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VOL. 2. NO. 48. ST JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1901. ONE CENT.

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Men's Heavy Ulsters to order,	**$12 to $16.00**
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LEON CZOLGOSZ

Met His Fate This Morning Without a Sign of Fear.

Seventeen Hundred Volts of Electricity Passed Through His Body, and Death was Instantaneous.

LEON CZOLGOSZ.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 29.—At 7.12.30 o'clock this morning Leon F. Czolgosz, murderer of President William McKinley paid the extreme penalty exacted by the law for his crime. He was shocked to death by 1,700 volts of electricity. He went to the chair in exactly the same manner as have the majority of all the other murderers in this state, showing no particular sign of fear, but, in fact, doing what few of them have done, talking to the witnesses while he was being strapped in the chair.

"I killed the president because he was an enemy of the good people—of the good working people. I am not sorry for my crime."

These were his words as the guards hurried him into the chair. He supplemented a moment later, mumbling them through the half adjusted face straps:

"I am awfully sorry I could not see my father."

Czolgosz retired last night at 10 o'clock and slept so soundly that when Warden Mead went to the cell shortly before five this morning the guard inside had to shake Czolgosz to awaken him. He sat up on the edge of his cot and made no reply to the warden's greeting of good-morning. The prison official took from his pocket the death warrant and read it slowly and distinctly to the assassin, who hardly raised his eyes during the ceremony. Just as the warden stepped away from the cell door, Czolgosz called to him and said:

"I would like to talk with the superintendent."

The warden responded: "He will be down presently."

Then the condemned man rolled over on his cot, apparently anxious to sleep again. At 5.15 however, the guard brought to him a pair of dark trousers with the left leg slit so as to allow the free application of the electrode and a light gray outing shirt. He was told to get up and put these on, which he did. Contrary to the usual custom, he was given a new pair of shoes. When dressed he laid down on the cot again and in this attitude Superintendent Collins found him at 5.30, when he went down to visit him. The superintendent stood in front of the steel bars and when the guard had called Czolgosz's attention, he said:

"I want to make a statement before you kill me."

"What do you wish to say, Czolgosz?" asked the superintendent.

"I want to make it when there are a lot of people present. I want them to hear me," said the prisoner.

"Well, you cannot," said the superintendent.

"Then I won't talk at all,' said the prisoner sullenly.

After the superintendent had left, the guards brought Czolgosz's breakfast, consisting of coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, and he ate with quite a good deal of relish. While he was partaking of this the witnesses were gathering in the office of Warden Mead, and at 7.06 o'clock the procession passed to the death chamber, going through the long south corridor.

In the chamber Electrician Davis and former Warden Thayer, of Dannemore, had arranged the chair test, placing a bank of 22 incandescent lights across the arms and connecting the electrode wires at either end. The witnesses were ordered seated and then Warden Mead briefly addressed them, saying:

"You are here to witness the legal death of Leon F. Czolgosz. I desire that you keep your seats and keep absolute silence in the death chamber, no matter what may transpire. There are plenty of guards and prison officials to preserve order and attend to the proper details."

The prison physician, Dr. Gerin, and Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, of New York, took a position to the left of the chair, Warden Mead stood directly in front, and Electrician Davis retired to the little room containing the electrical switchboard. Thayer gave the signal and the current was turned through the electric lights, flooding the chamber with brilliant light and dramatically showing the power that was used to kill the prisoner.

Warden Meade gave the signal to have the prisoner brought in, and at 7.10.30 o'clock Chief Keeper Tupper swung open the big steel door leading to the condemned cells, and as the steel bars behind which Czolgosz had been kept were swung aside the two guards marched the prisoner out into the corridor, two others following behind, and the chief keeper walking in front. The guards on either side of Czolgosz had hold of his arms either as if to support him, or to keep him from making a demonstration. As he stepped over the threshold he stumbled, but they held him up and as they urged him forward toward the chair he stumbled again on the little rubber covered platform upon which the chair rests. His head was erect and with his grey flannel shirt turned back at the neck, he looked quite boyish. He was intensely pale and as he tried to throw his head back and erect, his chin quivered very perceptibly. As he was being seated he looked about at the assembled witnesses with quite a steady stare and said:

"I killed the president because he was an enemy of the good people—of the working people."

His voice trembled slightly at first, but gained strength with each word and he spoke perfect English.

"I am not sorry for my crime," he said loudly just as the guard pushed his head back on the rubber head rest and drew the divisible strap across his forehead and chin. As the pressure on the straps tightened and bound the jaws tightly he mumbled:

"I'm awfully sorry I could not see my father."

It was just exactly 7.11 o'clock when he crossed the threshold, but a minute had elapsed and he just had finished the last statement when the strapping was completed and the guards stepped back from the man. Warden Mead raised his hand and at 7.12.30 Davis turned the switch that threw 1,700 volts of electricity into the living body. The rush of the immense current threw the body so hard against the straps that they creaked perceptibly. The hands clinched up suddenly and the whole attitude was one of extreme tenseness. For forty-five seconds the full current was kept on and then slowly the electrician threw the switch back, reducing the current volt by volt until it was out and off entirely. Then just as it had reached that point he threw the lever back again for a brief two or three seconds. The body, which had collapsed as the current was reduced, stiffened up again against the straps, when it was turned off again Dr. MacDonald stepped to the chair and put his head over the heart. He said he felt no pulsation, but suggested that the current be turned on for a few seconds again. Once more the body became rigid. At 7.15 the current was turned off for good.

