

VIOLENCE OF A ROMAN MOB

Wrecked Upon the People Who Attended the Little Red School House Parade, July 4th, 1895, in Boston, Mass.

PRIVATE ANDREWS, PATRIOT,

At the Risk of His Own Life Defends Two Ladies, Wearing Yellow Dresses, and Their Escorts, Against the Mob's Attacks.

A PRIEST HEADS THE RIOT.

Six Americans Use Their Guns With Deadly Effect When Set Upon by a Howling, Drunken Mob of Five Hundred Men, Women and Children.

A Memorable Day---It May Live in History as the Day on Which True Americans Shook off the Shackles of Rome.

The meagre reports of the "Little Red School-House Parade" in Boston, which were telegraphed over the country give no adequate idea of the dastardly outrage perpetrated upon American citizens by the Pope's own; for that reason we have taken the report published in the Boston Standard—the new patriotic daily—and that published in the Post, so that you may know how heinous was the crime that was committed.

The Standard said: "A fierce battle for the 'Little Red School-House,' religion, liberty and freedom, and all that it implies, took place yesterday afternoon at East Boston."

Notwithstanding the action of the board of alderman, the petition to which by the way was unnecessary, a large body of true American citizens, in spite of the opposition of a murderous gang of thugs, all of whom were Catholics, upheld their dignity and manhood and maintained their legal rights in escorting the 'Little Red School-House' through the public streets.

That there should be any trouble in doing this at first thought to any patriotic citizen would appear ridiculous, but when the bitter opposition which for years has been growing against our free institutions is taken into account, there were many who were not surprised to see the appearance of the 'Little Red School-House' act as a spark to a powder magazine in bringing to the surface that hatred which has so long been apparently dormant, but none the less understood.

As a result.

THE RIGHT PREVAILED.
The 'Little Red School-House'—that emblem of one of America's most valued institutions—free schools—was nobly presented, and supported, although at the expense of broken heads and possible at the cost of some lives.

When the patriotic procession headed by the 'Little Red School-House' started from White square at 1:30 yesterday afternoon, continuous cheers greeted it. It was an inspiring sight. Round about the square and in all the streets through which the procession swept the American colors were profusely displayed.

Scattered through the vast crowds which lined the streets were multitudes wearing in their button-holes miniature representations of the national emblem. The procession formed shortly after 1 o'clock, and as the different features which were to make up the parade put in an appearance, the enthusiasm became very noticeable.

There had, however, been mutterings of a storm: threats that the 'Little Red School-House' would be destroyed; that the men who took part in the parade would be killed, and the procession broken up.

To guard against rioting, 10 mounted policemen, and 300 more on foot, all un-

der command of Capt. Irish of station 7, were detailed to guard the parade.

Besides this there were rumors that a number of

MILITIA COMPANIES were held in readiness for an emergency.

There is no doubt that the police force was amply able to have taken care of every emergency had the men been properly distributed, and that they were not properly distributed is due largely to the fact that the officers were in ignorance with regard to the length of the procession, and the number of men in it.

As it was, the police force was massed at the front to protect the 'Little Red School-House,' around which the storm was expected to break.

This left the rear of the line without protection, and that several persons were not killed and many more injured is due to their coolness and courage under difficulties such as few men are called upon to face.

The rioting started at the corner of Meridian and Saratoga streets where a dense crowd of people lined up close to the paraders.

Just around the corner on Saratoga street a gang of toughs had been impatiently waiting for the police to get well out of the way, and had contented themselves with hurling curses, bitter taunts, jeers and insulting remarks at those in the parade.

As the police disappeared with the front of the procession, the crowd pushed up closer, and began to jostle and spit in the faces of the men in line.

Finally, when human nature could stand it no longer, one of the paraders who had been struck by a hoodlum, returned the blow.

In an instant the line of march was split in twain, and the street was a perfect maelstrom of struggling humanity.

A vicious-looking man who had been conspicuous in the giving of insults, pushed into the fight, saying, with an oath, "Kill the A. P. A."

