

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Close of the Defense — Working on the Jury — The Man who Threw the Bomb — Conflicting Testimony — Michael Schwab on the Stand — An Agitator's Adventures — Spies in his Own Defense — The Fight at McCormick's — The Desplained Street Wagon — Bombs and Beer — The Wilkinson Interview — The Weapon of the Future — Spies the Reporter's Friend — Bad Treatment by Ebersold — The Hocking Valley Letter — Albert R. Parsons in his Own Behalf — His Memories of the Haymarket — The Evidence in Rebuttal.

THROUGHOUT the trial the defendants maintained an air of careless indifference. Occasionally during the presentation of particularly striking and damaging evidence — notably that of Thompson and Gilmer — they were noticed to wince, but the flush was only momentary. It was apparent that the prisoners expected in some manner to extricate themselves from their perilous position, and the casual observer would have supposed them involved simply in an ordinary trial. Whatever may have been their real feelings, they did not betray them. After they had begun to place evidence on their own behalf before the jury, they even wore a certain air of cheerfulness; and whereas previously a sort of stolidity had marked their demeanor, their general bearing now was that of supreme confidence. They evidently felt confident of having made a favorable impression upon the jury. They possibly calculated upon their having successfully impeached the evidence of Gilmer and having proven to some extent their own disconnection with the Haymarket explosion. Fielden's plausible explanations also, no doubt, added to their confidence.

Taking the evidence of the State as a complete exposition of the conspiracy, there seemed to be no consolation in that direction; but their hope rested in winning over the jury by raising a reasonable doubt through the preponderance of offsetting testimony on their own side, and by making the jury believe, by the manner of their conduct under the severe fire of the prosecution, that they sincerely felt themselves innocent of all "guilty knowledge."

They played their part well, and their attitude is not at all surprising when their former bloodthirsty propensities are taken into consideration. In an ordinary murder or conspiracy trial Fielden's statements might have had some influence in mitigation of extreme punishment, but, overshadowed as it was by overwhelming counter-evidence of complicity in a stupendous crime, the jury subsequently determined that it saw no way of disconnecting him from the other conspirators.

The defendants pretended they had a host of witnesses beyond those that they really required to prove that they had never dreamed there would be a bomb thrown at the Haymarket, but that they only needed to use a few

of these witnesses to establish their innocence. Still, they put a very large number on the stand. The testimony of all these pretended to show what a harmless set of men the State had arrested and put on trial for their lives.

The trend of much of the evidence for the defense seemed directed toward proving the police responsible for the massacre, by having opened fire on a "peaceable gathering;" and, through a brother of the defendant Spies, it was attempted to prove that the enmity of the police toward Anarchists was so great that one of them tried to shoot the defendant in the back while at the Haymarket. This brother of Spies — Henry — had been wounded in the abdomen, and he endeavored, on the witness-stand, to show that he had received the injury while suddenly pressing down the revolver that was aimed at his brother. The explanation was too lame to be serviceable.

At this point several witnesses testified to Lingg's presence at Zepf's Hall early on the night of May 3d. Others strengthened the Anarchistic theory of an alleged police attack at the Haymarket. Still others impeached the witness Gilmer's veracity. Inasmuch as I have previously given in full all the evidence which these people merely corroborated, I have not thought it necessary to give here their statements at length.

JOHN BERNETT, a candy-maker, said he saw the man who threw the bomb. The thrower was right in front of him. The bomb "went west and a little bit north."

"The man who threw it was about my size, maybe a little bit bigger, and I think he had a mustache. I think he had no chin beard, and his clothes were dark."

"Did you ever see that picture before?" (handing witness photograph of Schnaubelt).

"Yes, sir; Mr. Furthmann showed it to me about two weeks ago."

"Do you recognize that as being the man who threw the bomb?"

"I guess not."

"Did you tell Mr. Furthmann so at the time?"

"Yes, sir."

On cross-examination Bennett said:

"I never could recognize anybody. I told Capt. Schaack and Mr. Grinnell that the man who threw the bomb was in front of me, and I could not tell how he did look. When the police came up first I stood right in the middle of the alley. When the captain of the police ordered them to leave that place, I heard somebody say: 'Stand; don't run,' and there were about three or four men, about the middle of the street, west of the wagon, who halloed out: 'No; we won't do it.' That was said in English. I heard Fielden say something to the officer who spoke to him, but I could not hear it. The crowd began to rush, and rushed me, and I hurried out as fast as I could. I got shot and fell on the sidewalk. I told Mr. Furthmann that I thought the bomb was fired from about fifteen steps south of the alley — I count my steps about two feet and a half. I don't think it

came right from behind the boxes. From the place the bomb was thrown up to the other corner — the house goes up a little further on the other side — the distance is forty-five feet. The bomb was thrown forty-five feet south of the corner of the alley. I cannot remember how far the boxes were south of the alley that night — there was a lamp-post, and then the boxes came. I remember coming to the Central Station on the 7th of May and talking to Officer Bonfield in the presence of Mr. Grinnell. I don't know that I said at that time that the bomb was thrown from behind the boxes, but I think I am right now. I don't think I stated afterwards, some weeks ago, that it was thrown some twenty or twenty-five feet south of the alley. I can't remember now how many feet I stated the distance was, but I think I have got it right now. On the 7th of May I was brought over here by Officer Bonfield and Officer Haas, so that I could see the defendants. I was asked if I had ever seen them before, and I said I had seen them all before on the lake front and the Haymarket. I told Capt. Schaack that I could not describe the man and would not know him if I saw him, and that the man's back was toward me."

MICHAEL SCHWAB was then called in his own behalf, and he made the following statement :

"Up to the 4th of May I lived at 51 Florimond Street. I was co-editor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. On the evening of May 4th I left home twenty minutes to eight, went to the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and reached there about eight o'clock. I left about ten minutes later. While I was there a telephone message was received asking Mr. Spies to speak at Deering. After that I went over to the Haymarket to see whether I could find Mr. Spies. I didn't stop long over there. I just went through the crowd, as the men out at Deering had been waiting for an hour already. I went over on Washington Street, turned north down Desplaines Street and went across Randolph Street, and north of Randolph on Desplaines I met my brother-in-law, Rudolph Schnaubelt, and talked to him about the matter ; then took a car going in an easterly direction and rode up to the Court-house. At the Court-house I took a Clybourn Avenue car and went to Deering's factory. Near the car stables I was met by a man and asked whether I was Mr. Schwab. The man testified here on the witness-stand. I think his name is Preusser, as he told me that night. I should judge it takes about ten minutes from the Haymarket to the Court-house and about forty or forty-five minutes from there to Fullerton Avenue. I stepped from the car with that man ; went up to the saloon, 888 Clybourn Avenue, to see the committee, but the committee was not there ; so we went directly to the prairie, corner of Fullerton and Clybourn Avenues, and there I met some men who told me that they were the committee. I talked with them some minutes, then mounted the stand and made a speech, twenty or twenty-five minutes long, about the eight-hour movement, to the men who had struck that same day and demanded eight hours' work and ten hours' pay. I returned home about eleven o'clock at night. I didn't pay any attention to the time. After the meeting was over I went with Preusser to a saloon, took a glass of beer and had some lunch, and then I took the next car going south. I left the car on Willow Street, which is not far north from North Avenue, and walked home, which is a distance of about twenty minutes' walk.

