charles H. Isham; Recording Secretary