

# THE CHARLOTTE MESSENGER.

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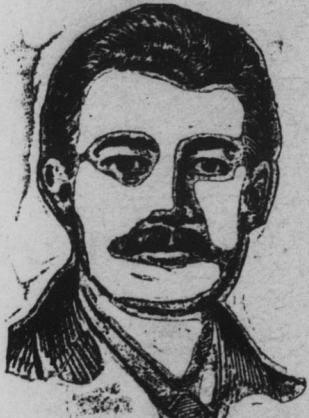
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## THE TRAP SPRUNG.

Four of Chicago's Anarchists Die on the Gallows.

The Sentence of Two Commuted to Imprisonment for Life—One Commits Suicide.

The excitement which had prevailed in Chicago for many days was increased in a measure by the announcement that Governor Oglesby had decided to interfere in the case of two of the seven Anarchists—Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab. Their sentence of death the Governor commuted to imprisonment for life because they had united with Spies in a plea for mercy. The Governor's reasons for not interfering in the case of Parsons, Lingg, Engel and Fischer were that they were guilty and had not asked for executive clemency as guilty men; but had demanded freedom as innocent men. In the case of Spies, editor of the Anarchist newspaper at the time of the terrible Haymarket riot, the Governor did not feel justified in interfering.



LOUIS LINGG, COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Louis Lingg, by some means unknown, secreted in his cell a small dynamite shell. Placing this in his mouth Thursday morning he blew his jaw and neck to pieces. He lingered for several hours in agony. His death and the commutation of his companions left four men to be hanged on Friday. The terrible events leading to the arrest and trial of the Anarchists, with details of the execution funeral of four of the condemned men, and sketches of the lives of all seven, will be found below.

### Their Last Hours.

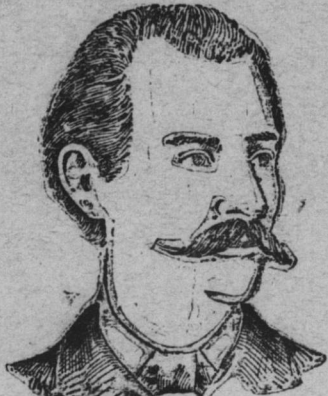
During the long hours of the night the only newspaper men who were admitted to the inner precincts of the jail were the representatives of the Associated Press. They had quarters in what is known as the lawyers' cage, and were within ten feet of the Anarchists. At 4 o'clock one of them made the tour of the lower corridor where Spies, Parsons, Fischer and Engel were confined. In each cell were two stalwart guards, who stood watch over the Anarchists. The former chatted in low tones, and whispered jokes among themselves to while away the time. But the talk and whispered jokes were all lost on the prisoners. Each one was in the heaviest of slumbers. Spies lay on one side, his head on his arm, and slept as peacefully as a babe. Fischer had turned over on his back, and the consequence was that his frequent snoring echoed in a startling manner through the silent corridors of the building.

Engel lay motionless, as did Parsons, except that at times the latter started uneasily as if dreams were coursing through his mind. Then at intervals the silence was broken by the stealthy walk of the armed guard, who made the rounds of the lower corridor to see that all was well. The only other disturbing element was the mewing of the jail cat, who kept up the noise so persistently that at last the deputy bore down, captured and removed her to the basement, where her cries could not be heard. All the common prisoners to the number of about two hundred, were left in their usual cells.

At one o'clock a change was made in the death watch. Deputy Hartke had been guarding Spies since 8 o'clock. He reported that he had quite a long talk with the Anarchist. Spies declared that he had no reason to be afraid, and then launched forth in a tirade against the Courts. He asserted that all the Judges who had any connection with the case had reason to tremble, while the Anarchists could hold up their heads and walk to death with a steady footstep. The deputy also related the manner in which Rev. Dr. Bolton was received by Spies. The divine asked him if he would not accept spiritual consolation. Spies, with a haughty shake of the head, declared that he had no use for any clergyman. "Pray for yourself," returned Spies "you need it more than I." At 11 o'clock Spies lay down on his cot and closed his eyes, but did not sleep. Several times he got up for a drink of water. But his every movement betokened a firmness which was astonishing.

