FOUR WILL BE HANGED.

Continued from First Page.

as one of gloom, excitement, and horror. First came the dynamite suicide of Lingg, which occurred early in the morning. This produced a profound sensation among the remaining six Anarchists, and all day long they made anxious inquiries as to his condition. When they were told of his death, a little before 3 o'clock, they received the news in silence. Lingg passed away at 2:45. Twenty minutes before that time his heart began to flit, and it was plain to Dr. Moyer that he was going.

Up to within five minutes of his death he was conscious, and then he began to fail rapidly. Two minutes before the fatal moment his eyes opened, he cast a look around him, and his head dropped, and that was the last sign of life manifested. Moyer immediately telephoned for the Coroner. The inquest will be held this evening.

The newspaper men and deputies instinctively raised their hats as they passed into the presence of death. The air was fetid with the pungent odor of ether. There on the table lay the blood-stained corpse of Lingg. There the curtain fell on the last scene of a tragic life. Only a cabinet maker, but he had made a stir in his day. "They that take by the sword shall perish by the sword." He had made bombs to destroy capitalists and wreck society, and, Lo, he himself perished by the bomb. The body of him who was so defiant but a few short hours ago lay limp on the table, wrapped in the blanket which had warmed him his naked body since 9 o'clock this morning. The dried clots of blood hung to his mangled lip and caked on the bandages. Gore streaked his sturdy arms and his broad chest.

The bailiffs, Beers and Cleveland, and the reporter, Klein, who had held up his head in his agony this morning, stood by his side and watched till his last breath departed.

"He is dead," whispered Beers, and the suspense was over.

AN ANARCHIST TO THE LAST.

Lingg proved himself a true Anarchist. Two hours before his death, while being cared for by the physicians and their assistants, Mr. Klein, who rendered valuable aid to the doctors, was about to change the hot water bottles at his feet, when the bomb maker straightened up and, flashing a look of defiance at the "Hireling of the capitalistic press," whom he recognized, he drew his feet up out of the reach of the man whose paper he believed had convicted him. If Lingg could have destroyed the man before him, his fiery glances proved that he would have done it with pleasure.

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

The suicide of Lingg is in keep with his whole life. He was born at Mannheim, a city in the grand duchy of Baden, 24 years ago. His mother and relatives, quite well-to-do people, are still residents of that city. When a boy he learned the carpenter trade, and joined the Socialistic party in his native town. In 1879 he at first began to read Johann Most's pamphlets and became an enthusiast adpporter of Most's advocacy of force and dynamite. He severed his connection with the Socialistic party. The Socialists were too mild and slow going for him, and he fought them as bitterly as the capitalists. To harm their cause, he denounced them as the authorities and thus caused the arrest of many. In 1883 he was forced to leave his native town. After a good deal of wandering about Germany he finally landed in Switzerland. There he continued to fight "the blues," as the Social Democrats are called by the red followers of Most. It was then the *Social Demokrat*, the official organ of the German Socialists, published a notice declaring Lingg to be an informer and spy of the German Government.

In 1885 he came to America. In New York he stayed only a few days and proceeded farther West to Chicago. Here he joined the north side group of the Internationals. On the night of May 4 he intended to operate with bombs on the north side. He had made fifty bombs. He was arrested by detectives after a desperate struggle.

Had Lingg survived until to-morrow it would have necessitated a temporary respite, first because the Governor was convinced of his insanity, and second because his comrades could not be executed while his life hung in the balance.

PARSONS BREAKING DOWN.

At the jail to-night it was said that Parsons was acting as though his mind was unsettled, and that it seemed likely he would lose his reason under the strain. About 8 o'clock he received the following telegram from his brother in New York, Gen. W. H. Parsons:

"MY BROTHER: Another Gethsemane to-night. More than a legion of angels, and your brother with pitying eyes survey the spectacle of man's inhumanity to man. Millions of hearts in Europe and America are now thrilling with sympathy for the men who are to die for humanity. I am proud of your sublimity, your fortitude, and your hereditary heroism.

"Your brother, W. H. PARSONS."

At 10 o'clock to-night Dr. Bluthardt, a personal friend of Parsons, called at the jail to see him. The interview lasted about fifteen minutes, and when Dr. Bluthardt returned from his cell he was very much affected, and expressed some fear that Parsons's mind was giving way.

To Dr. Bluthart Parsons intrusted the following verbal message to be given to Jailer Folz and also to Mr. Graham, a *Times* reporter, who was on terms of personal friendship with the doomed Anarchist:

"Tell Gov. Oglesby for me that when I came here to deliver myself up to the courts of our own country I thought I would be tried according to American law and custom, but I have found that I am mistaken. Here I am now on the eve of death, after having been for a year on the platform of the gallows, where I have suffered untold torture. They call the savage Indian cruel because he takes his victim, ties him to the stake, and tortures him to death; but oh Lord, what is that torture, lasting but a few hours, when compared with mine? Three different times I have been offered pardon, if not liberty, if I wanted to beg for mercy for a crime that I never committed, a crime that I never thought of. When would have been my manhood if I had begged for mercy?

