

**An exact and authentic narrative, of the events which took place in Baltimore, on the 27th and 28th of July last. Carefully collected from some of the sufferers and eyewitnesses. To which is added a narrative of Mr. John Thomson, one of the unfortunate**

AN EXACT AND AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE, OF THE EVENTS WHICH TOOK PLACE IN BALTIMORE, ON THE 27th AND 28th OF JULY LAST.

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CAREFULLY COLLECTED FROM SOME OF THE SUFFERERS AND EYE-WITNESSES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED A NARRATIVE OF MR. JOHN THOMSON, ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE SUFFERERS, &c.

The direful Mob was heard to shout.

We'll drink their blood! we'll root them out!

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS, SEPTEMBER 1, 1812.

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**NARRATIVE, &c.**

STATE OF MARYLAND,ss.

Rockville, Aug. 12, 1812

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Personally appeared on this 12th day of August 1812, before John Fleming, Justice of the Peace for Montgomery County, the following persons: Peregrine Warfield, Richard I. Crabb, Charles J. Kilgour, Henry Nelson, Ephraim Gaither, Robert Kilgour, John A. Payne, H. C. Gaither, and Alexander C. Hanson, who being sworn on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, do declare and depose in the manner and form following—to wit:

That these deponents are some of the surviving persons who were devoted, or meant to be devoted, to the brutal and murderous fury of the Mob, in the late Massacre in the Jail at the City of Baltimore—That these deponents having seen the following statement submitted to them of that horrid atrocity, and the proceedings connected with it, do swear, that as far as their individual sufferings or particular opportunities of observation may enable them to testify, they believe the facts and circumstances detailed in the following statement to be truly and accurately stated—These deponents not intending hereby to preclude themselves from a further narrative or disclosure, of such other circumstances and special injuries and sufferings as are within the particular knowledge of each of them respectively, or which they may have individually experienced and endured.

Sworn to before me, JOHN FLEMING.

*State of Maryland—Montgomery County, ss.*

I hereby certify, that John Fleming, Gent. before whom the foregoing affidavit appears to have been made, and whose name is thereto subscribed, was at the time a Justice of the Peace in and for the county aforesaid, duly commissioned and sworn.

In testimony whereof. I have hereto subscribed my name, L. S. and affixed the public seal for Montgomery County, this twelfth day of August, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and twelve.

UPTON BEALL, Clerk of Montgomery County Court.

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On the night of the 22d June, the office and entire printing apparatus of the Federal Republican was demolished by a Mob in Baltimore, in the presence of the Mayor, the Judge of the Criminal Court, and several other Magistrates and Police Officers, whose authority was not exerted to save it, and preserve the peace of the city. One of the Editors narrowly escaped with his life after being pursued by ruffians, who avowed their fell purpose of assassination.

Mr. Hanson, the other proprietor of the paper, heard of the depredations committed by the Mob the evening after, and went to Baltimore the next day, accompanied by his friend Captain Richard I. Crabb, to make arrangements for reestablishing the paper. Finding it impossible to render any service, the laws being effectually silenced, and his friends unanimously urging his departure, he left the town in a few hours, having first walked the streets as usual, and made all the arrangements that could be made, in conjunction with his friends and agents, for reviving the paper with all possible despatch.

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Upon his return home to Rockville, Montgomery County, Mr. Hanson communicated to some of his most intimate friends his determination to recommence the paper in Baltimore, and declared he never would visit Baltimore again until he could go prepared to assert his rights, and resist oppression. He was aware, that the execution of his plan would be accompanied with much difficulty and danger, but his friends admired and approved it the more on that account, and volunteered to accompany him to Baltimore, to participate his dangers or successes, in maintaining the rights of person and property, and defending the Liberty of the Press. They were nine in number:—General James M. Lingan, (murdered,) General Harry Lee, Captain Richard I. Crabb, Dr. P. Warfield, Charles J Kilgour, Otho Sprig, Ephraim Gaither, and John Howard Payne. Several others were to have gone, but were prevented; and on the night of the attack, the party was joined by three other volunteers from the county, who were not fully apprised by Mr. Hanson, of his determination, but received their information in confidence from others:—Major Musgrove,

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Henry G. Gaither, and William Gaither. On the evening of the attack, they were joined by about twenty gentlemen living in Baltimore, one or two only of whom were invited to the house by Mr. Hanson.

When the office was first demolished, Mr. Wagner, one of the proprietors, lived in a house in Charles street. On that event, he removed A 2 6 his family from the house, but did not relinquish it, or remove his furniture.

In this situation it remained until the 26th of July, when the paper having been re-established in Georgetown, and the proprietors having resolved to attempt its reestablishment in Baltimore, one of them, Mr. Hanson, came and occupied this house, (having first taken a lease) as a place from which the distribution of the paper might be made. He was attended by the friends before mentioned, who were to remain as his guests until their business called them home.

They thought it very probable, that an attempt would be made to prevent the distribution of the paper, and they might even be attacked in the house for that purpose. But they hoped, by the appearance of determined resistance, to deter the assailants from actual violence, till the civil authority should have time to interpose and prevent mischief. Should they be disappointed in this hope, and find themselves in danger from the unrestrained violence of a Mob, they were resolved, and were prepared to stand on the defensive, and to repel force by force. Reliance upon the civil authority they early perceived to be fruitless, for on application to the Mayor by the owner of the house, he peremptorily declined all interference, and left town, as it was understood, to prevent his repose from being disturbed. The civil authority refusing to interfere when applied to by Mr. White, the son, and Mr. Dennis Nowland, the son-in-law of the owner of the house, there was 7 nothing left but to resist the Mob in the house, and while this resistance was made with a mildness<sup>nd</sup> forbearance scarcely ever equalled, and which excited the wonder of the spectators, several messages were sent to Brigadier General Stricker to disperse the Mob and prevent the effusion of blood, which would otherwise be unavoidable.

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If it be objected, that the scheme was rash or imprudent, all must admit *it was strictly and clearly lawful*. Mr. Hanson had an undoubted right to distribute the paper in Baltimore, from this or any other house in his occupation, and to defend his person and property by force, in case they were assailed by unlawful violence, and left unprotected by the civil authority.

On Monday, the 27th of July, the distribution of the paper was commenced, and proceeded without molestation or tumult, till evening. But soon after twilight, a Mob collected before the house, and soon began to act in a very threatening and riotous manner. The gentlemen in the house, with great mildness, patience and forbearance, repeatedly advised and requested them to disperse, assuring them that the house was armed, and would be defended, and that the consequences of attacking would be dangerous.

This, however had no other affect than to increase the boldness and violence of the Mob, as well as its numbers. A vigorous attack on the house was soon commenced.—Stones were thrown in showers at the front windows, all of which were soon broken, and not only the glass, but the sashes and shutters were demolished, 8 and an attempt was made to break down the street door, which was at length actually broken and burst open. All these acts of violence were accompanied by loud and reiterated declarations by the Mob of a determination to force the house, and expel, or kill all those who were engaged in its defence.

These scenes continued for more than two hours, without the least interference of the Mayor, or any appearance of an intention to interpose. At length, the persons thus threatened and assailed, finding that little hope remained of protection from the local authorities, and that forbearance, expostulation and entreaty on their part, served only to increase the audacity of the Mob, resolved to try the effect of intimidation. Orders were therefore given to fire from the windows of the second story over the heads of the Mob, so as to frighten without hurting them. This was done.—The Mob was at first intimidated by this blank fire, but soon finding that no hurt was done by it, they returned,

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and recommenced the attack with increased violence.—The windows having been all before broken, and the room on the lower front floor abandoned, the Mob prepared to enter by the door and take possession of the house. The gentlemen from within, therefore prepared themselves for the worst and resolved, that when things should be pushed to extremities, they would make a serious fire on the assailants. Some gentlemen were stationed on the stairs in the entry, opposite the front door, and the entry itself was barricaded, as well as could be done, with chairs, 9 tables, and other furniture. Other persons were posted at the windows, in such a manner, as best to command the approach to the doors. They renewed their warnings and entreaties to the Mob, but with no other effect than before, and in this situation they remained until effectual resistance should become absolutely necessary.—Still the civil authority did nothing, save the fruitless efforts of Judge Scott, who was ultimately obliged to leave the street: The military was equally supine or indifferent. It was now about 11 o'clock. The violence of the attack increased, and in a short time a part of the Mob with a Dr. Gale, their apparent leader and instigator, (who had harranged them in the street) at their head, made an attempt to enter the passage and advance towards the stairs.