So it was with the rest of the Anarchists. Parsons had the nerve to entertain his guard with a song. His selection was "Annie Laurie." He sang the sweet song entirely through and, when he had finished, rested his head on his hands for a few moments and then repeated the song. His fortitude was the wonder of all who heard him. Between 1 and 2 o'clock the sheriff and his assistants tested the gallows. Heavy bags of sand were attached to the ropes and the traps were sprung. The machine worked to perfection and in all respects was satisfactory to the authorities. The usual quiet prevailed in the jail.

Not many minutes from six o'clock came daylight, and a bustle different from that of night invaded the seclusion of the prison. The day of the hanging had arrived. It was 15 minutes to 7 when Engel awoke. Within the next ten minutes his three doomed companions opened their eyes. They tumbled out of their cots and hastily dressed themselves. No conversation took place between the Anarchists and their guards. Spies and Parsons simply bade them good-bye and in a few minutes the deputies emerged from the cellroom. They were



A. R. PARSONS, HANGED.

relieved by others. Fischer was the first one to emerge from his cell. Accompanied by deputies he stepped over to the plain iron sink and took a good wash. Spies next performed this ablution and seemed to enjoy them. Old man Engel followed the young Anarchist and the last to wash was Parsons.

At 7.30, two waiters from Martell's restaurant brought to the prisoners their breakfast. The edibles were carried in a large new clothes basket and the linen and tableware looked bright and clean.

Active preparations for the execution began at 7.30 o'clock, when Chief Bailiff Chaffin arrived at the jail and assigned the deputy sheriffs to their various positions during the event. The Rev. Dr. Bolton arrived at 7.45 a. m. and passed into the cell. Passing first into Parsons's cell, he attempted to engage the doomed Texan in religious conversation. Parsons had not yet finished his breakfast.

In the meantime Spies had called for paper and envelopes, and when they were furnished him he began writing. After a stay of eighteen minutes in Parsons's cell, Dr. Bolton emerged and, walking to Spies door stood looking at that individual, who glanced at the clergyman and continued writing. Dr. Bolton remained standing in front of Spies two or three minutes, but receiving no recognition he walked away. Writing materials were furnished to Parsons and Fischer, who immediately set about preparing statements. Engel made no request for pen or paper, but sat stolidly on his bed looking at the opposite wall of his cell.

At 10.55 fully 250 newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves. The bailiffs said a few words to the journalists, begging them to make no rush when the drop fell, but to wait decently and in order. Parsons was given a cup of coffee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun. The rattling of the chairs, tables and benches of the reporters continued several minutes, but by 11.05 there began to fall a hush and conversation among the crowd sank almost to a whisper. The bare whitewashed walls made a painful contrast with the dark brown gallows, with its four noosed ropes dropping ominously near the floor. A gleam of sunshine shooting through the window at this instant fell on a corner of the death machine and in a slight degree relieved its sombre hue.

Through the window were seen a number of policemen armed with rifles, looking down from the roof of the Dearborn street wing at the proceedings. The chief bailiff began, at 11.10, calling out the names of persons summoned as jurors and bringing them forward to a row of little stools directly in front of the gallows. No other sounds were heard in the long, high corridor but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff and rustling of jurors as they tiptoed forward through the crowd.



ADOLPH FISCHER, HANGED.

It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white-shrouded figure above which was a face of yellowish pallor—the face of August Spies—past the first post of the gallows. The gapping crowd, ten feet below, half rose involuntarily from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparition advancing across the scaffold. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of the deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows. Following close came Fischer, close enough to touch Spies's shroud, had his hands not been

pinioned under the white muslin. Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glister, totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in some strange contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan, came fast, a withered old man.

The moment his feet touched the scaffold Parsons seemed to have completely lost his identity and to feel that his spirit was no longer a part of his body. He had wrought himself up to an ecstasy of solemn self-glorification.

The squat form of Engel alongside, with stupid, wide-jawed face, made a hideous contrast to Parsons' assumption of the halo of a martyr. Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his occasional looks of too evident bravado more noticeable than they might otherwise be, and at a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies. The latter's exhibition of quiet, thorough nerve, far surpassed as a wonder the demeanor of any of his comrades.

