

FRICK SHOT DOWN IN HIS OFFICE BY AN ANARCHIST.

Desperate and Almost Successful
Attempt to Assassinate the Chair-
man of the Carnegie Steel
Company by Alexander Berg-
mann, a Crazy Printer
from New York.

SOUGHT TO DO MURDER
WITH PISTOL AND KNIFE.

Though He Had Two Bullet Wounds
Through His Neck the Plucky Man-
ufacturer Grappled with His
Assailant, Received Two
Thrusts with a Knife,
but Enabled the Law
Officers to Cap-
ture Him.

STAYED THE AVENGER'S HAND.

Short Shift Would Have Been
Given the Would-Be Mur-
derer Had Not His Vic-
tim Interfered in
His Behalf.

DYNAMITE IN HIS MOUTH.

Had the Attempt Been Successful
Bergmann Was Prepared to Fol-
low the Example of Lingg
and Blow His Own
Head Off.

STRIKE LEADERS ARE SORRY.

They Disclaim Any Connection
with the Anarchist and
Strongly Condemn His
Bloodthirsty Deed.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1892.—The con-
quered session of the free and independ-
ent borough of Homestead has produced its
J. Wilkes Booth. His name is Alexander
Bergmann. He hailed from St. Petersburg via
New York, and he did his deadly best to
assassinate Henry Clay Frick, chairman of
the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited, in his
office in the Husey Building, at five min-
utes to two o'clock this afternoon.

He is not a member of the Amalgamated
Association of Iron and Steel Workers nor
an iron worker, but is a jack of the two
trades of printing and cigarmaking. He
has been in this country for five and a half
years.

With two bullet wounds in his body Mr.
Frick aided in overpowering the would-be
murderer, and received two stab wounds
while so doing.

SAYED TEN ASSASSIN'S LIFE.

Despite this fact he preserved conscious-
ness and coolness throughout the incident,
saved the assassin's life from the hands of a
deputy sheriff who had put a cocked and
loaded revolver to his head, and announced
while his blood was still wet on him, and
almost before the smoke of the murderer's
pistol had floated away, that "this affair
will not be charged by one whit the policy
of the company in regard to the Homestead
mills."

Mr. Frick was at first supposed to be dan-
gerously, if not fatally, wounded. It looks
to-night as if his chief danger was from the
shock of his wounds, inflicted as they were
after three weeks of actual warfare with the
Amalgamated Association and months of
preparation for it had drained his nervous
system of much of its tremendous natural
force.

Both bullets entered the back of the neck
on either side of the base of the skull. One
passed out between the shoulders and the
other out from the opposite side of the
neck. The stabs are flesh wounds in the
hips.

Despite the calm consciousness which Mr.
Frick preserved after the shooting it was
not considered safe to remove him to his
house at Homestead until half-past seven
to-night. In that house the millionaire's
wife lies sick in bed, the youngest son of
the family, Charles A. Dana Frick, having
been born two weeks ago to-day.

DEEP INDIGNATION.

In the business community of Pittsburgh
there is the deepest indignation and a feel-
ing of revolt against the tyranny of union-
ism, which has so long, with threats of
strikes and boycotts, absolutely dominated
the community, and now, in the exalted
minds of men of substance, has indirectly
resorted to assassination to carry out its
purposes.

The labor leaders realize that the foreign
interloper who fired the revolver and
clutched the knife is the worst enemy
which their cause has yet encountered.
They are accordingly out in expressions of
regret and even sympathy, which contrast
strongly with the open jubilation of their

followers. The feeling of these people
is best expressed by the saying of a
man who stood in front of the
Postal Telegraph office at Homestead, be-
fore the Provost Marshal ordered the bul-
letins taken down. "I thought that Hugh
O'Donnell didn't go to New York for
nothing," he chuckled in high glee as the
announcement was made that the murderer
came from the metropolis.

"Shut up, you fool!" said a mill man who
stood by him.

"Oh, well, O'Donnell's smart. He knows
his business," muttered the man.

