

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

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HANGED!

Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer Die on the Gallows.

The Fatal Trap Was Sprung at 11.54.

Mrs. Parsons Called Too Late to See Her Husband.

All of the Men Slept Fairly Well Last Night.

Every Precaution Against a Mob Taken at the Jail.

Soldiers and Policemen Ready to Defend the City.

Great Danger from the Funeral on Sunday.

Will the Authorities Not Bury the Bodies To-Day?

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The condemned Anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer executed their horrible crime on the gallows this morning. The fatal trap was sprung at 11.54. There was no disturbance. The condemned men marched to the gallows with firm and steady steps and met death as bravely as could be expected under the circumstances. Life was pronounced extinct and the bodies were cut down soon after 12 o'clock.

At midnight I went to the jail. The telephone toll rang sharply and the face of the man who listened to the small voice whistled as he received word that State Attorney Grinnell had been reported shot. He hurriedly told the rest and instantly scouts were sent to ascertain the truth. The office of the jail was rife with the mingling of many voices and the restless hurrying to and fro of messengers and busy reporters. Deputy sheriffs lolled back in easy chairs and beguiled the long hours with a cigar.

Within the jail proper all was quiet. Engel was asleep on his cot, moving from time to time. Fischer lay on his back with his eyes closed. Parsons lay with his head towards the door and chatted with the death watch. Spies lay in bed with his eyes staring straight upward, for sleep refused to visit them. He had ceased from writing and was deep in a current of thought. Each man had two deputies with him in his cell. Who can picture the pasting of the night which divided a condemned man from the gallows? The outward calm stifles nothing. Flesh and blood are limited in their capacity for suffering, but the spirit knows no such mercy of fate. When the nerves have been strained for

THE GALLOW.

some time to their utmost, the sense of pain vanishes and a dulness comes which by contrast is a pleasure. The man dying of cold soon ceases to shiver and fancies he is warm and comfortable. I have seen a poor victim of a boiler explosion, face, chest, arms and body stripped of skin as the hand may be stripped of a glove, and yet he lay smiling upon his cot declaring he felt no pain. But the mind—how that may be racked and scourged, with no respite to come; the tormented soul writhing, struggling, praying, shrieking, all in vain. No balm for that, no escape, no staying of the hand laid so heavily upon it; no stealing of an opiate calm to lessen the anxiety. How madly slow and yet how quick with the hours whose invisible fingers are pushing the murderer to the scaffold, the rope and the trap; the sleep; but remorseless clock swings its grim weight, whose every beat robs him of his measure store of remaining time. He counts the seconds: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—how long it takes to check off ten, and yet the ten have gone forever, forever—and yet another ten while the swift thought is passing tick-tack, tick-tack; tick-tack; the low sound breaks upon a coffin. He stops his ears with his fingers, but cannot shut out the sound, for now the heart trips to the same horrid measure and is recording its own steps. Death! Inevitable death! Death as sure as the sun shall rise, and death is ignominy upon a gibbet. No escape, no help, no mercy, no reprieve—nothing but to wait till the pleasure of the officers, and then, in perfect health, in strength and youth, best fitted to live and not at all fitted to die, to be bound hand and foot, to be robbed of the light of earth forever, to feel the stifling black cap crushingly cheating the length of their last gasp of God's free air, and then—

The chief terror of such a death is the knowledge of the hour it must come. To him who is doomed by disease the end is uncertain, elusive. Hope, the rainbow of life, spreads her gaudy promise upon the threshold of the grave. Then, when the end is surely at hand, the poor body is impoverished of its desire to live, the lamp is low, the intelligence feeble, the power of the mind to appreciate the grim visitor approaching is lessened, and by easy stages dear, kind nature leads the sufferer into unconsciousness, and then the way is painless and easy. But to know the hour and know it must come without fail; to know that no skill of a physician, no purchase of gold, no intercession of friends, no plea, argument, or trick of counsel, no exercise of strength, no right of a citizen or power of a government will stop between; and yet to feel the lusty vigor of manhood in each strong limb and the ties of health coursing through the veins, every faculty in open rebellion against the menace of death; to spread the arms in all the pride of strength and know that in so many hours and so many minutes, with nothing to interfere, is coming the summons which none may disobey! And then the past! How quick the memories throng to pay their last homage to their sovereign, the brain. Sweet and bitter, pain and pleasure, all that whisper of hope and ambition and love and home; all that can matter of despair and hatred and suffering. Come the crowding gray monks from their long-locked cells, messengers of What Has Been to what Is—Mortui Salutem! The life that has been spent arises from its grave and comes before the life yet lingering upon the threshold, and sadly shows all that she has garnered, all of sorrow and sin or pain or passion. And then the crime. How flashed that livid face from the solid darkness! How stare those dying eyes from the wall! And now the very air is icy with terror at that shriek of agony which none but the condemned wretch hears, may hear again and again. The deeds of the transgression for which he must die are passed in review; from the first to the final tragedy the grisly drama is enacted. Then the long trial, the whirl of contending hopes and fear, the heavy blow struck by the verdict, the half-consciousness of what the sentence means, the long delay, the revival of hope only to be dashed down again, the supreme appeal, the final decision and the awful certainty at last, with not a day between it and the hour appointed.

