

That Is the Day Set Apart for the Execution of the Convicted Anarchists.

Judge Gary Asks Them for Reasons Why They Should Not Be Hanged,

And They Reply with Argument, Denunciation, Invective, and Tirade Against Capital.

The motion to secure a new trial for the convicted Chicago anarchists has failed, and Friday, the 3d of December, been fixed as the day of execution.

JUDGE GARY'S DECISION.

Reasons for Refusing to Grant the Anarchists a New Trial.

The Court began by saying that the case was so voluminous that it was impossible, within reasonable limits, to give a synopsis. He did not understand that either upon the trial or the argument on the motion had the defense attempted to deny that the defendants, except Neebe, were combined for some purpose. The object of that combination had been debated by the counsel. It was important to know what that fact was, whether it was merely to encourage the workingmen to resist unlawful attacks, or whether it was something else. There was no better way than to read what they had spoken and written as to the object of the combination while the events were occurring. He would therefore read from the files of the *Alarm* and *Arbeiter-Zeitung* what the defendants themselves had said, beginning as far back as Jan. 18, 1885.

The court then read at length from the files of the papers in question, choosing such articles as would throw the clearest light upon the purposes of the defendants. He then said:

"The papers and speeches furnish an answer to the argument of the counsel, that what they proposed was simply that they should arm themselves, so as to resist any unlawful attacks which the police or the militia might make upon them.

"Said the Court yesterday: 'These men (referring to the Board of Trade demonstration) started out with the express purpose of sacking the Board of Trade Building.' Well, I cannot see what sense there would have been in such an undertaking. But I will assume that the 3,000 workingmen who marched in that procession really intended to sack the building. In that case, they must have differed from the respectable Board of Trade men in that they sought to recover the stolen property in a lawful way, while the others sack the entire country lawfully and unlawfully. This being a very highly respectable profession, this court of justice and equity proclaims the principle that when two persons do the same thing it is not the same thing. I thank the Court for this confession. It contains all that we have taught, and for which we are to be hung, in a nutshell. It is a respectable profession when practiced by the privileged class, but it is felony when resorted to in self-preservation by the other class. This is order. This is the kind of order that we have attempted, and are still trying as long as we live, to abolish.

"When anarchism gains its point there will no longer be any use for policemen and militia to preserve so-called peace and order—the order that the Russian General telegraphed to the Czar after he had massacred half of Moscow, 'Order is restored in Moscow.' Anarchism does not, however, do its work alone; it causes chaos, arson, and so forth. These monstrosities are the characteristic features of capitalism. Anarchism means peace and tranquility to all.

"It is true that we have told the people time and again that the great duty of a change was coming. It is true that we have called upon the people to arm to prepare for that day. This seems to be the ground upon which the verdict is to be sustained. But 'when a long train of abuses and usurpations pursuing unceasingly the same objects evinces the design to reduce the people under absolute despotism it is their right and duty to throw off such Government and provide new guards for their future safety.' This is a quotation from the Declaration of Independence. If you think you can crush out these ideas that are gaining ground more and more every day, if you would once more have people suffer the penalty of death because they dare to tell the truth, then you are to blame. I have a man and two me and my friends over to him, and have not told anything but the truth. I defy you to show us where we told a lie. I shall die proudly and defiantly in the cause of truth, as so many martyrs have done whom I could name to you, and among them is Christ."

is: that it is, a free society, without king and classes—a society of sovereigns in which the liberty and economic quality of all will furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a condition of natural order. It is not likely that the Hon. Bonfield and Grinnell can conceive of a condition of social order not held intact by the policemen's club and pistol, nor of a free society without prisons, gallowses, and State's Attorneys. In such a society they would probably fail to find a place for themselves. And is this the reason why anarchism is such a vicious and damnable doctrine? Grinnell has informed us that anarchism was on trial. 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, with Emerson, with Spencer, and many other great thinkers of this century that the state of caste and classes, the state where one class dominates and lives upon the labor of another class, and calls it order, should be abolished. You may pronounce your sentence upon me, honorable Judge, but let the world know that in the year Anno Domini 1886, in the State of Illinois, the anarchists were sentenced to death because they had not for their faith in the ultimate victory of liberty and justice. We who have jeopardized our lives to save society from the fiend that has grasped her by the throat, that seeks her life-blood and devours her substance; we, who would heal her from the fettling wounds, who would free her from the fetters you have wrought around her, from the misery you have brought upon her—we are her enemies. We have preached dynamite, it is said, and we have predicted from the lessons of history that the ruling classes of to-day would no more listen to the voice of reason than their predecessors, and they would attempt by brute force to stifle the march of progress. And not all the large industries of this once free country conducted under the surveillance of the police, the militia, and the Sheriff?"