It is of course absurd to couple O'Donnell's
name or that of any other Amalgamated As-
sociation leader with the work of the ir-
responsible crank who is now reposing peace-
fully in the central station and regretting
only that he has been deprived of his case
of cigarettes.

If they had been responsible for the crime,
however, they would have even more ap-
plause from their followers than any act of
theirs has yet elicited.

THE ASSASSIN BLENDED.

Bergmann, the would-be assassin, has so
far refused to give any closer identification
of himself than that he was a printer and
cigarmaker by trade and lived in Forty-
second street, New York.

He speaks plain English, is twenty-four
years old, weighs 120 pounds and is five feet
four inches in height. His face is clean
shaven, with his sharp, protruding chin to
its narrow, retreating forehead. He had
under his tongue when arrested one ful-
minate cartridge similar to that used by
Lingg, the Chicago anarchist and suicide,
and another in his pocket.

The knowledge of the incomplete success
of his enterprise undoubtedly prevented
him from using the cartridges. He was ap-
parently quite prepared to blow his own
head off had he seen the necessity of chas-
ing the gallow.

Extra police precautions have been taken
for the preservation of order in Pittsburgh,
but after the first flurry of excitement the
town has been quiet.

At eleven o'clock to-night Mr. Frick's
physicians report from his home that his
condition is unchanged, and that they be-
lieve that he will recover.

One of the wounded man's first acts after
his assailant had been apprehended was to
cable Mr. Carnegie there was no need for
him to return to this country.

BERGMANN AND HIS PREY.

He Slipped Into Frick's Office and Opened
Fire Without Warning.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1892.—Crank
Bergmann escaped killing Henry Clay Frick by
the very narrowest margin. Good pistol shot
though he was the murderer shot an inch to the
right of a vital spot.

The man had called at the offices of the
Carnegie Steel Company four or five times
yesterday morning. He was calm and not in
the least embarrassed or agitated when he found
himself near his unsuspecting quarry, to kill
whom he had journeyed all the way from New
York.

Since the beginning of the Homestead trouble
men have been going in and out of the Carnegie
offices, men seeking work and deputy sheriffs
on their way to Homestead. Therefore Berg-
mann's repeated calls excited no suspicion.

In his various trips to the office during the
morning the assassin had ample opportunity to
note that there was no guard at Mr. Frick's
door. He observed, too, that every one was so
busy that his pale face and anxious air caused
no comment.

THOUGHT HE WANTED WORK.

Bergmann felt fairly comfortable. Elevator
boy Dave Fortney, who saw him half a dozen
times in the morning, thought he was one of
the new hands, one of the "black sheep" for
the Homestead steel mills. Bergmann wan-
dered in at a quarter to two o'clock and asked
for Mr. Frick, who was at that moment busy
at his desk in the little front office reading re-
ports and talking with Vice Chairman Leash-
man. The office boy knew this and said so
when Bergmann asked for the chairman.

"Give Mr. Frick my card, anyhow; I want
to see him personally," said the assassin.

The boy took the card. On it was scrawled
in black ink "Alexander Bergmann." The of-
fice boy handed it to Mr. Frick, who said:—
"Tell him to see Mr. Lindsay if he wants to go
to Homestead. I'm very busy."

Bergmann heard the message, for as the boy
came from Mr. Frick's private office he saw the
assassin's back vanish through the outer door.

Nobody thought any more about the
fellow. This time he did not return to the
street. Instead, he tramped silently up and
down the tiled hallway.

What was he to do? Clearly he could not
enter Frick's office in the ordinary way. Could
he fire at Frick through the closed partition
door? Yes, but he might miss his victim, for
the white ground glass gave no hint or shadow
of where Frick was sitting. The main door of
the general offices stood invitingly open, fas-
tened far back, so as to catch any stray breeze
sifting in the sultry air.

HE LED TO KILL.

Why not step in quickly and have the busi-
ness over at once? The murderer's eyes
glinted for joy. He set his teeth hard. At
last he was about to carry out his infamous,
brutal, insane ambition. He would show these
monopolistic capitalists how to deal with
labor problem. With his feroocious brain seeth-
ing and whirling the murderous madman ap-
proached the open door. Within the rattling of
a typewriter and the clicking of a telephone
sounder hid the noise of his footsteps.

