Daily Globe.

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SHOCKED INTO ETERNITY.

William Kemmler Forfeits His Life to the Law, Being the Pioneer Victim of a New Method of Judicial Killing in the Empire State.

Revolting Spectacle Presented to the View of the Twenty Odd Witnesses of the First Electrocution of a Human Being in the World's History.

Although Science Has Triumphed, the Question of the Humanity of the Act Is Still an Open One, and Horrors, Though Hidden, Are Felt.

Compared With the Hangman's Noose or the Grip of the Garroter, This Instrument of Subtle Power Is Infinitely More Atrocious and Cruel.

Instead of Being Killed Instantaneously the Slayer of Tillie Zeigler Wriggles Under the Force of Electric Fluid, Suffering the Tortures of the Damned.

At the Moment Soul and Body Are Supposed to Have Been Separated, the Pinioned Wretch Gasps and Shows Signs of Returning Life.

Again Is the Alternating Current Applied to His Vital Center, and, While Silencing the Heart-Beats of the Culprit, It Scorches His Flesh.

Physicians Accustomed to Witnessing the Agonies of Dissolution Shrink From This Awful Panorama of Death Carried Out Under the Guise of the Law.

The Concensus of Opinion Is That, as an Exhibition of Nineteenth Century Brutality, the New-Fangled Method of Judicial Killing Is a Pronounced Success.

Humanity Will Not Pay So Dear a Price for Instantaneous Demolition, and Public Opinion Will Soon Banish the Death Chair, as It Has Done the Rope.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—At 5 o'clock this morning Landlord Gregory, of the Osborne house, holding in one hand a list of room numbers, stood in his office tapping push buttons that rang an electric fire bell in each of the rooms indicated upon his list. In them were sleeping the persons who had been summoned by the prison warden to witness the death of Murderer William Kemmler by electricity. Almost simultaneously porters were heavily thumping at the rooms corresponding to the numbers on the list. There was to be no mistake about the efficacy of the summons and there was not. Doctors and laymen hurriedly dressed, and while they did so the sun was laying its bars of light level over the city of Auburn. The sky was cloudless; the air cool, and a slight breeze swayed the tree-tops. The men of the press had been vigilant and they too came trooping from their rooms to join the others at coffee and rolls before going to the

prison. In the pocket of each guest of the state was a card bearing an order of admission to the prison, and before retiring each had been privately warned to present himself at the prison gate not later than 6 this morning. Some were there at the hour named. Others were not, and Warden Durston, under evident nervous tension, was pacing the halls and

Peering Often and Anxiously

down to the big iron gate at the entrance, impatient of the delay. The stated hour had expired, and fifteen minutes more Dr. Spizka arrived with a case of instruments in hand. Drs. Shrady and Jenkins, of New York, were yet missing. They were yet at the hotel table. At 7 o'clock the 1,200 convicts would be marched out from the mess room to the shops, and then the belting to operate the dynamo way down in the loft of the marble shop, could not be run on without the prisoners knowing that Kemmler was about to die. No one could tell what spirit might be developed by the men in striped clothes if such knowledge was forced upon them. The agent and warden therefore grew momentarily more impatient.

"Gentlemen, I will not wait any longer for those who are not here," he exclaimed at length, after peering a last time down to the iron gate. "This affair cannot be made subject to personal convenience and I think it unfair to me that I should have been kept waiting until this hour."

Acquiescing silently, those waiting in the cool breezy hall gathered about the warden, who led the way to the rear hall, where a guard with a great key stood to open and close the door to the basement region of the prison. The huge iron-bolted barrier swung back and the silent party descended the iron stairway to the stone floored hall, where the fatal apparatus and it's first subject were waiting.

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Every Precaution Taken to Avoid Possible Delay.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The way lay through a low doorway in the massive basement wall into a room dimly lighted as yet by the early sunshine. In the semi-gloom the massive chair of death seemed to loom out of the shadows a little distance from the entrance. As each guest passed it he might have noted that every strap and every buckle to bind the victim was carefully placed to avoid all possible delay. The electrode for the head hung in its place like the sprinkler disc for a shower bath. Chairs and benches stood about the room in a semi-circle. In the uncertain light of the room they formed a horseshoe, in whose opening stood the heavy chair with its dangling straps and buckles. In the grim spot might have came to mind away out from childhood days a memory of the Sunday Bible class in stiff array, with the good preacher sitting in the midst to teach. Even the sarcasm of the circumstances could not check a grim smile. Down over one window toward the east a heavy shade was drawn, while through the bars in the other window the morning air came cool and fresh through the Virginia creepers that swept the iron with soft rustling touch. Suddenly the room was lighted from within. The warden had turned up the low-burning flame at one of the blackened gas burners on an ancient chandelier. In his final arrangements the warden had placed all the electrical apparatus in an ante-room; the wires being run over a casement to the death chamber. This ante room the warden kept carefully shut save when he or some helper passed hastily in or out. In charge there were three men whom the warden refused to name. The purpose of the late change of the electrical volt meter and the switches to another room became apparent. Those who should see Kemmler die were never to know who had pushed the switch to send the death-bolt to Kemmler's vitals. While final adjustments were being made, Drs. Shrady and Jenkins entered, and the witnesses were all within the room.

