

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Last Hours of the Doomed Men — Planning a Rescue — The Feeling in Chicago — Police Precautions — Looking for a Leak — Vitriol for a Detective — Guarding the Jail — The Dread of Dynamite — How the Anarchists Passed their Last Night — The Final Partings — Parsons Sings "Annie Laurie" — Putting up the Gallows — Scenes Outside the Prison — A Cordon of Officers — Mrs. Parsons Makes a Scene — The Death Warrants — Courage of the Condemned — Shackled and Shrouded for the Grave — The March to the Scaffold — Under the Dangling Ropes — The Last Words — "Hoch die Anarchie!" — "My Silence will be More Terrible than Speech" — "Let the Voice of the People be Heard" — The Chute to Death — Preparations for the Funeral — Scenes at the Homes of the Dead Anarchists — The Passage to Waldheim — Howell Trogden Carries the American Flag — Captain Black's Eulogy — The Burial — Speeches by Grottkau and Currilin — Was Engel Sincere? — His Advice to his Daughter — A Curious Episode — Adolph Fischer and his Death-watch.

THE Anarchists of Chicago now became desperate. Many of them had calculated on the worst for some time, and they had formed into small groups to be better able to plot for their imprisoned friends with the least possible danger of police detection. While assembling in large bodies, they had discovered that many of their secrets were in my possession, and after the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court they realized that it was essential to the success of any movement they might decide upon to keep all knowledge of it within the circle of true and trusted men. The leading lights in the order accordingly resorted to private residences, as I have already stated.

Sometimes they were joined in meetings of a general nature by some who had previously been anti-Anarchists, but who since the decision of the Illinois court had secretly expressed sympathy with the condemned men. Becoming emboldened by what they thought to be a growing sentiment in favor of the prisoners, these secret abettors finally threw off their masks, and, openly expressing their views, many of them speedily lost the esteem and friendship of neighbors by whom they had previously been highly regarded. With a view to aiding to effect a general change in public sentiment, some of these sympathizers even threw open their doors to Anarchists, as I have indicated in a prior chapter. But whenever some risky project was contemplated the small bands of conspirators saw to it that none but avowed and tried adherents of the red flag were present.

It was at this time that the police discovered the plot to release the doomed men, and one day Detective Schuettler learned of a place where numerous secret conferences were being held from time to time. He was under orders of Mr. Ebersold, who had taken him away from the Chicago Avenue Station with a view to crippling my force, but nevertheless the detective found a way, even while engaged in other directions, to keep a

keen eye on secret revolutionary movements. He had been too long in the service to lose his interest in things Anarchistic, and he resolved to get at the bottom of the rumored clandestine gatherings.

Learning that star-chamber sessions were being held in the room of an old-time Communist named Theodore Appell, at No. 234 West Division Street, Schuettler at once rented an adjoining room. In this apartment there was a closet, and after reconnoitering about the premises at a favorable opportunity, he discovered that by cutting a hole in the closet wall he could obtain a good view of those who might be present at future meetings. A hole was accordingly cut. This gave him a fine chance both to see and hear. Everything worked nicely for a time, but finally the conspirators became suspicious, as they found their secrets getting beyond their own circle, and, satisfied that the leakage was not due to members in their own set, they instituted a search. The result was that the officer's peep-hole was discovered. That closed their deliberations in that place, but they resolved to take revenge on the man who had thus obtruded his attentions upon them. For this purpose they decided to hold a mock meeting in the old quarters, and then and there, when they were satisfied that the concealed individual had his eye at the hole, to discharge a syringe filled with vitriol. This would destroy the eye-sight as well as disfigure for life the face of the man who had dared to intrude on their secrecy. I learned of this plan, however, and warned the officer. Schuettler never again went near that closet. But he had already gathered all the information that was needed.

The conspirators left the place like young birds leave the old nest, with a flop and a flourish, never to return; but we had learned that they had in view the liberation of their friends in jail.

This information put the authorities on their guard, and it is possible that this timely discovery averted a jail delivery.

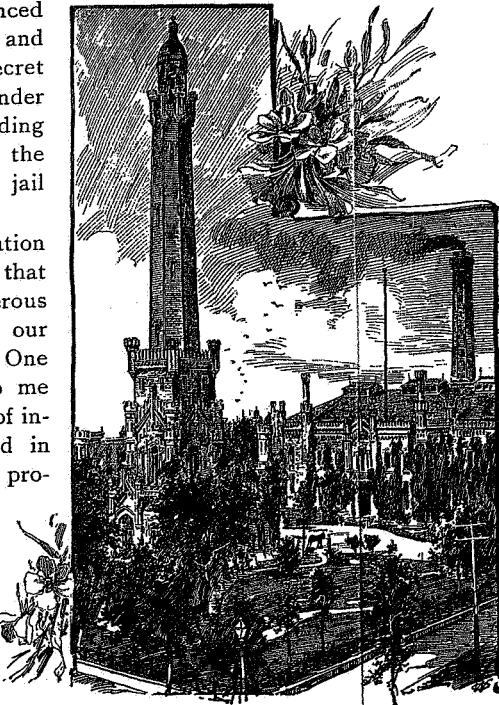
But the Anarchists did not lose hope. When they learned that the United States Supreme Court had refused to interfere with the execution they became more desperate than ever. Where before they had been revengeful, they now were frantic, and their schemes now embraced more drastic and destructive measures. They considered propositions looking to a blowing-up of the jail building with dynamite, and in the turmoil and confusion incident to the wreckage of a part of the building and the destruction of life within they contemplated a rush to the untouched portion containing their comrades, whom they would thus rescue from the hands of the law. This diabolical plot was earnestly debated, and about the time the reds became satisfied that the Governor would not step in between their convicted leaders and the gallows they even went so far as to advocate an explosion that would not only rob the gallows of its victims, but kill those whom curiosity might assemble about the jail a short time

before the expected event. If their comrades must die, they should not die alone. The disgrace of an execution must be averted, and a terrible lesson imparted to the enemies of Anarchy.