Orders were now given to fire from the windows and staircase. By this fire Dr. Gale was killed, and carried off by his companions and followers. Several were wounded in the street. The Mob fled in every direction, carrying with them the wounded and the body of Dr. Gale but before they fled they fired frequently into the house, where the marks of their shot are to be seen, and a pistol aimed at the breast of General Lee flashed, while he was expostulating with the Mob. One of the defenders of the house, (Ephraim Gaither) was wounded at the time of the fire from the street, but how or with what has not been ascertained. He bled profusely, and had a convulsion in the morning while Standing at his post upon duty.

This was the time for the gentlemen in the 10 house to make their escape.—Could they have seen that their enterprise had become impracticable, they might have made good their retreat. But they judged otherwise. They thought rather of their rights than of the

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prudence of a further effort to assert them, and resolved still to defend the house, indulging the hope too, that no further violence would be attempted after this experience of its consequences, or that the civil authority would effectually interpose.

The Mob came very cautiously and almost by stealth in front of the house after the effectual fire. They still, however, remained in the streets and increased their numbers gradually, a drum parading the streets to beat up recruits, and continued to throw stones in front and back of the house.—Between two and three o'clock the military having been ordered out, Major Barney appeared in the street at the head of a small party of cavalry.

The Mob again fled at his approach, crying out as they heard the trampling of horses, “the troop is coming, the troop is coming.” Near the front of the house Major Barney halted and addressed them. On this they again returned. He told them he was their friend, *their personal and political friend*, that he was there to protect person and property, to prevent violence, “to secure the party in the house,” and that those in the street must disperse. They then asked him by what authority he came.—He answered by order of the Brigadier General Stricker. They demanded a sight of the order which he consented to show them, and for that purpose went 11 round the corner into an ally where they assembled round him to see it. He said something in a low voice on hearing which the mob gave three cheers.

What did he then say to them? This can be answered only from conjecture and from what happened afterwards. Many of the gentlemen in the house judging from subsequent events believe that he communicated to the Mob the plan of assassination, which was put into execution, and which they suppose to have been then already formed with his knowledge and participation. But this supposition would ascribe to that officer a degree of ferocious profligacy which ought not to be imputed to him or any other man without the clearest proof.—The subjoined extract from the Whig, explains Major Barney's conduct.

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“We regret that our committee have not after so much pains and *promise*, stated some particulars minutely; particulars necessary to be known—we mean the circumstances of the *negotiation* (as it were) between Major Barney and the populace. They agreed to rest satisfied, if the murderers should be carefully kept from escaping, and be surrendered into the hands of the civil authority; in other words *be committed to jail for trial*. To the fulfilment of his was Major Barney pledged. ”

His instructions were nevertheless for t safety and honor of the gentlemen in the house!

There can be no question, he had orders while he protected the house from further attack, to secure the party in it so as to prevent them from 12 escaping, and to bring them to trial for the deaths which had taken place or were expected, and that he communicated this part of his orders to the Mob. This supposition is favoured by what he was heard to say on his first approach—that “he was there to take possession and secure the party in the house.”

And when the gentlemen distrusting his views in consequence of what they had observed, demanded an explanation, he assured them that *he had no orders or instructions but such as were consistent with their safety and honor*, but he was obliged to talk otherwise to the Mob to deceive and keep them quiet.

The Mob made no further attempton the house in front of which Major Barney and his cavalry remained constantly wrangling and talking with the Mob, who soon prepared for a more effectual attack by bringing up a field piece. With this they attempted to fire on the house, but were always prevented by Major Barney, who more than once mounted on the cannon declaring that if they fired they should fire on him, that they would kill their own friends—all which trouble he might have saved himself, if he pleased, by remounting his horse, and dispersing the Mob which fled at his first approach.

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This state of things continued till about six o'clock, A. M. when Mr. Johnson the Mayor, arrived from the country whither messengers had been despatched for him by those out of the house, and Brigadier Gen. Stricker, who commands the militia of the town, appeared before the door and commenced a parley with the party within. Being admitted into the house, they represented to the party defending, the irritation which prevailed in the town, the exasperation of the public mind, and the impossibility of maintaining the defence against the force which would soon come in aid of the attack. The Mayor asked for and addressed Mr. Hanson with warmth and great agitation. Spoke of a civil war, *saying, we are impressed with the belief that a civil war is inevitable, and I consider this a party thing, and the commencement of it.* He complained also of the government's being implicated in the dispute between parties and the paper, and added *such opposition* must or will be noticed. To all which Mr. Hanson replied that he would not enter into a political dispute with the Mayor, that he had a right to defend his house which was his castle, and his person, and that he and his friends were competent to the protection of both, that it was the Mayor's duty to disperse the Mob. The Mayor and General Stricker then declared their own inability to protect the party in the house while there, and proposed that they should surrender themselves into the hands of the civil authority, and be taken to the public jail *as a place of safety*, promising an effectual escort on the way, to be composed of Mr. Hanson's own friends, in town if he pleased, and also an effectual guard at the jail till they could be released on bail.

To this many of the party, particularly Mr. Hanson, strongly objected. He was indignant at the proposal to go to jail—"to jail said he, for what? for protecting my person and property B 14 against a Mob who assailed both for three hours without being fired upon when he could have killed numbers of them; it is your duty to disperse the Mob, and if you cannot disperse them, you cannot protect us to jail or after we are in jail." Mr. Hanson then, after the Mayor and General went into the front room to converse with General Lee, exhorted his friends never to surrender, declaring that no reliance could be placed on the assurances of such men, who were his bitter enemies, and who, however willing they

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might be, were unable to afford effectual protection, as was proved by their inability to disperse the Mob then assembled before the house. He repeated over and over, that if they surrendered they would all be sacrificed, and from his knowledge of the men they had to deal with, particularly John Montgomery who had just before passed into the room, he expected they would all be given up to be massacred either on the way to jail or in the jail." Mr. Hanson then stated his objections to the Mayor and General Stricker, who in answer gave the most solemn assurances on their faith as officers, and their honor as men, to afford the promised protection, or die in the attempt. General Stricker assured them on his honor that he would never quit them while there was danger, and if they were attacked he would rescue or fall with them; these assurances were repeated frequently with the most solemn asseverations and appeals to God.—Mr. Hanson having said something to his friends in regard to the house and furniture, a pledge was instantly given by the Mayor to leave a guard to defend both. Gen. Lee, and other gentlemen attempted to get better terms of capitulation, such as marching out with arms in their hands to assist in protecting themselves, and riding on their horses among the cavalry, and in carriages. The Mayor and General went out to see if the Mob would consent to any other terms. While gone, Mr. Hanson made two propositions to different gentlemen of his party, the one to hold the Mayor and Brigadier General as hostages for their safety, and the other, *offering to give himself up to the Mob who would then be appeased*, repeating his belief that every man would be sacrificed if they surrendered.

When the Mayor and General Stricker returned, they informed the party in the house, that no other terms could be obtained from the Mob, than those first proposed, and urged their immediate acceptance, declaring that a delay of five minutes might be fatal. Mr. Hanson still vehemently opposed surrendering, and said he had nothing to say to the Mob, but would negotiate only with the civil authority, in order to prevent the further effusion of blood, which he was as anxious to do as any one. General Lee, who had been chosen to command the party, was then sought for in the front room, up stairs. He was of opinion, that the proposition of the Mayor and General Stricker ought to be accepted,

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and endeavoured to gain over Mr. Hanson to his opinion, by expressing the warmest confidence in their sincerity and honor, and their competency to afford full protection to and at 16 the jail. Gen. Lee probably saw that the defence was wholly desperate. The numbers in the house had diminished from about thirty to twenty, by sending out detachments for various purposes who could not return, and from other causes not now satisfactorily known. This remaining number was barely sufficient to man the essential stations.—There were none to relieve them. The effects of fatigue and want of sleep began to be felt. Those of hunger and thirst must soon be added, for their stock of provisions and water was small, and a supply was impossible. To a military man of judgment and experience, like General Lee, these circumstances would naturally appear in all their force. He saw the defence necessarily and rapidly becoming weaker, while there was reason to believe that the attacking force would greatly and rapidly augment. Being a soldier too himself, he could not doubt a soldier's honor, nor believe that General Stricker, who had served like himself in the war of our revolution, could abandon those who surrendered their arms on the faith of his word. General Lee therefore gave his opinion early and strongly in favour of a surrender.