PREPARING FOR SLAUGHTER.

Vanity of the Victim at the Last Moment.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Meantime Kemmler in his cell was being prepared for the ending of his life. He had gone peacefully to sleep early in the night, and had slept soundly and was snoring until 6 o'clock, when he was awakened by one of his guards, Daniel McNaughton. Pastor Houghton, who has attended Kemmler, as also Prison Chaplain Yates, was with him. They read to him from the bible, and he prayed with them. He dressed himself without aid in a suit of gray mixed goods. About his neck he buttoned a turn-down collar with a checked tie of lawn stuff. His hair he combed and brushed with great care. His shoes were well polished. And while he made himself finally tidy the warden and a tall stranger, who is a deputy sheriff in Buffalo, entered the cell. The warden explained to Kemmler that he must have the top of his head shaved. The prisoner demurred. He had taken great pains dressing his hair, and besides, as he explained to the warden, he did not want to be disfigured. He wanted the people to see and know that he was not a man of repulsive appearance, as has been stated. Kemmler's hair is dark brown and wavy, with a hyperion curl that fell upon his forehead. Of this he was proud. In the shadow of death his vanity asserted itself. His hair, however, was cut, but the curl was saved and, as the sequel proved, with no good result. The spot was 2¼ by 1¼ inches in size and was not shaven, but cropped fairly close. While this was proceeding and the witnesses examined the chair of death, the belt was run upon the dynamo away down in the south wing of the prison, and the incandescent test lamps in the ante chamber glowed faintly. The current was on. The strange power was coursing the circuit. The evidence was there, but how feebly they burned. Thus exclaimed Dr. MacDonald, who was the only one who got into the ante room, and that while ignorant of the warden's desire to keep its secrets inviolate. And in response to Dr. MacDonald's comment, Electrician Davis remarked that there was "something wrong about the machinery down there," referring to the dynamo end of the circuit. This remark took place before the electricizing. It is well to remember, and was undoubtedly as true a few minutes later when the bolt was applied to Kemmler. The condemned man, after having his hair cut on the top of his head, listened to the reading of the death warrant by the warden. "Come, Bill," commanded the warden when all had been done in the cell; and the little party of four—warden, prisoner and clergymen—passed through the ante-room, past the electrical appliances, and the warden led the way finally into the death chamber. Close behind him trod the man he soon would kill. His hands swung at his side easily, save when, as though in some embarrassment, he stroked his brown, full beard and mustache as he confronted the white, expectant faces of the twenty-five men who, besides the warden, should soon see him die.

CALM AND COLLECTED.

Kemmler Introduced to the Witnesses of His Taking Off.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Mr. Durston placed a plain wooden-bottomed chair directly in front of e other and different chair, and bade Kemmler sit upon it. He obeyed readily. There was no uneasiness about his movements. He was apparently the most self-possessed person in the room. The warden took a place beside Kemmler, and resting his arm over the prisoner's shoulder, on the chair back, the state's officer presented the condemned man to those present—introduced him indeed, and this is what he said:

"Now, gentlemen, this is William Kemmler. I have just read the death warrant to him, and have told him he has got to die, and if he has anything to say he will say it."

There was surprise among those present. Kemmler, however, seemed gratified because he had an opportunity to speak. With his feet wide apart upon the stone floor, with hand on either knee, elbows akimbo, the simple fellow spoke:

"Well, I wish everybody good luck in the world," he said in easy, steady tones, "and I'll go to a good place; and the papers has been saying lots of stuff about me that ain't so."

The prisoner glanced over his shoulder as he ceased speaking, and Mr. Durston came to his side. "Take off your coat, Bill," said he. There was no word, but with easy, steady joints he pulled off one sleeve, and then swung off the garment to the chair from which he had risen. The warden stood behind him, drew forth the bottom of his shirt, and cut it off behind so as to permit easy adjustment of one of the electrodes. Meanwhile Kemmler readjusted his necktie, which was already neatly fixed in a bowknot. "Are your suspenders all right?" asked the warden, as he laid down the shears he had used. "Yes, all right," was the answer. "Well, then, Bill, you had best sit down here," said the warden, whose heart is kind, and whose tone was that of a parent to a child that should be corrected. The warden was moved with compassion for the being who, obedient to a nod, seated himself in the great chair, never to rise alive. His submission somehow seemed to have the element of the patient and uncomprehending passivity of the ox when led to the killing. He trusted the officer whom he knew was to kill him. It was an exhibition of the confidence found in animals.