But the jail officials joined me in most rigid measures to prevent the execution of each and all of the plots, and officers and detectives were stationed in goodly numbers about the building, night and day, to watch the movements of suspicious characters. When the decision of the Governor was finally announced this vigilance was redoubled, and we made sure that no secret mines had been constructed under any of the sidewalks surrounding the building or across under the alley on the west side of the jail structure.

It was not only the liberation of the imprisoned Anarchists that was aimed at in the numerous conspiracies which came to our knowledge about this time. One plot which was reported to me embraced a wanton scheme of incendiarism and pillage, and in order to facilitate this, it was proposed to cut off the water supply of the city by demolishing the stand-pipe in the Water-works tower. In some manner the conspirators had learned the exact spot in the tower where a charge of dynamite would accomplish the most effective execution, and the reports brought to me showed that this project was debated most minutely. For the space of two months we were required therefore to keep extra guard over the source of Chicago's water supply, and the contemplated attack of the reds was not attempted.

While the plots on the outside of the jail were thus met with vigilance, the doomed conspirators within appeared quiet and resigned. They received the Governor's decision with extraordinary composure, and, having felt throughout that day that they must face the inevitable on the morrow, they busied themselves in arranging their earthly affairs, writing letters



THE CHICAGO WATER-WORKS.
From a Photograph.

to friends and relatives and giving directions as to the disposition of personal matters and the publication of their autobiographies and other manuscripts. Early in the evening they received their immediate friends and relatives to bid them farewell, and through all that trying ordeal they remained unmoved. Tears coursed down the blanched faces of wives, sisters and daughters as the last loving words were spoken, but no emotion of despair or grief seemed to agitate the men. They were solemn and stoical in their demeanor, and their efforts were mainly directed to administering words of cheer and consolation. When the final parting had taken place, they returned to their cells, and their last night on earth was varied with letter-writing and chats with the death-watch. None of them retired early. Parsons did not seek his couch till after midnight, and then it was some time before the rapid thoughts coursing through his brain would permit him to sleep. Before morning he broke the stillness of his surroundings by singing a favorite song of his earlier days — "Annie Laurie." The clear tones echoing down the corridor startled all then awake, and prisoners and death-watch eagerly inclined their heads to catch every word and note. When Parsons drew near the closing stanza, his voice tripped and hesitated, unmistakably showing that his feelings were giving way to the recollections of former times.

Spies lay down to rest at a late hour, but his thoughts, as he chatted with his death-watch, seemed busy with the events that had brought him to a murderer's doom. He denounced the verdict as iniquitous, and declared that the people would shortly see the error of hanging men for seeking the welfare of the laboring classes.

Fischer was the quietest and most self-composed of all, and he had very little to say even to his death-watch. He soon apparently fell into a slumber and seemed to rest easily.

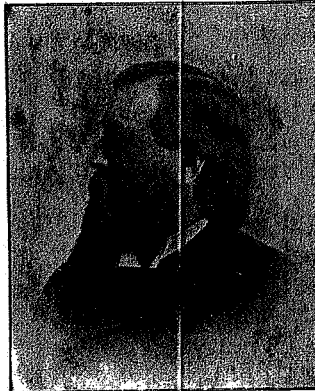
Engel was also remarkably self-possessed, and he was the last to retire to his couch — not because of thoughts of the morrow occupying his mind, but for another reason, as will appear further along.

During the latter part of the night, if any one of them had happened to be awake, the horrible preparations for the execution could have been distinctly heard. Around the corner, in the corridor north of the one in which their cells were located, the gallows were being placed in position, and, even though the sounds of the hammer were subdued, the echo plainly told the character of the work the carpenters were engaged upon. It was the same scaffold on which the three Italians had two years before atoned for the death of a murdered countryman, and on which the murderer Mulkowsky had also paid the penalty for his foul crime. It was a large structure — large enough to have dropped seven men had the original sentence of the trial court been carried into full execution. At the end of each rope one hundred and eighty pound weights were attached, so as to

give a heavier fall, and, thus arranged, by daylight the trap of death was ready for its victims.

When morning dawned, the four Anarchists arose early, but each seemed to have had a restful night. Their demeanor had not changed perceptibly from that of other mornings. After their ablutions they perused the morning papers and subsequently partook of breakfast, brought in from a neighboring restaurant. They ate quite heartily, and then each turned his attention again to letter-writing. Their communications were mainly directed to their families and to friends in the city, and some to Anarchists in other parts of the country, and very nearly the last they penned were directed to the Sheriff and to the Coroner and had reference to the disposition of their bodies and personal effects after death.