Several others no doubt from similar motives, and some in deference to his opinion, declared for the same course. But Mr. Hanson, more ardent because younger, smarting under wrongs unredressed, and flushed by the hope of gaining in the end a glorious victory, and less confiding because better acquainted with the weakness, timidity and disposition of the persons on whom 17 they were invited to rely, strongly and pertinaciously opposed this sentiment to the last, contending that if the defence was really impracticable, which he by no means believed, it was better to die there with arms in their hands, than to surrender for the purpose of being led through the streets like malefactors, and in the end massacred by the mob, against which he insisted no effectual protection would be afforded, or ought to be expected. The opinion of General Lee, however, finally prevailed and the whole party to the number of between twenty and thirty surrendered themselves into the hands of the civil authority. An escort of horse and foot was provided

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by General Stricker, and they were conducted from the house to the jail. This took place between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.

In going to the jail, they were to pass by a large pile of paving stones, which had been provided for paving the streets.—While the negotiation for the surrender was going on, a plan was laid to massacre the party at this pile of stones, and a company from Fell's Point, headed by a Mr. Worrel, was to join the mob at that place for the purpose. The plan was to drive off, or knock down the escort with the stones, and then beat the prisoners to death. But the pile of stones was passed a few minutes before the party from the Point arrived and thus the scheme was frustrated, not without two of the gentlemen receiving severe blows with stones, said to be aimed at Mrs. Hanson. This important fact was related on the same day to a gentleman B 2 18 by one of the Chiefs of the Mob, who very coolly added; —“It is only a short delay, for we shall take them out of the jail to night and put them to death.”

This intention was publicly and frequently avowed, in the course of the day; an express invitation to that effect was given in the principal democratic paper of this city; and the preparations for carrying it into effect, were openly made. A particular incident will shew how well it was known, and how confidently expected.

A youth of the name of M'Cubbin, a clerk in the counting house of Hollins and M'Blair, had opened the counting house in the morning as usual, and after attending to his ordinary business, was led by curiosity or accident, into the neighbourhood of the jail, at the moment when the party from the house entered it. Being with the crowd he was hurried into the jail by mistake, and was actually locked up with the party. Messrs. Hollins and M'Blair, finding his situation, and knowing what would happen at night, exerted themselves to the utmost, with some of their friends, to effect his release, which they effected a little before night, with very great difficulty. Those gentlemen despairing, it must be presumed of success, made no effort as far as is known to prevent the catastrophe. Some of their

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friends, however, and particularly Colonel James A. Buchanan, exerted themselves to the almost, as is said and believed, but to no purpose.

General Stricker and Mr. Johnson being informed of the intended massacre, an order was obtained in the legal form to call out the military for the protection of the jail. This order was given to Gen. Stricker by Mr. Johnson, on the certificate and requisition of two magistrates. General Stricker accordingly ordered out the fifth regiment (commanded by Colonel Joseph Sterrett, a brave man, and to be relied on in all situations,) but directed expressly, that they should be furnished with blank cartridges only. This part of the order might very well deter, and no doubt did deter many of the well disposed militia from turning out. They might well suppose, that the order might by some means become known to the Mob, who, far from being intimidated by the appearance of soldiers known to be unarmed, would naturally consider it as it was, a pledge for their perfect impunity, and might probably slaughter the soldiers themselves.

The general exasperation, moreover, which prevailed on account of the events of the morning, which, as always happens on such occasions, had been wholly misrepresented, and were almost universally misunderstood, was so high that great numbers of the militia, and some entire companies, especially one of cavalry, absolutely refused to turn out; many it may be supposed, were prevented by their fears. Yet notwithstanding all these unfavourable circumstances, a number did appear, which is stated by some to be sixty, and by others, not more than thirty. Colonel Sterrett was at the head of this fragment of his regiment. Capt. Samuel Sterrett, who commands one of the companies, was also at his post. So was Major Richard K. Keath. The other officers who appeared are not recollected.

The Brigadier General himself after his solemn pledge of his word and honour as an officer and a man, in the presence of God, did not appear. He was not seen with the troops, and if seen in the streets at all, it was in his common dress with a rattan in his hand.— He nowhere showed himself as the commander of the militia, made no call in person on the troops, or citizens to rally round him, but contented himself with barely doing what

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was required of him according to the strict letter, by ordering out a part of the militia, and rendered that order futile and nugatory, or worse by combining it with an order to come within effective arms.

This part of his order was however disobeyed by many, if not all of the militia, who came out—Resolved not to be exposed to massacre by this unaccountable conduct of their General, they furnished themselves, as well as they could with ball cartridges.

In the afternoon, while the troops were ordered out, and while they were assembling, Mr. Johnson, Mayor, went to the jail, accompanied by Mr. Hargrove, Register of the city, and together with General Stricker, Judge Job Smith, Mr. Wilson, Magistrate, Mr. Calhoun, Brigade Inspector, visited the gentlemen in the jail, to inform them of the efforts that were making and would be made for their protection.—They renewed their assurances of protection, and told the party to rest satisfied, as the military 21 would be out in a very short time, when there would be no danger of an attack upon the jail. A butcher by the name of Mumma, and two others, understood to be prominent in the Mob, entered in company with the Mayor, and remained after him. While the interview between the Mayor, General, &c. and the gentlemen continued, this butcher was employed in observing, and most attentively remarking their countenances and their dress. As many of them were strangers in Baltimore, his object no doubt was to enable himself to identify them, and to point them out to his associates, when the massacre should commence. This very butcher did stand at the first iron gate and knock down the gentlemen as they were brought out. It was by him so stationed, that Mr. Hanson was first recognized and shockingly beaten.

In the course of the afternoon the gentlemen were apprised, from various quarters, of the fate which awaited them at night, and particularly a gentleman of the democratic party (who is, nevertheless, a man of honor, courage, and humanity) after struggling, in vain, to provide means of protection, or to avert the danger, informed them of all they had to expect.

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The door of the room in which they were confined was very strong, composed of thick iron bars fastened together, so as to make a grate, it enabled them to see what was done on the outside, while, if kept locked it was capable of affording them a very considerable defence. That they might make the most of this feeble resource, in the apprehended absence of all others 22 they sent for the turnkey, and requested him to lock the door and give them the key. This he promised, but did not perform—They sent to him again and reminded him of his promise, which he repeated and again neglected. They saw no more of him until the slaughter commenced.

The militia having assembled in front of their Colonel's quarters in Gay-street, at a considerable distance from the jail. The General, instead of putting himself at their head, endeavouring to increase their numbers, and leading them to the jail, left them standing in Gay-st.—and hearing that the Mob had assembled at the jail in great numbers, he and the Mayor, accompanied by John Montgomery, Attorney General of the State, went to them a little before sunset to expostulate with them on the impropriety of their conduct, and persuade them to disperse.

The object which the mob then thought proper to avow openly, was to prevent the gentlemen from being admitted to bail. An assurance being given to them by the Attorney General and the judge, that bail should not be received before next day, they are said to have declared themselves satisfied, and to have promised to disperse. Some of them, no doubt, made such a declaration and promise—with what intentions will soon appear.

General Stricker and Mr. Johnson, Mayor, thought fit to be satisfied with these assurances. Some of their friends, supposed to be men of influence among the Mob, are said to have obtained 23 similar assurances, and to have been equally satisfied. Be that as it may, the Brigadier General, the Mayor of the city, and the Attorney General of the state, left the jail with the Mob still assembled before it, and went into the city proclaiming that every thing was settled, and all danger at an end. On this ground Gen. Stricker dismissed a body of militia under Major Heath, which he met in his way from the jail, notwithstanding the advice

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and remonstrance of Major Heath, who exhorted them to go once more to the jail before they were dismissed, and see whether all was safe.