The four burly deputies, standing to the rear of the four condemned men, began without delay to adjust the ropes, Spies' noose being the first one placed. The knot was slipped down, the cord close against his neck. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer he turned and quietly whispered to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope.

Just then Dr. Murphy, a young physician standing back of Engel, whispered a joke in Engel's ear. Incredible as it may seem, the low-browed Anarchist laughed outright with the rope around his neck, and while another was being fastened on Parsons by his side.

The white caps were deftly slipped upon their heads and drawn quickly down to their necks, shutting off the view of each as completely and with less warning than does the camera cloth of a photographer.

August Spies was the first of the four doomed men to make use of his wits while he could. In a tone of intense bitterness of spirit he hissed out between his tightly clenched teeth: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death."

The last syllable of Spies's concluding words, hoarse with suppressed passion, had not reached the end, when Engel, raising his voice wildly, cried: "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer caught the fire of the utterance and still more loudly exclaimed: "Hurrah for Anarchy!" Adding: "This is the happiest moment of my life!"

There was a silence like the grave, broken abruptly by the slow, measured intonation of Parsons, like a white-robed priest before the altar of sacrifice. Not as a dying request, but rather like a command or warning, he sounded forth: "May I be allowed to speak?" Then, with slow enunciation: "Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson?"

There was another agonizing pause. Muffled through the shroud broke out in unnatural hollow accents: "Let the voice of the people be heard."

A crash as of a falling house thundered through the corridors, the slender ropes were taut. In full view of the two hundred men in front were four white, writhing shrouds. The ropes could be seen slowly tightening about the necks that, between the cap and shroud, could be noticed blackening and purpling.

Nine minutes passed. Then it was known to a certainty that not a neck had been broken. The four Haymarket murderers had been literally throttled and strangled.

When the news that the end had come finally reached the public there was but little excitement. Extra copies of the afternoon papers were eagerly bought, but that was all, and business soon went on as usual.

It was wonderful to note how quickly the excitement which had filled the jail all the morning calmed down after the execution. The two hundred prisoners confined in the place, who had been in fever heat during the tragic event of the



GEORGE ENGEL, HANGED.

day, regained their usual spirits. They cracked jokes from cell to cell, and as they had nothing to eat since breakfast they soon began to yell for soup, soup. The spectators who had witnessed the hanging walked rapidly out of the enclosure, and the weary deputies went to dinner, the only ones left in the jail office being the Press representatives.

When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Matson exclaimed: "His will be done." The bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer Engel and Parsons. All looked natural. The coffins were quickly screwed down and paper tags were pasted on each for identification. The bodies were taken away from the jail about 1.45. For Spies a hearse had been provided. There was some trouble in getting away from the crowd that failed on to the last wagon, but rapid driving freed the procession from this annoyance. Following

by a string of cabs, and preceded by a carriage containing the committee, the hearse and wagons moved speedily along. There was no excitement, and only a few persons gathered. The corpses were taken to an undertaker's shop, where they were dressed and afterwards taken to the homes of their relatives.

### The Funeral Cortège.

The funeral procession of the Anarchists began to move between 1 and 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon. It was headed by Chief Marshal Hopp, with two aides and a band of musicians in the uniform of the German army. Immediately afterwards came members of the defence committee, headed by George A. Schilling, who carried in his hands a floral tribute.

Following them marched, eight abreast nearly two hundred members of the Aurora Turnverein, of which August Spies was a member. The whole society was not out, as many members are not in sympathy with Anarchy. Four hundred of the Vorwartz Turner Society came next, wearing red badges on the left breast. This branch of turners is more strongly tinged with Socialism than any in the city. One hundred of the Fortschritt branch came next, and then followed a hearse bearing the body of August Spies. The top of the hearse was so covered with floral tributes that nothing else could be seen. Inside was a richly covered casket, over the black broadcloth of which was thrown a sash of red silk. Then another band wheeled into Lake street playing a dirge, followed by many hundred members of the Central Labor Union, which comprises some of the most extreme Socialists in the city; next came a hearse in which lay the coffin of Adolph Fischer. It also was decorated with flowers, but not so profusely as that of Spies. Next came a hearse containing the remains of Parsons. On the box by the driver sat a man holding in his hands a floral emblem of such immense size that the inscription of flowers, "From K. of L. Assembly No. 1,307," could be seen a hundred feet away. This is the Assembly to which Parsons belonged until it was expelled from the Order on account of its adherence to the cause of Anarchy. Across Parsons' coffin was thrown a simple strip of red silk ribbon. Then came another cohort of the Central Labor Union, composed of representatives of all sorts of trades. Behind these were the hearses of Engel and Lingg, over

