

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10.—Following is the governor's decision in full in the anarchist case:

STATE OF ILLINOIS.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, SPRINGFIELD,
November 10th, 1887.

On the 20th day of August, 1886, in the Cook County Criminal Court, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg were found guilty by the jury and afterwards sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Matthias J. Deagan. An appeal was taken from such finding and sentence, to the supreme court of the state. That court, upon a final hearing and after mature deliberation, unanimously affirmed the judgment of the court below. The case now comes before me, on petition by the defendants, for consideration, as governor of the state, that is, if the letters of Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg, demanding release, or as they express it, "liberty or death," and protesting in the strongest language against mercy or a commutation of the sentence pronounced against them, can be considered a petition. A pardon, should it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever on the part of either of them, would not be such a vindication as they demand. Executive intervention upon the grounds insisted on by the four above-named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of constitutional power "to grant reprieves, commutations and pardons," unless used on the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted. After a careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and claimed for them outside of the record, it has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to impeach the verdict of the jury or the judgment of the trial court or of the supreme court affirming the guilt of all these parties. Satisfied, therefore, as I am of their guilt, I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the penitentiary, as they emphatically declare they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for "executive clemency." Fielden and Schwab, in addition, present separate and supplementary petitions for commutation of their sentences. While, as I said above, I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgment of the court, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. And as to said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life.

As to all the other above named defendants, I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of the defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that, under a solemn sense of the obligations of my office, I have been unable to do so.

(Signed) RICHARD J. OGLESBY,
Governor.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Attorney A. P. Wagner, of No. 89, Second Avenue, sent a telegram to Captain Black in Chicago today, stating positively that the man who threw the bomb at the Haymarket riot was in New York City.

Mr. Wagner was seen by a reporter at an early hour this (Friday) morning. He said:

Franz Mayhoff, who was convicted of attempting to defraud the Greenwich Insurance Company in October, and sentenced to Sing Sing for four and a half years, wrote to me some days ago. On November 2nd I went to Sing Sing, where he made an affidavit before a notary public that he knew the man who threw the bomb. Mayhoff said that early in January, 1887, he was introduced to a man named Kilman Schantz by William Scharff. Scharff had often told Mayhoff that Schantz knew all about anarchy. Two weeks later Schantz, in talking to Mayhoff, spoke of anarchy, dynamite and arson, and of the bomb at the Haymarket. He told Mayhoff he had resided in Chicago at the time and had to make his escape because the police suspected he was concerned. The second conversation Mayhoff had with Schantz was in February, when Schantz wanted him to help kill a man who had \$30,000. Mayhoff refused to have anything to do with him, whereupon Schantz said, "You're no good; I have done worse than that. I threw the bomb in Chicago. Others are suffering for it, but that is none of my business."

He told Mayhoff he had three bombs in a satchel and that he had been behind the wagon at the riot. It had been agreed to throw them, when the police interfered, but the latter came too late. This practically is all there is to the story, although Mayhoff talked at some length about Schantz showing the bombs at various times and asserting that if the condemned anarchists were hung Grinnell and the jury must hang, and also much incendiary talk of the Herr Most style which was indulged in by the self-acclaimed bomb thrower.

Mr. Wagner says he has great faith in the statements made in the affidavit. From what he knew of the case before, he went to Supt. Murray and asked to have searched the premises occupied by Schantz, but Murray refused to do it unless a warrant was gotten out. Schantz has been employed in the repair shops of the Second Avenue railway, and is said to have an office with one of the foremost anarchists in the country. Wagner says he has no interest in the case except from common humanity.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Louis Lingg, the anarchist, will never speak again. Quick and awful as ever was an act of his Creator, the voice that cried "Noch

die Anarchie," was turned to silence forever. What seemed to be a muffled horrible echo of the fearful bomb at the Haymarket came suddenly from his cell this morning. That instant the man's face which beaming his fiend-like deeds, had seemed beautiful as an archangel's, was made a revolting mass of blood and shreds of tangled flesh, and Louis Lingg was triumphant. Despite all human efforts he had effaced from even his countenance every trace of God's image. For a single instant, with his back against the bars of Lingg's cell door, the stalwart guard stood stupefied, while a puff of blue smoke from the dark recesses behind, unnoticed, crossed his shoulder. Then ensued a wild rush of deputies, the clanging of iron gates and above the confusion and din the hoarse shouting of a guard, "It's Lingg! It's Lingg! That came from Lingg!" A rapid, cautious movement by the turnkey flung the cell door open, and with an eager peer into the shadow the two excited deputies jumped pell mell in.

