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Spies, August Vincent Theodore

AUGUST SPIES'

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY;

His Speech in Court,

AND GENERAL NOTES.

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PUBLISHED BY

NIÑA VAN ZANDT,

CHICAGO, ILL.



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PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC:

17 Dec 29 M.A.S.

In the following pages I present an autobiographical sketch of August Spies, including his address to the court and a collection of notes and letters written to me on various occasions from his prison. In the publication of these writings I have but one object in view, namely: to afford my American countrymen and women an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the life, character and aspirations of a man who, with others, has occupied their attention for the last nine months. After having read this short brochure, they may judge for themselves *who* and what this man is who has been systematically villified and prejudiced by the capitalistic press, and whose conviction (as well as that of those who, although he had no acquaintance previous to the trial with the most of them, nor had they with each other, were called his "co-conspirators,") was brought about by one of the most heinous conspiracies of social vultures known to man and history. . . . I did not know any of the accused when during the comedy, called trial, I entered the court-room. Having received what information I had concerning the prisoners from the newspapers, I was expecting to see a rare collection of stupid, vicious, and criminal-looking men. I was greatly surprised to find that several of them, so far from corresponding with this description, had intelligent, kindly and good faces. . . . I became interested. I soon found that the officers of the court and the entire police and detective force were bent upon the conviction of these men—not because of any crime of theirs, but because of their connection with the labor movement.

Animated by a feeling of horror, produced by what I saw and heard, and no less by a feeling of justice, I determined to range myself on the side of the persecuted. Desirous of proffering my sympathies and of discovering how I could serve those rendered helpless, I visited, in company with my mother, the close, dark prison where they were spending the hot summer months. At this time I made the acquaintance of August Spies. This acquaintance has been kept up during the intervening months. — — — —

Every fair-minded person will agree with me that both sides of a question should be heard before the public decides upon its verdict. Only one side of this question has been heard, as the newspapers have refused to allow any article explanatory of any circumstance to appear in their columns. In presenting this sketch to my compatriots, I place my confidence in the justice with which they are noted for pronouncing upon public questions and characters.

In conclusion I will say, that it was at the suggestion and earnest request of several other friends and myself, that the author has enlarged upon his autobiography as it previously appeared, and has permitted its publication.

CHICAGO, 1887.

NINA VAN ZANDT.

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P. S. Since the publication of this little book was begun, and before its completion was reached, an incident occurred which, because of the sensational character given it by a degenerated public press, needs a few words of explanation. My sympathy with the persecuted and lawlessly adjudicated prisoners soon changed into a feeling of amity for Mr. Spies when I became personally acquainted with him. And from this feeling of friendship gradually developed a strong affection. . . . As a mere friend, many obstacles were put in my way when visiting the jail. To enjoy the privileges of a relative, to which our mutual affection entitled me, we became affianced. But I was informed that only *wives* were allowed the privilege of seeing their husbands outside of the regular visiting days; and it was also intimated that under the new jail regulations I would not be permitted to visit the prisoners any more at all. It was clear to me that my efforts in behalf of the prisoners, in behalf of *justice*, were disagreeable to a certain class interested in their extermination—a feeling only intensified by my social standing and connections. It was clear to me that they sought to exclude me from all communication with the prisoners and my affianced. Upon this discovery, we decided to become husband and wife by law.

As my parents were favorable to our union, it was an affair that concerned no more nor less than two (2) persons. But a mob of newspaper men, respectable roués many of them, howled and raved when our proposed marriage became known. Had I committed every crime denominated in our criminal code, these “chivalrous, gallant American gentlemen” could not have villified and denounced me more than they did. Had I been “some obscure, foreign girl” not a word would have been said in condemnation of the marriage. But an American girl from “respectable ancestry and standing” following the voice of her heart—which course alone, I hold to be moral—instead of the sound of dollars! “That’s unprecedented, scandalous—the girl must be silly! must have read trash novels!”

Had I married an old, invalid debauché, with great riches, those “moral” gentlemen who assail me now would have lauded me to the skies, and many of my Christian sisters and brethren would have said to their sons and daughters: “Very commendable! A very sensible girl!” and those who knew me personally—“I have always thought her *so* sweet!”

I prefer the censure of these “moral” people—who, it seems, cannot comprehend a love made doubly strong by a similarity of mental tastes and pursuits, as ours is—to their approval. I am equally proud of the friends that I have made—persons who can understand a pure and unselfish love. NINA VAN ZANDT.

CHICAGO, Jan. 27, 1887.



Mina Stuart van Landt-Spier

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AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

“.....Barbarians, savages, illiterate, ignorant Anarchists from Central Europe, men who cannot comprehend the spirit of our free American institutions,”—of these I am one. My name is August Vincent Theodore Spies, (pronounced Spees). I was born within the ruins of the old robbers castle Landeck, upon a high mountain’s peak (Landeckerberg), Central Germany, Dec. 10., '55. My father was a forester (a government administrator of a forest district); the forest house was a government building, and served—only in a different form—the same purposes the old castle had served several centuries before. The noble Knight-hood of highway robbery, the traces of which were still discernable in the remnants of the old castle, had passed away to make room for more genteel and less dangerous forms of plunder and robbery, such as are carried on in the modern dwelling under the present government. But while the people from old custom designate this and similar ruins in the vicinity as “old Robber Castles,” they speak with great deference of the present government buildings, in which they themselves are daily and hourly fleeced; they would even, I believe, fight for the maintenance of these *lawful* institutions.

How greatly these “Barbarians” differ from the intelligent American people! Tell the Americans to fight for the maintenance of our commercial robbing posts and fleecing institutions—tell them to fight for the protection of the *lawful* enterprises of our Board of Trade men, Merchant princes, Railroad kings, and Factory lords—would they do it? Deplorable as the fact must seem—they would! even more readily, I fear, than those “barbarians from Central Europe”. The American people in their vast majority are ignorant of the great truth that is embodied in these words of a celebrated philosopher and poet:

“What from your fathers came to you as an inheritance—
You must *acquire* it, if you would possess it!”—

Viewed from a historic standpoint my birthplace is quite an interesting spot. And this is the only excuse I can offer for the selection of the place for said purpose. I admit I ought not have made the mistake, ought not have been born a *foreigner*. Probably, I might have

avoided the fatal mistake, had I prior to my entry upon the stage of life possessed the requisite power of divination. I might then have known that I was about to commit a monstrous crime—a crime, punishable by death 30 years hence in Chicago. I should then have known that the Christian God in his sublime wisdom had under a recent enactment arranged matters so, that all good people were now born in America under the protective tariff of the “United Monopolies” But unaware and unconscious of the dangerous enterprise I was about to enter upon, “I popped up serenely” and unsuspectingly, as it were. I do not offer this as a mitigating circumstance, and find no fault with such wise and intelligent men as Mr. Grinnell and *His* jury, for hanging miscreants who have shown so little judgment in the selection of their birthplace.* Society must protect itself against offenses of this kind.

But speaking of castle Landeck. Follow me there, reader, on a bright and clear day. We make our way up the old tower. Take care, or you will stumble over the debris. That? Oh, that is a piece of an old torture rack; we found it in one of the subterreanean walks, together with several pieces of old ugly weapons, once used to maintain *order* among the victims but why do you shudder? The policeman’s outfit of to-day is not quite so blunt and barbaric, it is true, but it is as effective and serves the same purpose So, now, take my hand, I’ll help you on top of the ruin. Look out for the bats. These winged lovers of darkness have great resemblance with kings, priests and masters in general; they dwell in the ruins of the “good old times,” and become quite noisy when you disturb them or expose them to the light; adders, too, made this place their favorable habitation in former years and rendered it very dangerous for any one to place his sacrilegious foot upon this feudal monument; we killed them. They were the companions of the bats and owls; their fate has given the latter much uneasiness, and fears were entertained that something terrible would happen—that the ghosts of the old ‘noble knights’ and ‘noble dames’ would come back and avenge the rudeless annihilation of the venerable reptiles, but nothing of the kind has transpired. I need hardly add that the work of renovation was greatly impeded by these venomous creatures; since their extermination we have made remarkable progress You smile! Oh, no, I am not speaking of those other reptiles you think of. No, no! But here, we have reached the top. Great view, is it not! Over there, about thirty minutes walk from here (west) you see another ruin like this; that is castle Dreieck, and over there, an equal distance, (southwest) you see another one, Wildeck.

* Mr. Grinnell’s principal argument upon which he demanded a conviction for murder, was that the accused were “foreigners.”

And now look down in the fertile valleys, the beautiful meadows and fields and flourishing villages! Of the latter you can count a dozen, all located around this mount; and do you know that all these villages, and some others which have been laid waste during the thirty years' war, were tributary to the robbers who ruled over them in these three castles? Yes, the people in these villages toiled all their lives from early dawn till late at night to fill the vaults of those noble knights, who in return had the kindness to maintain '*peace and order*' for them. Par exemple: If one of these toiling peasants expressed his dissatisfaction of the existing order of things, if he complained of the heavy and unbearable tasks placed upon him, '*law and order*' demanded that he be placed upon one of those racks you have seen a relic of, to be tortured into obedience and submission. '*Society had to protect itself against this class of criminals!*' The noble knights had their Grinnells, Bonfields and Pinkertons as well as their descendants have them to-day; and while they were less civilized than their descendants of our time, they got along wonderfully well. To accomplish their beneficent objects, they did not even require the assistance of a Chicago "gentlemen jury"

Many of the peasants were put to an ignominious death. Some of them would persist in their folly that it could not be the object of society nor the intention of Providence to have a thousand good people kill themselves in a laborious life for the glory, enrichment and grandeur of a few ungrateful, vicious wretches. Such dangerous teachings were a menace to society, and their promulgators were unceremoniously stamped out.

Not more than 200 feet from where we stand there is a perpendicular hole (chasm) of volcanic origin; it is about 8 feet in length and 3 feet in breadth; its depth has never been ascertained. The saying goes that scores of girls were cast into this terrible abyss by the valiant Knights during their reign of peace and good order! It is said that these benevolent "respectables" of ancient times kidnapped the pretty girls of the villages, carried them like birds of prey to their lofty abodes, and then when they got tired of them, or found "something better," disposed of them in this way.

Oh, I see, you shake your head incredulously! Have you never seen the dumping grounds of the modern Knighthood in our large cities—a similar abyss? No? It is more frightful than the one I have told you about; its name is prostitution.

You don't believe the people would have borne all these outrages—? My friend, your rebellious spirit carries you away. The "orderly and good people" suffered these atrocities just as silently as our

“law and order abiding workingmen” bear them to-day. I told you what happened to those who showed resistance!

My words make you sad, turn you pessimistic? Let me show you something else. Look through between these two mounts; can you see a tower in the dim distance—yes? At the side of this tower are yet to be seen the ruins of the first chapel built in the realms of the old heathen, but free and liberty-loving Germans. It was founded by one of the apostles of St. Boniface, in the eighth century; his name was Lullus. With this chapel and others that soon followed the poison of Oriental servilism, the gospel of man’s degradation, resignation and asceticism was first introduced. The old *Cherusker* and *Katten*, who had in mortal combat thrust the Roman eagle to the ground, were less successful in resisting the mindinfecting poison of pestilential Rome; it came flowing in incessantly through the channels of the Christian church. It is true, the healthy and robust Germans were not an easy prey to the pessimistic belief of a debauched and dying race (Rome)—they never have been good Christians—but they became sufficiently infected to lose their consciousness and pride of manhood for a while, to fall into the despairing vagaries of the Orient, and as a natural consequence into serfdom. If life had no value, why then aspire to liberty. . . . ? Friend, the ruin of yonder chapel is the monument of an epoch that gave birth to such robberburgs as the one we stand upon. The people would have razed these roosts to the ground long before they did, if the priest had not stood between them and “Law and Order.” The priest is an essential indivisible part of the despot and oppressor; he is the conciliatory link between them and their victims. . . .

These two ruins, once sacred as the pedestals of social order, are prophetic monuments. Man will so stand upon the ruins of the present order and will say as you say now—“was it possible. . . .!”

But now turn around—along this mountain chain, northeast, there, where the earth dips mistily into the horizon, the periphery of our view—do you see yonder gray spot, it looks like a small cloud? Yes? That’s the Wartburg, you have heard of the Wartburg. It was here, where Dr. Martinus Luther lived and worked, an instrument of the revolutionary forces; the revolutionary forces, my friend, that gradually had developed in these villages.

It is our custom to attribute great movements to single individuals, as being their merit. This is always wrong, and it was so with Luther. The Germanic race could not digest the Byzantinian philosophy, as embodied in the Judaic and Christian teachings. The idea

that this world was calculated to be simply a purgatory and our life a martyrdom was repulsive to the common sense of the merry Germans, and what made it still more repulsive to them, was: that servitude and despotism were growing from the seed of the new religion and developing, where once had been the habitation of liberty; developing at such a rate, that patience ceased to be a virtue. The rebellious spirit of the people, their animosity to the doctrine of self-abnegation, imposed upon them by the church, had been successfully calmed and suppressed by the priests for several centuries. But as the iniquities of the "nobility" and the domestic burdens of the people grew unbearable; this spirit burst out in flames, and in Luther found a crystalization point. From the Wartburg then the mighty wave of the reformation rolled forth. It was the Occident struggling in self-preservation against the Orient. The love of liberty which had been lying spell-bound in the people's heart for generations, now flowed out in lucid streams; the magic spell was broken. . . . But the "nobility," while seeking liberation from the despotism of the Roman Church, they liked the privileges the latter had given them: the patent to rob the peasants of their labor, too well—they scorned the idea of the common people aspiring to economic freedom. Was not "spiritual liberty," a change of certain religious notions, enough for any common man? Luther soon became the tool of these cheating knaves, and wielded his pen in condemnation of the objects contended for by the people. He denounced the true and brave leaders of the people, the fearless Thomas Muenzer and his associates, worse than the Pope had denounced him shortly before. And when the liberty-thirsty people finally took up their scythes and axes and forks, and drove the "noble Knights" from their robbers' roosts, it was Luther who brought about a conspiracy of the latter against the people. . . . It is characteristic that now all religious differences were set aside and all petty tyrants combined to subdue the people. Papist or Lutheran, all were instantly united in the crusade against labor. (America at this time presents an analogous spectacle: Republicans and Democrats "embrace each other as Nectar and Ambrosia," wherever labor rises for emancipation.)

Of course, the people were conspirators and incendiaries, Hear what Thomas Muenzer said: "Look you, the sediment of the soup of usury, theft and robbery are the Great, the masters; they take all creatures as their property—the fish in the water, the birds in the air, and the vegetation of the earth. And then they preach God's commandment to the poor: "Thou shalt not steal." But this is not for themselves. They bone and scrape the poor farmer and mechanic

until these have nothing left; then, when the latter put their hands on the sacred things, they are hanged. And Doctor Liar says, Amen! The masters do it themselves, that the poor man hates them. The cause of the rebellion they wont abolish, how then can things change to the better. As I say this, I am an incendiary—let it be so!”

No, these words were not spoken in Judge Gary's court! You make a mistake, reader, the language is not modern, it's 400 years old. And the man who used it was in the right. He interpreted the Gospel, saying that it did not merely promise blessings in heaven, but that it also commanded the equality and brotherhood among men on earth. The champions of law and order and Christendom chopped his head off.

The rebels were victorious at first, but against the united vassals of their oppressors they could not stand. At the foot of this mount they were defeated, down there, where you see that big rock, surrounded by magnificent oaks, the battle for freedom was fought and, alas, lost. No, it was not lost, it was merely interceded by a temporary victory of the enemy.

The spirit of the Reformation was the “eternal spirit of the chainless mind,” and nothing could stay its progoess. Gibbets, stakes, tortures and dungeons were of no avail. On the contrary, the blood of the martyrs only intensified the flame of liberty, until it sprang from land to land, kindling everywhere the discontent of the oppressed in its irresistible triumphant course.

These ruins still bear evidence of its tremendous force! The most momentous thing accomplished by this rebellious and lawless spirit, however, was the opening of the *new world*. The reformation gave birth to the young giant, America; it gave England a Cromwell and France a Richelieu. It's fermenting forces drove the Hugenots from France and the Puritans from England. But for the reformation and the persecution of its adherents, these early settlers of the western hemisphere would have remained in France and England as good and law-abiding citizens. As dangerous elements, society had to protect itself against them, and they fled over the Atlantic rather than to suffer martyrdom at home for their “advanced ideas.”

The reformation, my friends, which started right here, in the country where four centuries later the “Barbarian Anarchists” come from, “who cannot comprehend the spirit of the American institutions” etc.,broke down the feudal barries, which impeded human progress. It was asserted in a thirty year's war, a war which laid the continent desolate, that the exercise of free thought and opinion

and that scientific investigation should no longer be suppressed because they conflicted with religious superstition and dogma generally believed in and sanctified by custom. The "good and law-abiding" people were fanatically opposed to those in favor of the imperative change, and oceans of blood had to be shed in consequence. The ruins you see here wherever you turn your eyes bear witness of the terrible war that has not yet ended—the war for human emancipation and freedom: economic, political and religious. Every one of these ruins is a milestone on the path of social progress. At our feet lies the historic *chaussee*, upon which Napoleon's victorious armies, much against the intention of the *grand empereur*, carried the seed of "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" to the far east, and there opened a new perspective to the purblind eyes of the oppressed and down-trodden millions of our race. Aye, even now that seed is bringing forth good fruit. Russian dungeons, gibbets and Siberia bear witness.

Now friends, before we retire from this retrospective view, look once more in the mirror of the past 1,000 years, observe closely the traces that lead from yonder chapel to this castle, from here to the Wartburg, from the Wartburg to the battlefield below here and to these ruins, and then follow them to England, France and America, follow them up to this day and tell me, if you do not see the contours of the *future* reflected.....You do!.....

I have dwelled at great length in describing my (barbarian) birth place, but in so doing I have traversed in a general way over the history of 1,000 years. The present status of society is but the result of the struggle of human kind during this and preceding periods—yes, struggle! "You cannot reform the world by the sprinkling of rose oil," said Mirabeau, and history proves that he was right. In no age did the rulers and despoilers of our race relinquish their hold upon the throat of their victims, until forced to—by logic and argument? No.....Blood, the precious sap, was ever the price of liberty.

My years of childhood were pleasant. I played and studied—How different from the childhood of the offsprings of the average working-man in this "glorious, civilized and—according to Grinnell-enlightened country." The children of the *proletaire* have no youth; the spring of life has no sunshine, no blossoms, no flowers for them! If there is a discernible object in their existence it is that of *servng* to make life happy and pleasant for those who tread upon them.

In my native land children *must* attend school daily from the age of 6 to that of 14; every child in that "Barbarian country" is thus com-

pelled to attend school for 8 years, and cannot therefore be "utilized and made to pay" by either their parents or factory lords.

In this enlightened country the children of the wage-workers do not attend school in the average more than two years; they learn just enough to serve as a piece of organic machinery, and as such they are "let out" to benevolent and Christian employers in their tenderest years. Their vitality, which is needed to their own bodily and intellectual development, is in such wise tapped from the innocents and turned into gold for our "law and order" loving, respectable citizens. They die from consumption before they attain their maturity, or resort to whisky, thinking thereby to restore their lost vigor. If they escape early destruction, their life is generally terminated in one of those charitable or reformatory institutes known as the insane asylum, the penitentiary, or poorhouse.

But woe to the wretch who condemns this order of things! He is an "enemy of civilization," and "society must protect itself against such criminals." There comes the star-spangled Mephisto, Bonfield, with his noble guards of "Liberty;" there comes the savior of the state, Grinnell, with the visage of a Sicilian brigand, there comes the hireling juror, and there comes the vast horde of social vultures: *Unisono* is the anathema! *Unisono* is the cry—"To the gallows!"

"Society" is saved, and "Liberty and order"—of the policeman's club—triumph! *Selah!*

I do not intend to say that the condition of the wage-workers in Germany is better than in this country, but I will say that I never saw there such real suffering from want as I have seen in this country. And there is more protection for women and children in Germany than here.

I was educated for a career in the government service (forest branch). As a child I had private tutors, and later visited the *Polytechnicum* in Cassel. At the age of seventeen my father died suddenly, leaving a large family in moderate circumstances. As I was the eldest one I did not feel justified in continuing my studies—they were expensive—and concluded to go to America, where I had and have now a number of well-to-do relatives. I arrived in New York in 1872, and upon the advice of my friends learned the furniture business. The following year I came to Chicago, where I have resided ever since; though I may add that I have been away from the city occasionally for some time. Once, with the intention of settling in the country, I worked on a farm for a year. But seeing that the small farmers and renters were in a worse plight even than the city wageworkers, and

that they were equally dependent, I returned to the city. I have also traveled over the Southern States to get acquainted with the country and people, and at another time I joined an exploring expedition through Upper Canada, which failed.

When I arrived in this country I knew nothing of Socialism, except what I had seen in the newspapers, the "public teachers" (?), and from what I'd read I concluded that the Socialists were a lot of ignorant and lazy vagabonds "who wanted to divide up everything." Having come but very little in contact with people who earned their living by honest labor in the old country, I was amazed and was shocked when I became acquainted with the condition of the wage-workers in the new world.

