

# CHIEF HENNESSY AVENGED

## ELEVEN OF HIS ITALIAN ASSASSINS LYNCHED BY A MOB.

### AN UPRISING OF INDIGNANT CITIZENS IN NEW-ORLEANS—THE PRISON DOORS FORCED AND THE ITALIAN MURDERERS SHOT DOWN.

NEW-ORLEANS, March 14.—In every paper in the city this morning appeared the following call:

"All good citizens are invited to attend a mass meeting on Saturday, March 14, at 10 o'clock A. M., at Clay Statue, to take steps to remedy the failure of justice in the Hennessy case. Come prepared for action."

John C. Wickliffe,  
B. F. Glover,  
J. G. Pepper,  
C. E. Rogers,  
F. E. Hawes,  
Raymond Hayes,  
L. E. Cenas,  
John M. Parker, Jr.,  
Harris R. Lewis,  
Septime Villere,  
William M. Bailey,  
Lee McMillan,  
C. E. Jones,  
J. F. Queeny,  
D. R. Calder,  
Thomas Henry,  
James Lea McLean,  
Felix Couturie,  
T. D. Wharton,  
Frank B. Hayne,  
J. G. Flower,  
James Clarke,  
Thomas H. Kelley,  
H. B. Ogden,  
Ulric A. Atkinson,  
A. Baldwin, Jr.,  
A. E. Blackmar,  
John V. Moore,  
William T. Pierson,  
C. L. Stegal,  
W. S. Parkerson,

Dickson Bruns,  
William H. Deeves,  
Richard S. Venables,  
Samuel B. Merwin,  
Omer Villere,  
H. L. Foyrot,  
T. D. Mather,  
James P. Mulvey,  
Emile Dupré,  
W. P. Curtiss,  
Charles J. Roulett,  
T. S. Barton,  
C. J. Forstall,  
J. Moore Wilson,  
F. Henry,  
Hugh W. Brown,  
C. Harrison Parker,  
Edgar H. Farrar,  
J. C. Aby,  
R. C. D. Hahse,  
C. A. Walscher,  
W. Gosby,  
Charles M. Barnwell,  
H. R. Labouisse,  
Walter D. Denegre,  
George Denegre,  
R. H. Hornbeck,  
S. P. Walsby,  
E. H. Pierson,  
James D. Houston,  
E. T. Leche.

The verdict of the jury in the Hennessy case had startled and angered everybody. The statements of the jury bore out the suspicion that the members had been purchased. Consequently at 10 o'clock there was a large crowd at Clay Statue on Canal Street. Mr. Parkerson appeared with a number of gentlemen "prepared for action." There was a crowd of young and old men, black and white, but mostly of the best element. Speeches were made by Messrs. Parkerson, Denegre, and Wickliffe.

Shortly before 10 o'clock Mr. Parkerson appeared at the base of the monument. The crowd quickly swarmed around him. He requested them to fall into line. At their head he marched around the monument three times, and ascending the pedestal he turned and made the following address:

PEOPLE OF NEW-ORLEANS: Once before I stood before you for public duty. I now appear before you again actuated by no desire for fame or prominence. Affairs have reached such a crisis that men living in an organized and civilized community, finding their laws fruitless and ineffective, are forced to protect themselves. When courts fail, the people must act. What protection or assurance of protection is there left us when the very head of our Police Department, our Chief of Police, is assassinated in our very midst by the Mafia Society and his assassins are again turned loose on the community? Will every man here follow me and see the murder of Hennessy avenged? Are there men enough here to set aside the verdict of that infamous jury, every one of whom is a perjurer and a scoundrel?

There is another viper in our midst and that is Dominick C. O'Malley. This community must get rid of the man who has had the audacity to enter a libel suit against one of our daily papers that boldly came out and denounced him to the public in his true colors. I now, right here, publicly, openly, and fearlessly, denounce him as a suborner and procurer of witnesses and a briber of juries. Men and citizens of New-Orleans, follow me! I will be your leader.

