

FREE SOCIALTY

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An Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty; that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

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WHOLE NO. 188.

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

A decade has passed since that dreary November day when we stood benumbed and hushed before the tragedy that had been enacted. Again the sad winds are sighing o'er the graves of our dead, and frost-tinted leaves are falling where bright flowers have bloomed the long summer through. The horror was new to us that day, eleven eventful years ago; we could scarcely comprehend the momentous significance of the event. Today our sorrow is so far removed that we can realize how deeply the long, tragical year and a half, wore into our souls. Not one of us who were near the condemned during those terrible days, when our hearts throbbed in unison with theirs, when we were thrilled and racked with anxiety and alternate hope and despair yet borne aloft by a high determination and devotion and upheld by the prisoners' calm courage, will ever again be what he was before the sad and bitter experience. Life has taken on a new and deeper meaning.

And what have we to reflect upon now after eleven years have rolled away? How much of what we hoped for and expected—what they hoped for and expected—has come to pass? Victory has not come and even yet we are much like the early followers of the Nazarene, "hiding in caves and keeping the light of our dead's honor close in our breasts." The "people"—the great people, do not revolt, and the power of the exploiters and rulers is as strong as ever. They have not been avenged and their "epitaphs cannot yet be written."

But there is hope. Progress cannot be stopped. To the enthusiastic lover of humanity the world moves too slowly, but it DOES move. The thought of freedom has entered more or less brightly into the minds of every worker. Then, but a few "far-seeing souls" here and there caught the gleam of dawning liberty; today, everywhere, the discontent, the sense of injustice, the possibility of better conditions, are stirring and swaying the masses. Like Olive Schreiner's woman on the desert, there is thrilling through their bodies the thought "Might I not rise?"

But it is well that we who love their memory and their cause, should pause whenever this day, the Eleventh of November, returns, to give them our dearest and best tribute; for until that cause is won, the world gives them but the place it gives the unsuccessful. It is ours to allow the nobility of their lives and the grandeur of their deaths never to be forgotten. Some day, their names will be written in letters of light where the gaze of an emancipated people will gladly gaze upon them. But today it behooves us to tell and retell their story, to recount their deeds, to recall the scenes of their last days. While we believe that every person is the result of conditions and environment and not to be unduly blamed or praised, there are traits and qualities that appeal to us and command our admiration. Men do that which makes them happiest—but we like or dislike the manner in which men seek their happiness. We love to dwell upon the nobleness of character, the ability, the devotion to principle, which actuated the conduct of each and all of the

comrades sentenced. And while the spirit of hate which brought about their deaths still prevails, while their names are maligned and their purposes so misunderstood, we cannot too deeply express our appreciation and loving memory of them.

We commemorate this day quietly, sorrowfully now. But it will not always be so. There will come a time when their graves will be visited with triumphant bursts of music, with the stateliness of victory, the solemn gladness of a people made forever free. The light is quietly, steadily stealing into every darkened, dust-smothered brain. We may scan the horizon in vain for the particular ray which shall guide our feet, but IT WILL COME.

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

IN MEMORIAM.



THE MONUMENT OF OUR MURDERED COMRADES AT WALDHEIM CEMETERY.

**MURDERED BY THE CAPITALISTIC STATE,
FRIDAY NOVEMBER ELEVENTH,
MDCCCLXXXVII.**

Their Last Words on the Scaffold.

**There will Come a Time When
Our Silence will be More Power-
ful than the Voices You Strangle
Today.—AUGUST SPIES.**

**Hurrah for Anarchy!—GEO.
ENGEL.**

**Hurrah for Anarchy! This is
the Happiest Moment of My Life!
—ADOLPH FISCHER.**

**Let the Voice of the People be
Heard! Oh— —ALBERT R.
PARSONS.**

**Freedom! Thy tyrant to kill thy braves,
Yet in our memory live the sleepers
And though doomed millions fill thy graves
Dug by death's fierce, red-handed reapers,
The world shall not forever bow
To things which mock man's best endeavor!
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,
When flowers wreath the sword forever!
'Tis coming! Yes, 'tis coming!**

RETROSPECTIVE.

Eleven long years have passed since that terrible, black autumn day that our heroic comrades laid down their precious lives as a sacrifice to those principles which we still struggle to maintain. To those most deeply interested in the great tragedy these have been years of varying change; bringing sorrow to some, joy to others. Death, the impartial destroyer has chosen his victims from the innocent and the guilty; partial justice has been done some of the living, while retribution, in the form of an avenging Nemesis, still slays his hand, and the slayers of innocence continue to go about their way in fancied security.

Several important events have transpired to mark the passing years, and these have affected directly the principal actors in the great tragedy. Fatally shocked by the verdict of the court which sentenced her innocent husband to a felon's cell for fifteen long years, Mrs. Neebe sickened, and died of a broken heart. This occurred in the fall of 1886, while the condemned men were still waiting, in the county jail, the execution of the court sentence.

Then followed little Lulu Parsons. The child was ailing even when, with her mother and little brother, she was locked up in the damp, filthy cell at the police station and stripped stark naked by orders of the brutal Shaack. This, it will be remembered, was at the very moment when her innocent heroic father was being strangled only half a dozen squares away by that law which is supposed to throw its protecting arms around the innocent and the helpless. There is no doubt that the fright and the awful terror of this inhuman treatment aggravated the disease which finally laid little Lulu in her grave. She was a lovely child; so beautiful that her photographs were eagerly sought after by well known artists of Chicago; wonderfully

bright in mind and amiable in disposition. This bright flower passed away from us in October, 1889.

Then after years of weary waiting we were all made glad by the release of Comrades Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, which occurred June 7, 1893. This manly, just act of Governor Altgeld will endure his memory to the progressive people of the world for all time to come. Comrades everywhere should secure a number of Governor Altgeld's "Reasons for Pardoning the Chicago Anarchists," which has been published in pamphlet form, and scatter them freely among their acquaintances.

Quite recently another victim of the great capitalist conspiracy—Michael Schwab—has succumbed to the dread disease fastened upon him during his long imprisonment in Joliet. Comrade Schwab was guilty of nothing more heinous than using his pen in defense of poor victims of capitalist oppression. Poor Schwab came out of prison a broken man—the best years of his life drained from him to satisfy the hate and venom of his persecutors. No wonder he was rendered impotent to continue the competitive struggle.

And now, fast following one another (as if one were lonesome in hell without the other to assist him in fresh deviltry) two of the principal characters on the side of the persecution have passed be-

the vengeance
same, perhaps to ou
these blood-hounds of ca
die peacefully. Only th
attendance upon the trial, and who were thor-
oughly conversant with the proceedings from first
to last can realize what a monster of iniquity was
this man Julius S. Grinnell. State's attorney, and
chief whipper-in during the trial, he was afterwards
made judge by the grateful capitalists whose inter-
ests he served so well. May his name be execrated
to the end of time is our fervent wish! Schaack,
Michael Schaack, the notorious police captain who
locked up and stripped naked in a cell at his sta-
tion the distracted wife, the little children and de-
voted friend of Albert R. Parsons at the moment
when, largely through his (Schaack's) lying machi-
nations the ropes were being placed around the
necks of our comrades—this great, bloated, beer
soaked thing in the shape of a man has also passed
out of the world's sight into the grave. May he rot
in peace!

DAY OF MARTYRDOM.

November Eleventh has introduced a new era. On
this day were born immortal souls marching on in the
hearts of the down-trodden to animate, inspire, and
encourage in the path of duty.

Early in the morning our comrades were awake.
Parsons ate fried oysters, and seemed to enjoy them.
While breakfasting he recited Marc Cook's beautiful
poem, entitled "Waiting," with smiling features.

"Tell me, O sounding sea, I pray,
Eternally undulating,
Where is the good ship that sailed away
Once on a long-gone summer's day—
Sailed and left me waiting?"

After a while spent in conversation, the question of
his funeral arising, he again drew upon his retentive
memory and expressed his inmost thoughts in these
beautiful lines:

"Come not to my grave with your mourning,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forbodings and fears;
When my lips are dumb
Do not come!

"Bring no long train of carriages,
No hearse crowned with waving plumes,
Which the gaunt glory of death illumines;
But with hands on my breast
Let me rest.

"Insult not my dust with your pity,
Ye who're left on this desolate shore,
Still to suffer and lose and deplore—
'Tis I should, as I do,
Pity you.

"For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches and strife,
The sadness and sorrow of life;
But the glory divine—
This is mine!

"Poor creatures! Afraid of the darkness,
Who groan at the anguish to come,
How silent I go to my home!
Cease your sorrowful bell:
I am well!"

Engel rose at 6 o'clock, having had a good, sound
night's rest. "I hope we have a nice day and have a
good time," he said, jokingly. "If another minister
comes let me see him. I hope I will do him more good
than he does me." George Engel, kind, tender-heart-
ed, reserved only to strangers; a cool, philosophical
thinker, needed no "consideration." The last words
written on the morning of his martyrdom were:

Fuer Freiheit und Recht
Wir kaempfen nicht schlecht.
For freedom and right
We made a good fight.

The Jenkins of the press report: "Beneath the outer
surface of the man there was more than even the closest
observers dreamt of. When his hand touched the
pen for the last time it did not tremble. Engel was a
painter, and had given the angular letters of the Teu-
tonic script quite an artistic flourish, signing beneath
them his name in a firm hand."

"Fischer," said one of the deputies, "is the jolliest
fellow of the lot. When I asked him last night what
was his last wish, he replied, sarcastically: 'A bottle
of champagne,' with the coolness and sangfroid of a
veteran. Fischer, the youngest of the four, talked
calmly of the situation, spoke tenderly and feelingly
of his wife and family, and with a shrug of his shoul-
ders said: 'It is far easier for me to die than for my
enemies to bear the burden of it.'"

ing attention to
eady, and with his usual
ing able his hand,
was perfectly
eated these lines:

"This hand is as steady
As when in the old days
It plucked the already
Ripe fruit from Life's tree—

The apples that weighted the boughs in the gold days
When blazed the great sun of promise for me.