During the fleeting morning hours, the Anarchists were visited by the Rev. Mr. Bolton, of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, who came to assist in their spiritual preparation for death, but while each received him courteously, they all declined his kindly proffered ministrations. They had no faith in the gospel and frankly told the clergyman that they did not desire his services. They wanted to die as they had lived, with no faith in God or man as exalted above general humanity. Some of them even went into discussion with the clergyman, stoutly combatting every point he made to reach their hearts; but the talk always ended as it had begun—in a positive refusal to accept any spiritual guidance or advice. The Rev. Mr. Bolton was forced to retire without having made any impression, and the men treated the whole matter afterwards in a most indifferent and flippant manner.



CANUTE R. MATSON.
From a Photograph.

While the unfortunates on the inside were apparently unmoved by their impending fate, commotion and excitement prevailed on the outside of the jail. At a very early hour in the morning a contingent of the police force, numbering three hundred men, was detailed to preserve order and keep away from the immediate vicinity of the building all persons not having proper credentials or not properly vouched for. Across Michigan and Illinois Streets, on the east side of Clark Street, and on Dearborn Avenue at its intersections with the two first-named streets, stout ropes were stretched, and within the inclosure thus formed and at the barriers squads of policemen were marching up and down with glistening bayonets and Winchester rifles. There were also policemen in and about the Criminal Court and jail building and on the roof, commanding the streets below in all direc-

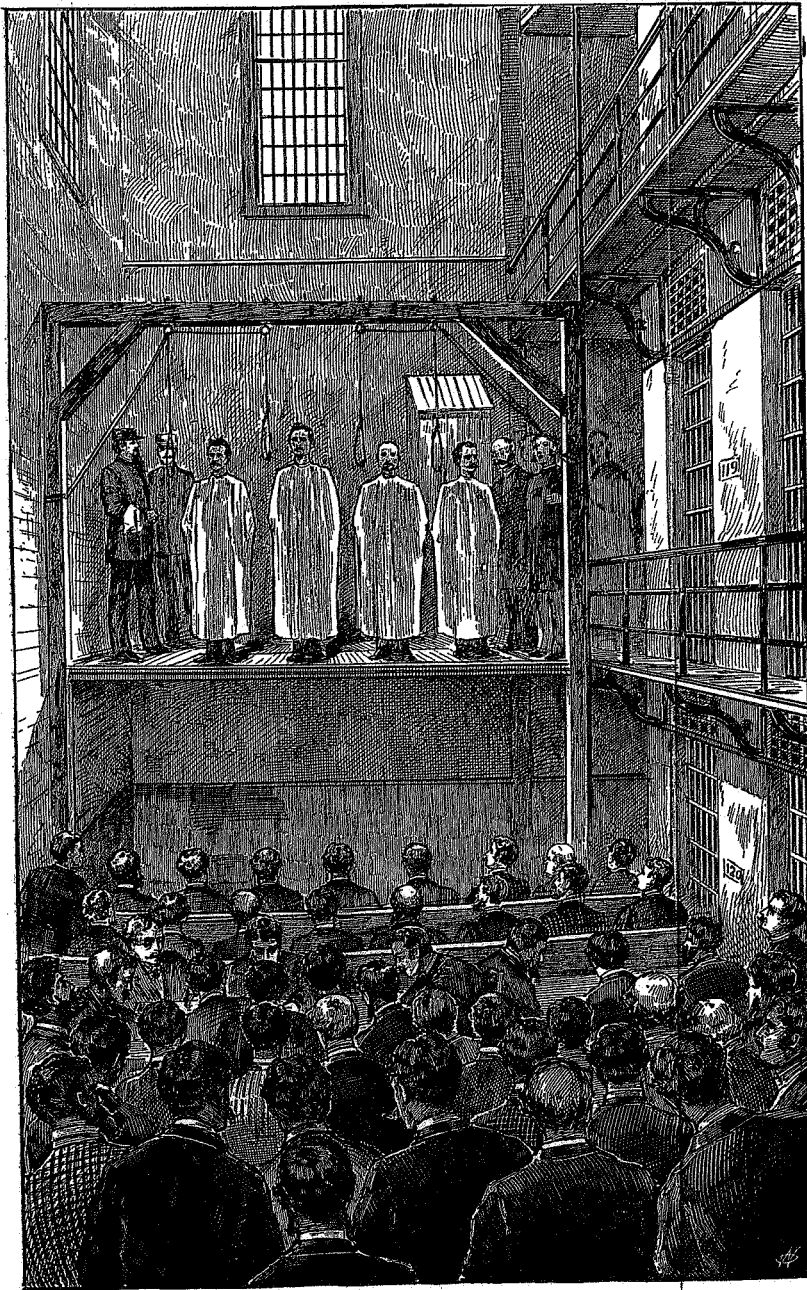
tions. There was thus a most complete arrangement to meet any unexpected attack or any violent hostile demonstration.

As the hour approached for the execution the streets beyond the ropes became crowded with people of all grades and descriptions, impelled by curiosity; but they were all kept moving by policemen scattered along the thoroughfares amongst them, so that no groups might gather and under the excitement of the moment precipitate a row or a riot. Along toward ten o'clock Mrs. Parsons, dressed in mourning and accompanied by her two children, presented herself at the ropes and demanded admittance to see her husband "murdered by law." She was, of course, delicately refused, and then she endeavored to create a scene, but the police promptly called a patrol wagon and sent her to the Chicago Avenue Station, where she was detained until after the execution. During the forenoon thousands of people passed in the vicinity of the building, but the only satisfaction they received for their pains was a sight of the somber walls of the jail at a distance. Taking the crowd as a whole, it was remarkably orderly, although there was more or less subdued muttering among the Anarchists who had sought the vicinity only to find themselves ordered to "move on." These generally sought solace for their wounded feelings in neighboring saloons, where they cast dire imprecations upon the police, promising to be avenged in time.