Mr. Parkerson was enthusiastically cheered throughout his entire speech, and at its close the cries and cheering of the multitude were deafening. Mr. W. Denegre followed and his opening words were drowned by the cries of the crowd, "We have had enough of words! Now for action!" Quiet was restored and Mr. Denegre proceeded:

"To-day is the 14th of March. On the 14th of September you assembled on this very spot for a purpose similar to that which has convoked you here this morning. When our late lamented Chief of Police, David C. Hennessy, had been so cruelly stricken down by red-handed assassins, an indignation meeting was held at Lafayette Square. It was there decided that we peacefully and quietly await the action of the law. This we have done. The law has proved a farce and mockery. It now reverts to us to take upon ourselves the right to protect ourselves. Are we to tolerate organized assassination? Not one of those jurors told the truth. While perhaps not all of the twelve accepted a bribe, some of them did. They were bribed, and bribed by whom? By that scoundrel D. C. O'Malley, than whom a more infamous monster never lived. The Committee of Fifty have already notified him to leave town without avail. More forcible action is now called for. Let every one here now follow us with the intention of doing his full duty."

Mr. J. C. Wyckliffe followed in the same denunciatory manner, saying among other things that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that the time had now come for the citizens of New-Orleans to protect themselves. "If such action as the acquittal of these assassins is to be further tolerated, if nothing is done to forcibly portray the disapproval of the public of this infamous verdict, not one man can expect to carry his life safe in the face of the organized assassination that so powerfully exists in our midst as to openly set law and order at defiance. We met in Lafayette Square to talk. We now meet at the foot of Henry Clay's statue to act. Let us therefore act, fellow-citizens. Fall in under the leadership of W. S. Parkerson. James D. Houston will be your First Lieutenant, and I, J. C. Wickliffe, will be your Second Lieutenant."

Arms had been provided at Royal and Bienville for about fifty men, and the members of the committee who had called the assemblage went there, secured pistols and shotguns, and then the crowd marched on the Parish Prison.

The starting of the crowd had an electric effect on the city. Soon the streets were alive with people running from all directions and joining the main body, which moved sullenly down Rampart Street to the jail near Congo Square. Doors and windows were thrown open, and men, women, and children crowded on the galleries to encourage those who were taking part and to witness the scene.

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

Sheriff Villere, when he heard that a movement was on foot to take the prisoners, 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 no 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 band of bluecoats away.

Capt. 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 people without, madly demanding their blood. Innocent and guilty alike were frightened out of their senses, and those who were charged with crimes other than complicity in the murder of the Chief also shared in the general demoralization. Some of the braver among the representatives of the Mafia wanted to die fighting for their lives, and they pleaded for weapons with which to defend themselves, and when they could not find these they sought hiding places. The deputies, thinking to deceive the crowd by a ruse, transferred the nineteen men to the female department, and there the miserable Sicilians trembled in terror until the moment when the doors would yield to the angry throng on the outside.

Capt. Davis refused the request to open the prison, and the crowd began the work of battering in the doors. Around on Orleans Street there was a heavy wooden door, which had been closely barred in anticipation of the coming of the avenging mass. This the crowd selected as their best chance of getting in. 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 determined throng. Soon there was a crash, the door gave way, and in an instant armed citizens were pouring through the small opening, while a mighty shout went up from 10,000 throats. There was more resistance for the intruders, however, but it too was soon overcome by the huge billet of wood which a stout man carried. Then the turnkey was overpowered and the keys were 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 ladders inside the prison got possession of the keys the inside gate was promptly unlocked, and the deputies in the lobby promptly got out of harm's way. The avengers pressed into the yard of the white prisoners. The door of the first cell was open 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 Scoffedo. A volley was fired at the man and he dropped, but none of the shots struck him, and it was subsequently found that he was not one of the assassins. The inmates of the jail were ready to direct the way to where the Italians were.

"Go to the female department," some one yelled, and thither the men, with their Winchester, ran. But the door was locked. In a moment the key was produced. Then the leader called for some one who knew the right men, and a volunteer responded and the door was thrown open. The gallery was deserted, but an old woman, speaking as fast as she could, said the men were up stairs. A party of seven or eight quickly ascended the staircase, and as they reached the landing the assassins fled down at the other end. Half a dozen followed them. Scarcely a word was spoken. It was the time for action. When the pursued and their pursuers reached the stone court yard the former darted toward the Orleans side of the gallery and crouched down beside the cells. Being unarmed they were absolutely defenseless. In fear and trembling they screamed for mercy. But the avengers were merciless, and a deadly rain of bullets poured into the crouching figures.

Geragli, the closest man, was struck in the back of the head, and his body pitched forward and lay immovable on the stone pavement. Romero fell to his knees, with his face in his hands, and in that position was shot to death. Monastero and James Caruso fell together under the fire of half a dozen guns, the leaden pellets entering their bodies and heads, and the blood gushing from the wounds.