Cunningly he looked about and behind him.
Nobody was there so what he was at. Very
smoothly and with infinite caution Bergmann
removed his revolver from his pocket. It was a
long, .38-caliber five shooter. He slipped the
pistol into the outside lower pocket of his short
coat.

Without a word to any one he entered the
open door, passed through the oaken gate in
the partition and in the fifth part of a second
had his hand upon the knob of Mr. Frick's
door.

Chief Clerk Lindsay did not hear him as he
passed. The office boy was at the other end of
the long room. Bergmann softly turned the
knob.

IN HIS VICTIM'S PRESENCE.

Within six feet of him, bending over his desk
and deeply interested in his papers, sat a short,
thick set man, with a fierce, brown bushy beard
hiding most of his face and part of his remark-
ably short and robust neck. This was Chair-
man Frick.

Just beyond him sat a short man of slight
figure—agile, slender and nervous—a man with
a quick eye and a firm chin half hidden beneath
a flowing brown mustache. This man was Vice

Chairman John G. A. Leashman. He had turned
his back on Mr. Frick and was looking out of
the big window.

He was in range of the pistol which the as-
sassin had now drawn and leveled. Neither
man knew of the danger. Bergmann pulled
the trigger. There was a faint snapping sound.
The cartridge had missed Frick. Mr. Frick did
not look up, nor did Mr. Leashman turn round.

In the next moment they were stunned by the
explosion of the big .38-caliber cartridge.

Mr. Frick felt a crushing blow as the heavy
bullet crashed through the back of his neck and
down under his right shoulder blade.

Turning, he saw the slender, blond haired
murderer glowering over him as he reeled raised
the hammer of the weapon. With one leap Mr.
Frick reached the window, having in mind
some wild plan of leaping to the street twenty
feet below.

He could not open the catch. As he fumbled
at it Bergmann rushed up behind him. Four
men in the street saw this part of the battle.

STUCK FAIRLY IN THE NECK.

Levelling his revolver, Bergmann fired
again. This time the bullet struck Mr.
Frick fairly in the neck, below the
base of the brain. Almost any other man
would have fallen dead at this stroke, but the
marvellously thick, tough muscles of Chairman
Frick's neck turned the bullet aside. It ranged
around from the middle of the neck past the
angle of the right jawbone and along the cheek,
where it lodged half way to the chin.

Mr. Leashman came to himself. During the
two seconds just past he had sat stunned in his
chair. Now he leaped up and seized the
murderer's right wrist just as he raised it to
fire again. Blood had spouted from Frick's
wounds and dived, the pistol and covered Berg-
mann's new gray clothes with splashes of red.

The pistol was discharged as Mr. Leashman
grasped the man's wrist and threw it upward.
The bullet struck the ceiling and rebounded to
the floor.

STAGGERED IN SILENCE.

During all the struggle not one word was
spoken by any one. Mr. Frick turned and
threw his arms around the murderer's waist
and bore him to the floor.

Mr. Leashman, tore the pistol from Berg-
mann's grasp. The two men held the wrest-
ling, quivering fellow on the floor. The half
dozen clerks and assistants in the outer office

were too frightened to take any part in the
fight.

They roared lustily for police. So did Colonel
John V. Echols, who happened to be passing
on the other side of Fifth avenue and saw the
struggle at the window. But the fight was far
from an end.

As soon as Mr. Leashman released his grip on
the assassin's right wrist he swiftly plunged
his hand into his pocket and drew out a keen
dagger with a ten-mch blade. Twice he managed
to drive this into the upper part of Mr. Frick's
thigh.

The wounds did very little harm, although
they bled freely. Then Mr. Frick grabbed the
man's hand and tore away the knife. At this
instant Deputy Sheriff Mack came running into
the room with a long .44-caliber revolver in his
hand.

The muzzle of this he pressed against Berg-
mann's head. "Keep still, damn you," he
cried.

SAVED BY HIS VICTIM.