"If you think that by hanging us you can stamp out the labor movement, then call your hangman. But you will tread upon the spark. Hero and there, behind you, in front of you, and everywhere, flames will blaze up. The ground is on fire on which you stand. You cannot understand it. You do not believe in wiretaps, but you do believe in 'conspiracies.' You want to stamp out the conspirators, the agitators? Ah, stamp out every factory lord who has grown wealthy on the unpaid labor of his employees; stamp out every landlord who has amassed a fortune from the rent of overburdened workingmen and farmers. Do you, gentlemen, are the revolutionists. Do you, gentlemen, are the revolutionists. Do you, gentlemen, are the revolutionists. You and your blindness.

"The peasant girl brings funeral wreaths, I tell you still—she is not dead.

After eulogizing the poet, Fielden declared he himself was a revolutionist; that it was only a crime to be a revolutionist when the man entertaining such ideas was a poor man; among intelligent people it was no crime. He declared he had been arrested and indicted for murder but had been tried for murder.

Fielden took up the Haymarket meeting and discussed his speech at great length, claiming that it was not incendiary in any sense, and that there was no excuse for the interference of the police. In closing, he said:

"Your Honor, with due respect to your years, I wish to say this, that it is quite possible that you can not understand, having lived in a different atmosphere from what we have lived in, how men can hold such ridiculous ideas. I have no doubt that you have felt that way. Yet it is well known that persons who live to a very ripe old age very seldom change their opinions. But I implore no wrong motive in that. It is a natural result. But we do claim that our principles will bear discussion, investigation, and criticism.

"If I can say anything in the interests of humanity, in the interests of liberty, equality, and fraternity, I would say it now. Take heed! Take heed!

"The time, my friends, is not far off. The

swift process of reduction of the masses into a condition of depravity and degradation, as is evinced by the numbers of men out of employment, shows us clearly where we are going. We cannot deny it. No thinking man, no reasonable man, no friend of his kind can ignore the fact that we are going rapidly onto a precipice.

"Your Honor, I have worked at hard labor

since I was eight years of age. I went into a cotton factory when I was eight years old, and

I have worked continually since, and there has never been a time in my history that I could have been bought, or could have been paid to do a single thing by any man for any purpose which I did not believe to be true.

"To contradict the lie that was published in connection with the bill by the grand jury charging us with murder, I wish to say that I have never received one cent for agitating.

"To-day, as the beautiful autumn sun kisses with balmy breeze the cheek of every free man, I stand here never to befool my head in its rays again. I have loved my fellow-men as I have loved myself. I have hated trickery, dishonesty, and injustice. The nineteenth century commits the crime of killing its best friend. It will live to repeat of it. But, as I have said before, if it will do any good I freely give myself up. I trust the time will come when there will be a better understanding, more intelligence, and, above the mountains of iniquity, wrong, and corruption, I hope the sun of righteousness, and truth, and justice will come to bathe in its balmy light an emancipated world, I thank your Honor for your attention."

Albert R. Parsons followed Fielden. With a flower in his button-hole, water, lemon, red handkerchief, and a bundle of manuscript on the table before him, it was seen at once that he was calm and affected. He rolled his "r's" and "l's," said "me" for "my," was gentle as a lamb one second and frothed at the mouth the next. He paced up and down, stood on his toes, and crouched to the floor. He aimed to be dramatic, and succeeded only in being sensational and vehement. Almost his first utterance showed the character of his address, as with dramatic gesture and intense tones he thundered forth: "I will tell the truth though my tongue be torn from my mouth, and my throat cut from ear to ear, so help me God!" Continuing, he said: "Your Honor, I stand here as one of the people, a common man, a workingman, one of the millions, and I ask you to give ear to what I have to say. You stand here as a brake between the law and the people. You stand here as the representative of justice, holding the poised scales in your hands. You are expected to look neither to the right nor to the left, but to do that by which justice and justice alone shall be subserved. Now, the conviction of a man, your Honor, does not necessarily prove that he is guilty. Your law books are filled with instances where men have been carried to the scaffold and after their death it has been proven that the murder was judicial; that it was a judicial murder. Now, what end can be subserved in hurrying this matter through in the manner in which it has been done? Where are the ends of justice subserved, and where is truth found in sending seven human beings at the rate of express speed upon a fast train to the scaffold and ignominious death? Why, if your Honor please, the very method of our extermination, the death damnation of our taking off, appeals to your Honor's sense of justice, of rectitude, and of honor. A judge may also be an unjust man. Such things have been known."