The executioners did their work well, and beneath the continuing fire Cometex and Trabunia, two of the men who had not been tried, but who were charged jointly with the other accused, fell together. Their bodies were literally riddled with buckshot, and they were dead almost before the fusillade was over.

When the group of assassins was discovered on the gallery, Macheuca, Scoffedo, and old man Marchesi separated from the other six and ran up stairs. Thither half a dozen men followed them, and as the terror-stricken assassins ran into cells they were slain. Jo Macheuca, who was charged with being the arch-conspirator, was a short, fat man, and was summarily dealt with. He had his back turned when a shot struck him immediately behind the ear, and his death was instantaneous. There was no blood from the wound, and when the body was found the ear was swollen so as to hide the wound, which the coroner had great difficulty in locating.

Scoffedo, one of the most villainous of the assassins, dropped like a log when a bullet hit him in the eye. Old man Marchesi was the only one who was not killed outright. He was struck in the top of the head while he stood beside Macheuca, and though he was mortally wounded, he lingered all the evening before dying.

Pollze, the crazy man, was locked up in a cell up stairs. The doors were swung open and one of the avengers, taking aim, shot him through the body. He was not killed outright and in order to satisfy the people on the outside, who were crazy to know what was going on within, he was dragged down the stairs and through the doorway by which the crowd had entered. A rope was provided and tied around his neck and the people pulled him up to the crossbars. Not satisfied that he was dead, a score of men took aim and poured a volley of shot into him, and for several hours the body was left dangling in the air.

Bagnetto was caught in the first rush up stairs and the first volley of bullets pierced his brain. He was pulled out by a number of stalwart men through the main entrance to the prison and from the limb of a tree his body was suspended, although life was already gone.

Just as soon as the bloody work was done Mr. Parkerson addressed the crowd, and asked them to disperse. This they consented to do with a ringing shout, but first they made a rush for Parkerson, and lifting him bodily, supported him on their shoulders while they marched up the street. The avengers came back in a body to the Clay statue and then departed. Immense crowds rushed from all directions to the neighborhood of the tragedy, while the streets in front of the newspaper offices were blocked with people anxious to see the latest bulletins.

W. S. Parkerson, who was the Captain of the mob, was the political leader of the Democracy of 1888, and is one of the leading lawyers of the city. James D. Houston, who was announced as First Lieutenant, is also a prominent political leader. John C. Wickliffe, the Second Lieutenant, is one of the editors of the *New Delta*. He is a Kentuckian and a West Pointer. The mob's work was done quickly and without unnecessary violence. No one was injured but the men against whom there was proof of complicity in the assassination of the late Chief of Police, and men who are known to be active agents of the Mafia. The shotguns and ropes of the mob have expurgated eleven men. Public sentiment condemned the men indicted for the crime; public action has put them to death. The city is unanimous in upholding the action of the mob.

Coroner Lemonnier spent the day at the prison. The first inquest was on the body of Joe Macheuca, the recognized leader of the party, who was stretched out on the gallery of the row of condemned cells on the third floor. He looked perfectly natural, the fatal wound being just below and behind the left ear. He was the only one upon whom much money was found, he having over a hundred dollars in his pocket. Seated, the man in the oilcloth coat, who stood at the corner of Basin and Girod and fired the last shot at the Chief, was also shot through the brain. Marchesi, the old bald-headed man, identified as the party who jumped into the street and fired two volleys into the tottering body of Hennessy, also had a bullet in the brain. He evidently grasped at one of the guns with his left hand, and several of his fingers were shot away. Although unconscious, he did not die until evening, being the only one to escape immediate death.

As soon as the approach of the mob was known, the Italians were released from the rooms where they were confined. They scattered in different directions. Macheuca and those just mentioned were terror-stricken, and ran from one corridor to the other without getting out of the way. The crowd found them on the gallery of the condemned cells, and they were shot from the yard and from the gallery entrance. The statement that Macheuca had a weapon and faced the mob is denied by the prison officials. Pollitz and Bagnetto were also caught near by and carried

outside the prison, where they were hanged to the limbs of the nearest trees on the neutral ground. With a gun to his head, Bagnetto was asked who killed the Chief, and said he did not know. They were his last words. The police cut the bodies down and carried them into the Fourth Precinct Police Station.

A part of the Italians, as soon as they were told to hide, got over into the women's side of the prison. The majority got into a cell on the lower floor, from which they were driven out and shot down in a body.