An instant later the crowd parted, and he emerged with his head laid open from crown to chin, and covered with blood.

He leaned up against a tree, a sickening sight, and was borne away by friends.

A large man with a strongly marked countenance of Hibernian cast, seized one of the paraders by the throat.

In an instant the assaulted man drew a formidable club, and raising his right arm to its fullest height, brought the club down with terrific effect on the head of his assailant, splitting his hat in halves, and laying his head open to the bone. The man dropped to the ground, and was carried away.

Cries with an oath of "Kill the A. P. A." resounded on every side; the struggling combatants, after a fierce battle, separated, and the column resumed its march.



THE RIOT.—From the Boston Standard.

Then as the crowd which lined the street, composed largely of Irish Roman Catholics from the tough section of East Boston, beginning almost at that point, saw that some of its own members had been beaten, a terrible cry arose.

Men groped about in the street through the dense mass of humanity searching for stones, bricks, etc., with which to renew the assault.

Just as the carriage containing Mr. and Mrs. Oscar C. Emerson, H. E. Roberts and Mrs. S. J. Campbell, turned into Saratoga street the crowd renewed the attack, and again split the procession.

Some of the hoodlums grasped the horses by the heads, many more took hold of the wheels of the carriage, and an attempt was made to overturn the vehicle.

A score of friends rushed to the rescue; curses and wild outcries resounded; fists and clubs rose and fell, and a vicious-looking man drew a knife and attempted to stab one of the horses.

He failed in his purpose, and at this juncture two pistol shots were heard.

There were cries that two men had been shot, and the crowd gave way, allowing the carriage to pass on.

There was a short line of paraders following the carriage, and this line bore the brunt of the battle thereafter, especially the last men in the line.

The temper of the mob was well shown in one case: A well-dressed woman of about 60 years of age stood on Saratoga street, with three young women, evidently her daughters. As the procession passed, there was nothing too dirty that she could say in the way of insulting language, while at

intervals she occupied her time in encouraging her companions to do likewise.

During the above fracas the old woman was not idle. With one hand she struck one of the paraders with such force as to knock him down.

Upon getting up and seeing that it was a woman who had struck him, he refrained from returning the blow, and marched on.

The mob again attacked the men in the rear of the line, and managed to separate one man from his companions, who were marching on, utterly unconscious of the danger of their comrade.



THE WOMAN WHO BEGAN THE RIOT.

The man was pulled backwards as fast as possible through the crowd, which was clamoring for his life. He gave utterance to no sound, but fought with fury for his life.

How it was accomplished no one could say, but by superhuman effort he at last broke away and ran for his life, finally escaping.

Two more men were captured, and they also got away, running towards the rear of the line, which was turning into Putnam street.

It will be remembered that this part of the procession had become separated from the main body of the paraders, and contained only a small number of men, headed by the carriage which had been attacked.

As it started to turn into Putnam street, it encountered another mob, fully as vicious as the first one, which

Another man pressed too close, and a blow from his sword severed his nose from his face.

Then, seeing these things, the mob set up an awful howl and flung itself upon the brave young man.

His sword was wrenched from his hand, and he was thrown to the ground.

During the time that all this fighting had been going on, the police were far away, but word at last reached them.

Just when Andrews was on the point of losing his life, the members of the mounted police appeared on the scene, and, amid flying bricks, stones and pistol shots, drove the mob from the scene.

Slowly and sullenly it fell back, gathered itself together, and, seeing Andrews escaping into his father's house, flung itself with wild fury on the police. Officer A. S. Bates, who had done valiant service, was struck in the face by a brick, and three of his teeth were knocked out.

A squad of officers, who had been notified of the trouble, rushed down Brooks street with drawn clubs, rushed pell-mell into the fight, and the rioters were at last subdued.

Men with blood flowing down their cheeks were seen on all sides, and one man, Michael Doyle, was clubbed so badly that he had to be taken to the City Hospital, where his life hangs in the balance.

This ended the rioting on Saratoga street, and the police flanked the line from end to end until the paraders passed in review before the chief and his aides at White square.