"Don't do that, don't do that," pleaded Mr.
Frick in as strong a voice as he could. "Don't
kill him. Just get him away from here."

Wounded as he was, Mr. Frick managed to
push away the Deputy Sheriff's revolver. At
this moment he got up from the floor and
walked without help to a chair.

Bergmann was in a sorry condition. He had
tripped over a chair in the wrestling and his
head was cut against the corner of the table on
which Mr. Frick's papers lay. Blood had
flowed all over his pale, yellow face and his suit
was drenched and streaked with it.

Deputy Sheriff May helped him to his feet
and held him until Policemen Garrett, Croxson
and John McKenrick came in on a run.

Now, that the excitement of the fight was
over, Chairman Frick presented an awful spec-
tacle. Blood had flowed from the wounds in
his neck and down the back of his coat. His
face was very pale and his hair wildly dis-
ordered. Blood, issued from his lips and
bubbled upon his beard. He spat out
the first bullet. It had come through his
cheek into his mouth. There was a deep
hole in the back of his coat where the second
pistol shot had scored and torn the cloth at
close range. The ball was lodged under the
right shoulder blade among the thick muscles
there.

Mr. Frick refused even to let any one help
him to a chair.

He lay upon a wicker couch in his private
office, and Dr. A. Anderson, who had been called
in from the street, examined the wounds care-
fully. While this was going on the policemen
pulled Bergmann in front of his victim. "Is
this the man who shot you?" they asked.

"What is?" replied Mr. Frick, very quietly.

"What did you do it for?" asked the police-
men as they led Bergmann down stairs to the
street.

"Oh, I guess you know," he replied, with a
poor attempt at bravado.

He was a wretched looking human thing. He
was pale and so full of tremor that he could
hardly articulate. His teeth chattered. His

long, thin fingers, yellow and brown at the tips
with cigarette stains, shook against one another.
The man was in an agony of fear.

IN DANGER FROM THE MOB.

This fear was quadrupled when he reached
the sidewalk. Five hundred men crowded and
jostled the policemen and their trembling
prisoner. "Lynch him!" "Up with him!"
some growled hoarsely, and the crowd
believed a great roar of approval.

But the policemen rushed their prisoner around
to the Central Station and locked him up.
Within ten minutes Fifth avenue was block-
aded with angry men. Words of sympathy for
the wounded came from every hand. There
was a stampede from the Duquesne Club, of
which Mr. Frick was a prominent member.

Earliest of the club members to hasten to the
office was Christopher L. Magee, the republican
leader. Scores of prominent business men
hastened to inquire about the wounded man.

Dr. Litchfield, Dr. Tindle and Dr. Joseph
Dixon had been called in before three o'clock.
They cut the bullet out of Mr. Frick's back and
dressed his wounds. He did not become
unconscious at any time. He refused to
take any anaesthetics. After the operation he
took an opiate and fell into a deep sleep.

This lasted until evening, when he awoke and
assured his friends, most anxious of whom
was Secretary Loejor, that he was
feeling well. An ambulance was summoned
at seven o'clock from the Hospital of the Sisters
of Mercy. Mr. Frick was carried down on a
stretcher, carefully put aboard and driven to
his home, seven miles away in Homewood, an
east end suburb.

The doctors say at a late hour to-night that
unless some unforeseen complication occurs,
Mr. Frick is almost certain to recover.

DYNAMITE IN HIS MOUTH.

Bergmann Was Prepared to Follow the
Example of Lingg.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1892.—For a good
two hours after Policemen Croxson and
McRoberts had taken their man through
the yelling crowd to the central
station, the police had in their hands the poten-
tial of an even bloodier tragedy than that which
had been enacted in the office of the Carnegie
company.

It was not until four o'clock that Police Surgeon



HENRY CLAY FRICK AT HIS DESK.

T. J. Meyer discovered under the prisoner's
tongue the principal cause of the silence
which he had kept almost unbroken.
It was a little cartridge, less than an
inch in length and of the thickness of a camel's
hair brush quill, but of sufficient explosive
power, as Arthur Kirk, the dynamite manu-
facturer and expert said, to have blown the
would be murderer's head into as many bloody
fragments as a cartridge of the same character
blew the head of Lingg, the Chicago anarchist.