THEIR EJACULATIONS OF TERROR

brought other guards quickly within call. An age of agony and suspense was passed by the jail inmates in the cells above and around. There was a shuffling of feet on the stone floor and hundreds of strained eyes watching down through the iron doors and bars saw a group of guards in their shirt sleeves struggling across the dimly lighted area bearing the legs and arms and the body of a man between them. The upturned face was a huge clot of blood, but the turnkey who supported the head had his fingers wound tightly into the unmistakable brown curling ringlets of the bomb maker, Louis Lingg.

The key of Jailer Holz, grating in the main lock, interrupted for a moment the sound of the pattering blood on the white stone pavement. There was a creaking of rusty hinges and the anarchists and common jail birds had gazed their last on Louis Lingg. A few steps brought the huddled up cortege to the bath room of the jail, a stuffy little apartment scarcely 10 feet square. Lingg was dumped on the floor with scant tenderness by the men who have been daily half expecting to meet their death at his hands. To all appearances the

ANARCHIST WAS STARK DEAD.

His lithe, athletic form was clothed only in a short tunic, and his brawny limbs seemed rigid. A small pool of gore was soon floating around his brown curls, surmounting his broad shoulders, and one glance showed how Lingg had striven with dynamite to blow off his own head. The entire lower half of his once handsome face was gone, including his upper lip and jaw, and under a fraction of his nose was a jagged, bloody gap, extending across to his ears and down to the Adam's apple.

"Open your eyes, Lingg," exclaimed the jail doctor, who had just reached the room. To the astonishment of the bystanders Lingg's eyes opened and he looked calmly about him. He was immediately raised to a table and propped up with pillows. He was washed hurriedly while the cloth bandages were passed around the top of the head, hiding all but the nose, eyes and forehead, all the loose dangling bones and flesh being first cut away. The gutter perched mouth of a fountain syringe was inserted in the great hole left by the dynamite. By this method water and brandy were administered. This was repeated at intervals, Lingg meanwhile gazing steadfastly about him.

WATCHING EVERY MOVE

Of those in the room, but apparently indifferent to what they did, and caring nothing about the almost ceaseless slamming of the door only a few feet distant. Every now and then, without any seeming cause, a fearful hollow groaning would sound through the bandages. The listeners against would abandon the room, only to give place to a new set not yet weakened by the horrors with the death chamber. Lingg moved his long sinewy arm easily. His left arm was torn by the dynamite, and without trouble he wrote in German simple directions as to raising him higher.

There was nothing to break the horrible agony of the six mortal hours' wait for death's approach. Rev. Dr. Bolton, the Methodist minister attending Fielden, went in but got no answering look from Lingg. The minister came out shaking his head hopelessly. Lingg's breathing gradually became slower, the pallor on his forehead deepened and a slight glaze was noticed in his now sunken eyes. Some said, "He is dying," and the reporters made ready for a rush to the nearest telegraph office. Lingg's big breast

HEAVED ONCE AND WAS STILL.

His eyes looked straight ahead, with something of their old brightness, but at a whisper from the doctor the reporters dashed to the telephones, falling one over another down the narrow stairway to the court-yard in their efforts to tell the news first. While the reporters were tumbling and running, the doctor raised Lingg's right arm. It fell back on the table limp, and an attendant's right and left forefingers were laid on Lingg's forehead and pushed the eyelids shut. In a moment the little room was empty of all but the ghastly corpse of the bomb-maker Louis Lingg.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—A more striking procession of civic events may never again be witnessed than the one having its latest outcome today.