From Major Heath he proceeded to Colonel Sterett, and ordered him to dismiss the party which was under arms in Gay-street—an order which Mr. Sterett obeyed with a heavy heart. Gen. Stricker then proceeded through the town to his house, which is in a part still more distant from the jail, and on his way he proclaimed that every thing was settled, all danger is over, and no further need of any protecting force. By this means he dispersed a number of citizens who had assembled with a view of giving their aid. When he reached his own house he shut himself up, and ordered himself to be denied, or was out of the way.

The dismissal of the military was instantly made known to the Mob at the jail by their associates, stationed for that purpose; and they regarded it, as was natural, as the signal of attack. They immediately made a furious attack upon the outward doors of the jail, which being observed by a gentleman who happened at that 24 moment to pass on horseback, he rode full speed to Gen. Stricker's house, to give him the information. The gentleman was told “that General Stricker could not be seen; and that if he could it would be unavailing, for he had already done all he could or *would* do.”

The gentleman then went in quest of the Mayor, who fearing of being informed of what had happened, had gone to jail with two or three men supposed to have influence with the Mob, whom he had engaged to assist him. With them he attempted to prevent the doors from being forced open; but his attempts were fruitless, and at length his assistants fearing for his safety and their own, almost forced him away. The attack then proceeded without further hindrance or fear of interruption: and when the violence of the attack upon the outward door to the east increased, a voice from within was heard, saying—“Come round to the other door,”—which they were seen to do by some of the gentlemen in prison.

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There can be no doubt that it was in the power of Gen. Stricker to prevent, or easily repel, this attack. Had he put on his uniform, mounted on horseback, put himself at the head of such of the military as had assembled, called for more force, exhorted the citizens to volunteer, and marched to the gaol with all the force which he could thus collect, had he, as his duty and plighted honor required, taken post at or in the gaol, even with the small body of militia which had assembled, the Mob would unquestionably have been deterred or repulsed. But he was 25 blind to all such considerations, and left the Mob to their course by dismissing the military, and infusing a false and fatal security into the citizens. But above all, after the massacre, when it was discovered that some of the persons thrown into the pile of the supposed slain were not quite dead, and might be restored, intelligence of the fact was carried to town. Upon receiving the information, a distinguished gentleman went to Gen. Stricker's house and had him called out of bed. He communicated to the Gen. the joyful tidings and added "the physicians will go out to preserve all they can, if you will furnish a guard or go with them." The General said he was fatigued, had lost his rest the night before, and it was an *improbable tale, that any of the prisoners were alive*. The gentleman urged and remonstrated, offering to bring him a horse immediately; but the Gen. flatly declined, and returned to his bed to find repose. God of Heaven! did he sleep? he "who hath murdered, sleep!"—slaughtered honor, patriotism and courage? ensnared by treachery, betrayed the brave, and handed them over to the executioner to be tortured in a manner until now unknown in the annals of all time, to satiate the bloody appetites of cannibals and tygers in human form. Have not ages of wickedness and barbarity and guilt, been crowded into days? An all wise and good Providence will avenge these horrid enormities.

The Mob gained possession of the principal entrance into the prison, but there were still two very strong doors to be forced before they could reach the party within. One of these doors detained them more than a quarter of an hour. Whether it was finally forced or unlocked is not known. When they reached the last door after a few slight blows it was unlocked. Bentley the gaoler, was the first man who entered the room, to the best of

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these deponent's recollection, and was instantly followed by the mob. He was probably compelled to unlock the door.

From this it appears that a very small military guard posted in the first entry of the jail, especially, with the Brigadier General and the Mayor at their head would have been a sufficient protection. This was the post in which the plighted faith and honour of General Stricker would have placed him. But his pledge was forgotten or neglected and the post was left wholly unguarded.

When the victims saw the danger approach nearer and nearer they calmly prepared for their fate, but resolved to make every possible effort for effecting their escape. They had three or four pistols among them and one or two dirks. It was proposed as soon as the last door should be forced, they should shoot as many of the assailants with these pistols, for which there was no second charge, as possible. Mr. Hanson dissuaded from this course, saying it would be of no avail to kill one or two of the Mob and would only increase their fury and render escape more difficult. He strongly recommended that they should all rush among the Mob, put out all the lights, create as much confusion as possible, 27 and by that means many would escape; as for himself he would be recognized, but every man must do the best to save himself. All-seemed at once to embrace the plan, but when the Mob were about entering the last door, Mr. Murray and Mr. Thomson presented their pistols, the former saying very familiarly "my lads, you had better retire, I can shoot either of you." It was replied, "I can kill you," by the Mob. Murray rejoined "I can kill any one of you first." Mr. Thomson was also disposed to fire, but General Lee, and Mr. Hanson urged the contrary, and the Mob coming in were rushed upon and the confusion commenced.

The plan proposed by Mr. Hanson availed many of his friends who escaped almost, and some entirely unhurt, to the number of nine or ten who made their way through the crowd in the confusion that ensued. But it was useless to himself because he was known to *Mumma* the butcher, who recognized and knocked him down after he had made good his way to the loby as it is called or hall of the gaol. He was then dreadfully beaten, trampled

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on, and pitched for dead down the high flight of stairs in front of the gaol. The purpose for which Mumma came into the prison room in the evening now appeared. He was posted at the door to make the victims as they came out, and designate them for slaughter by giving each a blow or two, which was the signal for his associates, who proceeded to finish what he had begun. The fate of Mr. Hanson, befel General Lee, General Lingan, Mr. Hall, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Kilgour, Major Musgrove, 28 Dr. P. Warfield and Mr. William Gaither, all of whom were thrown down the steps of the gaol, where they lay in a heap nearly three hours. During this whole time the Mob continued to torture their mangled bodies, by beating first one and then the other; sticking penknives into their faces and hands, and opening their eyes and dropping hot candle grease into them, &c. Mr. Murray, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Winchester were carried in a different direction and not thrown into the heap of the supposed slain.

Major Musgrove was the last who remained in the prison room when the Mob broke in. —While the slaughter of his friends was going on in the passage in his view, he calmly walked about the room waiting for a fate which he saw no possibility of averting. At length one of the assassins came and called him out. He went and was attacked in the entry, knocked down, and beaten till he was supposed by the butchers to be dead.

Some of the victims were rendered wholly insensible by the first blows which they received. Others who preserved their senses and recollection resolved to feign death, in hopes of thus escaping farther injury. The brave Gen. Lingan lost his life by his endeavours to save it. He so much mistook the character of the monsters, as to suppose them capable of feelings of humanity. He reminded them that he had fought for their liberties throughout the revolutionary war, that he was old, infirm, and that he had a large and helpless family dependent on him for support. These remarks served only to attract their attention to him, and to inform them that he was still alive. Every supplication was answered by fresh insults and blows. At length, while he was still endeavouring to speak, and to stretch out his hands for mercy, one of the assassins stamped upon his breast, struck him many blows in rapid succession, crying out, “ *the damned old rascal is hardest*

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*dying of all of them,*” and repeating the opprobrious epithet of Tory! These blows put an end to his torments and his life. In a few minutes after his removal into jail, he expired without a groan. His name will be immortal as his soul.

While Gen. Lee's mangled body lay exposed upon the bare earth, one of the monsters attempted to cut off his nose, but missed his aim, though he thereby gave him a bad wound in the nose. Either the same person or another attempted to thrust a knife into the eye of General Lee, who had again raised himself up. The knife glanced on the cheek bone, and the General being immediately by the side of Mr. Hanson, fell with his head upon his breast, where he lay for some minutes, when he was kicked or knocked off. A quantity of his blood was left on Mr. Hanson's breast, on observing which one of the Mob shortly afterwards exclaimed exultingly “see Hanson's brains on his breast!”