"Poor Lingg had the idea that when he was sacrificed and shed his own blood it would be enough to atone for the blood spilled at the Haymarket, and I believe that when Lingg sacrificed his life it was done in order to satisfy the cravings of a bloodthirsty public. But tell Gov. Oglesby that if my life would be sufficient to gratify this craving for blood let him take it and welcome, but for God's sake to pardon the others, for they are all innocent men. This is my last message. I have no more to say."

Dr. Bluthardt said that while Parsons was dictating this message he seemed flighty and unsettled, and struggled to find the words he wanted to use.

THE SITUATION AT MIDNIGHT.

At midnight the streets are deserted to an unusual degree. The people have gone home with a feeling of dread as to what to-morrow will bring forth. Nobody has any clearly defined fear of apprehension, but the general feeling is one of uneasiness. So far as is known or can be judged, there is no tangible ground for this feeling. The authorities, city and county, display no nervousness, but they are alert and watchful to-night, and amply prepared for to-morrow's developments.

The Mayor has not ordered the closing of saloons, nor in any open way signified that the day of execution is more fraught with danger than any other day.

Secret orders were to-night issued to the police, and it is understood the city is being closely watched in quarters where the Anarchists and their sympathizers are most likely to congregate. Should any dangerous demonstrations be attempted it will find a warm reception.

The First and Second regiments of State troops are held at their armories to-night, and will be kept under orders to-morrow, so as to be in readiness for a call at a moment's notice.

A Bomb at a Juror's Residence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—About eight o'clock to-night a bomb was found by Thomas Maloney in the rear of the residence of James Brayton, on Yale, near Sixty-third street, in Englewood. The bomb consisted of a piece of gaspipe 12 inches long and about two inches in diameter, filled with pieces of iron and a substance supposed to be dynamite.

Mr. Brayton was one of the jurors who convicted the Anarchists. He said to a reporter to-night that he did not fear any organized attack, but believed that trouble might be expected from cranks. He has received several threatening letters since sentence was pronounced on the Anarchists, and has consulted with reference to them with Chief Ebersold, State's Attorney Grinnell, and Capt. Schaack. Two policemen were detailed to guard his house.

MRS. PARSONS FAINTS.

Incidents of the Evening at the Jail—Preparing For To-day.

By the Associated Press.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Mrs. Lucy Parsons created a scene in the Criminal Court building about 10 P. M. She walked down Michigan street to the main entrance, and was admitted to the hallway by the armed guards. She had with her a lady friend. Approaching the door which leads to the jail yard she demanded permission to proceed. This was denied her by a deputy sheriff, who was acting under directions of Sheriff Matson.

"But I must go in to see my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Parsons.

"You cannot," was the firm reply.

Then the dusky wife of the Anarchist threw up her hands and fell to the tiled floor in a dead faint. It took over twenty minutes to bring her to consciousness, but when this was done she was escorted from the building Parsons was not informed of the episode.

Just at the time this incident took place, ex-Sheriff Hanchett emerged from the jail cell room and went into Sheriff's Matson's private office. In a couple of minutes he came out bearing in his arms the ropes with which the Reds were to be hanged.

Shortly after this Deputy Sheriff Curran, who had been guarding Fischer, came into the jail office from the cell room. He reported that all the men were awake and talking on general subjects to their guards.

PUTTING UP THE SCAFFOLD.

The erection of the scaffold began at 10¼ o'clock. The first intimation that the newspaper men had of it was the falling of a heavy board. Then came blows of hammers, and each one was distinctly heard in the dead quiet which prevailed. The gallows was put up in the northeast corridor of the jail, where for many years all Cook county hangings have taken place. The scaffold is the same used in the hanging of the three Italian murderers, but it has been lengthened, for the purpose of swinging off the four Anarchists at once. It is painted a dead brown color.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Sheriff Matson came to the jail. His mission was twofold. He wanted to give personal notice to Spies, Engel, Fischer, and Parsons that they would have to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He also wanted to see that his deputies were so placed that all unauthorized people should be kept from the vicinity. The Sheriff stayed in the cell room about twenty minutes. He would only say that none of the condemned men showed any signs of breaking down. It was at 7:25 o'clock that the Rev. Dr. Bolton of the First Methodist Church called on Parsons. His visit lasted about three minutes, and his efforts to get Parsons to consider spiritual matters were of no avail.

Then supper was brought in from a neighboring restaurant. All of the Anarchists partook of cream toast. Fischer indulged in steak and Engel ate some mutton chops. All took coffee.

After the suppers were brought in the undertaker who was to take charge of Lingg's remains came. Next was borne in Lingg's coffin. It was made of pine and stained a walnut color. The undertaker and his assistants placed the remains in the coffin, and it was decided to allow it to remain in the jail all night.