"Yes, perfectly steady.
With no trace of trembling,
Though all is now ready.
This dainty glass here:

Pray, observe, there is nothing remotely resembling
The outward expression of commonplace fear."

The hour approached. Let us skip the details as
related by the crowd of reporters who were eagerly
watching for a symptom of weakness as the hawk does
for its prey. Not a muscle quivered as the death war-
rant was read. Not a cheek blanched as the mummery
of dressing them in white shrouds was performed.
Spies smiled disdainfully. Fischer looked scornfully
around. Engel stood as a soldier at "attention," and
during the reading "his firmly set mouth became mo-
bile, and a slight smile flitted over his face." Parson's
hand "played carelessly with his short, black mus-
tache."

"Yes, we are ready to go before a higher tribunal,"
said Spies, in clear unflinching tones. Their faces
were lit up as by inspiration. As they moved out from
their cells Parsons turned to the Jenkins of the press,
who were carefully scrutinizing every action, and said
sarcastically: "Won't you come inside?"

A minute later they stood upon the scaffold. Per-
mission had been refused to speak. The nooses were
quickly adjusted, the caps pulled down, and "an un-
usually hasty movement made for the traps." Then
from behind the hoods came these words:

Spies: "There will come a time when our silence
will be more powerful than the voices you strangle to-
day!"

Engel: "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer: "Hurrah for Anarchy! This is the happi-
est moment of my life!"

Parsons: "Will I be allowed to speak, O men of
America? Let me speak, Sheriff Matson! Let the
voice of the people be heard! O—" But the signal
had been given, and the officers of the State performed
their mission by strangling both speakers and speech.
"Here endeth the first lesson!"—The Alarm, Chica-
go, November 19, 1887.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MURDERED MEN.

I have been asked to write something for the exer-
cises to be held on the 11th of November, 1897, the
10th Anniversary of the execution of Parson, Spies,
Engel, and Fisher, in Chicago.

Upon a Memorial occasion of this character, in view
of such a request, I feel that it is proper that I should
give publicity to certain facts within my knowledge,
illustrating the personality and characteristics of
these men.

It is no part of my present purpose to enter into a
discussion of the justice or injustice of the trial; my
views on that subject are too well known to require
re-statement. Neither do I propose to speak of the
wisdom or the unwisdom of the action that was
taken. Upon that point also I have heretofore spoken,
and having seen no reason to change the views then
expressed, a re-statement of those views is not now
necessary.

On the morning of the rendition of the verdict in
the great case, which was tried in the summer of 1886,
immediately upon the return of the prisoners to the
jail, I visited them there. I shall never forget the
bearing of the men as a body. Not a face was
blanched, not an eye quailed, not a hand trembled.
Towering above his companions, the very type of an
old time Norseman, his blue eyes showing a lofty
courage with nothing of hardness in their glance,
Adolph Fischer said to me, with a smile that lighted
up his entire face, these words:

"I am not surprised at the verdict, Captain. In the
condition of public feeling they could not do other-
wise, and I do not blame the jury one bit. And for
my part I do not care a particle if they take me out of
here and hang me tomorrow. I am ready to die for
the cause of the people."

The words were spoken with the utmost simplicity
and the whole expression of his countenance showed
exaltation of spirit that made the matter of witness-

ing no death for the cause which he had at heart
not only a matter without terror to him, but an event
of gladness. The only regret that he ever expressed
was for his wife and his babes. As I heard him and
watched his face I felt that there was that in the man
which was beyond the reach of malice, above the vio-
lence of opposition, superior to all the vindictive forces
of the law.

Because of our inability to speak readily the same
tongue, my personal converse with Lingg was exceed-
ingly limited. He always smiled at the thought of an
adverse result to the trial, always expected such a
result, seeming to regard the death sentence as a fore-
gone conclusion in his own case, and to glory in the
prospect of thus attesting his loyalty to the cause
which he had espoused. His will was indomitable,
his spirit mocked at adversities.

Of a totally different type was George Engel. He
was the oldest man in the group by many years. A
storekeeper by occupation, I always wondered how it
was that Engel had come to walk in paths where his
feet became snared. With him I could only speak a
few broken words; but those were sufficient to advise
me of his steadfast and unflinching conviction of the
rightness of his position, and of the necessity of his
meeting death for the sake of his convictions. It was
hard on him; harder I have thought than upon any
of the others. I never think of him but the picture
rises before my mind of George Engel and his little
wife, upon whom also had fallen the frosts of many
winters, as they would sit for hours upon the opposite
sides of the iron grating of the jail in loving conversa-
tion, quiet and self-restrained, as the weeks and
months wore on between the verdict and the execu-
tion. The scene was always to me of infinite pathos.
But, as much as in the case of any other in the group,
the conviction forced itself upon my mind that Engel
was what he was from very necessity of his nature
and his environments; and that he did what he did
under an absolute persuasion that what he did was
right, and was a necessity of the situation in which he
found himself. I do not think any man could associ-
ate intimately with him and not reach the assurance
of his absolute sincerity in all that he did and said.

When, on a memorial occasion like this, I recall
August Spies, there is one action upon his part, that
comes to my mind, which impressed me as peculiarly
typical of the man himself. His letter to Governor
Oglesby was characteristic. In that letter he said in
effect, that he realized fully that the popular senti-
ment of the hour demanded somewhat in the nature
of retribution for the loss of life at the Haymarket;
that while he and his companions were free from in-
tentional responsibility for that historic occurrence
(which made shipwreck of the movement in which
they were then engaged, and to which they were then
devoting their very energy) yet he knew that some
sacrifice must be made to this overwhelming public
demand. And he proposed to Governor Oglesby to
be himself the sacrifice of the hour, pleading with the
governor that his associates in the trial and judgment
should receive executive clemency. Of course the
plea was unavailing; but none the less this position
taken by this man was one to throw a strong side-light
upon his character and motives, and upon the perso-
nality of the man.

I have already written concerning Albert Parsons
what has seemed to me to be the most noteworthy
incident of the last days of his life. Whenever he is
thought of in connection with this Anniversary it
seems to me most just and fitting that the incident
which I will here repeat should be commemorated.

When the appeal for executive clemency was pend-
ing before Governor Oglesby and when it was known
that only his favorable action stood between any of the
seven men condemned to execution, and the extreme
penalty of the law, it was sought by their friends gen-
erally to do everything possible to secure favorable
executive action. I knew personally that there were
a great many people who, while upholding the general
features of the judgment, yet felt that it was inex-
pressibly dreadful that this extreme penalty should be
inflicted upon Parsons, in view of his coming volun-
tarily to the bar of the court. It was said by many
that even by a Drum Head Court Martial the death
sentence was never inflicted upon an enemy who
voluntarily surrendered himself, coming from a retreat
of safety to place his sword in the hand of the victor.
I was personally advised that special effort would be
made to secure the commutation of Parson's sentence,
owing to the peculiar circumstances of his case, and of
course I was very anxious to save out of the wreck
whatever life was possible.

But we found an unexpected obstacle in the matter of the attitude taken by Parsons himself as to any appeal in his behalf to the governor. He positively refused to sign in any form a petition for the exercise of executive clemency, which, under the constitution and the statutes of the State of Illinois, is prescribed as a condition of the exercise of the pardoning power. It became apparent very early, from the tone of the press and in various other ways, that unless Parsons would petition for himself nothing would be done in his case, but his attitude would be accepted as an excuse for charging to his own folly what else might be considered an act of inexcusable public brutality. Knowing the peril in which he was placing himself, I went personally to Parsons on the Tuesday before the 11th of November, and told him that I was going to Springfield with a deputation that night to have a public audience with the governor the following day in support of our application for exercise of clemency. I had a very long talk with him, the last of many preceding conversations of like purport, urging him to sign a petition which I had prepared to be presented to the governor in his behalf.

I told Parsons, in the course of our conversation, that his refusal to sign any petition was likely to be regarded, by those who held that his punishment was merited and was demanded for the welfare of society, but who might be disposed, because of his personal conduct, to favor interposition in his behalf, as an evidence of perverseness upon his part, and that thus the effort would be made to change the result against himself. I urged him, for the sake of his wife and his babes, to sign the petition. I told him that I believed Governor Oglesby was favorably disposed in his case; and that I thought in justice to the governor he should at least sign the petition, so that Governor Oglesby might have that technical compliance with the law which was likely to be exacted by the public sentiment of the hour. I told Parsons plainly that I believed if he refused to sign any petition of any character the chances were that he would be executed; while on the other hand I felt assured that if I could lay a properly phrased petition before the executive, public opinion would justify Governor Oglesby in commuting his sentence. I went still further and urged upon him, and this was the argument which seemed to impress him most, that from his own standpoint it was the one act that was certainly needed in order to complete his indictment against the system of law and order which was condemning him to death; that at least he should leave no legal excuse for the refusal to extend clemency to him. He listened patiently to all I said, and quietly replied in substance to me thus:

"Captain, I know that you are right. I know that if I should sign this application for pardon my sentence would be commuted. No longer ago than last Sunday night Melville E. Stone, the editor of the Daily News, spent nearly two hours in my cell, urging me to sign a petition, and assuring me that if I would do so I should have his influence and the influence of his paper in favor of the commutation of my sentence; and I know that that means that my sentence would be commuted. But I will not do it. My mind is firmly and irrevocably made up, and I beg you to urge me no further upon the subject. I am an innocent man—innovent of this offence of which I have been found guilty by the jury, and the world knows my innocence. If I am to be executed at all it is because I am an Anarchist, not because I am a murderer; it is because of what I have taught and spoken and written in the past, and not because of the throwing of the Haymarket bomb. I can afford to be hung for the sake of the ideas I hold and the cause I have espoused if the people of the State of Illinois can afford to hang an innocent man who voluntarily placed himself in their power."