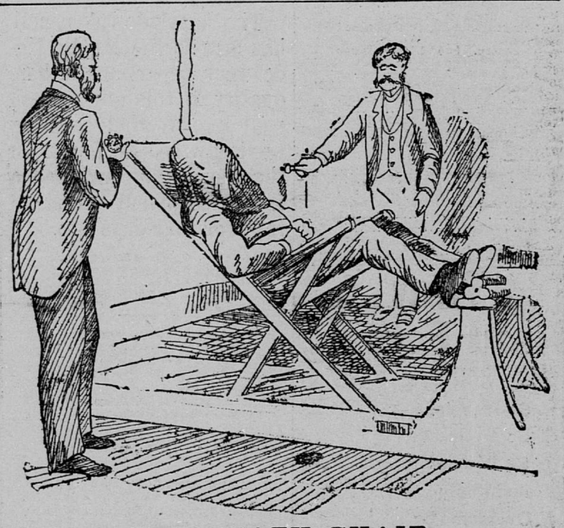
URGED TO DIE GAME.

Warden Durston Treats the Assassin as One Would a Child.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—"Take it cool, Bill; I'm going to stay close beside you all the while till the end," said the warden, as though to a child who pleads with its mother to stay by the bedside at night till sleep shall have come. Then he buckled a strap at one shoulder. "I will; I'll take it cool," returned Kemmler. And then, with his elbows upon the great arms of the chair, he threw himself firmly back on the seat so that the electrode pressed him hard at the base of the spine. Two others were working at the straps, first the arms, then the chest, waist, hips, legs, and lastly the leather mask. There was some fumbling in nervous haste, and the doomed man observing it, spoke. "Take your time," he said, "take your time," and while he spoke he held high his arms to make easy the binding of his chest. Then, as the insulated neck saddle was being placed, he suggested that if pushed forward as it was being adjusted it would be more easy for him. "All right, Bill; all right," returned the warden, and his voice was a trifle unsteady, "it won't hurt you, Bill; it won't hurt you at all," he added. "Take your time, Mr. Durston, don't be in a hurry," the prisoner said again in response. And then he added as the dangling mask was being shaped for adjustment: "Well, I

Wish Everbody Good Luck."

The mask covered his eyes, grasped his chin and firmly pressed his forehead. It was not well fitted, Kemmler said, and spoke to direct its proper adjustment. "Do everything right, Mr. Durston," said he, "and push down that more on top of my head." He referred to the electrode which was being fitted to the top of his head. It was done seeming to push his head down between the shoulders, while the mask was buckled back so tightly that the edge was buried in the skin of the nose and forehead. Once more he spoke, and they were his last words: "Well, I want to do the best I can, and I can't do any better than that," said he. "God bless you, Kemmler, you have done well," spoke Dr. Spitzka, in his quick, nervous way, and there were pitying tears in many eyes, and husky voices muttered: "You have, Kemmler, you have." Every strap had been tightened, each electrode had been pressed to the seat of life, the warden's deputies stepped back, there was a hush. The warden inquired of Drs. MacDonald and Spitzka how long the current should be maintained in Kemmler's body. The first response was twenty seconds, which was almost instantly changed to ten seconds. "Very well, gentlemen," responded the warden, and he moved toward the door of his secret room. And, at the moment, Dr. Fell, of Buffalo, who made the death chair, was dropping water from a bulb syringe through a long rubber tube into the electrode sponges. The warden reappeared from the ante-room. "Well, everything is ready," he said, while he faced the death chair six feet away. The bound man in the chair had heard every word. His hands were clinched and rigid. He awaited the shock. The hour was 6:43.



THE DEATH CHAIR.

TURNING ON THE CURRENT.

Durston Nods and Kemmler's Death Struggle Begins.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—The warden turned and nodded his head to some one who stood in the secret room at the fatal switch. There was a quick convulsive start of the bound figure in the chair, a little squeaking sound of straining straps and breathless watchers with every sense bent upon the moveless wretch bound head, hand and foot, heard no sound, save bird songs in the bright sunshine outside the windows. The bar of a heavy shade at one window was lifted by the straying breeze and fell back against the bars. This noise was slight, but to the tense and breathless watchers in the basement death chamber, it seemed equal to the sound of clashing arms. Dr. Spitzka and Dr. Shrady, drawn by deep interest almost unconsciously from their places, moved on tip-toe to places by the chair. But all was still, and no man spoke. Every faculty was contributing to that of vision. Such a scene there never was on earth before. No man ever before had died thus by the deliberate purpose of his fellow man. After that convulsive start that marked the stroke of lightning upon Kemmler, there was no movement of muscle nor twitch of nerve. The features, from bridge of nose to chin, seemed to have been pursed up as those of one facing a sleety storm, or of one breasting a powerful dust-bearing wind.