"I did not at any time while I was at the Haymarket enter Crane's alley or any alley with Mr. Spies. I had no conversation with him near the

mouth of the alley. I did not walk at any time that night in company with Mr. Spies on the north side of Randolph Street from the corner of Desplaines down past Union Street and return to where the wagon stood. I did not, in company with Mr. Spies, meet Schnaubelt when Spies handed to Schnaubelt any package or anything. I did not see Spies and did not speak to him at all that night at the Haymarket. I did not say anything to Spies or anybody else in the mouth of Crane's alley about pistols or police, or whether one would be enough. I had no such conversation with anybody at the Haymarket or anywhere. I did not say to Mr. Spies or anybody else at any time before the meeting began or at any other time that if the police came we were ready for them or we would give it to them, or any words to that effect.

"When I left the Haymarket the meeting had not begun; men were standing around on all four corners. I had seen Mr. Spies last that day in the afternoon. I did not see him again until the next day in the morning, when I came to the office."

On cross-examination Schwab said:

"I was a member of the North Side group of the International Workingmen's Association from the time it started, some years ago, until up to the 4th of May last. I walked over to the Haymarket from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* that night through the Washington Street tunnel with Balthasar Rau. He left me on Desplaines and Randolph; there I lost him. Then I crossed Randolph Street, and about the middle of Randolph Street met Mr. Heine-man. I inquired of some persons whom I knew by sight whether they had seen Spies. I staid there not more than five minutes, then took a car and went east. I went alone. I should judge it was about half-past eight when I took the car on Randolph Street and about twenty minutes of nine when I took the Clybourn Avenue car and went north. I was alone on that way. I don't know what time it was when I got to the saloon at 888 Clybourn Avenue. From there it is about a block or a little more to the prairie where the meeting was held. When I got there I spoke first to some of the members of the committee to find out what they wanted me to speak about. That took about five minutes. After I had spoken to the meeting I went with Preusser to a saloon, corner of Clybourn and Ashland Avenues, not the same saloon I went into the first time. I did not see Balthasar Rau again that night."

"Are you an Anarchist?"

"That depends upon what you mean by that. There are several divisions of the Anarchists."

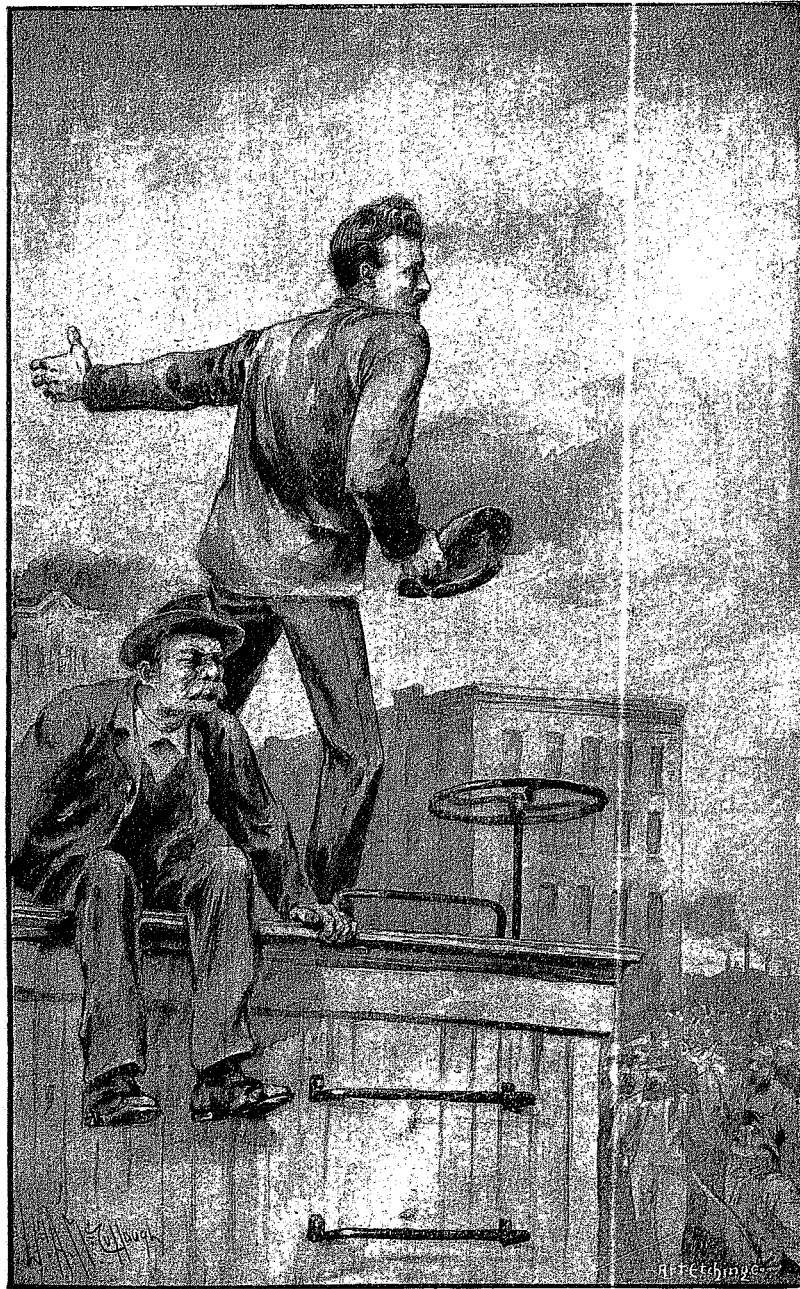
"Are you an Anarchist?"

"Well, I can't answer that."

AUGUST VINCENT THEODORE SPIES was next put on the stand to testify in his own behalf. He said:

"May 4th last I was one of the editors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I occupied that position since 1880. Prior to that I was engaged in this country principally in the furniture business. I am a member of the Socialistic Publishing Society, which is organized under the laws of the State of Illinois, and by which the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* was published. I was an employé of that society in my position as editor, and as such was subject to their control as to the general policy of the paper."