The factory with its ignominious regulations: the surveillance, the spy system, then the servility and lack of manhook among the workers and the arrogant arbitrary behavior of the boss and his mamelukes—all this made an impression upon me that I have never been able to divest myself of. At first I could not understand why the workers, among them many old men with bent backs, silently and without a sign of protest bore every insult the caprice of the foreman or boss would heap upon them. I was not then aware of the fact that the opportunity to work was a privilege, a favor, and that it was in the power of those who were in the possession of the factories and instruments of labor to deny or grant this privilege. I did not then understand how difficult it was to find a purchaser for one's labor. I did not know then that there were thousands and thousands of idle human bodies in the market, ready to hire out upon most any conditions, actually begging for employment. I became conscious of this very soon, however, and I knew then why these people were so servile, why they suffered the humiliating dictates and capricious whims of their employers. Personally I had no great difficulty in "getting along." I had so many advantages over my co-workers. I would most likely have succeeded in becoming a respectable business man myself, if I had been possessed of that unscrupulous egotism which characterizes the successful business man, and if my aspirations had been that of the avaricious hamster (the latter belongs to the family of rats, and his "pursuit in life" is to steal and accumulate; in some of their depositories the contents of whole graneries have often been found; their greatest delight seems to be possession, for they steal a great deal more than they can consume; in fact they steal, like most of our respectable citizens, regardless of their capacity of consumption.)

My philosophy has always been that the object of life can consist in the enjoyment of life only, and that the rational application of this principle is true morality.

I held that asceticism, as taught by the Church, was a crime against nature.

Now observing that the vast mass of the people were wasting their lives in drudgery, accompanied with want and misery, it was but natural for me to inquire into the causes. (I had up to that time never read a book, or even an impartial essay on Modern Socialism.) Was this self-abnegation, this self-crucifixion of the people voluntary, or was it forced upon them, and if so, by whom?

About this time, while looking over my books in search of something, my attention was attracted by this passage from Aristotle: "When, at some future age, every tool upon command, or by predestination, will perform its work as the art works of Daedalus did, who moved by themselves, or like the feet of Hephaestos, who went to their sacred work spontaneously, when thus the weaver shuttles will weave by themselves, then we will no longer require masters and slaves."

Had this time, long ago anticipated by the great thinker, not come? Yes, it had. There were the machines. . . . But master and slave still existed. The question arose in my mind, is their existence still necessary?

Antiporas, a Greek poet, who lived at the time of Cicero, had in like manner greeted the inventions of the water-mill (water power) as the emancipator of male and female slaves. "Oh, these heathens!" writes Karl Marx, after quoting the above; "they knew nothing of Political Economy and Christendom! They failed to conceive how nicely the machines could be employed to lengthen the hours of toil and to intensify the burdens of the slaves. They (the heathens) excused the slavery of *one* on the ground that it would afford the opportunity of human development to *another*. But to preach the slavery of the masses in order that a few rude and arrogant *parvenus* might become "eminent spinners," "extensive sausage-makers" and "influential shoe black dealers"—to do this they lacked that specific Christian organ."

I think it was in 1875, at the time the "Workingmen's Party of Illinois," was organized, when, upon the invitation of a friend, I visited the first meeting in which a lecture on Socialism was delivered. Viewed from a rhetorical standpoint this lecture, delivered by a young mechanic, was not very impressive, but the substance. . . . I will simply say that this lecture gave me the *passepartout* to the many interrogation marks which had worried me for a number of years.

I procured every piece of literature I could get on the subject; whether it was adverse or friendly to Socialism made no difference. In the beginning I was a visionary, an enthusiast. I believed as so many righteous people do to day that the truth only required to be expressed, the argument only to be made to enlist every good man and woman in the good cause of humanity. In my youthful enthusiasm I forgot to apply the experience of historical progress to this particular case. But to my great sorrow I soon became convinced that the bulk of humanity were automatons, incapable of thinking and reasoning, altogether unconscious of themselves, simply tools of custom—

“For from the sordid is man made,
Usage and custom he doth call his nurse.

—Schiller.

But nothing could discourage me. The study of French, German and English economist and social scientists soon made me view things differently than I had seen them in my first enthusiasm. Buckles “History of Civilization,” Karl Marx’ “Kapital,” and Morgan’s “Ancient Society” have probably had the greatest influence over me of any. I now became an attentive observer of the various social phenomena myself. The last ten years have been very favorable for such investigation as I sought. I found my favorite teachers corroborated everywhere.

I think it was in 1877 when I first became a member of the Socialistic Labor Party. The events of that year, the brute force with which the whining and confiding wage-slaves were met on all sides impressed upon me the necessity of *like* resistance. The latter required organization. Shortly afterwards I joined the “Lehr and Wehr Verein,” an armed organization of the workingmen, numbering about 1,500 well drilled members. As soon as our patricians saw that the *canaille* was arming for defense to repel such scandalous attacks in the future as had been made upon them in 1877, they at once commanded their law agents in Springfield to prohibit workingmen from bearing arms. The command was obeyed.

The workingmen also went into politics, independent politics. I served as a nominal candidate myself several times, but when the noble patricians and the political *augurs* saw that they (the workingmen) were successful in electing a number of their candidates, a conspiracy was organized to disfranchise them by fraudulent count and like methods. The workingmen thereupon left the ballot with disgust.

WHAT IS SOCIALISM AND WHAT IS ANARCHISM.

You ask me. Socialism may be defined as a science dealing with a concrete form of social organization, while Anarchism (the negation of imposed authority) is the thread that runs through all the ages of human and social development, the struggle for individual sovereignty. While an anarchist in my general conceptions, I am practically and more specifically a socialist. You need not get frightened, reader. I don't want your property; nor do I want to divide it up. Oh no! that isn't anything at all compared with what I am after. It's too small an item to begin with. I want the earth! I want you and everyone to have the earth. That is ridiculous—? Aye, that's what I used to think when in my boyhood people told me that each of my six brothers had a sister, while, in fact, there was only *one* sister!

I hope, I may be excused from entering into a lengthy discussion of this question of "*natural right*", however, for it is a very, very old one; it finds expression in the teachings of the carpenter's son of Nazareth; it is embodied in the "declaration of independence", and, in *the abstract*, is almost universally recognized as self-contained and unimpeachable. I want to explain instead the historical aspect of *modern socialism* and the obviously imperative necessity of its realization. I may do this best by quoting from a lecture which I delivered sometime ago before the Liberal League of this city. I said:—

".....Modern Socialism is the substance, the result of observation:—on one hand of the existing class contrast between the possessing and non-possessing classes, between the capitalists and wage-worker; and on the other hand, of the disorder of production and consumption..... In its theoretical form Socialism appears as a more consistent continuation and development of the French philosophers of the last century. Like all new theories it had to deal with and proceed from already existing philosophical material, however deep its roots lay in the materialistic economic facts..... The French encyclopædists, who prepared the way for the great revolution and whose ideas were adopted likewise by the revolutionists of America, negated all external authority and cleared away the old rubbish of superstitious beliefs—religion, perception of nature, of society, etc. All existing things were subjected to their scrutinous critique. Everything was called upon to justify its existence before the tribunal of reason, or cease to exist..... It was the dawn of day, the age of

reason. Superstition, iniquity, privileges and oppression were alike condemned to make room for what they considered "eternal truth, eternal justice, equality and the inalienable rights of man" We know now that this reign of reason was nothing more than the ideal land of the *bourgeoisie*, that the eternal justice was realized in the bourgeois justice; that the proclaimed equality was the civil equality before the law; that by inalienable rights of man was meant the right of private property The thinkers of the last century could, of course, not see beyond the periphery of their own epoch Then followed the regime of the bourgeoisie with all its evils. The utopist-socialists St. Simon, Fourier, Owen and many others appear upon the stage. Though they observe the disastrous reign of the money-bag, the cultivation of hypocrisy, the enslavement of the masses and their misery under the typical system of private property and the latter's agency—the civil government: they are idealists; they follow the path of their predecessors; they only partly recognize the class contrast, and seek to harmonize the contending forces again on the principle of "reason", "eternal justice" and "equality" The bourgeoisie meanwhile proved a total failure in the management of things. The chasm between rich and poor was widening day by day; the condition of the wage-workers, instead of improving, were worse than formerly under the feudal system. Their former privileges had been swept away, they found themselves now absolutely at the mercy of those whom they had helped into power The progress and thrift of industry upon the capitalistic basis made *poverty and misery of the producing masses a necessary condition of that society*. The number of crimes multiplied from year to year; corruption took the place of subjection by force; the almighty dollar took the place of the sword; prostitution spread as never before, matrimony remained in its lawful recognized form—the official cover of prostitution; in short, things had become worse. These facts forced upon the thinkers a closer observation of the social phenomena and an analysis of the historical development of our race. The result was the discovery and establishment of the fact that all historical changes had been the result of class struggles, and that these struggles had invariably been caused by the systems of production and communication—by the economic systems of their respective epochs; further, that the *economic structure of society forms* the basis of all political, ethical and philosophical conceptions and institutions. This discovery was the end of ideal socialism. And the materialistic period with socialism as an empiric science begins.

"The next step was the analysis of our present capitalistic system of production. It was necessary that we should understand its inner-

most nature and thus find the key to the phenomena. This led us to the discovery of the law of *surplus value*.

These two discoveries, then, form the basis of what is called modern or scientific socialism. It is from these premises the socialist draws his deductions."

What surplus value means is more comprehensively demonstrated by the existing condition of society, to wit: the immense wealth of the non-producing, and the poverty of the producing classes, than could be done in a lengthy theoretical treatise. Moreover, I do not intend to enter into a minute discussion of economic questions in this short sketch. In passing I will simply give a short definition of what is meant by surplus value.

Only a small fraction—as our statistical manuals show—of the exchange-value of his product is returned to the worker in wages, as an "equivalent" for his labor, while the remainder over and above the cost of production capitalizes in the hands of the employer and his co-profitmongers. Capitalization means that this unpaid labor is now used for reproductive purposes and thus for further exploitation of those, from whom it was withheld. Ever increasing, it is sent out, so to speak, on the same errand again and again, and may be likened to the snow ball, which, rolling down the mountain, is gradually transformed into an avalanche.

It is now generally admitted by all economists that capital is unpaid labor or surplus value; that wherever we find it, it has been acquired in the above mentioned way.

Now, under this system of private capitalism production is not carried on as a *social* function for the gratification of our necessities and our comfort; on the contrary, it is carried on as an enterprise by individuals who happen to be in the possession of unpaid labor (capital)—for the common good? Nonsense! for personal gain!

The most vital functions, upon which the entire social fabric rests, we find thus arbitrarily managed for speculative purposes, for personal gain, by a small number of avaricious and unscrupulous individuals. Society must resume these functions of production and distribution! Yet, it is not likely that it will do so, because, it would be a sensible and practical step,—society will be forced to do so by necessity! And this necessity is making itself felt more and more every day.

Fools! who think that this growth of socialistic ideas, the general discontent of the impoverished producing classes is the work of "malicious agitators"!

Fools! who can not or will not see that society is in a state of disintegration, in a state of transition, emerging from one specific form of organization into another! And be it said right here that this *other* is not the scheme of "cranks", nor the theory of impracticable dreamers: The new organization is the natural offspring of the present one. It is no metaphysical homunculus, but a sort of a Hercules, who killed serpents when but a child. Yes, the capitalistic system is the parent of socialism! Capitalism demonstrates the practicability of socialism, and furnishes all the requisites for a general system of co-operation. And it doesn't stop there. But by expropriating (dispossessing) the masses, by obliterating the middle class, and by denying the right to work and live to the many, capitalism forces the people unconsciously but irresistibly into socialism.

The avowed socialists are only an insignificant number when compared with those who are Socialist without knowing it.

The former are falsely looked upon as dangerous men; the danger lies with the latter. The conscious socialist looks upon every event as the causal result of existing and former conditions; he bears no personal enmity to the capitalist; knowing perfectly well that the individual acts not by his or her own volition and free will, but under the general social laws: the force of circumstances and conditions. The unconscious socialist on the other hand (and this includes everybody who is not an avowed socialist) view everything from the standpoint of personal responsibility; they ascribe the wrongs under which they suffer to individual persons, whom they then begin to denounce and hate; they are blind as to the real causes of their sufferings, they kick against effects and fight after the fashion of Don Quixote against wind-mills and all sorts of imaginary foes. The bloody course revolutions have generally taken can be traced to the blindness of these unconscious anti-revolutionary revolutionists.

The socialists are simply the exponents and interpreters of the revolution that is taking place in the economic body. This revolution has been brought about by capitalism, not by Socialism. The Socialists point out the tendency of this revolution, which is the establishment of a new principle; the principle of universal co-operation in production. Or in other words: the principle that the preservation and well-being of society demand that the latter assume the function of production and distribution.

What a horrible thing that is!

ANARCHISM.

“Eternal natures law :
 Above, below, around,
 The circling system, formed
 A wilderness of harmony ;
 Each with undeviating aim
 In eloquent silence, through the depths of space,
 Pursues its wond'rous way.

— — — — —
 I tell thee that those viewless beings
 Whose mansion is the smallest particle of the impassive
 atmosphere—

Think, feel and live, like man
 That their affections and antipathies,
 Like his, produce the laws
 Ruling their moral state ;
 And the minutest throb
 That through their frame diffuses
 The slightest faintest motion
 Is fixed and indispensable
 As the majestic laws
 That rule yon rolling orb.”

[SHELLEY.]

This is a poetical version of the scientific principle of anarchism.

Here is one in prose by the immortal Henry Thomas Buckle :

“... It is surely an astonishing fact, that all the evidence we possess respecting it (the commission of crime) points to one great conclusion, and can leave no doubt on our minds that it (crime) is merely the product of the general condition of society and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances. In a given state of society, (for instance,) a certain number of persons must put an end to their own life. This is the general law ; and the special question as to who shall commit the crime depends of course upon special laws ; which, however, in their total action, must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate. And the power of the larger law is so irresistible, that neither the love of life nor the fear of another world can avail anything towards even checking its operation.....”

“..... Even the number of marriages annually contracted, is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. In

England, it is now known, that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn”

The same thinker and historian at another place says :

“ The best laws which have ever been passed, have been those by which some former laws were repealed And since the most valuable improvements in legislation are those which subvert preceding legislation, it is clear that the progress of civilization cannot be due to those, who have done so much harm, that their successors are considered benefactors, simply because they reverse their policy, and thus restore affairs to the state, in which they would have remained, if politicians had allowed them to run on in the course which the wants of society required. Indeed the extent to which the governing classes have interfered, and the mischief which that interference has produced, are so remarkable, as to make thoughtful men wonder how civilization could advance, in the face of all these obstacles (laws)”

Hear we what Thomas Paine has to say on the subject of government more than 50 years before the discoveries of Buckle concerning the laws of social phenomena were thought of. He begins his “Political Works:”

“Some writers have so confounded society with government, as to leave little or no distinction between them Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness Society in every state is a blessing, but government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil ; in its worst state an intolerable one”

Another “anarchist fiend,” Herbert Spencer, has a great deal to say about law and government. Not living within the jurisdiction of Messrs. Grinnell, Gary and the “Gentlemen Jury,” it is quite an easy thing for him to do so. I will quote from him just a few passages (Synthetic Philosophy)—page 514.)

“ And here we are again reminded that law formulates the rule of the dead over the living. In addition to that power which past generations by transmitting their natures, bodily and mental ; and in addition to the power they exercise over them by bequeathed private habits and modes of life ; there is this power they exercise through these regulations for public conduct handed down orally or in writing I emphasize these obvious truths for the purpose of pointing out that they imply a tacit ancestorworship. I wish to make it clear that when asking in any case—What is the law? we are asking—What was the dictate of our forefathers? For along with development of the ghost-theory, there arises the practice of appealing

to ghosts for direction in specialcases The divine laws and the special laws which originate from personal authority, have inequality as their common essential principle”

Herbert Spencer follows up this “pernicious doctrine” and then draws the following conclusion :

“ Already in respect of religious opinions there is practically conceded the right of the individual to disobey the law, even though it expresses the will of the majority There is a tacit recognition of a warrant higher than that of State-enactments, whether regal or popular in origin. These ideas and feelings are all significant of progress towards the view, proper to the developed industrial state, that the justification for a law is that it enforces one or other of the conditions to harmonious social co-operation ; and that it is unjustified (enacted by no matter how high an authority or how general an opinion) if it traverses these conditions. And this is tantamount to saying that the laws will finally become an applied system of ethics—or rather of that part of ethics which concerns men’s just relations with one another and with the community.”

Burke, the famous English statesman of a century ago, wrote the most cutting satire on the “state” and “laws” that probably ever was written on the subject, showing—what the French economist and philosopher Proudhon and others claim—that the so-called civil state is nothing less than a conspiracy of the privileged classes against the people. The eminent American philosopher Emerson, too, was a “wild eyed” anarchist “Not he who implicitly obeys the laws of the land is the good citizen the best citizens are generally those who brake down the barries of the law and thus lead on to progress.” I quote the anarchist Emerson from memory, and will not vouch for the correctness of the quotation, but it is the same in essence.

Then there was Anarchist Wendell Phillips, a man who stands a gigantic monument of intellect and nobility of heart among the greatest of Columbia sons. From his speeches and writings enough “incendiary and anarchistic matter” could be collected to hang every anarchist in Cook County, Ill.,—providing, of couse, that the vindication of “outraged law” were left to Messrs. Grinnell, Gary, Bonfield Bros. and the “gentlemen-jury.” In the hands of these dexterous gentlemen, there would be no difficulty at all in establishing a *constructive* conspiracy ; no, not the least !

Goethe, too,—Wolfgang Goethe, the literary lion of Germany, the great philosopher—he, too, was an Anarchist. His “Wahlverwandt-

schaften" (Affinity of selection) is an excellent demonstration of anarchism. I will translate and quote just one passage:

"..... In the education of children and in the leading of nations there is nothing more stupid and barbaric than prohibitory laws and regulations. In my circles I would rather endure faults and weaknesses, until they had made room for better qualities, than to get rid of the faults and have nothing sensible to take their places. Man naturally loves to do that which is good and practical,—if he only can..... He does vicious things only when kept in idleness from *ennui*.... It displeases me to see children repeat the Ten Commandments. There is the fifth for instance—"Thou shalt not commit murder." As though man had the least desire to kill one another. We hate one, we get angry and excited and in consequence of this and other circumstances, it may occasionally happen that one man is killed by another. But is it not a barbarous institution to prohibit children to commit murder? If it read: Take care of the life of others; remove what might be injurious to them; help the other and save him at the risk of your own life! If you do him harm, think that you harm yourself.—That is the way commandments ought to read among intelligent and sensible nations....."

Now here is Lessing, the profound thinker and unexcelled critic, Germany's literary genius of the last century.

"He an anarchist, too—?"

Yes, and a very radical one at that! Read the following dialogue he has written on Soldiers and Monks:—

A: Is it not startling, when one considers that we have more Monks than soldiers*?

B: Startling? Why not just as well get frightened because there are more soldiers than monks? For the one applies only to this or that country and not to everyone alike. What are Monks, and what are soldiers?

A: Soldiers are the protectors of the state etc.!

B: Monks are the pillars of the church!

A: With your church!

B: With your state!

A: — — — — —

B: You mean to say that there are far more soldiers than monks.

A: No, no! more monks than soldiers!

B: With reference to this or that country you may be right. But generally speaking? When the farmer sees his crop destroyed by snails and mice—which is the most shocking to him? That there are more snails than mice, or that there are so many snails and mice?

A: I don't understand you.

B: You don't want to understand me. What are soldiers?

A: Protectors of the state.

B: And monks are the pillars of the church.

A: With your church!

B: With your state!

A: Are you dreaming? The state! The state! The happiness that the state awards to every single individual in this life!

B: The eternal bliss the church promises to every one after this life!

A: Promises!

B: Dupe!" — — —

I think the above quotations will suffice to show what "incarnate miscreants", "half distracted fools", "vicious curs", "venomous reptiles", "scum of society", "beasts who must be exterminated", etc. those men have been and are to whom we have looked up in almost reverential admiration; to whom we have erected monuments by the score!

It is a notable fact that, with but very few exceptions, all eminent thinkers within the last hundred years have arrived at the same conclusion, as variously expressed in these citations—namely, that society is an organism which follows the inevitable power of its own laws; that, whether we understand them or not, we can not disobey them, because they constitute the fundamental conditions of our existence—they envelop us, penetrate us, regulate our movements, thoughts and acts;—and that therefore the attempts of legislators, courts, etc. to interfere with the operations and processes of the social body by compulsory laws and by brute force are not only futile and absurd, but injurious and barbarous.

This is the doctrine of anarchism, reader. I have not quoted a single "authority" to whose name the "stigma" of socialist or anarchist is attached. This is the "pernicious doctrine" which was recently on trial in Gary's court—"anarchism is on trial! we must stamp it out!" shouted Grinnell. "We will!" replied the judge and the "gentlemen jury", and it was accordingly consigned to the gallows.

