

# NEGRO MURDERERS.

Inflames the Mob and the Streets of New Orleans

IS STAINED WITH BLOOD

A Desperate Negro Kills Two Police Officers and Wounds a Third Which Causes

a Big Row

A trifling incident at New Orleans has begun a series of tragedies which may culminate in a popular uprising similar to the Italian lynching some years ago.

Two suspicious Negroes were hanging around a quiet neighborhood and somebody took the precaution to inform the police. Several officers went to the scene and instead of making explanations or going to jail, the Negroes showed fight. Pistols were soon in play and Officer Mora was seriously shot. One of the Negroes was arrested, but the Negro—Robert Charles—who did the shooting, since said to be a desperate burglar and ex convict, got away, although wounded.

The police organized a pursuing party and succeeded in locating the fugitive. Capt. John T. Day, commanding the precinct, led a posse of police to his shanty and tried to reach the refugee by a dark alley leading to it. They carried lanterns and were easily distinguished, and when they got to the house Charles opened fire with a Winchester, killing Capt. Day and keeping up the fusillade until the captain had five wounds in him.

A Negro opened the door of an adjoining room and told the police to jump in, as Charles had fled and ammunition and an irrefragable position. They obeyed, thinking to hold Charles in his quarters until help or daylight came. Officer Lamb was the last of the three survivors to attempt to reach shelter, after emptying his revolver in the direction of the Negro, and Charles reached the door and dropped him with a bullet behind the ear.

Nearly an hour elapsed before reinforcements came, and these were placed around the block to prevent escape. It was then discovered that Charles had already fled the room, though a shot at the pickets told that he was in the neighborhood. The two dead policemen were removed and a systematic search organized, but no trace of the fugitive was found. Police, armed with rifles, and citizens similarly equipped, and a borrowed bludgeoned kept up the quest; and had Charles been sighted he would have been shot to pieces.

Mayor Capdevielle offered a reward of \$100 and Gov. Heard has added \$250 for the State Parties are out in all directions, even miles away from the city, and all trains and cars are being searched. Suspects were arrested in the suburbs but the right man was not caught. In the meantime the police had work to do and the whole force was kept busy.

Thousands of people gathered around the scene of the shooting and, lacking a victim or other excitement, proposed vengeance on the property and on the Negroes in the hotels around. The police promptly quelled the disturbers and jailed a number, but the guard had to be increased. A committee from the respectable colored element called on Chief Gaster Wednesday and offered aid in running down the murderer, and as some of them know the man by sight their services were accepted.

The excitement has not yet died out, and the capture of the Negro, who is likely hiding in the city, may start the mob going.

## THE MOB IN CHARGE

New Orleans was in the hands of a mob Wednesday and Wednesday night. The murder of the two police officers caused the whole trouble. Throughout the day attacks were made by irresponsible mobs of whites upon the blacks, and the negroes before nightfall had been effectually chased from the streets. The effect of the disorders was to put a practical stop to business in the whole sale districts and on the levee front. As this meant a serious crippling of the trade of the port the business element rallied in force and hundreds of the most prominent men of the city responded to the appeal of the mayor's assistance in preventing order.

The police have been practically helpless throughout the disturbances. The force consists of some 300 men, including clerks and telegraph operators, and this is manifestly a force inadequate to the preservation of the peace of a city of 310,000 people. But aside from this the fierce indignation among the members of the department over the ruthless murders of Capt. Day and Police Officer Mora and the Negro Robert Charles, to the same extent made the police sympathetic with the mobs in their extended efforts to avenge the murders. The fact that there has been a strong resentment on the part of the working people against steamship agents and contractors in the employment of negro labor to the exclusion of whites on public works and on the levee, also contributed somewhat, it is believed, to the disinclination of the police to do their full duty.

Mayor Capdevielle was at Ocean Springs last night when the mobs swept over the city. When he arrived at his office Wednesday he found awaiting him a delegation of the leading merchants of the city, who said the interests of the community and the commercial welfare demanded prompt and vigorous action. About the same time Lieut. Gov. Estopinal, who had witnessed a scene of outrage upon negroes on Canal street, joined the conference at the hotel. He at once advised a conference with Gov. Heard at Baton Rouge. The long distance phone was used and the governor said he would order.

