

Soc 1160.20.5

THE CHICAGO MARTYERS

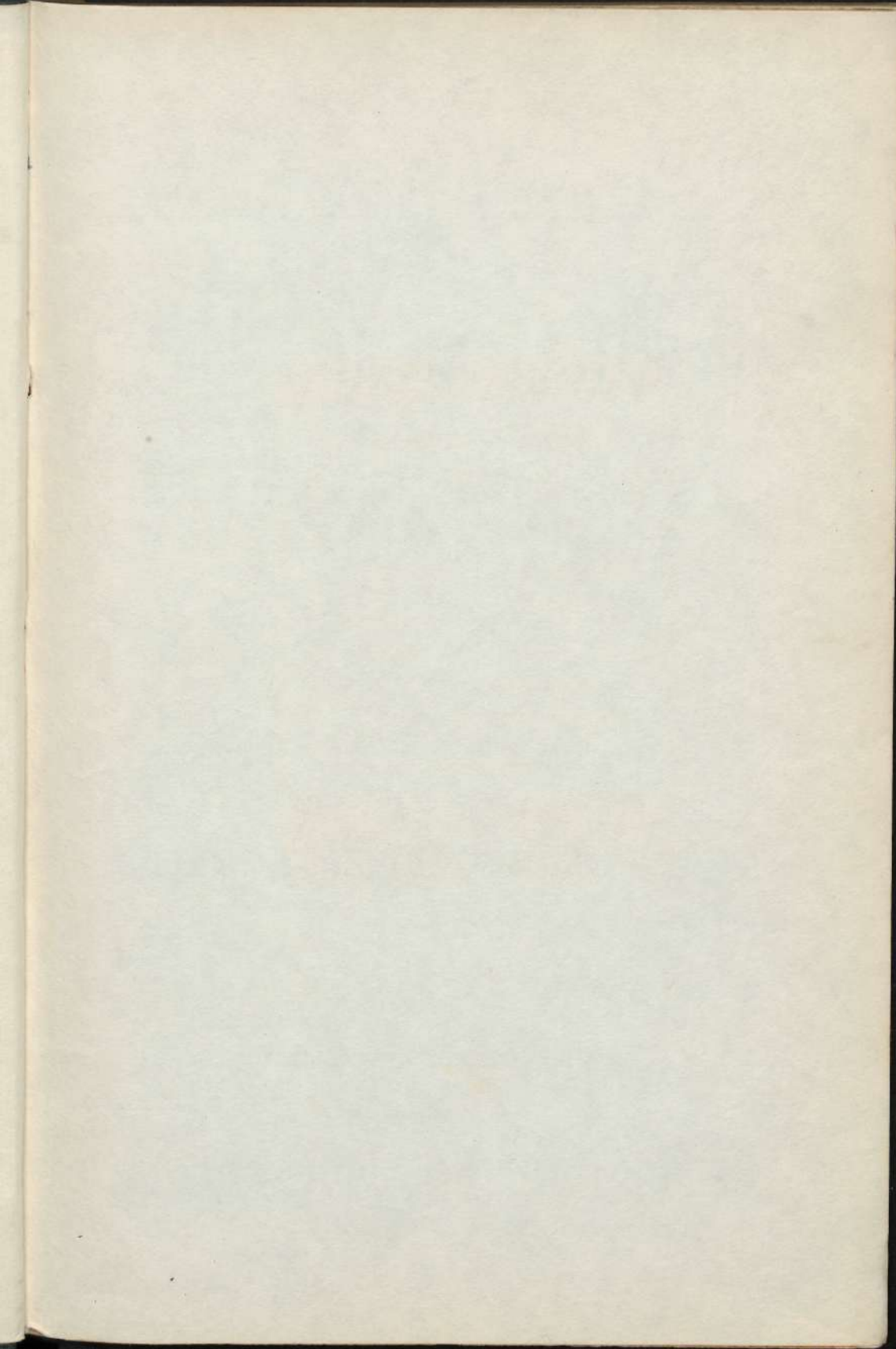
Soe 1160.20.5

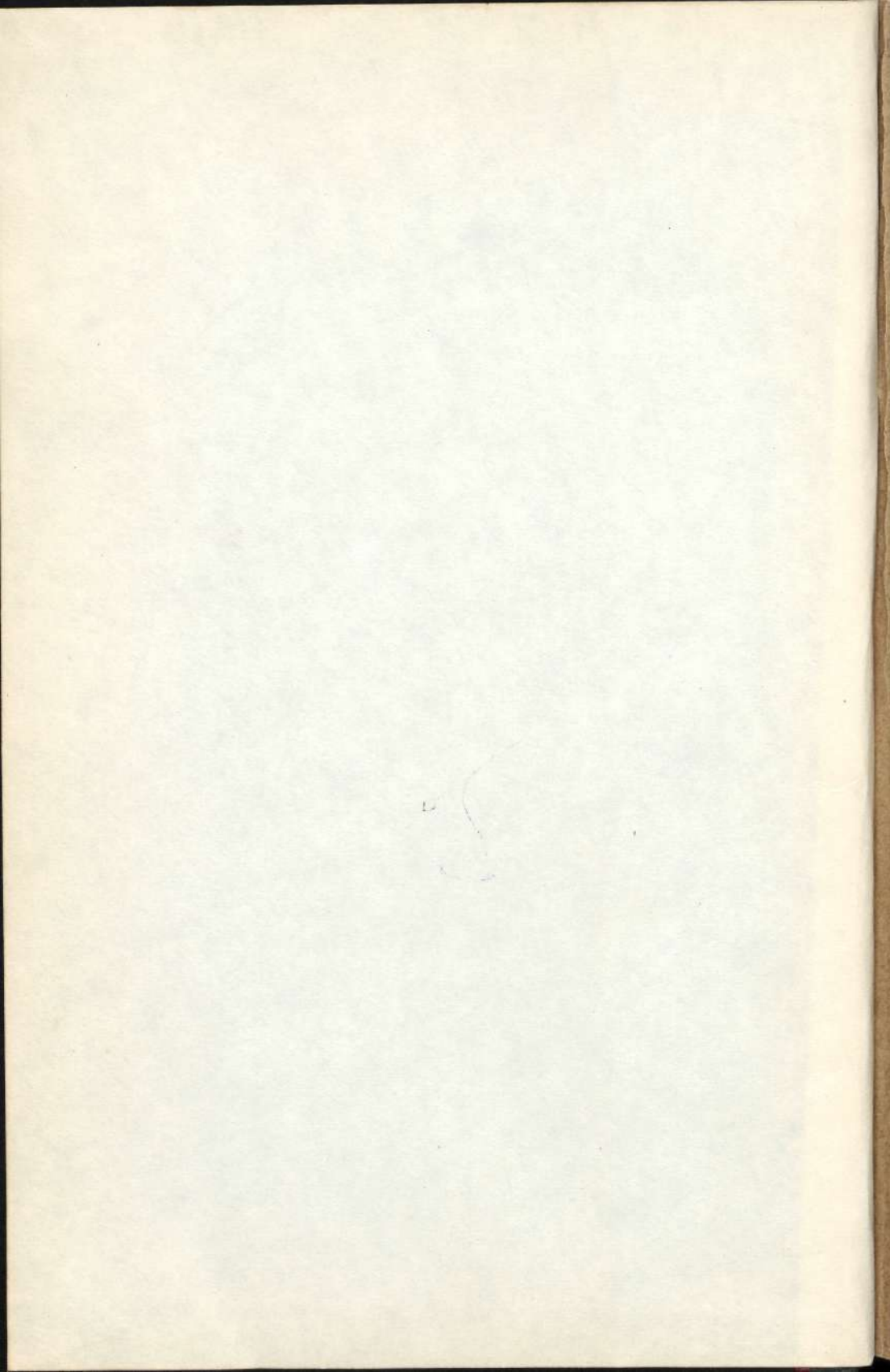
HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

Bought with the income of
THE KELLER FUND

Bequeathed in Memory of
JASPER NEWTON KELLER
BETTY SCOTT HENSHAW KELLER
MARIAN MANDELL KELLER
RALPH HENSHAW KELLER
CARL TILDEN KELLER







No. 1. FREE SOCIETY LIBRARY. May, 1899.