Professor R. T. Ely of Hopkins University, a constant reader of the "Arbeiter Zeitung", has recently published a book on the labor movement in America; in which I find the following remark:

"No Newspaper in the United States has given so much space to natural science and its great lights as those published by the Chicago Internationals."

True! The Turkish government has recently prohibited the sale of Schlosser's "History of the World". Why should not that of Chicago suppress publications who give so much space to such "incendiary" matters as science, and exterminate their editors?

Science and history are very unhealthy things for governments—very!

Before I close this chapter I will quote from a letter of Benjamin Franklin to the British minister, written shortly before the revolutionary war. I do this to show that the cry of the privileged class against the "socialist agitators" in our age is in fact only a repetition of that which was raised by the capitalist papers and the government of England against the revolutionist of America a hundred years ago. Then as now the discontent of the people was the work of "vicious demagogues and half-distracted American fools"—so the English press and government said, and the extermination of the "discord breeding criminals" was loudly called for in the same language that fills the columns of the capitalist press of this country to-day. But here is the letter; it speaks for itself:

".....If the injured and exasperated farmers, unable to procure justice, should attack the aggressors, (*) drub them and burn their boats; you are to call this high treason and rebellion, order fleets and armies into their country, and threaten to carry all the offenders 3000 miles to be hanged, drawn and quartered.—O, this will work admirably!

"If you are told of discontents in your colonies, never believe that they are general, or that you have given occasion for them; therefore do not think of applying any remedy, or of changing any offensive measure. Redress no grievance, lest they should be encouraged to demand the redress of some other grievance. Grant no request that is just and reasonable, lest they should make another that is unreasonable. Take all your information of the state of the colonies from your governors and officers in enmity with them. Encourage and reward these leasing-makers; secrete their lying accusations, lest they should be computed; but act upon them as the clearest evidence. And believe nothing you hear from the friends of the people. Suppose all their complaints to be invented and promoted by a few factious demagogues, whom if you could catch and hang, all would be quiet.—Catch and hang a few of them accordingly; and the blood of the martyrs shall work miracles in favor of your purpose....."

(*) Meaning the officers of the law and guardians of the "peace".

AS EDITOR OF THE ARBEITER-ZEITUNG.

In 1872 the Chicago section of the old International started a socialistic German weekly, "Vorbote." "Vorbote" translated into English means Forerunner or Pioneer. The Honorable Pinkerton claims that the word means free-booter; he asserts this in a book written by himself, and since the gentleman's reputation for truth and veracity is almost monumental, we had better believe than dispute with him. The "Vorbote" remained a weekly until shortly after the police- and militia-riots in 1877, when there was added to it a tri-weekly. The wholly unjustifiable clubbing and killing of workingmen, the unconstitutional assaults of the police upon peaceable meetings during these riots had given such an impetus to the labor-movement in this city, that in 1879 the tri-weekly "Arbeiter-Zeitung" had to be transformed into a daily, including a Sunday issue ("Fackel.") These papers, published by the Socialistic Publishing Society, of which any man, if he belonged to the Socialistic Labor Party, could become a member by paying an initiation fee of 10 cts., were very prosperous. In the spring of 1879 the socialistic ticket, headed by Dr. Ernst Schmidt as candidate for the mayoralty, received over 12,000 votes. In the summer of the same year, however, the transactions and behavior of some of the members in connection with the judiciary election brought dissensions into the ranks of the young party, which greatly diminished its numbers and also reduced the subscription list of the organ. Mismanagement and other causes, added to the loss of subscribers, soon brought the "Arbeiter-Zeitung" on the verge of bankruptcy. It was in the spring of 1880 when, upon the urgent request of the society, I took hold of the business-management, and succeeded in saving the ship from sinking. Shortly after, I was elected to the editorship, which position I have held until the 5th of May, the day of my arrest.

Six years of arduous labor! Aside from my editorial work (daily, Sunday and weekly) I had to superintend the business;—working from 12 to 16 hours a day. The exertion was too great and I broke down several times; however my strong constitution triumphed and I continued my labor.

Most people think that editing a paper is the easiest thing in the world. They will pardon me, when I disagree with them. I am not particularly supercilious, but in this matter I maintain that there is scarcely to be found a calling more laborious, more wearing and ungrateful than that of the editor of a daily paper. If this is true with reference to the ordinary newspaper, it is thrice true when applied to workingmen's papers and journals who advocate progressive principles.

Every reader of the last mentioned papers is a critic, who considers it his most sacred duty to find fault. And among all the critics, the German is the most trifling, stickling, reckless and merciless. Again, the readers of these journals, being of a progressive turn of mind, have their individual hobbies, and—woe to the editor if he fails to recognize in each one of them the long looked for panacea!

He is, moreover, looked upon as a sort of public conveyance, always expected to be at everybody's disposal. Every disappointment means so much more evidence that he is a "conceited ass" etc.

A lady reader is displeased with her husband's behavior. She comes to see the editor. It is a long and sorrowful tale she recites. Tears, handkerchief and heavy sighs give emphasis to her story.

"Madame, you desire to apply for a divorce—you want me to recommend you to a lawyer?" the editor interrupts her compassionately as the compositors cry for copy—"I will"

"No, no! let me tell you—I am coming to it"—madame imperterbably continues. And she finally does "come to it," that is, after having been told a dozen times to be brief, she finishes in about another hour with another deep sigh and the assurance that she could tell a great deal more if she only wanted to.

A divorce? No, no! she never thought of such a thing. She had simply come to get some sound advice from the editor of the paper that "stands up so bravely for the women."

On the following day the husband makes his appearance. He has come to have "a word" with the editor, but on beholding the complacent countenance of this important personage he contents himself by bestowing a disdainful look on him and ordering the d—d paper to be discontinued.

It was nothing unusual to me to be called upon by husbands seeking advice as to how the infidelity of their spouses might be cured. But perpetual motion genii, poets and other gentlemen of aspirations I consider the most troublesome of the many plagues that combine to make "newspaper life" perfect and pleasant.

The editor of a workingmen's paper has many other things, grave things, to contend with. Here an employer has cheated one of his workers out of his wages; there another one has made an improper proposal to a working girl; here a worker has lost a hand or some fingers in a machine because of the avarice of a boss, who refused to provide the necessary safeguards; there a man was discharged because he expressed his sympathy with some men "out on a strike", etc.—It is the duty of a workingmen's journal to record all these things, bring

them to the knowledge of the public and show the effects of an economic system under which the producers are but articles of merchandise—a particular kind of merchandise of which the market is overstocked, and, which, like old worthless rags, can be picked up in the streets and alley's without difficulty. It is the duty, I say, of workingmen's journals to publish these things, because the capitalistic papers refuse to do so. Why? Oh, the employer advertises in their columns, and, then, the publication of such villainies would tend to disrupt the "harmonious relations between labor and capital!"

Now, when such reports appeared in the "Arbeiter Zeitung", the respective employer would generally draw up a denial of the charges, demand of his employes to sign it (purporting to come from them) and upon the strength of this document demand a retraction in our columns. While in some instances the charges may have been false or exaggerated, investigation showed that in almost every case they were only too true, and that the workers had been forced to sign the refutation, i. e. they had signed it in preference to losing their job.

Yes, it is the task of a Sisyphus to work in such a field!

Another plague of which, however, I managed to get rid, were the politicians. When they saw that they could do absolutely nothing with me, they, desisted in their endeavors, and put me down as a "d—crank".

In this mercantile age, reader, everything is "business", and it must be noted as a characteristic circumstance that whosoever is not in the market, not for sale, is at once looked upon as a crank! Truly, a most delightful condition of affairs!

While in this way I had brought the wrath of every factory-czar and politician down upon me, there were others who were still more attached to me—the police.

The "Arbeiter-Zeitung" was the only paper in the city that dared to expose the outrageous villainies and criminal practices of these drunken and degraded brutes. And their blackmailing exploits as well as their other knightly sports were deservedly commented upon. They evidently did not appreciate the publicity of their professional manipulations, for I was frequently threatened and our reporters were often insulted when they went to the stations. About 1½ year ago a young servant girl (Martha Seidel) was arrested at the instance of a malicious person on a petty charge and was locked up at the West Chicago Ave. station.

In violation of all law the girl, who was of quite comely appearance, was kept in the station for several days and then secretly taken

to the county jail. When she arrived at the latter place she was unconscious and showed symptoms of serious illness. It was rumored that everything was not as straight as it might be. I went to see the sick girl, taking her mother along with me; and to her she told a shocking story. While in the station she had been taken from the cell and carried into the private room of the desk sergeant. Her condition corroborated her assertion that there she had been repeatedly outraged; her undergarments also bore evidence of what had occurred. I procured a warrant against the desk-sergeant, who was identified by the girl, and had him indicted. Need I add that the "gentleman" was acquitted like every other policeman that has ever been put to the comedy of a trial in Cook County?—The poor girl, as far as I know, never fully recovered.

Friends told me at the time that the police were determined "to get even with me;" they cautioned me to be particularly on my guard when out at night, lest a stray "law and order" bullet might send me to the orcus. These friends, some of them politicians who often came in contact with the "guardians of the peace," were satisfied that "they would not stop at anything."

I narrate this particular case because it is one in which I took the part of a public prosecutor. The girl and her parents were poor and ignorant people, who knew not what to do, and neither Mr. Grinnell nor the Citizens' Association paid the least attention to the case. I narrate this particular affair, because it is more likely to show the kind and friendly feelings Bonfield's "law- and liberty-guards" have for me, and the high esteem in which they hold me, than many of the others I could relate.

During the reign of terror in this city in May last, the starspangled, shooting and clubbing votaries of Liberty, while searching for dynamite in private houses told the people that they just wanted to find "enuff of doinemoit to blow that —— Spies up with." And, skeptic, though I am, I have never for one minute questioned the sincerity of this prettily expressed intention.—

After this digression I will again return to my activity in the labor movement as editor of the "Arbeiter-Zeitung." The National Greenback Convention which met in Chicago in 1880 caused a split in the ranks of the Socialistic Labor Party. There were some who believed in supporting the Greenback ticket, and there were a great many more who would not listen to any kind of a proposition in favor of a compromise. The "Arbeiter-Zeitung," at that time edited by Paul Grottkau, took the position of the latter. Several attempts were made to

re-unite the two factions, but they failed. And the anti-compromise faction, in the following year, called a National congress, which was held in Chicago in 1881, for the purpose of reorganization. I was a delegate. But it was fully two years later when at another congress, held in Pittsburgh, Pa., the new organization, under the name of the International Working Peoples' Association, was perfected. Of the latter convention I was secretary. The platform adopted was based upon the economic principles of socialism; 36 cities of the United States were represented by delegates, while from an equally large number of places communications and congratulations were received. The work of the congress met with general approval and the new organization grew very rapidly. And with this growth our work increased. It was nothing unusual for me to address 3 or 4 meetings upon different subjects in a week and attend to my editorial work besides. How have I been able to work that way for many years, I can hardly understand myself.

The editorial staff consisted of three editors and four reporters, sometimes more. Schwab, one of the editors, and myself were frequently requested to lecture or speak in other cities, which was also the case with Parsons and Fielden. I have addressed meetings in most of the large cities and industrial centres in the country. It was upon such occasions that I learned of the extreme, almost incredible poverty and sufferings of the hens who lay the golden eggs for the "great men" of the nation. Reader, have you ever visited the coalfields of Pennsylvania and Ohio? Your newspapers have told you a great deal about the misery of the Belgian miners. They might have told you more shocking things from home. Such conditions as have prevailed and still prevail in the Hocking and Monongahela Valleys among the coal-miners could not possibly exist in Belgium, France or Germany. But the publishers of our large newspapers are financially interested, either directly or indirectly, in these enterprises and hence their profound silence upon the subject. They reason much in the same way as the ostriches, who, when pursued, put their heads into the sand, in order to escape detection. These patriotic and christian publishers think that by observing silence upon certain subjects the latter lose their real significance—escape detection, so to speak. They may before the elapse of very many revolutions of the planet that they have usurped as their private property find that their calculations were fundamentally wrong. Perhaps though they reason like Madame Pompadour—*"après nous le deluge!"*—

* After us the flood.

It was during the great strike in 1884; the state troops of Ohio and *several hundred* professional cutthroats, euphemistically styled Pinkerton guards, had taken possession of the towns and mines, and treated the starving miners very much like prisoners of war—only with less consideration, when I undertook a journey through the Hocking-Valley to learn the true condition of affairs.

In Columbus, Ohio, I happened to get on the same train that was taking a lot of slovaks and hungarians to the valley. Several Polish jews who had procured them for the good coal syndicate to take the places of the strikers, were guarding them—lest they might escape—like so many cattle. They were not exactly chained to each other like convicts. No, that would have been un-American, would have been in violation of the right of free contract! Nor was it necessary to chain the poor wretches, for they had been told that if any one should attempt to escape, he would be shot dead on the spot. And to give more weight to this threat the great state of Ohio had volunteered a detachment of militia. . . . When I tried to speak to one of the poor devils, one of the jews interfered, and when I told the scoundrel that he had better get his carcass out of the reach of my boots, he called a Pinkerton man who gruffly demanded that I should leave the car. I summoned the conductor but could get no satisfaction from him. He was sorry, but his orders were such that he dared not interfere. It seems, however, that while this dispute was going on, one of the traders in human flesh espied my "reporter's star", for they not only apologized, changing their attitude suddenly, but called one of the attorneys of the syndicate who happened to be on the train and introduced him to me. He was very glad to meet a newspaper correspondent, who was about to "write up" matters in the valley—"yes", said he, at the same time offering me a cigar from his *etui*, "my dear sir, it is shameful, most shameful, I assure you, how we have been misrepresented in the press of the country. You are from Chicago—I am glad of that. I should be pleased to accompany you all through the valley personally, urgent business, however, prevents me—but you will stay at Mr. Buchtel's House—Mr. Buchtel is the superintendent of the company—oh yes, he will be only too glad to entertain you. . . . Besides there is no hotel within a distance of about 40 miles. Mr. Buchtel will give you all the particulars of this affair, and more, will take you all around. You ride horse back, of course—he has a lot of the finest racing horses in the country."

"Is there a likelihood that this unfortunate strike will be settled upon an equitable basis?" said I.

"Strike? Settled?" said he.

“Well, there is a large strike in the valley—some 8000 or more. . . .”

“That is”—interrupting me before I had finished—“what the newspapers are saying, and that is the reason why I desire you to stop with Mr. Buchtel and inform yourself fully. . . . There is no strike among our men; they are contented and happy and they ought to be. We always paid them high wages; and they are quite comfortably situated. There are a few agitators among them, however, who have kicked up this rumpus. We’ll get rid of them though; most of them are in jail now, and those who are still at liberty will find that this is a very unhealthy country for them. The troops and Pinkerton’s will have none of their monkey-business. . . . These men have intimidated the many thousands of our miners, who would be only too willing to return to work this minute—”

“Well”—said I—“my information is that these striking coal-miners did not average \$15 a month, before the recent reduction,—which is given as the cause of this strike.—

“Pshaw! any man can earn from \$35 to \$50 a month, providing he wants to work—”

“Then you are not going to restore the old wages?”

“Never! it is not so much a question of money with us—no, it is a question of principle! Let it cost what it may, we are going to establish the principle that *we* are to say what price shall be paid for the digging of coal, *and if there is any law in this country we will succeed. . . .* Digging coal with these fellows (referring to the emigrants) costs us 3 times as much as we used to pay our men, but we can afford this where a vital principle is at stake. . . . But here is Logan, where I have to get off. Joe! (calling one of the Pinkerton’s) you take my friend, Mr. S—to Mr. Buchtel’s house, when you come to Buchtel (a station.) He will be pleased to see you (addressing himself to me).”

“What you have told me is authentic, is it?” I asked as he got up to leave—“I may use it?”

“Why, of course, I am the general manager of the company. Good bye!”

As soon as he was gone I made notes of what he had said and then addressed myself once more to one of the emigrants. He did not understand me. But there was another one who could make himself understood in German. I asked him if he and his companions knew where they were going to. He did not. Did he know that they were about to take the bread away from their equally unfortunate brothers? That they were to be used as whips upon the backs of their struggling friends, and that they were in danger of their lives? Yes, they had

been told so in a boarding-house; and when upon this information they had refused to go any further, the soldiers had appeared, and then they had no longer hesitated. Where did they come from? From Pennsylvania. Agents (the jews) had come to them and promised them big wages. Had they paid their own fare? Yes; it had been deducted from their last pay where they had worked before.* What had they earned? \$18 a month; they had paid \$16 for board, washing, powder and oil.

The train stopped. It was midway between two stations. The "scabs" were hustled out in less than 2 minutes and taken up a hill under a strong escort. "It would'nt be safe—they'd get killed, if we took'm off at the station," was Joe, the Pinkerton's, reply to my inquiring look.

There was one other station this side of Buchtel. I got off here to get rid of the villain who was to accompany me to Mr. Buchtel's house. I told him that I would be there by evening.

It was a small, dreary and dismal looking mining town at which I left the train, and appeared in sad contrast with the surrounding picturesque country. On the ridge of one of the hills which are covered with an abundance of green trees and, surrounded by which the narrow dale would seem an idyl, were it not for the wretched looking shanties that lie scattered along the slopes on both sides of the swiftly flowing brook,—a serious fight among a lot of drunken Pinkerton's had taken place 2 days before, during which two of the combattants were killed and several wounded. The fight had originated over "the possession of several prostitutes, who—as it appeared—had been imported by the generous coal-syndicate for the special accomodation of *their* protectors of "law and order." This may seem incredible to you, reader; yet, prior to this, nobody in this penurious valley had ever seen or heard of a prostitute. Still it is not unlikely, that the Pinkerton gentlemen had brought them along, thinking perhaps, that pimping (their business in the city) in the country might be a profitable pastime. Albeit, the report was given out that two gentlemen of Pinkerton's standing army had been surprised and killed by strikers, while on guard; and this, notwithstanding the fact that their wounds showed to have been made by bullets from Winchester rifles (Pinkerton's fire arms.) And upon the strength of this report the syndicate demanded an increase of the military force! which, I may add, was duly granted.

* This shows that there is a tacit understanding between the coal barons in matters of this kind.

The town was filled with newly arrived militia, and martial law had been proclaimed. The people were to be chastised, were they, because they had tolerated the Pinkertons to kill each other—? Well, the place is almost the centre of the coal region; the troops could easily be sent anywhere.....

I called at the camp; "the boys" fared most sumptuously. The company furnished cheerfully whatever was wanted. From here I made my way over one of the hills in the direction of Buchtel. A most unfortunate circumstance was, that I wore a blue suit; thus some persons possessing no knowledge of physiognomy whatever, took me to be a "Pinkerton." A girl of about fourteen or fifteen was searching for berries, as I made my way up the steep hill (there was no regular road, but a labyrinth of footpaths.) At sight of me she screamed and turned to run away. "I'll not hurt you, my good girl; tell me, please, whether I am on the right way to Buchtel!" cried I. She seemed to be meditating whether it was better to stop or to run away and be shot; for she had concluded that I was a "Pinkerton." She stopped, the poor wretched thing, but was so confused that she was quite unable to utter a word or answer my questions at first. She was barefoot and scantily dressed, but neat and quite comely.

I assured her once more that I was not going to hurt her. I inquired where she lived. "Over there," she said, pointing to a shanty about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile off. "Could I get a glass of milk at her ma's?" I inquired. "No, the sheriff has taken our cow from us, and I am afraid Pa would not like you to come to the house; he doesn't like the—the—*the Mister Pinkerton*—"

"But, darling, I am not a Pinkerton", I retorted.

"No? Are you really not? I thought you was, and I got so scared. I wanted to pick some berries for my little brother; he is sick and—and"—the tears rolled down her cheeks and she began to sob.

"You didn't find any berries—there are none here—why do you cry?"

"No, there were berries, but everybody is after them....."

I did not quite understand why the poor thing was so distressed about the berries. She went along with me to her home and asked me if I would not let her carry my little satchel—

"Why do you want to carry it?"

"You'll not be angry, will you—you talk so kindly to me—you are rich, are you not. I should be so happy—I'll carry the satchel all away to Buchtel for you—if—if you will give me 25 cts.—or if that is too much—10 cts."

"Why, do you like money so much—I will give you that if you get me a good drink of water."

Meantime we had reached her home. Two men were sitting in the door, evidently lost in sad reflections. I told them where I was going, and that they would oblige me with a glass of water. They were Scotchmen, quite intelligent and courteous. They gave me the details in connection with the killing of the two Pinterton's and such other information as I asked for. And when I told them who I was they became very communicative. They had both worked for many years in the mines; but for the two last years had not been able to make a bare living; some years ago they had bought the shanty, otherwise they would have been ejected like most of the striking miners who were now camping out. I asked them if they could not prepare a little lunch for me. I was quite hungry, and gave the girl who was anxiously watching me, lest I might forget my promise, a 50 cts. piece. They all seemed very uneasy in consequence of my request, retired and held—as it appeared to me—a conference. After a little while the wife of the one came back with tears in her eyes and said: Mister, we haven't got a morsel of bread, nor anything else to eat in the house; we havn't had anything to eat, outside of a few apples, since yesterday morning. My husband went to town this morning to get some flour from the relief-committee of the strikers, but didn't get any; the railroad company delays all freight of that kind, as we have found out—sometimes a week, sometimes longer. The men folks are ashamed to tell you that we have nothing to eat, that our little one is sick from want of good nourishment."