Without delay he sent messages to Col. Hodgson in the absence of Gen. Glynn and had him immediately order out the Louisiana artillery, the Louisiana field and the first regiment. At twilight there were 1,500 men congregated in the armory. At the same time the mayor, in a proclamation, appealed for 500 special police. Before 4 p. m. 400 of the representative citizens of the community had been sworn in. The mayor made requisition on the leading hardware and ammunition establishments of the city and the specials were heavily armed and sent to various sections of the city. Hoodlums roamed the streets throughout the day, and whenever they spied a negro, assaulted him or some cases citizens rallied to the police and with their assistance beat off the attackers. Just after daylight the remnants of one of the mobs gathered at the Spanish Fort railway station whence a large number of negro laborers daily leave for

their work at Chalmette. They saw a crowd of blacks approaching and started to chase them. Louis Lapuyard got in their way and received a bullet in the leg. Later in the forenoon a negro emptied his pistol into a down town house and wounded a child. At 11 o'clock a mob marched through Lafayette square, which is opposite the city hall, and discovering some negroes in the park, jumped on and beat them until they fled and escaped. An hour afterward a white man saw a negro named Ross at the corner of Lafayette and Dryades streets and fired his gun at him. Those on the street fled in every direction and the negro made his escape. Shortly after 1 o'clock Josephine Wild a child, while seated in front of her home, caught a stray bullet in the knee.

One of the most sensational incidents of the day was the discovery of two negroes badly wounded in a box car on the levee front. They were desperately hurt and only one was conscious. He was so frightened that he declined to give any account of how the shooting occurred. Mayor Capdevielle and his assistants made arrangements this afternoon for transportation facilities, which would assist in the quick dispatch both of the militia and of the special police from one section of the city to another. All the trolley lines sent representatives to his honor to say that they would place special cars at his disposal throughout the night so that armed forces could be moved quickly. The express companies also assured the mayor that they would be ready to respond to any call which might be made upon them.

Late this afternoon Mayor Capdevielle issued a proclamation which had an excellent effect. It called upon all good citizens not enrolled in the special police to go to their homes or places of business and remain there. They were also warned and advised not to assemble or idle about the streets. The police, general and special, were ordered and directed to disperse all crowds and to arrest all persons who were especially ordered, after 7 p. m. to arrest all persons found loitering or idling about the streets. As a result of the proclamation tonight few people were upon the streets.

At the various exchanges this afternoon the wish was expressed that The Associated Press might make it public to the world that the present emouement was one sincerely deprecated and having the support of none of the conservative elements of the community. The local business bodies are much opposed to the importation of large numbers of negroes to the plantations to work on the levees or the public works, but while they are of that opinion, they are very much opposed to violent methods in dealing with the negro population. Only the worst element have participated in the disorders.

## THE DESPERADO KILLED.

After a desperate battle lasting for several hours in which he succeeded in killing Sergt. Gabriel Porteus, Andy Van Kuren, keeper of the police jail, and Alfred J. Bloomfield, a young boy, fatally wounding Corporal John F. Lally, John Barville, ex-policeman Frank H. Evans, A. S. Lociere, one of the leading confederates of the city, and more or less seriously shooting several citizens, the negro desperado, Robert Charles, who killed Capt. Day and Police Officer Mora, was finally shot and killed in the heart of the residence section of the city and literally shot to pieces. The incident is one of the most remarkable in the history of the city, and 20,000 people, soldiers, policemen and citizens were gathered around the square in which Charles was finally put to death.