"What have you got that thing for?" asked
Inspector McKelvey, as with growl
Bergmann spit out the morsel of death.
"None of your business," was the answer.
A further search of the prisoner's clothes
revealed the presence of another fulminate car-
tridge, which, with thirteen .38-caliber revolver
cartridges, six cartridges in a nickel-plated case,
a nickel in money and a few bites of candy, were
the only personal property he possessed.

CASE TO KILL VIOLENCE.

Once rid of the fatalistic Bergmann talked a
little more easily and civilly.

"I came from New York to kill Frick," he said
in answer to a question put by J. O. Brown, chief
of the Department of Public Safety.

"What did you want to kill him for?"
"Because he is an enemy of the people," the
would-be murderer replied, with all the impres-
siveness that faded arms, an erect and would-be
dignified carriage and deliberate tone of voice
could give.

He then gave his name as Alexander Bergmann,
his place of nativity as St. Petersburg, his nation-
ality as Russian-Hebrew and his age as twenty-
four.

His weight was found to be 120 pounds and his
height five feet four inches.

He was dressed in a new suit of gray clothes,
bought during the day, and a clean white shirt.
When his clothes were taken from him he insisted
he should be supplied with underclothes in place
of those which he had worn.

When taken to his cell he gave the information
that he had stopped at the Merchants' Hotel,
at Smithfield and Water streets, opposite the
Baltimore and Ohio station. Chief Brown sent an
officer to the hotel, who returned after a brief
delay with the night clerk, whose name, strange to
say, was Bergmann, too—Otto Bergmann.

IDENTIFIED THE ASSASSIN.

He promptly identified his namesake as a man
who had come into the hotel the night be-
fore shortly after the arrival of the Balti-
more and Ohio train from New York. He had
registered as Simon Beckman, had paid for a
night's lodging and breakfast, having no baggage,
and had been assigned to room 74, on the second
floor.

He had started at once for the room, but
while half way up stairs had turned back
and asked to be called at five o'clock.

The clerk called him, at five and again
at half-past five. He came down stairs at ten
minutes to six. He ate breakfast, drank a glass
of coffee at the bar and went out.

Further back in the man's recent history than
this the police could not get. He said that
he came from New York, had been
five and a half years in the country,
but would give no more definite place of residence
than Forty-second street, refusing to specify
whether it was East or West Forty-second street
or which he lived.

MAY BE THE SAME MAN.

To-night there comes a story from Greensburg,
Pa., that there lived in the town last summer a

man who exactly matched Bergmann's description,
and who was the recognized leader of the colony
of Polish Hebrews. He went out of his head
just about this time last summer and
developed such strong homicidal inten-
tions, that he had to be confined. His
friends in New York were sent for and took
him to the asylum at the time that he was sub-
ject to attacks of this nature every midsummer.

If this man is insane, however, he has a sev-
erity of concealing it. I saw him at seven
o'clock. He was stretched languidly along the
bench in his cell. He looked more like a pedler
who has been looked up for vending without a
license than a self-confessed assassin. He raised
his head and showed his teeth in what was meant
for a pleasant smile when Chief Brown approached
the bare of his cell.

"Can't I have my cigarettes back?" he pleaded.
"Cigarettes, where did you buy them in New
York?" asked the Chief, clutching at what he
thought might be a fatal clue to the prisoner's
identity. Bergmann seemed to fathom the Chief's
thought, for he grinned somewhat maliciously as
he answered, "No, I bought them here in Pittsburg.
There were six of them left."

A more repulsive face than Bergmann's, the fore-
head was added to the Rogues' Gallery. The
forehead is narrow and receding, the head
almost cone shaped, the complexion pasty and
the chin sharp and protruding. The lips are
large and thick almost to the verge of deformity
and of the police were not deceived.

The room of the prisoner was ordered on duty
when the news of the attempted murder reached
headquarters. There was, however, no need for
their services, for the city soon quieted down.
There is probably nothing in the first theory of the
detectives that Bergmann had accomplices.