I paused for a while, at a loss what to say, I know that my face showed something of the pain that I felt, for suddenly, a softened expression coming over his face, Parsons added words like these:

"I will tell you, Captain, what is the real secret of my position, but in confidence. I do not want anything said about it until after the 11th. I have a hope—mark you, it is a very faint hope—but yet I do hope, that my attitude in reference to this matter may result in the saving of these other boys—Lingg, Engel, Fischer and Spies,—Fielden and Schwab have already signed a petition for clemency, and their lives are safe. But the public are determined to have victims. And if I should now separate myself from Lingg, Engel, and Fischer, and sign a petition upon which the governor could commute my sentence, I know that it would

mean absolute doom to the others—that Lingg, Engel, and Fischer would inevitably be hung. So I have determined to make their cause and their fate my own. I know the chances are 999 in 1,000 that I will swing with them; that there isn't one chance in a thousand of my saving them, but if they can be saved at all it is by my standing with them, so that whatever action is taken in my case with equal propriety be taken in theirs. I will not, therefore, do anything that will separate me from them. I expect that the result will be that I will hang with them, but I am ready."

I could make no reply to such an argument—I never tried to. I knew that what Parsons said was true. I knew that if anything in the world could save the three who, like himself, had refused to apply for executive clemency, it would be the fact that Parsons would stand with them and share their fate. I knew too, that the chances were that they would all perish together, but as against a man calmly facing death, and putting his determination upon such exalted grounds of self-sacrifice and of faithfulness to the obligation of comradeship, I had no reply to make. I took him by the hand, looked into his face, and said to him: "Your action is worthy of you!" and came away.

It fell out as I had anticipated. When Gov. Oglesby's attention was called to the particular circumstances of Parsons' self-surrender, and to the evidence showing that he had absolutely no knowledge whatever of any violence arranged for or contemplated at the Haymarket meeting, and consequently no participation in nor legal responsibility for that act, under the theretofore established rules of law, the governor asked if Parsons had signed a petition as required by the law. I knew what that meant; and when, on Thursday morning, I had my last interview with Parsons and his companions, occupying but a few minutes in each case (for I went again to Springfield Thursday night, and was with Gov. Oglesby Friday morning, urging a vain plea for a reprieve of thirty days, upon trustworthy assurance from New York, communicated to the governor, that if such a reprieve were granted the bomb-thrower would be produced, and it would be shown that he was a stranger to the accused, and that they had no complicity in nor responsibility for that act) I mentioned to Parsons the question of Gov. Oglesby, accompanying it with the suggestion that even yet if he would sign a petition, I believed we could save his life; (but I had no heart to press upon him that he should do violence to the noble purpose he had framed); and when he said to me, as quietly and simply as he could have spoken in reference to some matter of no consequence: "I can't do it, Captain; I am ready for whatever may come!" I only shook his hand and turned away.

Of such make were these men as I learned to know them in the months intervening their arrest and their execution. I have such an opinion of our human nature; such a conviction of the tendency of public sentiment, when rightly informed, to reach an equilibrium upon the plane of justice; such a persuasion of the prevailing tendency to men to a worthy appreciation of noble and self-sacrificing endeavor in other men, however mistaken in their views and methods may be deemed; that I have always thought that if these men could be known by others as I knew them, those who came thus to know them would understand why my whole heart was in the struggle for their deliverance. And therefore have I written these things.—W. P. Black's letter for November 11, 1897.

WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN.

November 11, 1887! Sad are the memories that cluster around that date, a date that to the great mass of the people means nothing; alas! this is the saddest thought of all. But this great world over, in every land where live rebels to oppression in all forms are held on each anniversary memorial services in honor of the men who died on the scaffold and of those who went to prison. Sometimes in crowded halls to listening thousands, again in small and modest rooms to a quiet few or more often in the recesses of the heart are services held, no matter where, the flowers of poetry of thought, of eloquence and beauty are laid on the altar of those who died at Chicago, November 11, 1887. Warm are the words from loving lips, but the dead cannot hear them, and the hearts that bled for the suffering of their fellows are dust. No words, no tears, no agony of friends will ever move them more. How could these thoughts be endured if the cruel murder of our comrades did not call for something besides

tears and regrets, if their life and death does not inspire us with a higher courage and make each and every one the uncompromising foe of the State. Then the hope that sustained "our martyrs" to the very last, was vain. That hope was that the seed sown by themselves and others would find fertile soil in the hearts of the people, that the cause for which they gave up life would daily gain recruits and workers. Had they felt that the ideal of liberty would perish with them, does any one believe they could have stood upon the scaffold and uttered such splendid words to encourage the living? The most precious memory we have of our Chicago comrades is that in the face of death, they gave unflinching testimony of the faith that was in them. Those last words breathe no hatred of their murderer's. Only fidelity to the principle that had become a part of themselves. On the brink of the grave, with no hope of Christian's reward or fear of orthodox hell, fearless and true to the very last they uttered words like these. "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices you strangle today."

Well spoken, Spies, with the hangman's cord about your neck. In the hush of that silence the fires of the revolution, you foretold, are brewing. Eloquent silence, stealing into human hearts and lighting the fires of insurrection. The words of the martyrs echo in the ears of men long after their funeral pyre has crumbled.

Brave, sensitive Parsons, that last passionate protest on the scaffold, that appeal strangled by the hangman's rope, "Let the voice of the people be heard," strengthens the resolve of every rebel in the world that the voice of the people shall be heard. Individually and collectively men will "dare and dare and again dare" as did Danton, till that right is in the possession of the people.

In George Engel's last cheer, "Hurrah for Anarchy" sounds the high courage of the man. Were there more of Engels' stamps among workmen, not so many Lattimers would disgrace our civilization. Engel's spirit is also shown in his last letter to the governor. When asserting he had only used his constitutional rights, that of free speech and free assembly, and succored his fellow citizens with his advice, he was not conscious of having violated any laws of the United States, "therefore the powers that be may murder me, but they cannot legally punish me. I renounce mercy and demand either liberty or death."

Adolph Fischer in his letter to the governor says: "I am no murderer, therefore cannot apologize for an action of which I know I am innocent. And should I ask mercy for my principles, which I honestly believe to be true and noble? No, I am no hypocrite, and have no excuses to offer for being an Anarchist, because the experiences of the past 18 months have only strengthened my convictions. The question is, Am I responsible for the death of the policemen at the Haymarket? And I say, no. Unless you assert every Abolitionist could have been held responsible for the deed of John Brown. So I say, society may hang a few disciples of progress who have disinterestedly served the cause of toil, of humanity, but their blood will work miracles in bringing about the downfall of modern society, and hastening the birth of a new era of civilization." The latter sentence accounts for what might seem strange in Fischer's last words on the gallows: "This is the happiest moment of my life." So earnest, so hopeful was he in the cause, that he was glad to give even life if that would but hasten the long promised day.

Louis Lingg who died by his own hand was the equal if not the peer in courage of his fellows. In proof of this I will quote from Lingg's letter of November 1, 1887 to Gov. Oglesby in which he says: "Referring to the inalienable rights of men, I have called upon the disinherited and oppressed masses to oppose the force of their oppressors—exercised by armed enforcement of infamous laws enacted in the interest of capital—with force in order to attain a dignified and manly existence, by securing the full return of their labor." Stilled forever is the lion-hearted Lingg, and the armed enforcement of infamous laws abides with us still. But not always will labor weep unavailing over her dead; some day through the silence of life's gloom the echo of those words will rouse the heart of men. And not till that day comes can workmen hope to attain "a dignified and manly existence."

And now I will speak of those who escaped the scaffold. Fielden, Schwab and Neebe, who were pardoned after six years of imprisonment by Gov. Altgeld. That was somewhat of a miracle. Another such governor may not be elected for a thousand years. Neebe had been sentenced for 15 years. The death sentence of Fielden and Schwab was not commuted by Gov. Oglesby till the very last. Pompous authority must have its tint of torture as well as blood. But for all the dreadful uncertainty the two men bore themselves bravely, and it can be truly said that the bitterness of death was theirs when they saw their comrades led out to die. We will not linger on that last scene, as the condemned bid them good bye and wished each a "long and happy life."

Poor Schwab, gentle and gifted, has already gone to the "windowless palace of death." And the other two are as happy as the bitter memory of cruelty and injustice will allow.

And now comrades! You who are dead, and you who are alive, for the eleventh time your comrades greet you. We have not forgotten. KATE AUSTIN.

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Anarchy.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal: absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Commemoration Day, 1898.

Keep the memory of their noble deeds green in your hearts.

As Dyer D. Lum said to me on that memorable Eleventh of November, "This is New Year's day."

Their silence is growing more powerful, year by year. Have courage, comrades! The day will surely come when their hushed voices will stir to noble action the heralds of a New Day.

"We are the birds of the coming storm!" thundered Spies before the congregational ministers. And all the joys of that pious assemblage mistook the prophecy for a threat, and later applauded the sentence of the court which doomed such a "dangerous" man to the scaffold.

Let the fact be known to the world, that the city of Chicago was saved from destruction only by the intervention of the men awaiting death. They repaid persecution, treachery, imprisonment, torture and murder by forbearance and mercy. Let our silence speak, was the thought of one and all.

The warning cry of Comrade Parsons to the workers to "Arm, arm yourselves!" is bearing good fruit. Time was when strikers, armed only with sticks and stones, proved easy prey to well-armed Pinkertons and deputies. When a fight ensued the killed and wounded were found all on one side—among the workers. But the miners of Bull Hill, Colorado, were armed with winchesters, good revolvers and dynamite; they fortified themselves strongly behind well built stockades, and awaited the onslaught of the hired tools of plutocracy with calmness; the coal miners of Virgen, Illinois, were also armed, and in the fracas the other day killed and wounded were not all on their side. And now mark the result. At Bull Hill negotiations were carried on between the opposing parties according to the established rules of war; prisoners were exchanged as between armies, and in the final settlement the miners were guaranteed against arrest and molestation. In the Virgen case the armed miners win the respect and sympathy of the public; the governor of the State interferes in their behalf, and the State troops prevent the importation of scab laborers. Every one respects manliness, courage and independence. Only willing, docile, servile slaves are held in contempt.