At 8:10 o'clock Spies, Fischer, and Engel were taken from the rooms in which they had bade farewell to their relatives and consigned to their cells. These were soon closely guarded. An armed deputy stood in front of each barred door. Inside the cell of each prisoner was a lantern, while a table was placed outside and on this was a lamp, thus giving the guards an opportunity to watch the movements of each prisoner.

THE MILITIA ON HAND.

The entire Second Regiment is held in readiness to move at a moment's notice to-night, and in all probability will remain in the armory until after the execution has taken place. A short time after noon to-day Col. Wheeler sent word to his company commanders to have their men at the armory by midnight, where they were to await any orders that may emanate from brigade headquarters.

The armory of the regiment presents an animated scene to-night. A strong guard was posted at the door, while inside men were hurrying to and fro, with blankets and overcoats, endeavoring to find the soft place in the floor for a bed. The officers of the regiment were unanimous in their opinion that there would be no need for their services to-morrow, but they have made the fullest preparation, and are in readiness for anything that may arise.

Mayor Roche was at a conference held this afternoon by Superintendent of Police Ebersold, Inspector Bonfield, Lieut. Steele, and Captains Schaack, O'Donnell, Buckley, Lewis, and Hathaway. The consultation lasted for an hour. The Superintendent unfolded his plans of arrangements for to-morrow. It was endorsed by the Captains of the five precincts, who notified all their Lieutenants to report at the precinct stations at 7 this evening for orders. Chief of Police Washburn of the town of Lake and Sheriff Matson visited the Chief after the conference.

NO RIOT EXPECTED.

"I do not intend to tell just how I have ordered the police stationed to-morrow," said Chief Ebersold. "In the first place I anticipate no trouble. I am sure there will be none, unless it arises from an accident; but if anything should occur, my men will be in a position to meet it. I have positive information which convinces me that there will be no organized effort of persons riotously inclined."

Chief Ebersold said a line of police, armed with rifles, thrown around the block immediately surrounding the jail would prevent the approach of any crowds to the jail.

Ten companies of twenty-six men each, all bearing rifles, will be posted about the jail and the block in the adjoining yard, all under command of Capt. George Hubbard of the Central detail. Squads from the companies will do guard duty at the entrances to the jail and Criminal Court building.

At the Central Station, the Harrison street, West Twelfth street, Desplaines street, West Chicago avenue, and East Chicago avenue stations companies will be held in reserve, while one company will be left at each of the substations.

Sheriff Matson, after consultation with Jailer Folz, decided to bar the big iron gate at the north end of the jail court, leading into Illinois street. Four carpenters were at work to-day fortifying the gate by propping it with heavy four-inch scantling. At the bottom of the gate heavy hard wood timber have been spiked. Ropes will be placed across the street at every corner of the jail building to-morrow and a cordon of police numbering 200 will be stationed about this enclosure to keep the crowds back.

LINGG'S SWEETHEART.

Ida Muetler, "Lingg's girl" was found in her home, in the basement of 882 Wells street, to-night. She appeared strangely undisturbed, and smiled when the question was asked. "Are you aware that Lingg has done with himself?"

"Oh, yes. I know all about it. There it is in the *Arbeiter Zeitung*," she replied, completely unconcerned.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I don't think at all. Lingg, I always thought, was a resolute fellow, that's all."

"Do you think he did right in killing himself?"

"I think it is better to die as Lingg died than to be hanged, to helplessly allow himself to be dragged to the gallows and to get choked to death."

"Will you write his mother about his death?"

"No, I don't know her, and I don't care to. It's none of my business. I am no relation to Lingg. I cannot see why his death should concern me more than others. I don't care to be bothered about it any longer.

The girl abruptly retired to the kitchen. In spite of her efforts she could scarcely keep up the air of unconcern assumed, and broke down the moment she was behind the door, sobbing loudly, as if her heart would break.

EVIDENCE FOR THE ANARCHISTS.

Convict Franz Maykopf Says that Kleeman Schultz Threw the Bomb.

This despatch was sent to Capt. Black in Chicago last night:

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.

Capt. Black, Chicago:

I hold proof showing sentenced Anarchists to be innocent. Guilty men in New York. Located. Have telegraphed to Gov. Oglesby. Proof is under oath. How shall I communicate it? AUGUST P. WAGENER,
49 Third avenue, counsellor at law.

The proofs alluded to in Manager Wagener's despatch is contained in an affidavit made by Franz Waykoff, a convict in Sing Sing prison, who declares that he knows who threw the bomb at the Haymarket massacre, and that this man is Kleeman Schuetz, now living at 1,156 Third avenue, in this city. Waykoff says that Schuetz often confessed the crime to him, and told him the circumstances of it. Waykoff was sentenced to four years' imprisonment on Oct. 24 by Judge Cowing in the Court of General Sessions for making a false proof of loss in an insurance case. Schuetz turned State's evidence upon the trial, and Vazkapf makes no secret of the fact that he reveals Schuetz's secret in revenge. He made his statement at Sing Sing, under oath, on Nov. 2, to his counsel, August P. Wagener.