ing could be further from the truth. They were men who loved peace, whose hearts were full of tenderness; who were loved by those who well knew them, trusted by those who came to understand the glory and power of their lives. And the anarchy of which they spoke and taught, what was it? but an attempt to answer the question after the resolution, what? They believed that there was that of wrong and hardship in the exacting order which pointed to conflict, because they believed that selfishness would not surrender peaceably and of its own motion to righteousness, and the whole of their thought, of their philosophy as Anarchists, was the establishing of an order of the society that should be symbolized in the words, "Order without force." Is it practical? I know not. They thought it was. I know that it is not practical now, but I know also as a philosopher and Christian that under the inspiration of love that day will come when righteousness will reign in the earth, and when sin and selfishness will end."

### OTHER SPEECHES.

T. J. Morgan, a local Socialist leader, of English birth, then expressed his contempt for the law which hanged Anarchists (a voice "throttle the law," and sneered at the "spread-eagles" of the American fourth of July, which obscured the minds of the people.)

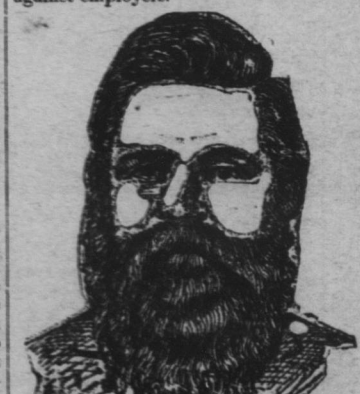
The last speech was in German, by Albert Curllin, formerly of the "Arbeiter Zeitung." He scarcely got started when Captain Black stepped to the front and laid his hand on the speaker's arm. It was now pitch dark in the graveyard and people were being wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by oratory and surroundings.

Capt. Black gave the word that the ceremonies would now be closed. The coffins of the five Anarchists were carried into the blackness within the vault, and the ceremonies ended with a general stampede of the people for the return trains.

### The Story of the Crime.

It was May 4, 1886, a day only equalled in importance in the history of Chicago by October 9, 1871—the date of the great fire—that the memorable circular, "Revenge! Workingmen, to arms!" was struck from the type of the "Arbeiter Zeitung" office, and was sent broadcast among socialist and anarchistic groups of the city. Carried away with the fury of their followers the leaders believed that the time of the "bloody revolution," so long predicted and prepared for was at hand, and the hour for action had come.

That night a meeting was called on Haymarket Square ostensibly to denounce "the latest act of the police," in depressing the crowd of strikers about the McCormick Reaper Works. A vague but very certain feeling or presentiment ran through the city that the meeting meant trouble, and that a struggle for supremacy between the Anarchists and the police was to take place. The night at first pleasant, darkened along toward nine o'clock. An express wagon was placed near the alley north of Randolph street and near the Crane Manufacturing Company's establishment, and was utilized as the speakers' stand. Some two thousand people stood in the street about the wagon when August Spies took his place upon it and began to talk. His speech abounded in attacks on the police for their acts at the McCormick riot, and was followed by a speech by A. R. Parsons, in which he advocated organized efforts by the working people against employers.



SAMUEL FIELDEN, SENTENCE COMMUTED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

The next speaker was Sam. Fielden, the ablest and brainiest of all the Anarchist leaders. The darkening clouds gave evidence of an approaching storm, and a good portion of the auditors of the earlier speeches had gone before Fielden began. A motion was made by Spies to adjourn to a hall, when Fielden said he would not speak much longer. At ten minutes before ten o'clock the solid ranks of the police were seen advancing from the Desplaines Street Station. When the wagon was reached Captain Ward stepped forward, and, reading the riot act, commanded the crowd to disperse. Fielden replied: "We are peaceable," and started to get down from the wagon. Just then a blue light arose from the alley, and circling over the heads of the crowd descended between the solid ranks of the police. An instant later a dynamite bomb had exploded, and sixty of the police lay on the ground writhing in agony. For a second the police wavered, and then

opened fire upon the crowd with their revolvers. The crowd responded freely to the fire. The police immediately charged. Then began the work of caring for the injured, who were taken to Desplaines Street Station. Where their wounds were dressed prior to their removal to the County Hospital. Of the police, seven died from their wounds, while of the crowd at the meeting, one was killed and some twenty wounded, so far as known.