The Chicago Martyrs

The Famous Speeches of the Eight Anarchists
in Judge Gary's Court

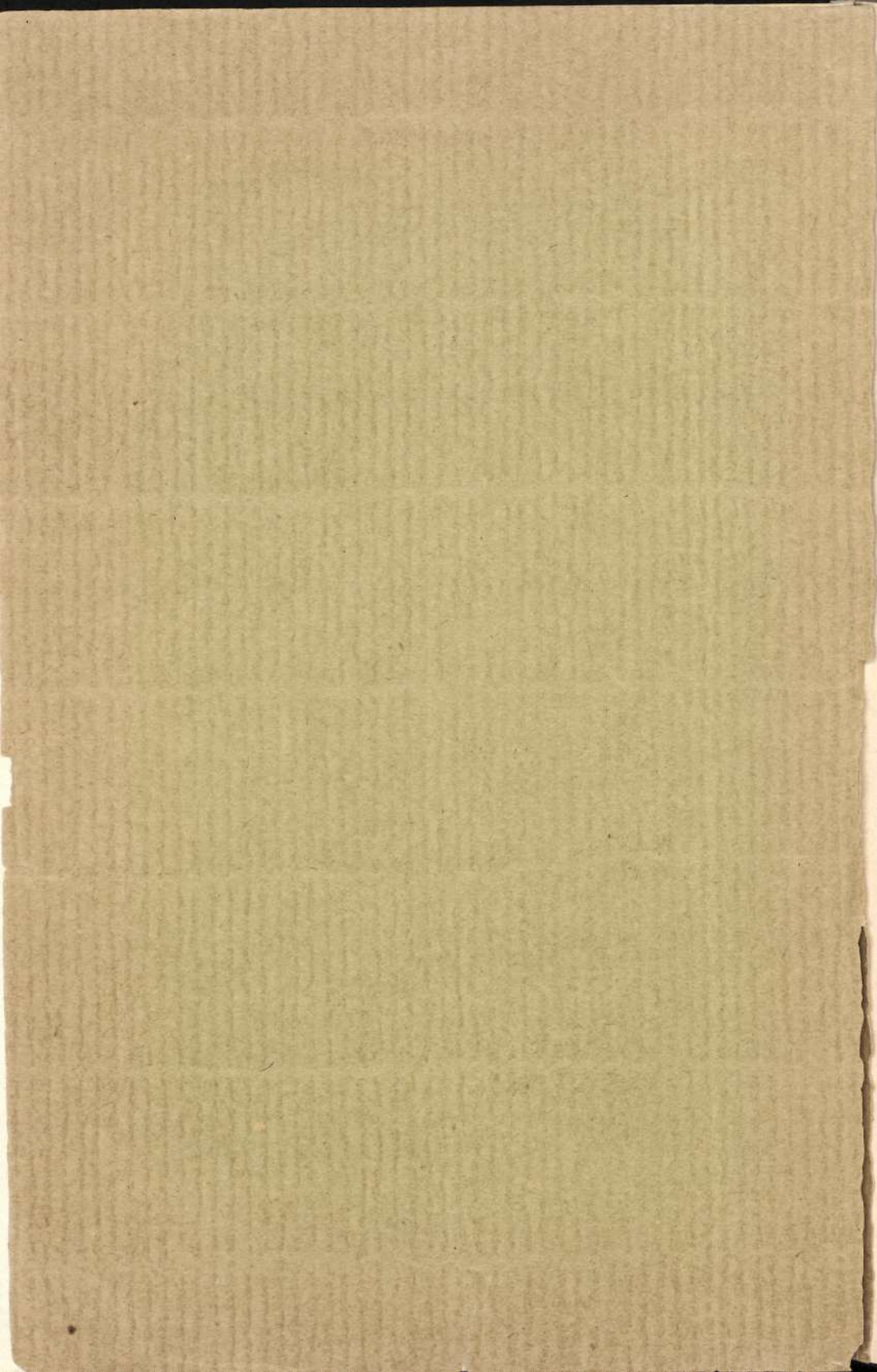
AND

Altgeld's Reasons for Pardoning

FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

FREE SOCIETY PUBLISHING CO.
43 Sheridan St.
San Francisco, Cal.

QUARTERLY. (Price, 25 Cents.) \$1.00 PER YEAR.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF
JOSEPH ISHILL