Was it possible? I could hardly believe it! But the conduct of the girl—her distress—her singular request for money! Yes, it was true!—

I went away, and soon after crossing the ridge could see Buchtel, that is a row of shanties extending over two miles in length.

"Halloh! Some more coming, are ye?"

It was an old Irishman, and a very bright one, as I soon had occasion to learn, who accosted me in this way.

"Why don't yes kill the people owtroite instead of starving thim to death—?" continued the old fellow before I had yet said anything in reply to his first somewhat mysterious remark. He, too, had taken me for a "Pinkerton", but now looked at me rather dubiously.

"Must every man in a blue coat necessarily be a Pinkerton?" was my jocular reply.

The old fellow was very happy when he found that he had been

mistaken and became quite enthusiastic when I told him for what purpose I had come.

"I am glad, sir"—said he—"I have met you. I came up here this afternoon to look for a good place to camp me wife and children; the large trees here give some protection at any rate. There was considerable excitement in the town this mornin'; over 75 families were driven out of the bloodsucking companys' houses. They all have to camp out now. When the governor was here the other day, telling us to keep the law and peace, he promised to send us a lot of military tents in case we should be evicted. Now, that we have telegraphed him for them, he flatly refuses 'm. . . . There are some sick people who have found shelter with such of the miners as have their own houses. The Pinkerton's have blockaded the streets, and they have told the town-marshall who is opposed to this, that they would arrest him and take him down to Logan if he dared in any way interfere with them. There is no law here, not a bit of it!—these loafing, drunken cut-throats get all the foine things they want, they live like lords—to be sure they do: see them sitting at their tables, all filled with the delicatatest eatables, and cigars and whiskey and everything, and holding them up to our hungry children, and then laughing at them—"

The old man continued in this strain, besides answering all the questions that I asked him, until we reached the first shanties; they were packed full of haggard and careworn women and children.

"Some of the families"—remarked my companion—"have clubbed together; the wives and children sleep in the houses, and the men sleep outside."

"Well," said I, "these—what you call houses have only one room; not very many, not more than *one* family, I should say, could possible have room in them!"

"And so you say—I can take you around and show you that there is not one private house (those that do not belong to the company) but what has 3, 4 and more families living in them, and that's a fact"—was the old fellows reply.

He had soon gathered a number of men around him whom he apprised of my arrival, instructing them at the same time to make the fact known and have every miner come to a certain place at 7 o'clock in the evening, where a meeting would be held.

At the appointed hour in the evening about 500 miners assembled in small groups, and about 80 Pinkerton's with their rifles. No one dared call the strikers together but as soon as I jumped upon an old cart and told them to follow me in the public street, where we would

hold our meeting in spite of the blockade the Pinkerton's had erected, they became quite enthusiastic and followed me to the last man, the Pinkertons included. My speech consisted in the reading of the notes of my conversation with the general manager of the syndicate in the morning. I did not add anything; I simply read what the gentleman had told me.

And I have never in my life made a more "inflammatory speech" than this one!

The meeting had increased in the meantime, the entire town being present. All these could not possibly be "agitators!"

But why should the "*contented workingmen*" feel so indignant over what the gentleman had said, and why should they grow so excited?—Singular!

As I gave them the different points their master had made, *ad seriatim*, they retorted:

"35 to 50 dollars a month! oh, the rascal! We haven't averaged \$15.00—take off from this \$2.00 for powder and oil and \$5.00 for rent; that leaves \$8.00 for a family to live upon and buy clothes with. Let him come here and tell us that to our faces. and let him explain why he broke the agreement he made with us last spring—did he think that \$8 a month was too much for a family to live on? If we had accepted the last reduction we would not be able to make \$12.00, i. e. expenses taken off, \$5.00 a month."

These exclamations were unanimous. A roar of spontaneous laughter, that shook the very earth, went up from the gathering when I repeated their masters story of how comfortably they were situated, and how kindly they were cared for; how happy they were and how willing to return to work,—if only the "discord breeding agitators" were put out of the way.

"Yes," remarked an old and energetic looking American, "they want to crush out of us the last bit of manhood. They expect to do that by sending such as have a little courage and notion of independence left in them to the jail and penitentiary—to frighten the other fellows. When a man is not agoing to be kicked around like a dog, they put him down for an agitator!"

This remark, calmly made, called forth a tremendous applause. Somebody cried out: "Let's chase the Pinkerton pimps out of town!"—"Yes, they knocked a woman down up on the hill this afternoon and kicked her, the ——!" cried another. "They're here agin the law! and that's a fact!" philosophically joined in my old friend. There was general commotion, the Pinkertons drew back out of the crowd. . . "Are you mad?" I inquired—"Cant you see that these men are armed

with the best Winchester repeating rifles? That they can annihilate you in a few minutes? Your constitutional rights and laws are ridiculously inadequate weapons when confronted with the 16 shooter of a law-breaker.”

At this juncture a Pinkerton ruffian hurled a large stone at me which barely missed my head. The situation was most critical. Another moment and the crowd would have rushed upon the assailants, who were eagerly waiting for any kind of a pretense to fire. But my self-possession and my cautious words were not without effect. I continued to speak, and, changing my subject, showed the causes that brought about such conditions of things. They became quiet and listened attentively until adjournment, notwithstanding the boisterous howling and provocations of the drunken Pinkerton's.

I note this incident, reader, to show you that it was not socialism that inflamed these men, for when I spoke of socialism to them, they became quiet and calm and interested; it were the words of the capitalist, their master—it *was the teaching of capitalism* that incited them almost to madness!

Socialism has nothing in it that incites to violence and bloodshed; these qualities are only peculiar to the doctrines of capitalism, doctrines based upon and maintained by force.

Who then, I ask you, are the incendiaries?!

After the meeting the lieutenant of the Pinkerton's informed me that I “must leave the valley without delay; they had no use there for such men.” While assenting to the last portion of his speech, I told him that I should stay as long as I desired.

The miners wanted me to stay a few days, so that they might arrange a large meeting of all the strikers in the vicinity, but I could not remain away from my duties in Chicago so long, and therefore declined. They then took me all over the town and showed me the almost indescribable poverty under which they lived. They received some flour once a week, enough to last them for 2 or 3 meals, from the relief committee (i. e. outside assistance); the rest of the week they lived from a few apples, berries, and some had potatoes. When I asked if there was no place, where I might get a little lunch, a large tall man began to cry, the tears rolling down his cheeks. “We have been to the depot twice to-day, surely expecting that our provisions had arrived. but I guess the Railroad Company, which is also the coal syndicate, have taken them, as they generally do, to another station, where they leave them until they are about spoiled—and then they bring them here und say it was done by mistake . . . I sold some tools this afternoon to get a little flour from the company's store, but

they wouldn't let me have any—said they hadn't any for the d— strikers; then I got some crackers for my children—I have six of them. But my wife and I haven't tasted a piece of bread for 3 days."

It was thus everywhere. I distributed the few dollars I had with me among the children, who looked at me dubiously as though they could not come to any satisfactory conclusion as to whether this was real or a delusion.

A half dozen Pinkerton's followed me all this time, step for step. I slept under a tree that night, having first declined the kind offers of some, to sleep in "their house!"

During that night a number of Polish "scabs" who had worked in the mines about a week, and who were kept like prisoners, tried to escape—they were fired upon by the Pinkerton's. Two were killed and a number wounded,—that the "right of free contract" might live!

I left the following day. I had seen enough. The syndicate carried their point a few months later, established "their principle" and demonstrated to an astounded world—"that there was law in this country!"

The Eight Hour Movement and the Police Riot on the Haymarket.

"The Eight Hour Question" is not a new one. More than 20 years ago a reduction of the hours of labor from 10 to 8 was demanded by a number of Trades-Organizations. The principal reason advanced in support of the demand was that the introduction of labor-saving machinery necessitated such a reduction, as it would otherwise result in throwing large bodies of industrious workers out of employment etc. . . . Wendell Phillips among others was an enthusiastic advocate of the eight hour reform. Had the capitalists at that time granted the demand, then the economic development would have assumed a peaceable character in this country, I think, and most of the strikes which have occurred since then might have been avoided. Many thousands of the inmates of Penitentiaries, Work-houses and Insane Asylums might be good and happy citizens to-day. Many thousands of our sisters who are lingering on the torture-rack of prostitution might be virtuous wives and happy mothers to-day. . . . But all this is sentimental trash! Our "good citizens" pay their monthly dues regularly to the various "Mudfog Associations for the Advancement of Everything—" to the "Temperance League," to the "Mission," to the

“Ethical Society,” to the “Church,” to the “Charitable Institutions,” “Patriots League” etc.—can you expect more from them? They provide “homes” for those whom they have made homeless, they provide with spiritual comfort those whom they have made wretched, whose happiness they have destroyed.....on the other hand “business is business!”

You can make more money out of a person in ten than in eight hours; that is conclusive.—

The history of the eight hour movement is well known. I need not go over it. A number of state legislatures (including that of Illinois), as well as congress, have years ago passed laws making eight hours a legal workday. The employers of labor had no use for *such* laws, and they remained a dead letter. In the fall of '84 the “Federation of Trades and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada” arrived at the conclusion that the eight hour reform would never become a reality, unless those mostly interested, the workers, introduced it themselves. A day was set for a general strike, but later it was thought best to postpone the attempt for another year, the first of May '86 being fixed as the day upon which the new system should be inaugurated. It was thought that the employers would offer no serious opposition to this reform; it being evident that things could not go on any longer in the old way without disastrous results. I did not share this optimistic view. And because I wasn't as short-sighted as the so-called conservative trades-unionists, the latter accused me of being opposed to reforms. I will quote here what I said in reply to these charges(*):—

.....“A man, whose name is Edmonston, and whom the irony of fate has awarded the office of a secretary in a national labor organization, has written a reply to some remarks which appeared in the “Alarm” in connection with the eight hour proclamation. He is evidently one of those fellows who think because “God gave them an office he also furnished them with sense.” Instead of showing our position in regard to the eight hour question to be untenable he throws a lot of vile epithets at the Anarchists whom he looks upon in his stupidity as men with “disordered brains.” The simpleton knows about as much on the subject of economics as the average ass knows about Homeric poetry.

“We do not antagonize the eight hour movement,—viewing it from the standpoint that it is a social struggle; we simply predict that

(*)This article which was written in reply to a letter of Mr. Edmonston, the secretary of the “Federation of Trades and Labor Unions, appeared in the “Alarm” on Sept. 5th, '85, and clearly defines my position.

it is a lost battle; and we prove that even though the eight hour system should be established at this late day, the wage-workers would gain nothing. They would still remain the slaves of their masters.

"Supposing the hours of labor should be shortened to eight, our productive capacity would thereby not be diminished. The shortening of the hours of labor in England was immediately followed by a general increase of labor-saving machines, with a subsequent discharge of a proportionate number of employés. The reverse of what had been sought took place. The exploitation of those at work was intensified. They now performed more labor, produced more than before.

"Now, for a man who desires to remain a wage-slave the introduction of every new improvement and machine is a threatening competitor. The *anorganic* machine works cheaper than the *organic* being! Mr. Edmonston views wage-slavery as the very corner stone of civilization, Hence, to be consistent, he ought to be opposed to the reduction of the hours of labor. . . . His position is, it seems, that eight hours would give work to the unemployed, and save us from overproduction. This, however, will not be the case. If the strike should turn out successful the eight hour system would result in the extermination of every small manufacturer and small shopman. They and those whom they now employ would be thrown in the labor market. Production would increase through larger establishments, greater subdivision of labor etc., while the consuming power of the working-class would—if not decrease, remain as it is.

"What E. calls "overproduction" would still remain. For this anomaly will remain just so long as the propertied class have the privilege to distribute the worlds good as they choose.

"But," interjects Mr. E., "Capital was, and rightfully is, but the servant of labor, and when it assumes to be more, it oversteps its bounds, and becomes a trespasser, liable to correction."

"How naive!—We should think that capital was "overstepping its bounds," when it refuses to be the servant of more than 2,000,000 men and probably as many women in this country. These people are starving, many have starved—why, Mr. E., don't you correct the trespasser? We would like to see you do it!

"If you say "capital is the servant of labor," you lie! It is the servant of its possessor. Does labor possess capital? No. The fellows with the "disordered brain" would make labor the possessor of capital. But this you don't want, yet you say "capital ought rightfully be the servant of labor. . . ." Don't you think you are somewhat of a fool?

“Now in regard to the 8 hour strike next spring, a few practical words to our friends. The number of organized wage-workers in this country may be about *800,000, the number of unemployed about 2 millions. Will the Manufacturing Kings grant your modest request under such circumstances? No sir! the small ones cannot, and the big ones will not. They will fill your places by drawing from the army of the unemployed. . . . You will interfere. . . . Then comes the police and militia. . . .”

Having exactly foretold what has since taken place, our persecutors tried to make the public believe that we had “conspired to do these things,” “to start a revolution on or about the first of May,” to overturn the government of the United States and establish anarchy in its place—conspired to carry out this tidy little job with *one* bomb, to be thrown “at some intersection of a street!”

This reminds one of a plot in an opera bouffet. Yes, Jacques Offenbach** has “been knocked out” by Grinnell. He would admit his defeat at the hands of the State’s prosecutor in Chicago, if he were living.—

The Central Labor Union, the central body of the German trades unions, started the ball in Chicago. Large mass-meetings in the various parts of the city were held, in which the eight hour question was agitated. The old unions soon doubled and tripled their membership, while at the same time new unions were organized by the dozen. Everyone was active and the movement soon bore a promising aspect. The Trade and Labor Assembly and the Knights of Labor agitated the question independently in their own way and among the trades represented in their bodies. The Powderly manifesto, setting forth that the country (meaning the capitalists) was not yet ready to adopt the eight hour plan, had little effect upon the Knights in Chicago; they knew that the capitalists would never be ready for either this or any other reform, unless, of course, there was money in it for them.

Some of the unions represented in the Central Labor Union—first of all the Bakers, Brewers, and Butchers Unions—demanded a reduction of their hours of labor from 14 and 16 to 10 and carried their points, some weeks before the first of May. These victories gave another impetus to the movement and filled the hearts of the eight hour soldiers with encouragement and hope. The “Arbeiter-Zeitung” championed the cause most vigorously and to its influence the success which the different unions had achieved, was largely due. Most of

* Thrice that number now.

** The author and composer of most of the comic operettes.

the speakers of the "Internationalists" were out addressing meetings and organizing unions every night. Some of these unions joined the Knights of Labor, others the Central Labor Union. No one worked harder than the much abused anarchists, and they did so with no other object in view than to make the movement a success. The eight hour demonstration of the Central Labor Union on the Sunday preceding the first of May bore evidence of the extent of their agitation. A German Doctor of Geology, a friend of mine, who had just arrived from London on a scientific mission, said to me that he had never seen such an immense and imposing procession as this, either in Paris or London, or Berlin, or Vienna, and he had seen a good many. There were at least 25,000 persons on Lake Front where the procession terminated and where Parson, Fielden, Schwab and I addressed the participants.

Then came the first of May. The eyes of the country were upon Chicago. Here, everybody knew, the decisive battle would be fought. Defeat in Chicago meant defeat all over the country. But to afford the reader a more comprehensive view of the general feeling among the 40,000 wage-workers who had laid down their tools to give weight and emphasis to their demand—of their hopes and fears, of their determination and courage, I will quote from an article I wrote on that day:—

"The dies are cast! The first of May, whose historical significance will be understood and appreciated only in later years, is here. For 20 years the working-people of the United States have whined and have begged their extortionists and legislators to introduce the eight hour system. The latter knew how to put the modest beggar off, and thus year after year passed by. At last, two years ago a number of trades-organizations took the matter up and resolved that the eight hour workday should be established on May 1, 1886.

"That is a sensible demand"—said the press, howled the professional imposters, yelled the extortionists." The impudent socialists, who wanted everything and who would not content themselves with rational demands of this kind, were treated to the customary shower of epithets.

"Thus things went on. The agitation progressed and everybody was in favor of the shortening of the workday. With the approach of the day, however, on which the plan was at last to be realized, a suspicious change in the tone of the extortionists and their priest-craft on the press became more and more noticeable. . . . What had formerly in theory been modest and rational, was now impudent and senseless. What had formerly been lauded as a praiseworthy demand

when compared with socialism and anarchism, changed now suddenly into "criminal anarchism" itself. The cloven foot of the hellish crew, panting for spoils, became visible. They had intonated the eight hour hymn simply to lull their dupes, workingmen, to sleep, and thus keep them away from socialism.

"That the workingmen would proceed in all earnestness to introduce the eight hour system, was never anticipated by these confidence men; that the workingmen would develop such a stupendous power, this, they never dreamed of. In short, to-day, when an attempt is made to realize a reform so long striven for; when the extortionists are reminded of their promises and pledges of the past, one has this and the other has that to give as an excuse. The workers should only be contented and confide in their well-meaning exploiters, and some time between now and doomsday, everything would be satisfactorily arranged.—

"Workingmen, we caution you! You have been deluded time and time again. You must not be led astray this time.

"Judging from present appearances, events may not take a very smooth course. Many of the extortionists, aye, most of them, are resolved to starve those to "reason" who refuse to submit to their arbitrary dictates, i. e. to force them back into their yoke by hunger. The question now arises—will the workmen allow themselves to be slowly starved into submission, or will they inoculate some modern ideas into their would-be murderers heads." — — (*Arbeiter Zeitung.*)

On Monday, May 3rd, the strike became general. The "Arb. Ztg." of this day gives a complete review of the local movement, which is most interesting; it also bears evidence of the intense excitement that existed. Several large processions were held, among which that of about 500 brave tailor-girls who marched through the principal part of the city was the most noteworthy. This novel procession was perfectly orderly; nevertheless, several assaults were made upon it by the police. A general strike of the freight-handlers on the Northwestern Road broke out which thickened the cloud that hung ominously over the city.

I was invited by the Central Labor Union to address a mass-meeting of striking Lumber-Shovers in the afternoon on 22. St. and Blue Island Ave. I did not intend to go to the meeting. I was completely exhausted from the exertions of the last few days. But a committee called on me and insisted that I must come along. It was an immense gathering, fully 10,000 persons must have been present. Several short speeches had already been made when I arrived. When the chairman introduced me, some men in the audience cried out: He is a socialist;

we don't want any socialistic speeches! But as soon as I began to speak, all became quiet and silent. I spoke with unusual calmness and moderation. The essence of my remarks was, that they, the strikers, should stand firmly together and they then would carry the day. The effect of my speech may best be judged by the fact that at its conclusion the audience elected me unanimously as spokesman of a committee, which had been appointed to confer with the lumberyard owners in regard to bringing the strike to a close.

During my speech I heard some voices in the rear, which I did not understand, and saw about 150 men leave the prairie, running up the Black Road towards McCormick's Reaper Works, ($\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of where the meeting was). Five minutes later I heard pistol shooting in this direction, and upon inquiry was informed that the striking molders of McCormick's Works were trying to make the "scabs" who had taken their places, stop work. (*)

About this time—I was just closing my speech—a patrolwagon rattled up the street, filled with policemen; a few minutes later about 75 policemen followed the patrolwagon on foot, who were again followed by 3 or 4 more patrolwagons. The shooting continued, only,

* Since the death of the old McCormick there has been trouble at the works right along. Shortly after the former's death, his heirs contributed several hundred thousand dollars to the maintenance of a religious institute. Particular attention was called to this "generous gift" by the fact that almost simultaneously a general reduction of wages in the Reaper Works was decreed. Malicious persons insinuated that the "generous gift" (which was looked upon as an attempt to bribe the heavenly authorities in behalf of the donators,) was to be squeezed out of the already poorly paid employes. A strike against the reduction ensued. Young McCormick engaged the Pinkerton banditti to enforce his christian methods. The P's went to work with admirable zeal. Coming along in an omnibus and seeing several hundred persons assembled near the factory, they at once and without a word of warning opened fire upon the "mob". As they were not the best marksmen, only one old man (Rothe—he committed suicide the other day in a fit of melancholy, brought about by the wound) was shot in the back and was seriously wounded. The strikers enraged through this dastardly assault, made an attack upon another omnibus, whose occupants took to the prairie, leaving a lot of Winchester rifles, revolvers and ammunition in the possession of the strikers. The captured omnibus was burned to ashes. When the millionaire heir McCormick saw that "his" strikers were made of "sterner stuff" than the ordinary slaves, he at once surrendered, and adopted another method to enforce his decree. Instead of reducing the wages of the entire force at one time, he observed the rule laid down by the Irish woman, who chopped off a little piece of her dogs tail each day. This and the secret war he waged against the labor organization, resulted in another strike in February 1886. McCormick engaged "scabs" to take the places of the strikers, and it seems that some of these strikers made the attack upon McCormicks on May 3.

that instead of the single shots regular volleys were now fired. I left the meeting and hastened up to McCormicks. A long line of freight cars were standing on the railroad track in front of the high board enclosure of the factory buildings. Between these cars and the fence was the battlefield, or better the target range of the police. All I could see was that about 150 men, women and small boys were chased by as many or more policemen who emptied their revolvers in rapid succession upon the fleeing and screaming "mob".