"At a meeting of the Central Labor Union in the evening of Sunday, May 2, at 54 West Lake Street, which I attended in the capacity of a reporter, I was invited by one or two delegates to address a meeting of the Lumber-shovers' Union on the afternoon of May 3, on the corner of Twenty-second or Twentieth and Blue Island Avenue. As there were no other speakers, I went out. When I came there was a crowd of 6,000 to 7,000 people assembled on the prairie. When I was invited, which was the first information I received of the meeting, nothing was said to me about any relationship of Mr. McCormick's employes to that meeting. I did not know that the locality of the meeting was in the immediate neighborhood of McCormick's. I arrived there, as near as I can judge, a little after three o'clock. Several men were speaking from a car in the Bohemian or Polish language; they were very poor speakers, and small crowds of those assembled detached themselves to the side and talked together. Balthasar Rau introduced me to the chairman of the meeting. I don't remember his name; he testified here. I asked him if I was to speak there, and he said yes. I waited for about ten minutes while reports came in from the different owners of the lumber-yards as to the demand made by the union, which was eight hours' work at twenty-two cents per hour. They then elected a committee to wait upon the bosses to find out what concessions they would make, if any. Thereupon I was introduced to address the meeting, and spoke from fifteen to twenty minutes. Having spoken two or three times almost every day for the preceding two or three weeks, I was almost prostrated, and spoke very calmly, and told the people, who in my judgment were not of a very high intellectual grade, to stand together and to enforce their demands at all hazards; otherwise the single bosses would one by one defeat them. While I was speaking I heard somebody in the rear, probably a hundred feet away from me, cry out something in a language which I didn't understand — perhaps Bohemian or Polish. After the meeting I was told that this man had called upon them to follow him up to McCormick's. I should judge about two hundred persons, standing a little ways apart from the main body, detached themselves and went away. I didn't know where they were going until probably five minutes later I heard firing, and about that time I stopped speaking and inquired where the pistol shots came from, and was told that some men had gone up there to stone McCormick's 'scabs' and that the police had fired upon them. I stopped there probably another five or six minutes, during which time I was elected a member of the committee to visit the bosses, when two patrol wagons came up in great haste on the Black Road, so-called, driving towards McCormick's, followed immediately by about seventy-five policemen on foot, and then other patrol wagons came. I jumped from the car and went up to McCormick's. They were shooting all the while. I thought it must be quite a battle. In front of McCormick's factory there are some railroad tracks, on which a number of freight-cars were standing. The people were running away and hiding behind these freight-cars as much as they could, to keep out of the way of the pistol-firing. The fight was going on behind the cars. When I came up there on this prairie, right in front of McCormick's, I saw a policeman run after and fire at people who were fleeing, running away. My blood was boiling, and, seeing unarmed men, women and children, who were running away, fired upon, I think in that moment I could have done almost anything. At that moment a young Irishman, who probably knew me or had seen me at the meeting, came running from behind the cars and said:



SPIES ADDRESSING THE STRIKERS AT McCORMICK'S.

'What kind of a ——— business is this? What h—l of a union is that? What people are these who will let those men be shot down here like dogs? I just come from there; we have carried away two men dead, and there are a number of others lying on the ground who will most likely die. At least twenty or twenty-five must have been shot who ran away or were carried away by friends.' Of course I could not do anything there. I went back to where the meeting had been, which was about three blocks away. I told some of them what was going on at McCormick's, but they were unconcerned and went home. I took a car and went down town. The same evening I wrote the report of the meeting which appeared in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* of the next day. Immediately after I came to the office I wrote the so-called Revenge circular, except the heading, 'Revenge.' At the time I wrote it I believed the statement that six workingmen had been killed that afternoon at McCormick's. I wrote at first that two had been killed, and after seeing the report in the five o'clock *News* I changed the two to six, based upon the information contained in the *News*. I believe 2,500 copies of that circular were printed, but not more than half of them distributed, for I saw quite a lot of them in the office of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on the morning I was arrested. At the time I wrote it I was still laboring under the excitement of the scene and the hour. I was very indignant.

"On May 4th I was performing my regular duties at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. A little before nine in the forenoon I was invited to address a meeting on the Haymarket that evening. That was the first I heard of it. I had no part in calling the meeting. I put the announcement of the meeting into the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* at the request of a man who invited me to speak. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* is an afternoon daily paper, and appears at 2 P. M. About eleven o'clock a circular calling the Haymarket meeting was handed to me to be inserted in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, containing the line, 'Workingmen, arm yourselves and appear in full force.' I said to the man who brought the circular that, if that was the meeting which I had been invited to address, I should certainly not speak there, on account of that line. He stated that the circulars had not been distributed, and I told him if that was the case, and if he would take out that line, it would be all right. Mr. Fischer was called down at that time, and he sent the man back to the printing-office to have the line taken out. I struck out the line myself before I handed it to the compositor to put it in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. The man who brought the circular to me and took it back with the line stricken out was on the stand here—Grueneberg I believe is his name.

"I left home that evening about half-past seven o'clock and walked down with my brother Henry, arriving at the Haymarket about twenty or twenty-five minutes after eight. I had understood from the invitation that I should address the meeting in German; and, knowing that the English speeches would come first, I did not go there in time to reach the opening of the meeting. When I got there, there was no meeting in progress, however; simply crowds were standing around the corners here and there, talking together. I called them together. After having looked around for a speakers' stand—we generally had very primitive platforms—I saw this wagon on Desplaines Street; and being right near the corner, I thought it was a good place to choose and told the people that the meeting would take place there. There was no light upon the wagon. Early in the meeting I think the sky was bright. I cannot tell whether the lamp at the alley was burning or not; my impression is that it was. I could not say about any other