THE CHICAGO MARTYRS

UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE
FAMOUS SPEECHES

OF THE

EIGHT ANARCHISTS IN JUDGE GARY'S COURT,

October 7, 8, 9, 1886,

AND

REASONS FOR PARDONING
FIELDEN, NEEBE AND SCHWAB.

BY

JOHN P. ALTGELD,

EX GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

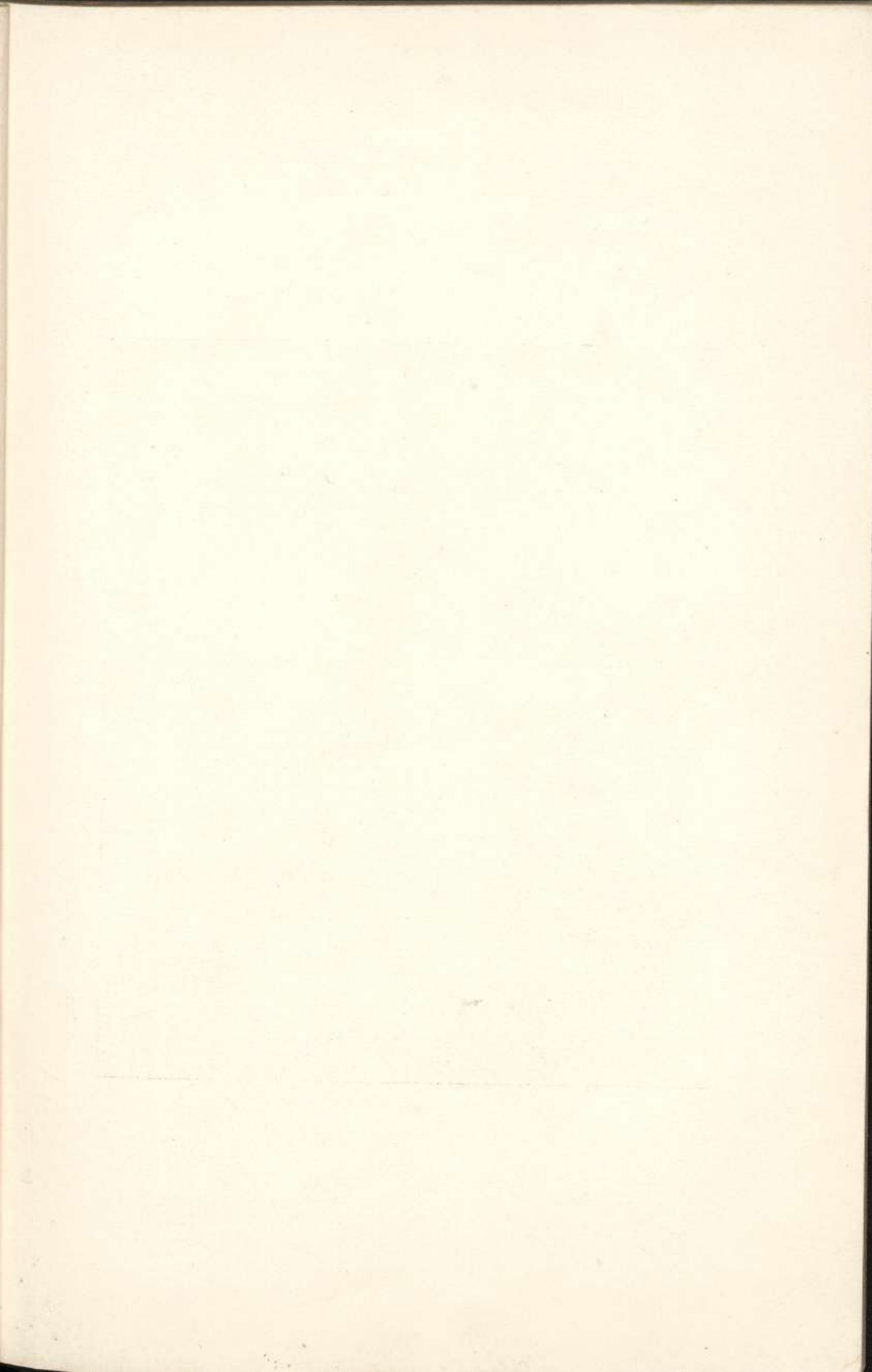
SAN FRANCISCO
FREE SOCIETY, PUBLISHERS.
1899