The supposed absurdly theatrical demonstrations with red banners and black that took place in the streets of Chicago not two winters ago, followed soon afterward by the picturesque, yet ominous, Sunday gatherings of latterdemons, foreigners and demagogues on the broad common at the lake front are now recalled as the quick forerunner of secret cellar-drillings by hundreds of ignorant, fanatical riflemen in the purities throughout the city. Then came the cool, deliberate

DYNAMITE EXPERIMENTS

by carefully-selected masked representatives in the woods skirting the suburbs. Later on, secluded in the quiet of down-town back rooms, dark couclaves of wild-idea but brainy, unscrupulous leaders eagerly discussed as their long-coveted opportunity the just-beginning development of the workmen's concerted movement for a uniform eight-hour day.

How the gigantic, peaceful strikes were turned into riots, how the entire world was startled by the blood-chilling bomb massacre in the Haymarket, then the majestic state trial, the amazing bravado of the one American defendant, the

HORRIBLY GROTESQUE

marriage of another one of the prisoners—every detail of these strange occurrences and the extraordinary train succeeding, now presents itself again as if the whole had passed but yesterday.

The key-note of it all is found in the platform of the mysterious I. A. A. International Arbeiter (Workmen's) Association—of which organization August Spies and his seven co-defendants were leading members and upholders. In the international platform it is urged that "the present system under which property is owned by individuals should be destroyed, and that all capital which has been produced by labor should be transformed into

COMMON PROPERTY

by force." Eighty "groups" of this dangerous association existed in the United States, chiefly at the great industrial centres, Chicago alone being the ill-starred possessor of seven. Only a portion of the members were armed, yet the number of this class in Chicago exceeded 3,000, every man of whom attended regular military drills, had his own rifle and revolver, and could obtain dynamite and bombs for the asking. The armed members of the groups were constantly in contact with their armed brethren and in hearty sympathy with their purposes and their principles. It was this compact, well-disciplined I. A. A. that had for its organs three now

NOTED NEWSPAPERS

—the Arbeiter Zeitung, the Alarm and the Anarchist. Excepting handsome, youthful Louis Lingg, who, though taking a conspicuous part, was a mere acting agent, each of the eight Haymarket defendants was directly connected with one of these papers. August Spies, a keen, cynical Hessian, with the subtle intellectual viror of an Iago, was editor-in-chief of the Arbeiter. The jaunty, dare-devil little Texas Albert R. Parsons, brother of a Confederate general, presided over the Alarm. At the head of the Anarchist George Engel, another Hessian, but of a coarse, brutal type, out-Heroded the

MOST BLOOD-THIRSTY

utterances of their compeers. While Sam Fielden, the Englishman, sullen-looking, shaggy and forbidding, but as an agitator, simply volcanic, and Oscar Neebe, the polished, attractive German-American organizer, were more especially concerned in other than journalistic branches of the propaganda, they were, nevertheless, among the directors respectively of the Alarm and Arbeiter Zeitung. The gaunt Bavarian Michael Schwab, was Spies' assistant editor, and his fellow countryman Adolph Fischer, he of the poisoned dagger, was the Arbeiter's head foreman.

Not one of those men—those that were hanged and those that were not—would ever deny that he was instrumental to a greater or less degree in helping on the catastrophe at the Haymarket. Of the legal guilt of each nothing need be said further than that its certainty was put to tests seldom if ever paralleled.

During the long months preceding the

BOMB THROWING

the defendants one and all were incessantly active in agitating and organizing in "demonstrations" and "experiments." Their speeches and articles fairly bristled with impassioned appeals for the laboring people to provide themselves with firearms and dynamite. Specific instructions were given how to handle and use the explosive, and how to make bombs and how to procure weapons. All this was stated by the conspirators to be making ready for the coming "social revolution." What was meant by "social revolution" was not left to be vaguely inferred, nor was the time when it was to be inaugurated a dim uncertainty of the future. The "revolution" was frequently defined in speech and writing as a sudden, bloody, forcible upheaval of the right of private ownership of property, then the bringing about of a state of society in which all property should be held in common.

Incredible as it may seem, the avowed purpose was to deluge the city

IN BLOOD

of the property owning classes, first destroying the police and militia, who

were derided as their special champions. The period of confusion developing from the mammoth strikes of the first of May, 1885, was definitely announced months before as the time when the fearful bolt should fall. Pitiless as was this programme and difficult as a belief in that it ever was contemplated by men, the facts as stated were abundantly proven in court.