Sergt. Gabe Porteus, one of the best known officers on the force, and Sergt. John F. Lally, who has a fine record for bravery, were informed during the day by a negro that Charles was in hiding in a house on Ohio, near Saratoga street. Determining to take him alive if possible, the officers summoned a number of patrolmen to their assistance and went to the house where Charles was supposed to be in concealment. The negro informant of the policemen accompanied the officers. They entered the side alley of the house and were surprised in practically the same way as were Day and Lamb. Before the officers were aware of their danger Charles, who was hidden behind a screen on the second floor of the building, raised his Winchester and began a furious but accurate fire. Lally fell with a bullet in the right side of the abdomen. Porteus was shot through the head and dropped dead across the body of Lally. The other officers and the patrolmen fled from the scene. The reports of Charles' Winchester and the fact that two officers lay bleeding in the yard, raised tremendous excitement. Hurry calls were sent to the mayor, the chief of police and Col. Wood, in command of the special police, and as fast as possible armed help was rushed to the scene. In a little while there was an immense armed crowd encircling the square in which Charles was located. In the meantime Father Fitzgerald of St. John's church was summoned to administer extreme unction to the police officers, who were lying in a dazed condition. He responded promptly and was announcing the body of Porteus, with Alfred J. Bloomfield, a young boy standing by his side, when Charles again appeared at the window. The lad saw him at once and begged the desperado not to shoot him. Charles immediately fired his Winchester again and Bloomfield fell dead. The priest, unhurt, left the scene after plucking performing the last office for the dead officer. This time the substance arrived and two citizens volunteered to go in the alleyway and bring out the body of Lally. They entered and while they were attempting to take the body of the dead officer from that of his colleague, Charles fired again. The citizens, nevertheless, got Lally's body out of the alley and afterward succeeded in taking Porteus' body out also. In the meantime an immense throng had gathered in the vicinity and schemes were set on foot to get Charles out of the building. Charles, however, did not propose to be captured without selling his life dearly. Time after time he came to the window and as citizens, one by one, entered the alley, he threatened them. In this manner Chief Constable Lester, who was ordered to the scene by the chief of police, and one Evans, John Barville and George H. Evans, son of the head of the biggest drug establishment in the town, were wounded.

At this time the extra police began to fire indiscriminately at the Negro. Who shot him will probably never be known. Just at the time Andy Van Kuren, keeper of the police jail, got a bullet in the body and fell dead. Just afterward H. H. Batt, an old man, was seeking for the mutual benevolent association doing business in the vicinity, was hit and mortally wounded. About the same time, with Charles firing his Winchester indis-

criminately, Frank Bertucci received a shot in the left shoulder and J. W. Boffi got a bullet in the right hand. Ultimately it was considered that the only way to get at Charles was to burn the building in which he was entrenched. There were, however, some scruples about resorting to this method of getting him, owing to the extremely thickly populated section in which the house was situated. Nevertheless, it was determined that the fire department should be called out, in order to protect surrounding property, in case it should be resolved to burn the building.

At the moment of apparent indecision some one went to the neighboring grocery, purchased a can of oil, and pouring it over the rear steps of the building applied a torch and soon had the building in flames. So fiercely did the fire burn that it became evident that no human being could live in the building and picked men from the police, squads and members of the militia stationed themselves about the building in order to pick off the desperado, as he attempted to leave the house. A young soldier named Adolph Anderson, a member of the Thirteenth company of the State militia, was one of the first to see Charles as he ran down the steps leading to the second story. Charles ran across the yard and entered the second room. He fired several times at Anderson and the latter, who was armed with a Winchester rifle, shot the Negro in the breast and his fell and died soon after.

As soon as the Negro fell on the body of Charles was literally shot to pieces. After it was certain that he was dead a mob entered the yard and dragged the body into the street. There the police and the mob emptied their revolvers into it while a son of one of the murdered men rushed up and stamped the face beyond recognition. The body should be taken to a vacant space in the vicinity and publicly burned. At this instant, however, a big squad of police dashed up in a patrol wagon. There were thousands of people congregated in the vicinity and it seemed as if there might be a clash between the officers and the mob. But the police took the body and carried it to police headquarters. Shortly after the body of Charles had been taken from the scene a report spread that there were still a number of Negroes in the burning building. The square was again quickly surrounded by picked men and under guard of men with Winchester a special squad made its way into the building. In a room which the fire had not yet reached three negroes were found dressed in female attire. They were hustled out and immediately sent to prison in a patrol wagon. Subsequently a fourth negro, a mulatto, was discovered in the building. He made a desperate resistance against being arrested and while in the hands of the police was killed by a shot from a pistol in the hands of one of the disorderly mob that had congregated in the vicinity. Just about the time that Charles' body reached the morgue the body of an unknown negro, who had been shot and stabbed to death on Gallatin street, was carried in. This darky was passing through a crowd of whites. The latter were intensely excited by the news of the slaughter of Porteus and others in town and the unknown Negro was shot and the angry mob kept at his heels, the crowd increasing in numbers every minute. The negro finally succeeded in entering a house in Gallatin street. He ran up stairs and jumped from the gallery to the ground. Before he could arise the mob shot and stabbed him to death.