During these horrid scenes, several of the gentlemen, Mr. Nelson, Dr. Warfield, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. J. E. Hall, and Mr. Hanson, perfectly retained their senses. They sustained, without betraying any signs of life, or gratifying their butchers with a groan or murmur, all the tortures that were inflicted on them. They heard without showing any emotion, the deliberations of the assassins, about the manner of disposing of their bodies. At one time it was proposed to throw them all into the sink of the jail. Others thought it best to dig a hole and bury them all together immediately. Some advised that they should be thrown into Jones' Falls, a stream which runs in front of the jail. Some that they should be castrated. Others again were for tarring and feathering them, and directed a cart to be brought for that purpose to carry them about town. Others insisted upon cutting all their throats upon the spot, to make sure of them. And lastly it was resolved to hang them next morning, and have them dissected. Pointing to Hanson, and jobbing him severely with a stick on the privates, one exclaimed, “this fellow shall be dissected.” Being particularly desirous of insulting and mangling the body of Mr. Hanson, but finding great difficulty in identifying it, they at length thought of examining his sleeve buttons, supposing they should there find the initials of his name. It was insisted by some one present, that he knew Hanson well, and it was not him but Hoffman. Before they seemed to have

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settled the dispute, their attention was attracted to some other object. Dr. Hall, personally unknown to all but one, it is believed, of the sufferers, was instrumental in rescuing them from the Mob, which he did by a stratagem, which will endear him to all good men, and brighten his course through life. He with the aid of others, not now known, induced 31 the Mob, to place the supposed dead bodies under his care till morning, and he conveyed them into the jail to the room whence they were first taken. There he was assisted by doctors Birkhead, Smith, Owen, and a gentleman who assumed the name of Dr. Page, but is better known by the name of the "Boston Beauty," and was extremely active in assisting Dr. Hall to administer drinks and opiates. Having examined their wounds, some of the doctors went to town privately for carriages to carry off the bodies. By management, they had induced nearly all the Mob to retire till morning. Some of them no doubt being fatigued, retired to rest and refresh themselves. A large part followed Mr. Thomson who had been carried off in the manner stated in his narrative. Some perhaps felt satiated with the cruelties already committed and withdrew. The remainder were in a measure exhausted, and the two democratic physicians, Drs. Hall and Owen, had the address ultimately to prevail on all of them to leave the jail for the present.

While the physicians were gone for carriages, Mr. Hanson proposed to Drs. Hall and Owen, to convey him if possible to Mr. Murray's, about three miles off, where his family was on a visit. He said it was likely he might live until morning, when if he remained in jail he would be again taken by the Mob. He was told carriages would soon be at the jail, but upon discovering impatience, Dr. Owen went out to see if he could be safely carried off at once.—When he returned Bentley came with him, and 32 Mr. H. again urged his removal, upon which Bentley objected, saying that he had no right to permit the prisoners to go away, as they were in custody. He was answered by Mr. H. that the jail being broken open and the prisoners rescued by the mob and brought back for security without being recommitted, he could not be blamed. Bentley replied, "very well, do as you please." A person then presented himself, and offered to carry Mr. H. off, who fell and fainted several times upon attempting to rise. Dr. Owen recommended and gave him a glass of brandy,

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which he took and was quickly invigorated and enabled with the aid of his deliverer to stand up and walk. He asked to be carried to General Lingan, over whose dead body he stood for a moment and was hurried off. When he got to the outward jail door he was taken on the back of his deliverer, who ran with him to the falls, conveyed him over, and helped him over into a small garden opposite, where he was told to lie until called for. After lying some time wrapped up in a blanket, he heard a wrangle at the jail, and concluded it was the best time to crawl away as well as he could, which he did to a place of safety whence he was conveyed in the morning at daylight, some distance from town.

Mr. Nelson and Mr. J. E. Hall, left the jail at the same time Mr. Hanson did. The former, though among the most injured, found his way to a secure retreat within a few hundred yards of Mr. H. and was taken in a cart covered with hay to the same house in the country, 33 where the wounds of both of them were dressed, and they were taken to Anna Arundel county without delay.—Mr. Hall got unassisted to the house of a humane gentleman, up the falls, near the jail. This gentleman dressed his wounds, put him to bed, and early in the morning sent him further into the country. The names of all the others who escaped in this manner are not yet known.

By whom or with what intention he is ignorant, but Mr. Murray was carried by some persons and laid on the ground by the falls. They left him there probably supposing he was dead and all went away but one. That person after all the rest were gone approached Mr. Murray and laid his hand upon him. *He took the hand of the man and pressed it.* He started with surprise and dread at feeling his hand pressed by what he had supposed to be a corpse. Murray then begged his assistance to escape which he promised, adding that he was one of the Mob but thought “there should be fair play.” He then assisted Mr. Murray to rise and conducted him to a neighbouring hovel whence, at Murray's request he went into town to inform his friends where he was and conduct them to the place. This office he faithfully and successfully performed, though so much intoxicated as to be hardly able to walk. Murray's friends, thus conducted, came and removed him to a place of safety.

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General Lee was taken to the hospital where his wounds were dressed by the physicians, and 34 he received every assistance of which his deplorable and mangled situation admitted.—Hence he was next conveyed to the country and arrived at Little York, where he is said to be doing well. Major Musgrove it is understood was also taken to the hospital, and carried the next day four miles above Ellicott's mills on the Montgomery road. A mortification having taken place in some of his wounds after he reached home, his life was, for a time, despaired of; but the skill and attention of Dr. Charles A. Warfield, Dr. Mathews and Doctor Allen Thomas have preserved this gallant officer, and he is now out of danger.

Dr. Peregrine Warfield, Mr. Charles J. Kilgour and Mr. William Gaither, all of them much mangled, were conveyed without molestation in a hack brought by the physicians about 4 o'clock in the morning, to Ellicott's mills, and thence to the house of the father of Dr. P. W. about 24 miles from town. They are all recovering.

It would remain now to relate the last act of this horrible and bloody tragedy, which included the fate of Mr. Thomson, now safe and recovering in Little York, Pennsylvania. He was the unhappy victim reserved, for what special cause is unknown, by the butchers for their infernal pastime. His narrative already before the public, saves us the pain of describing the unheard of tortures which untamed ferocity delighted to inflict on him. His prayers to put an end to his sufferings by death, were inhumanly rejected as often as repeated.

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Such are the particulars of this atrocious and bloody affair, which it has hitherto been impossible to collect in an authentic shape, and a parallel to which is scarcely to be found in the annals of revolutionary France, even after the actors in similar scenes there had become hardened by custom, and familiar to deeds of horror, cruelty and crime. The blood hounds of republican France, massacred by thousands those obnoxious to their vengeance, but they despatched their victims quickly, rarely ever resorting to such

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lingering tortures as the exclusive republicans of this boasted land of liberty and happiness have the credit of inventing.

It is proposed as soon as practicable to obtain from each of the gentlemen a separate statement on oath, of what he suffered himself, and of all that passed within his observation. Meantime the above statement must receive universal credit, every material circumstance being embraced in the introductory affidavit. The intended statements will be published, in order to give a fuller view of these horrible scenes. While they hold up to merited detestation those who by their active co-operation, connivance or their dastardly and treacherous supineness contributed to produce the catastrophe. They will serve as a beacon to warn the civil and military authority of other places of the danger of temporising with the most ferocious, ruthless, and bloody of all monsters, a Mob; while they teach an instructive lesson to the honest but deluded citizen reduced by the siren charm of democracy.

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The persons named in the above affidavit have read with mingled regret and indignation, the partial, mutilated, and unjust report of the local authorities in Baltimore, while they have seen annexed to it with grief and amazement, the signatures of some worthy, and hitherto firm and independent citizens. Understanding that the justification made for the barbarous cruelties which treachery and black malignity procured to be inflicted upon them, is that an extensive conspiracy was formed to murder, or otherwise molest the citizens of Baltimore, the above named do, therefore, solemnly swear that no such conspiracy or association ever was even formed, but merely a determination entered into by less than a dozen gentlemen in the country to protect the person and property of Mr. Hanson, and defend the liberty of the press with their lives if necessary. The determination remains unaltered. The letters of Colonel Lynn, whose advice was volunteered, John H. Thomas and Mr. Taney have been disengenuously perverted to an unjust and infamous purpose.

Rockville, Aug. 12, 1812.

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NARRATIVE OF MR. JOHN THOMSON, ONE OF THE PERSONS INTENDED TO BE MASSACRED WITH GENERAL LINGAN AND OTHERS, IN THE GAOL OF BALTIMORE, ON TUESDAY, THE 28th OF JULY LAST.