R. Maykoff went to Lawyer Wagener at the latter's office at 59 Indiana avenue in May last and told him that he (Maykoff) had recently lost a good deal of property by the burning of the house where he lived, 168 Fourth street, Long Island City, and that, though he was fully insured in the Greenwich Fire Insurance Company, he could not get his money. He wanted the lawyer to help him. Mr. Wagener found, on inquiry, that the insurance company alleged fraud on Maykopf's part, its agents declaring that, though Maykopf was a man in very humble circumstances, he wanted insurance money to the extent of $418.75 on clothes. Maykopf, who was known at this time and until after he went to Sing Sing as George Mayer, submitted to a long examination by Adjuster Herman Victor for the company. He broke off the examination when questions were put to him about his past history! Lawyer Wagener brought suit against the insurance company to recover $275, the amount of the policy. The company still alleged fraud in their answer, and on July 15 secured the arrest of Maykopf for fraud, on a warrant issued by Police Justice O'Reilly in the Tombs Court. Maykopf was tried before Judge Cowing on Oct. 20.

At the examination in the police court and subsequently upon the trial in the General Sessions, the chief witness for the insurance company was Kleeman Schuetz. Schuetz came to the office of the company and volunteered to turn informer. He swore that Maykopf and Mrs. Mary Horst hired the rooms in Long Island City and got insurance upon a lot of property which they didn't own, conspiring with Schuetz and a man named Scharf to burn the house and defraud the insurance company. Schultz was cognizant of the whole scheme, and expected to profit by it. He turned State's evidence, he said, because he feared that the jig was up, and he wanted to get clear himself. Assistant District Attorney Purdy, in summing up the case, denounced Schultz; and Judge Cowing, in sending Daykopf to prison, said that he regretted that he could not send Schultz to prison with him.

Before he went to jail Maykopf told Mr. Wagener that Schultz's testimony as to the conspiracy was indeed true, but that Schuetz and the man Scharf were the leaders, and not himself. Schuetz and Scharf, he declared, had for two or three years been engaged in swindling insurance companies. Maykopf met Scharf and Schuetz, he said, in January at the house of Mrs. Horst, 415 East Eighty-first street. He joined the gang there, and the Long Island City fire was the first in which he participated. But, he said, the leaders told him that they had worked their scheme successfully about a dozen different times in Jersey City, West Hoboken, Morrisania, Brooklyn, and Long Island City, and twice in New York. The real reason why Schuetz "peached" was that Maykopf refused to be a party to the murder of a money lender who kept a shop under Dr. Katzenwayer's house at 166 East Fifty-first street. Schuetz said that the broker had from $4,000 to $5,000 in his safe there, and that the safe was open in the daytime, with the broker often alone in the store. Schuetz vowed vengeance upon Maykopf for spoiling the scheme.

Schuetz testified upon the trial that Scharf was so angry at Waykopf that he wanted to plan with Schuetz to lure Waykopf to King's bridge and kill him.

"I know other things, too," said Waykopf to his lawyer, "but I daren't tell them. Schuetz and Scharf are Anarchists of the mildest sort.

On Oct. 25, and again on Oct. 26, Maykopf wrote Mr. Wagener that he would no longer keep his secret, and that Schuetz had confided to him, in their two or three months of intimacy, that he threw the Chicago bomb. Schuetz had also given him bombs of different kinds, had explained their construction, and had detailed the Chicago affair at length. Schuetz was constantly receiving letters from Most, and was a frequent caller at the office of Most's paper.

Mr. Wagener went to Sing Sing on Nov. 2, and Maykopf made a long affidavit before H. C. Westlake, the prison notary, telling all he knew about Schuetz. Those parts of the affidavit relating to the bomb throwing are as follows:

"The third time that I saw Schultz was on a Sunday morning, about fourteen days after I had first seen him. He came to Mrs. Horst's house, at 415 East Eighty-first street, where I was boarding. He then spoke of anarchism, dynamite, and arson. He spoke of the Chicago affair, of the throwing of the bombs at the Haymarket. He said that at the time the bombs were thrown he resided in Chicago, and had to make his escape. I asked why he had to escape, and he said that the police had suspicion that he was one of the men concerned in the affair, and, being a suspect, he had to escape and get away. I then asked him if he knew anything about the affair, and he looked at me in a peculiar way, winked his eye, and said: "Speech or speaking is silver; silence is gold."