The arrest of August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, who was shot in the knee at the riot. Oscar Neebe, Adolph Fischer, Louis Lingg and George Engel for complicity in the murder of the police followed immediately. A. R. Parsons for a time escaped arrest, but finally surrendered himself. The "Arbeiter Zeitung," the organ of the Anarchist, was suppressed, and the Anarchist haunts in the city were raided. Then followed the indictment of the eight for the murder of Officer Matthias J. Degan. Their trial on the indictment was the most important and prolonged in Cook County's criminal jurisprudence. All were found guilty, and all but Neebe who received fifteen years' imprisonment, were sentenced to death. The case was carried to the higher courts, until the United States Supreme Court was reached, but without avail.

Petitions innumerable for and against the exercise of executive clemency were sent to Governor Oglesby, and the people of Chicago were wrought up to a high state of excitement. It was feared that attempts at rescue would occur, and extensive preparations were made by police and military to preserve order.

### Sketches of the Anarchists.

August Spies came to this country when he was 16 years of age. He was about 32 when he learned the trade of saddlemaking in Chicago, but gave up this occupation when he was 20 years of age, and tramped through the West and South for a couple of years. When 24 he went back to Chicago, and soon took part in politics. At that time there were no Anarchists in Chicago. Spies himself was a Socialist, and being a good speaker he soon rose to be a leader of the Socialists, who were so strong that they cast 10,000 votes for their candidate for mayor, Dr. Ernst Schmidt. Spies became afterward manager of the Socialistic daily in Chicago, the Arbeiter Zeitung, which had at that time a big circulation and great influence with the workingmen.

A. R. Parsons was a native of Massachusetts and was about forty-five years old. He edited a paper called the Alarm last winter, in which he gave special directions in bomb-throwing and the manufacture of explosives, following the example of Spies and Most, the latter being the writer of a pamphlet dealing with the methods of making war upon society. For some time he was a scout in Texas, and was considered a "dead shot." He had always been constant in his practices, doing very little work, and consequently becoming a financial burden upon the Anarchist party in Chicago.

Samuel Fielden was born in Lancashire, England, in 1847. He worked in a cotton mill from the time he was eight years old till he reached his majority. When he was eighteen years old he went to Wesley and joined the Methodist Church, becoming a Sunday-school superintendent and afterwards a local preacher. He came to the United States in 1866, and after stopping three years in Cleveland, took up his residence in Chicago, where he has since resided.

George Engel was a native of Germany, having been born in Kassel, Hesse, in 1839. Early in January, 1872, he came to America, and afterwards to Chicago, where he had since lived, working as a painter. That year he was a candidate for the position of West Town collector, on the Socialistic ticket. In the spring of 1880 he took charge of the business department of the Arbeiter Zeitung, shortly afterwards assuming the position of associate editor.



MICHAEL SCHWAB, SENTENCE COMMUTED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

Michael Schwab was born in Bavaria in 1833. He received a good education, and in 1869 learned the bookbinder's trade in Wunsenberg, where he became a Socialist. He came to America and also to Milwaukee in 1879. After spending a year or two in Milwaukee he returned to Chicago, and became editorial writer on the Arbeiter Zeitung.

Louis Lingg, the youngest of the condemned Anarchists, was only 23 years old. He was born in Baden, Germany, where he was given a common school education. Leaving his native country, he lived a few years in Switzerland, and about three years ago came to America, and soon afterwards to Chicago, where he at once became identified with the Anarchists.

Adolph Fischer was 29 years old, and has lived in this county for the past fifteen years. He was a printer, and was employed in that capacity on the Arbeiter Zeitung at the time of his arrest. He was married and the father of two young children.