August Thomas was identified today as the negro who had met a violent death at the hands of hoodlums Wednesday night at the corner of Custom House and Villiers streets. Louis Taylor one of the negroes who was shot and clubbed at the French market Wednesday night succumbed today to his wounds. Late this afternoon Harry Mabry called at the Central police station and identified two men under arrest, George Faugan and Mike Kelly, as the murderers of the mob who murdered Mabry, his mother, while she was asleep in her home on Rousseau street this morning. The mob broke into the house and firing recklessly around the room, wounded the old woman. She died on her way to the hospital.

At a late hour tonight a mob which had evaded the militia and the citizens' army attacked the Thomy Lefo school house, Sixth and Rampart streets, upon the supposition that negroes had stored arms and ammunition in the building. They quickly gained possession and fired the structure, destroying it completely. The school building was erected a few years ago by the city, and was devoted exclusively to the education of colored children. No negroes were found in the school, but a number who emerged from houses in the vicinity were pursued for quite a distance and a strong force was dispatched to the school as soon as the alarm was given, but too late to save the school. The mob was quickly dispersed.

A Sample Placard.

Inflammatory placards are posted all over China. The following is a fair sample of them: "We, the Chinese children of the Sages, are faithful and filial, as well as modest. How does it come to pass then that any of us can so far forget himself as to become the proselyte of a barbarian's religion. Tens of thousands of native converts have been killed in North China, and their houses and possessions destroyed. Because of this all the countries of the world have sent soldiers to Tsin Tsin to protect the converts. This they have failed to do. The mission the church's foreign consuls and all the barbarian troops have been slaughtered as you kill chickens and dogs. You converts have involved the barbarians in this calamity. We look upon you as rebels and soon your doom will overtake you. Unhappily is your condition, for all men hate and despise you. Great is your distress. Your hands hang helpless by your sides. Death alone will relieve you. By following the doctrines of these proselytes and foreigners you have lost your rights as a Chinese. We advise you to fly to safe hiding places while yet there is opportunity."

Three Hundred Killed.

Another steamer with Russian troops aboard was bombarded by Chinese from the river bank July 24. Scarcely any reinforcements, the Russian commander returned to the east side of Yalu River. Some Chinese were taken prisoner. Three magazines were set on fire and exploded. The Chinese lost 300 killed, while the Russian loss was only seven.

# A GREAT SURGEON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage on one of the Missions of Christ.

THE EFFICACY OF THE

World's Wounds and Deformities, Relations of Surgery and Theology.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage (who is now traveling in Europe) puts in a usual light the mission of Christ and shows divine power will yet make the illness of the world fall back; text, Matthew xi, 5, "The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear."

"Doctor," I said to a distinguished surgeon, "do you not get worn out with constantly seeing so many wounds and broken bones and distortions of the human body?" "Oh, no," he answered; "all that is overcome by my joy in curing them." A sublimer and more merciful act never came down from heaven than that of surgery. Catastrophe and disease enter the earth so early that one of the first wants of the world was a doctor. Our crippled and agonized human race called for surgeon and family physician for many years before they were called for by ministers of religion—namely, the Egyptian priests. And what a grand thing if clergymen were also doctors, all D. D.'s were M. D.'s, for there are so many cases where body and soul need treatment at the same time, consolation and medicine, theology and therapeutics. As the first surgeons of the world were also ministers of religion, may these two professions always be in full sympathy! But under what disadvantages the early surgeons worked for many years before the discovery of the human body was for a blind, first by the pagans and then by the early Christians! Apes, being the brutes most like the human race, were dissected, but no human body might be unfolded for physiological and anatomical exploration, and the surgeons had to guess what was inside the temple by peering at the outside of it. If they failed in any surgical operation, they were persecuted and driven out of the city, as Arahagathus because of his bold but unsuccessful attempt to save a patient.