"When I refused to have anything to do with the killing of the broker, Schultz turned on me and said that I was no good, and that he had done more than this in Chicago. I asked him what he had done in Chicago, and he said, 'I was one of the Anarchists in Chicago, and I threw the bombs, and other people are suffering for the deed now, but that is none of my business.' He said that he was sorry he had been unable to use all three bombs. He told me that three or four wagons had been used, or were to be used, at the Haymarket, in Chicago; that behind one of these wagons he hid himself with a satchel containing three bombs. The satchel he showed me a week later in his house. He said that it had been agreed that the bombs should be thrown as soon as the police intered, it being understood that the police would attack during the speaking. Schultz mentioned the names of others to me, but I have forgotten them. Schultz said: 'The bloodhounds came too late, but I threw a blue bean at them.' He said he went in Chicago a week and then came to New York.

"Some time later I saw Schuetz in his room at 306 East Seventy-fifth street, and he asked me if I ever saw any dynamite bombs. I said; 'No.' He said: 'I will show you some, and with that he got out a satchel, a dark, faded, satchel with a strap attached, slung over the shoulder. He opened the satchel and brought out two bombs. One of the bombs was round like a ball, and the other was about seven to eight inches long, and was round too.

"At another conversation which took place on the streets in the presence of Scharf, Schultz said that if it came to pass that the Anarchists in Chicago should be hanged, Mr. Grinnell and the jury that convicted them would have to die. He said that at the time the Anarchists had been sentenced in Chicago he had been present at the meeting of sympathising Anarchists in Irving Hall in this city, and that he had three bombs with him which he had thrown at the time the police interfered. Schcutz told me that he himself made the bombs. He told me where he made them, but I don't remember the place."

Through the permission of Warden Brush and Head Keeper Connaughton, Maykopf repeated his story to a Sun reporter at Sing Sing yesterday. In addition to the facts stated in the affidavit, he declared that Schultz said that during the speaking at the Haymarket, before the massacre, there was a man standing upon the wagon behind which Schuetz was crouching. This man was to give the signal for the bomb throwing. Schcutz threw the bomb at the signal. After the riots this man went to Boston and afterward to Pittsburgh. Schcutz often told his name, but Daykoff couldn't remember it.

Schultz lives with his wife in the rear apartments on the third floor of 1,156 Third avenue. It is one of a block of apartment houses recently built between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets. When a reporter for THE SUN knocked at the door last night there was no response, but on opening a small woman jumped from a chair and said Mr. Schultz wasn't in, but he came out to get his paper and would be right back. The little woman was Mrs. Schultz. When she was informed of the statements made by Maykoph, she appeared somewhat nervous and said she had always been afraid her husband would get into trouble from his acquaintance with Maykoph and Scharf. But she said Maykoph's story she knew was a lie, and she could prove it.

Schuetz came home shortly after noon. He is a tall German with a massive frame and an an angular but not unpleasant face. He has small, dark eyes, which seem to be always on the alert. He laughed when he heard of Maykoph's story.

"It's all a lie," he said, "and he has told it simply to get revenge. He is a regular rascal, and I told the truth about him when he was tried. He married in Germany a girl who had some money, and he spent it all. Then he forged a bill and had to get out. He came to this country leaving his wife with just six pennies in her pocket and three children to take care of. He never would do any work, and always wanted to be living on his acquaintances.

"Were you in Chicago at the time of the Haymarket riot?"

"I was at Pullman. I was working there, and boarding with my wife's mother. No, I was not in Chicago that night, and did not throw the bomb."

"When did you come to New York?"

"Shortly after the riot. I was married about that time. I was one of the strikers, and came to New York to get work. Yes, I have been here ever since. There are plenty of witnesses to prove that I was at Pullmans the night of the bomb throwing."

"Are you in sympathy with the Anarchists?"

Schultz shook his head and looked at the reporter sharply. "I am afraid not!" he said. "I had nothing to do with the schemes of Scharf and Maykopf but he knew about some of them.

Mr. Wagener said yesterday that his only reason for bringing the matter to the attention of the Illinois authorities was that the seven condemned men were evidently not guilty, and that the man who was guilty had escaped. He could not rest conscientiously without making the terrible secret known.

Awarded $1,800 Damages.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 10.—Charles J. Anderson of New Haven, who, while a passenger on the steamer C. H. Northam last May, was placed in irons because he refused to comply with the regulations of the boat, was to-day awarded $1,800 by Judge Andrews of the Superior Court. He claimed $10,000.

A PARADE OF ANARCHISTS.

MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY TO SHOW SYMPATHY WITH THE CONDEMNED.

A Doleful Procession Through the Mud to the Strains of Dirges—Red and Black Flags Flying and Our Flag Furled.

The Federated Trades Unions, which are the official sympathizers in this city with the condemned Chicago Anarchists, turned out last night and paraded through the streets in the mud and rain, in order to show their sympathy for the men in Chicago who are to be hanged to-day. Groups of from a dozen to 500 men assembled in various parts of the city and marched in a more or less solemn fashion to Union Square. There were blood red flags and a score of black ones, but in all the long line of men in the procession, only one flag of this country was seen, and it was bound tight about its staff, while the others flapped freely in the wind. There were hundreds of torchlights and scores of transparencies. The leaders of the various squads wore about their left arms bands of red and black, emblematical of their opinions and their sympathy.