The diabolism was fully shared in by women. Especially so was this the case in the fantastic public demonstrations like the red-flag procession of ragamuffins with torches that attempted at night to enter the magnificent new Board of Trade when the dedication festivities of the institution had for the time being transformed the huge building into a scene of social brilliance without a local precedent.

THE REPULSIVE,

blaspheming intruders of both sexes were sternly forced back at the muzzles of three dozen police revolvers. In affairs like this the dusky wife of Parsons and other no less desperate women seemed in their proper element. Of the many other queer outbreaks preceding the Haymarket tragedy, the most startling at the time, perhaps, was the parade Thanksgiving Day, when in ridicule of President Cleveland's proclamation nearly a thousand uncouth men and women of the slums, headed by banners of black and red, traversed the choice residence avenues wildly yelling and scoffing at the well-dressed people who crowded to the windows, anxious to learn the cause of tumult.

The city authorities affected for some reason to ignore all ebullitions of the mob. As a result of this

OFFICIAL INDIFFERENCE,

when the time came at last for the eight-hour labor disturbances and the simultaneous inauguration of the secretly cherished "revolution," the anarchists were a power indeed, and the police were ignorant of danger. It is true that the Chicago papers contained timely intimations of the plots, but owing to the peculiar attitude of the high municipal authorities, the articles were treated as rank sensationalism.

Just one day before the time set for the strikes, Louis Lingg, the holler-maker, slipped into his lodgings a heavy, suspicious looking box, three feet in length. The box contained a large invoice of dynamite. Its delivery at Lingg's lodgings was the first immediate preparation for

THE BLOODY RESULT

of five days later. For many weeks previous Lingg had been purchasing and experimenting with dynamite as the paid agent of one of the "seven international groups," but subsequent events showed beyond any reasonable doubt that this particular explosive made the bomb that was heard round the world, the bomb, with fifty others manufactured by Lingg under the auspices of the International Association, which furnished the money, and of which the celebrated defendants were not members simply but leaders.

Next day, May 1, the eight-hour strikes began in earnest, and by nightfall when the first intelligent estimates were obtainable, 30,000 men walked the streets idle. Promptly in the morning, Sunday, when the churches throughout the city were resounding with swelling hosannas, the stuffy little Bohemian Hall on Emma Street was crowded with members of

THE LEHR AND WEHR VEREIN,

an inner circle of the omnipresent International. Detailed plans for the near-at-hand conflict with the police were submitted by Editor Engel and listened to by Spies' lieutenant, Fischer. These plans were the one followed almost to the letter at the Haymarket, but the decision to do so was not reached at this meeting. Instead it was determined to take action at another gathering of the Lehr and Wehr in a larger hall and more central location, to be assembled within twenty-four hours. This was to be in Greif's Hall, Monday night, May 3.

The Arbeiter Zeitung, of which Spies and Schwab were the editors and managers, called together the armed men who were to engage in this specific compact to murder. The Sunday evening edition, published a few hours after the Bohemian Hall meeting, contained this

CABALISTIC LEGEND:

"Y-Komme Montag Abend." (Y-Come Monday night). This was the summons to the armed sections to meet, as they did Monday night at Greif's. The call was published again Monday afternoon, indicating the importance of the matters to come before the meeting. The Sunday issue of the Arbeiter had a significant article urging quick and immediate action, adding: "By Monday or Tuesday the conflict must have reached its highest intensity, else success will then be doubtful." Almost before the ink on this could dry, Spies was at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Central Labor Union arranging to have himself dispatched to McCormick's factory the following day to address the thousands of strikers out along the old Black Road.

From the top of a freight car, on the prairie near McCormick's, next afternoon—Monday—

SPIES DELCRED

into the ears of 12,000 excited strikers, mostly foreigners, the hottest harangue ever uttered by him in public. He spoke in the German language, of which he is more master even than of English. The effect of his words was

like magic. "On to McCormick's!" was the cry. The maddened horde, urged forward by Spies, Lingg and other daring anarchists present, rushed at the great factory like so many wild beasts. They had caught up boulders and clubs on the way, and in an instant the thousand windows of the factory were being shivered into countless fragments. Then it was that patrol wagons, loaded with police, the horses covered with foam, dashed through the crowd from behind. It is admitted by Spies that he ordered the mob, many of whom were flourishing revolvers, to

RESIST THE ATTEMPT

of the police to quell the riot. Of course the victors were the police, but that to Spies, according to his own accounts, was not of main concern. The blood of workmen had been drawn, and when he satisfied himself that such a result was produced, the anarchist leader coolly withdrew, though the battle was at its height.

