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Execution of Traupmann the Murderer in Paris—The Last Hours of the Condemned—The Toilette and March to the Scaffold—The Headman and His Machine—Three Motions and Three Noises.—Crisis in the Execution.

After the rejection of Traupmann's appeal it was understood that there would be but little delay in the execution, and thus it happened that every day crowds visited the Place de la Roquette in order to watch for the moment of execution.

It is a mistake that Traupmann knew of the rejection of his appeal. The discretion of those who guarded him had been most complete; and, beside, they were inspired by a sentiment of humanity to conceal the fact from him.

Traupmann was a good deal uneasy at not seeing for several days, neither M. Lachaud nor M. Bozerman, and wrote them several of his peculiar letters. Lachaud was absent, and the other, fearing that his embarrassment would betray him if he appeared before the condemned, or unwilling to deceive him, kept himself away from Roquette. Traupmann was told that he was out of town. This double absence seemed singular to the condemned, and furnished him matter for gloomy reflection.

On the 17th, they put on him a white shirt. "O!" said he, "they give me some decent linen. When must I appear in public?" The prison physician having questioned him upon his ailments, he replied: "I have never had anything serious all, but I believe I am now threatened with something very dangerous." And the condemned laughed in a nervous manner.

He seemed to take pleasure in reading from the walls the names of those who had occupied the cell before him. Otherwise, during his residence in the cell of the condemned, he was very calm, and he busied himself principally with discussions as to the necessity of his having time to reveal his accomplices. He ate with a good appetite, and he was grateful for the consideration which provided him chocolate for breakfast—a species of food for which he had a particular liking. He found that the kitchen of Roquette was better than that of the Conciergerie, where he said, everything was served up cold.

THE CROWD.
 The order of execution was issued on Monday evening, some cards for reserved places about the scaffold were distributed, and certain journalists were told to assemble at midnight at the Porte Saint Martin, where they would find M. Claude, chief of police, who would conduct them to Roquette.

The crowd that wished to see an execution did not lose its courage; it thinned out at night, but returned in the morning, knowing that the day of execution would seasonably reveal itself.

The Boulevard Prince Eugene which is the most frequented one leading to the Place de la Roquette was filled all the night by carriages and crowds of excursionists. The wine shops opened their doors long before morning, and these served to aid the people in passing away the time.

At the corner of the boulevard the crowd gathered and spread over the small space reserved for the public in front of the prison, and along the adjacent streets always keeping in sight the red posts of the guillotine and the sinister-looking knite.

The soldiers were in position at midnight. They commenced by forcing the crowd back so far as to leave an open space about the scaffold.

The traffic in positions was brisk. A speculator had rented a piece of waste ground which afforded a view of the place; he had leased portions of it to the amount of 250 francs, when he was driven away by the police.

The Place de la Roquette was never before so thoroughly filled.

THE PREPARATION.
 Immediately before the prison of the condemned there rose above the sea of human heads the sinister, horrible guillotine, and which was dimly revealed by the light of four lanterns. The crowds which constantly arrived upon the place, saluted the instrument with a murmur, which seemed to say: "At last!"

Upon the platform, by the light of the lanterns, some men worked, struck, nailed, sawed, and put in their place some joint, or some angle of the scaffold.

The pieces composing the scaffold were brought, before midnight, from the vast shed in the Rue des Folies Regault, where they are carefully reserved. They were brought in an immense wagon, drawn by two horses, and followed by a small closed vehicle.

In the latter is the basket to which the people have given the horrible name of the "sawdust basket."

The personnel of an execution is composed of one master carpenter, two assistants, four cartmen, one mechanician, two aids, and the headman.

The executioner of the higher branches, M. Heindeindreich, is a tall and hairy giant.

"A handsome man," remarked one in the crowd.

M. de Paris is 55 years of age; he has light hair, expressive eyes, a beautiful hand, and the foot of a woman. He is unmarried, a landed proprietor, and leads as unostentatious an existence as it is possible for one to imagine.

While his aids are putting the machine in order, he has entered the prison to sign the jail book, and to take, through anticipation, possession of the condemned, after which Monsieur de Paris rolls a cigarette, and drinks a large glass of milk.

The first aid, he who holds the head by its hair, and shows it to the people, is properly known as *Emile*. He stays at Belleville, and receives appointments to the amount of 1,500 francs.