To say that I was horrified at the sight of this is only expressing vaguely what I felt. I saw several persons carried and led away by their friends—they had been shot. A young Irishman, who seemed to know me, came running up to me and said:—"what kind of a h — — of union is that down there! (pointing to the lumber shovers meeting.) They must be nice fellows to stand by and have their brothers shot down like dogs by these —!"

"Have many been hurt?" I inquired.

"Many? I should think so! I helped carrying two away, who seemed to be killed. Nobody knows how many have been shot and killed!" was his reply, adding—"Have you no influence with those men down there? If you have, for God's sake, bring them up here!"

I have seen this identical man a few weeks ago in the jail, and upon inquiry learned that he was a *detective!*

I ran back to the meeting, which in the meantime had been adjourned. The people were leaving it in small knots, going home, some of them indifferent and unconcerned at the news from McCormick's, others shaking their heads in indignation. I was frantic, but my senses returned as I glanced over the stolid faces of these people; there was no response there! And, seeing that I could be of no possible assistance here, I took a car, without uttering another word and rode down town to my office. Just in what frame of mind I was, I cannot describe. I sat down to address a circular to the workingmen—a short account of what had transpired and a word of advice: that they should not be so foolish as to try and resist an armed organized "mob", in the employ of the capitalists, with empty hands,—but I was so excited that I could not write. I dictated a short address, but tore it up again, after I had read it, and then sat down—the compositors were waiting for the copy, it being after the regular hours—and "wrote the now famous so-called "*Revenge-Circular*" in English and German. The word "Revenge" was put on as a headline by one of the compositors (without my knowledge) who "thought it made a good heading." I ordered the circular printed and told the office assistant

to have them taken to the different meetings that were held in the evening. There were only a few hundred of them circulated. After I had given this order I went home. On the following morning about 9 or 10 o'clock A. Fischer, one of our composers, asked me if I would not come to a general mass-meeting which would take place at the Haymarket in the evening, and "make a speech" on the brutality of the police and the situation of the 8 hour strike. I replied that I was hardly able to speak, but if there was no one to take my place, I should come. Delegates of a number of unions had called the meeting, he said. I made no further inquiries. About 11 o'clock a member of the Carpenters' Union called on me and asked that the handbill he showed me be published in the "Arb.-Ztg." as an announcement. It was the circular calling the Haymarket meeting, and at the bottom it contained the words—"Workingmen, bring your arms along!"

"This is ridiculous!" said I to the man and had Fischer called. Him I told that I would not speak at the meeting, if this was the circular by which it had been called.

"None of the circulars are as yet distributed—we can have these words taken out"—the man said. Fischer assented, and I told them that if they would do that it would be all right.

I never for a moment anticipated that the police would wantonly attack an orderly meeting of citizens. And I never saw a disorderly meeting of workingmen! The only disorderly meetings I have ever witnessed were the republican and democratic pow-wow's. I went home about 4 o'clock P. M. to take a little rest before going to the meeting. The reaction, following the excitement of the previous day had set in. I was very tired and illhumored. After supper my brother Henry called at our house. I asked him to come along to the meeting, which he did. We walked slowly down Milwaukee Ave. It was warm; I had changed my clothes; the revolver I was in the habit of carrying was too large for the pocket, and inconvenienced me. Passing F. Stauber's hardware store, I left it with him. It was about 8.15 o'clock when we arrived at Desplaines and Lake St. I was under the impression that I was to speak in German, which generally follows the English. That is the reason why I was late. Small and large groups of men were standing around, but there was no meeting. Not seeing anyone who might be supposed to be intrusted with the management of the meeting, I jumped upon a wagon, inquired for Mr. Parsons, who I thought had been invited, and called the meeting to order. Parsons was not there. I saw Parsons at the corner of Halsted and Randolph Sts.; I think he is speaking there"—said a reporter to me. I told the crowd to wait a few minutes, while I went out in search of

Parsons. Not finding him I returned to the wagon where somebody told me Parsons, Fielden and others were holding a meeting in the office of the "Arbeiter-Zeitung." I sent one of our employes over to the office to call Parsons and Fielden, and began to address the meeting. I spoke about twenty minutes.

Then Parsons spoke. The audience was very quiet and attentive. Parsons confined himself to the eight hour question, but spoke at great length. While he was speaking, I asked Mr. Fielden if he would not make a few remarks. He didn't care to speak, but would say a few words and then adjourn the meeting. I said "all right, do so." It was about 10 o'clock when Fielden began to speak. A few minutes later a dark and threatening cloud moved up from the north. The people fearing that it would rain—or at least two-thirds of them—left the meeting. "Stay"—said Fielden—"just a minute longer, I will conclude presently." There were now not more than 200 persons remaining; one minute later 200 policemen formed into line at the intersection of Randolph St. and marched upon the little crowd in double quick step!

Raising his cane in an authoritative way, captain Ward—directing his words to Fielden (I was standing just behind Fielden in the wagon) said: "In the name of the people of the state of Illinois, I command this meeting to disperse."

"Captain, this is a peaceable meeting!" retorted Mr. Fielden, while the captain turned around to his men and gave a command which I understood to be—"charge upon them!" At this juncture I was drawn from the wagon by my brother and several others, and I had just reached the ground when a terrific detonation occurred. "What is that?" asked my brother. "A canon, I believe," was my reply. In an instant the fusilade of the police began; everybody was running. All this was as unexpected as if suddenly a cloud had burst. I lost my brother in the throng, and was carried away towards the north. People fell, struck by the bullets, right and left. As I crossed the alley north of Crane's factory, a lot of officers ran into the alley, some of them exclaiming that they were hurt. They had evidently been shot by their own comrades, and sought protection in the alley. I was in a parallel line with them, and the bullets whistled around my head like a swarm of bees. I fell once or twice over others who had "dropped," but otherwise escaped unhurt into Zepf's Saloon, at the corner of Lake St. Here I heard for the first time that the loud report had been caused by an explosion, which was thought to have been the explosion of a bomb. I could learn no particulars, and about a half hour afterwards took a car and rode home to see if my brother

had been hurt. He had received a dangerous wound. Turning aside when I had answered—"its a canon, I believe," he beheld the muzzle of a revolver deliberately aimed at my back. Grasping the weapon the bullet struck him in a vital part.* (He recovered.)

The next morning the papers reported that the police had been searching for me all night and that they had orders to arrest me. Nobody had been at my house during the night; the report was a lie. I went to the office at my regular hour and began to work. About 9 o'clock detective Jim Bonfield made his appearance and told me the Chief of Police wanted to have a talk with me. I went along with him to the central station. Two other detectives arrested Schwab, and my brother Christ who had come to the office to learn what had occurred on the previous night. The fact that his name was Spies sufficed to arrest him and charge him with having committed murder!

This was on the 5th of May. I have been incarcerated ever since. The comedy, called trial, lasted eight weeks and ended, as the reader well knows, with our conviction.

*) There is no question at all but that detectives had been stationed in the crowd to kill the obnoxious speakers at the instant the police would charge upon the crowd.

Address Delivered Before Judge Gary.

When asked by the Court, October 8th, if he had anything to say, why the death-sentence should not be passed upon him, Mr. Spies, in a clear, distinct and firm voice spoke for nearly two hours. The following is a stenographical report of what he said:

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 Faleri, who, addressing the "Council of Ten," said: "My defense is your accusation, the causes of my alleged crime your history!" I have been indicted on the 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 Citizen's Association, the Bankers' Association, the Association of the

Board of Trade men, and the railroad princes, attacked the meeting of workingmen 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 on that evening. He knew that I had no such conversation with anybody as Marshal Field's protégé, 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 "all 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* (sarcastically) 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 patricians 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 the 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 canibals, and by inventing shocking and horrifying stories of dark conspiracies, said to have been 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, which 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 Bartholomew night—Bonfield, the illustrious gentleman with a visage that would have done excellent service to Doré in portraying Dantes 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 state so. It is true 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 few. These facts have been carefully suppressed, and *we were accused and convict-*

* Bonfield had on the evening of May 4, said to Mr. Simondson: "If I could only get 3000 of those damn' socialists together, I would make short work of them."

ed 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 drawing 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.” May I learn why the editors of these papers have not been indicted and convicted of 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 unlikely that the bomb used on May 3th 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 are foreigners. They are 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, “patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel.” . . . My efforts in behalf of the disinherited and enslaved 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 to-day. 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. And why is the education of the working people of to-day 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 our 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 and was perverted by the priest 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 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 make room for higher forms of civilization; that the wage system was preparing the way and furnishing 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 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 and classes—a society of sovereigns in which the liberty and economic equality of all would furnish an unshakable equilibrium as a basis and condition of 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 frequently said during the trial 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 casts 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 their faith in the ultimate victory of liberty and justice!

"You have taught the destruction of society and civilization," says the tool and agent of the Bankers' and Citizens' Association, Grinnell. That man has yet to learn what civilization is! It is the old, old argument against human progress. Read the history of Greece, of Rome; read that of Venice; look over the dark pages of the church, and follow the thorny path of science. "No change! No change! You would destroy society and civilization!" has ever been the cry of the ruling classes. They are so comfortably situated under the prevailing system that they naturally abhor and fear even the slightest change. Their privileges are as dear to them as life itself, and every change threatens these privileges. But civilization is a ladder whose steps are monuments of such changes! Without these social changes—all brought about against the will and the force of the ruling classes—there would be no civilization. As to the destruction of society which we have been accused of seeking—sounds this not like one of Æsop's fables—like the cunning of the fox? We, who have jeopardized our lives to save society from the fiend—the fiend who has grasped her by the throat; who sucks her life-blood, who devours her children—we, who would heal her bleeding wounds, who would free her from the fetters you have wrought around her; from the misery you have brought upon her—we her enemies!!

Honorable Judge, the demons of hell will join in the laughter this irony provokes! —

We have preached dynamite. Yes, we have predicted from the lessons history teaches, that the ruling classes of to-day would no more listen to the voice of reason than their predecessors; that they

would attempt by brute force to stay the wheel of progress. Is it a lie, or was it the truth we told? Are not already the large industries of this once free country conducted under the surveillance of the police, the detectives, the military, and the sheriffs—and is this return to militancy not developing from day to day? American sovereigns—think of it—working like the galley convicts under military guards! We have predicted this, and predict that soon these conditions will grow unbearable. What then? The mandate of the feudal lords of our time is slavery, starvation, and death! This has been their programme for the past years. “When this hour comes,” we have said to the toiler, “that science had penetrated the mystery of nature—that from Jove’s head once more has sprung a minerva—dynamite!” If this declaration is synonymous with murder, why not charge those with the crime to whom we owe the invention?

To charge us with an attempt to overthrow the present system on or about May 4th by force, and then establish Anarchy, is too absurd a statement, I think, even for a political office-holder to make. If Grinnell believed that we attempted such a thing, why did he not have Dr. Bluthardt make an inquiry as to our sanity? Only mad men could have planned such a brilliant scheme, and mad people cannot be indicted or convicted of murder. If there had existed anything like a conspiracy or a pre-arrangement, does your honor believe that events would not have taken a different course than they did on that evening and later? This “conspiracy” nonsense is based upon an oration I delivered on the anniversary of Washington’s birthday at Grand Rapids, Mich., more than a year and a half ago. I had been invited by the Knights of Labor for that purpose. I dwelt upon the fact that our country was far from being what the great revolutionists of the last century had intended it to be. I said that those men, if they lived to-day, would clean the Augean stables with iron brooms; and that they, too, would undoubtedly be characterized as “wild eyed, distracted Socialists”. It is not unlikely that I said Washington would have been hanged for treason if the revolution had failed. Grinnell made this “sacrilegious remark” his main arrow against me. Why? Because he intended to inveigh the know-nothing spirit against us. But who will deny the correctness of the statement? That I should have compared myself with Washington, is a base lie. But if I had would that be murder? I may have told that individual who appeared here as a witness that the workingmen should procure arms, as force would in all probability be the *ultima ratio*; and that in Chicago there were so and so many armed, but I certainly did not say that we proposed to “inaugurate the social revolution.” And let me say here:

Revolutions are no more made than earthquakes and cyclones. Revolutions are the effect of certain causes and conditions. I have made social philosophy a specific study for more than ten years, and I could not have given vent to such nonsense! I do believe, however, that the revolution is near at hand—in fact, that it is upon us. But is the physician responsible for the death of the patient because he foretold that death? If any one is to be blamed for the coming revolution it is the ruling class who steadily refused to make concessions as reforms became necessary; who maintain that they can call a halt to progress, and dictate a stand-still to the eternal forces, of which they themselves are but a whimsical creation.

The position generally taken in this case is that we are *morally* responsible for the police riot on May 4th. Four or five years ago I sat in this very court room as a witness. The working men had been trying to obtain redress in a lawful manner. They had voted, and among others, had elected their Aldermanic candidate from the Fourteenth Ward. But the street car company did not like that man. And two of the three election judges of one precinct, knowing this, took the ballot box to their home and “corrected” the election returns, so as to cheat the constituents of the elected candidate of their rightful representative, and give the representation to the benevolent street car monopoly. The workingmen spent \$1,500 in the prosecution of the perpetrators of this crime. The proof against them was too overwhelming that they confessed having falsified the returns and forged the official documents. Judge Gardner, who was presiding in this court, acquitted them, stating that “that act had apparently not been prompted by criminal intent.” (!) I will make no comment. But when we approach the field of moral responsibility, it has an immense scope! Every man who has in the past assisted in thwarting the efforts of those seeking reform is responsible for the existence of the revolutionists in this city today! Those, however, who have sought to bring about reforms must be exempted from this responsibility—and to these *I* belong.

If the verdict is based upon the assumption of moral responsibility, your honor, I give this as a reason why sentence should not be passed.

I vouch that, upon the very laws you have read, there is no person in this court-room now who could not be “fairly, impartially and lawfully” hanged! Fouché, Napoleon’s right-bower, once said to his master: “Give me a line that any one man has ever written, and I will bring him to the scaffold.” This court has proceeded upon the same principle. . . . Upon that law every person in this country can be indicted for conspiracy, and, as the case may be, for murder. Every member of a trade union, Knights of Labor, or any other labor or-

ganization, can then be convicted of conspiracy, and in case of violence, for which he may not be responsible at all, of murder, as we have been. This precedent once established, and you force the masses who are now agitating in a peaceable way into open rebellion! You thereby shut off the safety valve—and the blood which will be shed, the blood of the innocent—it will come upon your heads!

“Seven policemen have died,” said Grinnell, suggestively winking at the jury. You want a life for a life, and have convicted an equal number of men, of whom it cannot be truthfully said that they had anything whatsoever to do with the killing of Bonfield’s victims. The very same principle of jurisprudence prevails among savage tribes. Injuries among them are equalized, so to speak. The Chinooks and the Arabs, for instance, would demand the life of an enemy for every death that they had suffered at their enemy’s hands. They were not particular in regard to the persons, just so long as they had a life for a life. This principle also prevails today among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. If we are to be hanged on this principle then let us know it, and let the world know what a civilized and christian country it is in which the Goulds, the Vanderbilts, the Stanfords, the Fields, Armours, and other local money *hamsters*, have come to the rescue of liberty and justice!

Grinnell has repeatedly stated that our country is an enlightened country, (sarcastically). The verdict fully corroborates this assertion!

This verdict against us is the anathema of the wealthy classes over their despoiled victims—the vast army of wage workers and farmers. If your honor would not have these people believe so; if you would not have them believe that we have once more arrived at the Spartan Senate, the Athenian Areopagus, the Venetian Council of Ten, etc., then sentence should not be pronounced. But, if you think that by hanging us, you can stamp out the labor movement—the movement from which the downtrodden millions, the millions who toil and live in want and misery—the wage slaves—expect salvation—if this is your opinion, than hang us...! Here you will tread upon a spark, but there, and there, and behind you and in front of you, and everywhere, flames blaze up! It is a subterranean fire. You cannot put it out. The ground is on fire upon which you stand. You can’t understand it. You don’t believe in magical arts, as your grandfathers did, who burned witches at the stake, but you do believe in conspiracies; you believe that all these occurrences of late are the work of conspirators! You resemble the child that is looking for his picture behind the mirror. What you see and what you try to grasp is nothing but the deceptive reflex of the stings of your bad conscience. You

want to "stamp out the conspirators"—the "agitators"? Ah, stamp out every factory lord who has grown wealthy upon the unpaid labor of his employes. Stamp out every landlord who has amassed fortunes from the rent of overburdened workingmen and farmers. Stamp out every machine that is revolutionizing industry and agriculture, that intensifies the production, ruins the producer, that increases the national wealth: while the creator of all these things stands amidst them, tantalized with hunger! Stamp out the railroads, the telegraph, the telephone, steam and yourselves—for everything breathes the revolutionary spirit.

You, gentlemen, are the revolutionists! You rebel against the effects of social conditions which have tossed you, by Fortuna's hands, into a magnificent paradise. Without inquiring, you imagine that no one else has a right in that place. You insist that you are the chosen ones, the sole proprietors. Ah, but the forces that tossed you into this paradise, the industrial forces, are still at work! They are growing more active and intense from day to day. Their tendency is to elevate all mankind to the same level, to have all humanity share in the paradise you now monopolize. You, in your blindness, think you can stop the tidal wave of civilization and human emancipation by placing a few policemen, a few gatling guns, and some regiments of militia on the shore—you think you can frighten the rising waves back into the unfathomable depths, whence they have arisen, by erecting a few gallows in the perspective. . . . You, who oppose the natural course of things, *you* are the real revolutionists. *You* and *you* alone are the conspirators and destructionists!

Said the court yesterday, in referring to the Board of Trade demonstration: "These men started out with the express purpose of sacking the Board of Trade building." While I can't see what sense there would have been in such an undertaking, and while I know that the said demonstration was arranged simply as a means of propaganda against the system that legalizes the "respectable business" carried on there, I will assume that the three thousand workingmen who marched in that procession really intended to sack the building. In this case they would have differed from the respectable Board of Trade men only in this—that they had sought to recover property in an unlawful way, while the others lawfully and unlawfully sack the entire country—this being their highly respectable profession. This court of "justice and equity" has thus proclaimed 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 hanged, in a nutshell! Theft is a respectable pro-

fession when practiced by the privileged class. It is a felony when resorted to in self-preservation by the other class.

Rapine and pillage are the "order" of a certain class of gentlemen who find this mode of earning a livelihood easier and preferable to honest labor;—this kind of "order" we have attempted, and are now trying, and will try as long as we live to do away with. Look upon the economic battle-field! Behold the carnage and plunder of the Christian patricians! Accompany me to the quarters of the wealth-creators in this city. Go with me to the half-starved miners of the Hocking Valley. Look at the pariahs in the Monongahela Valley, and many other mining districts in this country, or pass along the railroads of that most orderly and law-abiding citizen, Jay Gould. And then tell me whether this order has in it any moral principle for which it should be preserved! I say that the preservation of such an order is criminal—is murderous. It means the preservation of the systematic destruction of children and women in factories. It means the preservation of enforced idleness of large armies of men, and their degradation. It means the preservation of intemperance, and sexual as well as intellectual prostitution. It means the preservation of misery, want, and servility on one hand, and the dangerous accumulation of spoils, accompanied with idleness, voluptuousness and tyranny on the other. It means the preservation of vice in every form. And last but not least, it means the preservation of the class struggle, of strikes, riots and bloodshed. That is *your* "order," gentlemen! Yes, and it is worthy of you to be the champions of such an order. You are eminently fitted for that role. You have my compliments!

Grinnell spoke of Victor Hugo. I need not repeat what he said,* but will answer him in the language of one of our German philosophers: "Our Bourgeoisie erects monuments in honor of the memory of the classics. If they had read them they would burn them!" Why, amongst the articles read here from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, put in evidence by the State,—by which they intended to convince the jury of the dangerous character of the accused anarchists, is a very popular extract from Goethe's *Faust*,

"Es erben sich Gesetz und Rechte,
Wie eine ew'ge Krankheit fort," etc.

("law and class privileges are transmitted like an hereditary disease.") And Mr. Ingam in his speech told the Christian jurors that our com-

* He asserted that Victor Hugo's writings (of which he knows as much as the average Chicago policeman) were not revolutionary.

rades, the Paris communists, had in 1871, dethroned God, the Almighty and had put in his place a low prostitute. The effect was marvelous! The good Christians were shocked.

I wish your honor would inform the learned gentlemen that the episode related occurred in Paris nearly a century ago, and that the sacrilegious perpetrators were the contemporaries of this Republic—that among them was Thomas Paine. Nor was the woman a prostitute, but a good *citoyenne de Paris*, who served on that occasion simply as an allegory of the goddess of reason.