light. I found the wagon just where we used it. It was not an ordinary truck wagon; it was a half truck and half express wagon, the truck with the box on. I don't know that there were any stakes on it; it was a large, long express wagon. I believe I spoke with my brother Henry as to the advisability of choosing that place. Henry was with me during the entire evening. After the audience got together, somebody suggested to draw the wagon into the Haymarket. I replied that that might interfere with the street traffic, and that the cars would make a good deal of noise. Then I asked if Mr. Parsons was present. I thought he had been invited to address the meeting. I was not on the arrangement committee; but seeing the crowd and seeing that the meeting had been very poorly arranged, I took the initiative. When I asked for Parsons, one of the editors of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, one Schroeder, stepped up and said: 'Parsons is speaking up on the corner of Halsted and Randolph Streets; I just saw him there.' I told him to go and call him. He left, but staid quite a while, and I left the wagon myself, and, in the company of my brother Henry, one Legner and Schnaubelt, whom I had just met, went up the street to find Parsons. Schwab was not with me at that time or at any time that evening. Schnaubelt told me I had been wanted at Deering, but as I had not been at hand Schwab had gone out there. After I left the wagon I did not go to the mouth of Crane's alley. I did not even know at the time that there was an alley there at all. I did not enter the alley with Schwab, had no conversation with him there in which I referred to pistols and police, and in which Schwab asked whether one would be enough, etc., nor anything of that kind. Neither did I have that conversation with anybody else. I left the wagon and moved in a southwesterly direction obliquely across the street to the corner of the Haymarket. From there I went, in company with those I mentioned, up on Randolph Street, beyond Union and pretty near Halsted Street, but, seeing only a few people, probably twenty or twenty-five, standing there scattered, and not seeing Parsons, we returned, walking on the north side of Randolph Street, as we had in going down. I went on the wagon and addressed the meeting. I had no conversation with Schwab, at or about the crossing of Union Street, in which we spoke about being ready for them and that they were afraid to come. I had no such conversation with any one. I don't remember exactly of what we were speaking, but Schnaubelt and I, as we walked along, were conversing in German. I have known Schnaubelt for about two years. I think he has not been in the country more than two years. He cannot speak English at all. He wore a light gray suit that night. In returning to the wagon I went from the corner of the Haymarket right straight to the wagon, in a northeasterly direction. I did not, on my return, or at any time that evening, walk with Schwab across Desplaines Street to the center of the sidewalk, some fifteen feet south of Crane's alley, and at that point meet Schnaubelt, and there take anything out of my pocket, or otherwise, and give it to Schnaubelt, or anybody else, at that location.

"I spoke about fifteen or twenty minutes. I began by stating that I heard a large number of patrol wagons had gone to Desplaines Street Station; that great preparations had been made for a possible outbreak; that the militia had been called under arms, and that I would state at the beginning that this meeting had not been called for the purpose of inciting a riot, but simply to discuss the situation of the eight-hour movement and the atrocities of the police on the preceding day. Then I referred to one of

the morning papers of the city, in which Mr. McCormick said that I was responsible for the affair near his factory; that I had incited the people to commit violence, etc., and I stated that such misrepresentations were made in order to discredit the men who took an active part in the movement. I stated that such outbreaks as had occurred at McCormick's, in East St. Louis, in Philadelphia, Cleveland and other places, were not the work of a band of conspirators, of a few Anarchists or Socialists, but the unconscious struggle of a class for emancipation; that such outbreaks might be expected at any minute and were not the arbitrary work of individuals. I then pointed to the fact that the people who committed violence had never been Socialists or Anarchists, but in most instances had been up to that time the most lawful citizens, good Christians, the exemplary so-called honest workmen, who were contrasted by the capitalists with the Anarchists. I stated that the meeting at McCormick's was composed mostly of humble, church-going good Christians, and not by any means atheists, or materialists, or Anarchists. I then stated that for the past twenty years the wage-workers had asked their employers for a reduction of the hours of labor; that, according to the statement of the secretary of the National Bureau of Labor Statistics, about two millions of physically strong men were out of employment; that the productive capacity had, by the development of machines, so immensely increased that all that any rationally organized society required could be produced in a few hours, and that the mechanical working of men for ten hours a day was simply another method of murdering them. Though every student of social phenomena admitted the fact that society was, under the present condition of overwork, almost retrograding and the masses sinking into degradation, still their demands have been refused. I proceeded to state that the legislators had different interests at stake than those involved in this question, and did not care so much about the welfare of any class of society as for their own interests, and that at last the workingmen had conceived, consciously or unconsciously, the idea to take the matter in their own hands; that it was not a political question, but an economic question; that neither legislatures nor Congress could do anything in the premises, but the workingmen could only achieve a normal day's work of eight hours or less by their own efforts.

"I believe when I had gone so far somebody told me that Mr. Parsons had arrived. Turning around, I saw Parsons; and as I was fatigued, worn out, I broke off and introduced Parsons. I spoke in English. After introducing Parsons I staid on the wagon. When I stopped and Parsons began, I believe there were pretty nearly 2,000 people there; it was an ordinarily packed crowd. The people who wanted to listen would crowd to the wagon, others would stand on the opposite sidewalk, but I did not see any very packed crowd, exactly. While I spoke, I was facing, I believe, in a southwesterly direction; the bulk of the audience stood around the wagon south and southwesterly toward the Haymarket. Parsons spoke forty-five minutes to an hour. He stopped about ten o'clock. I had been requested by several persons to make a German speech, but Parsons had spoken longer than I expected; it was too late, and I didn't feel much like speaking; so I asked Mr. Fielden to say a few words in conclusion and then adjourn. I introduced Fielden to the audience and remained on the wagon until the command was given by Capt. Ward to disperse. I did not see the police until they formed in columns on the corner of Desplaines and Randolph Streets. Somebody behind me, I think, said: 'The police are coming.' I

could not understand that. I did not think even when I saw them that they were marching toward the meeting. The meeting was almost as well as adjourned. There were not over two hundred on the spot. About five minutes previous to that a dark cloud came moving from the north, and it looked so threateningly that most of the people ran away, and some people suggested an adjournment to Zepf's Hall; more than two-thirds of the attendants left at that time. The police halted three or four feet south of the wagon. Capt. Ward walked up to the wagon. Fielden was standing in front of me, in the rear of the wagon. I was standing in the middle of the wagon. Ward held something in his hand, a cane or a club, and said: 'In the name of the people of the State of Illinois, I command you to disperse,' and Fielden said: 'Why, Captain, this is a peaceable meeting.' And Ward repeated, I think, that command, and then turned around to his men, and while I didn't understand what he said to them, I thought he said, 'Charge upon the crowd,' or something to that effect. I did not hear him say: 'I call upon you and you to assist;' he may have said that and I may have misunderstood him. My brother and one Legner and several others that I did not know stood at the side of the wagon; they reached out their hands and helped me off the wagon. I felt very indignant over the coming of the police, and intended to ask them what right they had to break up the meeting, but I jumped down from the wagon. When I reached the sidewalk I heard a terrible detonation; I thought the city authority had brought a cannon there to scare the people from the street. I did not think they would shoot upon the people, nor did I think in the least, at that time, of a bomb. Then I was pushed along; there was a throng of people rushing up, and I was just carried away with them. I went into Zepf's Hall. The firing began immediately, simultaneously with the explosion. I did not see any firing from the crowd upon the police. I did not hear, as I stood upon the wagon, either by Fielden or anybody else, any such exclamation as 'Here come the bloodhounds; men, do your duty and I will do mine.' Fielden did not draw a revolver and fire from the wagon upon the police or in their direction. I did not, before the explosion of the bomb, leave my position upon the wagon, go into the alley, strike a match and light a bomb in the hands of Rudolph Schnaubelt. I did not see Rudolph Schnaubelt in the mouth of the alley then or at any time that evening with a bomb. I did not at that time or any other time that evening go into the mouth of the alley and join there Fischer and Schnaubelt and strike a match for any purpose. Schnaubelt is about six feet three inches tall, I should judge, of large frame and large body.