But the world from the very beginning kept calling for surgeons, and the first skill is spoken of in Genesis, where they employed their art for the incisions of a sacred rite, God making surgery the predecessor of baptism, and so set it again in 11 Kings, where Abaziah, the monarch, stepped on some cracked latticework in the palace, and it broke, and he fell from the upper to the lower floor, and he was so hurt that he sent to the village of Ekron for aid, and Elisha, who wrought such wonders of surgery that he was defiled and temples were built for his worship at Pergamum and Epidaurus and others, introduced for the relief of the world phlebotomy, and Damocles cured the dislocated ankle of King Darius and the cancer of his queen, and Hippocrates put successful hands on fractures and introduced amputation, and Praxagoras removed obstructions, and Herophilus gave dissection, and Erasistratus removed tumors, and Celsus, the Roman surgeon, removed cataract from the eye and used the Spanish fly, and Heliodorus arrested disease of the throat, and the eye, and Tralles created the eye, and Rhasard catered for the prevention of hydrophobia, and Percival Pott came to comb diseases of the spine.

But the world wanted a surgery without pain. Drs. Parre and Hickman and Simpson and Warner and Jackson, and their amazing genius, came forward with their anæsthetics benumbed the patient with narcotics and ethers as the ancients did with hashish and mandrake and quieted him for awhile, but at the return of consciousness the distress returned. The world has straightened the crooked limbs of a blind eye or reconcoiled the drum of a soundless ear or cured a dropsy without any pain at the time or any pain afterward, but that surgeon was Jesus Christ, the mightiest, grandest, gentlest and most sympathetic surgeon the world ever saw or ever will see, and he deserves the confidence and love and worship and hosanna of all the earth and halleluiahs of all heaven. "The blind received their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear."

I notice this surgeon had a fondness for chronic cases. Many a surgeon, when he has had a patient brought to him, has said: "Why was not this attended to five years ago? You bring him to me after all power of recuperation is gone. You have waited until the man's eye and his fingers are formed, and his ossification has taken place. It ought to have been attended to long ago." But Christ the Surgeon seemed to prefer inveterate cases. One was a hemorrhage of 12 years, and he stopped it. Another was a curvature of 18 years, and he straightened it. Another was a cripple of 35 years, and he walked out well. The 18 year patient was a woman bent almost double. If you could call a convention of all the surgeons of all the centuries, their combined skill could not cure that body so drawn out of shape. Perhaps they might succeed in getting her straight, perhaps they might cut the braces by which she might be made more comfortable, but it is, humbly speaking, incurable. Yet this divine surgeon put both his hands on her, and from that doubled up posture she began to rise, and the emurpled face began to take on a healthier hue, and the muscles began to relax from their rigidity, and the spinal column began to adjust itself, and the cords of the neck began to be more supple, and the eyes, that could see only the ground before, now looked into the face of Christ with gratitude and joy toward heaven in transport. "Straight!" After 18 weary and exhausting years, straight! The poise, the erectness, the beauty of healthy womanhood reinstated. The 35 years case was a man who lay on a mattress near the mineral baths at Jerusalem. There were five apartments where lame people were brought, so that they could get the advantage of these mineral baths. The stone basin of the bath is still visible, although the waters have disappeared, probably through some earthquake. The bath is 120 feet long, 40 feet wide and 5 feet deep. A poor man if you have been lame and helpless 35 years, that mineral bath cannot restore you. Why, 35 years is more than the average of human life. Nothing but the grave will cure you. But Christ the Surgeon walks along these baths and I have no

doubt passes by some patients who have been only six months disabled or a year or five years and come to the mattresses of the man who had been nearly four decades helpless and to this 35 years invalid said, "Wilt thou be made whole?"

The question asked not because the surgeon did not understand the protractness, the desperateness, of the case, but to evoke the man's pathetic narrative "Wilt thou be made whole?" "Would you like to get well?" "Oh, yes," says the man. "That is what I came to these mineral baths for. I have tried everything. All the surgeons have failed, and all the prescriptions have proved valueless, and I got worse and worse, and I can neither move nor go nor sleep. Oh, if I could only be free from this pain of 35 years!" Christ the Surgeon could not stand that. Heading over the man on the mattress, and in a voice tender with all sympathy, but strong with all omnipotence, he says, "Rise!" And the invalid instantly scrambles to his knees and then puts out his right foot, then his left foot, and then stood upright as though he had never been protracted. While he stands looking at the doctor, with a joy too much to hold, the doctor says, "Shower me with your thanks. 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