Referring to Most's letter, read here, Mr. Ingham said: "They," meaning Most and myself, "they might have destroyed thousands of innocent lives in the Hocking Valley with that dynamite." I have said all I know about the letter on the witness stand, but will add that two years ago I went through the Hocking Valley as a correspondent. While there I saw hundreds of lives in the process of slow destruction, gradual destruction. There was no dynamite, nor were they Anarchists who did that diabolical work. It was the work of a party of highly respectable monopolists, law-abiding citizens, if you please. It is needless to say the murderers were never indicted. The press had little to say, and the State of Ohio assisted them. What a terror it would have created if the victims of this diabolical plot had resented and blown some of those respectable cut-throats to atoms! When, in East St. Louis, Jay Gould's hirelings, "the men of grit," shot down in cold blood and killed six inoffensive workingmen and women, there was very little said, and the grand jury refused to indict the gentlemen. It was the same way in Chicago, Milwaukee and other places. A Chicago furniture manufacturer shot down and seriously wounded two striking workingmen last spring. He was held over to the grand jury. The grand jury refused to indict the gentleman.

But when, on one occasion, a workingman in self-defense resisted the murderous attempt of the police and threw a bomb, and for once blood, too, flowed on the other side, then a terrific howl went up from the land: "Conspiracy has attacked vested rights!" And eight victims are demanded for it. There has been much said about the public sentiment. There has been much said about the public clamor. Why, it is a fact, that no citizen dared express another opinion than that prescribed by the authorities of the state, for if one had done otherwise, he would have been locked up: he might have been sent to the gallows. No less reason to send him to the scaffold than us!

"These men," Grinnell said repeatedly, "have no principles; they are common murderers, assassins, robbers," etc. I admit that our aspirations and objects will ever remain incomprehensible to un-

principled ruffians. The assertion, if I mistake not, was based on the ground that we sought to destroy property. Whether this perversion of facts was intentional, I know not. But in justification of our doctrines I will say that the assertion is an infamous falsehood. Articles have been read here from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* to show the dangerous character of the defendants. The files of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* and *Alarm* have been searched for the past years. Those articles which generally commented upon some atrocity committed by the authorities upon striking workmen were picked out and read to you. Other articles were not read to the court. Other articles were not what was wanted. The State's Attorney upon those articles (who well knows that he tells a falsehood when he says it,) asserts that "these men have no principle."

A few weeks before I was arrested and charged with the crime for which I have been convicted, I was invited by the clergymen of the Congregational Church to lecture upon the subject of socialism, and debate with them. This took place at the Grand Pacific Hotel, and so that it cannot be said that after I have been arrested, after I have been indicted, and after I have been convicted, I have put together some principles to justify my action, I will read what I said then—

CAPT. BLACK: "Give the date of the paper."

MR. SPIES: "January 9, 1886."

CAPT. BLACK: "What paper, the *Alarm*?"

MR. SPIES: "The *Alarm*. When I was asked upon that occasion what Socialism was, I said this:

"Socialism is simply a resumé of the phenomena of social life of the past and present traced to their fundamental causes, and brought into causal connection with one another. It rests upon the established fact that the economic conditions and institutions of a people form the ground-work of all their social conditions, of their ideas—aye, even of their religion, and further, that all changes of economic conditions, every step in advance, arises from the struggles between the dominating and dominated class in different ages. You, gentlemen, cannot place yourselves at this standpoint of empiric science; your profession demands that you occupy the opposite position, that which knows absolutely nothing of things that exist, but which knows everything of matters that are utterly incomprehensible to common mortals.

"...Lest you should be unable to exactly grasp my meaning, however, I will now state the matter a little more plainly. It cannot be unknown to you that in the course of this century there have appeared an infinite number of inventions and discoveries, which have

brought about great, aye, astonishing changes in the production of the necessities of life. The work of machines has, to a great extent, replaced that of man.

“Machinery has the quality of great contraction of working-power, by which the ever increasing subdivision of labor is possible.

“The advantages resulting from this centralization of production were so obvious as to cause its still further extension. From this concentration of the means of labor and working hands, while the old system of distribution was (and is) retained, arose those anomalous conditions under which society is suffering.

“The means of production thus came into the hands of an ever decreasing number, while the actual producers, through the introduction of machinery, deprived of the opportunity to toil, and being at the same time disinherited of the bounties of nature, were consigned to pauperism, vagabondage, crime, prostitution—evils which you gentlemen would like to exorcise with your little prayer-book.

“The Socialists award your efforts a jocular rather than a serious attention—(symptoms of uneasiness)—otherwise, pray, let us know how much you have accomplished so far by your moral lecturing toward ameliorating the condition of those wretched beings who through bitter want have been driven to crime and desparation? (Here several gentlemen sprang to their feet, exclaiming, ‘We have done a great deal in some directions!’) Aye, in some cases you have perhaps given a few alms; but what influence has this, if I may ask, had upon societary conditions, or in affecting any change in the same? Nothing; absolutely nothing. You may as well admit, gentlemen, for you cannot point me out a single instance.

“Very well. Those proletarians doomed to misery and hunger through the labor-saving of our centralized industries, whose number in this country we estimate at about a million and a half, is it likely that they and the thousands who are daily joining their ranks, and the millions who are toiling for a miserable pittance, who suffer peacefully and with Christian resignation, their destruction at the hand of their thievish and murderous, albeit very Christian masters? They will defend themselves. It will come to a fight.

“The necessity of common ownership in the means of production, will be realized, and the era of socialism, of universal co-operation begins. The dispossessing of the propertied classes—the socialization of these possessions—and the universal co-operation of labor, not for speculative purposes, but for the satisfaction of the demands which we make upon life; in short, co-operative labor for the purpose

of perpetuating life and of enjoying it—this in general outlines, is *Socialism*. This is not, however, as you might suppose, a mere “beautifully conceived plan,” the realization of which would be well worth striving for if it could only be brought about. No; this socialization of the means of production and communication of the land and earth, etc., is not only something desirable, but has become an imperative necessity. And wherever we find in history that something becomes a necessity there we always find that the next step is the doing away with that necessity by the supplying of the logical want.

“Our large factories and mines, and the machinery of exchange and transportation, apart from every other consideration, have already become too vast for private management. Individuals can no longer control them.

“Everywhere, wherever we cast our eyes, we find forced upon our attention the unnatural and injurious effects of unregulated private production. We see how one man, or a number of men, have not only brought into the embrace of their private ownership all inventions in technical lines, but have also confiscated for their exclusive advantage all natural powers, such as water, steam and electricity. Every fresh invention, every discovery belongs to them. The world exists for them only. That they destroy their fellow-beings right and left they little care. That, by their machinery, they even work the bodies of little children into gold pieces, they hold to be an especially benevolent and a genuine Christian act. They murder, as we have said, little children and women by hard labor, while they let strong men go hungry for lack of work.

“People ask themselves how such things are possible, and the answer is that the private *competitive system* is the cause of it. The thought of a co-operative, social, rational, and well-regulated system of management irresistibly impresses itself upon the observer. The advantages of such a system are of such a convincing kind, so patent to observation—and where is there another way out of the dilemma? According to physical laws a body always moves, consciously or unconsciously, along the line of least resistance. So does society as a whole. The path to co-operative labor and distribution is leveled by the concentration of the means of labor under the private capitalistic system. We are already moving in this direction. We cannot retreat even if we would. The force of circumstances drives us on to Socialism.

“‘And now, Mr. S., won’t you tell us how you are going to carry out the expropriation of the possessing classes?’ asked Rev. Dr. Scudder.

“The answer lies in the thing itself. The key is furnished by the storms raging through the industrial spheres. You see how penuriously the owners of the factories, of the mines, cling to their privileges, and will not yield the breadth of an inch. On the other hand, you see the half-starved proletarians driven to the verge of violence.’

“ ‘So your remedy would be violence?’

“ ‘Remedy? Well, I should like it better if it could be done without violence, but you, gentlemen, and the class you represent, take care that it cannot be accomplished otherwise. Let us suppose that the workingmen of to-day go to their employers, and say to them: ‘Listen! Your administration of affairs don’t suit us any more; it leads to disastrous consequences. While one part of us are worked to death, the others, out of employment, are starved to death; little children are ground to death in the factories, while strong vigorous men are kept in compulsory idleness; the masses live in misery while a small class of respectables only enjoy luxury and wealth; all this is the result of your maladministration, which will bring misfortune even to yourselves; step down and out now; let society have your property, which is nothing but unpaid labor; we shall take the management of affairs in our own hands now; we shall administrate matters satisfactorily, and regulate the institutions of society in conformity with its wants and desires; voluntarily we agree to pay you a life-long pension. Now, do you think the ‘bosses’ would accept this proposition? You certainly don’t believe it. Therefore force I suppose, will ultimately have to decide—or do you know of any other way?’

“ ‘So you are organizing a revolution?’”

(It was shortly before my arrest, and I answered): “Such things are hard to organize. A revolution is a sudden upswelling—a convulsion of the feverish body of society. We are preparing society for that event.

“ ‘What would be the order of things in the new society?’

“ ‘I must decline to answer this question, as it is, till now, a mere matter of speculation. The organization of labor on a co-operative basis offers no difficulties. The large establishments of to-day might be used as patterns. Those who will have to solve these questions will expediently do it, instead of working according to our prescriptions (if we should give any), they will be directed by the circumstances and conditions of their time, and these are beyond our horizon. About this you needn’t trouble yourselves.

“ ‘But, friend, don't you think that about a week after the division, the provident will have all, while the spendthrift will have nothing?’

“ ‘The question is out of order,’ interfered the Chairman; ‘there was not anything said about division.’

“ ‘Prof. Wilcox: ‘Don't you think the introduction of Socialism will destroy individuality?’

“ ‘How can anything be destroyed which does not exist? In our time there is no individuality; that only can be developed under Socialism, when mankind will be independent, economically. Where do you meet to-day with real individuality? Look at yourselves, gentlemen! You don't dare to give utterance to any subjective opinion which might not suit the feelings of your bread-givers and customers. You are hypocrites, every business man is a hypocrite. Everywhere is hypocrisy, servility, lie and fraud. And the laborers! There you feign anxiety about their individuality; about the individuality of a class that has been degraded to machines—used each day for ten or twelve hours as appendages to the lifeless machines! About their individuality you are anxious!’” (*) — — — — —

“Does that sound as though I had at that time, as has been imputed to me, organized a revolution—a so-called social revolution, which was to occur on or about the 1st of May to establish anarchy in place of our present “ideal order?” I guess not.

“Socialism does not mean the destruction of society. Socialism is a constructive and not a destructive science. While capitalism appropriates the masses for the benefit of the privileged class; while capitalism is that school of economics which teaches how one can live upon the labor (*i. e.*, property) of the other; Socialism teaches how all may possess property, and further teaches that every man must work honestly for his living, and not be playing the “respectable board of trade man,” or any other highly (?) respectable business-man or banker, such as appeared here as talesmen in the jurors' box, with the fixed opinion that we ought to be hanged. Indeed, I believe they have that opinion!

“Socialism, in short, seeks to establish a universal system of cooperation, and to render accessible to each and every member of the human family the achievements and benefits of civilization, which, under capitalism, are being monopolized by a privileged class and employed, not as they should be, for the common good of all, but for

(*) This speech was translated from the “Arbeiter-Zeitung”; the translation is poor.

the brutish gratification of an avaricious class. Under capitalism the great inventions of the past, far from being a blessing for mankind, have been turned into a curse! Under Socialism the prophecy of the Greek poet, Antiporas, would be fulfilled, who, at the invention of the first water mill, exclaimed: "This is the emancipator of male and female slaves"; and likewise the prediction of Aristotle, who said: "When, at some future age, every tool, upon command or by predestination, will perform its work as the art-work \bar{a} of Dædalus did, which moved by themselves, or like the three-feet of Hephæstos, which went to their sacred work instinctively, when thus the weavers' shuttles will weave by themselves, then we shall no longer require masters and slaves." Socialism says this time has come, and can you deny it? You say: "Oh, these heathens, what did they know?" True! They knew nothing of political economy; they knew nothing of christendom. They failed to conceive how nicely these man-emancipating machines could be employed to lengthen the hours of toil and to intensify the burdens of the slaves. These heathens, yes, they excused the slavery of one on the ground that thereby another would be afforded the opportunity of human development. But to preach the slavery of the masses in order that a few rude and arrogant parvenues might become "eminent manufacturers," "extensive packing-house owners," or "influential shoe-black dealers," to do this they lacked that specific Christian organ.

Socialism teaches that the machines, the means of transportation and communication are the result of the combined efforts of society, past and present, and that they are therefore rightfully the indivisible property of society, just the same as the soil and the mines and all natural gifts should be. This declaration implies that those who have appropriated this wealth wrongfully, though lawfully, shall be expropriated by society. The expropriation of the masses by the monopolists has reached such a degree that the expropriation of the expropriateurs has become an imperative necessity, an act of social self-preservation. Society will reclaim its own, even though you erect a gibbet on every street corner. And Anarchism! this terrible "ism," deduces that under a co-operative organization of society, under economic equality and individual independence, the "State"—the political State—will pass into barbaric antiquity. In a society where all are free, where there are no longer masters and servants, where intellect stands for brute force, there will no longer be any use for the policemen or militia to preserve the so-called "peace and order"—the order that the Russian General speaks of when he telegraphed to the Czar after he had massacred half of Warsaw, "Order reigns in Warsaw."

Anarchism does not mean bloodshed; does not mean robbery, arson, etc. These monstrosities are, on the contrary, the characteristic features of capitalism. Anarchism means peace and happiness to all. Anarchism, or Socialism, means the reorganization of society upon scientific principles and the abolition of causes which produce vice and crime. Capitalism first produces these social diseases and then seeks to cure them by punishment.

The court has had a great deal to say about the incendiary character of the articles read from the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. Let me read to you an editorial which appeared in the *Fond du Lac Commonwealth*, in October, 1876, a Republican paper. If I am not mistaken the court is Republican, too.

“To arms, Republicans! Work in every town in Wisconsin for men not afraid of firearms, blood or dead bodies, to preserve peace (that is the ‘peace I have been speaking of) and quiet; avoid a conflict of parties to prevent the administration of public affairs from falling into the hands of such obnoxious men as James G. Jenkins. Every Republican in Wisconsin should go armed to the polls on next election day. The grain-stacks, houses and barns of active Democrats should be burned; their children burned and their wives outraged, that they may understand that the Republican party is the one which is bound to rule, and the one which they should vote for, or keep their vile carcasses away from the polls. If they still persist in going to the polls, and persist in voting for Jenkins, meet them on the road, in the bush, on the hill, or anywhere, and shoot every one of these base cowards and agitators. If they are too strong in any locality, and succeed in putting their opposition votes into the ballot box, break open the box and tear in shreds their discord-breathing ballots. Burn them. This is the time for effective work. Yellow fever will not catch among Morrison Democrats; so we must use less noisy and more effective means. The agitators must be put down, and whoever opposes us does so at his peril. Republicans, be at the polls in accordance with the above directions, and don’t stop for a little blood. That which makes the solid South will make a solid North.”

What does your honor say to these utterances of a ‘law and order’ organ—a Republican organ? How does the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* compare with this?

The book of Johann Most, which was introduced in court, I have never read, and I admit that passages were read here that are repulsive—that must be repulsive to any person who has a heart. But I call your attention to the fact that these passages have been translated

from a publication of Andrieux, the ex-prefect of police in Paris, by an exponent of *your* order! Have the representatives of *your* order ever stopped at the sacrifice of human blood? Never!

It has been charged that we (the eight here) constituted a conspiracy. I would reply to that, that my friend Lingg I had seen but twice at meetings of the Central Labor Union, where I went as a reporter; had seen him but twice before I was arrested. Never spoke to him. Engel I have not been on speaking terms with for at least a year. And Fischer, "my lieutenant" (?), used to go round and make speeches against me. So much for that.

Your honor has said this morning, "we must learn their objects from what they have said and written," and in pursuance thereof the court has read a number of articles.

Now, if I had as much power as the court, and were a law-abiding citizen, I would certainly have the court indicted for some remarks made during this trial. I will say that if I had not been an anarchist at the beginning of this trial I would be one now. I quote the exact words of the court on one occasion. "It does not necessarily follow that all laws are foolish and bad because a good many of them are so." That is treason, sir! if we are to believe the court and the State's Attorney. But, aside from that, I cannot see how we shall distinguish the good from the bad laws! Am I to judge of that? No; I am not. But if I disobey a bad law, and am brought before a bad judge, I undoubtedly would be punished.

In regard to a report in the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, also read this morning, the report of the Board of Trade demonstration, I would say—and this is the only defense, the only word I have to say in my own defense, is, that I did not know of that article until I saw it in the paper, and the man who wrote it, wrote it rather as a reply to some slurs in the morning papers. He was discharged. The language used in that article would never have been tolerated if I had seen it.

Now, if we cannot be directly implicated with this affair, connected with the throwing of the bomb, where is the law that says, "that these men shall be picked out to suffer"? Show me that law if you have it! If the position of the court is correct, then half of this city—half of the population of this city—ought to be hanged, because they are responsible the same as we are for that act on May 4th. And if not half of the population of Chicago is hanged, then show me the law that says, "Eight men shall be picked out and hanged as scape-goats!" You have no such law! Your decision, your verdict, our conviction is nothing but an arbitrary outrage. It is true there is no precedent in jurisprudence in this case.

It is true we have called upon the people to arm themselves. It is true that we have told them time and again that the great day of change was coming. It was not our desire to have bloodshed. We are not beasts. We would not be socialists if we were beasts. It is because of our sensitiveness that we have gone into this movement for the emancipation of the oppressed and suffering. It is true we have called upon the people to arm and prepare for the stormy times before us.

This seems to be the ground upon which the verdict is to be sustained. ".....BUT WHEN A LONG TRAIN OF ABUSES AND USURPATIONS PURSUING INVARIABLY THE SAME OBJECT EVINCES A DESIGN TO REDUCE THE PEOPLE UNDER ABSOLUTE DESPOTISM, IT IS THEIR RIGHT, IT IS THEIR DUTY, TO THROW OFF SUCH GOVERNMENT AND PROVIDE NEW GUARDS FOR THEIR FUTURE SAFETY." This is a quotation from the "Declaration of Independence." Have we broken any laws by showing to the people how these abuses, that have occurred for the last twenty years, are invariably pursuing one object, viz.: to establish an *oligarchy* in this country as strong and powerful and monstrous as never before has existed in any country? I can well understand why that man Grinnell did not urge upon the grand jury to charge us with treason. I well understand his motive. You cannot try and convict a man for treason who has upheld the constitution against those who tried to trample it under their feet. It would not have been as easy a job to do that, Mr. Grinnell, as to charge "these men" with murder, eh?

Now, these are my ideas. They constitute a part of myself. I cannot divest myself of them, nor would I, if I could. And if you think that you can crush out these ideas that are gaining ground more and more every day, if you think you can crush them out by sending us to the gallows—if you would once more have people suffer the penalty of death because they have dared to tell the truth—and I defy you to show us where we have told a lie—I say, if death is the penalty for proclaiming the truth, then I will proudly and defiantly pay the costly price! Call your hangman! *Truth crucified in Socrates, in Christ, in Giordano Bruno, in Huss, Gallileo, still lives; they and others whose number is legion have preceded us on this path. We are ready to follow!*

NOTES AND LETTERS.*

“.....The man
Of virtuous soul commands not, nor obeys,
Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
A mechanized automaton.”

—SHELLEY.

On the morning of my arrest, my brother Christ happened to be in my office. He had not been there for months; he was in no way connected with the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, or the socialistic movement. The detectives, learning that he was my brother, seized and arrested him without a warrant. He was insulted, and threatened when he had the temerity to ask for an explanation.....In the afternoon (May 5), the coroner's inquest was held. The prosecution produced a witness who *swore* that on the previous evening, shortly before the Haymarket meeting, he had heard my brother say: "I am going to throw a bomb this evening." Where did he hear him say so? At the corner of Halsted and Randolph streets. Upon this testimony my brother was held on the charge of murder, although he had not been within three miles of that locality at that time. On the following day he was taken to the rogues' gallery and later to the County Jail, where he was kept for two weeks. The prosecution then changed the original charge into "conspiracy" and put him under a \$6,000 bond..... He has not yet been tried. The state has never explained what became of the valuable witness!.....The professional witness is a part of our police system, in fact, the most essential part of it. They give whatever testimony is wanted upon the shortest notice. In this city Jim Bonfield, a brother of the notorious John Bonfield, is the drill-master of these gentlemen; he instructs them as to what testimony to give and posts them generally. It was he who procured the valuable services of Harry Gilmer, the honorable gentleman, who saw me strike a match and light the fuse of the Haymarket bomb. Mr. Bonfield was well acquainted with Mr. Gilmer; he made his acquaintance in the County Jail about four years ago.

* These notes and letters were written to Miss Van Zandt on various occasions. They are of general interest.