"I remember the witness Wilkinson, a reporter of the *News*. He was up at the office several times, but I only had one conversation with him as far as I remember. He made an interview out of it. He was introduced to me by Joe Gruenhut, who told me that the *News* wanted to have an article. Wilkinson inquired as to the report of some paper that the Anarchists had placed an infernal machine at the door of the house of Lambert Tree, and I told him that, in my opinion, the Pinkertons were doing such things to force people to engage them and to advertise themselves. He then asked whether I had ever seen or possessed any bombs? I said yes. I had had at the office for probably three years four bombshells. Two of them had been left at the office in my absence, by a man who wanted to find out if it was a good construction. The other two were left with me one day by some man who came, I think, from Cleveland or

New York, and was going to New Zealand from here. I used to show those shells to newspaper reporters, and I showed one to Mr. Wilkinson and allowed him to take it along and show it to Mr. Stone. I never asked him for it since. That part of the conversation was at noon, while I was in a hurry. Wilkinson came in the evening again with Joe Gruenhut, and invited me to dine with him. I had just about half an hour to spend. At the table we talked about an infernal machine which had been placed a few days previous into an office of the Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and about another placed in front of Lambert Tree's house, and I gave the explanation which I have already stated. Talking about the riot drill that had shortly before been held on the lake front, and about the sensational reports published by the papers in regard to the armed organizations of Socialists, I told him that it was an open secret that some three thousand Socialists in the city of Chicago were armed. I told him that the arming of these people, meaning not only Socialists but workingmen in general, began right after the strike of 1877, when the police attacked workingmen at their meetings, killed some and wounded others; that they were of the opinion that if they would enjoy the rights of the Constitution, they should prepare to defend them too, if necessary; that it was a known fact that these men had paraded the streets, as many as 1,500 strong at a time, with their rifles; that there was nothing new in that, and I could not see why they talked so much about it. And I said I thought that they were still arming and I wished that every workingman was well armed.

"Then we spoke generally on modern warfare. Wilkinson was of the opinion that the militia and the police could easily defeat any effort on the part of the populace by force, could easily quell a riot. I differed from him. I told him that the views which the bourgeoisie took of their military and police was exactly the same as the nobility took, some centuries ago, as to their own armament, and that gun-powder had come to the relief of the oppressed masses and had done away with the aristocracy very quickly; that the iron armor of the nobility was penetrated by a leaden bullet just as easily as the blouse of the peasant; that dynamite, like gunpowder, had an equalizing, leveling tendency; that the two were children of the same parent; that dynamite would eventually break down the aristocracy of this age and make the principles of democracy a reality. I stated that it had been attempted by such men as General Sheridan and others to play havoc with an organized body of military or police by the use of dynamite, and it would be an easy thing to do it. He asked me if I anticipated any trouble, and I said I did. He asked me if the Anarchists and Socialists were going to make a revolution. Of course I made fun of that; told him that revolutions were not made by individuals or conspirators, but were simply the logic of events resting in the conditions of things. On the subject of street warfare I illustrated with tooth-picks the diagram which had appeared in one of the numbers of the *Alarm*, introduced in evidence here. I said to him that I wasn't much of a warrior, but had read a good deal on the subject, and I particularly referred to that article in the *Alarm*. I said that if, for instance, a military body would march up a street, they would have men on the house-tops on both sides of the street protecting and guarding the main body from possible onslaught, possibly by shooting, firing or throwing of bombs. Now, if the revolutionists or civilians, men not belonging to the privileged military bodies, would form an oblique line on each side of the street at a crossing, they could then very successfully combat the

on-marching militia and police, by attacking them with fire-arms or dynamite. And I used Market Square for illustration. I said there was a system of canalization in large cities. Now, supposing they expected an attack, they could, by the use of a battery and dynamite, blow up whole regiments very easily. I don't think that I said what Wilkinson testified to here in regard to the tunnel, but I may have given the talk a little color. I knew he wanted a sensational article for publication in the *News*, but there was no particular reference to Chicago, or any fighting on our part. The topic of the conversation was that a fight was inevitable, and that it might take place in the near future, and what might and could be done in such an event. It was a general discussion of the possibilities of street warfare under modern science.

"I wrote the word 'Ruhe' for insertion in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4th. It happened just the same as with any other announcement that would come in. I received a batch of announcements from a number of labor organizations and societies a little after eleven o'clock, in my editorial room, and went over them. Among them was one which read: 'Mr. Editor, please insert in the letter-box the word 'Ruhe,' in prominent letters.' This was in German. There is an announcement column of meetings in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, but a single word or something like that would be lost sight of under the announcements. In such cases people generally ask to have that inserted under the head of 'Letter-box.' Upon reading that request, I just took a piece of paper and marked on it 'Briefkasten' (Letter-box), and the word 'Ruhe.' The manuscript which is in evidence is in my handwriting. At the time I wrote that word and sent it up to be put in the paper, I did not know of any import whatever attached to it. My attention was next called to it a little after three o'clock in the afternoon. Balthasar Rau, an advertising agent of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, came and asked me if the word 'Ruhe' was in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. I had myself forgotten about it, and took a copy of the paper and found it there. He asked me if I knew what it meant, and I said I did not. He said there was a rumor that the armed sections had held a meeting the night before, and had resolved to put in that word as a signal for the armed sections to keep themselves in readiness in case the police should precipitate a riot, to come to the assistance of the attacked. I sent for Fischer, who had invited me to speak at the meeting that evening, and asked him if that word had any reference to that meeting. He said, 'None whatever;' that it was merely a signal for the boys—for those who were armed to keep their powder dry, in case they might be called upon to fight within the next days. I told Rau it was a very silly thing, or at least that there was not much rational sense in that, and asked him if he knew how it could be managed that this nonsense would be stopped; how it could be undone. Rau said he knew some persons who had something to say in the armed organizations, and I told him to go and tell them that the word was put in by mistake. Rau went pursuant to that suggestion, and returned to me at five o'clock.