The other who throws himself on the body and knees of the condemned, and who, after the execution, places the body in the basket, is called *Dauvot*. He is a little, old, old man. He is economical, and lives in the city with his wife, a mattress maker.

The knife weighs about 135 pounds, and having a fall of over 12 feet before it reaches the neck, it acquires a force equal to something more than 800 pounds.

Ten steps lead up to the platform. The executioner precedes his victim, places himself on his left, tips over the human body—which is now nearly always inert, leans a little forward, presses a button, and the heavy knife descends.

This is all.

But what is done in this instance develops infinite force, coolness, and energy. His position is not enviable. Leseure, in 1854, fought terrifically. He did not wish to die, and he bit the executioner like a wild beast.

Aviatin said to M. Heindeindreich: "They forewarned me that you were a splendid man, and they did not lie!"

Aviatin rolled himself up, and with his gigantic strength made a fight against death. He was held in position only by the exercise of great strength, and at the end of a long and severe struggle.

All of those condemned, without distinction, when upon the plank, and when tipped so that their neck will fall into the lunette, shrink away by a nervous and a frightful effort.

As the headman is at their left, they throw their head to the right, as if anxious to escape the view of the gleaming knite. It is then that the aid of Emile places the condemned in position, adjusts them, according to the technical expression, with an extraordinary vigor.

All this lasts no longer than the dropping of an eyelid.

At 2 o'clock the scaffold was finished. The executioner then ascended the platform, and glanced over the work with the eye of a master. He examined the mechanism closely, and tested the knife by letting the knife fall upon a bundle of straw. He wore an air of sadness.

THE TOILET.
 At 35 minutes past 6, Meurs, Claude and De la Roche d'Ossey entered the door of the prison, followed by Abbe Crozes and some other guests.

Traupmann, who had gone to bed without undressing at midnight, had passed an excellent night. He grew deadly pale when he recognized the chief of police *de Sarcet*, who said to him:

"Traupmann, your appeal has been rejected, as has your demand for pardon. The hour of execution has come."

The condemned did not reply by a single word.

"Now," said M. Claude, "do you comprehend the extent of your crime?"

"I was aided," he answered in a firm voice, "but I did not strike the blow."

Do you persist in saying you had accomplices?"

leathern straps; a knotted handkerchief fastened his knees, but permitted him to walk with short steps.

During these proceedings, M. Claude again asked:

"Do you still persist in saying you had accomplices?"

"Yes," replied Traupmann in a voice which, although firm, was lower. And then a mournful silence, during which was heard the click of the scissors as they removed the hair and shirt of the condemned, and the chaplain read the prayers of the passion to the man who was about to die, while the spectators, visibly affected listened with uncovered heads.

When the living head was arranged for death, they set out with slow steps for the grated door which faces the court.

THE EXECUTION.
 The cortege was preceded by M. Levy; then came M. Lombard, peace officer; and then M. Sourras, agent of State.

Next came Traupmann, led on the right and left by the aids, and supported by the executioner.

Behind came the chaplain and others.

Traupmann descended, with a step as firm as his tied condition would permit, the three steps of the vestibule of the prison.

"A handsome man," remarked one in the crowd.

He traversed the court and reached the great door. It swung open slowly—and he had just 18 seconds to live.

Those outside, as the door opened, discovered a group approaching from the vault. It was not yet light, and they could only see a white form surrounded by black shadows.

And then the pale figure of the condemned, detached itself from the group of shadows.

His first movement was that of all condemned. He raised his head and regarded the machine upon whose steps there played the reflection of the gaslight.

The gendarmes drew their swords, and a hush fell upon the crowd.

The group advanced to the prisoner, and the knife was carried. At the foot of the steps there is an instant's halt. Traupmann moves to the left. He embraces the chaplain; and it is more than a kiss, it is a straining embrace.

"Tell M. Claude that I persist!"

"Yes, yes, my friend," replies the worthy priest.

Then the group divides. The Abbe Crozes and M. Claude go away.

The executioner ascends the step slowly, and places himself to the left of the balanced plank. The condemned commences to mount.

His body is bent, and his head is thrown backward.

Touched by the cold morning air, the group advanced to the prisoner, and the knife was carried. At the foot of the steps there is an instant's halt. Traupmann moves to the left. He embraces the chaplain; and it is more than a kiss, it is a straining embrace.

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Use that which is Good!
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