On Monday, the 27th of July last, I was invited by Mr. Hanson to his house; and in the evening about twilight, I went there and found from fifteen to twenty gentlemen in his house, most of them known to him. I was told that an attack upon the house was threatened that night, which they had made preparations to resist and defeat. I saw some muskets, pistols, and swords in the house, for the purpose of defence. After being there sometime, I understood an arrangement had been made, that in case of an attack, the direction of the defence was appointed to Gen. Lee. About eight o'clock, a number of persons were collecting at the front of the house, who were very noisy and began to throw stones at the windows, and they broke several of them. The house was in front completely closed, the door and inside window shutters being shut, till the stones broke the glass, and burst open the shutters. Mr. Hanson spoke from the second story to the Mob, and told them if they did not desist they would fire upon them, and he warned the spectators to go away. Gen. Lee, in the house, told them not to fire unless it should be absolutely necessary, and the doors were forced. The Mob continued to increase and to throw stones violently, which broke the windows of the first and second stories. General Lee directed a volley to be fired from the upper story over the heads of the people in the street, to frighten them away without injuring them.—This was executed, and nobody hurt. The Mob huzzaed, were still more violent, and broke open the lower door. They were then fired upon, and a man fell at the door upon the inside thereof, who was immediately taken up and removed, by some of the Mob. This must have happened about 10 o'clock, or after. Judge Scott made his appearance and came into the house, the door having remained open, after it was broken, and requested us to leave the house. He was told we should do no such thing, that we could not be secure unless the civil authority interfered, that we were lawfully employed with Mr. Hanson in protecting him and his house against violence, and whenever the Mob would disperse, or the civil authority interfere, we would

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retire to our homes, and not before. During the night, we continued to defend ourselves, and never fired but after some new and violent attack. I believe it probable several were wounded. The Mob, during the night, retired and gathered again, and attempted some fresh damage. Just about, or before day-light, the Mob brought a field piece, which was planted near the house, and in front of it, but it was prevented from being discharged by the arrival of Capt. Barney's troop of horse, some of whom 39 were stationed round the house, and six of them having dismounted, took possession of the front room on the first floor, and of the back yard.—Hanson and his friends occupied the same places which they had done during the night; so things remained until Edward Johnson the Mayor, General Stricker, John Montgomery the Attorney General, James Calhoun, Lemuel Taylor, and several others, arrived and proposed that we should leave the house. We answered, we had no objections to leave the house, provided the Mob would retire, or we could get home with safety. The Mayor said the Mob could not be dispersed, nor would they be satisfied without we went to gaol, and that we should be protected from them in going to gaol, and while in it. To this proposal, most of us expressly objected. General Lee principally carried on the conversation on our part with the Mayor and General Stricker. The Mayor, General Stricker, and Attorney General, severally declared and assured us, that we should be protected, as well in going to the gaol, as in it; and the Mayor pledged his life and his honour, that we should be safe, and that he would die with us, if we should be hurt. Gen. Stricker expressed himself in similar terms. Also Montgomery, Taylor, Calhoun, and their companions gave us assurances of safety if we went to gaol. After these assurances, and finding the civil authority would not make any exertion to disperse the Mob, We consented with the advice of General Lee, to deliver ourselves up to the civil authority. The Mayor declared his opinion that 40 we would not be safe in the gaol without a guard, and he and General Stricker promised there should be one. About 8 or 9 o'clock on Tuesday forenoon, we left the house and went under the care and custody of the Mayor, who preceded us, and we were placed between two lines of infantry, consisting as it appeared of about fifty militia, and about twenty dragoons mounted advanced before us to the gaol; General Stricker marched on foot with the infantry, and an immense concourse of people were

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in the streets, some of whom went along, and we were abused in the most opprobrious language; some stones were thrown, with violence at us, one struck Mr. Kilgore and cut him badly in the forehead, and another struck Mr. H. Bigelow, and nearly knocked him down. The distance from Hanson's house to the gaol was about one mile.

At our arrival at the gaol door and as we entered it, several of us were struck by some of the Mob whom we found there. Being delivered into the custody of John H. Bentley, the gaoler, some time in the forenoon, we were put in a room in the common criminal department, where we remained the rest of the day. The dragoons and infantry left the gaol soon after we were placed in it, and they did not return, nor was there any military guard afterwards. In the afternoon the Mayor came to us in the gaol and assured us that there should be a guard and that preparations were making to send one. He told us he would lose his own life before we should be hurt. Gen. Stricker was also at 41 the gaol, outside of it.—The Mayor having been with us about twenty minutes, went away leaving us in the belief that there would be a guard of armed militia sent to protect us in the gaol—During the afternoon we were told several times by persons admitted to see us that the militia were called out and assembling. Late in the afternoon two butchers one named Mumma and the other Maxwell, came into our room, the former having a key in his hand. Mumma asked me the names of several of the prisoners; I told him. Mr. Hoffman said he wondered Mr. Bently should suffer so many men to come into their room who had no business there. Mumma answered that he came there on Mr. Bently's business. They were personally known to me, and to some of my fellow prisoners—We suspected their intentions were not good, and I inquired of Mr. Bently if Mumma was a friend of his—Bently answered he pretends to be so. I replied, you ought to know him well before you trust the key of our room in his hands, and I proposed that he should lock the door and give me the key through the grate.—On the inside, the door cannot be unlocked, and there was the outer door locked. Bentley refused, saying I cannot do so as you are a prisoner under my care. The door was immediately locked by some body, and the Mob very soon began to assemble from various quarters, but no troops were arriving. This excited much

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alarm in our room, it being after sunset and we apprehended we were to be sacrificed— About dark the back door of the gaol was beset D 2 42 by the Mob, who entered it without breaking it by force. By whom it was opened I do not know, but by hearsay. They began to break down the wood and iron gratings in the passage leading to our room, which took them at least three quarters of an hour. They had the light of torches. The grating of our room was opened instantly without any exertion, which makes me believe it was opened by some one having the key, and I believe either by Mumma or Maxwell. The first person I recognized at the grating was Henry Keating, who keeps a printing office, and him I should have killed with my pistols, but for General Lee, who laid hold of my arm and begged me not to fire, and also prevented Mr. Murray from firing. It had been agreed that Mr. Murray and myself, being the strongest men, should first rush out and make the best of our way, and every person was to escape as he could. Some of the Mob rushed into the room, and Mr. Murray and myself rushed out, both of us armed. I had a pistol in each hand and he a dirk and a pistol. We made our way through the passage and hall without injury till I was at the front outer door, when I was struck on the back of my head with a heavy club by some man I had passed, which threw me forward from the head of the steps, and I fell headlong down about twelve feet. There I saw a gang of ruffians armed with clubs ready to destroy whomsoever should pass down the steps, and six or seven of them instantly assaulted me while down, and beat me about the head untill I was unable to 43 rise— Some then dragged me twenty or thirty yards while others were beating me with clubs —They then tried to make me stand on my feet, and looking round I perceived Lemuel Taylor, and I called upon him to prevent those men from taking my life. He told the men to desist and said they had beat me enough, and begged them not to take my life; they said they would kill me; he again repeated that I was beat enough, and desired I should be let alone and he would be security for my forthcoming in the morning. They disregarded what he had said, they dragged me along, and it was proposed to tar and feather me, and as I went along they continued to strike me with sticks and clubs—one fellow struck at me with an axe, who missed me; when they had dragged me a considerable distance and into Oldtown, they met with a cart and put me into it, and dragged it along themselves to