~~Sec 1150.31~~

Sec 1160.20.5 ✓

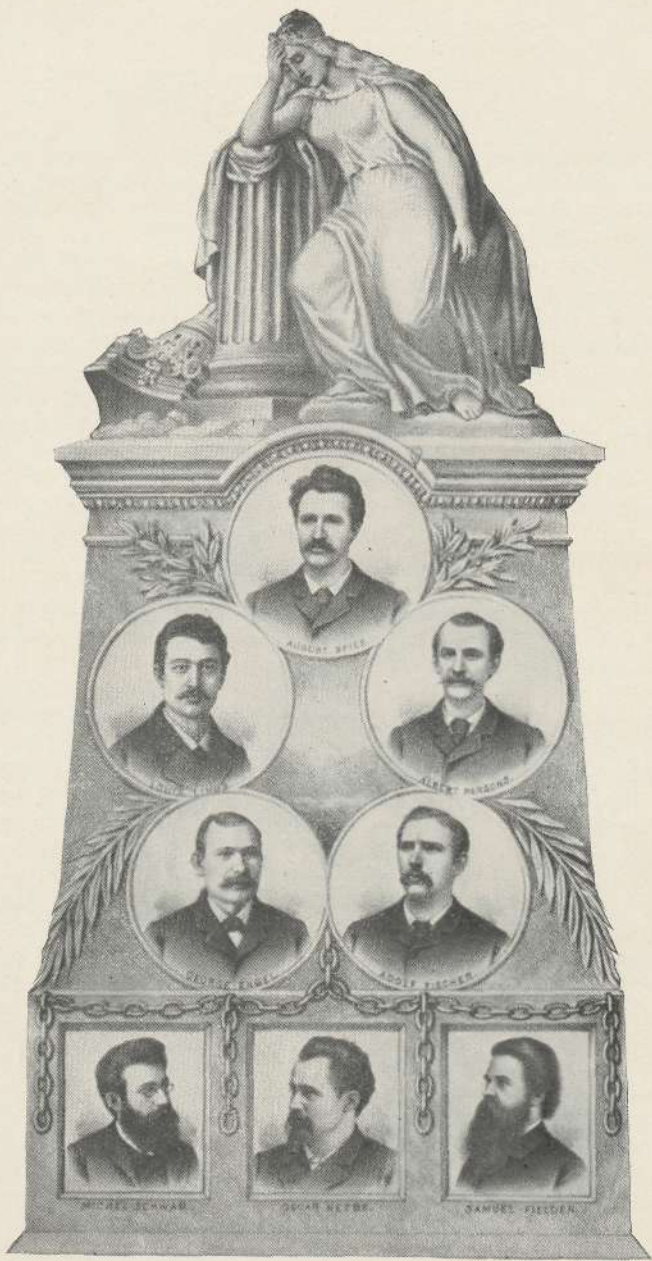
HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
AUG 31 1962