There was method in our Persecution. When the Grand Jury met to "investigate" the Haymarket affair, three of the regularly appointed members were missing (!), for which substitutes had to be chosen. Chosen from the body of the people? Oh, no! The "Citizens' Association" was managing these things. The three "chosen ones" were members of this Association of Millionaires and men who desire to become such. One of them was E. S. Dreyer, the banker. Now, of the many friends I have among men who live by usury and similar respectable occupations, Mr. Dreyer has, probably, clasped me nearest to his—heart. I think it was in 1883, when our city school board resolved to purchase a piece of property from Mr. Dreyer; the property was located at the corner of Cass and Illinois streets; the price agreed upon was \$32,000. I was informed that but a few months previous to this the identical property had been offered for sale for \$17,500. I inquired into the matter and found that the last mentioned sum was a fair market price. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* thereupon called public attention to the attempted steal and spoiled the little job for the very honorable Mr. Dreyer. A banker, and a man with such feelings for me as must have grown out of our former acquaintance, was, without doubt, an exemplary juror, one who would weigh the "evidence" in the Haymarket case "fairly and impartially"! A man with the least regard for decency would have declined to serve on the jury under such circumstances. But decency is not considered a requisite quality in a "respectable banker!"

* * *

The Grand Jury which indicted us, which was manipulated by Grinnell, and of which Mr. Dreyer was a member, issued a proclamation to the public at the end of their session. "These men (referring to us) have agitated," thus the document read, "the labor question for mercenary purposes. A small *coterie* in possession of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* have for years fleeced the politicians by successfully pretending great political influence. . . ."

I repeat, Mr. Dreyer was a member of the body that issued the proclamation in which the above quotation occurs! I note this particularly because Mr. Dreyer was treasurer of the Democratic Central Committee during the Cleveland campaign, when said committee, through one of their agents, Wm. Legner, offered me a bribe of from \$5,000 to \$10,000. "All we ask of you," was the condition, "is that you say nothing against Cleveland; we don't ask you to say anything in favor of him." Does any one mean to tell me that the treasurer of the campaign committee knew nothing about this attempted bribe?

I know that he did. He also knew that the offer was indignantly rejected by "the mercenary wretch" (Spies)! You see, the artful dodge "stop thief!" is not exclusively resorted to by *small* thieves!

* * *

In his opening speech to the jury, Grinnell said: "They are all cowards, but Fielden. Fielden was the only man who had the courage and backbone to stand his ground and fire....." At that time Grinnell hadn't "fixed" his case yet; he had not yet arranged the *dramatis personæ* in the manner that I was to light the fuse of the bomb. Otherwise the "gentleman" would certainly have paid me a similar compliment. "If," said he, again, in his plaidoyer, "if Fielden did not stand his ground and did not shoot, then he isn't the brave man I took him to be."

Now, if it was praiseworthy in Fielden to shoot, and if it was cowardice not to shoot, what deduction are we to draw from such a statement? This:

That a man who defends himself against an attack of the police is a courageous fiend, and that one who does not defend himself is a cowardly fiend! And that the punishment is the same in either case.

* * *

The great English jurist Macaulay writes ("Constitutional History of England"): "To punish a man, because we infer from the nature of some doctrine which he holds, or from the conduct of other persons, who hold the same doctrines with him, that he will commit a crime, is *persecution*, and is, in every case, foolish and wicked." If the above had been written as a comment to the proceedings of our "trial" it could not have been more pertinent. The indictment charged us with the commission of murder—the evidence being that we were Anarchists, that we held certain doctrines. From this evidence our "guilt" was *inferred!*

* * *

The state's attorney told the jury that the testimony of the witnesses for the defense had no value—they being socialists and anarchists.....Macaulay, criticizing the civil disability of the Jews (Essay I, 301), writes: ".....To charge men with practical consequences which they deny is disingenuous in controversy; it is atrocious in Governments.....It is quite impossible to reason from the opinions which a man professes to his feelings and his actions; and in fact no person is ever such a fool as to reason thus, except when he wants a *pretext* for *persecuting* his neighbors."

Ask what right the police had to attack a peaceable meeting of citizens, setting the constitutional rights of free speech and free assemblage at naught,—and you are told “Liberty is not License!”

Ah! the sophists! If I advocate certain changes in social affairs; if I teach certain doctrines with which my neighbor is displeased, does that give him the right to suppress me, because “it is license,” and because he has the power to suppress me? Where there is liberty there can be no license! But the suppression of liberty in any and every form is license. License and privilege are twins. Equality and liberty are twins. Our constitution speaks not of liberty and license. The enemies of liberty are the inventors of the distinction between liberty and license. Liberty can have no other but natural restrictions. How monstrous to think that a policeman may decide where “liberty” ends and where “license” begins! How monstrous—when we consider that the average policeman is very little, if at all, above the common brute!

* * *

Carter H. Harrison, the mayor of Chicago, was present at the Haymarket meeting and listened to the speeches. He testified that the meeting was a quiet one and that there had not been anything unusual in the speeches. He had hardly left the meeting when Inspector Bonfield formed his men in line and made the attack. Now, inasmuch as the mayor had just a few minutes before told him “that the meeting was all right,” that he should send his reserves home, can there be any doubt as to the motives and intentions of Bonfield? He had said to Mr. Simondson before the meeting was called to order, “if I could only get about 3,000 of these socialists together I would make short work of them!” The bailiff of the Desplains street station had cautioned a friend not to go to the meeting as “there was going to be some fun.”

It seems, then, that chief-beatle Bonfield was “out for fun” on that memorable night. “Fun” and “making short work of the socialists,” in the jargon of the police evidently express the same thing!

To have a little fun was the object of the murderous attack upon a body of citizens! In an ordinary case the attacking party would have been held responsible for the consequences—in this case some citizens who happened to be among the attacked party, and others who were not among it, who were not present, who did not even know that there was such a meeting, are held responsible for the consequences of Bonfield’s attempt at jocularity.

If our courts and executive officers are what they pretend to be—the guardians of the people's rights and the upholders of law—why was the facetiously disposed Bonfield not punished for breaking the fundamental law of the land, the constitution?

* * *

In cases of conspiracy one would naturally expect the conspirators to be personally acquainted, or, if not personally acquainted, to have conferred together in some way. This certainly would be the ordinary way of looking at things. . . . But our case was an *extra-ordinary* one where an ordinary conspiracy wouldn't do—*ergo*: one had to be constructed especially for the occasion. The most noteworthy features of this really novel conspiracy were that some of the "conspirators" did not know their "accomplices," while others had been personal enemies for a long time. The advantage and beauty of such a heterogeneously constructed conspiracy, for which the prosecution was deservedly applauded, will be readily observed.

* * *

Said one of Chicago's prominent lawyers, in an interview, to a reporter: "Why, it required no skill to obtain a conviction in the anarchist case; had Grinnell but simply said, 'these are the men who have made socialistic speeches,' *that* jury would have returned the same verdict." It may surprise some of our American citizens to learn that in this country of "free speech" there is no easier thing in the world than to sentence persons to death for expressing their views and convictions.

* * *

Some of the "witnesses" for the prosecution, while on the stand, admitted having received various sums of money from police captain Schaack. This money and a great deal more (spent in similar ways) came from the "Citizens' Association," a society composed of Board of Trade men, prominent business men and bankers. Does not that furnish cause for reflection, reader? These very respectable citizens were also the men who received the verdict with so much enthusiasm and applause. Citizens, is there nothing suspicious in this—think!

* * *

Henry George writes in the *New York Standard*:

(LAW AND ORDER.)

The anarchist cases have proved that while organized workingmen are as a class in favor of due administration of law, the society saving class is at heart a lawless class. Spies and his associates were

convicted by a jury chosen in a manner so shamelessly illegal that it would be charity to suspect the judge of incompetency.

The accusation was murder, by an explosive thrown by an unknown person between whom and the defendants no connection was shown. The meeting at which it was thrown was peaceable and lawful. The mayor so declared it; and although the chief of police agreed with him, hardly was the mayor out of sight when the chief, at the head of a squad of policemen, ordered it to disperse. Then the explosive was thrown.

The only evidence against the defendants in connection with this meeting was that they were present and that some of them spoke. Yet this jury, many of whom confessed to fixed opinions against the accused, found a verdict of murder.

Upon this the labor organizations, although opposed in opinion to the defendants, raised a fund to vindicate the law. How different the position of the "better classes." No well informed lawyer can defend the conviction upon legal grounds. Laymen may think the proceeding lawful, because outward forms of law were observed, but the lawyers who defend it do so solely on the ground that "anarchy," and "communism," and "socialism" must be stamped out. They concede that it was a mere subterfuge to punish men for opinion's sake, but urge that the opinions are dangerous to society; and when a layman is confronted with the truth that this trial was a legal farce, he falls back upon the same plea. An opinion more dangerous to society than that men who teach unpopular doctrines may be silenced by illegal convictions of infamous crimes could hardly be conceived.

Which then is the law and order class?—the class that demands a lawful trial for victims of popular hate and fear, and out of its slender means contributes to that end, or the class that uses the machinery of the law to mangle the law itself in an endeavor to silence doctrinal adversaries?

* * *

"Die Wenigen, die was davon erkannt,
Die, thöricht genug, ihr volles Herz nicht wahrten—
Dem Pöbel ihr Gefühl und Schauen offenbarten,
Hat man von je gekreuzigt und verbrannt."

—Goethe.

Every student must know from history that new discoveries are generally made at the discoverer's own risk; that he must expect to be persecuted, villified and punished. This is sad, but it is true. And knowing it to be true the discoverer or inventor takes the inevitable good-naturedly and consoles himself with the honor of having origin-

ated something. But to be punished for expressing ideas and thoughts that have for hundreds of years been known to the scientist, that are contained in almost every scientific work and brochure—to be punished for this (as a low criminal) simply, because a states-attorney, judge and juror have never read a work on Political Economy, is aggravating and bitter. Think of it—you are a “dangerous criminal,” because you have the audacity to know more than a states-attorney, judge or juror!

* * *

“Property rights are sacred,” so we were informed by the court—“and whoever attacks them, is a criminal. . . .” Now, our “attacks” upon certain property rights were exclusively theoretical. . . . But can that which not more than 25 years ago was considered the noble aspiration of this great nation; can that for which the blood of hundreds of thousands of Americans was shed on the battlefield; can that for which the nation honors a Lincoln, Sumner, a Grant and Logan — I ask, can *that* have become a felonious crime in so short a time? Did the nation respect the “sacred property rights” of the southern slaveholders? No, when this property right threatened the peace and welfare of the nation, it was abolished! Are we to believe from the statement of the court, that all those “who taught the abolition of that “sacred property right,” and that all those who “assisted and abetted” in that abolition were criminals!

Regarding property rights Herbert Spencer writes:—*

“. . . . While centuries ago it might have been inferred that the ownership of man by man was an ownership in course of being permanently established; yet we see that a later stage of civilization, reversing this process, has destroyed ownership of man by man. *Similarly, at a stage still more advanced it may be that private ownership of land will disappear.* As that primitive freedom of the individual which existed before war established coercive institutions and personal slavery, comes to be re-established as militancy declines; so it seems possible that the primitive ownership of land by the community, which, with the development of coercive institutions, lapsed in large measure or wholly into private ownership will be revived as industrialism further develops. . . .”

And regarding the origin of the sacred property-rights the same thinker has the following to say:—

* Synthetic Philosophy, 553.

“War, both by producing class-differentiations within each society, and by effecting the subjugation of one society by another, undermines or destroys communal proprietorship of land and substitutes for it the unqualified ownership of the conqueror”

It takes a Chicago Court to settle scientific questions! Herbert Spencer had better take a back seat.

* * *

“*Salus reipublicæ suprema lex esto*” (let the welfare of the community be the highest law) is an alleged principle of Roman law. When the nobles and princes of the Middle Ages stole *common* property, their right was founded on the public welfare. When the French Revolution expropriated the aristocracy and clergy, it did so in the name of public welfare, and 7 millions of peasant proprietors, the support of modern bourgeois France, are the result. In the name of public welfare Spain has frequently taken possession of church property; and Italy has confiscated it altogether, amid the plaudits of the warmest advocates of “inviolable property”. The English nobility has been robbing the English and Irish people for centuries of its property, and took “legal” possession of not less than 3,511,710 acres of public land, between 1803 and 1831. And when in the great American War of Emancipation, millions of slaves, representing property that had been bought and paid for, were declared free without any compensation to their owners, this was done in the name of public welfare! The whole of our industrial development is an uninterrupted process of expropriation and confiscation, in which the manufacturer ejects the artisan, the large landowner the peasant, the merchant the shopkeeper, and, at last, one capitalist the other, in short in which the smaller inevitably falls a prey to the larger Where, pray, are the “sacred rights” of property?

* * *

One of our attorneys, Mr. Swett, in the application for a writ of supersedeas, addresses himself as follows to Judge Scott of the Supreme Court:

“The writer of this paragraph remembers, now thirty years ago, of belonging to a political party, together with his honor, Judge Scott, whose presence now adorns the bench of our Supreme Court, the battle line of which party was formed along Mason and Dixon’s line. We made speeches for this party, and advocated its principles. The most radical leaders denounced the constitution of the United States as a “*league with hell.*” Underground railroads were every-

where established from the south to Canada, and the unlawful act was frequently committed of aiding and abetting the slave in his escape. If he were caught by the officers of the law, he was unlawfully rescued, often through riot, and his rescuers became popular favorites. By and by, old John Brown, caught up by the inspiration of the occasion, with a few fanatics, committed murder at Harper's ferry. There is no statute of limitations to the prosecution for aiding and abetting murder. Are His Honor, Judge Scott, and the writer of this paragraph, now liable to arrest, prosecution and conviction, as aiders and abettors of John Brown's offense? If we are not, the law laid down in this case is wrong, and the reason we are not, is because Judge Scott and the writer were guilty of no criminal agency in connection with him. We did not aid or abett his act. Like the case of these defendants, we did not know beforehand that he was to commit the murder. Therefore, although John Brown's soul may still go marching on, the censure or glory of that fact does not belong to us."

* * *

It will be remembered that the Municipal Council of Paris, France, and also the Council of the Departement de Seine, requested the American minister, McLane, for the transmission to Governor Oglesby of their petition in behalf of the "condemned anarchists." The French petitioners took the position that the execution of seven men for the alleged commission of a "political crime," in our age, would brand an everlasting mark of infamy upon republicanism, which, itself, was the offspring of "political crimes" and revolution. "Ah!" replied the Honorable McLane, "political crimes!—we Americans are very tolerant regarding political crimes, very! Your petition, however, gentlemen, is superfluous; only low criminals, such of the deepest dye, are sentenced to death in our country. You may rest assured, therefore, that these men, in whose behalf you would have me petition the governor of Illinois, are low criminals—otherwise they would not have been sentenced to death."

Le Cri du Peuple, commenting upon this, said that McLane was a contemptible Jesuit. *L'Intransigeant* said: "The republic of the republics is preparing for a sinister spectacle which, if consummated, will put Russia to shame. Seven men are to die on the scaffold because some of them were present at a public meeting which was *unlawfully* attacked by the police, and because an unknown party resisted the attack by throwing a bomb, killing some of the assailants. The American minister has the unenviable courage to speak of the condemned men, who have shown themselves heroes throughout the

trial, as common criminals. Is the American bourgeoisie bent upon inaugurating the social revolution?" (*L'Intransigeant* is not a socialistic paper.)

Those Paris editors, of course, don't know what constitutes a political crime in America. Here the utmost tolerance is shown the policeman who kills one or more citizens; he is never punished, and I conclude his is a "political crime." Here the Pinkertons can kill workingmen by the score without ever receiving punishment. From the tolerance shown in such cases I conclude that the killing of workingmen comes under the heading of "political crime." Here a legislator who receives bribes, steals the people's rights and sells them to corporations and monopolies is never punished. I suppose he is a political criminal. Those who sack our public treasuries, the whisky thieves, the "star routers," and "boodlers" of all and every kind, are never punished. The great tolerance shown them leads me to the conclusion that they are considered political criminals. The ballot-box stuffers, they, too, must be political criminals. I find that outrages committed by officials upon the people are never looked upon as common crimes—all these must be political crimes, for they are never punished. Mr. McLane should have explained the nature of what is looked upon as belonging to the category of political crime in America.

* * *

The greatest crime known to American courts, capitalists and editors, is that of being a revolutionist, i. e. a man who will not be convinced that the world has come to a standstill, since the bourgeoisie have arranged everything so nicely. These Americans who deny their parent, (revolution) who deny the God that has created them, are withal a ludicrous set! They remind me of the reactionaries of Europe of 40 years ago, whom Ludwig Boerne strikingly characterizes as follows:

".....They not only want to destroy the fruits, the blossoms, the leaves and the branches and the trunk of the revolution—no, they also want to tear out its roots, its deepest, most extended and strongest roots, even though half of the earth would be torn up with them. They go about with knife, spade and ax from one field and from one land to the other, and from one people to the other. And after they have torn out and burnt all the roots of revolution, after they have annihilated the present, they go back to the past. After they have chopped the revolution's head off and the unfortunate delinquent has breathed her last, they prohibit her grandmother, who has been dead and decayed for many, many years, to marry; they make the past the

daughter of the present. Is this not madness! After they have stamped out the revolution here, they stamp out the American and French revolutions; then they put their spade to the English revolution in 1688. They'll soon reach the elder Brutus, who put the Tarquiniens to flight; thus they will go backward, backward until they finally strike upon God himself, who committed an act of inexcusable carelessness in creating Adam and Eve before he had yet created a king, which fact caused people to put it into their heads that they could get along without masters."

* * *

(From a Letter.)

" You will have observed that the demonstration of the Chicago workingmen, about two years ago, on the day of the dedication of the Board of Trade building, against which it was directed, was made the basis of our prosecution. If you take everything pertaining to this demonstration from the bulk of "testimony," there will be very little left. And when I consider that the members of the Board of Trade took such a suspiciously active part (furnishing money and jurors) in our prosecution, I cannot resist the conclusion that forces itself upon me—namely, "that they wanted to get even with the fellows who showed up their business."

You find an analogeous case, my dear, in Judaic history. You, who are well versed in the scripture, as I believe, will probably remember the crucifixion of a young, bright, generous and noblehearted Jew, by the name of Jesus. And in connection with this incident you will likewise remember that a few days prior to his "legal" murder, he had entered the temple of Jerusalem, which he found occupied by the Board of Trade men of that city. Let me also call to your memory what he did and said on this occasion. I quote from Matthew: "And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money changers (bankers) and said unto them: 'My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a *den of thieves*.'"

And when the Jerusalem Board of Trade men saw their "respectable business" thus exposed by this "foreign, half-distracted, wild-eyed, ranting agitator," and when they saw that his words were listened to eagerly by the people, they summoned their hireling pharisees and scribes, formed a conspiracy, "drummed up" some charges against the "lawless fiend" and—crucified him as a "convicted felon."

You will readily see the analogy of this and our own case.

You are likewise aware of the fact that *our* persecutors are "good christians," men who pretend to follow the teachings of Christ. No one could characterize these hypocrites more vividly than the founder of their own "religion." Just listen (again I quote from Matthew): "The scribes and the pharisees sit in Moses' seat. Woe unto you scribes, pharisees and hypocrites! for ye are like unto whitened sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Even so ye also outwardly appear righteous unto men, but within you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity.

"Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees and hypocrites! because ye built *the tombs of the prophets*, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous.

"And say, if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?"

This sounds as though it had been expressly written for the occasion, does it not? Do you think that Judge Gary, Grinnell and the Board of Trade men, who contribute so largely, I understand, to christian missionary work, can look each other in the face without laughing! Having touched upon this subject once, let me translate for you a short extract from no less a church authority than Doctor Martinus Luther. He, too, has something to say on Board of Trade men, and he says it in his own powerful, though not very "decent" and polished language:

"The heathens could reckon from their reason that a usurer was a quadruple thief and murderer. But we christians honor them so much that we feign would worship them for the money they have. He who sucks from another his subsistence, or robs or steals it, is as much a murderer (in his own thoughts) as he who would starve another to death or destroy him. But this is exactly what the usurer does, and meanwhile he sits safely upon his chair, when he should justly hang on the gallows, where he should be devoured by as many ravens as the number of *gulden* that he has stolen, forsooth, if there be enough flesh of him that so many ravens could take part in the feast. Meanwhile little thieves are hanged. Small thieves lie stretched upon the racks in prisons; big thieves go about in gold and silks. And hence there is not a greater enemy of mankind on earth (after the devil) than a usurer, for he seeks to be God above all men. Turks, warriors, tyrants are wicked men, but they let people live at least, and confess that they are wicked and our enemies. And

they show, or have to show, mercy once in a while. But a potbelly of a usurer—he would have all the world perish from hunger and thirst, from want and suffering, only that he might have everything himself, and have everybody his dependent serf, who should look up to him as his God; wear jewels, gold chains, rings, wipe his mouth and have people laud and praise him as a most dear and pious man. . . . Usury is a stupendous monstrosity, like a werewolf that devastates everything, more than Cacus, Gerion or Antus; and yet adorns himself and wants to be pious, so that it might not be seen where the oxen disappear, whom he draws clandestinely into his abyss! But Hercules shall hear the cry of the oxen and the prisoners, and he shall look for Cacus in cliffs and crags and rocks, to release the oxen from the miscreant. Cacus is a miscreant who is a pious usurer—steals, robs and devours everything. And he will not admit it; nobody shall find him out, because the oxen have been drawn into the hole clandestinely, going backward, he would make it appear from their tracks that they had been let out. In the same way tries the usurer to eat up the entire world—making it appear that he benefits the world by giving it oxen, while he draws them into his hole and devours them all himself. . . . And since the highwaymen, murderers and robbers are put on the wheel and are beheaded, how many times more ought the usurers be quartered and wheeled, ought they be persecuted, cursed and beheaded. . . .”

