

THE REVIEW!

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Execution of Traupmann the Murderer in Paris—The Last Hours of the Condemned—The Toilet and March to the Scaffold—The Headsman and His Machine—Three Motions and Three Noises—*Eccl. Fin!*
THE CONDEMNED.

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 or to watch for the moment of expiration.

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. Bozarian, 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 ail me, 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, every thing 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 reasonably reveal itself.

The Boulevard Prince Eugène 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 the red posts of the guillotine and the sinister-looking knife.

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.

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 Sures*, who said to him: "Traupmann, your appeal has been rejected, as has your demand for pardon. The hour of expiration 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 first voice, "but I did not strike the blow."

"Do you persist in saying you had accomplices?"

"Yes, I had accomplices."

"Do you wish to name them?"

"No," replied Traupmann, with firmness.

Then the executioner took off from him the strait-jacket, and reclad him in the dress he wore when arrested.

And then he was left alone a few minutes with the chaplain.

When his confession was made, he went out from his cell and was taken to the clerk's office.

The executioner proceeded the cor- tage, to receipt for the prisoner.

There was no contraction of his face

no agitation of his hands, as he

wrote under the following document, in a bold hand, "Hendendrech."

"January 8, 1870, received by the head-executioner, Traupmann, as per order procured general, dated January 18."

After this formality, he entered the record office. The hour was approaching—it was feared that they were ten minutes late.

Finally, Traupmann entered the place where he was to make his last toilet. He was seated upon a bed of straw, and the work proceeded.

The strait-jacket was taken off, and his hands were fastened together by

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 joist, or some angle of the scaffold.

The pieces composing the scaffold were brought, before midnight, from the vast shed in the Rue des Folies Regnault, where they are carefully preserved. They were brought in an immense wagon, drawn by two horses, and followed by a small closed carriage. In the latter is the basket to which the people have given the horrible name of the salad basket.

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

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

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 harsh fell upon the crowd.

The group advanced. The prisoner is sustained, but not 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 presist."

"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 flesh of his shoulders have taken a ruddy tint.

Upon the tenth step—there are twelve of them—Traupmann turns and says, in a loud voice:

"You can assure M. Claude that the revelations I have made were true."

As he reaches the platform, the executioner, with a rapid movement, removes the black garment which has been thrown over the back of the prisoner.

Then three movements and three noises.

There is a sudden push which lowers the *bascule*, and gives forth a sound of colliding wood.

Then, then the executioner takes two steps, and closes the demi-lune; one hears the dry sound of a bolt being shot in its socket.

Then, two seconds interval, perhaps three, and then, the dash of the descending knife, and a dull sound.

It is finished.

The sid, who holds up the head, throws it in the basket, and the body rolls into it at the same instant.

How a Man Punished his Son.

Last evening about 5 o'clock, an exciting scene was witnessed near the entrance to the harbor. A father had often forbidden his boy, about 9 years of age, from going upon the dock, fearful that the little one would by accident be drowned. Last evening upon returning home, he found that the boy had disobeyed his order, and was playing with other children near the river edge.

The father hastened to the spot, and somewhat excited, grasped the boy by the shoulders, and, despite his cries, tied the end of a rope about his waist and soured him in the cold water. As he was drawing the boy up the rope loosened, and the little fellow, still struggling to get the water out of his mouth, fell back and sank.

The excitement of the father was now most earnest. He fairly yelled in agony, and would have jumped into the river himself had not the bystanders anticipated his intention and prevented.

The boy came to the surface once and sank again, came up and was about to sink for the last time, when a brave sailor jumped from the dock and caught him by the hair.

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When the boy was taken up he was to all appearances lifeless, but the father clasped the inanimate form in his arms, hugged it close to his breast and kissed the wet lips over and over again, while the tears fairly flowed in streams down the man's cheeks, and his sobs could be heard by all.

Carrying the boy, and bestowing endearing caresses as he went along, to the nearest house, the little fellow was soon brought to his senses, and the delight of the parent knew no bounds.

He kissed and embraced the boy and the sailor and the physician over and over again, and when the boy was able to walk, still carried him in his arms to his home, alternately crying and laughing, so great was his joy. *Mitwuked*, Wisconsin, Jan. 27.

It is the intention of the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railroad Company, to put two lighting trains per day on that road, so soon as the connection is made with the Jeffersonville road. It is intended to run these through direct to Chicago in fourteen hours. This is as quick as the time made by any other route, and there will be no change of cars. This arrangement will also afford close connection with the Ohio and Mississippi Railway going East and West from Mitchell.

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Finally, Traupmann entered the place where he was to make his last toilet. He was seated upon a bed of straw, and the work proceeded.

The strait-jacket was taken off, and his hands were fastened together by

leather 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.

"At last!"

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

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

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

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!"

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