W. H.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRS.

BY ONE WHO KNEW THEM WELL.

AUGUST SPIES.

August Theodore Vincent Spies, at the time of his arrest in Chicago for complicity in the Haymarket trouble, managing editor of the Chicago Arbeiter-Zeitung, a Socialist daily paper, was born December 10, 1855, in one of the old feudal castles of Central Germany. His father was a forester, one of those in charge of the estate. This castle, which was a picturesque ruin at this time, had been one of the robbers' strongholds from which the rough barons of the middle ages had descended to levy tribute upon the poor peasants and artizans in the neighborhood. August's early life was spent upon this estate, and his education was carefully looked after, as his father intended him for a career in the forestry branch of the government service. When August was seventeen years of age his father died and the boy came to America. He resided a year in New York, then went to Chicago where he became a

sional visits to different parts of the country, he remained to the time of his death. The first time he attended a Socialist meeting was in 1875, when the "Workingmen's Party of Illinois" was organized, and he immediately became interested in Socialism. Every piece of literature upon the subject that he could procure, whether for or against Socialism, was eagerly read by the young student, his knowledge of German and French languages giving him especial advantages in the study of social science. In this way a large number of books passed through his hands: Buckle's "History of Civilization," Marx's "Capital," and Morgan's "Ancient Society" having the most marked influence upon his mind. In 1877 he became a member of the Socialist Labor Party, but two years later, partly owing to dissensions in the ranks of the organization and partly because of the stupendous frauds and the display of force by the paid tools of capitalism, by which the radical working people of Chicago were practically disfranchised, August became disgusted with politics, left the S. L. P. and joined the "International Working People's Association" which at that time was beginning to assert itself in Chicago. A year later—in 1880—he was elected managing editor and business manager of the Arbeiter-Zeitung, and by his strenuous exertions and intelligent direction the paper was soon placed in a comparatively prosperous condition, and wielded a great deal of influence. At the time of his arrest, Comrade Spies was an active member of a German Group as well as of the American Group of the "International," and was frequently called upon to address large audiences of working people both in and out of the city.

In personal appearance our comrade was strikingly handsome. Of medium height, sturdy but not corpulent, very erect in carriage (he was for several years an active member of the Chicago Turn-Verein and therefore a trained athlete) his prominent, lofty forehead, firm mouth and chin and his general air of superior intelligence characterized him as a leader among men. And a leader he certainly was, as intensely hated by the political boodlers whose shady deeds he had so often denounced in the Arbeiter-Zeitung, as he was respected and loved by his friends.

ALBERT R. PARSONS.

An American of Americans was our comrade Albert R. Parsons. His ancestors were among the best blood of early New England. One of them on the maternal side fought with George Washington at the battles of Brandywine, Monmouth and Valley Forge. Major General Samuel Parsons, his direct ancestor, was an officer of the Revolutionary War, while another of his ancestors, Jonathan Parsons, is often alluded to as America's patron saint. It was in his honor that the people of this country were typified abroad in the personality of "Brother Jonathan," that term at the present time being oftener used in speaking of the United States than the later adopted "Uncle Sam," the use of which is confined almost exclusively to this country.

The subject of our sketch was born in Montgomery, Ala., in June, 1848. At the early age of five years he was left an orphan and was taken into the family of an elder brother, who was married and was then living at Tylor, Texas. Shortly after this, his guardian moved to the Texas frontier, where young Albert was given ample opportunity to develop his love of outdoor life and adventure. In 1857 he was apprenticed to learn the printer's trade. When the war of the rebellion broke out, our comrade, though but 13 years of age, joined a local volunteer company and went into active service. He served as "powder monkey" for the cannoners in an artillery company commanded by his brother, and afterwards became a member of the renowned McNolly Scouts, who were under the command of another brother, Major General W. H. Parsons. At the close of the war Albert resumed his trade of type setting. In 1868 he founded and edited a weekly newspaper, The Spectator, and went into politics, becoming an ardent republican. Such a position at that time was necessarily associated with considerable excitement and danger. Our comrade soon became known as a champion of the freed negroes, and was hated and ostracized accordingly. During the next few years he filled several important political and journalistic engagements, and finally went to Chicago in 1874, where he became a member of the Typographical Union and worked at his trade. Parson's attention was soon seriously attracted to the labor question, and he was thus brought into contact with Socialists and their writings, and at once became deeply interested. In 1875 he became a member of the Socialist Labor Party and soon became known as

an agitator of more than ordinary ability. During the great railroad strike of 1877 our comrade actively voiced the prevailing feeling of discontent, and became one of the principal speakers in the interests of labor. Because of his activity and boldness, he was discharged from the employ of the Times and put on the blacklist. From that time until the night of the Haymarket attack, Comrade Parsons took an active and leading part in the work of radical propaganda. For reasons similar to those which influenced Comrade Spies, he also withdrew from the S. L. P. in 1880, and joined the I. W. P. A. Up to this time he had frequently been nominated by the Socialist party to fill important offices, and was several times elected delegate to important labor and political gatherings. On the first of October, 1884, the International founded in Chicago The Alarm, a weekly Anarchist Revolutionary paper, and Comrade Parsons was elected to the position of editor, which position he held until the suppression of the paper on the day following the Haymarket tragedy. During the three years immediately preceding the memorable 4th of May, 1886, Comrade Parsons was a constant speaker and most earnest worker in the agitation carried on by the I. W. P. A. Meetings were held every Sunday, when the weather permitted, on the vacant ground at the lake front, and another agitation meeting was held every Wednesday evening at the hall on West Lake St. Unless absent from the city on an agitation trip Comrade Parsons was in constant attendance at these meetings, and his wonderful eloquence and impressive manners contributed largely to the success of the movement.

Comrade Albert R. Parsons was a born agitator and orator. On the stump or platform he was perfectly at home, and his impressive bearing and passionate earnestness never failed to carry conviction to his hearers. He was brave even to rashness; if space allowed many stories of his daring and coolness in danger might be narrated. Small and wiry, yet elegant in form, with fine regular features and piercing black eyes, he was a man to command attention in any society, or on any occasion.

ADOLPH FISCHER.

Of a totally different type and temperament from the two already mentioned was our Comrade Fischer. Tall and angular in form, with large bones and prominent features, his appearance denoted him a man of action. Seldom do we see a man possessing such quiet, reserved strength. He was like a stone wall, commanding respect and admiration by his very presence. One felt that like Hugo's hero, Jean Valjean, he also would, if necessary, bare his arm and apply the red hot iron to demonstrate his strength of will and purpose.

Adolph Fischer was born in Bremen, Germany, in the year 1860. When fifteen years of age he came to America, and learned the printing business. For some time he lived in St. Louis, where he became a member of the German Typographical Union. There he also married, the result being three children, one girl and two boys, who were living with their mother in Chicago at the time of Adolph's death. Comrade Fischer was familiar with the doctrines of Socialism from his early youth, his father having been a man of most progressive tendencies. The father and son frequently went together to Socialist meetings in Bremen, and young Adolph soon found his whole being wrapped up in the contemplation of social phenomena. Being a natural rebel against all forms of coercion he easily took up with the doctrines of Anarchism, and became one of the most active and devoted members of the International soon after his removal to Chicago, which took place in 1883. At the time of his arrest Comrade Fischer was foreman of the composing room at the Arbeiter-Zeitung office. Whatever misgivings others might feel as to the future, Comrade Fischer never for a moment swerved from the path he had marked out for himself. He was a revolutionist, stern, uncompromising and fearless. He expected and desired to lose his life in the cause of human emancipation, and had little patience with measures looking to the mere amelioration of the working people's condition. The present system must be destroyed, root and branch, and in his opinion all means to that heroic end were justifiable. Had Comrade Fischer lived under other circumstances he would have become a renowned leader. As it was, it was his greatest happiness to die in defense of those principles which he in life so dearly loved.

GEORGE ENGEL.

George Engel was born in the city of Cassel, Germany, in the year 1836. He was the oldest of the four men who died on the scaffold for advocating Anarchy

and revolution. His father, a mason and bricklayer, died while George was yet an infant, and the poor mother with four small children struggled in bitter poverty for several years, when she too succumbed to the hardships of her condition, and at the age of twelve years our comrade was left a friendless orphan. When fourteen years old he apprenticed himself to a master painter, who taught him his trade and gave him a home during his apprenticeship. He worked as a journeyman painter in many cities of Germany, and in 1868 contracted a matrimonial engagement. In 1873 he came to America, and for a time lived in Philadelphia, where his attention was first seriously drawn to the labor problem. The following year found him a resident of Chicago, where he obtained employment in a wagon factory. One of the workmen was a Socialist, and from him our comrade took his first lessons in that philosophy which afterward became to him a religion.

When the Socialist Labor Party was organized in Chicago, in 1878, Comrade Engel became an active member, and only left that organization when through ballot box stuffing and other frauds upheld by the authorities, it was demonstrated to him and thousands of others that under the present wage system the ballot box was a delusion and a snare. In 1882 he joined a group of the I. W. P. A. and became in theory an ardent revolutionary Anarchist. On the evening of the Haymarket meeting where the bomb was thrown—May 4, 1886—Comrade Engel was at home playing cards, yet he was arrested, and suffered the supreme penalty of the law, not for crime, because he was never proven guilty of a criminal offense, but because he was an Anarchist and a member of a revolutionary group.

Comrade Engel was a solidly built, broad shouldered, powerful looking man, with a preponderance of the vital and lymphatic temperaments. Although he was neither a finished orator nor a ready writer he was one of the most active members of the International in Chicago, and gave freely of his time and means to assist in the work of propaganda. That he was regarded by the capitalistic conspirators as especially "dangerous" is shown by the fact that although he was never connected with the bomb throwing, he was yet singled out as a victim for the gallows.