Within the jail everything was quiet, and, except for the presence of those who had come to witness the execution, there seemed to be no special indication of the tragedy to be enacted. The officials moved about quietly while making the preliminary arrangements, and the unfortunate Anarchists smoked, wrote hasty notes and chatted at intervals with their attendants.

At 11:30 o'clock Sheriff Matson, accompanied by Deputies Hartke, Cleveland, Spears and Peters, County Physician Moyer and Jailer Folz, started from the jail office, and repaired to the cell occupied by Spies. The iron-barred door was opened, and Spies advanced to meet the Sheriff. Mr. Matson at once proceeded to read the death warrant. Spies listened with folded arms, and there was no indication of nervousness nor trace of emotion. His feelings could not be divined from his demeanor. The facial muscles remained unmoved, and no color rose to flush the usual paleness of the cheeks, nor was the pallor of his face heightened when the last fearful words of the warrant had been read. The Sheriff was visibly agitated, and his voice was at times tremulous. On the conclusion of the reading Spies merely bowed his head slightly, and then stepped out into the corridor in obedience to the deputies' request. Around his chest was placed a leather belt about an inch and a half wide, with which to pinion his arms just above the elbows, and his hands were handcuffed behind his back. Then a white muslin shroud was thrown over him and fastened slightly at the neck and waist.

While these details were being carried out, the Sheriff was at Fischer's



THE EXECUTION.

cell, and the same programme of preparation was gone through with. The Anarchist was manacled, pinioned and shrouded, and he gazed upon each operation with curious interest, but with no sign of perturbation or weakness. Now and then he faintly smiled, and he seemed more concerned about the trepidation of the deputies than about his own situation.

Meantime the death warrant had been read to Engel, who was soon arrayed in the habiliments of death. He stood it all unflinchingly, and seemed even less concerned than his comrades. There was also an entire absence of affected indifference.

Parsons was the last to step out of his cell, and, as he stood receiving the ghastly paraphernalia, he endeavored to display no sign of fear. He bore up well, although he evidently wrestled with his inner feelings.

The solemn march to the scaffold began with the Sheriff in the lead. In the east corner of the north corridor stood the scaffold. Below and before it were benches for the two hundred spectators. The death procession moved slowly and with measured tread. As it neared the corner the footfalls became distinctly audible to those assembled. When the shuffling of feet on the iron stairway leading to the first gallery, which was on a level with the gallows, was heard, the buzz of conversation ceased, and every eye was centered on the spot whence the Anarchists would be first seen. It was only a moment, and then Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons, one after the other, came into view, each with a deputy by his side. Having reached their respective places on the trap, they faced the spectators. Spies, the moment he caught sight of the audience, gave it a contemptuous look, and thereafter his eyes seemed centered on some invisible object down the corridor above the heads of the spectators. Fischer merely looked down for a moment on the uncovered heads below, and then his eyes wandered in various directions. Engel seemed the most unconcerned of all, and swept the audience with a cool glance as though it might have been composed of friends. Parsons was superbly stiff, and his gaze, after a snap at those below, firmly set itself in the direction of the cell tiers.

As soon as those on the platform had taken the positions assigned, the lower limbs of the four Anarchists were pinioned. This was done very quickly. The nooses dangling overhead were then lifted from their hooks, and Spies was the first to have the rope placed around his neck. The noose had been slipped a little too tight, and, noticing the uneasiness it gave him, the deputy instantly loosened it a trifle. Spies gave a faint smile in acknowledgment of the kindness and again seemed at ease. Not a tremor was visible during the adjustment of the rope. Another deputy next placed the rope around the neck of Fischer, who, to facilitate its proper adjustment, bent his tall form slightly and received it with head inclined until the knot rested in its proper place under the left ear. Engel received the noose as if it had been a decoration about to be placed upon his shoulders by friendly

hands, and several times he turned his head around to exchange a word or two with the deputy, accompanying his whispered utterances with a smile. Parsons stood unmoved when his turn came, and appeared entirely indifferent to the operation. Loose-fitting white caps were now produced, and, as these came in sight, Fischer and Engel turned their heads slightly to the left and spoke a second to their respective deputies. Spies first, Fischer next, then Engel, and Parsons last, was the order in which the caps were adjusted, and the heads had no sooner been enveloped, shutting out forever the light of day, than all knew that the fatal moment had arrived. During all the preliminary preparations not a relaxation of nerve or an expression of anguish or despair had been observed. Now the tension of silence was painful. But suddenly there broke from the lips of Spies an exclamation that startled the auditors as if by a shock.

"You may strangle this voice," said he, in clear but subdued tones, "but my silence will be more terrible than speech."

Spies had scarcely uttered his last words, when Fischer shouted :

"This is the happiest moment of my life. *Hoch die Anarchie!*"

Engel immediately caught up the sentiment, and in a strong voice, and with a pronounced German accent, cried :

"Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Parsons then lifted his voice, and in firm, deliberate tones, exclaimed :

"O men of America!"

