

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

THE experience of some of the prisoners confined in the Cincinnati gaol during the recent riots in that city, as told to an *Enquirer* reporter, is exceedingly interesting. Some there are who can give no distinct account of anything that occurred during the terrible excitement. The rattling of musketry, the sound of breaking glass, and the dull thud of the battering-ram, combined with the hoarse shouts of the mob, sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of the helpless prisoners, almost dazed with fear. It is said by the gaol officials that the only prisoner who showed no fear during the onslaught of the enraged mob was Dan Flannagan, the notorious burglar. After the mob had gained an entrance to the gaol proper, Flannagan is said to have shouted to the mob: "Here I am; my name's Palmer; take me out and hang me." This caused a rush to his cell, and the huge plank used as a battering-ram was about to be applied to his door when one of the crowd happened to strike a match and a glimpse was caught at Flannagan's face. "He ain't Palmer! He ain't Palmer!" yelled the crowd, and they ceased operations in his quarters. As they left his cell, Flannagan laughed and jeered at them, saying: "You are a lot of cowards, and are afraid to take me out." When asked his object for passing himself off for Palmer, Flannagan said: "Well, I will tell you. You see, if they had broken open my cell I could have convinced them that I was not Palmer. I came very near making it anyhow, and if they had not lit the match on me so soon I would have been all right. If I had ever got out I would have as much pull with the mob as anyone. I will say this: I never saw such a crowd of fools in my life; they had all the chances in the world to hang all the niggers, and they ought to have done it. O, I tell you, if I had ever got out of that cell I would have made it warm for somebody. I guess I'll get a pretty good dose, and they can't blame me if I try to get out." Flannagan is one of the most desperate robbers in the country. He has escaped twice from a Southern penitentiary inside of a year. He now owes five years of his sentence in the South.

Red McHugh, who is under sentence of death on the 2nd day of May, says when he first heard the noise of the crowd on the outside he was afraid there would be trouble. "I tell you, when they reached the office and began to assault on the door leading to the gaol proper, you should have heard the prisoners. Some were praying, some were blaspheming, and others crying and moaning in distress. I tell you, it was something a man would never forget as long as he lived. The first crowd that came to my cell looked in and said: 'Who is there?' I answered, 'Billy McHugh.' The one who seemed to be the leader said: 'We don't want you, Bel,' and they left. In about ten minutes another crowd came rushing up to my cell, and asked: 'Do you want to get out, Reddy?' and I answered, 'No, I would prefer to remain where I am.' They then left, and that was the last I seen of them. I could hear them immediately under my cell pounding away at Ben Johnson's door, and you never heard such praying and begging in your life. I tell you, it was a terrible experience. I could have got out by saying the word, but I am willing to take my chance of life in a lawful manner." McHugh is looking much thinner, his cheeks are sunken, and the suspense in his case is killing him.

Emil Trumpeter, who killed the Italian at Liberty and Vine streets, who is awaiting his third trial for the offence, is confined in cell 53 on the second tier. He was very talkative, and, between the puffs of a very dirty pipe, he said: "I was awful scared when I heard the mob on the outside, and when they got in I tell you it was enough to make any man feel shaky. I am sorry to see good men killed and property destroyed, and I think it could have been prevented. Why, when I saw the first man enter our hall I never had such a feeling come over me, and when, in about a minute, the place was filled, I tell you I gave up all hope."

Joe Palmer, the partner of Berner in the horrible butchery of William H. Kirk, was found in cell 13 on the first tier. He was nervous, and seemed afraid to come to his cell door. After being assured that no harm was meant to him he stepped up to the bars. "When the crowd came to my door first," said the prisoner, when asked for his experience, "they asked for Berner. I told them I wasn't Berner, and they left. They came back in a few minutes, and said: 'We want Palmer. Where is Palmer?' I said: 'I ain't Palmer. Palmer is a nigger and I'm a white man.' I told them my name was Watson, and that I was in for petty larceny. This seemed to satisfy them, and they left. I got back into my corner, and I tell you when I heard them running around hollering 'hang Palmer!' and such things as that, it made me feel shaky. I don't feel very good lately. Something's the matter with me, but I guess I'll come out all right." Confinement and worry are beginning to show on Palmer, and he has lost all his former bravado. He is just beginning to realise his terrible position and, probably, fate.

Ben Johnson, one of the Avondale murderers, occupies cell No. 2 on the first tier. The door of his quarters looked as though it had been struck by an engine. He was found complacently smoking a pipe. He was very uncommunicative, and it was some time before he vouchsafed a reply to the reporter's innumerable questions. He finally, in answer to a question as how he felt when the mob first came to his cell, said: "I was awfully scared, as anybody would have been. When they first came to my door I told them I wasn't Johnson; but someone must have given me away, as they didn't stop, but started to batter down my door. I thought my time had come for certain, and I didn't know whether to pray or what to do. When they were driven from my cell I never felt so thankful in my life. Do you think I done it?" the prisoner suddenly asked. "Did what, Ben?" "Why, what am I charged with? you know well enough they will have to prove it, anyhow; you can bet on that." Johnson is said to have been scared so badly when the mob came in that he was perfectly helpless, and did nothing but cry and moan all the time the trouble was in progress.