The police arrangements were on a grand scale, and the force of blue-coated men was large enough to protect the city from all the Anarchists that could be found. Inspector Williams was at the corner of Sixteenth street and Broadway. Behind were Capts. Clinchy, Webb, Reilly, and Killilea. The Inspector and the Captains blazed with shields and the gold lace of their uniforms, and drawn up in line were two hundred policemen under the immediate command of eight sergeants and twelve roundsmen. The several meeting places of the Anarchists were also well guarded by policemen, but there was apparently no desire on the part of the sympathizers of the doomed men to cause trouble.

Inspector Conlan was at the Astor House with Capts. Berghold and Grant, the entire squad of Central Office detectives, and seventy-five policemen. This force was scattered about in little groups down the side streets. No danger was apprehended by any one, but the greatest care was deemed necessary. The permit granted by the police for the parade named 10,000 men, but it was not expected that the number would reach half that figure. The blood-curdling call that had been sent out by the committee which had charge of the demonstration ordered the men to meet at their headquarters.

Clarendon Hall in Thirteenth street was jammed until 9 o'clock with Anarchists. The beer saloon did a colossal trade, and the smoke of cheap cigars and pipes ascended and rivalled in intensity the odors from the torches of the German painters and carpenters who were drawn up in line outside. All the men wore bits of scarlet ribbon in their coats, and one or two had bands of black cambric wound about their coat sleeves.

There were two women in the crowd. They were tearful, especially when the flag bearers brought from the hall flags of black cambric. There were red flags innumerable, and transparencies that bore some mighty startling legends. Early in the evening this telegram was sent to Gov. Ogiesby:

The citizens called from the people show this evening by their demonstration their abhorrence of the Chicago blood verdict and demand from you in the name of righteousness, which alone is the bulwark of the great, the release of the condemned Anarchists. If you do not do this then you are probably more revolutionary than the condemned men in Chicago.

The United Cornice and Skylight Makers came up flourishing red and black flags, and flaunting a transparency reading:

You sons of toil awake to your glory.

Some of them carried little black flags, all chatted with their comrades in an interested and cheerful way, and puffed their cigars. Pretty soon a part of the Brewers' Union from New York and Brooklyn arrived with torches, and led by a band playing the dead march in "Saul," came up and halted. They carried transparencies reading:

The Gallows centre Liberty.
Down with the capitalistic murderers.
We Demand Justice.
Beware of the Insurrection.
We Protest Against Judicial Murder.

The solemn music from the band quieted for a time the conversation of the great throng. The brassworkers then came slowly up, marching in funeral step to the beatings of muffled drums. They carried these illuminated transparencies:

Citizens, arise!
Free speech and free meetings are to be murdered.
You condemn us, we will dynamite you.

The band played "Nearer my God to Thee," while the noise of the crowd was hushed. In a few minutes the Progressive Musical Union marched up to the hall playing the "Marseillaise," and there were cheers from the assembled crowd.

The cigarmakers, with a group of piccolo players at their head, then appeared, playing "Come, Ye Disconsolate." The noise was hushed for the moment and there were serious faces in the crowd. But the faces of the men changed with the airs played by the bands, and were sad or fierce or exultant in expression accordingly. When they started off in line they marched with measured step to the strains of the dead march in "Saul."

The gathering in Wendel's Assembly Rooms in West Forty-fourth street was a much smaller one. Seventy-four men, nearly all of whom were silk weavers, met there at 7 o'clock. A small thin man walked stealthily about distributing circulars printed in English and German. They condemned the action of the Chicago officials who were concerned in any way with the arrest and conviction of the Anarchists. Here are a few extracts:

Arise in your imposing might and let your righteous wrath fall on an unnatural aristocracy, slinging over the backs of those interpreters of the law who have basely betrayed their trust.

Workmen, will you remain quiet while the strivings of your noble, identical with the holiest yearnings of mankind, are sacrificed and trampled under foot in the persons of your comrades?

You know what is your duty. These condemned men are suffering because they loved mankind better than themselves; because they wrote and preached to you and for you the gospel of the future.

At 8 o'clock seventy-four men formed in line and marched to Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, where they picked up another small contingent of eleven men. The streets were muddy and once the men tried to walk upon the sidewalk, but they were hustled into the street again by the first policeman they met. This was on one of the transparencies:

Shall seven men of John Brown's calibre be murdered? Wages slaves your deliberation is approaching.

There was another small meeting at Webster Hall. It was nearly 10 o'clock before all the various factions met at Union square. They formed into line and wound around in front of the Hotel Everett and then moved slowly down Broadway. There were three bands that played the "Marseilaise," the dead march in "Saul," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." The procession was lugubrious. The men were roughly clad and moved as slowly as though they were attending a funeral. The red and black flags flapped wildly.