But Was It Death?

Who should say? The law demanded that the current of electricity should be maintained against his vital until death should come. But who should tell when death had come? The men of science believed that then the nerve centers were being beaten as with heavy hammers in different directions at the rate of some 230 times each second. Their books, though they told of no case like this, led the wise men to believe that the silent forces working in this man's body were disintegrating the nerve cells, the tissues and the blood, too, by divorce of oxygen from its corpuscles. They thought the blood was becoming, by mechanical change, fluidized and useless to sustain life. And so they watched and listened in the silent rooms—five, ten, fifteen, seventeen seconds. "There, that's enough; take off the current," said the warden's chosen physicians—MacDonald and Spitzka, and the warden passed the word within the adjoining room, where some one had let on the current and where the same one cut it off. Then spoke the doctors: "Observe the lividity about the base of the nose and the entire nose itself. Note where the mask rests on the nose, the white appearance there." Thus spoke Dr. Spitzka, and other doctors came about and dented the flesh with their fingers, and watched and some thought the action which startled all and sent the warden away with white face to order the current renewed was only

A Reflex Muscular Action.

Not so. One physician declared he would stake his name that he could bring Kemmler back to conscious life with brandy hypodermics. Meantime, G. G. Bain, of Washington, D. C., had fainted and lay upon a bench, where he was being fanned. This spectacle was continued from 6:45 until 6:47 o'clock. There came again to the figure in the chair another shock under which the straps were strained again. The lungs, however, filled again and again while the current was pouring through the unconscious body. At 6:51 another groan of dismay was heard near the chair, and smoke was observed curling up from Kemmler's back.

"He's burning," shouted one.

"Cut off the current," cried another.

"He's dead. There's no use keeping up the current longer," said some one else.

Again the warden gave the signal to open the switch, and the body in the chair, surcharged with four distinct shocks that had been given it, developed no further movement. "He's unquestionably dead," said Dr. MacDonald. Meantime Dr. Fell, of Buffalo, with his syringe bulb and its long gutta percha tube was wetting the sponge in the electrode at Kemmler's back, and putting out some little fire that had communicated to the man's clothing. Almost immediately attendants began to unbind the corpse in the great chair, first the arms, then the legs, next the body, and finally the mask was removed. The eyes were found to be half closed, and without the glassy state common to the eyes in death. The lids were lifted, and tests of the pupils with a bright light were made. There was no contraction of the pupils. Where the mask had pressed the forehead there was a livid mark—"the mark of the law's righteous desecration." The nose and the region of its base was of a deeply livid hue. Purple spots soon began mottling the hands, arms and neck, and the doctors

Said He Was Surely Dead.

One of the Buffalo doctors seven minutes after the straps were removed, cut the skin at the temple for a microspocic specimen of the dead man's blood. It was immediately examined and found slightly coagulated. While the witnesses were yet examining the body or conferring with each other upon the event of the murderer's death, Warden Durston produced his death certificate, which was read and signed by each witness of the execution. Warden Durston was asked by the Associated Press correspondent to state the pressure at the time the current was applied. "About 1,800 volts," was the response. "And was that pressure maintained all through?" Mr. Durston's reply was not definite at all, but it lent the impression that he did not know. Subsequently there appeared in the death chamber a tall man of dark hair and mustache, who was said to have been one of the three men who operated the electrical apparatus in the secret chamber. He is authority for the statement that the volt meter at the moment of the first application of the current to Kemmler registered 1,000 to 1,500 volts, while 1,500 to 2,000 volts were registered at the time the second application was made.

UNHARNESSING THE CORPSE.

Physicians Examine the Scarred Remains Minutely.

AUBURN, N. Y. Aug. 6.—Kemmler's body was entirely unbound about 7:30, and the doctors determined not to proceed at once with the autopsy. The witnesses returned to the hotel for breakfast, with the understanding they should return at 8:15 a. m. When they did return there was no little surprise felt when Kemmler's body, sagged down and slouching in the chair where he died, was found untouched. Drs. MacDonald and Balch, however, took it in hand. The warden was not seen. The physicians had been slow to move in the autopsy until indubitable post-mortem indications should be observed. Upon their return therefore they were made. The cornea of the eye was found much sunken, and the iris was relaxed. "There can be little question when these indications are present," remarked Dr. Spitzka. Rigor mortis was also well marked in the upper extremities, but less in the lower parts. Dr. Balch pulled off the shoe from Kemmler's left foot, and with the edge of his hand struck the knee sharply just below the cap. But the foot upon repeated trials failed to jerk forward. The petella tendon reflex was not present.

This Indicated Death.