Then, lowering his voice to an appealing accent :

"Mr. Sheriff, may I be permitted to say a few words?"

Raising his voice again, without waiting for an answer, and continuing in the same breath, he said :

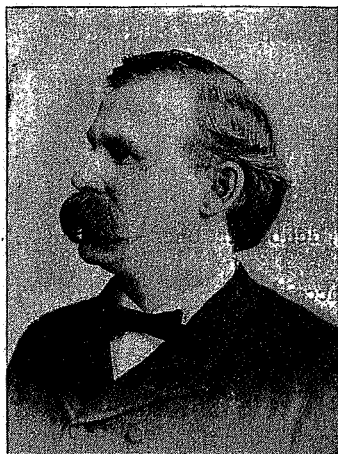
"O men of America, let the voice of the people be heard."

The last word had barely escaped his lips, when the signal was given to the unknown and hidden man in the sentry-box back of the platform, the rope controlling the trap was cut, and four bodies shot downward into space. The intervals between the adjustment of the caps, the utterances and the drop were only a few moments, but they were moments that seemed like hours. The first instant after the drop, the bodies all seemed motionless, but immediately one after the other began violent contortions, the limbs contracted, the breasts swelled with spasms, and the arms shook convulsively. It was fully eight minutes before the last was limp and lifeless. The bodies, however, were left hanging for twenty-six minutes, and then they were deposited in plain coffins, ready to be turned over to their relatives. The jury selected by the Sheriff to pass upon the death, as required by law, next viewed the remains and then signed the usual legal certificates. Those composing the jury were Dr. Ferdinand Henrotin, Dr. Denslow Lewis, Dr. G. A. Hall, Dr. Harry Brown, Dr. J. B. Andrews, Dr. M. W. Thompson, John N. Hills, William B. Keep, ex-Sheriff John Hoffman, Edwin

Wynn, George Lanz, George M. Moulton, John L. Woodward and H. L. Anderson.

It was subsequently ascertained that the necks of none of the Anarchists had been broken, and that death had come in each case through strangulation.

Within an hour and a half the coffins were removed, the bodies of Spies, Parsons and Fischer being receipted for by a committee of the Central Labor Union, and those of Engel and Lingg by a friend of Mrs. Engel. The body of Lingg had reposed in the women's department of the jail. Shortly before his death, the bomb-maker had expressed the wish that his body be allowed to repose by the side of Engel's, and that it be given in charge of Engel's family, as he himself had no relatives in America.



JOHN A. ROCHE.
From a Photograph.

The remains of Spies, Fischer and Parsons were taken to an undertaking establishment at No. 596 Milwaukee Avenue, and those of Engel and Lingg to a similar place at No. 186 Milwaukee Avenue, and there costly and ornamental coffins were provided after the bodies had been first embalmed. Subsequently they were removed to the houses of their respective relatives, and arrangements were at once set on foot for a tremendous demonstration at the funeral, the following Sunday.

No sooner had each coffin been taken to the relatives than hundreds of Anarchists flocked in to view the remains. Others, too — men, women and children, moved by morbid curiosity — crowded in to view the dead. The families were in almost constant tears, and deep were the lamentations over the fate of their loved ones. Mrs. Parsons was in paroxysms of grief and had to be almost forcibly removed from beside the bier of her husband. Her curses were loud against the police, and she strenuously refused all comfort. At the Spies residence there were copious tears, and no one was more deeply moved than Miss Van Zandt. The sorrow of Mrs. Engel and her daughter was more subdued, but nevertheless keen and poignant. It was the same at Fischer's home.

Meantime the preparations for the funeral went on, and the committee having it in charge determined that it should be conducted with the utmost pomp, ceremony and display. They desired that on this occasion the red flag should again be unfurled and wave over the bodies of those whom they regarded as martyrs. The police learned of it, and when a committee

waited upon Mayor Roche to secure the necessary permission for the procession, he set his face firmly against the red flag.

"The American flag," said he, "is good enough for us, and it is good enough for you. If that flag don't suit you, I am sorry. No red flag shall ever take its place while I am Mayor of Chicago."

Sunday, November 13, came, and every Anarchistic organization in the city turned out to attend the funeral. The procession, which started at an early hour, first called at the Spies residence, No. 154 Bryson Street, for the coffin of the editor, and then moved on to Mrs. Parsons' residence at No. 785 Milwaukee Avenue. After the coffin of Parsons had been placed in the hearse, Fischer's house was reached, and next that of Engel, and when all the hearses were in line, the entire funeral procession proceeded down Milwaukee Avenue, thence to Lake Street, and thence along Fifth Avenue to the depot of the Wisconsin Central Railway. At each of the houses of the executed Anarchists the cortege had been joined by friends and by various societies of which the dead had been members, and with these accessions the procession, as it finally moved on to its destination, numbered not less than six thousand. The hearses were loaded down with flowers, wreaths and other floral tributes, and each was followed by carriages containing the mourners. Close behind the Spies hearse was a carriage containing Mrs. and Miss Van Zandt, mother and daughter, and Mrs. Spies, the mother, and Miss Gretchen, the sister of the deceased. All along the line of march, the sidewalks were thronged, and there must have been over fifty thousand persons who viewed the procession as it passed. Hundreds had gathered at the residences before the procession started, and when they joined the throngs already on Milwaukee Avenue the streets became almost impassable. Policemen were stationed at the various street corners, and these gave the processionists ample room to move unimpeded. The procession did not lack music, several bands having been engaged, and the "Marseillaise" and "Annie Laurie" were the airs most frequently heard.