LOUIS LINGG.

Unfortunately the writer has little data at hand from which to compile even a brief sketch of the gallant young hero, Louis Lingg. At the time of his arrest our comrade was but little known to any of his fellow victims. He was a young German, born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1864, and was consequently about twenty-three years of age at the time of his death, a carpenter by trade and a most active and devoted member of one of the revolutionary groups of the I. W. P. A. That he was an ardent revolutionist, a believer in the propaganda by deed, and an advocate of physical force he never denied. In fact he himself declared in his celebrated speech before Judge Gary that he made bombs and would have used them had opportunity offered. He could speak little or no English when arrested, but during the eighteen months of his confinement in Cook county jail, he made considerable progress in our language.

Lingg was one of the handsomest men the writer has ever met. His well shaped head crowned with a wealth of curly chestnut hair; fine blue eyes; his peach and white complexion and straight, regular features, made him a fit model for a Greek god, while his athletic form and general activity showed him to be possessed of an abundance of physical vigor and health. The general supposition, even among radicals, is that Comrade Lingg committed suicide to escape the gallows. This is not true. Lingg gloried (like Comrade Fischer) in the prospect of dying for the cause he loved. If he took his own life it was from different motives than this. That he did not commit suicide, but was foully murdered in his cell by the paid agents is most likely; and indeed there is abundant evidence to show that such was actually the case.

Of the survivors, who spent nearly eight years of torture in the Illinois penitentiary, and were finally liberated by John P. Altgeld, then governor of Illinois, little need be said. Comrade Michael Schwab recently died in Chicago, of consumption, which disease he contracted during his long period of incarceration—one more victim charged to capitalistic hate and injustice. Samuel Fielden, the brawny Englishman, is now with his wife and children pursuing the peaceful

occupation of a farmer in Southern Colorado. Comrade Fielden was also one of the active field workers and orators of the old time, and was therefore considered "dangerous" by the rulers and moneybags. Oscar Neebe, who was sentenced to State's prison for fifteen years, went into the saloon business on his liberation, and afterwards left Chicago. His present whereabouts is to the writer unknown.

FROM THE SPEECHES.

Verbal Evidence of the Motives of our Martyred Comrades.

The following extracts from the speeches of our comrades in court will give the readers of Free Society some idea of the greatness of heart, the loftiness of purpose and the sublime devotion of the men condemned to death for advocating the cause of the world's oppressed. These Speeches were delivered before Judge Gary, October 7, 8 and 9, 1886. To those who were so fortunate as to hear them they form one of the most dramatic episodes of that tremendous conspiracy which will be known in future history as THE FARCE OF TRIAL AND JUDICIAL MURDER OF THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS.

I reply, the prosecution has not established our legal guilt, notwithstanding the purchased and perjured testimony of some and notwithstanding the originality of the proceedings during the trial. And as long as this has not been done, and you pronounce the sentence of the appointed vigilance committee acting as a jury, I say that you, the alleged servants and high priests of the law, are the real and only law breakers, and in this case you go to the extent of murder. It is well that the people should know this. And when I speak of the people I do not mean the few co-conspirators of Grinnell, the noble patricians who are murderers of those whom they please to oppress. Those citizens may constitute the State. They may control the State. They may have their Grinnells, Bonfields, and their hirelings. No, when I speak of the people, I mean the great mass of working beasts, who unfortunately are not yet conscious of the rascalities that are perpetrated in the name of the people—in their name.—August Spies.

I am a Socialist, your Honor, I am one; one of those who, although myself a wage slave, holds that it is wrong, wrong to myself, wrong to my neighbor, and unjust to my fellow men for me to undertake to make my escape from wage slavery by becoming a master and an owner of slaves myself. I refuse to do it. Had I chosen this path in life I would be upon an avenue of the city of Chicago today, surrounded in my beautiful home with luxury and ease and a happy family. But I chose the other road, and instead of that I stand here today upon the scaffold. This is my crime. Before high Heaven this and this alone is my crime.—Albert R. Parsons.

When we witness the existing condition of things, when we see little children huddling around the factory gates—the poor little things whose bones are not yet hard—when we see them clutched from the hearthstone, taken from the family altar and carried to the bastiles of labor, and their little bones ground up into gold-dust to bedeck the form of some aristocratic Jezebel, then it stirs the manhood in us and we speak out. We plead for the little ones. We plead for the helpless. We plead for the oppressed. We seek redress for those who are wronged. We seek knowledge and intelligence for the ignorant. We seek liberty for the slaves. We seek the welfare of every human being.—A. R. Parsons.

I feel that I will be sentenced to death because I am an Anarchist, and not because I am a murderer. I have never been a murderer. I have never committed a crime in my life; but I know a certain man who is on the way to become a murderer, an assassin, and that man is Grinnell—State's Attorney Grinnell—because he brought men on the witness stand whom he knew would swear falsely; and I publicly denounce Mr. Grinnell as being a mur-

* He again resides in Chicago.

derer and an assassin, if I should be executed.—Adolph Fischer.

What are the crimes of which I am accused? What did I desire beyond the machines, and that the technical perfections of the age should be used in the interests of all the people? As truly as the air, and the water, and the fire are common property, so the inventions of scientific men should be the common property of all the people.—George Engel.

Anarchy is called disorder! Anarchy is opposition against the order of things which does not allow a man to live a life that is worth living. I declare once more here openly with all my powers, with all my mind, I must combat such disorder and such a scoundrelly act.—Louis Lingg.

Anarchy as defined by us is called an idle dream, but that dream was called by God a divine blessing. One of the three great German poets and a celebrated German critic of the last century have also defined it. Anarchy is a dream, but only in the present. It will be realized, for reason will grow in spite of all obstacles. Who is the man that has the cheek to tell us that human development has already reached its culminating point? I know our ideal will not be accomplished this year or next; but I know it will be accomplished as soon as possible—some day in the future.—Michael Schwab.

Today, as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy light the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to bathe my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellow men as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty and injustice. The Nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend; it will repent of it. But as I have said before, if it will do any good I freely give up my self up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence above the mountains of iniquity, wrong and corruption, I hope the sun of righteousness, truth and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light an emancipated world.—Samuel Fielden.

THE TRIAL A FARCE.

The 11th of November is here again, and the lovers of liberty will congregate in many lands to renew their devotion to the noble cause which the Eleventh of November typifies—the cause of human freedom. It has been eleven years since the tragedy occurred which consecrated this day. Eleven years is a long time in our rushing age! So much can be learned, so much forgotten. The child of 11 then, is now the young man and young woman of 22, reading, thinking and investigating. Tens of thousands of these young people have only the vaguest conception of the meaning of the 11th of November. Many of them believe that it is only some kind of a celebration among "cranks," and, therefore, is of no interest to anyone else. To convince these, that the trial of our comrades was a farce, their conviction a travesty, even upon capitalistic justice, is the purpose of this article.

Our comrades were tried by a packed jury and a prejudiced judge. Their execution was simply the anathema of capital upon labor; viz., they were put to death, not because they had committed murder, but because of their devotion to the interests of the working classes. For this reason alone, they brought upon themselves the hatred of the capitalistic class, who demanded their lives, and would be appeased with nothing less, law or no law! This class prates about "law and order," but when it suits their convenience they trample every vestige of law, order and human rights under their feet, and deprive men of their liberty or lives with as little concern as a hardened barbarian. If one questions or assails their vested "rights," they need not strike them down with bomb or dagger. They simply pack the jury and instruct the judge, and their will is done, and it is all according to "law and order." As a confirmation of this fact it is only necessary to refer to the recent so-called trial in the case of the "Chicago anarchists" which will be completed in the words of the court:

June 4, 1886 the grand jury's indictment was rendered. "The indictment, containing sixty-nine counts, charges the eight defendants now before the court with being jointly guilty of killing Mathias J. Deagan on May 4, 1886: first with a bomb, second with a revolver, third with an unknown weapon; then with having been present and aiding, and then, without being present, having aided and advised an unknown person in the killing of Deagan: first with a bomb, second with a revolver, third with an unknown instrument. Seriatim each of the defendants is charged with a series of counts with killing Deagan: first with a revolver, second with a bomb, third with an unknown weapon, the other defendants being present, aiding, etc., and in another series with not being present, but having aided, advised, etc., the commission of the crime."—Court Record, pp. 2.

Such was the maze and jumble which the defendants had to stand trial for their lives!

On June 20, 1886, Oscar Neebe, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, Samuel Fielden, George Engel, Louis Lingg and August Spies were arraigned in the Cook county court, charged with the murder of one Mathias J. Deagan, in the Haymarket Square on May 4, 1886, as per indictment of said grand jury, above quoted. In the afternoon of the same day (June 20) Albert R. Parsons surrendered himself to be tried with his comrades. On August 21, the jury brought in a verdict of death for seven, and a sentence of Neebe to State's prison for 15 years. Gov. Oglesby commuted the sentences of Schwab and Fielden to prison for life, and Gov. Altgeld released them all three six years later.

So that it is of our five comrades who sleep in the silent mound in this State we will speak.

What of the judge and jury who tried them and sent them to their untimely graves? Let the record of the court answer.

The constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois, both declare that any person charged with crime is entitled to be tried by an impartial jury. Now what of the jury which tried our comrades? Here is a sample. "James H. Walker said that he had formed an opinion on the question of the guilt or innocence of the defendants of the murder of Deagan, before he still entertained and had expressed his opinion. Asked as to whether this opinion would influence his verdict, he replied: 'Well, I am willing to admit that my opinion would handicap my judgment, possibly. I feel that I could be governed by the testimony.'

"Then you believe now that you could listen to the testimony and any other proof that might be introduced, and the charge of the court, and decide upon that alone, uninfluenced, unprejudiced and unbiased by the opinion you now have?"

"No, I don't say that."

