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ISSUE : [Issue 65](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1994/1/1

Song: The Execution of Carl Anderson written by Phil Penney, Glace Bay; tune as sung by John Neilie Brown, Dingwall
 Carl r • w~~ An- der- son who
 led a wild ca- reer He was a clev- er young man his y k'kfl'***'

'll friends at home re- late Brought hon- our fame and glo- ry to the U- nit- ed States Come all young men pay attention its quickly ye shall hear.

Concerning of Carl Anderson who had a bad career. He was a clever young man his friends at home relate, And brought honor fame and glory to the United States. Like other young men that leave their homes, his mother to him did say "Oh! Carl dear son you stay at home and do not go away. It wiU break your poor old mother's heart likewise your sisters three. And maybe never more again your loving face we'll see."

Now Bing he only laughed at her and this to her did say. "Now mother dear you need not fear I intend to stay." And to her breast her boy she pressed her heart was tom with grief, When he left home that day to roam in the land of the maple leaf. Its then that he travelled through the east and the west also. And likewise to Cape Breton where Atlantic breezes blow; It's little that he ever thought, leaving Berlin that day. For the murder of young Reihberg his life that he would pay. We're searching for local songs! Phil Penney, a miner fronn Glace Bay, wrote the song, "The Execu? tion of Carl Anderson," probably right after the hanging. The printed song, which sold for ten cents, car? ried the instructions that it was to be sung to the air of 'The Woods of Michigan.'" It was a song that not only sold well but was saved. Our request for the song turned up sev? eral copies. And nearly 60 years af? ter the event, John Neilie Brown sang it for us in his home in Ding? wall • singing from memory in a strong, authoritative voice. The tune offered here is taken from John Nel? lie's performance. The words here are as Penney printed them. Readers of Cape Breton's Magazine I will remember Phil Penney from Is? sue 42. There, his son Ray told us about his songs. Penney used to write about local events, serious and humorous. The year after Sloane was hanged, Penney com? posed the song "George Beckett's Lament," about the 1931 hanging of ' the man who killed the Glace Bay taxi driver Nick Marthos. That song, like the one above, entered the song repertoire and was sung in at least Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. Penney also wrote songs about the "Watford" ship? wreck, McSorley's horse, and "... the buck from East Bay." Cape Breton's Magazine continues to search for local songs and poems in all languages and from ail parts of Cape Breton • events in our lives captured in verse. It can be hangings or drownings or mar? riages or deaths. Please let us lcnw about the local song maker from your community. And PLEASE send copies of at least the words. Songwriter: Phil Penney Singer: John Neilie Brown His money it had long since fled, his friends they were but few. For two long nights he could not sleep, he knew not what to do. He called this young man up to his room and hit him on the head And then went through his pockets as he lay there on the bed. It was then he made a quick escape, but early next day was found He hired at a lumber camp and said his name was Brown, The pohce were quickly notified, and to get him did not fail And in a few hours after he was put in Sydney jail. Now the



day that he came up for trial the judge to him did say. "Young man, you are a stranger here, and what brought you this way?" "I am a bond salesman," he said, "and strange to one and aU, My name is Emmet Sloane I belong to Montreal." Now his lawyer tried to save his life and very hard did try. But the jury found him guilty which meant that he should die. And tuming to the prisoner the judge to him did say. "For this murder you shall hang young man on the 20th day of May." Now before his execution it's little did he fear. He laughed and talked to friends in jail who happened to be near. He wrote a farewell message and to his mother said, "Oh! mother I broke your poor old heart and to-morrow I'll be dead." "If we could only meet once more, how happy I would be. Like when I was a little child and sat upon your knee; To get just one more kiss from the lips that I adore Now farewell mother darhng I fear we'll meet no more." Now all young men take warning before it is too late And think about Carl Anderson that met such a sad fate. It's near the city of Sydney his body it does lay And may the Lord have mercy upon his soul on that great Judgment day! 82