The electrodes were withdrawn from contact with the body, hair adhering to the rim of the upper disc. The doctors then lifted the body to the dissecting table and laid it upon the back. Drs. MacDonald and Shrady examined the head. They found that there was a deep circular imprint on the top of the head made by the sharp pressure of the electrode's rim. The spot where the tuft of Kemmler's hair had been cut off just before death was found to constitute not more than one third of the area of contact with the electrode, and close examination disclosed that the edge of the copper within the electrode had slightly burned the scalp just where the hair had been cut. Had not Kemmler's desire to avoid disfigurement by the cutting of his hair prevailed, the contact would have been more perfect. The chances of instantaneous death would have been greater and possibly disfigurement, which he dreaded, would have been avoided. Soon after the arrival of the witnesses, a convict, with a bucket of water and sponges entered and undressed the body. Death evidences were found where the buckles of the straps had sunk into the flesh. The lividity was tending downward and death pallor was ensuing. Kemmler's head measure was found to be 21 3-8 inches or 54½ centemeters, being the horizontal circumference of the skull. The temperature at the

Back of the Neck

was found to have sunk in the interval of two tests twenty minutes apart from 99½ to 97½, which was declared to be post-mortem temperature. Then at 9:57 a. m., three hours and six minutes after the current through Kemmler was stopped, the table was wheeled beneath the windows, through which the sunlight was then streaming, and at the call for inspection all gathered around while Dr. Jenkins, of New York, prepared to use the scalpel and the saw. Examination of the electrodes on the fatal chair disclosed that the sponge in the one at the base of the spine was dried and scorched by heat generated owing to imperfect contact or to insufficient wetting of the sponge during contact. The result was a terrible burning of the back, clear through to the spine. The skin in contact had been burned to a black cinder, and the flesh above had been cooked yellow, while the inner tissues had been baked. The sponge in the upper electrode had been singed, though not so much as the other, and the scalp only singed instead of incinerated.

THE CAUSES OF FAILURE.

Insufficient Pressure or Improper Contact of Electrodes.

AUBURN, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Finally, as to the causes of failure to kill Kemmler instantly. There is said by all the physicians to be no doubt that consciousness was stricken instantly from his brain. The fact that he was not instantly killed is the result of improper contact or of insufficient voltare or pressure. Contact certainly was not perfect at the head, for two-thirds of the contact was on the man's thick, smoothly brushed hair, the clipped spot being one-third of the electrode's diameter. Warden Durston says 1,700 volts or pressure of current was first applied to Kemmler. When questioned to-night by the Associated Press correspondent if the twenty incandescent lamps on the circuit to indicate presence of current were burning when the bolt was discharged into the murderer, he stated they were. They should not have been. The moment before switching the current into Kemmler the test lamps should have been cut out. Each lamp consumes fifty volts, hence the twenty took 1,000 volts at once out of the current sent to Kemmler. That left 700 to cause death. The best authorities state that 15 per cent of a current is stopped at the point of contact, and that 85 is thus expended in the body. Eighty-five per cent of the 700 volts not consumed to-day by the test lamps is 595 volts of pressure. This is not enough to surely kill a man instantly with good contact, and that of to-day was not perfect. The warden says all was working right this morning, though last night at midnight his appliances were in such order that he was not certain whether the execution would take place to-day, even though he had summoned his guests to the prison at an early hour this morning. Warden Durston has been through a terrific ordeal, and the knavery of men has been pressed upon him so much where least expected, that, as he says, he scarce knows whether to trust himself. He will approach the electricizing of Fish, now here, with more light. The concensus of opinion among the witnesses here today is that not the slightest doubt exists but that a human being may be instanteously killed by 1,000 volts applied through perfect contact and continued twenty seconds. The body of Kemmler will doubtless be disposed of to-morrow in the prison burying grounds, with quicklime to hasten dissolution.

UNDER THE SCALPEL.