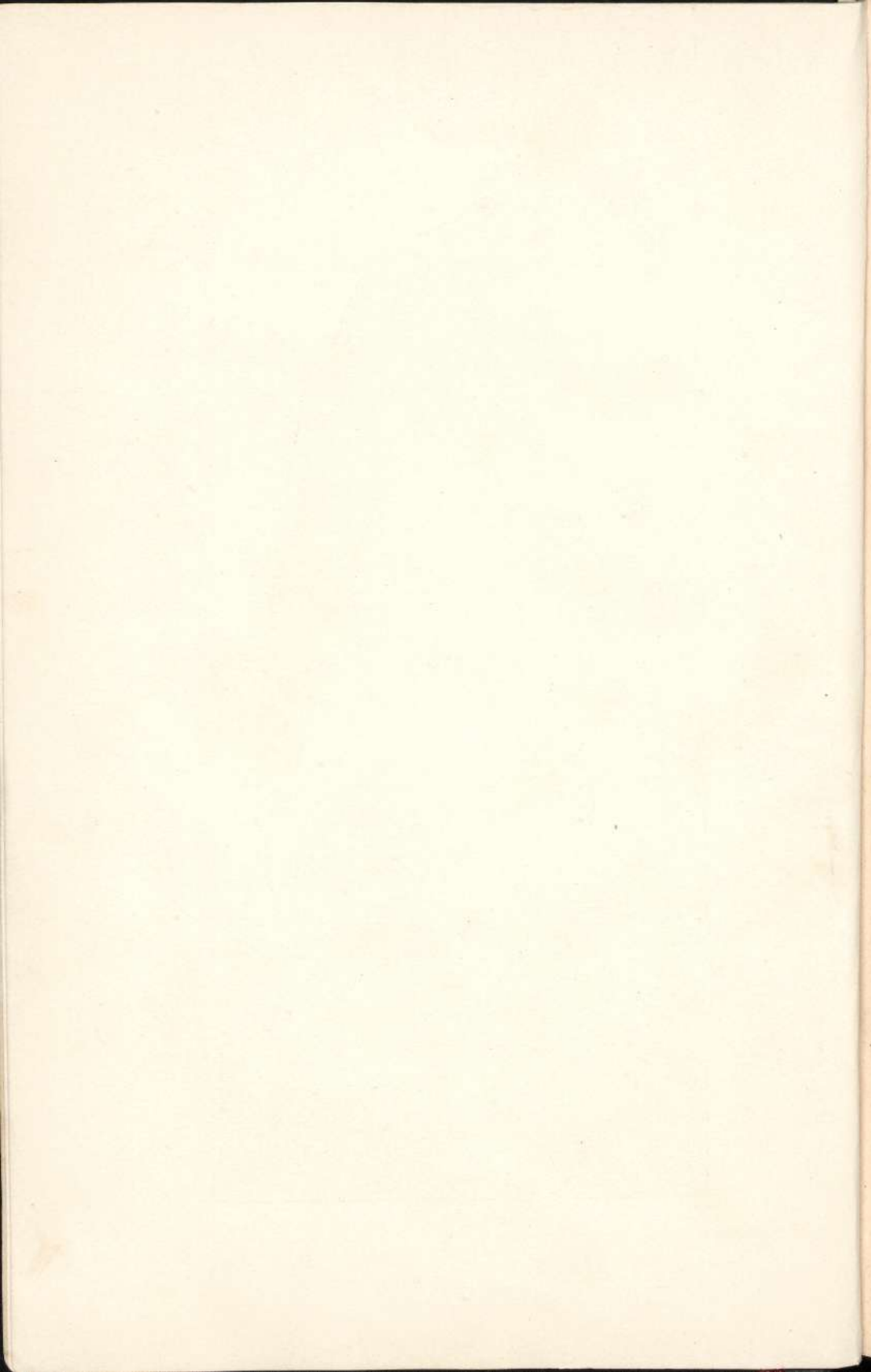
59486





THE MONUMENT OF THE CHICAGO MARTYRS AT WALDHEIM CEMETERY.





INTRODUCTION.

October 7, 8, 9, 1886—these three exciting days of the great tragedy, when the Chicago martyrs addressed Judge Gary's court in support of their demand for a new trial, come back to me fraught with the most vivid impressions. Each historical figure stands clearly out from a confused blending of drawn, tense faces and bodies motionless with wrapt attention. I see again the impassive face, the cold severe countenance of the unjust judge; the sneering, exultant face of the monster, Grinnell; the scowling features of the ruffian, Bonfield; the coarse, expressionless face and form of the beer-soaked Schaack; the pale, earnest face of Captain Black. I hear once more the voices of the condemned, varying with the speakers and the emotions expressed. In that crowded courtroom I sit amid sorrowing friends while our convicted comrades rise to make their final plea to the court. One after another they stand before the bar of the court, their proud, earnest faces and erect, manly forms distinguishing them, even to the attention of strangers present, as men far removed from criminal taint.

I am deeply impressed with the bold yet dignified bearing of Comrade Spies, whose handsome, sarcastic face reveals the emotion of his mind. His speech is strong, defiant; replete with historical references and philosophical generalizations. It is easy to see in the mocking smile of the State's attorney as well as in the uneasy movements of his assistants, that the keen shafts of the gifted editor in chief are striking home.

Then follow in the order named, Schwab, Neebe, Fischer, Lingg, Engel and Fielden. Schwab's pale face is a picture as he earnestly speaks in his own defense. Scathingly he rebukes the attorneys for the prosecution for the part they have taken in the damnable conspiracy; quietly he tells the court of his impressions and varied experiences in Europe as well as in this country; of his absence from the scene of the bomb throwing and of his innocence of crime. His speech makes a visible impression upon all present. Oscar Neebe's speech is broken, but not with emotion. He proudly tells the listening court and spectators of the "crimes" he has committed in organizing the bakers and brewers; in shortening their hours of toil and increasing their daily wages. He boldly pleads that he may share the terrible death which is to be meted out to his comrades so that his children may kneel on his grave and honor his memory.

Comrade Fischer comes next, and he is as I have always known him—calm, powerful, even majestic in his look and bearing. His tall form is stretched to its full height, and he looks down upon the cringing crowd with an expression of pity in his steady grey eyes. The close confinement and the excitement of the trial have apparently made no impression upon him; a little paler than his wont, perhaps, but that is all. Fischer's speech is not long. He is not an orator, but is, in every fiber of his being, the man of action.