If you want to take a run over to Lon-
don and back at the HERALD'S expense
read the HERALD to-morrow.

MR. FRICK'S OFFICE.

Description of the Room in Which the
Tragedy Was Enacted.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1892.—All was quiet at
the Carnegie Steel Company, in which the tragedy was
enacted, as in front of the Husey Building, a hand-
some new seven story of gray stone, that occupies
a prominent position in Fifth avenue. To enter
them you ride up but one flight in the elevator.
There is also a broad flight of steps of polished
granite from the main lobby of the hallway.

The office is separated from the main lobby by a
high partition of light framework, filled in with
richly colored glass panels. On the panel nearest
the front is painted in severe black cap-
itals, "The Carnegie Steel Company, Limited."
The Chairman, The Vice Chairman, "As
the assassin entered at this glass door he found
himself in a passageway five feet wide, which runs
the entire length of the general office, being
fenced off with a railing of solid oak panels.

A little gate swings in this railing directly in
front of the office door. Facing this gateway
is a large, round topped oak desk, where
sits Chief Clerk Lindsay. At his right
is a small, round table, which is "wall" with
ground glass, pierced with a door, on whose white
panel is painted the word "Chairman." In the
little room beyond the door sits Mr. Frick. The
reading reports and letters and ordering the
general affairs of the Carnegie company.

The little room is carpeted in neutral tints, and
its only ornament is a crayon portrait of Andrew
Carnegie, which hangs near the window. This is
a high over wall which has been fastened over
the street in the form of a half cylinder, a style
much affected by recent Pittsburgh architects.

Together it is a very plain little office, ten feet
by fifteen in size, perhaps.

In leading characteristics are its narrowness and
the fact that it is almost entirely cut off from
the rest of the office. For, in spite of all the
talk and threats that had been indulged in by cer-
tain unscrupulous fellows in the Homestead
Pittsburgh, Henry Clay Frick laughed at the idea
of sitting up a body guard.

It was a little aside from me, "his inevitable
reply to timid friends who cautioned him, 'I've
been in plenty of strikes and nothing ever hap-
pened to me yet.' So that Bergmann was not at
all alarmed and quiet was a foretaste.

Directly opposite Mr. Frick's little room was
a similar one occupied by Vice Chairman John G. A.
Leashman, of the Carnegie Steel Company, Limited.
In the main office were Secretary Loejor, Sec-
retary Phillips, Assistant Chairman John H. Child,
who has special charge of the Homestead plant,
Chief Clerk Lindsay and Clerk Burgess.

If you are anxious to make a tour of the
globe free of expense read to-morrow's
HERALD.

IN JAIL FOR SUNDAY.

Judge Magee Reserves His Opinion on the
Cases of O'Donnell and Ross.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD.
PITTSBURGH, Pa., July 23, 1892.—O'Donnell,
the would-be assassin of the Homestead strikers,
and Hugh Ross will spend their Sunday in jail. The
two were brought into court this morning before
Judge Magee to be heard on their application to be
released on bail.

The Carnegie Steel Company, acting through
Commonwealth, made a hot fight against O'Don-
nell's release, his case being taken up first. The
attorney for the prisoner made an elaborate
statement. To some extent the company was
unsuccessful. The number of witnesses that
were called, of whom a heavy percentage were
Pittsburgh men, showed that extensive prepara-
tions had been made to keep the prison doors locked
on the leader of the Homestead steel workers.

This evening, when the taking of testimony was
over, both sides made their arguments. Judge
Magee, who presided, reserved his opinion as to
whether to workmen in their case, decided to con-
sider the testimony and arguments. He will give
his decision as to whether O'Donnell shall be ad-
mitted to bail on Monday morning.

It is a current story that O'Donnell is being
kept in jail in order to prevent a collision between
the militia and the idle men at Homestead. Had
he been released there is no doubt that his
advice would have been the occasion for a
greater violation than that which greeted Burgess
McKeele a few days ago after his release from
prison.

KNOWLED