Dr. Jenkins Carves the Corpse of the Murderer.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 6.—There was no doubt that Kemmler was dead. The round mark on the top of his head where the swift strong current had seared his skin and burned his hair was evidence of the strength of the shock which had brought him to his end. But there was no haste about taking him out of his chair. He sat there quietly enough for a minute or two untouched. Then the warden unfastened the harness that had held his head and took it away. The head did not fall. It rested quietly upright, the eyes half closed. The doctors bent over him and looked into his eyes. They examined the discoloration on the temples where the leather band had crossed them. Finally some one bent over and removed one of the shoes. Then the other straps were undone and the body slipped forward a little and rested in a stiff pose half in and half out of the chair. A long table stood in one corner of the room. Two of the physicians carried it to the center of the chamber, and the warden suggested that the body be placed upon it. The physicians gathered about and consulted for a few minutes, determining finally that they would hold the autopsy in an hour's time. The room was then cleared, most of the witnesses going to their hotels to get breakfast, while the warden retired to his apartments up stairs. The body was left in its half-recumbent position in the execution chair. Before 8:30 a. m. most of the doctors had returned to the prison to prepare for the autopsy. The body of the dead man still sat in the electrical chair, the limbs rigid, the expression of the face (but for the discolorations of the skin) unchanged. The rigor of the body was a matter for comment and surprise among the physicians. The jaw had not fallen, and the pleasant expression with which Kemmler had greeted the witnesses as he entered the execution room still lingered about the features. It was determined that Dr. Jenkins, of New York, instead of Dr. Daniel, should do the work with the surgeon's knife, because of his long experience in performing autopsies on persons killed by electricity. Both Dr. Daniel and Dr. Jenkins stripped off their coats and vests, and the surgeon's case was opened and the glittering array of knives and saws brought out. The body was lifted from the chair, and placed on the table in the center of the room. It still preserved its rigidty. A small wooden box was placed under the head to support it, and the limbs were straightened out as far as possible. Then a convict was summoned from the prison to take off the clothing. The removal revealed a scar nearly five inches in diameter, where the second electrode had pressed against the base of the spine, showing that the current had burned through the flesh. The body looked healthy and well nourished. Dr. Shrady at this point suggested the necessity of making the examination as formal as though it was to be taken for criminal investigation, and volunteered to act as secretary and take the report in shorthand. This was agreed upon, and the first step taken was to bind a clinical thermometer to the nape of the neck and take the temperature. The record demonstrated that the man was dead beyond all question. The table, on suggestion, was moved over to the corner of the cell directly under the windows, where a better light could be had. When it was in position a general survey of the body was taken, and its external condition carefully noted. Then Dr. Jenkins took his surgon's knife and began operations. The body was cut open. The heart, lungs and other organs were taken out and their condition noted carefully. They were all put in Mueller's fluid for preservation and future examination. When the organs in the trunk of the the body had been examined carefully, the top of the skull was removed and the brains taken out. This was the most interesting feature of the examination, as the theory on which the claims of greater humanity for this method of execution are based is the theory that the electric current paralyzes the brain instantly and thus destroyed all sensation. The physicians found evidence of the effect of the current on the formation of the skull, on the blood and on the brain tissue directly beneath the point of contact which satisfied them that the paralysis of the brain was immediate. Dr. Shrady this afternoon transcribed his notes and prepared them for the signatures of the examining surgeons, but some of them left the city during the afternoon, so the report will not be made immediately.

MADE A BOTCH OF THE JOB.

A Chicago Electrician Comments on the Execution.

CHICAGO, Aug. 6.—"Horrible! Horrible!" was the exclamation of City Electrician Barrett when he had finished reading the account of Kemmler's execution.

"Do you think the man was unconscious?" was asked.

"No, I do not."

"He must have suffered then?"

"Suffered! Why, that man must have suffered the tortures of the damned. It was the most barbarous thing I ever read or heard of."

"What reason have you for believing that Kemmler was conscious?"

"The best reason in the world. I know how it is from experience. If all the medical experts in the world were to tell me that that man did not realize anything I would not believe them. I had occasion at one time to close a line that was opened by lightning. In attempting to do so I received a severe shock. In an instant all power of motion was taken away from me. I was as helpless as a babe, and remained so for an hour, till help came. Now, while I was unable to move a muscle, I was as conscious as I am at this moment."

"Do you think it possible to make execution by electricity a success?"

"Certainly, so far as the killing goes. While I think it an outrage to use for that purpose one of the greatest elements for human good God has given us, still it is possible to make it successful. In this case those who had it in charge simply made a horrible botch of the whole business. What they ought to have done is this, measured his resistance so they could have told just how much it would take to kill him."

"Is it possible to do that with any degree of accuracy?"

"It is, and had they understood their business that is what would have been done."

"The report says that the voltmeter varied between 800 and 1,300 volts."

"Don't you believe it. That would have been sufficient to have killed 700 men and to have burned him to a crisp. There must have been some disarrangement of the wires."

"What effect do you think it will have on the adoption or rejection of this mode of execution?"

"I think the law will ultimately be repealed. There is not an electrician in the country who is not opposed to it. Then there are too many ways of taking life to run the chances of causing such a horrible and barbarous spectacle of butchery."

RASCAL BORN AND BRED.

Kemmler's Career and the Crime for Which He Was Electrocuted.