Words, however, would fail to reproduce the insults which were heaped upon them.

Let those who think that only the most degraded of the Catholics participate in such scenes, remember that respectfully dressed persons, of intelligent appearance, were in the forefront of the mob doing their part with the rest.

Captain Irish was heard to say as he led some of his men from the rear after the fight on Saratoga street: "If

And, besides, a lot of bad blood has been engendered by the affair.

It should be borne in mind, however, that the unfortunate results of the parade are deprecated and deplored by all the leading citizens of East Boston, regardless of religious preferences.

ORIGIN OF THE TROUBLE.

You will readily recall how the Carnival Association refused to allow the Patriotic Sons of America to place their 'Little Red School-House' in the morning parade. You cannot have forgotten how the issue seemed to grow by talk on both sides, and how the Patriotic Sons of America organized a parade of their own for the afternoon, in which the now famous 'Little Red School-House' was to be made the chief feature. From far and near thousands of men rallied enthusiastically to the support of this innocent little float.

Other thousands and more thousands crowded the streets, the major part undoubtedly from simple curiosity, but some restless spirits inclined to chaff the paraders.

Now this was the state of affairs shortly after the clock in the quiet church towers had struck 1 yesterday afternoon. At the junction of Meridian and White streets, where the roads flare out into a square, the little red school-house stood on a massive dais, drawn by four slow-footed white horses. On their heads nodded plumes of red, white and blue.

The Stars and Stripes, too, flaunted from the collars of the rattling harness. They drew a heavy drag whose broad-tired wheels supported a fragile little building of simple architecture. It had three windows on a side, while at the open door in the end stood tall John Holst dressed as Uncle Sam. This was the famous little red school-house. An American flag waved from the roof. The float was broad enough to leave a small yard about this tiny building, where stood a guard of honor, volunteers waving the American flag. Within the building a number of the prominent officials of the A. P. A.'s sat together.

Before the drag a platoon of mounted police rode in imposing array. Behind the police came the chief marshal; John Shaw, with his chief of staff, George C. Toner, and the following aids: John E. Louden, George Webster, D. F. King, William Corfield, John Branch, Levi Kennedy, H. W. Gruber. Then came the school-house.

In solid array, before, behind, on both sides, stretching back for several hundred yards, the gray helmets of the police make smooth furrows in the field of humanity.

Deputy Pierce, marching among his men on foot, is in command. Captain Irish, of the East Boston station, is there, too. In all there are 340 officers, every man of them massed at the head of the procession, leaving a large part of the procession without any police protection whatever.

Fully half a mile of marching men were there, 3,000 of them, in citizens' clothes. It is true, but gay with stripes of bunting and American flags and miniature red school-houses of pasteboard stuck on the ends of umbrellas and canes. They marched four abreast, and made a long line. At their head was the Hub Martial Band, a-puffing and a-blowing and a-toting of national airs.

Two open carriages roll along toward the head of the procession. Councilman Crockett, Rev. Henry Powers, W. A. Dodge, C. H. Woods and P. B. Buland are in the first carriage; John K. Hall, E. H. Marsh, B. F. Freeman and M. N. Blunt are in the second carriage.

The only banner displayed is that of the Charlestown council of the Order of United American Mechanics. Nothing else, except two advertising transparencies, betokens who are marching there.

At 1:35 o'clock of the afternoon the mounted police at the head of the parade speak to their horses. So the procession swings into Meridian street. Meridian street down to Central Square is thickly hedged with men and women and children.

There were a few hisses, but they were drowned by the cheers and the blare of the band.

The 'Little Red School-house' received a tremendous ovation.

It was greeted by storms of cheers, growing louder as the street corners were passed, dying away a little in quieter streets, but ever there in some degree.

NO ONE ASSAILED THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Never was the 'Red School-House' itself assailed throughout the journey: So it rumbled on down Meridian street to Central square, up then to Saratoga street to Putnam street, to Princeton street back to Meridian. Then it rolled along Lexington street to Prescott street, to Trenton, to Eutaw and to