Frank Romero, Rocco Geraceli, Caruso, Charles Trabunia, and Monastero, the shoemaker who lived in the shanty where the assassins gathered, and Loreto Camites were laid out in a row. Most of them had been shot through the brain, and made a horrible sight as they lay weltering in blood and brains. Natali and Sunzeri, two of the men, not on trial, and for whom an alibi was claimed, were caught hidden in a doghouse, but one of the leaders claimed protection for them, as they had not yet been tried, and they were turned over to the prison officers. The same course was pursued with Charlie Pietzo, an Italian grocery keeper, at whose place the Mafia are said to have met, and where the guns were gathered before the shooting. He took refuge in the wash house, from which he was pulled out. Incardona, ordered acquitted by the court, was not touched, and John Caruso slipped into a cell with prisoners for minor offences, and the latter were locked up for safe keeping. The boy Marchesi, who is said to have given the signal of the Chief's approach was caught, but the crowd refused to wreak vengeance on so young a victim. When the boy heard that his father was shot, he tried to tear out his eyes.

Two men who concealed themselves effectually and have not yet been seen are Charles Matranga, who was supposed to be a fellow-chieftain with Macheuca in the murderous plot, but against whom no evidence was obtained, and Charles Pajano, a brother of the ex-Alderman against whom there was also no evidence. The crowd did not want them anyhow.

The jurors in the Hennessy case are also reaping a bitter harvest to-day. Walker Livandais, a clerk in the Southern Pacific Railroad, was discharged, as his fellow-clerks refused to work with him. J. M. Seligman, the foreman, was partner with his brother in the jewelry business. The brother dissolved the partnership to-day. The clubs and Exchanges of which he was a member expelled him, and he sought to leave town this afternoon. A mob captured him on the way to the station, but he was rescued by the police, and has been concealed by his friends.

The *New Delta*, published by Col. Parker and edited by Wickliffe, foreshadowed the result in a double-leaded editorial, of which the following are extracts:

"The time to call a halt has arrived. The individual resigns to organized justice his natural right to protect himself. Organized justice has failed to discharge its functions. Human law is unable to hold at bay or even to punish the midnight murderer. There is nothing left save a resort to that law of God—self-preservation."

"Citizens of New-Orleans, you are brought face to face with the question whether your city shall be ruled by orderly government or by organized assassination. You are to-day to decide whether you are to be governed by laws made by yourselves, or by the edicts of the Sicilian Mafia. Before the setting of the sun to-night, it will be determined whether you are to enjoy the security of orderly citizens of a free republic, or to carry your lives at the mercy of a band of organized assassins."

"Your Chief of Police, the executive head of law itself, has fallen before the vengeance of a band of criminals. For four months you have patiently waited for the law to act. A perjured jury has brought the law to naught, and to-day the officers who conducted the prosecution, the citizens who supported it, and the witnesses who testified for it, are living at the mercy of the men who took the life of your officer. At any moment any one of you may become the object of the Mafia's vengeance, and the target for the murderous musket of the hired assassin. Will you hold your life at the mercy of these law-proof murderers, or will you protect it by the only means this foresworn jury has left you? Go to the Clay Statue this morning at 10 o'clock and answer the question for yourselves."

As soon as the purpose of the mass meeting became known to Gov. Nicholls he ordered the State militia to be called out to protect the prisoners, but before Gen. Meyer could find his Adjutant General to promulgate the order, the work had been accomplished.

The Stock Exchange held a meeting this morning and expelled from membership therein Mr. Jacob Seligman, the foreman of the jury that brought the verdict of acquittal. He was charged with having manipulated the jury so that no one should be convicted, and is said to have been interested in large wagers that not one of the accused would be condemned. The *Picayune* accumulated evidence of Seligman's unreliability, and laid it before District Attorney Lutzenberg, but the latter refused to entertain it, not realizing the extent of the depravity of the defense in its methods.

O'Malley is a private detective here, the partner of Lionel Adams, ex-District Attorney, and he had charge of the "fixing" of the witnesses and jury. He has a bad criminal record, has been in jail in Cleveland, Ohio, and has been indicted on several occasions for various offenses. His special forte is subornation of perjury and bribery. He and Hennessy were deadly enemies, and it is generally supposed that he was back of Macheuca in the conspiracy for the assassination. He has always been the agent of the Sicilians whenever they appeared in the Criminal Court, and has been frequently seen in close consultation with the leaders of the Mafia. He is thoroughly fearless and daring, full of insolence and bravado. When the mob meeting was assembling he walked right through it, jokingly talking to acquaintances. He heard Mr. Parkerson's denunciation of his acts, and straightway proceeded to a gun store and bought twenty-five shotgun cartridges loaded with buckshot. Since that time he has been in hiding. He will either leave town or be killed.