"Now, I hold that our execution, as the matter stands just now, would be judicial murder, and judicial murder is far worse than lynching."

"But, your Honor, bear in mind, please, this trial was conducted by a mob, prosecuted by a mob, by the shrieks and the howls of a mob, an organized powerful mob. That trial is over. Now, your Honor, it sits here judicially, calmly and quietly, and it is for you now to look at this thing from the standpoint of reason and of common sense. There is one peculiarity about the case, your Honor, that I want to call your attention to. It was the manner and the method of its prosecution. On the one side the attorney for the prosecution conducted this case from the standpoint of capitalistic as against labor. On the other side, the attorneys for the defense conducted this as a defense for murderers, not for laborers and not against capitalistic.

"Capt. Black—That is sufficient.

"Instantly upon the pronouncement of the sentence all was confusion. Every eye was

turned upon the prisoners, who rose from their seats as though from force of habit and without volition. The spectators rose also and the relatives of the condemned men pressed forward.

"The court called sharply for order and the heavy wands of the crier descended upon the bar. The women shrank back and the prisoners hastily resumed their seats. Only for an instant, however, for the bailiffs, seeing that it was but a burst of natural affection, let Nature have her way. Mrs. Parsons stood and held the crier's wands, but pushed forward and threw her arms about her husband's neck as he stood at his chair. She hid her face in his neck and he bent his head until his face was concealed from view in her arms. Husband and wife retained their attitude for nearly a minute. Then she released him and turned away, her dark face hard and tense and her eyes dry. As she turned away Gen. Parsons threw his arms about his brother's neck, and the two men hid their faces on each other's shoulders. Spies, with a careless smile on his face, shook hands with his sister and other relatives, and spoke a few reassuring words to their tearful expressions of sympathy. As he turned to go Mrs. Parsons took him by the hand, and held his arms about his neck, and kissed him vehemently on the lips. The other prisoners received the expressions of sympathy quietly and filed out of court without betraying emotion of any kind, handsome Louis Lingg looking even more indifferent and scornful than usual.

"Some Further Excerpts from Parsons' Six Hours' Harangue.

"Do you think, gentlemen, of the prosecution,

that you will have settled the case when you are carrying my lifeless bones to the potter's field? Do you think that this trial will be settled by my strangulation and that of my colleagues? I tell you that there is a greater verdict yet to be heard from. The American people will yet have something to say about this attempt to violate their rights which they hold sacred.

"It is proposed by the prosecution here to take me to task and strangle me upon the gallows for the things I have said, for these expressions. Now, your Honor, force is the last resort; it is the last resort of tyrants; it is the last resort of despots, of oppressors, and he who would strangle another because that other does not believe as he would have him, he who would destroy another because that other will not do as he says, that man is a despot and a tyrant, and unworthy to live. Now, your Honor, I speak plainly; I speak as an anarchist; I speak as a socialist; I speak as a wage slave, a workingman. Now, does it follow because I hold these views that I committed this act at the Haymarket in 1852. So small was the beginning that he used to haul the granite out himself with one yoke of oxen. He learned shoemaking evenings, while he was going to school in the daytime. He has, besides his quarry interests, a fine farm, and is known as a large importer of blooded stock. Mr. Bodwell became a resident of Maine in 1852, in the town of Hallowell, where he previously discovered a desirable quality of granite. He has been an active politician, having represented the town of Hallowell in the Maine Legislature, and has served as Mayor for ten terms, and was a delegate at large to the Republican National Conventions of 1880 and 1884.

JUDGE GARY'S LAST WORDS.