From the time Czolgosz had left his cell until the full penalty was paid, less than four minutes had elapsed. The physicians present used the stethoscope and other tests to determine if any life remained and at 7.17 the warden, raising his hand, announced: "Gentlemen, the prisoner is dead?"

The witnesses filed from the chamber, many of them visibly affected and the body, which five minutes before had been full of life and vigor, was taken from the chair and laid on the operating table.

When the body of Czolgosz had been removed from the room where he was killed to the autopsy table, Auburn prison returned to the routine of it's ordinary life. The prisoners who had been kept locked in their cells, were released at 7.45 o'clock and prison work was resumed at once. There was no excitement among the convicts and no unusual scene about the prison. A crowd that numbered scarcely a hundred, stood around the prison gate to watch the witnesses enter and wait until they re-appeared. The witnesses dispersed quickly, some of them leaving for their homes.

AUBURN, N. Y., Oct. 29.—The physicians holding the autopsy have decided after a critical examination, that Czolgosz's brain was "normal if not above normal."

CAMP MEETING EPISODE.

Two White Men and Eleven Negroes Dead as Result of Race Riot.

COLUMBIA, Miss., Oct. 29.—The town of Columbia and its vicinity was thrown into great excitement yesterday by several messengers from the vicinity of Balltown, La., about 25 miles below here, who brought the news that a race riot had been precipitated between the whites and blacks of that section by the shooting and burning of the Negro, Bill Morris, who criminally assaulted and almost murdered Mrs. John Ball a few days ago. Several runners brought the news that numerous white men had been killed, and that the negroes were arming themselves for the fray. This information created the wildest excitement and a number of men, headed by Deputy Sheriff Branton of this county and Marshal T. T. Ford, of Columbia, all fully armed, left for the scene of the trouble.

Telegrams were sent to Governor Heard, of Louisiana, by citizens of Washington parish who were in Columbia, informing him of the situation, and an attempt was made by Sheriff Ball, of Marion County to reach Governor Longino of Mississippi. The wires were down and nothing could be accomplished until last evening, when answers were received instructing the sheriffs to call out the nearest troops if needed.

It seems a negro named Crea Lott was really at the bottom of the trouble. It was reported to the officers of Washington parish that Lott, who lived near Booth, La., was running a restaurant without a license at a camp meeting at Live Oak church, where a negro revival was in progress. The constable of the district gathered a posse and started to investigate. Lott was apprised of the approach in advance and was ready for trouble when it reached Live Oak church. The posse was about one hundred yards from the church when from ambush the negroes opened fire from two or three directions. The constable bade his men pay no attention to the firing as it was from a distance. He said all he wanted to do was to capture Lott.

When the restaurant, where Lott had his goods was reached, the posse was fired on by Lott and negroes, concealed behind the counters. The firing became general, between the posse and the restaurant crowd and also between whites and negroes all over the ground.

At this juncture the posse deemed it necessary to fire the Lott restaurant in order to dislodge his gang. Lott rushed out when the torch was applied and discharged a double-barrelled shot gun into the crowd of whites. Twenty-two buckshot took effect in the side of Joe Seals, one of the posse, from the effects of which he died. A negro who followed Lott shot a man named Elliott, one of the posse, through the stomach with a 38 calibre pistol. The negroes tried to escape, but others had their guns levelled and riddled their bodies with bullets. Lott was a shapeless mass of blood and brains before his body hit the ground.

During the fight a negro preacher came out of the church armed with a musket. He was shot and killed before he could use it.

After the smoke of battle had cleared away there were five dead negro men, three women, two burned beyond recognition, who perished in Lott's restaurant, and one child who was with its mother in the restaurant and perished with her.

The fences, trees, church, house and camps were thoroughly riddled with bullets. There must have been fully two thousand shots fired. It is rumored that since the fight one Negro has been found dead in the swamps and several wounded have applied for assistance at neighboring houses. The Negroes took to the woods like scared rabbits after and during the shooting, and almost none can be found in the neighborhood. Sheriff Simmons, of Washington Parish and posse, assisted by Deputy Sheriff Barton, of Marion county, and posse, were on the ground early this morning, and assisted in burying the dead and taking care of the wounded.

Quiet prevails this morning, according to the latest reports from Balltown, but further trouble is not at all unlikely.

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Velvet or O'Sullivan Rubber Heels put on while you wait.

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THOMAS L. BOURKE, 25 Water St.

HAMILTON, Ont., Oct. 29.—Without opposition the city council last night passed a by-law to prohibit the use of trading stamps after January, 1902.

TORONTO, Ont., Oct. 29.—The city council at a regular meeting last night voted to hold municipal nominations at 7.30 p. m. and to keep the polls open till 7 p. m. on election days in future.

Fred Lee Rice, the last of the Rutledge band of bank burglars, was placed on trial before Chief Justice Falconbridge in the assizes today on the charge of the murder of County Constable Boyd on June 4th last. Rutledge, the organizer of the band, it will be remembered, took his own life, and Jones Bird, a member, was killed in the affray in which the crime Rice has to answer for was committed. The grand jury yesterday returned a true bill in the case against Rice.

Manager McCaffrey, of the Dufferin, has on view at that hotel a number of photographs of certain of the fire swept districts at Sydney. The photographs were sent here by E. LeRoi Willis.