

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1887.

PRICE ONE CENT.

DEATH CRIES.

How the Four Anarchists Behaved On the Gallows.

"This is the Happiest Moment of Our Lives!"

Spies Shouted: "Hurrah for Anarchy."

Dreadful Moments While Waiting for the Trap.

Spies Died Hard, but the Others Struggled Very Little.

An Attempt Made to Shoot a Policeman.

Charge Upon a Crowd of Fifteen Hundred Persons.

As a Whole the Execution Was Well Managed.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.] CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The condemned Anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer expiated their horrible crime on the gallows this morning. The fatal trap was sprung at 11.54, corrected time. 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.

THE SCENE AT THE GALLOW. The scene at the gallows was strongly impressive. There were about two hundred witnesses to the tragedy and these were seated on long benches fronting the gibbet. Just behind this, but higher, was a large window, and through it shone the noonday sun, gliding the bars.

The roof of a wing of the jail was visible beyond, and a cluster of police was seen, their Winchesters giving an ominous gleam.

A long wait ensued. The witnesses were admitted at 10.55, and it was 11.50 when the little procession appeared. Spies was first, Fischer second, Engel third, Parsons last.

They were dressed already in their shrouds, calmly they walked to their places under the dangling ropes. Spies was marble white, but firm. Ever and anon he gulped down his strong emotion. Fischer stood stolidly erect and unmoved. Engel looked entirely willing and smiled. He turned to the Rev. Mr. Bolton, who stood behind him, and whispered to him laughingly. The reverend gentleman nodded, smiling back. Parsons was very nervous, and only by a tremendous effort kept himself in control.

There was a delay of several minutes while their feet were being pinioned, and then another in the deliberate adjusting of the ropes.

Spies' neck was first to receive the embrace of the hemp. Almost tenderly it was placed over his head. His white face grew perceptibly whiter, his lips were compressed and ashen, and shudders he could not repress passed through him from head to foot.

Slowly and carefully the hangman drew the knot. It was tight in its grasp upon the rope, and he had to use considerable force in slipping it down.

One, two, three, ten seconds of this dreadful ordeal before it reached his neck. Under the ear, Spies winced, and as he felt the cruel clasp at his throat sway slightly, and recovered himself by a mighty effort, and will. It was rough in its embrace, and he twisted his neck from right to left in a circular sweep to make it more comfortable.

Meantime Engel and Fischer stood calmly in their places, the former staring fixedly upward, the latter smilingly whispering to Mr. Bolton.

When the hangman had fitted Spies with the noose, he turned to Fischer and found the adjustment easier. Fischer inclined his head to receive the fatal stroke, then stood stolidly while it was being tightened. Engel accepted his with stolid indifference. Parsons shuddered when his turn came, but bit his lip until he had regained his self-possession. He, too, twisted his neck slightly as if to relieve it from the pressure.

The end was close at hand. The executioner placed the white cap over Spies and shut his last glimpse of earth away. Simultaneously the assistant drew the mask over Engel. It took but a few seconds to fasten the strings, and two misshapen dumplings stood in the place of what had been two men.

The faces of Fischer and Parsons were next hidden. While the caps were being adjusted on these there was a movement of Spies's cap, and in weak, but clear tones, he exclaimed: "My death is more powerful than my life."

The Engel exclaimed: "This is the happiest moment of my life." A moment later all the caps were adjusted. The executioner led the four forward. They stepped off firmly and stood erect.

Then Spies cried out: "Hurrah for Anarchy!" "Hurrah for Anarchy!" replied Fischer.

"This is the happiest moment of our lives," rejoined Engel.

The executioner took a careful survey of the awful group standing there like so many sacks of corn and slipped quietly behind the wooden screen.

DIED WITH THE SENTENCE UNFURNISHED. Parsons's lips moved: "Hear, O men of Amer-

ica," he exclaimed, in low, quivering tones, "and know that the will of the people!" The sentence was never finished. There was a dull blow as of a hammer falling upon hollow wood, a striking of the great trap upon its hinges, a lurch forward and downward of the four shapes, a drop and a sharp jerk which made the stout beam tremble.

The wages of sin had been paid in death. There was a clash of body against body and a swinging as of four pendulums, then the bodies of the murderers were still—still only for a moment, and then Spies's death struggle began. His convulsions were strong, rapid and continuous from head to feet. His arms strained at the muscles, his chest heaved and his legs were drawn up and down, up and down, like the working of some grotesque mechanical figure.

Engel's movements were not so many or violent, but the powerful frame refused to easily surrender its strength. Fischer's neck must have been dislocated with more violent shock to the brain, for, with a few feeble twitchings, he was at rest.