Now, what wonder that the tortured mind seek a pleasure in contemplating the agonies its own crime inflicted and in brutal wantonness repeats them again and again. How the murderer in his own hell of torments loves to recollect that he made flesh quiver and hearts ache and souls suffer all that hopelessness and despair have brought to himself. His fellow-man is now not a brother, a protector and friend, but an executioner, and he hates him.

THE DEMEANOR OF THE FOUR MEN. What of these thoughts passed through the minds of the four condemned? Keds only their God might know. Their demeanor was that of most criminals, cool, indifferent, or sullenly resigned. I have seen many criminals on their last night of life, and in but one, Mrs. Druce, have I seen much nervousness or apprehension, and much of that in her case was due, I think, to the mistaken kindness of a deputy, who gave her renewed hope that the Governor would pardon her. The mind dwelling long on one subject becomes dulled to it, like the often-struck key of a piano which finally becomes mute.

The death watches were guarding each. The cell doors were open and one of the watch was watching while the other paced his vigil without. Not a motion, not a sound eluded these keen-eyed sentinels appointed to see that the gallows is not cheated of its due.

Fischer and Engel slept most of the time. Spies wrote a while, then threw himself on his bed face down. Then he began chatting with his guard. He discussed calmly enough the Haymarket tragedy, and said the authorities and the police were alone to blame. He spoke of the visit made by the Rev. Mr. Bolton and laughed as he recalled his advice to the reverend gentlemen to go home and not bother himself with prayers in so useless a cause.

PARSONS SINGS "ANNIE LAURIE." Parsons was restless too, but outwardly calm. He sang "Annie Laurie" twice to his guard in a voice hardly above a whisper. He said he was willing to be immolated in the cause and had nothing to regret.

Spies tried to sleep. At 9 o'clock he got up and lighted a cigar, which he puffed in moody silence. Then he went back to bed and closed his eyes, but it was evident he did not sleep. Parsons slept a little, but at 10 o'clock he stirred uneasily and then rubbed his eyes, stared wonderingly at his death-watch as though he had forgotten, recollected himself with a start and composed himself again.

INTERESTING TO PSYCHOLOGISTS. These details are trifling, but of interest to the psychologist, who is thus able to see the state, physical and mental, of the condemned.

Certainly a nervous man would have much excuse for wakefulness in the hum of conversation and the bustle in the jailer's office, not thirty feet away, where deputies and reporters, messengers

and police, were chatting and working like a hive of bees, coming and going.