"I was not a member of any armed section. I have not been for six years. I have had in my desk for two years two giant-powder cartridges, a roll of fuse and some detonating caps. Originally I bought them to experiment with them, as I had read a good deal about dynamite and wanted to get acquainted with it, but I never had occasion to go out for that purpose, as I was too much occupied. The reporters used to bother

me a good deal, and when they would come to the office for something sensational I would show them these giant cartridges. They are the same that were referred to here by certain witnesses as having been shown on the evening of the Board of Trade demonstration. One of them will yet show a little hole in which I put that evening one of those caps, to explain to the reporter how terrible a thing it was. In fact, if that cartridge, as it is, were exploded in a free place, it would just give a detonation, and the concussion of the air might throw one on the floor, but it could do no harm to anybody. I know absolutely nothing about the package of dynamite which was exhibited here in court, and was claimed to have been found on a shelf in a closet in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building. I never saw it before it was produced here in court. I don't know anything about a revolver claimed to have been found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. That was not my revolver, but I always carried a revolver. I had a very good revolver. I was out late at night, and I always considered it a very good thing to be in a position to defend myself. Strangely, I did not have that pistol with me on the night of the Haymarket. It was too heavy for me, and, while I took it along first, I left it with ex-Alderman Stauber on my way. I guess it is there now.

"I was arrested on Wednesday morning after the Haymarket meeting, about half-past eight o'clock, at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* editorial room. I had begun writing. I had come to the office a little after seven o'clock, as usual. A man who afterwards told me he was an officer, James Bonfield, asked Mr. Schwab and myself to come over to police headquarters; that Superintendent Ebersold wanted to have a talk with us on the affair of the previous night. I was very busy and asked him if it could not be delayed until after the issue of the paper. He said he would rather have me come along then, and I, unsuspectingly, went along to the station. The Superintendent received us by saying: 'You dirty Dutch — —, you dirty hounds, you rascals, we will choke you; we will kill you.' And then they jumped upon us, tore us from one end to the other, went through our pockets, took my money and everything I had. I never said anything. They finally concluded to put us in a cell, and then Mr. Ebersold said: 'Well, boys, let's be cool.' I think Mr. James Bonfield interfered during the assault made upon us by Mr. Ebersold, and suggested to him that that was not the proper way nor the proper place. I have been continuously confined from then until now."

On cross-examination Spies stated:

"There was in fact no editor-in-chief of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*; there was a kind of autonomous editorial arrangement, but I was looked to as the editor-in-chief. I mean in the editorial department every one wrote what he pleased, and it was published without my looking at it. I never assumed any responsibility for the editorials. I never was made responsible by the company for the management of the paper. Schwab's salary was the same as mine; our positions were coördinate. The management of the paper was left with the board of trustees; the editors had very little to say about it. Nobody looked over the editorials before they were inserted. Contributed articles were looked over sometimes by one of the reporters, sometimes by Schwab or Schroeder, or myself. Schroeder was editor for four months. I usually glanced at the paper to keep track of what it contained. Fischer was merely a compositor of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*; he had nothing to

do with the editorials or management of the paper. I had nothing to do with the *Alarm*, except for four or five weeks, when I edited it in the absence of Mr. Parsons."

"Was money ever sent you for the *Alarm*?"

"There was. I also paid the bills for the printing of the *Alarm*."

"Did you ever write contributions for the *Alarm*?"

"I have occasionally, whenever they were in need of manuscript. Of the bombs I had I received the two iron cast ones first. That was about three years ago. A man who gave his name as Schwape or Schwoep brought them to me. I only saw him once. I think he was a shoemaker, came from Cleveland, and left for New Zealand. He asked me if my name was Spies. I told him yes; and he asked me if I had seen any of the bombs that they were making, or something like that. I don't know to whom he referred by 'they.' He spoke of people in Cleveland with whom he had associated; I didn't ask him and didn't know what class of people. I said I hadn't seen any of them. I don't remember anything more about the conversation I had with him. I would have twelve or fifteen conversations every day; this one was out of the order of my regular conversations; my recollection is, I got rid of him as soon as he would leave. He left those there; he said he would not take them along. I didn't ask him if he had any more with him. They were bombs exploding by percussion, heavier on one side than on the other, so that when they were thrown the cap would always come down. I think they were at the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* on May 4. I never saw the man before or after that. The other two bombs which Wilkinson called 'Czar bombs,' a term which I never used to him, were left one day, in my absence, in the office. When I came from dinner I saw them on my desk and was told that a man had brought them there to inquire whether they were bombs of a good construction, and the man never called for them. That was about a year and a half or two years ago. One I gave to Wilkinson; the other one, I suppose, was at the office ever since. I don't know what became of it and of the two iron bombs. I had not seen them for some time, but I thought they were at the office. I got the dynamite about two years ago from the *Ætna Powder Company*. I got two of those bars. My intention at first was to experiment with them."

"What object did you have in experimenting with the dynamite?"

"I had read a great deal about dynamite and thought it would be a good thing to get acquainted with its use, just the same as I would take a revolver and go out and practice with it. I don't want to say, however, that it was merely for curiosity. I can give no further explanation. I got the caps and the fuse, because I would need them to experiment with. I was never present, to the best of my recollection, when experiments were made with dynamite. Neither bombs nor dynamite were ever distributed through the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* office. I did not tell Mr. Wilkinson that they were. I never handled any dynamite outside of the two cartridges; never had anything to do with the distribution of dynamite. I know Herr Most; I guess I have known him for three years. This letter here is from Most. I do not know whether I answered that letter. I cannot remember."

"In whose handwriting is this postal card?"

"It is Most's handwriting. I suppose I received it — I see my address on it. I do not remember having read that postal or this letter at this date. I don't remember the contents of that letter. I have undoubtedly received

and read it, but don't recollect anything about it now. I never carried on any correspondence with Most. I don't remember whether I answered the postal card, and whether I said or wrote to Most anything in regard to the inquiries made of me in this letter. I know positively I did not give him the directions where to ship the material mentioned in the letter. There may have been a letter addressed in my care which I may have sent to Most, but I know absolutely nothing outside of that.

"As to the phrase, 'The social revolution,' which occurs in my writings, I mean by it the evolutionary process, or changes from one system to another, which take place in society; I meant a change from a wage system, from the present relations between labor and capital, to some other system. By the abolition of the wage system I mean the doing away with the spoliation of labor, making the worker the owner of his own product.