Lingg's fiery address in German is translated sentence by sentence by

the court interpreter. Who that hears the bold, impassioned utterances of the handsome young fellow can ever forget the scene? His manner is that of a caged tiger; his bearing supremely defiant. His words, even as translated by the interpreter, burn into the very souls of his auditors. Even the court and the attorneys show signs of uneasiness and disquietude as he boldly hurls his denunciations into their very teeth. Brave Lingg! His proud spirit could illy brook the confinement of prison bars. His chosen place would have been the battle field. Engel is stolid, almost phlegmatic, yet there is wondrous power in the easy delivery and flowing language of our German comrade. His speech is also made in his native tongue, and, as with Lingg, is translated by the court interpreter.

One of the longest and ablest of the speeches made is that of our Comrade Fielden. I have heard Fielden many times on the lake front and at other public places in Chicago, but his address to the court—and as he rightly said—to the world on this memorable October day is undoubtedly the greatest of his life. His honest, straightforward manner, his moderate language, his telling criticisms of the testimony of the purchased witnesses who testified against him, make a deep and lasting impression upon all. Even the bloody-minded Grinnell afterwards condescends to remark that if Fielden's speech could have been made to the jury it would have had great weight with them.

The last and longest speech is made by the brilliant little Texan, Comrade Parsons. As he rises to his feet with his formidable bundle of papers, his friends present feel that he will, like the true agitator that he is, make the greatest agitation speech of his life. Like Fielden he feels that this is the supreme hour; that what he says will go far beyond the narrow confines of the little court room, and that the whole world will some time judge him and the cause for which he pleads by his present utterances. So vivid is this impression upon him, so anxious is he that not a word, not a sentence shall by any possibility be misconstrued, that he repeats many of his most important statements and sentences over and over again. As he stands proudly before the court Parsons shows himself to be mercurial, excitable, intense. At times during the delivery of his long speech his elegant form dilates, his voice rings, and his black eyes blaze with righteous indignation; at other times his voice grows tender and his eyes humid with suppressed emotion. Again he fixes his piercing gaze upon first one then another of his persecutors, as if to read their very souls. His expressive gestures as much as his burning language are evidence of his deep feeling and fervid oratory. Parsons' oft-repeated appeal to any sense of justice which still might lurk in the hard heart of his unjust judge is one of the most touching incidents of the long trial. As well might he appeal to the wooden chair upon which that judge negligently reclines.

The famous speeches are at an end; the able arguments of the counsel for the defense are closed; the motion for a new trial is denied; the sentence of the court is pronounced and the condemned are conducted to their cells to await their doom.

Few people, even among those of a radical tendency, seem to realize the full significance of the Chicago martyrdom. Many sympathetic friends still look upon it as a great calamity: It was sad that the bomb was ever thrown at all; it was a pity that the leaders of the radical movement in Chicago did not

make their escape; it was a distressing thing that Parsons, who was in a place of security, should have given himself up to certain death; it was unfortunate that Spies, Fischer, Parsons, Engel and Lingg did not appeal to the governor for a commutation of sentence; it was terrible that it all should happen as it did, and so on.

But this is not the way in which radicals and revolutionists should regard the matter. It was not the view taken by the martyrs themselves. They loved the cause with a love that knew no weakness or compromise. Their very souls were bound up in their chosen work. They gloried in it, and in the possibilities, favorable or otherwise, which it might entail upon them. They loved life as well as any vigorous, strong full-lived men could, but they felt that a sacrifice was necessary and they were ready to make it. Especially was this feeling paramount as the close of their long suffering drew near. Fischer felt it in every fiber of his being when he said at the last moment: "This is the happiest moment of my life!" Spies and Parsons were both assured of clemency if they would but ask for it. Parsons, from the moment of surrendering himself, never expected anything but death. Lingg was proud that he was exalted as one among the elect. He feared not death; he only feared a cell in a lunatic asylum with which he had been threatened. If Lingg took his own life (which I doubt) it was solely to escape this horror which alone he dreaded. Even Neebe begged that he might be given the death sentence. One and all felt the necessity of the great sacrifice, that the movement might be accelerated and its influence extended to the furthestmost regions of the earth.

Viewed in this light, the whole tragedy, from the hurling of the bomb by unknown parties to the final great climax which swept from our sight our loved comrades, was not a calamity but an event which was a great benefit to humanity. It marked an epoch in the progress of the race upward from slavery and darkness toward freedom and light. The followers of liberty's cause have been increased a hundred-fold since the great tragedy. The whole world has heard of the cause for which men were willing to die; whereas before, only one or two in ten thousand had ever heard of the principles of perfect freedom and justice to working people. The people will yet build monuments to their memory.

They were right when they said a few days before their death: "Let no attempt be made to avert the final tragedy of the Eleventh of November; make no effort to avenge our deaths." Inspired as they were by feelings of devotion, they knew that a silent acquiescence in their legal murder would in time to come be far more potent for good than any reprisal could possibly be.

Should we not rather rejoice than grieve that our cause has had such martyrs? Sacrifices strengthen a movement, and "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." We may be glad that our cause has been strengthened and spread broadcast over the land by the martyrdom of the Chicago Anarchists.

WM. HOLMES.

Denver, Colo.

*"Come not to my grave with your mournings,
With your lamentations and tears,
With your sad forebodings and fears!
When my lips are dumb,
Do not thus come.*

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

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

*For me no more are the hardships,
The bitterness, heartaches, and strife,
The sadness and sorrows of life,
But the glory divine—
This is mine.*

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

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Address of August Spies.