The absence of the red banner on the street was commented on, but with a seeming defiance of the Mayor's orders two red flags decked the coffins of Engel and Lingg. What was still more significant was the fact that not a single flag of the Union was borne by the procession. It was only when the Anarchists reached Lake Street that the red, white and blue was unfurled to the breeze, and then it was done, not by an Anarchist, but by Howell Trogden, a veteran of the civil war. It was a small emblem in size, and of cheap material, but he held it high above his head and proudly carried it before the cortege, clear down to the depot, greatly to the discomfiture and chagrin of the reds. When remonstrated with by some one who was in the crowd that had gathered about him and cheered him on the way, he defiantly exclaimed in plain, though perhaps not elegant, language:

"What, furl the ensign of the nation I fought for? Not much! You bet your life, I'll carry this flag and I'll kill the first man who tries to wrest it from me. I'll shed my blood to keep it there."

And the flag was kept there.

Arriving at the depot, the various organizations boarded the trains in waiting, and shortly after one o'clock all were under way to Waldheim Cemetery, situated some nine miles west of Chicago. It was a gloomy, cold day, but nevertheless an immense concourse of people followed the remains to the vault in which they were temporarily deposited. Those who had immediate charge of the funeral arrangements were Frank A. Stauber, H. Linnemeyer, George Schilling, R. M. Burke, Julius Leon, Edwin Goettge, Charles F. Seib, Ernst Litzman, H. Ulharn, F. G. Bielefeld, William Urban, Dr. Ernst Schmidt and T. J. Morgan, all members of the Defense Committee and the Amnesty Association.

After the coffins had been placed in the vault, Capt. W. P. Black took a position near the entrance and delivered the funeral oration. In concluding his address, he said, speaking of a day "when righteousness should reign":

"We look forward to that day. We hope for it. We wait for it, and with such a hope in our hearts can we not bring the judgment of charity to bear upon any mistakes of policy or action that may have been made by any of those who, acknowledging the sublime and glorious hope in their hearts, rushed forward to meet it? We are not here this afternoon to weep. We are not here to mourn over our dead. We are here to pay by our presence and our words the tribute of our appreciation and the witness of our love. I loved these men. I knew them not until I came to know them in the time of their sore travail and anguish. As months went by and I found in the lives of those with whom I talked the witness of their love for the people, of their patience, gentleness and courage, my heart was taken captive in their cause. For this I have no apology. If any of you feel that the tears are coming listen to the last words spoken by one of these, our dead.

"Go not to my grave with your mourning, with your lamentations and tears, with your forebodings and fears. When my lips are dumb, do not thus come. Bring no long train of carriages; no hearse with waving plumes, with the gaunt glory of death illumed; but with hands on my heart let me rest. Ye who are left on this desolate shore, there still to suffer alone, deeply do I pity you. For me no more are the hardships, the bitterness, heartache and strife, the sadness and sorrow of life, but the glory of the divine, that is mine. Poor creatures, afraid of the darkness, who groan at the sight of the anguish in our silent night, go to my tomb. Peal no solemn bell — I am well."

"It has been said that these men knew no religion. I repel the charge. I know but one religion — the religion which seeks to manifest itself by its service of God — or of the supreme good — by its service of humanity in its anguish and its hours of despair. And one of these, our dead, while within the very gloom of approaching death, gave in these words: 'My religion is this: To live right. To do right is to live right, and the service of humanity is my worship of God.'

"I remember that back in the centuries it was written in words that shall

never perish: 'He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as He is righteous.' There is no conception possible to humanity of that which we call God other than the conception which sets our life aflame in the service of our fellow-men. But I must not keep you. There is no necessity for multiplying words in such a presence as this. There are times when silence is more terrible than speech; when men moving to the supreme issue of life can say, standing with their feet on earth and their hands reaching out into the unknown, in a sublime burst of enthusiasm: 'This is the happiest moment of my life' (the last words of Fischer), and then in that hour can cheer for the cause to which they have given their lives (as Engel did), and men in that hour, forgetting themselves, can speak of the voice of the people (Parsons' last words) until utterance is silenced forever, what need is there to stand by such men and multiply words?

"I say that a mistake may well be forgotten in the glory of the purpose which we condemn — it may be through undue haste. I say that whatever of fault may have been in them, these, the people whom they loved and in whose cause they died, may well close the volume and seal up the record and give our lips to the praise of their heroic deeds and their sublime self-sacrifice."