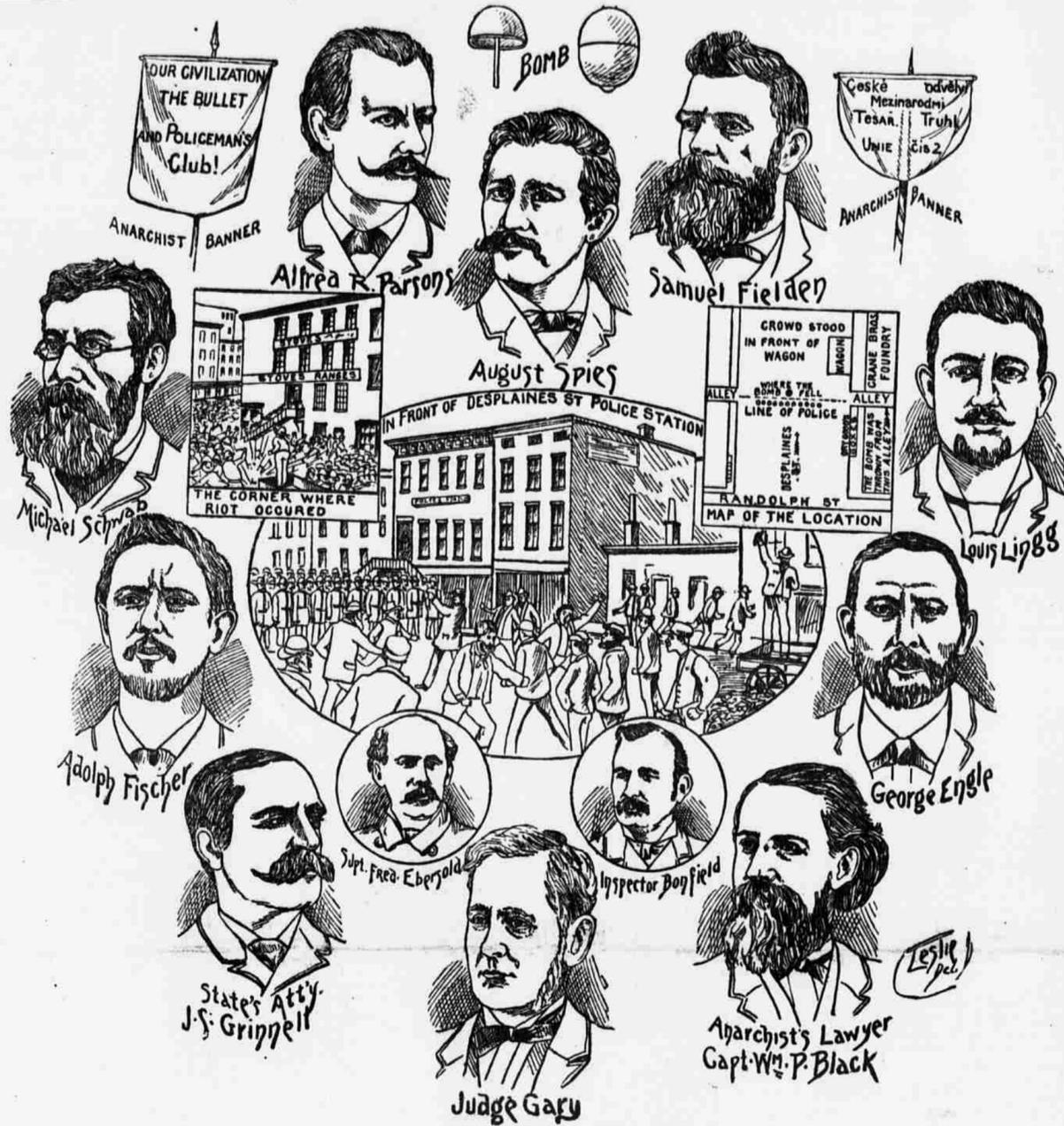
At 4.50 a deputy, who was watching for such trifles to tell me, called my attention to Engel's muttering in his sleep. The few words which were caught were those of endearment, as though his dreams were of once happy and long ago days before those troubles came.

ENGEL PROTESTS HIS INNOCENCE. Engel declared to-night that he was not at the Haymarket and knew nothing of the bomb's deadly work until the following day. This does not lessen Engel's guilt, however. He was foreman of the Arbeiter Zeitung. He had the revenge circular printed and he told the foreman of the press-room to hurry up for he wanted enough to distribute in time to collect the armed meeting at the Haymarket.

TELEGRAMS FOR SPIES AND PARSONS. At 5.10 A. M. the messenger brought two telegrams, one for Spies and one for Parsons. Sheriff Mason received and kept them until their owners' should awake.

Fischer was now awake and smoking a cigar. The others were asleep.

VIEWING LING'S BODY. A deputy now led me into the bathroom. There



on the pallet were the blankets and pillows saturated by Ling's blood and in a cheap wooden coffin with ice, lay the head mallefactor himself. The body was naked. It was symmetrical and had the lines of great strength. The work of the explosive was horribly clear in that upturned mass of raw flesh, with nothing human in it but two wildly staring eyes. The body will lie there until claimed for the grave with the others to-day.

Next the deputy led me through a labyrinth of narrow passages, occluded by wrought-iron doors, to the main hall of the prison, at the end of which stood the instrument of death. Its construction is simple, its frame gantt and slight, its color a dark red brown, as of long-dried mahogany. Two narrow trusses seven feet high are its support. They bear up a platform 10 feet long by 9 wide, the outer half of which swings down on hinges. This half is to be supported by a rope. Behind is a wooden screen, painted like the rest, and behind this is to be concealed the hangman. When the signal is given he will cut the rope and the trap will fall with its freight. The beam is a simple cross-piece on two stout uprights with braces at the ends.

Into the lower edge, two feet apart, are stout bolts of wrought iron, and the fatal ropes dangle from these. These are half-inch manila selected with great care. Two 100-pound bags have been attached to each and dropped several times to test their strength. These bags were still gripped by the nooses at 6.30.

A TERRIBLE NECESSITY. The apparatus to be used in this execution is called here the new scaffold, but three men have already suffered death upon it. There in the dim light it stood awaiting its prey, dark and grim—a terrible necessity, and yet an engine of public good.

SLEEPING THEIR LAST SLEEP. 8.30 A. M.—Darkness still reigns, and comparative silence has settled upon the jail. The condemned men are all asleep. Engel and Fischer are soundly so, as their stertorous breathing attests. Parsons stirs nervously from time to time, and Spies is so still that it is evident he is but dozing.