YOUR HONOR: In addressing this court I speak as the representative of one class to the representative of another. I will begin with the words uttered five hundred years ago on a similar occasion, by the Venetian Doge Faberi, who, addressing the court, said: "*My defense is your accusation; the causes of my alleged crime your history!*" I have been indicted on a charge of murder, as an accomplice or accessory. Upon this indictment I have been convicted. There was no evidence produced by the State to show or even indicate that I had any knowledge of the man who threw the bomb, or that I myself had anything to do with the throwing of the missile, unless, of course, you weigh the testimony of the accomplices of the State's attorney and Bonfield, the testimony of Thompson and Gilmer, by the price they were paid for it. If there was no evidence to show that I was legally responsible for the deed, then my conviction and the execution of the sentence is nothing less than willful, malicious, and deliberate murder, as foul a murder as may be found in the annals of religious, political, or any other sort of persecution. There have been many judicial murders committed where the representatives of the State were acting in good faith, believing their victims to be guilty of the charge accused of. In this case the representatives of the State cannot shield themselves with a similar excuse. For they themselves have fabricated most of the testimony which was used as a pretense to convict us; to convict us by a jury picked out to convict! Before this court, and before the public, which is supposed to be the State, I charge the State's attorney and Bonfield with the heinous conspiracy to commit murder.

I will state a little incident which may throw light upon this charge. On the evening on which the Prætorian Guards of the Citizens' Association, the Bankers' Association, the Association of the Board of Trade men, and the railroad princes, attacked the meeting of workmen on the Haymarket, with murderous intent—on that evening, about 8 o'clock, I met a young man, Legner by name, who is a member of the Aurora Turn-Verein. He accompanied me, and never left me on that evening until I jumped from the wagon, a few seconds before the explosion occurred. He knew that I had not seen Schwab that evening. He knew that I had no such conversation with anybody as Mr. Marshal Field's protege, Thompson, testified to. He knew that I did not jump from the wagon to strike the match and hand it to the man who threw the bomb. He is not a Socialist. Why did we not bring him on the stand? Because the honorable representatives of the State, Grinnell and Bonfield, spirited him away. These honorable gentlemen knew everything about Legner. They knew that his testimony would prove the perjury of Thompson and Gilmer beyond any reasonable doubt. Legner's name was on the list of witnesses for the State. He was not called, however, for obvious reasons. Aye, he stated to a number of friends that he had been offered \$500 if he would leave the city, and threatened with direful things if he remained here and appeared as a witness for the defense. He replied that he could

neither be bought nor bulldozed to serve such a damnable and dastardly plot. When we wanted Legner, he could not be found; Mr. Grinnell said—and Mr. Grinnell is an honorable man!—that he had himself been searching for the young man, but had not been able to find him. About three weeks later I learned that the very same young man had been kidnapped and taken to Buffalo, N. Y., by two of the illustrious guardians of "law and order," two Chicago detectives. Let Mr. Grinnell, let the Citizens' Association, his employer, let them answer for this! And let the public sit in judgment upon the would-be assassins!

No, I repeat, the prosecution has not established our legal guilt, notwithstanding the purchased and perjured testimony of some, and notwithstanding the originality of the proceedings of this trial. And as long as this has not been done, and you pronounce upon us the sentence of an appointed vigilance committee, acting as a jury, I say, you, the alleged representatives and high priests of "law and order," are the real and only law breakers, and in this case to the extent of murder. It is well that the people know this. And when I speak of the people I don't mean the few co-conspirators of Grinnell, the noble politicians who thrive upon the misery of the multitudes. These drones may constitute the State, they may control the State, they may have their Grinnells, their Bonfields and other hirelings! No, when I speak of the people I speak of the great mass of human bees, the working people, who unfortunately are not yet conscious of the rascalities that are perpetrated in the "name of the people,"—in their name.

The contemplated murder of eight men, whose only crime is that they have dared to speak the truth, may open the eyes of these suffering millions; may wake them up. Indeed, I have noticed that our conviction has worked miracles in this direction already. The class that clamors for our lives, the good, devout Christians, have attempted in every way, through their newspapers and otherwise, to conceal the true and only issue in this case. By simply designating the defendants as Anarchists, and picturing them as a newly discovered tribe or species of cannibals, and by inventing shocking and horrifying stories of dark conspiracies said to be planned by them—these good Christians zealously sought to keep the naked fact from the working people and other righteous parties, namely: That on the evening of May 4, 200 armed men, under the command of a notorious ruffian, attacked a meeting of peaceable citizens! With what intention? With the intention of murdering them, or as many of them as they could. I refer to the testimony given by two of our witnesses. The wage workers of this city began to object to being fleeced too much—they began to say some very true things, but they were highly disagreeable to our Patrician class; they put forth—well, some very modest demands. They thought eight hours hard toil a day for scarcely two hours' pay was enough. This "lawless rabble" had to be silenced! The only way to silence them was to frighten them, and murder those whom they looked up to as their leaders. Yes, these "foreign dogs" had to be taught a lesson, so that they might never again interfere with the high-handed exploitation of their benevolent and Christian masters. Bonfield, the man who would bring a blush of shame to the managers of the St. Bartholomew night—Bonfield, the illustrious gentleman with a visage that would have done excellent service

to Dore in portraying Dante's fiends of hell—Bonfield was the man best fitted to consummate the conspiracy of the Citizens' Association, of our Patricians. If I had thrown that bomb, or had caused it to be thrown, or had known of it, I would not hesitate a moment to say so. It is true that a number of lives were lost—many were wounded. But hundreds of lives were thereby saved! But for that bomb, there would have been a hundred widows and hundreds of orphans where now there are a few. These facts have been carefully suppressed, and we were accused and convicted of conspiracy by the real conspirators and their agents. This, your honor, is one reason why sentence should not be passed by a court of justice—if that name has any significance at all.