"That is what I asked you."

"I said I would be handicapped."

"He also said he had prejudices against Socialists, Anarchists and Communists. The court, interrupting, 'but do you believe that you can fairly and impartially render a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence in the case?'"

"I shall try to do it, sir."

"The court, interrupting: 'But do you believe that you can fairly and impartially make up your mind from the evidence, whether that evidence shows that they are guilty beyond a reasonable doubt or not?'"

"I think I could, but I should feel nevertheless that I was handicapped in my judgment, sir."

"The court: 'Well, that is a sufficient qualification for a juror in the case. Of course, the more a man feels that he is handicapped, the more he will be guarded against it.'"—Court Record, pp. 361.

How could any other verdict have been rendered under such rulings? Why, the more one felt that he was handicapped by prejudice the more "impartial" he was, according to Gary's ruling.

Of the 12 jurors who tried the case nine admitted that they were prejudiced; had formed and expressed opinions, but they had to be accepted by the defense, because the court ruled that that fact did not disqualify them! Is it any wonder that such a jury should reach a verdict in three hours, sending seven men to the gallows and one to prison for fifteen years? Justice simply abdicates at the demand of capital.

This is the language of the bailiff who had charge of the talesmen: "I am managing this case about. Those fellows will hang, York, then went to summoning such men as

challenges, they will have to take such a jury as is satisfactory to the State"—Record, pp. 392.

Here is a sample of the language, used by the judge, in the impaneling of the jury, when the defense objected to the method of examination adopted by the State. The Court: "I know, or the court judicially, what are the objects of Communists, Socialists and Anarchists. You must presume that I know because it has been decided for a man to say that he is prejudiced against horse thieves is no ground for imputing to him any misconduct as a juror. Now you must assume that I know either that Anarchists, Socialists and Communists are worthy, a praiseworthy class of people, having worthy objects, or else I cannot say that a prejudice against them is wrong."—pp. 400.

Here was a suggestion by the court that he knew, judicially (of course he did not, but he so stated it), what were the objects of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists, and then by way of illustrating that he did know, he mentioned prejudice against horse thieves. The expression of the court was exactly equivalent to saying: I know the purpose of Anarchists, Socialists and Communists—that they are as pernicious and unjustifiable as the vocation of horse thieves; and therefore a juror's prejudice against this class, even though he admits that it is such that he could not render a fair verdict where one of them is involved, is not a disqualifying prejudice. But why dwell longer upon the records of this so-called trial? The whole 800 pages are black with the infamy of this conspiracy of capital, to silence those who dared expose its wrongs.

The foul deed was done! Our comrades sleep the sleep which knows no awakening, but the grand cause for which they died is not asleep nor dead; it is the live, inspiring issue of every land and clime where the ray of civilization has penetrated. It is the moving inspiration of our age, the only question worth struggling for, the question of how to lift humanity from poverty and despair. This question is the swelling tide of our age. It is useless for the ruling class to stand on the shore of discontent and attempt to force this tide back to its depths of poverty, for it swells up from the hearts of the people. And though they should erect gallows along all the highways and byways, build prisons and increase armies, the tide will continue to rise until it overwhelms them in a world-wide revolution. This is the lesson of history.

As to our comrades the future is theirs. Children, yet unborn, will come to bless their names when enjoying the liberty they died to secure.

If our comrades could speak to us from their mound among the beautiful trees of the Waldheim cemetery, I believe—knowing them as I did—their message to us would be, "Close up your ranks; stand firm; cease your bickering; face the enemy; educate the people and move in solid columns toward the foe—the exploiting class."

Let us be of good cheer; the world will grow to know the worth of our martyred dead as we know it now. When we of today have passed away, and time—the real historian—has done her work, and fraud, falsehood and deception have passed into the realms of forgetfulness, the names of our comrades will stand out boldly as the first martyrs who fell in the struggle for Labor's emancipation from wage slavery on American soil. When liberty, real liberty shall come to baptize the world in her glory, the names of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Lingg and Engel will shine resplendent from her crown, and these she will regard as the most precious among her diadems. LUCY E. PARSONS.

WHAT IS ANARCHY?

Anarchy, a word used by rulers and the privileged classes of people in society, to frighten the balance of the people, so that they may not know the meaning of the term Anarchy. It is a word used to create reproach and prejudice and terror against any doctrine or teaching that exhibits the rottenness of the economic conditions of a people. It is a word used by political teachers to conjure up dire calamity to the whole of society, in order to scare and intimidate electors in voting as they indicate, so they yell with one accord, "Anarchists!"

In the present impending struggle of the two political parties, this word "Anarchist" is frequently hurled at the heads of those who advocate free coinage of silver, in order to develop reproach and fear in the minds of the people against the doctrine.

The general meaning of the word Anarchy, given by rule and people in power, is a state of society filled

with disorder and destruction of property and life, neither of these being secure in a state of Anarchy.

If property is being destroyed and life taken by others than the regularly instituted authorities call this Anarchy, meaning without legal authority.

Listen! To destroy property and to destroy life is the work of legalized authority and is not called Anarchy, but government; however, if destruction of life or property occurs in a riot, or in a strike, or by a mob of enraged men, this is termed Anarchy, and government, a term synonymous with the accepted meaning of Anarchy, is used to put a check to such destruction of life and property, by destroying life and property through legalized authority. "What fools we mortals be!"

Listen to me, Anarchy is a form or state of society conduct, born but not yet realized, not yet formed in its totality. It is the final form or state of society evolved through archy (government) in which archy is eliminated and Anarchy is born a free child.

Remember, Society, previous to the birth of this free child, Anarchy, is distinct from government; in other words, society in all the past ages to the present, has ordained, consecrated, honored and privileged a portion of its members above the rest and has called these members kings, czars, emperors, princes, nobles, lords, presidents, senators, governors, legislators, ambassadors; and society set apart, for the use of these classes, another portion of society, naming them from generals on down to soldiers, navies, militia, police, with judges, jurors, jailors, executioners, a profession termed law, and tax collectors, all this portion of society constitute the machinery of government—is government.

Remember, a society which has eliminated all this machinery, classes of people, which is now carried as a burden to society itself, is Anarchy; a society without rulers; a society without master and slave; a society without lawmakers, consequently, no privileged classes; a society without war or implements of war, consequently peace reigns between nations; a society without lawyers, consequently no courts or jails or criminals or feuds among neighbors; a society freed from all curses that have given a blight to all former people; finally, a people free in society, this is Anarchy.

Now, I ask, what dread or fear or condemnation or attempt to destroy can any one have for the advent of such a state of society conduct? There can be no fear only that given by teachers, for they constantly cry out "Great is goddess Diana," so as to continue a lease of satanic reign.

The question naturally follows: Is such a state of society possible? It is not only possible, it is as certain to be realized as does the light of day appear after the night has passed away.

Its coming is as apparent as is the coming of the morning sun before it is seen above the horizon as it heralds its approach by infallible signs, so the coming or elimination from society of its rulers, its privileged classes and non-productive members, is heralded by the infallible signs seen in all history where a blow has been given against invasion and tyranny. Therefore all that class of people set apart and above the balance of society, either through physical force, or through false teachings which have deluded the people as to the necessity of their being ruled, they have constantly warned the ruled portion of society against all innovations, against all rebels, against all teachers who have suggested the overthrow of government, or the elimination of non-productive members of society. Therefore the rulers, the privileged classes of people, have given death to the rebels only by using the ruled people as tools to carry forward the work of death and destruction.

Observe: the privileged classes, and the rulers, have put to death myriads and myriads of people and destroyed property beyond measure to estimate, and in so doing they have performed the acts, they have said and say Anarchists do.

Out of their own mouths is their own self-condemnation! How false! How delusive! How cunning! How powerful! And how long they have deceived the people that they might prolong their unhallowed power, as rulers and privileged peoples of the earth.

Their sentence to doom has come; the scales, though so long attached by deceptive teachings, are falling from the eyes of the ruled and enslaved and long suffering people. The people are to see, clearly and more clearly, that they have lived a delusion and a lie, and that they can live in society in peace, plenty and happiness without rulers, without laws creating privileged

classes and without property titles existing by fact of law. It is to be seen that the existence of rulers and privileged classes in society is the cause of the want of peace, want of plenty and want of happiness for the whole people. It is to be seen that the existence of rulers and privileged classes in society, is the cause of the enslavement of that portion of society distinct from the ruler and privileged and nonproductive classes which develops all the misery and woes that afflict all people in civilized countries; finally, the existence in society of rulers and privileged classes is the cause which has given every revolution the world ever experienced up to the present day, and the elimination of the rulers and the privileged classes is the work of Anarchists.

This elimination began when the first revolt was made against restrictive influences; it began when the first effort was made by the slave to free himself from conscious oppression; this elimination began when the first blow for liberty was made; this elimination will continue till liberty is the common heritage of every man, woman and child on the face of the earth.

It is seen, then, that they who are forced to break the chains which bind to servitude and misery are Anarchists. In so far as they are successful, they are in that proportion making ready for the complete birth of the child of freedom—Anarchy.

When the ruled and unprivileged people of society see the enemy that destroys the worth of an earth life for the masses by having the means of life and its opportunities usurped by the ruled and privileged people, a swift whirlwind of power is given to the whole rotten fabric of rulership and privilege. A glad shout of salvation is then heard, as the satanic power (man's selfish nature) goes down in the revolution and human power (man's nobler conduct) comes up to shed rays of "peace on earth and good will to men" forever, as long as mortals dwell on the earth.

Who is there that does not desire such a state of society called Anarchy, meaning without rulers? If there be such, all they must do is to perpetuate present institutions called Church, called State and continue the teachings given today in the higher schools of learning; continue to divide the people into political parties and cast ballots which ordain and set apart a part of society to rule the rest by making so-called laws and you will still have rulers and the privileged classes of people who will thrive on the life blood of the balance of society.