Allen Ingalls, the other of the Avondale murderers, was found gazing out between the bars of his cell door. His face seemed to have undergone a change since he was last seen by a reporter. He

miled a ghastly smile when spoken to by the reporter, whom he immediately recognised. When asked as to how he felt, he said: "I'm feeling pretty bad, boss, I can tell you. I prayed for the first time in my life the other night. I don't know whether I did it right or not, but I have often heard my wife pray, and I did the best I could. My heart was in it, and I meant every word I said. If I thought I would be forgiven for my sins I would feel much happier. When I first heard the crowd howling outside something told me that there would be trouble, and I tried to think of a prayer. I asked the officers to see that my body was given over to my wife. I never expected to see daylight."

James Bryd, who shot and killed his sixteen-year-old son in Cumminsville several months ago, occupied cell No. 73 on the third tier. He was found chatting with some of the soldiers who were gathered about his door. He was relating his experience when the reporter came up. He said: "The only thing that I was afraid of was that someone in the crowd would ask for me and that I would be the one to catch it. I lay pretty low, however, and when they came to my cell and made me get up and come to the door, I gave up all hope. They only looked at me, however, and then went away. That was a terrible verdict, anyhow," continued the prisoner, "and I knew it would cause trouble. Why, I'll tell you, if the prisoners in this very gaol had tried Berner they would have hung him. I say any man who would commit a premeditated murder ought to be hung." Boyd then switched off on to his own case, and advanced facts that he said justified him in taking the life of his son.

C. W. Richardson, the man who killed his brother-in-law at the foot of Eighth street some time ago, was found in cell 49. He said: "I was badly scared, and I can hardly give an account of anything that occurred. I can say this, however, I never want to go through such experience again."

The Oliver brothers, who are charged with stabbing a brother boatman to death some time since, both acknowledged that they were badly scared, and thought their time had come. Bill Oliver said: "If they had got us out we would have gone down together, you can bet on that."

"Babe" Walker, the notorious burglar, occupies cell No. 71 on the second tier. He said: "It's bad—bad, I tell you. I am very sorry this ever happened. I think Berner should have been hung, as he deserved it if ever a man did. This will be apt to do all the prisoners harm, and we will all get pretty heavy doses I guess."

Others of the prisoners were seen, and all agree that the occurrences of Friday and Saturday night were horrible, and never to be forgotten. They all express the opinion that Berner should have been hanged, and blame the jury who brought in the nonsensical verdict of manslaughter.

## THE MOCKERY OF MODERN PROTESTANTISM.

(San Francisco Monitor.)

OUTSIDE the Catholic Church that species of fervour hitherto known as "religion," has come to be recognised as a regular sham. To illustrate the truth of this statement it is only necessary to study the assertion made by preachers themselves—at least such of them as are honest enough to admit that Protestantism has lost its grip upon the masses, and is now laughed at when it tries to command or to coax its adherents.

A number of preachers met to consider the temperance question last week in New York city, when it was suggested that *religion* might be a forcible factor in staying intemperance. This suggestion, however, was met by this forcible rejoinder:

"Why, we have only the ghost of religion left," said Mr. Elderkio. "Men don't go to church. Women go, and men pay for it, and they build churches where they own property."

Just so! It is considered "respectable" to have a church in every Nob Hill neighbourhood, but—like mansard roofs—they are far more ornamental than useful so far as any service they are to the cause of Christianity.

Sectarians sometimes boast of the number of churches the sects build every year, but we opine there are many of them like the church alluded to by a "colored brother" at a meeting of black Methodists held recently, in which the following funny scene transpired:—

"One church reported that it had eight stewardesses, and a member rose to express his astonishment at the large number.

"Why," said Brother Bean, "the Book of Discipline says not less than three nor more than nine."

The objector insisted that as three and nine are odd numbers, the number of stewardesses must also be odd.

"It don't make no difference, anyhow," said a brother, "for stewardesses ain't responsible."

"Ain't they, though?" quickly came the reply. "They're just as responsible as stewards; for a stewardess is a female steward."

Presiding Elder Cooper said he would not undertake to decide the question, but leave it for Bishop Brown.

The church at Pennington reported ten trustees, and immediately it was asked how it could have so many.

"Keep cool, I've three churches," said the brother from Pennington.

"Well, how can ten trustees be divided between three churches?"

The Presiding Elder explained that one of the churches is a church only in name, having but a single member."

We fear—if the truth could be known—that there are a good many sectarian Bible buildings of the same class as that alluded to by the colored brother at the above meeting—where *one member* comprises the whole congregation!

The Pope is about to circulate an Encyclical against Freemasonry His Holiness asserts that the Order is equally hostile to civil society and religion. He declares that various other sects of Socialists and Communists are, if not formally united to Masons, yet of a similar nature, equally pernicious and equally partaking of the nature of secret societies.