Parsons's struggles were slight, but continued at intervals for twelve minutes. LISTENING PHYSICIANS. The instant the drop fell the doctors pressed forward to listen to the heart and feel the pulse. Exactly why this is done I cannot understand. Medical science has investigated the phenomenon of hanging long ago, and there is nothing of value to be gained. Surely in the case of criminals upon the gibbet the doctor can do no good, and why they should be permitted to carry on their horrible proddings and listenings I cannot fathom.

They are present to certify to death and it would be sufficient to allow their approach say five minutes after the last movements have ceased. But to admit of their setting a dying man and gratifying curiosity during his agony is brutal, unnecessary and utterly without excuse, even in the name of science.

The moment the drop fell most of the witnesses involuntarily started to their feet. "Sit down, gentlemen," called a deputy, and he was obeyed. In twenty-four minutes all four were pronounced dead, and the Anarchists' murderous work had been punished.

After Mrs. Parsons's arrest the crowd surrounding the jail was less excited, and the sharp order to move on, backed up, when necessary, by the swing of a club, was effectual in preventing a gathering in force.

When I left the jail there were scarcely 300 persons gathered on Clark street, and these were quickly forced onward.

The execution was admirably planned and carried out. The death warrants were read in the cells, and there was no more delay at the scaffold than was necessary to adjust the apparatus.

Chicago may well be content with the solemn warning she has given to the apostles of destruction, and the manner of its administration was at once dignified and impressive.

It is reported that shortly after the drop fell an excited Anarchist made an attempt to shoot a policeman near the corner of Kinzie and Clark streets, a few blocks from the jail. He was quickly disarmed and hurried to prison. The police then charged and dispersed the mob, which was rapidly increasing.

STARTLING RUMOR ABOUT GRINWELL. At midnight I went to the jail. The telephone bell rang sharply and the face of the man who listened to the small voice whitened 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 him. 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 passing of the last night which divides a condemned man from the gallows? The outward calm signifies 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 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, fever, chest pain 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 anguish. How maddeningly slow and yet how cruelly swift the hours whose invisible fingers are

the slightest forever, to feel the stifling black cap envious, smothering the lungs of their last gasp of God's free air, and then—

The chief terror of such a death is in the knowledge of the hour it must come. To him who is doomed by disease the end is uncertain, sure, hope, the rainbow of life, spreads far and gandy 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 clear, 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 step between; and yet to feel the lusty vigor of manhood in each strong limb and the tide 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 part! How thick 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 mists from their long-looked eyes, messengers of What Has Been to what Is—Morturi Salmatama! 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 gained, all of sorrow and sin or pain or passion. And then the crime. How flashed that vivid face from the solid darkness! How stare those dying eyes 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 swirl of conflicting hope and fear, the heavy blow struck by the verdict, the dull half comprehension 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.