Who is there that desires Anarchy? Then cease voting, cease perpetuating the influences of your old and decayed institutions of state, church and of false college teachings; cease believing that salvation from the ills of our social life can ever come through political parties; cease believing salvation from the ills of either this life or a future one, come by prayer and obedience to a priest or teacher of religion; for it is in all these things you bring upon your own heads the evils which curse your life.

Fear not what the rulers tell you of calamities, of war, of sore evils, if you stray away from obedience to them; fear not what the privileged class tell you, of distress, of famine, of want of labor, of need of capitalist to employ labor; fear not and believe not what the politician teaches you about tariff, about money, about taxes, about "good times," about prosperity, about "honest dollars." None of these tell you the truth. They have deceived the myriads of thousands of people in all ages and climes, and they still preach falsehoods and salvation for your credence, only that they may perpetuate the reign of satan over you; fear not, though the sky grow dark, and rumblings cause the earth to tremble come upon you unawares; these things are the harbingers of revolution and the glory of the natal day of the child of freedom—Anarchy.—L. Emerick.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

I regret very much not being able to furnish some personal reminiscence of the individuals who were publicly murdered on November 11, 1887, that property might be saved and its producers and creators enslaved. I can only supply you with personal recollections of the stirring times, as about one thousand miles separated the scene of my labors from them and theirs. I am also away from home—traveling for a master—and have not access to a single memorandum so that if I should get a little off on dates your readers must attribute it to my memory, for I would not get off on facts.

After the legal murders of the "Molly McGuire" in the 70's, Parsons loomed up as one of the most fearless and conspicuous labor agitators of the West, and when

the work of the torch in '77 struck terror into the hearts of labor robbers the light of many fires revealed Parsons as an active worker in his own way in the city of Chicago.

Organization was imperfect, education insufficient, and the fires built by the far seeing and energetic few were allowed to die out, while the priest, politician and capitalist had already extinguished the lives of many members of the first industrial organization established in this land that believed in propaganda by deed. The great majority of its members were not free from church superstition and the priest had more influence in its dismemberment than the politician or capitalist. The church did not want secret organization—it knew its power then and knows it still!

After the storm came the calm and during that calm the faithful buried themselves in secret movements to again scatter the seed that was bound to ripen into future propaganda by deed. The International Workingmen's Association and the Knights of Labor were both doing their work under and overground. Occasionally an eruption appeared on the surface in the shape of a small strike, but in the main there was stillness. William A. Horan (having two other names: "Bill Brown" and "William Smith") left Philadelphia and tramped to New York about 1880, and this black-listed little tramp—one of the first of the species who nine years after died in the great city of starvation—started the fires of organization in the city of Brooklyn by establishing the Local Assembly 1562 of the Knights of Labor. Inspired by the economic teachings of Victor Drury, the tireless Bill gathered round him a few of the best and bravest of the time and they in turn secured others. Brooklyn, New York, Jersey City and other cities were organized secretly at first, but for purposes of public agitation public organization quickly followed. The Central Labor Union of New York was organized by the secret order, and that public body commissioned organizers to go out and get the crafts together; but the work was slow and hard. Many of the trades and callings organized by energy and at the personal expense of the organizers—for in those pioneer days no salaries were paid—would go to pieces, and this was so with the car drivers and conductors of Brooklyn and New York.

In 1885 I attended a secret educational meeting held at New York. Those present were all "Knights" and when it came to a discussion of the views of the evening's speaker a tall, bushy whiskered man of 40 years, whom I afterwards knew and loved as Bill Wallace, rose from his seat and in entreating tones said: "Brothers, I am a car driver; we work from 14 to 17 hours a day. Many of us never see our children awake; it is so late when we get through work that we cannot attend the meetings of our organization and it is about to lapse—for God's sake do something for us." The appeal was not wasted, for before Wallace and his friend left the hall an arrangement was made for a secret meeting of car drivers to be held in the near future at which members of District Assembly 49 would have speakers. The fame of 49 even was then national and when the first meeting following the urgent request was held the hall was packed. Weekly meetings followed and the early spring saw the New York car drivers and conductors well, if not thoroughly organized. Such enthusiasm and independence began to attract the attention of the car companies and they—not knowing the strength of the organization—started to stem the tide by discharging several members. Jake Sharp of the 23d Street Line, who afterward died in jail because of his connection with the "Broadway Steal," was the first to discharge his men. I was one of a committee to demand the reinstatement of the discharged, but the magistrate ordered us out of his office. We were not then ready for a fight and so took our medicine philosophically.

The work of organization went on more determined than ever. Then Grand Street started to discharge, and a strike on that line took place. The company attempted to run the cars, but fights and wrecks followed. Police Supt. Murray issued a public notice that Grand street cars would run, even if it would take his whole force to do it. A conference of a few laboring men was held at which Wallace was present, and it was suggested that Murray be given more than Grand street to take care of. It is with some pride that I recall that night, for I wrote the resolution calling for a general strike of car drivers at an hour when every car was out of the barns and the streets crowded. The conductors and drivers were to quit the cars at the same moment all over the great city, leaving the horses to run wild or to be taken care of by the police.

Had the resolution prevailed hundreds of cars would have been wrecked and hundreds of horses killed, and then there would have been no more strikes against 14 or 17 hours work days, but the car drivers' local assemblies were attached to District Assembly 75 and the old members of the district were "politic" and cowardly. Yet Wallace had the honest men and fighters with him and would have succeeded in passing the resolution had not the politician Master Workman stated that he would resign if the resolution passed. Finally a compromise resolution prevailed which called for a general strike, leaving the sacred property in the barns. The general strike created such a sensation and its success was so complete that the whole country was pretty well organized in a little over a year after. Chicago was by no means behind. The International had a better hold there than anywhere else in the Union and its members had a better knowledge of the economic questions, consequently they dug down deeper and disturbed the privileged robbers to a greater extent than was done in the other cities, and the greater cosmopolitanism of Chicago made the footsteps of the money power more secure. The privileged could rely on the difference in language, race and religion to divide the workers. In New York capital had the Irish and the Germans to deal with, and while one was sure to fight the other was sure to think. In Chicago the conditions were different: all nationalities were there and they had their "settlements." Outside of the Germans the industrial question was little understood. The money power and its satellites knew this and so in the city by the lake the fight was commenced. Others more competent than I, who had the advantage of being on the ground will tell you of the movement there. I may say in passing, however, for I said it then, and have continued to say it since, that the man who hurled the bomb on that historic 4th of May was one of the few Americans in the great crowd. He found himself a member of a perfectly constitutional meeting, peaceably organized, peaceably assembled to hear and discuss the question of the wage—bread and liberty, but past experience convinced him that the paid guardians of liberty were usually utilized as its foes, and before going to that meeting he armed himself to defend the letter and the spirit of the Declaration of Independence and the letter and spirit of Patrick Henry's Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, in case they should be attacked or violated. His instinct or knowledge of history stood him good, for his fears were realized, his anticipation verified: Bonfield's platoon made a dash at that legal assemblage—he watched for it, saw it come, and with the soul of a freeman hurled his bomb against the advancing traitors—it did its work, good work! And I then regretted, and have ever since regretted, that there were not enough of such men and such bombs to wipe out of existence every traitor to free speech and human liberty in the advancing column on that night.

We know much of what followed; we shall never forget the howlings of the whore press and the mouthings of the subsidized pulpit. But the bar, pulpit, press and politicians were powerless to wreak vengeance on the men who were arrested if the workers had not been fooled. Had they followed the promptings of their honest hearts and not heeded their purchased, cajoled and adventurous leaders, Parsons and his companions would never have been hanged.

The money power feared retaliation on the part of the workers; its plunder was at the mercy of the torch; and plutocrats were not proof against bullets and daggers. I was one of a committee of two sent by District Assembly 49 to interest Col. Ingersoll in the saving of the lives of our martyrs, a short time before their murder, and one of the first questions he put to us was, "Will there be retaliation?"

Plutocracy and its hirelings did not dare to proceed until they had secured the services of Powderly and Henry George. In the Richmond General Assembly of October 1886, Victor Drury, who was then a delegate from District 49, wrote a resolution demanding clemency for the Chicago men, and notwithstanding the plot of the conservatives to repudiate connection with them, the resolution, which was to be presented by Geo. Shilling of Chicago at the proper time but who owing to the absence of the latter was presented by James E. Quinn of District 49, passed by an almost unanimous vote. Yet after the presentation of the resolution the wise men of the session—headed by Charley Litchman of Massachusetts—took the one after the other in opposition, and Terry Fox who was in the chair was relied on by the pro delegates present to close the debate, while

knowing the innate character of Powderly like a book determined to follow him should he address the house from the chair. But Terry was loquacious, he knew the master was present and gave every evidence of intending to take no part in the discussion. Very few of our people had secured the floor, the truth being that the speakers were on the other side of the question as a rule, but the silent, sincere men were with us. At last, Drury fearing the springing of the previous question lost all patience and with the agility of a man of thirty leaped into the air. Powderly expected this, and recognized him. I have seen him and heard him when he was almost supernatural, but I shall never forget him—him who had so often been threatened with prison and gallows—as he looked and spoke on that day. When the old man—eloquent, intense and determined—took his seat, we saw that the resolution was safe no matter what trick was resorted to. And it was, for no one had the courage to take the floor after him. Many of those who spoke against it had not the moral courage to vote when the time came.