AUBURN, Aug. 6.—Kemmler was a a man of low mental and moral qualities. The surroundings of his birth and early life were very bad. His father was a butcher in Philadelphia, where William, the murderer, was born in 1860. The boy grew up in the shambles and in the market place. His parents sent him to school for a brief period, and several times he saw the inside of a church and heard the service there. These feeble influences constituted the only contact the boy and man ever had with things pure and good. Kemmler's was a life that grew ranky. On no side did it bear the impress or polish of any training or efforts to ennoblement. He was a sample product of conditions existing in all large cities. He worked in the slaughterhouse with his father, then he became a brickyard worker, and finally he became a huckster on his own account. Of his rascally devices to cheat customers while huckstering, Kemmler since his imprisonment has told with chuckles and much gusto. In 1887 Kemmler married a worthless woman named Ida Porter, in Camden, N. J. Two days later he found she had been previously married, and he left her to live with Matilda Ziegler. They moved to Buffalo, N. Y. Kemmler frequently found his mistress purloining money from his clothing, and he suspected infidelity on her part. They quarreled, blows were exchanged; Kemmler became a hopeless drunkard. On the morning of March 29, 1889, all Buffalo was shocked by the news of the brutal butchery of a woman at 526 South Division street. The woman killed was "Tillie Ziegler," and the murderer was the Philadelphia butcher's son, Kemmler. The murder was the first that had been committed in the state of New York after the law to kill murderers by electricity had become operative. Kemmler was arrested, and in the meantime the unfortunate woman was removed to a hospital. Her face, arms and breast were covered with blood and she was quite insensible. A casual examination resulted in the discovery of twenty-six distinct gashes on the face and head and five bad wounds on the right hand, arm and shoulder, she having evidently tried to defend herself from the savage attack of her paramour. She lingered in a comatose condition until the next day, when death ensued before she had once regained consciousness, and she was, therefore, unable to make an ante-mortem statement. The only eye witness was the four-year-old daughter of the victim, who said: "Papa hit mamma with the hatchet when she was lying on the floor." The couple in Buffalo had lived under the name of Hort. The victim's father, a Philadelphia huckster named Tripner, came to Buffalo, and identified the body of the dead woman as his child. With him came Henry Kemmler, the murderer's brother, who had married a sister of the dead woman. The woman was described by the Buffalo papers at the time as a prepossessing brunette of about 135 pounds, and quite stylish-looking. After his arrest the murderer refused to talk of the crime, and at one time there were doubts as to his sanity. He made no attempt to escape after the assault. When pressed to give a reason for the deed he only said: "I wanted to kill her, and the sooner I hang for it the better." Nearly $500 in cash was found at his room. The coroner's jury pronounced Kemmler a murderer, and immediately after the inquest he was taken from the jail to the police court and arraigned on a charge of murder in the first degree. He pleaded guilty, saying he had no use for a lawyer. Judge Childs sentenced him to die within the week beginning June 24, 1889, by the application of electricity as provided by the code at Auburn state prison. Counselor Hatch took exceptions to the sentence, upon the ground that the punishment was cruel and unusual and contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Kemmler reached Auburn Friday, May 24, at midnight. A writ of habeas corpus was served upon Warden Durston just before the fatal day arrived, and upon June 25 an exhaustive argument was heard by County Judge Day. The whole argument was as to the constitutionality of the law substituting electricity for the gibbet, on the ground of the former being cruel and unusual. Judge Day dismissed the writ, and the case was taken to the general term of the supreme court at Rochester, where the constitutionality of the law was upheld. The last resort was the court of appeals, and here, too, the decision was adverse to Kemmler's counsel. The criminal was resentenced to die in the week beginning April 28, 1890. It is likely Kemmler would have been electricized on April 30, but on the 29th a United States writ of habeas corpus was served on the warden, and the case was then carried to the United States su-

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AND NOW FOR WORK.

Sept. 9 the Date Fixed for the Democratic Convention.

Hon. Daniel Buck Will Accept His Party's Nomination.

Donnelly Spends a Day in Trying to Crucify John Lathrop.

A Field Day in State Political Circles in the Twins.

The Democratic state central committee, which met at the West hotel, Minneapolis, yesterday, got through its work with expedition and without hitch or lengthy discussions. Such unanimity, born of the good fellowship awakened by the banquet of the Jefferson club the night before, perhaps existed, that it took but little more than an hour to transact the business, arrange the apportionment and decide upon the time and place for the state convention.

The committee met at 11 o'clock in Room 122 at the West. There were present:

James W. Lawrence, chairman, Minneapolis; M. W. Glenn, Minneapolis; Daniel Lawler, St. Paul; First district, E. C. Stringer, of Hastings; Second, William Hamm, of Ramsey; Third, H. C. Shepherd, of Winona; Fourth, C. M. Foote, of Hennepin; Fifth, S. L. Crocker, of Rice; Sixth, A R. Pfau, of Blue Earth; Seventh, Martin Shea, of Otter Tail; Eighth, vacant; Ninth E. G. Palal, proxy for M. Mullen, of Brown; Eleventh, R. N. Marble, of St. Louis; Twelfth, A. E. Arnes, of Chippewa; Thirteenth, Fourteenth, W. E. McKenzie, proxy for William Anglim, of Polk; Fifteenth, A. G. Broker, of Wadena; Sixteenth, P. H. O'Hara, of Big Stone, and W. P. Murray of St. Paul, proxy for William Hamm.