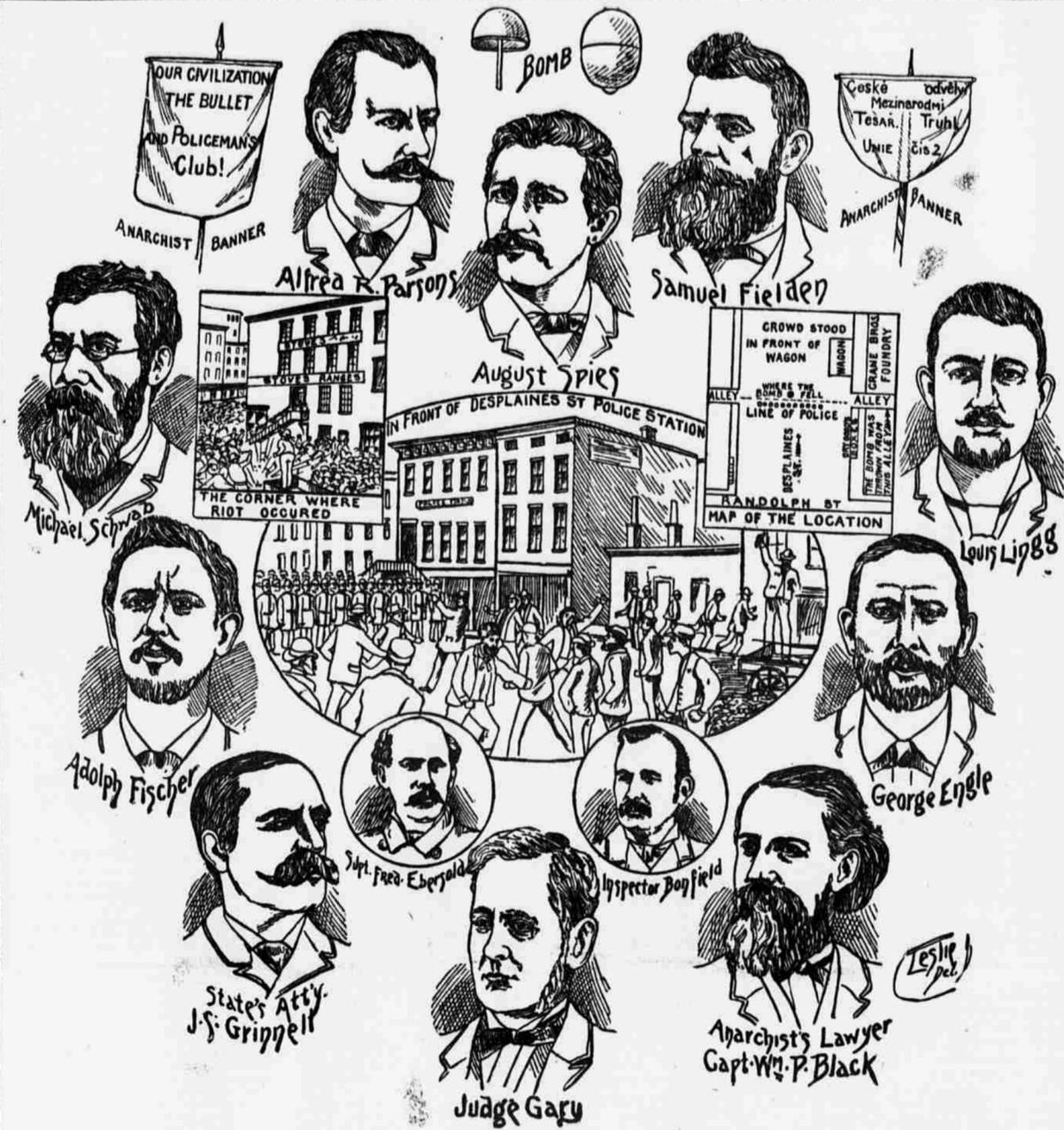
Now, what wonder that the tortured minds seek a pleasure in contemplating the agonies its own crime inflicted and in brutal wantonness repeats them again and again. How the murderer in his own hell of torments loves to recollect that he made flesh quiver and hearts ache and souls suffer all that hopelessness 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 DEMONSTRATION OF THE FOUR MEN. What of those thoughts passed through the minds of the four condemned? Reds 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 last one, Mrs. Dross, have I seen

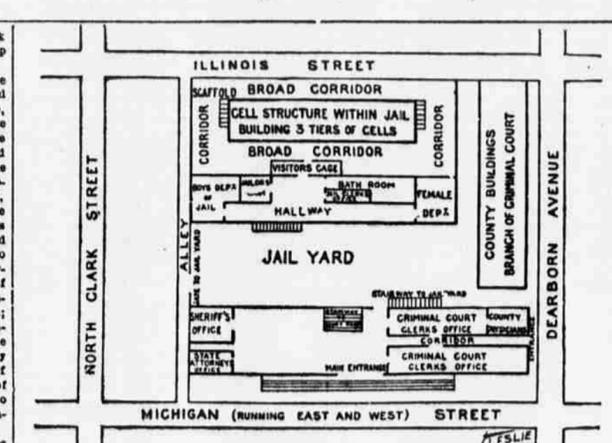
pushing the murderer to the scaffold, the rope and the trap; the sleepy but remorseless clock swings its grim weight, whose every beat robs him of its measure store of remaining time. He counts the seconds: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—how long it takes to check off ten, and yet 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 beats like a trip-hammer, like a knell, like the clods 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 measures 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 soundness, best fitted to live and not at all fitted to die, to be bound hand and foot, to be robbed of

the right to live forever, to feel the stifling black cap envious, smothering the lungs of their last gasp of God's free air, and then—

Parsons was restless too, but outwardly calm.



the slight to live forever, to feel the stifling black cap envious, smothering the lungs of their last gasp of God's free air, and then—



on the pallet were the blankets and pillows saturated by Lingg's blood and in a cheap wooden coffin with ice, lay the dead malefactor 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.

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.

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 6 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.

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.

TELERGRAMS FOR SPIES AND PARSONS. At 10.15 A. M. the messenger brought two telegrams, one for Spies and one for Parsons. Sheriff Matson received and kept them until their owners' should awake.

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

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

MURDERER'S ROW. These bags were still gripped by the nooses at 8.30.

THE GALLOW. 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 was restless too, but outwardly calm.