"I was invited to go to the Haymarket meeting at nine o'clock on Tuesday, by Mr. Fischer. It was about eleven o'clock when I objected to that last line in the circular. I objected to that principally because I thought it was ridiculous to put a phrase in which would prevent people from attending the meeting. Another reason was that there was some excitement at that time, and a call for arms like that might have caused trouble between the police and the attendants of that meeting. I did not anticipate anything of the kind, but I thought it was not a proper thing to put that line in. I wrote the 'Revenge' circular, everything except the word 'Revenge.' I wrote the words, 'Workingmen, to arms!' When I wrote it I thought it was proper; I don't think so now. I wrote it to arouse the working people, who are stupid and ignorant, to a consciousness of the condition that they were in, not to submit to such brutal treatment as that by which they had been shot down at McCormick's on the previous day. I wanted them not to attend meetings under such circumstances, unless they could resist. I did not want them to do anything in particular—I did not want to do anything. That I called them to arms is a phrase, probably an extravagance. I did intend that they should arm themselves. I have called upon the workingmen for years and years, and others have done the same thing before me, to arm themselves. They have a right, under the Constitution, to arm themselves, and it would be well for them if they were all armed. I called on them to arm themselves, not for the purpose of resisting the lawfully constituted authorities of the city and county, in case they should meet with opposition from them, but for the purpose of resisting the unlawful attacks of the police or the unconstitutional and unlawful demands of any organization, whether police, militia or any other. I have not urged them in my speeches and editorials to arm themselves in order to bring about a social revolution or in order to overthrow the lawful authority of the country."

The letter referred to as that of Most, which was in German, and which was dated 1884, was then put in evidence and read, as follows:

"*Dear Spies* :—Are you sure that the letter from the Hocking Valley was not written by a detective? In a week I will go to Pittsburg, and I have an inclination to go also to the Hocking Valley. For the present I send you some printed matter. There Sch. 'H.' also existed but on paper. I told you this some months ago. On the other hand I am in a condition to furnish 'medicine,' and the 'genuine' article at that. Directions for use are perhaps not needed with these people. Moreover they were recently published in the 'Fr.' The appliances I can also send. Now, if you consider the address of Buchtell thoroughly reliable, I will ship twenty or twenty-five pounds. But how? Is there an express line to the place, or is there another way possible? Paulus, the Great, seems to delight in hopping around in the swamps of the N. Y. V. Z. like a blown-up (bloated) frog. His tirades excite

general detestation. He has made himself immensely ridiculous. The main thing is only that the fellow cannot smuggle any more rotten elements into the newspaper company than are already in it. In this regard, the caution is important to be on the minute. The organization here is no better nor worse than formerly. Our group has about the strength of the North Side group in Chicago; and then, besides this, we have also the Soc. Rev. § 1, the Austrian League and the Bohemian League, so to say three more groups. Finally, it is easily seen that our influence with the trade organizations is steadily growing. We insert our meetings in the Fr., and cannot notice that they are worse attended than at the time when we got through weekly \$1.50 to \$2.00 into the mouth of the N. Y. V. Z. Don't forget to put yourself into communication with Drury in reference to the English organ. He will surely work with you much and well. Such a paper is more necessary as to the truth. This, indeed, is getting more miserable and confused from issue to issue, and in general is whistling from the last hole. Enclosed is a fly-leaf which recently appeared at Emden, and is perhaps adapted for reprint. Greeting to Schwab, Rau and to you. Yours,

"JOHANN MOST.

"P. S.—To Buchtell I will, of course, write for the present only in general terms.
"A. SPIES, No. 107 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois."

The postal card referred to was also put in evidence and read, as follows:

"L. S. (*Dear Spies* :) I had scarcely mailed my letter yesterday when the telegraph brought news from H. M. One does not know whether to rejoice over that or not. The advance is in itself elevating. Sad is the circumstance that it will remain local, and, therefore, might not have a result. At any rate, these people make a better impression than the foolish voters on this and the other side of the ocean. Greetings and a shake.

"Yours,

J. M."

ALBERT R. PARSONS made the following statement in his own behalf:

"I have resided in Chicago for thirteen years. I was born June 20, 1848. On Sunday, May 2, I was in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio. Came back from there to Chicago on Tuesday morning, May 4th, between seven and eight o'clock. I caused a notice calling for a meeting of the American group at 107 Fifth Avenue, on the evening of May 4th, to be inserted in the *Daily News* of that evening. In the evening I left my house in company with Mrs. Holmes, my wife and two children, about eight o'clock. We walked from home until we got to Randolph and Halsted Streets. There I met two reporters that I have seen frequently at workmen's meetings. One of them was a reporter whose name I don't know; the other was Mr. Heineman of the *Tribune*. There Mrs. Holmes, my wife and children and myself took a car and rode directly to the meeting at 107 Fifth Avenue. We arrived there about half-past eight and remained about half an hour. After the business for which the meeting had been called was about through, some one, I understood it was a committee, came over from the Haymarket and said that there was a large body of people and no speakers there except Mr. Spies, and myself and Mr. Fielden were urged to come over to address the mass-meeting. After finishing up the work, we adjourned and walked over. Fielden and myself crossed the river through the tunnel. There were three or four others present, but I don't remember their names. I think it was after nine o'clock when I reached the meeting on Desplaines Street near the Haymarket. Mr. Spies was speaking. I managed to squeeze through the crowd, was assisted upon the wagon at once by some gentlemen standing about, and within a minute or two Mr. Spies concluded, stated that I had arrived and would address the meeting, and asked their attention while I was talking. I suppose I spoke about three-quarters of an hour. At the close of my speech I got down from the wagon. I think I was assisted by Henry Spies, who was standing by the wagon. Then I went to the wagon which stood about fifteen or twenty feet north of the

