

tions of the country. It is amazing that in this day of enlightenment those who profess to be political reformers, such as the agriculturists, should pattern after the medieval societies of political plotters in their methods. Freedom of discussion is the glory of republicanism."

Can any sane man, for a moment think, that this Republic and its institutions can be preserved and perpetuated by having its people divide up into races, nations and States? Can any sane man predict the preservation of society by organizing secret orders, the members of which must have certain prescribed qualifications? No. If this Republic is to be preserved, it must be by an organization which admits to brotherhood, people of every race and clime, and which absolutely and categorically sets foot on race and on sectional secret societies. In a community where Celtic and Saxon, Teuton and Slav, Semitic and Caucasian are at war, what harmony can exist, what accomplishments for good can be effected? None. Within this broad domain we are all Americans; then why strive to perpetuate the feuds and factions which have convulsed Europe for centuries. If we cannot meet face to face as Americans, for goodness sake let us not meet like the savage clans of prehistoric Europe, or like the fallen aboriginal tribes of this continent.

CULPABLE OFFICIAL NEGLIGENCE.

ON THE 14th inst. one of those fearful holocausts which from time to time surprise the world occurred seven miles from Nashville, Tenn. This was the burning of the Central Insane Asylum, an institution which had 400 inmates.

After the fire, half a dozen charred bodies were found in the debris. The report states that it was pitiful to see the inmates huddled in outhouses, chattering and wailing, and uttering all kinds of expressions of grief, terror and alarm. It is said that twenty-five of the lunatics made good their escape from the place.

The lamentable feature about this fire is, that when the Nashville fire department was telephoned for, the chief was absent, and the members would not move without their chief. It was two hours before that officer was found. He proceeded then to the fire, with two engines.

Here is a clear case of official negligence, and there is every reason why that chief should be arraigned for murder. It is a strange kind of discipline too, that when a chief is absent, has no provision for anybody to

take his place; and in a fire department above all, where an emergency is likely to arise at any moment.

This is a matter that should be gravely considered by the authorities of all towns and cities where a fire department is maintained at the public expense.

THE NEW ORLEANS TRAGEDY.

NEW ORLEANS, March 14. — New Orleans struck the Mafia a death blow today. It rose in its might almost at midday and wrecked horrible vengeance upon the Sicilian assassins who relentlessly slew David C. Hennessy, and there are eleven men dead tonight who were happy yesterday over their victory in the greatest criminal trial the city has ever witnessed. The chief of police was slain on October 15th, and that very night evidence began to accumulate, showing that his death had been deliberately plotted by a secret tribunal and carried out boldly and successfully by tools of the conspirators. The trial lasted twenty-five days and failed to convict.

Last night a body of lawyers, doctors, merchants and political dealers quietly met and decided that some action must be taken, and the people's justice, swift and sure, visited upon those whom the jury had neglected to punish. This morning a call for a mass meeting at Clay Square on Canal Street appeared in the papers, which editorially deprecated violence. A significant closing sentence of the call was: "Come prepared for action."

The call was answered by the populace. At ten o'clock there was a crowd of several thousand people congregated around the statue. They hardly knew what was going to happen, but they seemed ready to go at any length, and while there were, of course, many of the lower element in the throng, a large proportion were leading people of the town. There were three addresses, short and pithy, and business like, and the assemblage was soon keyed up to the highest pitch, demonstrative in its denunciation of the assassins.

After denouncing Detective O'Malley, who is alleged to have tampered with the jury, the speakers announced that they would lead to the parish prison, Mr. Wickliffe concluded with these words: "Shall the execrable Mafia be allowed to flourish in this city? Shall the Mafia be allowed to cut down our citizens on the public streets by the foul means of assassination? Shall the Mafia be allowed to bribe the jurors and let the murderers go scot free?"

By this time the crowd had swelled to 3000 or more and before anyone could realize what had happened the great throng, gaining recruits at every step, was tramping down the streets to the neighborhood of the prison, stopping only once and that was at the arsenal, where double-barreled shotguns, Winchester rifles and pistols were handed out to the responsible and respectable citizens of the party.

The starting of the crowd had an electric effect on the people. Soon the streets were alive with people, running from all directions and joining the main body, which moved down the rampart to the jail, near Congo

Square. Doors and windows were thrown open, women and children crowded on the galleries to encourage those who were taking part and to witness the scenes.

When the main crowd from Canal reached the prison, there had already collected a dense throng, all eager to take a hand in whatever might happen. When the vanguard of armed citizens reached the prison, that grim old building was surrounded on all sides.

Sheriff Viller, armed his deputies and then started on a hunt for Mayor Shakespeare. The Italian consul and Attorney-General Rogers joined in the pursuit, but his honor does not reach his office until noon and he was not to be found at any of his regular haunts. The governor had not heard of the uprising and had not sufficient time to act and the police force was too small to offer much resistance to the army of avengers. Superintendent Gaster had ordered an extra detail of officers to be sent to the jail and the small crowd kept the sidewalks around the old building clear until the great multitude, swelling all the time like a mighty roaring stream, surged around the door and crowded the little bands of bluecoats away. Captain Lem Davis was on guard at the main entrance with a scant force of deputies. They were swept away like chaff before the wind and in an instant the little ante-room leading into the prison was jammed with eager, excited men. Meanwhile the prisoners were stricken with terror, for they could hear distinctly the shouts of the people without, madly demanding their blood.

Captain Davis refused the request to open the prison, and the crowd began the work of battering in the doors. Neighboring houses readily supplied axes and battering rams, and willing hands went to work to force an opening. This did not prove a difficult task to the trembling, but determined throng. Soon the door gave way, and in an instant the armed citizens were pouring through the small opening, while a mighty shout went up from 10,000 throats in glad acclaim. There was resistance for the intruders, however, but it, too, was soon overcome with a huge billet of wood which the men carried. Then the turnkey was overpowered, and the keys taken from him.

By that time the excitement was intense; none the less so when a patrol wagon drove up with a detachment of policemen, who were driven away under a fire of mud and stones. When the leaders inside the prison got possession of the keys the inside gate was promptly unlocked, and the deputies in the lobby rapidly got out of harm's way. The avengers pressed into the yard of the white prisoners. The door of the first cell was opened and a group of trembling prisoners stood inside. They were not the men who were wanted, and the crowd very quickly, though with remarkable coolness, burst into the yard. Peering through the bars of the condemned cell was a terror-stricken face, which some one mistook for Scaffedi's.

A volley was fired at the man, and he dropped, but none of the shots struck him, and it was subsequently