Taking a street-car direct to the Arbeiter Zeitung office, Spies, after a hurried consultation with Schwab, Neebe and others, decided to call the Haymarket mass-meeting, and then wrote the infamous "Revenge Circular." Twenty-five hundred copies were issued as quickly as printers could work, and everything was now ripe for the murder-compact meeting that night in Greif's basement, the same that had been called by the Arbeiter Zeitung that day and the day before. In this connection the

EXACT WORDING

of the circular, especially the latter portion, foreshadowing the slaughter of the morrow, the fatal 4th of May, possesses peculiar interest. Spies wrote:

"REVENGE! REVENGE! WORKMEN, TO ARMS!"

"Men of labor, this afternoon the bloodhounds of your oppressors murdered six of your brothers at McCormick's. Why did they murder them? Because they dared to be dissatisfied with the lot which your oppressors have assigned to them. They demanded bread and they gave them lead for an answer, mindful of the fact that these people are most effectively silenced. You have for many years endured humiliation without protest; have dragged from early in the morning till late at night; have suffered all sorts of privations, have even sacrificed your children. You have done everything to fill the coffers of your masters—everything for them; and now, when you approach them and implore them to make your burden a little lighter, as a reward for your sacrifices they send their bloodhounds—the police at you in order to cure you, with bullets, of your dissatisfaction. Slaves, we ask and conjure you, by all that is sacred and dear to you, avenge the atrocious murder which has been committed on your brothers today, and which will likely be committed upon you tomorrow. Laboring men, Hercules, you have arrived at the crossway. Which way will you decide? For slavery and hunger or for freedom and bread? If you decide for the latter, then do not delay a moment; then, people, to arms! This must be your motto. Think of the heroes whose blood has fertilized the road to progress, liberty and humanity, and to strive and become worthy of them. YOUR BROTHERS."

Neebe and other potables of the I. A. A. took horses, and in person scattered the circular broadcast, not failing to leave copies with the rank and file of the International "armed sections" gathering in Greif's Hall, 64 West Lake Street. That the circular gave the impulse to the action of the armed sections at this, Monday night meeting, and inspired the adoption of the plan of

BOMB-THROWING

agreed upon, is apparent from the fact that its contents were first fully discussed. Then the complete detailed plan of the particular method of inaugurating the wholesale murder for which they originally organized was formally considered and adopted, the time for the slaughter being left for the Arbeiter Zeitung to designate by publishing the signal word "ruhe" (peace). This latter feature was the work of Adolph Fischer, who had come to the meeting straight from the Arbeiter Zeitung, where he had been assisting Spies and Schwab. That Fischer was carrying out the plans of his superiors appears more clearly from the circumstances that it was he who maneuvered the "armed sections" out of their idea of holding the Haymarket meeting in the morning instead of at night, as Spies and the other leaders had decided.

A DARKER PICTURE

is not to be found in history than this spectacle of four-score murderers and conspirators in the wretched saloon-basement, remorselessly plotting the massacre that occurred not a hundred yards distant, before another midnight passed. Rudolph Schnaubelt, the tragic thrower of the Haymarket bomb, was among the eighty or more assassins who composed this horrible meeting. Though adjournment did not come till long after eleven, it was not seven o'clock next morning, Tuesday, when Louis Lingg, a member of this identical "armed section," opened the chest of dynamite that had lain untouched in his lodgings since four days before. Under his expert directions, six of the men who attended the murder meeting of the previous night, quickly set to work then and there filling globular shells with dynamite.

Early as was the hour, Fischer was also at work getting out

HAND-BILLS

calling the Haymarket mass meeting. The handbill's last words were: "Workmen, Arm yourselves and appear in full force!" What Spies, Schwab and the other leaders were doing that day may be partly inferred