Some weeks afterwards arrangements were made for the final interment of the bodies. A suitable lot had been purchased with money collected by the "Defense Committee," and accordingly on Sunday, the 18th of December, 1887, the Anarchists were invited out to Waldheim to witness the last rites over the dead conspirators. It was a cold, chilling day, and only about a thousand people were in attendance. The remains of the five Anarchists were removed from the vault, the coffins opened and the bodies viewed by all who desired. They were then placed in one grave, and a heavy flagstone was lowered and firmly cemented to protect them. The orators on this occasion were Mr. Buchanan, of Chicago, Paul Grottkau, of Milwaukee, and Albert Currin, of St. Louis. The tenor of Grottkau's speech may be judged from the following extract:

"Those cold clods of clay were the first offerings required at our hands, but they will not be the last. Our lords believed that with them they could slaughter the idea and ideals they represent. They imagined that the five-fold gallows would forever choke liberty. How they have succeeded the future will show. Let them erect their gallows, put them up by the million, and they will never destroy the glorious principles. Not all their revolvers, their armories of bayonets and Gatling guns, not all their bristling rows of cannon, can conquer us. ('Bravo!' 'Bravo!') From this land the fame of our martyrs and our principles will go out to the whole world. Our strangled ones are put at the head of the column. Their names will ever be the brightest on history's page. Party hate or sectional strife cannot dim their laurels. They were the champions of degraded and plundered humanity. They fought long and manfully for us; they died to serve us; and more than that man cannot do. It but remains for us to do our duty as they did theirs. We must be moved by their spirit. All mean personal desires must depart from us. We must continue our organization. We must be unswervingly loyal to the principles they taught us — the great principles that

will free the wretched and enslaved proletarians and drive all injustice from the face of the earth. Brothers, they (pointing to the five coffins) have done their duty; let us do ours."

Currilin closed his address as follows :

"We have been constantly bought, sold and delivered at the ballot-box' (Applause.) These heroes and true men had well considered the folly of relying on the ballot, and with firm hearts and resounding voices had pointed out the road to the thinking and the brave.

"They are gone. Shall the sacrifice of these noble lives be fruitful or not? It will, it must be. Let the dreadful act cement us together. Let us be loftier, firmer than ever. You have your Golgotha. See to it that you have your Easter, and have it soon. You owe it to yourselves and your families that you ever revere these dead. If at any time you become soul-weary or discouraged, make a pilgrimage to this hallowed spot and be reinvigorated for the strife. Let the prison, even the gallows, be powerless to overturn your purpose. Let us struggle for the right, for justice, freedom, and true fraternity until the nations of the earth are of us and with us, until the peoples are regenerated, and clean hands and clean hearts have authority to rule." (Applause.)

With the final burial of the dead, it may perhaps be well to inquire whether one of them continued to believe in Anarchy when he saw that there was no escaping from his fate. That one about whose faith there is most doubt is Engel.

It is frequently the case that men condemned to death, either on the gallows or otherwise, make a powerful effort to die bravely, and that, whatever may have been their true feelings, the truth dies with them. It is seldom that any one reveals from the bottom of his heart his true sentiments. In this case, Engel was a man known to have been sober and sincere, who believed that everything he said was true and right, and who expressed his opinions freely before all his people. He professed the same sentiments to the public up to the moment of his death, his last words being, "Hurrah for Anarchy!" Yet he felt differently. It is a well-known fact that people sentenced to death adhere until the last second to the position that they are right in their opinions or doctrines, or they simulate innocence. Now, as to Engel, it had been shown by the evidence that he had frequented many places at night, to attend Anarchist meetings, and at many of them he delivered addresses. On some of these occasions he was accompanied by his only daughter, a bright young girl about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and she often heard him utter sentiments which she ought not to have heard. But the girl could not help it. She was there, and she had to listen. After these meetings they would walk home together, and the daughter's company was always a source of great pleasure to Engel. She was also greatly attached to her father, and, naturally, whatever she heard him say she regarded as true, having the most implicit faith in him. Engel knew all this, and many stormy nights she would brave the weather to be at his side at meetings he

felt himself obliged to attend. She would cling to his arm, and through snow and storm they would face the elements. When Engel's last night on earth came, he asked the Sheriff and Jailor to permit his beloved daughter to remain with him during the night, and, the officials having satisfied themselves that no sinister purpose was in view, the wish was granted. This was the night of November 10, and young Mary kept her father cheerful company during the long hours. Engel seemed to have had something on his mind, but he refrained from saying anything until shortly before the time for her departure. It was evident that Engel had a deep solicitude for her welfare, in spite of his pretended stolidity. In theory he had always expressed the greatest admiration for Louise Michel, and on every occasion he had lauded that Frenchwoman for her bravery in suffering imprisonment and readiness to sacrifice her life for Anarchy. But he regarded theory and practice as separate and distinct, and in the face of death his thoughts concerned themselves with the future of his dear child. Should she espouse Anarchy and follow in his footsteps, taking up his work where he had left off? This is what agitated Engel, and he soon decided the issue. With a serious and earnest manner, and in a very strong voice, he said in German :

"Mein liebes Kind, kümmere dich nicht um Anarchie. Du siehest wie es mir geht. Und vergesse diese Worte nicht so lange du lebst." (Translated : "My dear child, do not trouble yourself about Anarchy. You see my situation. Do not forget these words as long as you live.")

I am happy to record this to Engel's credit. He was conscious that he had been in the wrong for some time, and he had the manhood to warn his daughter not to embrace Anarchy. He wished her to maintain a good character and grow up to be a good woman.

The words I have given are true to the letter, just as they were spoken by Engel to his daughter, at the time I have stated, and, no matter how strenuously Anarchists may deny this, it will still remain the truth. I will even add that I have no doubt that Engel's comrades entertained similar sentiments.

Liberty or Death!
Adolph Fischer
Cook Co. Jail
Nov 11 1877.

KIERLAN'S SOUVENIR.