Joe Macheuca, who was shown by the testimony in the trial to have been the head of the conspiracy, was a wealthy merchant, the founder of the house of Macheuca Brothers, though not of late connected with it, and the pioneer of the steamship fruit trade with Central America, he owning the first steamer to make the venture twenty years ago, where a score of steamships are kept busy to-day. He was worth some hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was a pleasant-mannered, popular gentleman. He has always taken an active interest in Democratic politics. In the Seymour and Blair campaign of 1868 he organized and commanded a company of Sicilians 150 strong, known as the Innocents. Their uniform was a white cape, bearing a Maltese cross on the left shoulder. They wore side arms, and when they marched shot every negro that came in sight. They left a trail of a dozen dead negroes behind them every time. Gen. James B. Steedman, managing the campaign here at the time, finally forbade them making further parades, and they disbanded.

On the 14th of September, 1874, just seventeen years and a half ago, when the White League turned out and dispossessed the Kellogg Government, Macheuca commanded the Italian company. One of the incidents of the battle between the White League and the metropolitan police is worthy of recollection. Gen. A. S. Badger, commanding the police, was shot in half a dozen places and fell in the street. The mob rushed for him to administer the *coup de grace*. Capt. Macheuca took in the situation at a glance, threw his men around the fallen foe, drove back the howling mob, and, lifting the wounded man on a stretcher, detailed a squad of his men to escort him to the Charity Hospital. Macheuca thus saved his life. Badger is now a member of the committee of fifty appointed by the Mayor to ferret out the Italian assassins.

## THE STORY OF THE MURDER.

### HOW CHIEF HENNESSY WAS ASSASSINATED AT HIS OWN DOORSTEP.

David C. Hennessy, Chief of the police force of New-Orleans, walked home from his office on the night of Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1890. A friend and fellow-officer accompanied him to within one block of his house, which he reached just a little before midnight. The street was then apparently deserted, but no sooner had Chief Hennessy mounted his doorstep than a volley of bullets struck him and he fell upon the sidewalk mortally wounded.

The number of shots fired simultaneously indicated that there were several assassins, and as they skulked away under cover of the darkness the dying Chief's friend, from whom he had parted but a moment before, came hurriedly upon the scene. Many citizens hearing the shots also hastened to the spot. The Chief, it was ascertained, had received three bullets in the stomach besides one just under the heart and one in the left forearm. He was removed to a hospital, where he died at 9 o'clock the following morning.

Although the murdered man did not recognize his assailants, circumstances soon pointed to a bloodthirsty gang of Sicilians as the assassins. It was learned that just before Hennessy reached his house an Italian lad ran ahead of him and gave a peculiar whistle, which was undoubtedly the signal to the concealed murderers. The dead Chief's associates on the police force recalled the fact that some years ago Hennessy had incurred the bitter hatred of a certain element of Italians by his vigorous efforts to break up a bloody vendetta of long standing and to bring the guilty men to justice. He arrested a famous bandit, Esposito, who was in hiding in New-Orleans and sent him back to Italy, where he was convicted and punished for his crimes. Threats of vengeance were anonymously sent to Chief Hennessy many times, but, disregarding them, he persisted in his warfare against the lawless por-

tion of the large Italian community in New-Orleans. He learned many of the secrets of the Sicilian societies and "murder circles," and thereby became a marked man in the eyes of the stealthy and dreaded Mafia.

Public excitement rose to an intense pitch in New-Orleans, when the realization became general that the well-liked Chief of Police had fallen a victim to the Sicilian assassins. For years the people of New-Orleans had read and shuddered over the accounts of atrocious murders committed by the Sicilians among themselves, but never before had the secret vengeance of the Mafia been wreaked upon an American. Chief Hennessy's body was removed to the home of his mother, where it was visited by thousands of people. His murder was the only theme of conversation, and public indignation quickly reached a point where only the most earnest counsels of conservative citizens prevented a wholesale lynching of Italians. A public meeting was called by Mayor Shakespeare, and stirring resolutions were adopted denouncing the murder of Hennessy and avowing a determination on the part of the people to exterminate the Sicilian secret assassination societies. A committee of fifty citizens of the highest standing was appointed by the Mayor to thoroughly investigate the whole subject.