The appointment was made on the basis of one delegate for every 250 votes cast for the late Eugene M. Wilson in 1888, and one additional for any faction of this number. On this basis the different counties will be entitled to the following representatives in the convention.

Aitkin	1	Meeker	6
Anoka	4	Mille Lacs	1
Beeker	3	Mower	6
Benton	4	Morrison	6
Big Stone	3	Murray	3
Blue Earth	12	Nicollet	5
Brown	7	Nobles	3
Carlton	3	Norman	2
Carver	8	Olmsted	9
Cass	1	Otter Tail	9
Chippewa	3	Pine	2
Chisago	2	Pipestone	2
Clay	5	Polk	7
Cook	1	Pope	2
Cottonwood	2	Ramsey	56
Crow Wing	3	Red Wood	3
Dakota	10	Rice	10
Dodge	4	Rock	2
Douglass	3	St. Louis	9
Fillmore	9	Scott	9
Freeborn	4	Sherburne	3
Goodhue	8	Sibley	7
Grant	3	Stearns	20
Hennepin	64	Steele	5
Houston	6	Stevens	3
Hubbard	1	Swift	4
Isanti	1	Todd	4
Itaska	3	Traverse	3
Kanabec	1	Wabasha	9
Kandiyohi	3	Wadena	2
Kittson	2	Waseca	5
Lac qui Parle	3	Washington	9
Lake	1	Watonwan	2
Le Sueur	9	Wilkin	2
Lincoln	2	Winona	6
Lyon	2	Wright	9
McLeod	5	Yellow Medicine	2
Marshall	2		
Martin	2	Total	461

There was no contest over the selection of the place of holding the convention. The Minneapolis Democrats had hoped that this year they would be given the convention, and really thought they were entitled to it. The country members of the committee feared, however, that if a change was made from St. Paul it would be generally attributed to a desire to take advantage of the census war, and would be misunderstood by many, and misrepresented by the Republicans as a thrust at St. Paul. When this was discovered by the Minneapolis Democrats they did not urge their claims strongly. C. M. Foote simply expressed the desire that Minneapolis should be selected, and extended the hospitality of the city upon behalf of the Minneapolis Democrats who, two years ago, cast 2,000 more votes for their party than any other county in the state. He dwelt upon the fact that here in Minneapolis is the stronghold of Republicanism, and where the fight will be the hottest. The matter did not even go to a vote, however, and Mr. Foote made the motion which made the selection of St. Paul unanimous.

Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 11 a. m. was the time set, and Market hall the place. The committee is to meet the night before at the Merchants' hotel and adjourned until then, after appointing J. W. Lawrence, C. N. Foote and D. W. Lawler to draw up resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Hon. W. T. Benniwell, of Hutchinson, a member of the committee who died within the past year.

At the close of the regular business meeting of the committee the hundred or more distinguished Democratic leaders who had been loitering around the lobby during the morning were invited to meet with the committeemen and discuss the political outlook. In accordance with this request Room 122 was soon filled with a well-known lot of gentlemen, among whom were:

Hon. J. N. Castle, Senator E. W. Durant and James S. O'Brien, of Stillwater; Hon Daniel Buck, W. H. Wilson, Judge Porter and Ald. H. Jorgenson, of Mankato; Chauncey L. Baxter, of Perham; Hon. Charles Canning, of Henderson; Hon. J. P. Wilson, of Duluth; Editor John D. Kynaston, of the Glencoe Enterprise; Hon. J. Simmons, of Little Falls; W. H. Donahue, A. T. Ankeny, A. D. Smith, Judge Lars M. Rand, Editors Gulbrandson and Jaeger, of the Budstikkeu and North, respectively, of Minneapolis.

The discussion which ensued took a wide range, and Messrs. Stringer, Murray, Durant, Smith, Pfau and Castle made spirited and timely speeches.

The courtesy of the Minneapolis Democrats was widely and favorably commented upon by the outside brethren, and it was the general opinion that a more delightful committee meeting nor one more largely attended had never been held in the state. No exertion was too great for the Minneapolis committeemen and their allies of the Jefferson club to make, and to say that this kindness was appreciated is putting it mildly indeed.

"I will accept the Democratic nomination for governor if it comes to me with a reasonable unanimity," said Hon. Daniel Buck, of Mankato, to a GLOBE representative yesterday afternoon, in answer to the point-blank question as to whether he might be considered a candidate or not. Those who know the Mankato statesman best are perfectly well aware that Senator Buck has never been an office seeker, and that when he makes an admission like that quoted above, it means that he is now

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