The men were saved for another year; labor organizations had gone on record against the attempted murders. Napoleon I. once said in commenting upon his own narrow escape from the guillotine: "On what slender threads hang the destiny of men." I have always believed that if the Knights of Labor had at its next annual session endorsed the resolution passed at Richmond the year before, we would have no martyrs to mourn, at least not Parsons and his comrades. Feeling this way I determined to make sure and save their lives, but at this time the politicians, who were always held back by Assembly 49, had gained much strength because of the George campaign of the previous year. I knew that Powderly would join the conservative conspirators if not held in check and that Drury's presence alone would do this. Drury could not be elected by secret ballot as he was not an active delegate and consequently unknown to the great majority of new delegates. The district was pretty evenly divided between the radicals and the "politicians," but the radicals had a good working majority. Yet, it was necessary to make sure and so I called aside one of the most conspicuous and able of the opposition, Paul Meier, on the day of election of delegates and stated what I thought. While our people fought fiercely other questions were united against the contemplated murder and so suggested that, as Drury was not known to the delegates consequently could not be elected, that it devolved on us to make him known, for he was not even present. Before we parted it was agreed that Paul should nominate and ask that Drury be elected by acclamation and in this way unite both sides of the house on this one delegate; we were also to give our reasons for the irregularity of our work. Nominations were being made and still Paul did not rise—they closed and he still remained in his seat, watching me while I watched him. I was dumb-founded and rushed at him demanding an explanation. He was a large, honest man and I could not but credit him when he told me that he misunderstood, that he looked for me to make the nominating speech while he was to follow with a second. Drury did not go to that convention. Our worst fears were realized. Powderly not alone aided the politicians but led them, and he more than all the others was responsible. He went out of his way to attack the character of one, a member of his order, whose life reputation and interest he was obligated to defend. His voice was all powerful there and he gave full vent to it. Yet, had Drury been there, he would never have left his seat to assail the men who stood in the shadow of the gallows. But the most perfidious action of all was the violation of a resolution passed immediately after the defeat of the radical resolution. It was stated by friends of the condemned, that if the action of the assembly was known it would hasten the execution, as capitalists would feel secure and after this statement was made a resolution prevailed binding every member present to secrecy, but before the sun went down that day the press of the country knew of the action of the General Assembly and I have been informed that the reporters saw, or rather spoke to no person but Powderly.

This article is already too long for your paper, or I would go into a sketch of Henry George's treachery, but as that is more generally known I can afford to miss it here. We in New York were surprised and humiliated at the apathy, or cowardice, or both, of the Knights of Chicago, in remaining inactive while the men whose "life interest and reputation" they had sworn to defend were being hanged before their eyes. If one-fifth of the money collected and paid over to lawyers had been spent in the purchase of even oil and matches and to secure accommodation in bon ton hotels for men and women who would know how to use them, the 11th of November would be a living inspiration to the toilers of every land, instead of a day of mourning. New York in vain awaited a signal but none came.

There was one bomb thrown in Chicago by a heroic soul, who was conspirator enough to be never known or captured, and that was thrown in 1886.

In New York the bomb was used as early as 1883 and its use was continued down to 1889. The first was hurled against Tom Garry's dry-goods store on Grand street because he discharged his salesmen on account of their participation in the Brewery strike, a strike of the employees, while the intermediate years were led in with Yorker, Staten Island, New York, Jersey etc., and no convictions were ever had and only arrests ever made, by "the finest police in the world" but District 49 worked secretly and frowned down reporters of capitalistic newspapers.

T. P. QUINN.

REMINISCENCES.

I first knew Comrade Parsons in 1880. At that time I was an earnest and persistent investigator of Socialism, and sought every means that would throw light upon the subject. Albert was deeply interested in the short-hour problem, and I remember that at this first meeting between us how enthusiastically he explained the philosophy of the eight-hour movement as expounded by Ira Steward, whom he admired exceedingly. Comrade Parsons was not, at that time actively connected with the S. L. P., and the International Working Peoples Association had not yet taken definite form in Chicago.

Comrade Parsons ardently desired the full fruition of his labor and hopes—the Social Revolution. He believed in its purifying, fraternalizing, and regenerating effects upon mankind. He wanted to see abundant evidence of the near-coming of the great change. He was yet a young man, and thought it possible he might live long enough to witness its inauguration. Yet I remember on one occasion, at the close of a particularly large and enthusiastic meeting, we were discussing the possibilities of an early universal conflict as we walked down the street together, he said to me: "And yet, Comrade Holmes, I would not have it come too soon." And then, after a moment's deep reflection, he repeated, more to himself than to me: "It must not come too soon." It seemed, for an instant, as if he actually felt the immense responsibility of the thing resting upon him, and he feared the great mass of people would not be prepared in time.

Many of the comrades in Chicago will remember Thanksgiving Day, 1884. A large mass-meeting was held at 2 p.m. on market square. Parsons, Spies, Fielden and C. S. Griffin all spoke. A special appeal, through the distribution of several thousand handbills, had been made to the hungry and the homeless, and many poor, ragged, haggard looking outcasts were present. At the close of the meeting all present formed in line, and we marched through some of the principle business streets in the heart of the city, thence to the aristocratic residence portions of the North side, carrying red flags and radical mottoes. When we arrived at the mansion of E. B. Washburne, ex-minister to France, justly execrated because of his cold-blooded treatment of the defenders of the Paris Commune, the procession was halted and some one made a short speech, briefly explaining the conduct of Mr. Washburne. Someone in the crowd proposed a raid upon the house, and for a moment it looked as if serious work would result; but Comrade Parsons, with rare presence of mind averted the threatening danger, and the infuriated people moved on. Washburne probably never knew what a debt of gratitude he owed to our comrade for his intervention that day.

Although very well acquainted with Comrade Fischer for two years prior to the Haymarket tragedy, I came to know him intimately, and love him, during the eighteen months of his incarceration in Cook county jail. He was a tower of strength, firm as a rock; looking his coming doom in the face with an unflinching eye; awaiting it with a calmness, cheerfulness and even a gladness that were born of real heroism. He deemed it a great privilege to die for his conviction. And yet Fischer was not tired of life or disgusted with the world. Possessing health, strength, great vitality and abundant animal spirit, with a wife and children whom he dearly loved, and hosts of warm friends, he was well equipped for happiness and to make others happy. I shall never forget the day before I started on my lecture tour in behalf of the condemned men. It was the 14th day of November, 1886, and our comrades were condemned to die on the 3d of December. With a heavy heart I visited the jail to say what I then feared might be a last good-bye. Comrade Fischer took me to one side, and with his face close to the meshes of the "cage" he talked to me of his former home in St. Louis and gave me his last message to comrades whom I should find there. "Tell them," he said, "that I gladly die for my principles. Tell them that I shall not falter or hesitate; that they must not weep for me as I mourn me dead, but that they must carry on the good work, and be prepared, if necessary, also to give up their lives for our great cause." I broke down then, and tried in vain to hide my emotion, but Fischer only smiled and added, "I would not exchange places with the richest man in America." Why should he not exclaim, with his last breath: "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

Although a ready and efficient speaker, especially in his native tongue, Comrade Spies was not an orator in the sense that Parsons was. As a writer, however, he had few equals. His style was vigorous, terse and logical. He could put a great deal in a short paragraph. His thorough knowledge of history—ancient and modern—of philosophy, and of economics gave him a great fond of information, which his excellent memory enabled him to draw from at will. He was apparently a tireless worker; after attending to his duties as editor and business manager during the day, he would often be found at night addressing group or mass meetings upon the social question. Spies was a thorough radical, advocating a complete change in all the relations of mankind—political, sexual, social and economical.

I believe Comrade Parsons realized that he gave himself up to almost certain death. He was in complete security. No one save myself and the good old man who sheltered him knew where he was until he himself proposed to Capt. Black to surrender himself. He desired a short period of uninterrupted rest, that was all. I still have the one letter he wrote me from his place of concealment, and it has never been published. In that letter he says: "Tell to one, not even my wife or Lizzie, of my whereabouts." But it could not be for long. His proved noble spirit would not permit him to shirk the danger which surrounded his less fortunate comrades. I was greatly shocked when, on the 23d of June, I read in the newspapers that he had voluntarily surrendered himself to the court on the previous day. At once I hastened to Chicago and to the jail. "Do you realize what you have done?" I asked. "Yes, comrade," he replied, "I realize perfectly what I have done. I do not expect to go out of this place alive; but how could I remain in security when my comrades, who are as innocent as I am, were cooped up here in this bastille to meet almost certain death? It would have been cowardly for me to have deserted them in this extremity. Whatever their fate may be, I will share it."

I saw little of Comrade Schwab after his release by Governor Altgeld. To me he seemed like a man broken by much suffering. He was always a reticent man,—more a thinker and reader than talker. And yet, in the old days, I remember how thoroughly Schwab seemed to enjoy our outings in the country, as well as our Commune celebrations other social gatherings.

It may interest comrades to learn that Comrade Fielden was recently induced, for a brief period, to leave his cows and chickens and farm implements in Southern Colorado and to visit this city, where he met some old friends and many new ones. He is happily in the possession of good health and spirits, and looks back upon his long years of imprisonment as upon a frightful dream. I have never had the idea that Sam is a hero worshipper, but I do know that his soul is filled with eternal gratitude for his brave deliverer—John P. Altgeld. WM. HOLMES.

MAYOR HARRISON'S CONFESSION.

In an interview with a reporter of the New York World, in July 1886, Mayor Harrison of Chicago said:

"Right here I would like to say there has been the heartiest co-operation between Mr. Grinnell and myself from first to last, for without me he would never have been able to get certain evidence to obtain which I did that which if it had been done in the city of London would upset the throne of Victoria; that which could be done in no monarchical country with safety was done here."

For Philadelphia.

The 11th Commemoration in honor of the Chicago Martyrs of 1887 will be held under the auspices of the Knights of Liberty, on Friday evening, November 11, 1898, at Washington Hall, 523 S. 4th street. The English lecture will be delivered by Voltairine De Cleyre. Admission 10 cents.

For Chicago.

A grand concert and ball, connected with a fair of valuable and useful articles, will be given by the International Workingmen's Association at Old W. 12th Street Turner Hall, 251-255 12th Street (near Halsted), for the benefit of the Free Reading Room and the propaganda in general, November 26, 1898, 7 p.m. Admittance: 15 cents a person when paid in advance; 25c. at the door. All comrades are kindly requested to invite their friends and to assist us in selling tickets. THE COMMITTEE.