The New-Orleans police force set to work energetically, and within a few hours after Chief Hennessy's death half a dozen arrests had been made. Thanks to the persistent investigations that had been made by the dead chief the Police Department was in possession of a very complete history of the Sicilian vendetta in New-Orleans, and of the names of the leaders of the various factions. One of the first persons arrested was Antonio Scoffedi, who was suspected of having fired one of the fatal shots at Chief Hennessy. He was confined in the Parish Prison. A young paper carrier named Thomas Duffy obtained permission to see the prisoner, and deliberately shot him in the neck. Duffy regarded Chief Hennessy as his best friend. It was at first thought that Scoffedi would die, but the surgeons pulled him through, and he fell a victim to the lynchers yesterday. The police made fifteen arrests in two days, and all of the prisoners who stood trial were among the number.

The case which is supposed to have incited the killing of Chief Hennessy was narrated at the time as follows: The Provenzanos enjoyed a monopoly in discharging fruit vessels at New-Orleans. Matranga, a noted leader of bandits and the proprietor of a negro gambling and dance house, finding the police too severe on him concluded to change his business, and by persuasions, threats, and other methods he succeeded in ousting the Provenzanos. A deadly enmity sprang up between the two factions. One night as a gang of Matranga's men were returning from their work they were fired upon and several, including Tony Matranga, were wounded. Chief Hennessy arrested the Sicilians who were accused by the Matrangas, and they were convicted. A new trial was secured after persistent efforts, and it was to have begun a few days after the date of Hennessy's assassination. During the investigations occasioned by the application for a new trial, the Chief, it appears, became convinced that the witnesses on the Matranga side had perjured themselves, and that the principal witness for the defense had been assassinated by one of the Matranga gang. He also obtained from Sicily the record of the Matrangas, which would have been very damaging to their case. The police were assured by many Italians that it was to prevent Chief Hennessy from telling what he knew about the Matrangas that he was murdered.

Matranga was described as having been the head of the dreaded Mafia, or Stoppaghera, Society in New-Orleans. There were about 20 leaders and 300 ignorant Sicilians in the society. Members of the Provenzanos faction declared that there were Mafia societies in San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, and New-York. The purpose of the society is to further its own ends by any means, assassination being the favorite method. Whenever a member is told to put a certain man "out of the way" he is bound to obey under penalty of death.

## THE NEWS IN NEW-YORK.

### THE ITALIAN COLONY EXCITED OVER THE LYNCHING.

Italians in this city were greatly excited when the news of the lynching of their fellow-countrymen in New-Orleans was received yesterday. At 5 o'clock they began to gather at the Italian banks and places of resort to hear the latest news. In forcible language they denounced the lynching. Early in the evening arrangements were made for a mass meeting of the various Italian societies and citizens to be held to-night, when the action of the mob in New-Orleans will be protested against. The meeting will probably be held in Webster Hall.

*Il Progresso Italo-Americano* will publish an extra this morning in regard to the affair. Charles Barsotti, the editor of the paper, and his associates were discussing the matter at the office, 40 Duane Street, yesterday afternoon. They said that two or three of the men reported killed were naturalized citizens, but for all of them the Italian Government claimed protection. What action the Italian Government would take, if any, of course could not be said, but it was believed that an explanation would be asked of the Federal Government why persons proclaimed innocent by an American jury should be submitted to such violence, and that a thorough prosecution of those engaged in the jail breaking would be demanded. "It is horrible," added Mr. Barsotti, "that a mob should break down the gates of the jail and kill these men in any event, but the more because they had been fairly tried, and a jury made up of citizens had by their verdict decided that there was not sufficient evidence to convict them. It was well enough to call them murderers before the trial, but the jury had decided that they were not, or at least that it could not be proved against them. One was only seventeen years old.

Signor Barsotti said that a little over \$500 had been raised in this city and sent down to New-Orleans with a view that the men might be ably represented at the trial and given a fair one. The money was raised by subscriptions sent in to *Il Progresso Italo-Americano*. This was the only money subscribed in New-York. A similar subscription, however, had been opened by an Italian journal in New-Orleans. It was believed by the Italian editors yesterday that the impression that pervaded Italy that America was a paradise of freedom would now receive a severe shock.