ALL CORNERS CHALLENGED. The court building adjoining is barricaded, and two officers with loaded muskets guard the iron door and challenge all comers. There are two companies of police on guard in and about the building. All are armed with musket and revolver, and all ready to use them if emergency arise.

PLAN OF THE CHICAGO JAIL. Within the visitors' cage and immediately in front of Spies's cell two little telegraph instruments have set up their brazen chatter, busily hurrying the bulletins East and West, North and South, the country over.

The telephone is buzzing every half minute. Anxious inquiries have poured in to know if Spies has confessed, if Engel has blown himself up, if Parsons has cut his throat, if the jail has been attacked; and one crank merely wished to know if the condemned men had been baptized. Several dispatches were brought at once by a small, vigorous boy, insisting that the Sheriff must not hang the men to-day at all.

READY FOR THE EXECUTION. The last touches have been given to the gallows, the sand bags have been removed and the nooses tested and found to be in running order. The trap is now set in position, and the axe to cut the rope is behind the screen. The procession of death will save to mount to the first gallery, which is on a level with a trap, and walk about 150 feet around the two angles, for the gallows is diagonally behind the cells the men now occupy. The removal of the prisoners on that side of the jail has already begun, one at a time and quietly. Engel is awake now, but the rest are sleeping.

Peering up at the sullen sky through the grated windows, Engel shrugged his shoulders and remarked: "It is too bad we cannot have good weather." The executioner has arrived and is going in to adjust the drop which will be four feet six inches.

1 o'clock.—The usual breakfast of beefsteak, toast and eggs arrived for the condemned men, and likewise for the prisoners on that side of the jail, a curiosity in its persistent recurrence, and custom seems really to demand that no other diet can possibly insure a good execution. The coffins are cheap and ample, pine stained to resemble rose-wood. There are neither plates nor ornamental screws or handles.

All the Anarchists are now awake and preparing for breakfast. The new suit which will be given each are withheld for the present, as they will not dress for an hour yet.

1.15.—The cordons of ropes has been drawn about the jail, beyond this space the sentinels, and still beyond officers are actively patrolling and preventing the gathering of a crowd. No one is admitted within this cordon except the uniformed messengers and those bearing passes from the Sheriff. Two hundred police-men armed with muskets are guarding the lines.

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An absent-minded fashion and Parsons este spent longly, chatting with the dead-watch meastion. Engel asks for more coffee and the others have emptied their cups. A deputy has hurried to get an additional supply.

PICKETS AND PATROL. The deputy sheriffs are being assigned to post in and about the building where they will remain until the execution is over. Police, armed with Winchester rifles, have been posted on the roof of this and adjoining buildings. The cordon extends one block from the jail in all directions and the pickets and patrols are yet a block further. The doomed Anarchists have finished their breakfast and are quietly chatting with their guards. Parsons has lighted a pipe and Engel an after-breakfast cigar. Spies is lying down. Parsons had ordered a dozen fried oysters for his breakfast, and ordered another dozen a few minutes ago, which stirring news a breathless deputy has just communicated in a hoarse whisper.

ENGEL'S LAST WRITTEN WORDS. Engel has just made this entry in his diary and shows it to a guard: "For Liberty and Right we made a good fight."

PARSONS GETS HIS OYSTERS. 8.30.—Parsons has just received his second order of fried oysters, and smiled cheerfully as he took them. Engel just now said: "It is too bad to hang us and let the gully rich men go unpunished. I am an Anarchist and I shall die game." Spies has begun to dress for his last journey. Fischer appears to be gloomy and refuses to stir or talk. The shrouds have been laid in the coffins. The executioner and his assistants are giving the gallows another test, trying the strength of the rope which supports the trap.

A deputy is now collecting the carols of invitation and making sure that no one not upon the Sheriff's list is within the prison. A letter has just come addressed: "Brothers Spies, Ling, Parsons and Karamand, Chicago Jail, Illinois," postmarked New York; another from Madison, Wis., is directed to "Condemned Anarchists, Prison, Chicago."

PARSONS CALLED FOR THE SHERIFF and gave him two letters, stamped, which he requested should be mailed. They were taken at once.

THE DEATH WARRANTS ARRIVE. 9.15.—The death warrants have just arrived and are in the hands of the Sheriff. The new suits of black clothing provided by the county for the condemned have just been taken in and they are busily arranging themselves. Spies has just had an outbreak: "Brothers Spies, Ling, Parsons and Karamand, Chicago Jail, Illinois," postmarked New York; another from Madison, Wis., is directed to "Condemned Anarchists, Prison, Chicago."

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