There were, by actual count, 2,086 men in line. Behind them, on the sidewalk, tramped Police Capt. Killilea with forty policemen. The procession disbanded at the Astor House. Those who carried transparencies threw them away, and many of the cheap flags and torches were also discarded. Street boys captured them and made merry with the trappings of woe.

William H. Breisacher, 60 years old, a furrier, employed at 40 Howard street, was standing at the corner of Broadway and Canal street when the procession passed last night. He shouted, "Down with the police! Avenge your brothers in Chicago!" He was arrested and taken to the Spring street station.

An Anarchist Meeting in Cincinnati Dispersed by the Police.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 10.—An announcement of small dodgers that there would be a meeting to-night in Court street Market space to express sympathy with the condemned Chicago Anarchists drew nearly 2,000 people together. No speaking was done and no motion was made to begin the meeting, but the crowd kept increasing until 9 o'clock, when about 100 policemen appeared and dispersed it, and then stood guard on the streets and prevented crowds from assembling. No arrests were made. It is drill night for the militia, and the whole First Regiment is under arms, ostensibly drilling in its armory.

A Suit for the Hire of Horses Used at Gen. Grant's Funeral.

In Part I. of the Superior Court this morning, before Judge Sedgwick, will be tried the suit of Charles W. Dickel, the Riding Academy proprietor, against Lloyd Aspinwall, Jr., executor of the estate of the late Gen. Aspinwall, for $350, payment for hire of horses for the General and staff on the occasion of the funeral of Gen. Grant. It is asserted that Gen. Aspinwall, who was Assistant Marshal of the funeral procession, ordered the horses, and the suit is to determine whether the use of them will be paid for by Gen. Aspinwall's estate or by the Government.

Massowah in a State of Siege.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—Advices from Massowah say that Gen. Marsano, the Italian commander there, has proclaimed the territory in a state of siege. Strangers are forbidden to enter or reside in the proscribed district.

Earthquake in Italy and Iceland.

ROME, Nov. 10.—An earthquake has occurred in northern Italy. There were no fatal results.

LONDON, Nov. 10.—A shock of earthquake has been felt in southern Iceland. The lighthouse at Cape Reikianes was damaged.

AMUSEMENTS.

Campanini's Concert in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Signor Campanini's American début as an impresario was achieved last night with gratifying success. The whole scheme of his series of concerts abounded in attractive features. First and most important was the return of Campanini himself as a singer. It has been said that his voice had recovered much if not all of its old-time excellence, and though he has been modestly chary of promises about himself since his arrival in this country, people were inclined to credit their desires and expect the best. Second in importance, perhaps, was the fact that in this series familiar music would be heard, a feature quite sufficient to make the concerts stand out with remarkable distinctness from the background of German novelties with which the city is deluged. And further, every individual member of Campanini's troupe promised to add something worth while to the musical season. This without regard to the grand scale upon which the performances were to be given, for it is something altogether unusual to hear miscellaneous concerts with a full orchestra supplying accompaniments to every number.

Last evening's concert was given at the Metropolitan Opera House. The published programme included twenty-one numbers and a fifteen minutes' intermission. Some of these numbers were not given, but there were encores enough to drag the entertainment out to twice the usual length. Patrons were met at the doors by the announcement that Signora Repetto's physician had forbidden her to sing, and some took advantage of the offer to exchange tickets for Tuesday evening. The house was nearly full, however, and not a whit lacking in enthusiasm by reason of the disappointment. It was the same old Italian music audience, just as it it had been made to order—brilliant with dress suits and finery, bubbling over with enthusiasm, breaking in with wild applause at inopportune moments, persistent in demanding more than it had paid for. It seemed like getting home after a foreign journey.

The entertainment began inauspiciously with a wretched rendering of the "Arnoldo" overture by Verdi. From the start it was evident that Signor Alfredo Gore had no command over the orchestra. Signor Corsini sung a comic aria by Rossini in lively fashion, and then Baldini, the new tenor, appeared to render "Spirto Gentil." From the first notes his triumph was assured. His voice is not wholly matured, but this is no fault. It is beautifully clear and sweet and well managed. He did not take the extremely high notes with which some tenors embellish the final cadence, but they were not missed in the finely artistic execution of the song as he sung it.

A new lady violinist followed with Vieuxtemps' concerto in E. Signora Metaura Torricelli will not make a great hit in America, where we publics are accustomed to the very best in violin playing. Her tones are uneven and her style lacks vitality. The closing cadenza of the concerto was given with real brilliance, but the general performance was of mediocre merit.

Antonio Galassi, it need not be said, received a royal welcome. He sung Massenet's exquisitely melodious "Re di Lahore" in a style that defied criticism or description, and when the inevitable encore came he pleased everybody by repeating the song. He is well nigh a perfect artist, and no baritone known to New York has a more musical or satisfactory voice.

Mme. Sofia Scalchi made the same kind of a success that Galassi did, and no farther comment is necessary.