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a place where they got tar. I had left my coat in the gaol, and they tore my shirt and other clothing, and put the tar on my bare body, upon which they put feathers. They drew me along in the cart in this condition, and calling me traitor and tory and other scandalous names; they did not cease to beat me with clubs, and cut me with old rusty swords. I received upon my head, arms, sides, thighs and back, upwards of eighteen cuts of the sword. On my head one cut was very deep, beside which my head was broken in more than twelve places by other instruments, such as sticks and clubs. I received a few blows in my face, and very many severe bruises 44 on different parts of my body; my eyes were attempted to be gouged, and preserved by means of the tar and feathers, though they were much injured. About the same time, as I was lying in the cart a fellow struck both of my legs with a bar of iron, swearing damn my eyes, I will break your legs. I drew my legs up, and he was led to think and say he had broke them.—Shortly after I received a blow with a club across my eyes, upon which I lay as if dead, supposing it would stop their further beating me; remaining so for some time, I was struck upon my thighs, which I bore as if dead; a villain said he would soon see if I was dead, and he stuck a pin into my body twice, at which I did not flinch, but I still remained senseless, as if dead. Another said he would show if I was dead, he pulled a handful of tar and feathers, and set fire to it, and stuck it on my back, which put into a blaze what was on my back. I turned over suddenly, and rolled upon the flame, which put it out before it reached too great a height; but I was burnt in several parts. I then raised upon my knees and addressed them—“for God's sake be not worse than savages: if you want my life, take it by shooting or stabbing.”—Often I begged them to put an end to it. Upon this, one said, don't burn him; another said, we will hang him—one in the shafts of the cart turned round and said to me—“if you will tell the names of all in the house and all you know about it, we will save your life.” Believing all the damage was done which could be done by them, I did not hesitate to say I would. — 45 They took me out of the cart upon the causeway at Fell's Point, and carried me to the Bull's Head Tavern: there I gave them the names of all the persons in the house (most of them already known to them) which they took in writing, and the reason of our being in the house, which was to defend Mr. Hanson and his house against violence, with which

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he had been threatened. They detained me about an hour at this tavern, and offered me some whiskey, of which I took several glasses, being extremely thirsty and weak from the loss of blood. They then made me walk, with several persons on each side upholding me, towards the watch house, where they said I should be kept till the morning, and that I should swear to what I had said before a magistrate by 9 o'clock, or if I did not they would hang me. On my way I was unable to proceed, and stopped twice for rest.—When I first stopped, some of them said they had got all they could out of me, and they would now hang me. I rose and went on, and some who were against hanging me followed, and I was obliged by weakness to stop again, when it was proposed again to hang me, and one person said they would cut off my head and stick it on a pole. The vote was taken and carried for hanging me; but some said they should not hang me, that my life had been promised upon condition of disclosing what I knew, and that the information I might give them would be of use to them. I was then moved on to the watch house, and delivered to the Captain of the watch about 2 o'clock in the morning, who was told they held him responsible for my body at 9 o'clock. I laid myself on the floor, a Doctor was sent for by the Captain of the watch, who came, and having removed the tar and feathers, sowed up the wounds on my head, and dressed them. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the Mob was gathered at the watch house, and some were for hanging me, saying that I had not sworn to what I had told them, before a magistrate before 9 o'clock, as had been stipulated, and one of them said the rope was ready. I observed it was not my fault, that I was not able to go to a magistrate, and that I was ready to swear to it if they would bring one. They then brought a magistrate by the name of Gali, who took my affidavit, in which was stated the names of the persons in the house the cause of their meeting, and the name of the person under whom they were acting in the house. It was read aloud, and at this period the Mayor, Lemuel Taylor, and some others, arrived, who said they would take me to the hospital, out of the hands of these men. Mr. Taylor said he had no idea of seeing me alive. The Doctor had lent me a shirt, and I was now provided with a pair of trowsers. The Mayor sent for a carriage, but the Mob said I should not ride in it, that a cart was good enough for me, and a cart was brought, into which I was placed, stretched out in the cart and exposed to a

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hot sun. About 11 o'clock, I was carried to the hospital, the distance of a mile, the Mayor accompanying me amid the noise of a great concourse of people. There I heard the gans of General Lee, in a room adjoining, who had been said to be dead.

After the crowd had dispersed, some of my friends, who did not think me safe, sent me a carriage, into which I was put, without losing a minute, and General Lee was put into the same carriage. We were hurried away into the country, in our wounded, bruised, and mangled condition: we arrived at Yorktown, Pennsylvania on Saturday evening, the first of August, where we received the humane and friendly sympathies and attentions of the inhabitants, and the medical aid of two gentlemen of the faculty.

Possessed of a strong constitution and in the prime of life, I cherish the hope, that I shall survive all the bruises and wounds, which have been so cruelly and maliciously inflicted by a wicked and lawless Mob, and that I shall be again restored to the full use and enjoyment of my bodily powers.

Given under my hand this 6th day of August, 1812.

JOHN THOMSON.

John Montgomery, mentioned in the annexed certificate, is the Attorney General of Maryland. We pledge ourselves to produce a respectable name, which is affixed, but which we do not at present exhibit for obvious reasons. We also pledge ourselves to prove, that George Williams, of the late house of Benjamin & George Williams, 48 expressed himself in the same murderous manner.— *Fed. Republican*.

I do hereby certify, that John Montgomery, Esq. in conversation with myself, relative to the gentlemen who defended the house in Charles-street, said—"it was the most infamous proceeding he had ever known, and wished every scoundrel in the house had been KILLED."

**EXTRACT FROM THE NARRATIVE OF OTHO SPRIGG, Esquire.**

ONE OF THE GENTLEMEN WHO DEFENDED THE HOUSE???IN CHARLES STREET,  
BALTIMORE.

[Here follows a statement of what passed in the house, which, as it has been often told by others, we pass over and proceed to what took place at the prison.]

Arrived at the assylum, we were *safely* deposited in the criminal apartment, where we were amused with a repetition of assurances from General Stricker that the Mob should walk over their dead bodies sooner than one of us should be hurt. These assurances, however did not appease the inordinate cravings of hunger during the day, which were alleviated only by the humanity of some gentlemen of the town, no materials for this purpose having been contributed from any other source.

It ought not to be forgotten, that we were told, that we might be released on finding bail. Mr. Bovd offered to become bail, after we were fairly housed; but was told, that we could not be admitted to bail. This circumstance, added to the appearance of a large, and rapidly increasing assemblage of the Sovereigns of Baltimore in the evening, without a prospect of the solemn and sacred pledge of the Mayor and General Stricker, induced in my mind some suspicion E 50 of foul play.—Self-preservation is a powerful stimulous to invention. Immured and unarmed as we were and without any means of annoying the Briarean Monster that beset us, or of protecting and defending either ourselves or our friends; it struck me that each of us should adopt the best means we could devise to avoid the projected immolation. Accordingly, about the dusk of the evening of the memorable 28th of July, I quitted the apartment of my friends and sought refuge from the impending storm among the dregs of society.

In the passage I encountered the turnkey. This was not a time for deliberation. I immediately followed him softly into a room occupied by some negro criminals. From

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thence I pursued him with cautious steps into an apartment in the occupation of five white culprits, with whom I remained. I found there another of the gentlemen who had been conducted to jail with us, a Mr. Graham.

Whether the turnkey knew that I was following him, or whether he permitted it under the impression that I was one of the criminals, I shall not pretend to determine. I wore a coat which was not my own; nor had he seen me in it before, if he did then.

Seeing so numerous an assemblage of enemies about the jail, and no guard to protect us, I entertained no doubt that all of us were doomed to bleed. Resigned to my fate, I threw myself on one of the prisoners' beds and fell asleep. In a few minutes I was awakened by one of the prisoners, and found that the Mob had entered 51 the lobby of the jail, and where endeavoring to get through the door, which let them into the passage leading to the room of my friends. Having entered the passage, they advanced to the door of my room, which they struck three times with an axe. One of the prisoners, a Frenchman, by the name of Du Prat, [I shall never forget him!] exhorted them to use all possible dispatch in releasing the prisoners, assuring them that they would form an immediate junction with the Mob. The Mob paused, and promised a compliance with this request, after they should do what they wanted with the Tories, provided the prisoners would inform them where they were to be found. One of the prisoners pointed to the door of Mr. Hanson and his friends. They approached it, and after striking it more than once, it was opened, and a scene of indescribable horror ensued. \* \* \* \* \*

The door of my apartment and that of my friends, were directly opposite to each other, and separated by a passage. I had assumed a disguise, which prevented a recognition of my person.—I had a red handkerchief about my neck, a white one about my head, tied under the throat, and wore a drab, instead of a blue coat. When the Mob discovered they were at the wrong door, they squeezed my hand with great cordiality, and promised me a speedy liberation from confinement.

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I saw many of my friends taken from the room, and most inhumanly beaten with bludgeons, swords, &c. Their helpless condition, the sight of their , were sufficient to dissolve a heart of . My sensations can only be felt.—Language is inadequate to their description. My heart was pierced. I threw myself upon the floor behind the door of my prison, where I lay for some time, giving vent to the anguish of my soul in a flood of tears.