Now, my friend, no socialist ever proposed such a terrible measure as “quartering, wheeling and beheading” our Board of Trade men (who are the typical usurers of our time). And while we agree with Luther’s general characterization, all we ever proposed was to simply put a stop to their infernal business.

The point I wish to make in this connection is, that we are condemned by alleged christians, sentenced to death as common felons, as it were, for having said similar things of the Board of Trade men as Christ and Luther did—only that we were far more moderate in our expressions and, for a remedy, did not advocate the brutal killing of anybody, as the eminent authority, Luther, did.

The respectable Board of Trade men of this city, or at least some of them, only the other day passed a resolution in which they speak of me as the “convicted felon.” The *Inter Ocean* of the same day says that my comrades and I were convicted because of the “dangerous philosophy” we hold; all the other papers have said the same thing, and “Judge” Gary said so in passing sentence. Now, if because of my views I am a felon, were not Christ and Luther, whom they pre-

tend to worship, felons fully as "deep dyed," and even more so, than I or my co-prisoners?

The "dreadful book" of Most—what is it when compared with the "wild rantings" of Luther? Very meek, indeed.

* * *

(From a Letter.)

".....You ask me, can not this question,* which concerns every member of the human family, be solved peaceably? Is brute force in our "civilized age" still—what it was in former ages—the *ultima ratio*?"

Let me relate to you a short episode. It was in 1832. Paris was mourning; a cholera epidemic held terrible sway in the gay city on the Seine. The number of the victims of this dreadful destroyer increased from hour to hour. Something had to be done to check the ravings of the plague, and a *commission sanitaire* was organized. Scarcely had the commission been organized when it collided with the interests of several thousand citizens, who looked upon the public dirt as their private domaine. These were the so-called *chiffonniers*, who made a living from the rubbish and offal that accumulated every day in front of the houses. They sneaked about with large baskets and long sticks (hook on one end), miserable, dirty looking creatures, and picked up a good many things out of the sweepings that they could sell. As soon as the sanitary commission had ordered the sweepings, etc., to be at once removed by carts out of the city limits, where, if they desired to, the *chiffonniers* might sift and search it at pleasure, the latter at once began to lament that this measure was an invasion of their inalienable rights, an attempt to deprive them of a livelihood, an unwarrantable violation of what, by custom and usage, had become a sacred property-right. But the welfare of the community required a rigid enforcement of sanitary measures, among which the cleaning of the streets was the most important. "No!" protested the *Messieurs Chiffonniers*; "we will not hear of anything of the kind being done; we claim that nobody has a right to interfere with our business; if you don't like our old established rights and regulations in Paris—why, nobody keeps you here! Everybody is at liberty to leave Paris. Who ever is afraid of the cholera may leave the city. As for us, we are going to stay and carry on our legitimate business."

And when the commission entered upon the enterprise to remove the dirt, the scavengers were set upon by the *corps de chiffonniers*, who demolished their carts and threw them in the Seine. The defenders

* The social problem.

of their "property rights" were greatly augmented in numbers by those who were dependent upon them, the junk shop dealers, etc., and were thus enabled to successfully resist for some time the combined efforts of the police. The military had to be called out, the greatest anxiety prevailed, a revolution threatened. After a desperate struggle with the *conservative* ragpickers and sweepings-merchants the state was saved; the *chiffonniers* were defeated.— —

You will readily see the gist of this narrative and its application to our case, i. e., to your question. You attempt to abolish a privilege, no matter how injurious and obnoxious to the community, the class that benefits from such a privilege will fight for its perpetuation, will howl about the sacredness of the same, etc., etc. It is not for me to say whether the social changes necessary for the welfare of humanity shall be brought about in this or that way. Those who hold the key to the situation, the privileged class, will decide that; if they resort to force, as the Paris *chiffonniers* did—well! And they have resorted to force already.

* * *

" Your position is in the main correct. If the law laid down by Judge Gary in our case is "good law," then Phil. Armour, the other packers and Pinkerton have "assisted, aided and abetted" in the killing of Begely, which means that they are guilty of murder in the first degree. They formed a conspiracy for the purpose of breaking the eight-hour law of this state; they engaged men to help them in this lawless proceeding, and armed them with deadly weapons. "It was left to the judgment of the individual members of the conspiracy to make use of these weapons whenever an opportunity should be offered." I am quoting Judge Gary (in our trial). "Now" (I quote him again), "if in pursuance of the general object and design of said conspiracy murder was committed each individual member of the conspiracy is to be held as an accessory." There can be no question about it—if the precedent established in our case is "good law," Armour, Pinkerton & Co. are accessories to the murder of poor Begely,* and are as such punishable the same as the principal.

But it is ridiculous to suppose that the law would be applied alike to a millionaire and an ordinary citizen! Armour might commit as many murders as he chose, and nothing would be done to him! I suppose he comes under the heading, "political criminals,"

* Begely, a poor teamster, was wantonly shot and killed by the Pinkertons during the recent Stockyards strike.

toward whom there is so much toleration shown—as Mr. McLane puts it—in our country, “where *all* citizens are equal before the law!”

Gary’s law fits the Begely murder excellently. In our case nobody knew or could tell whether the bomb-thrower was a socialist or not. In Begely’s case it *is* positively known that one of the hired assassins committed the murder You wonder where the Citizens’ Association is, and Grinnell! Armour and Pinkerton, my friend, enjoy the privileges of absolute monarchs: they are above the law!

* * *

“I maintain, that within a given time all the evils described will have reached a point at which their existence will not only be clearly recognized by the vast majority of the population, but will also have become unbearable; that a universal irresistible longing for radical reformation will then take possession of almost the whole community and make the quickest remedy appear the most opportune.”—*A. Bebel*.

* * *

“Written laws are like cobwebs: the weak and poor are caught in them; the rich break through them.”—*Anacharsis*.

* * *

The “throttlers” of the republic are continually crying out for more military, and they are candid enough to admit that they want a strong army against—the people. Plato, in his “Republic,” says: “A state in which classes exist is not one but two; one consists of the poor, the other of the rich, who, living in close proximity, are constantly on the watch against each other.”

* * *

Shortly after the close of the sinister comedy in Gary’s court, Mayor Harrison was interviewed by a reporter. Said he boastingly: “We had to stretch the laws a little (?) in the prosecution of this case;—why, we did things, which, if done in England, would have upset the throne of Victoria.”

And even Harrison did not know one-half of *what was* done! Bonfield and Grinnell didn’t consult Harrison; they obeyed higher orders. But be that as it may—we have it from his own lips that the “constituted authorities” “throttled” constitution and laws in their attempt to murder us.

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* (9th December, ’86) advises the European governments ironically to take lessons from the American republics.

It says: "European potentates could learn a great deal from the authorities in the American republics, who understand it masterly to govern with *sword* and *powder* states that have surprisingly free constitutions. Instead of a daring *coup de force*, by which they might openly establish the reign of their arbitrary will, they content themselves with leaving the constitutional rights and the sovereignty of the people unchanged on the paper, while they exercise an unlimited authority and do just what they please. . . . they leave freedom of speech and press unmolested,* but they take good care that the opposition goes no further than making words. . . . Newspaper articles and speeches they don't mind as long as they have thousands of well-disciplined armed hirelings and an army of paid spittlelickers around their "thrones." They have a large and wide conscience, these Honorables, and very elastic ideas of honor. . . . The very worst thing is that for everything they do, they have the excuse that they are *only* the executors of the people's will. . . ."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* is one of the very first capitalistic (but democratic) papers in Europe.

* * *

The "evidence" against one of my co-prisoners, Oscar Neebe, was that on the evening of May 3 he picked up a copy of the "Revenge-Circular" in a saloon, and remarked: "Some day it may come the other way!" (referring to the killing of strikers at McCormick's); that he then drank a glass of beer and went home. For this remark the "gentlemen's jury" kindly accorded him fifteen years in the penitentiary. "We would have hanged him, too," said one of the "jurors," "if Grinnell hadn't said that he did not ask for Neebe's life!"

Very pretty—very characteristic! is it not?

It was in evidence that Neebe was not present at the Haymarket meeting, and that he had no knowledge of a meeting being held there. Still, they would have hanged him, too! Of course! Why shouldn't they, the "gentlemen's jury?"

* * *

A. R. Parsons could not be found by the detectives; he was in perfect safety. When the trial began he walked into the court-room and said, "here I am; you may try me, if I have broken any laws!" What man with a consciousness of guilt would do that? The first thing Grinnell did was that he called Parsons a coward. And the "gentlemen's jury" "hanged him." A chivalrous crowd, wasn't it?

*Not in Chicago.

Sam Fielden was shot through the knee by a policeman at the Haymarket meeting. While under arrest in the Central station, he asked for a physician to dress his wound. "Yes, we'll put strychnine in it, you ——!" was the courteous reply of one of the guardians of peace and public morality.

* * *

Schwab, Neebe, Engel and Lingg were not present at the Haymarket meeting at all; and Parsons and Fischer had left it before the police riot and the subsequent bomb-explosion occurred.

* * *

Had Schnaubelt, the alleged bomb-thrower, not seen fit to shake the dust of Chicago from his feet—had he been present at the trial, it is safe to say that Grinnell would never have awarded him the *role* of the bomb-thrower, there being no evidence against him at all (except Gilmer's).

* * *

The direct result of our persecution has been—general activity in labor circles; great progress in organization and, particularly, in ideas. The radical elements have come to the front everywhere, while the conservatives were pushed to the wall. The *Arbeiter-Zeitung* has tripled its subscription list since Grinnell's agitation began. At that time it had 4,000 subscribers; it has now over 10,000. The political party which cast over 25,000 votes last fall is also one of the many good results of Grinnell's revolutionary propaganda.

APPENDIX.

(BY THE PUBLISHER.)

A LADY'S VIEW OF THE TRIAL.

(BY NINA VAN ZANDT.)

As published in November 6th *Knights of Labor*, and republished by special request in the January 22, number of the same. The letter was originally written to a Philadelphia paper, but its publication was refused.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9, 1886.

EDITOR: I am an Eastern woman sojourning for a time in this city, and to the papers of the east, which I hold in much greater respect than those of this city, I look for a fair hearing in a matter which has not had one in the columns of the press. I refer to the case of the so-called anarchists. I attended their trial and was also in court during the recent motion for a new one. I have no sympathy with their doctrines,* but that fact shall not keep me silent when I see those persecuted who do advocate those doctrines. Now that thousands all over the world, who know nothing of the trial, the defendants, nor their characters, except what they have gathered from a prejudiced press, are ventilating their views freely, I feel it not only my right but my duty to tell what I have found to be the truth in the matter.

I entered the court, for the first time, expecting to see a fiendish-looking wretch in each one of the chairs set for the prisoners, but prejudiced as I was, I could not detect an ill-looking man amongst them; several had noble faces. However, I felt no sympathy for them until I found that every possible means was being employed to convict them, "on principle," whether they were guilty under the indictment or not. Then, in spite of constant warnings to the effect that the public would not brook any inquiry into either the true facts in the case or the methods adopted in its prosecution, I set myself to learn the truth, an undertaking which has cost me many weeks of labor. The general public has not had an opportunity to make such inquiry, but has had to accept the statements of the capitalistic press, which has exhausted itself in abuse and misrepresentation of these eight

* I did not know what they were at that time.

men—hence the extreme bitterness of the prevailing prejudice against them. It is plain why the capitalists, or, more particularly, the monopolists, should cry for the blood of these labor-agitators, when it is taken into consideration that they are the leaders of the hated eight-hour movement. Their enemies, however, could prove nothing against their previous characters; they had been unusually good citizens, good fathers and sons, good neighbors. They had committed no crime except that of agitating the labor question, but that was a “crime of the deepest dye!” They had dared to tell the wage-worker, who ought to be kept in servility! that he had a right to the common decencies of life; and such teachings as that could not be countenanced for a moment, as they were calculated to make the workingmen restive under the yoke! If one of these so-called anarchists had not been actuated by the most disinterested motives, would he have refused fine positions to abandon it? Is it not a self-denying love of humanity that has induced him to devote ten years of his youth to this work, to the exclusion of all care for self or for those enjoyments in the striving after which other men spend their lives? He has been persecuted in return. He has patiently labored, not only to elevate the wage-workers, but to reclaim the degraded and to do for the destitute. That he ever desired such a catastrophe as the “Haymarket” is an absurd charge—absurd, to those who know his almost womanish tender-heartedness. It was by the showing up of a fearful outrage perpetrated upon the person of a friendless sixteen year-old servant girl, by a policeman of this city, that Mr. Spies first brought down upon himself the wrath of the united police force. As a punishment for this and many other “black deeds” committed by him, the police have taxed to the utmost their inventive powers in unearthly evidence of a conspiracy which never existed. These honest upholders of justice did not succeed in proving a conspiracy—owing not at all to the want of effort on their part, but to ignorance—but that, of course, made no difference in the verdict! The terrified public, into whose ears the press shrieked that the mere existence of socialism meant destruction to property and annihilation to human life and to government, clamored that a speedy example should be made from the socialistic ranks. An example is about to be made, and the victims have been selected with discrimination.

It is certain that the good judgment of these social reformers was led astray by zeal for their cause; if they had been cunning, or even prudent men, they would not now be situated as they are. While they did not utter much of the inflammatory language now put into their mouths by the press (and the detectives), still they

did make intemperate speeches. If the words of many of our politicians, spoken in the burning heat of election time, were calmly sat upon in judgment, months after, they would strike everyone as startlingly cold-blooded. Samuel Fielden, once a Methodist minister, so far from being a cruel man is almost worshipped by his neighbors and associates for his universal kindness of heart and generosity. An honest looking laborer who sat beside me while Fielden was making his plea for his life, I observed to be convulsed with grief every few minutes. In answer to my query as to whether he knew the speaker, he replied, "yes'm, I've lived nigh 'im fur years; an' a better neighbor nor a honest man never lived. Everybody who knows 'im knows sumthin' good of 'im." Fielden has made no effort to excite public sympathy by causing it to be known that his aged father died of a broken heart after the verdict, and that his wife and little ones are now dependent upon charity.

If, in the mind of a common sense person, there is no indictment against the other of these men, then, indeed, is Oscar Neebe's connection with the case incomprehensible to such. He hadn't been proved to have belonged to any socialistic society, to have ever advocated *measures of defense* for workingmen, or, in fact, to have committed any "crime," *unless* (mark the unless!) it was "criminal" to fulfill the obligation of a friend by saving the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* after its "chief" was imprisoned—imprisoned by strategy and without a warrant of arrest. . . . Ah! I am forgetting: Neebe is somewhat of a "criminal" after all! He had the human feeling to be touched by the want and suffering that he saw among the wage-workers, and to try to better their condition, to which end he organized them, so that they could decide upon a scale of prices for work. When it is taken into consideration that Neebe was in business for himself and *couldn't* be benefited by any reform, his "mercenary" motives are but too apparent! To look at him, though, one would never suspect him of it; he looks as though he enjoyed life and would like every one else to do the same.

Whenever the American public, which, when it has a chance to judge both sides of a question is both just and generous, has been presented with any arguments or testimony in behalf of those condemned men, a systematic effort has instantly been made to refute such arguments. This effort would be invariably successful, were it not that it is made so speedily and violently that it overreaches its end and proves itself to have been made in the interest of some particular class. All that I ask for my letter, which states but a little of what I have found out, is that it may be published, in order that the

public may have at least this small chance of judging for itself in a question involving the lives of seven human beings, and the happiness and support of as many families.

A LETTER FROM BENET.

The following article, which appeared in the *Knights of Labor*, December 4, and again, by special request, December 23, is from a private letter written by Colonel Benet, an eminent lawyer, and president of the South Carolina Club. He was one of the two (2) lay delegates from his state to the recent Episcopal Convention held in Chicago.

I thank you for sending me the various papers concerning the eight condemned socialists. All were read with avidity, but especially the autobiography of Mr. Spies. The wood-cut likeness of him was wonderfully good. It carried me back to the court room in Chicago, where I used to look at and admire his noble face and head. The picture, of course, could not give the kindly look of his eyes. I now take a deeper interest in him than ever. I am sure he is a good man, with a pure and child-like heart. When I think of him I find myself unwittingly humming the words of Coleridge :

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.”

You will readily see the appropriateness of the lines.

If I lived in your city it would certainly be impossible for me to prevent my appearing in court on behalf of Mr. Spies and his fellow-prisoners. I am sorry Carolina is so far from Chicago. I know in my heart these men are entitled to a new trial. It will be a scandal to civilization and to christianity if they are refused one ; and I should like to show a supreme court the reasons for the faith that is in me. This has nothing to do with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners—although I really consider that Spies and his co-prisoners had nothing to do with the Haymarket riot. But apart from their guilt or innocence, I still assert that Judge Gary’s charge to the jury is enough in itself to justify the supreme court, nay, to compel it to grant a new trial. I sincerely trust that Captain Black and his associate counsel will quit them like men and be strong. Lawyers, if they but knew it and remembered it, are the champions of liberty. The bar has for centuries been the bulwark of our rights.

The prisoners' counsel should rise to the great occasion in defiance of public opinion—man's greatest tyrant—happily, like most tyrants, a great coward, and easily routed.

I authorize you to subscribe my name to the protest and the petition. But I am lawyer enough to put small hope in petitions and protests. My confidence is in the justice of the case, in their right to a new trial, which should be a fair trial. Will you kindly send me a complete copy of the speeches, and any newspapers that detail the various steps in the progress of the case?

Let me say to you as you persevere in your good work of demanding justice for these men, God speed you! In the words of Goethe:

“The future hides in it
Darkness and sorrow;
We press still through,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us. Onward!”

WILLIAM CHRISTIE BENET.

ABBEVILLE, Nov. 20, 1886.

Mr. A. Spies is a member of the “Amerikanische Turner-Bund.” Three years ago he attended the national convention of this great organization in Davenport, Iowa, as a delegate from the Chicago Turnbezirk.

Mr. John Gloy, the first speaker of the Chicago district, recently addressed a letter to the public, from which I quote the following:

“I have been charged with personal friendship for August Spies. Of this crime I plead guilty—guilty to the fullest extent. But not alone that—I am even proud of that friendship. I say it with pride, and say it to everyone who wants to hear it, that among the large number of my fellow-turners and other personal friends I have to look long before I find one worthy to be compared to August Spies, notwithstanding the fact that in political matters I do not agree with my friend Spies on many important points. . . . I ask you, can you name me a man (I allow you to search ancient and modern history) who, in the face of an infamous death, showed more courage, more character, and more fidelity to his convictions, than Spies and his associates have shown?

“Those men have compelled the admiration of the whole world, and even forced their bitterest enemies to give them the respect they deserve. . . . Indeed, a community which knows no better how to treat those men than to hang them—well, but may everyone finish the thought himself. . . .

“On the 4th of May there was a public open-air meeting held in Chicago. While the police are making the unlawful attempt to disperse this meeting an unknown person throws a bomb, which kills and wounds several men. In the trial following this event seven men are sentenced to death and one to fifteen years imprisonment in the penitentiary, notwithstanding the fact that the thrower of the bomb has not been discovered to this day.

“Several months afterward, after the ending of a strike in the stock yards, shots were fired from a railroad train into a crowd of people. One man is killed; several others are wounded. It was known who hired those men, who paid them, who armed them—yes, even the very men who did the shooting were known—and yet there was not even an indictment found.

“Now, turners, whoever can call this justice without blushing and without sinking into the earth for very shame, let him come forward.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON: “The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing its work. The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast. Its fit hour of activity is night. Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution. It persecutes a principle; it would whip a right; it would tar and feather justice by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these. It resembles the pranks of boys, who run with fire engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars. The inviolate spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. The minds of men are at last aroused; reason looks out and justifies her own and malice finds all her worth in rain. It is the whipper who is whipped and the tyrant who is undone.”

JOHN RUSKIN: “Christian Justice has been strangely mute and seemingly blind. . . . The only reply we receive from our Christian brethren is, ‘everybody ought to remain content in the position in which God has placed them.’ Ah, my friend, that’s the gist of the

whole question. Did God put them in that position or did *you*? You knock a man into a ditch, and then tell him to remain content in the 'position in which God has placed him.' That's a modern Christianity.

"There will be always a number of men who would fain set themselves to the accumulation of wealth as the sole object of their lives. Necessarily, that class of men is an uneducated class, inferior in intellect, and more or less cowardly.* It is physically impossible for a well educated, intellectual or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives."

"There is the moral of all human tales;
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,
 First freedom, and then glory—when that fails,
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism at last."

—BYRON.

* And that is our governing class!





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AUGUST SPIES' AUTO-BIOGRAPHY CHGO



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