The event of the evening was the singing of "Salve Dimora," from "Faust," by Campanini. All who know anything about music know this beautiful air, and know, also, that nobody sings it in a manner that will compare with the way Campanini gave it in opera years ago. It was with some trepidation that the audience awaited for the first passages. The opening declamation left some doubt as to the great tenor's control over his voice. The artistic style was there, but the brilliant quality of the voice seemed to be obscured. In the air, however, it returned. The phrases were modulated with the high notes with the wonderful skill that always marked Campanini's singing, and the high C near the final cadence was reached clearly and effectively as in times past. Enthusiasm was at a high pitch, and deservedly so.

Miss Adele Aus Der Ohe did not appear according to programme, and no excuse was made for her absence. Scalchi and Campanini filled in the time with a duet from "Trovatore." This made up the first half of the programme, and the second was like it. The "Love Song," from Walkure, was not a success for two reasons: Campanini's voice was too weak, and the orchestra by misdirection bungled it. Other numbers were satisfactory, and the whole concert was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

A Version of D'Ennery's "The Martyr" at the Madison Square Theatre.

The first change of bill by the Palmer company at the Madison Square Theatre in a year was made last evening. The play was a new version of M. Adolf D'Ennery's "The Martyr." This work was originally a narrative, but its author subsequently dramatized it, and several English pieces from this source have been used on the American stage. Mr. A. R. Cazaraun was the translator, and considerably the formulator, of the piece as presented it is time. The story remained, of course, substantially as invented by the celebrated French playwright, and the departures from his own dramatic arrangement were minor. The heroine remained a poignant but unreasonable martyr. Learning that her honored mother had a hidden record of dishonor, she permitted it to be believed that her illegitimate brother was her own clandestine lover instead of exposing him as a blackmailer, which would have necessarily blackened the mother's fair fame. The daughter not only ruined herself by this lie of confession, but brought misery to her husband and shame to her child. The adaptation made for this theatre was not nearly so lucid or interesting as that which Miss Clara Morris recently produced from the pen of Mr. Clinton Stuart, nor the earlier one by Mrs. Ettie Henderson, acted last season at the Third Avenue Theatre. Here the order of events was less logical, and the characters, with their relations to the plot, were defined much more slowly. There was a needless first act, essentially a prologue, which tediously introduced two adventurers, who in the other plays were not brought in until required. The failure to entertain the audience, however, was caused by other than prolixity or involvement on the part of the adaptor. The self-sacrifice of the wife was a senseless proceeding, not demanded for the protection of her mother, since a confidential explanation to her husband at the outset would have served the same end, and it was outrageously cruel to that husband and her daughter. The theme was all awry as a provoker of sympathetic emotion, and the laborious devices to bring it into symmetry were futile.

"The Martyr" was handsomely placed upon the admired stage of the Madison Square, and it had an able company. Indeed, it was performed in some respects too elaborately, although lapses of memory were frequent. Mr. Salvini was tiresomely slow, and Miss Madison was grotesquely demonstrative as the brother and sister adventurers; and Mr. Pitt, as the husband, was often absurd and never impressive. Smaller rôles were much better played by Mr. Stoddart, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Flockton. Miss Russell enacted the daughter with gentle sweetness, and gave a large portion of the satisfaction which the audience was able to derive from the drama. In her part was the only touch, and a faint one, of tender, winsome human nature. Nearly everything else was cold, artificial, and repellant. To the absence of engaging elements was due the fact that Mrs. Booth had the, to her, novel experience of playing to unmoved and unresponsive people. Where Miss Morris's erratic, electrical genius had compelled tears for even an unnecessary martyrdom, Mrs. Booth's nicety of art failed to more than command very cool respect.

Notes of the Stage.

Mr. Theodore Thomas gives the first of his popular young people's matinées in Steinway Hall to-morrow afternoon at 2.

The first rehersal of the Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn will be given this afternoon. The concert is to be to-morrow evening.

"Siegfried" will be repeated at the Metropolitan Opera House this evening. "Tannhauser" is announced for to-morrow's matinée, with Robinson, who has recovered, taking the part of *Wolfram*.

It is announced that on account of delay in rehearsals, and for other reasons, the production of "Loyal Love" by Mrs. James Brown Potter and her company will be postponed from this evening until Monday.

Advance in Coal Rates.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 10.—Notice will be issued to-morrow by all the anthracite coal carrying companies of an advance in tidewater rates to New York on anthracite coal of 25 cents per ton, to take effect on Nov. 21. This raises the rate from the mines to New York to $2.25 per ton.

Among the Chrysanthemums.

The chrysanthemum show at the Masonic Temple was crowded yesterday. Owing to the moisture in the air and the hardy nature of the plants the blooms are as brilliant and fresh as they were on the opening of the show. Acting Manager Gordon had all the imperfect blooms replaced yesterday by pots and cut blooms fresh from