The other doomed Anarchists, however, kept their own counsel, and no one seems to have been able to probe their real feelings. Spies and Parsons were decidedly reserved, and Fischer had a severe demeanor, which only relaxed to intimate and trusted friends. A slight exception to his rule was made in his conduct toward his death-watch, John B. Kierlan. In speaking of Fischer, Kierlan, who was a deputy in the jail building, says:

"At the beginning of February, 1887, I was detailed as death-watch to Fischer. When I first went on watch Fischer did not care much for my company, but after a week or so we got to be friends. He asked me to play cards with him, and I often joined him in a game. We played for imaginary and invisible beers. Sometimes I would lose, and then again he would be the loser. The one who lost generally wanted satisfaction, and the next night we would 'saw off' the games, and in this way we were accustomed to spend our evenings together until the last few nights preceding November 11th. Fischer was at this time in cell No. 28, second row. He became greatly attached to me, and was always pleased to see me. He had more confidence in me than in any other officer in the building, and I was with him nearly all the morning of November 11th. When it was nearly eleven o'clock that morning he said:

"Well, John, what about the beer you owe me?"

"I was so greatly astonished that I could not answer him. Then Fischer threw his arm around my neck and said:

"Dear John, we must part."

"At the same time he kissed my cheek. This was a trying moment for me, as I had become greatly attached to him. While I knew him, he never used bad language or said anything unbecoming a gentleman. He asked me:

"John, will you remember me?"

"I said: 'Yes, but I would like to have something to remember you by.'"

"He then pulled out a card from his pocket and wrote these words:

"Liberty or death. Adolph Fischer, Cook County Jail, November 11, 1887."

"This card was given to me forty-five minutes before he died, and I am positive that these were the last words he wrote in his life."

A *fac-simile* of the card appears on another page.

The *Freiheit* of March 16th prints what it calls Lingg's literary testament. It is stated in the introduction to the article that while in prison the bomb-maker carved a handsome little casket, which shortly before his death he presented to Johann Most as a souvenir. In a secret compartment of this casket was contained a small book, on the leaves of which Lingg had inscribed his sentiments, and from which the following is extracted:

"What is Anarchy?"

"A man-worthy existence for the entire term of life, guaranteed to every

one through complete individual liberty, all human needs being supplied by means of equal participation in the enjoyment of all the products of the community.

"Free society (Anarchy) finds its limits only in those of the earth.

"The object of Anarchy is to secure the greatest possible happiness to all.

"This object is attained through the total extermination of all domination.

"Domination is personified in exploiters (*Ausbeuter*) and tyrants.

"The extermination of these, in view of their sources of power, can best be accomplished by means of dynamite.

"After such extermination the workingmen will organize according to their inclinations, for protection and consumption.

"Centralization—i. e., subordination of the different groups of production and consumption under a clique composed of individuals, or even under a majority of society—is not advisable, because in that way another domination would be established, and such would make illusory the stated purpose of free society—Anarchy."

In writing this book I have endeavored at all times to be fair and honest. While I have done everything in my power and made use of every faculty which God has given me to ferret out and to combat Anarchy, and while I believe now, as I always have believed, that the men who suffered death at the hand of justice in the Cook County Jail deserved their fate, I also believe that there are those unhanged, and who probably never will be hanged, who are morally as guilty, and who deserve even a harsher fate than befell the men whose lives the law demanded. For these cowards—selfish, sneaking conspirators as they are, who fight from ambush and take no risks—would not deserve even the sympathy of the poor fools whom they lead to ruin. I firmly believe that Engel, Lingg and Fischer were at least sincere in their convictions and honest in their belief and in their expressions. Spies, I think, was led to his fate by vanity and a consuming desire for notoriety.

In my investigations I of course looked carefully into the antecedents of all the Anarchists who were arrested by my command, and I will say right here that not a dishonest act, as regards the rights of property, was laid to the door of any one of them. Lingg, particularly, was scrupulously honest and conscientious in his dealings with his fellow-man. The day after the Haymarket massacre he found himself penniless, and for that reason refused at first to partake of the food offered him at Seliger's table.

"I cannot partake of what belongs to you and your wife," he said, "nor of what I cannot pay for. You are as poor as I am."

"You must share with us as long as we have food," replied Seliger; but it was only after considerable urging that Lingg consented to appease his hunger.

While apparent bravery in facing death on the gallows counts for nothing—I have seen craven cowards meet their doom like stage heroes—I believe that Lingg, Engel and Fischer would have died calmly and bravely

even without the stimulants which are always administered to the condemned before the fatal moment, and which were, of course, administered to the four men before they were led to the fatal trap which hurled them into eternity. Lingg, particularly, during the entire term of his confinement, through the long months of the trial, and up to the very day when he so tragically took his own life, showed a consistency and a determination which would have been heroic had he not been the dupe of designing men who saw in the ardor of his temperament and in the resistless force of his enthusiastic energy the means to further and carry out iniquitous plots with which they had not the courage to openly identify themselves. I repeat again, there are those still unchanged, who are even now parading before a credible public as apostles of the cause of labor, and whose cowardice keeps them out of the reach of law, who deserve the greater share of public odium. Some of these, and others like them, are still at work in our midst, and in the midst of all communities in which the revolutionists see a chance of making propaganda out of differences between employers and employed. I hope that one result of my book may be to open the eyes of honest workingmen to the fact that those who preach violence and those who stir up trouble and intensify discontent are the enemies of honest labor.