speakers' wagon, on which my wife and Mrs. Holmes were seated, listening to us. I got into that wagon, asked them how they were enjoying themselves, etc., and while talking with them, about ten minutes later, a coolness in the atmosphere attracted my attention. I looked up and observed white clouds rolling over from the north, and as I didn't want the ladies to get wet, I went on to the speakers' wagon and said: 'Mr. Fielden, permit me to interrupt you a moment.' 'Certainly,' he said. And I said: 'Gentlemen, it appears as though it would rain. It is getting late. We might as well adjourn anyway, but if you desire to continue the meeting longer, we can adjourn to Zepf's Hall, on the corner near by.' Some one in the crowd said: 'No, we can't; it is occupied by a meeting of the furniture workers.' With that I looked and saw the lights through the windows of the hall, and said nothing further. Mr. Fielden remarked that it did not matter; he had only a few words more to say. I went over again to where the ladies were, helped them off the wagon and told them to go down to this corner place, and we would all get together and go home. They walked off, and some one detained me for a moment; then I followed them and met near the edge of the crowd a man whom I knew very familiarly — Mr. Brown. I asked him to have a drink with me, as the speaking had made me hoarse, and we moved off a little in the rear of the ladies, to the saloon. There had been no appearance of the police, no explosion or any disturbance up to that time. As I entered the saloon I noticed some four or five gentlemen standing at the bar. There were possibly as many as ten people sitting at tables on the other side next the wall, and about five or six men standing in the center of the floor talking to each other, among whom I noticed Mr. Malkoff, talking to a gentleman whom I did not know, but I supposed he was a reporter. He was upon the witness-stand in this trial. I believe it was Mr. Allen. The ladies took seats about ten feet from the door, in the saloon, at the end of the first table, with their backs to it, looking into the street. I said something to them, and I believe just then I introduced some one to Mrs. Parsons. Afterwards I went to the bar with Brown, and we had a glass of beer and a cigar. Then I turned around and noticed Mr. Fischer sitting at one of the tables and said a few words to him and sat down at the table for a few moments. Then I think I went around to where the ladies were, and I was standing near them looking out and wondering if the meeting would not close, anxious to go home. All at once I saw an illumination. It lit up the whole street, followed instantly by a deafening roar, and almost simultaneously volleys of shots followed, every flash of which, it seemed to me, I could see. The best comparison I can make in my mind is that it was as though a hundred men held in their hands repeating revolvers and fired them as rapidly as possible until they were all gone. That was the first volley. Then there were occasional shots, and one or two bullets whistled near the door and struck the sign. I was transfixed. Mrs. Parsons did not move. In a moment two or three men rushed breathlessly in at the door. That broke the apparent charm that was on us by the occurrence in the street, and with that I called upon my wife and Mrs. Holmes to come with me to the rear of the saloon. We remained there, possibly, twenty minutes or so."

On cross-examination Parsons said:

"I was born in Montgomery, Alabama. Since I came to Chicago I worked as a type-setter for the first eight or nine years; then for a year and

a half myself and wife had a suit business on Larrabee street; then for about a year and a half myself and wife made ladies' wrappers and suits, and I went out soliciting orders. For the last two years, since October, 1884, I was editor of the *Alarm*. It was a weekly paper for about a year, and then a semi-monthly. I wrote down the memorandum of my utterances on the night of May 4th, which I used in giving my testimony as to my speech, from time to time, as they occurred to me, and in looking over Mr. English's report. When I referred to the methods which the *Chicago Times* and the *Chicago Tribune* and Tom Scott advised against striking workingmen, I told them they should defend themselves against such things in any way they could, by arming, if necessary. I did not mention dynamite at that meeting. I possibly mentioned it at other meetings. I said nothing about bombs that night, neither as a defensive means, or something to use against them. I did not, when I said that the present social system must be changed in the interest of humanity, explain to them how the social change should be brought about, because I did not know myself. I think I told the audience that the existing order of things was founded upon and maintained by force, and that the actions of the monopolists and corporations would drive the people into the use of force before they could obtain redress. I might have stated that—I am not sure. I did not tell them that the ballot was useless for them because the majority was against them. That is not correct; the workingmen are vastly in the majority. I did not tell them that night that the only way they could obtain their rights was by overturning the existing order of things by force. I could not tell whether there were any strikers present that night. There were very few Socialists present. I am a Socialist. I am an Anarchist, as I understand it."

W. A. S. GRAHAM, a reporter with no Anarchistic tendencies, had interviewed Harry Gilmer at the City Hall as to what he had seen at the Haymarket and who threw the bomb.

HARRY GILMER was then recalled by the defendants and stated that he had seen the gentleman (pointing to Graham) at the Central Station, and that he (Graham) asked him if he could identify the man who threw the bomb. Gilmer had answered that he could if he saw him. Witness did not say during the conversation that he saw the man throw the bomb, but that the man had his back to him and had whiskers. Witness did not say that the man was of medium size with dark clothes, and that he saw him light the fuse and throw the bomb.

Mr. Graham was recalled and stated that the man (Gilmer) just on the stand had told him that he saw the man light the fuse and throw the bomb, and that he could identify him if he saw him. Gilmer told him that the man was of medium height, and thought he had whiskers and wore a soft black hat, but had his back turned toward him. On cross-examination witness said:

"I had this conversation about four o'clock in the afternoon of May 5th. I talked with him about three or four minutes. He said nothing about there being more than one man at that location, a knot of men, or anything of that kind. He said that one man lighted the fuse and threw the bomb; he did

not say anything about how it was lighted, whether with a match or a cigar, I did not ask him that. He said he was standing in Crane's alley when it was done.

This closed the evidence for the defense, and by agreement several newspaper articles and an address of Victor Hugo to the "Rich and Poor" were introduced. The State then proceeded to put in rebutting testimony.

DANIEL SCULLY, a justice of the peace, was first examined. He stated that at the preliminary examination, held on the 25th of May, Officer Wessler had not stated in his testimony that Stenner was the man who fired the shot from the wagon; neither had Officer Foley so stated.

"Did he, at that time, give a description of the man who fired the shot over the wagon that night as a stout man with heavy whiskers, saying at the same time that if he ever saw him again he thought he could identify him?" "Yes, sir. Stenner was discharged upon that examination."

INSPECTOR JOHN BONFIELD met Mr. Simonson, a witness in this case, at the police station on the night of the Haymarket riot. The man was introduced to him by Capt. Ward as a member of the firm of J. V. Farwell & Co.

"We three stood together outside of the railing. Mr. Simonson opened the conversation by remarking to me that he understood that the horses belonging to the Police Department were getting used up with the constant work they had, and that either Mr. Farwell or the firm — I understood him to say Mr. Farwell — that their horses were at our service in case we needed any horses. I told him that our teams had stood the work so far very well, but that if the troubles continued for any length of time we would likely need assistance and would call upon him if occasion demanded it, thanking him for his offer. He then spoke about the trouble at McCormick's and on Centre Avenue and Eighteenth Street that afternoon, and said the police ought to have dispersed those crowds; not to have allowed them to collect. I did not, in the course of that conversation, tell him that I would like to get a crowd of 3,000 without any women and children, and in that case would make short work of them, or anything to that effect."

The most important part of the work done by the State at this phase of the proceedings was the strong indorsement of Harry W. Gilmer's veracity which was produced before the jury. To the credibility of this witness, and to their acquaintance with, and respect for him, the following persons testified: Judge Tuthill of the Superior Court, Chas. A. Dibble, John Steele, Michael Smith, Benjamin F. Knowles, Chester C. Cole, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa, Edward R. Mason, Clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court at Des Moines, Samuel Merrill, President of the Citizens' National Bank of Des Moines, Canute R. Matson, Sheriff of Cook County, Sylvanus Edinburn, W. P. Hardy, John L. Manning, an attorney, and many others. Many of these witnesses had known Gilmer in Iowa for many years; others were old acquaintances of his in Chicago; all of them swore that he was worthy of belief.