TO-MORROW, Saturday, November 12, will be the last day of the half-price sale for the balance of broken lots of high grade overcoats and suits for men and boys at Messrs. Vogel Brothers', Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street. *

Underhill, Stone & Cornell have the largest assortment of Men's and Boys' Fine Winter Overcoats and Suits in this city, 145-150 Broadway, corner Astor Place.

late at night that his wife had called too late to be admitted to take farewell, he shrugged his shoulders and made no reply.

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 cordons extend 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 arriving news a houseless deputy has just communicated in a hoarse whisper.

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

PARSONS GETS HIS OYSTERS. A 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 guilty rich men go unpunished. I am an Anarchist and I shall die game." Spies has begun to weep and refuses to stir or talk. The shrouds have been laid in the coffin. The executioner and his assistants are giving the gallows another look, trying the strength of the ropes which support the trap.

A deputy is now collecting the cards 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, Lingg, Parsons and Kaminard, Chicago Jail, Illinois," postmarked New York; another from Madison Wis., is directed to "Condemned Anarchists, Prison, Chicago."

9.05.—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 of nervous irritation. He requested to have a glass of Rhine wine and the Sheriff consented. A deputy was sent for it a few minutes ago. Spies has been impatiently peering up and down, and cried out just now: "Good God, is not that Rhine wine ever coming?"

AN EXCITED CROWD ARRIVES. 9.30.—Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Engel, Miss Spies and a body of Anarchist friends have been just turned away from the cordon, and are being followed by an excited and gathering crowd down the street. Mrs. Parsons is especially excited and is haranguing the crowd as she goes.

10.05.—The fatal hour has come. Followed by his deputies the Sheriff proceeds to the reading of the death warrants. One by one he reads to the doomed men the brief of the crime, trial, conviction and sentence.

The ordeal is more trying to him than them, and his face is white and his voice falters as he reads the last.

FISCHER GLAD TO DIE. 10.55 A. M.—Fischer has just made a little speech, in which he smilingly asserts that he is perfectly content and glad to die.

PARSONS BREAKING DOWN. 10.57.—Parsons has broken down very much during the last thirty minutes and is weakening so fast it is doubtful if he will be able to make the speech he has intended.

SINGING THE MARECHALLAIS. 10.58.—Engel and Fischer have just sung the "Marseillais." Spies has recovered his nerve and is discussing literature with his keeper. Parsons very nervous and breaking fast.

11.05.—Following close upon a telegraphic report from Springfield that Gov. Oglesby had decided once for all, the deputies commenced at 10.57 A. M. distributing tickets to reporters, who were to watch the march to the gallows.

11.10.—The execution will start in a few minutes. 11.15.—The supreme moment is at hand. The representatives of the press have been conducted to the north corridor and seated at the tables within a few feet of the gallows.

11.25.—Death warrant is now being read to the condemned men.

TO THE SCAFFOLD. Now the executioner and his assistants are pinning the men, drawing the arms behind and securing them at the elbow. The jury, deputies and correspondents have gathered in the hall of death. The procession comes—Spies, Engel, Fischer and Parsons last. Their faces are pale and their lips compressed, but they give no sign.

They pass upon the scaffold. Spies gives a quick glance upward and shudders as the rope swings against his cheek. Parsons is visibly controlling his emotion by a strong effort. Engel's eyes are rolling around as seeking some aid, but Fischer is calm, though ghastly pale.

11.35.—They have just adjusted the black cap over Spies.

11.40.—Sheriff shakes hands with Spies and bids him good-by.

11.45.—Putting white shroud on Engel. He looks pale and haggard.

11.50.—Heading warrant to Spies and putting shroud on Fischer.

11.55.—The Anarchists Spies, Parsons, Engel and Fischer are hanging.

12.00.—Fischer died hard.

12.05.—The pulses of all the men have just stopped beating.

MRS. PARSONS ARRESTED. Mrs. Parsons has been arrested and carried to the station-house in a patrol wagon, struggling and shrieking for help. This is a most wretched case, for the desperate woman was fast collecting a crowd, and as she is skilful in the oratory of her class, might easily have started a riot.

Considerable numbers of roughs are gathering on Clark and Kessie streets, but the police are keeping them in continuous motion.

EXCITEMENT IN THE STREETS. The moment the great crowd outside the jail knew that the drop had fallen the excitement was intense. Solemly as the occasion was, several men could not refrain from a cheer. The long suspense was over.

All the thoroughfares for blocks around the jail were impassable. Newspaper messages to and from the jail were blocked. The oppressive quiet and restlessness watch was so apparent during the long hours before the trap was sprung, gave way to uproar and the police were called upon to do their real work of the day. But every precaution has

Continued on Second Page.

Underhill, Stone & Cornell have the largest assortment of Men's and Boys' Fine Winter Overcoats and Suits in this city, 145-150 Broadway, corner Astor Place.