"But," says the State, 'you have published articles on the manufacture of dynamite and bombs.' Show me a daily paper in this city that has not published similar articles! I remember very distinctly a long article in the *Chicago Tribune* of February 23, 1885. The paper contained a description and drawings of different kinds of infernal machines and bombs. I remember this one especially, because I bought the paper on a railroad train, and had ample time to read it. But since that time the *Times* has often published similar articles on the subject, and some of the dynamite articles found in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* were translated articles from the *Times*, written by Generals Molineux and Fitz John Porter, in which the use of dynamite bombs against striking workmen is advocated as the most effective weapon against them. May I learn why the editors of these papers have not been indicted and convicted for murder? Is it because they have advocated the use of this destructive agent only against the "common rabble"? I seek information. Why was Mr. Stone of the *News* not made a defendant in this case? In his possession was found a bomb. Besides that Mr. Stone published an article in January which gave full information regarding the manufacture of bombs. Upon this information any man could prepare a bomb ready for use at the expense of not more than ten cents. The *News* probably has ten times the circulation of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Is it not likely that the bomb used on May 4 was one made after the *News*' pattern? As long as these men are not charged with murder and convicted, I insist, your honor, that such discrimination in favor of capital is incompatible with justice, and sentence should therefore not be passed.

Grinnell's main argument against the defendants was—"They were foreigners; they were not citizens." I cannot speak for the others. I will only speak for myself. I have been a resident of this State fully as long as Grinnell, and probably have been as good a citizen—at least, I should not wish to be compared with him. Grinnell has incessantly appealed to the patriotism of the jury. To that I reply in the language of Johnson, the English literateur, "an appeal to patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel."

My efforts in behalf of the disinherited and disfranchised millions, my agitation in this direction, the popularization of economic teachings—in short, the education of the wage workers, is declared "a conspiracy against society." The word "society" is here wisely substituted for "the State," as represented by the Patricians of today. It has always been the opinion of the ruling classes that the people must be kept in ignorance, for they lose their servility, their modesty and their obedience to the powers that be, as their intelligence

increases. The education of a black slave a quarter of a century ago was a criminal offense. Why? Because the intelligent slave would throw off his shackles at whatever cost. Why is the education of the working people of today looked upon by a certain class as an offense against the State? For the same reason! The State, however, wisely avoided this point in the prosecution of this case. From their testimony one is forced to conclude that we had, in our speeches and publications, preached nothing else but destruction and dynamite. The court has this morning stated that there is no case in history like this. I have noticed, during this trial, that the gentlemen of the legal profession are not well versed in history. In all historical cases of this kind truth had to be perverted by the priests of the established power that was nearing its end.

What have we said in our speeches and publications?

We have interpreted to the people their conditions and relations in society. We have explained to them the different social phenomena and the social laws and circumstances under which they occur. We have, by way of scientific investigation, incontrovertibly proved and brought to their knowledge that the system of wages is the root of the present social iniquities—iniquities so monstrous that they cry to heaven. We have further said that the wage system, as a specific form of social development, would, by the necessity of logic, have to give way to higher forms of civilization; that the wage system must furnish the foundation for a social system of co-operation—that is, Socialism. That whether this or that theory, this or that scheme regarding future arrangements were accepted was not a matter of choice, but one of historical necessity, and that to us the tendency of progress seemed to be Anarchism—that is, a free society without kings or classes—a society of sovereigns in which liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a foundation for natural order.

It is not likely that the honorable Bonfield and Grinnell can conceive of a social order not held intact by the policeman's club and pistol, nor of a free society without prisons, gallows, and State's attorneys. In such a society they probably fail to find a place for themselves. And is this the reason why Anarchism is such a "pernicious and damnable doctrine?"

Grinnell has intimated to us that Anarchism was on trial. The theory of Anarchism belongs to the realm of speculative philosophy. There was not a syllable said about Anarchism at the Haymarket meeting. At that meeting the very popular theme of reducing the hours of toil was discussed. But, "Anarchism is on trial!" foams Mr. Grinnell. If that is the case, your honor, very well; you may sentence me, for I am an Anarchist. I believe with Buckle, with Paine, Jefferson, Emerson, and Spencer, and many other great thinkers of this century, that the state of castes and classes—the state where one class dominates over and lives upon the labor of another class, and calls this order—yes, I believe that this barbaric form of social organization, with its legalized plunder and murder, is doomed to die, and make room for a free society, voluntary association, or universal brotherhood, if you like. You may pronounce the sentence upon me, honorable judge, but let the world know that in A. D. 1886, in the State of Illinois, eight men were sentenced to death, because they believed in a better future; because they had not lost