Passing Sentence Upon the Convicted Anarchists—To Be Hanged by the Neck Dec. 3.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

In tones so low and sympathetic that those not immediately around the bench could with difficulty catch the import of his words, Judge Gary began his address to the prisoners. When he came to the formal pronouncing of the sentence, even Parsons, seemingly in spite of himself, fixed his eye upon his face. Spies listened to the words of doom with steadfast eye and defiant smile. Schwab's face was grave and inscrutable. Neebe looked excited. Fielden pulled at his long beard. Lingg and Fischer gave no outward signs of emotion, and Engel's manner was as still as ever. Far more agitated than the prisoners was Judge Gary himself. His voice fell lower and lower. As he pronounced the words "hanged by the neck" he paused, turned in his chair, and the concluding words, "until dead," were barely audible. The full text of his address and the sentence is as follows:

BASE-BALL.

The Chicago Club Again Captures the League Championship Pennant.

St. Louis Wins the American Association Flag—Notes of the Game.

The Champions in Nine Organizations.

[Chicago correspondence.]

The League season is over, and the Chicago Club has captured the championship for the sixth time in ten years. The standing of the clubs at this writing, with but four or five more games remaining to be played, is as follows:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs—	Games	Games
	won	lost
Chicago.....	87	31
Detroit.....	82	34
New York.....	70	43
Philadelphia.....	67	42
Boston.....	52	59
St. Louis.....	43	73
Kansas City.....	29	84
Washington.....	23	87

The St. Louis Browns have again won the championship of the American Association by a good margin, as will be seen by the following table, showing the standing of the contesting clubs:

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Clubs—	Won	Lost
St. Louis.....	86	43
Pittsburg.....	75	55
Brooklyn.....	71	60
Louisville.....	65	63
Cincinnati.....	60	68
Athletic.....	55	70
Metropolitan.....	49	73
Baltimore.....	47	76

The Duluth Base-ball Club has won the Northwestern League pennant, Eau Claire being second, Oshkosh fourth, St. Paul fifth, and Minneapolis sixth.

The Eastern League season is over, Newark winning the championship, with Waterbury second, Jersey City third, Hartford fourth, and Bridgeport fifth. The Providence, Meriden and Long Island Clubs did not play out the schedule.

The Southern League championship season ended in September. The Atlanta Club won the pennant, with Savannah second, Nashville third, Memphis fourth, Charleston fifth, and Macon sixth. The Augusta and Chattanooga Clubs dropped out.

Utica wins the championship of the International League. The Rochester club is second, the two Canadian clubs, Toronto and Hamilton, third and fourth respectively, Buffalo fifth, Syracuse sixth, Binghamton seventh and Oswego eighth.

The Denver club won the Western League championship, beating the St. Joseph club out by four games. Leadville is third, Topeka fourth, Leavenworth fifth and Lincoln sixth.

Wilkesbarre wins in the Pennsylvania State League, with Altoona, Williamsport and Scranton ranked in the order named.

Portland is first in the New England League, Haverhill second, Lynn third, Brockton fourth, Lawrence fifth and the Boston Blues last.

NOTES OF THE GAME.

PITCHER RADBOURNE is sick of Boston, and wants to go to Philadelphia. He formerly played under Harry Wright's management in Providence.

SOME of the St. Louis papers are deluding themselves and their readers with the belief that the League will allow Sunday championship games to be played in the Mound City next season.

CHICAGO has won the home and home series this year from every club in the League, as well as the championship. Detroit has lost the majority of the games with both Chicago and New York.

THE CHICAGO, champions of the National League, and the St. Louis Browns, champions of the American Association, will play a series for the championship of the world, nine games in all—four to be played in Chicago and four in St. Louis, and one on neutral ground. The stakes are to be \$500 a side, to be divided among the players of the winning club. The winner also takes all the receipts.

MAINE'S GOVERNOR-ELECT.

JOSEPH R. BODWELL, who has been elected Governor of Maine, was born in 1818 in what is now part of Lawrence, Mass. In those days they called it by the old-fashioned name of Methuen. His father was so poor that the boy went to live with an uncle. The Governor-elect of Maine has been a farm laborer, shoemaker, farmer, teamster, quarryman and granite works proprietor. The latter he is still on a very large scale. He it was who opened the granite quarries of Maine, thus giving his fellow citizens a new industry. He began to work the

quarries at Fox Haven in 1852. So small was the beginning that he used to haul the granite out himself with one yoke of oxen. He learned shoemaking