From this state of prostration I was called by one of the criminals in my apartment to the window. There is not a solitary ray of compassion, or even of common humanity, to illuminate the gloom of diabolical atrocity that shrouds the behaviour of these savage ruffians. I saw them from the window, still beating, with remorseless fury, the hapless victims of perfidious revenge, whom they had dragged from the asylum of a jail. Murder was succeeded by theft. I distinctly saw the Mob take something from the pocket of a victim, whom I supposed to be Mr. W. Gaither.—He opened it, told his comrade it was money, and inquired if it was lawful to keep it? He was answered in the affirmative.

The Mob, or many of them, continued in and about the jail the greater part of the night; and, perhaps, during that period, they never were absent from my door more than an hour at one time. They inquired after the tories, and threatened vengeance should they find them within.

Du Prat saved my life. He protested that none of the tories were there, invited them to search, and offered to forfeit his life if he proved to be deceptive. This would satisfy them for a while.—Many of them, particularly Irishmen, would tell them to come away. “He is a Frenchman. He has no tories in with him.” Thus things went on during the night. The next day they did not visit our door so often.

In the latter part of the night, the Mob inquired particularly for several of Mr. Hanson's friends by name. But the next morning, the object of their search appeared to be young Mr.—At a still later hour, (7 o'clock) they inquired particularly for Graham and Sprigg. This they continued to do till about 11 o'clock on Wednesday, when they were reinforced by

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numbers, amounting it is supposed, to about 300. During the morning, whenever they came, they swore that Graham and myself were there, and that they would have us. Du Prat, however, had always succeeded by presence of mind and address, in sending them away.

When the reinforcement appeared, they crowded the jail about my door, which they struck several times, swearing most vehemently that Sprigg and Graham were there, and that they would murder them. I was then concealed behind the door, and they looking through the grating. This must have been a trying time to the little Frenchman. There can be no doubt, that he would have fallen a sacrifice to the resentment of the Mob, if I had been found under his protection. If he had been an Attorney General of a state, a commander of a Brigade, or a Mayor of a city, he might have proposed terms to the Mob, and their victim might have been handed over for sacrifice. But as he was an humble prisoner, confined on a charge of felony, he had not yet lost all regard for moral obligation. He had promised to protect me; and he did. By his address and courage, the murderous band were again sent from the door.

As they retired, they swore that we were; that their numbers were not quite sufficient at present; but that towards night they would bring a force sufficient to carry the jail on their shoulders. I sent for the jailor, and desired him to go or send immediately for an Attorney. He appeared surprised and not a little pleased to see me; and said that he would make application to Judge Scott and the Mayor, for authority to release me. He took my *real name*, and Graham's, and was gone, I suppose, about two hours. When he returned, he informed me that he had an order from the Judge and the Mayor, to release me so soon as the Mob would leave the house, and he was directed by the Mayor and Judge, to advise me to leave town as soon as possible, and I would be no further molested.

This was early in the afternoon. He left me, and I remained in dreadful suspense till twilight, when I began to suspect that my danger was equal to that of the preceding night. I was, however, called by the jailor, who told me to put on my coat and follow him, saying

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the jail was clear. The door of the prison was opened, and I followed him to the lobby or hall, in which I found a number of persons. This occasioned some apprehensions which I communicated to 55 the jailor. He said that my fate depended on the moment:—that to go out through them would be dangerous; but to remain in the prison would be more so.

I took a round or two through the lobby, had some conversation with the jailor, and walked out unmolested through a crowd of rough looking men, who had collected at the door. I then went home.

Graham left the jail at the same time, at the opposite door.

OTHO SPRIGG.

*Corporation of Fredericksburgh, to wit: —*

Personally appeared before me, a Magistrate of the Corporation aforesaid, Otho Sprigg, who made oath on the Holy Evangelists, that the foregoing Narrative is true.

Given under my hand, at the Corporation of Fredericksburgh, in the Commonwealth of Virginia, this 17th day of August, A. D. 1812.

GEORGE W. B. SPOONER.

### EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

***Extract of a Letter from one of the meritorious, though unsuccessful defenders of the freedom of the press at Baltimore, to his parents, dated August 1, 1812.***

“On Monday, the 27th ult. the Federal Republican was resuscitated, printed at Georgetown, and published at No. 45, South Charles Street, Baltimore, which was the house formerly 56 occupied by Mr. Wagner, and which Mr. Hanson, who now took possession of it, had furnished with arms and ammunition, in the expectation that it would

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be attacked, and with determination to defend it. Mr. Hanson was accompanied to town by several friends from Montgomery county; among others, were Gen. Lingan, a venerable old gentleman, about 65 years of age; Gen Lee, a revolutionary officer, and the bosom friend of Washington; Dr. Warfield; Mr. Murray, a brother in law of Mr. Hanson, and several others. These gentlemen remained to protect him, should it be necessary. The supporters of a free press in Baltimore, mortified to see these veterans leaving their families and homes to take upon themselves a duty more peculiarly their own, determined at least to share the danger with them. About twenty-five or thirty of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore, merchants and professional men, repaired to the house early in the evening, (before sunset) and tendered their services, which were accepted. We were all armed and equipped by Mr. H. and put under the orders of Gen. Lee. We then quietly seated ourselves to wait the issue. No sooner was it dark, than a parcel of boys collected around the door and began to halloo and insult us. Their noise attracted others. Their shouts were redoubled, and their numbers continued to increase. By eight o'clock, a herd of Irishmen and negroes and Frenchmen, and ragamuffins, had congregated, and encouraged by our forbearance, which, they probably attributed to timidity, commenced a most violent attack upon the house; some stones had been thrown at intervals before but now they came in volleys. Windows and sashes and shutters were demolished in an inst. whilst bricks and paving stones were flying about our heads with the most tremendous crash. It was then, *for the first time*, General Lee permitted two or three muskets to be discharged in the air, with a view to terrify the Mob and to warn them that we were armed and resolved to use our arms. He had before besought them again and again to return to their homes, and had received nothing but insults in return. We fired in the air; but far from having the desired effect, it served only to enrage the rabble, and none of them being hurt, to increase their audacity. Stones and bricks were poured upon us without intermission, and their madness broke out in the most fiendlike yells; the outer door was soon forced open, and of the lower windows, not a vestige remained—It was not however, till the Mob attempted to cross the threshold, that we directed a single shot at them; to forbear longer was to sacrifice ourselves, and we did not hesitate in adopting the alternative. The Mob

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retreated for a moment after this repulse, but soon returned to the charge. As often as they attempted to rush into the house, so often we fired upon them; but never else.

The action was kept up in this way till about half past two o'clock in the morning, at which time the Mob had windled away to about 30 or 40 men, when Maj. Barney appeared with about 30 horsemen, and had he acted with 58 promptitude, here the affair would have ended. But like ourselves he erred on the side of humanity, instead of charging the mob and dispersing them at once he began to make speeches; and from that moment the rabble began again to assemble in greater numbers than ever, and with accumulated fury. Maj. Barney, however, dismounted some of his troop and placed them with their sabres to guard the avenues of the house, that none might enter or escape.—About an hour after, nearly a hundred militia were assembled and marched to our relief. Judge Scott, Chief Justice of the court of Oyer and Linner, had been down in the course of the night to quell the riot. We admitted him into the house, and promised to retire peaceably to our homes and Mr. Hanson into the country, if he would disperse the Mob—that he could not do—and after using all the *arguments* he could not think of, he went quietly home. At 6 o'clock in the morning the Mayor of the city appeared, together with the Attorney-General Montgomery, and Gen. Stricker of the militia; we agreed to surrender ourselves into the hands of the civil authority, if that authority could and would protect us; but as a preliminary and as evidence of their power we insisted upon the dispersion of the Mob. They conferred with the Mob and with us, back and forth, bearing the various propositions we made—to nothing would they consent, but that we should be committed to the county goal to take our trial for murder. The Mob now increased to the number of 2000. We had set up the whole night, 59 had nothing to eat, and were worn down with fatigue, and found it necessary to capitulate on some terms. We acceded to the last, and the Mayor and Brigadier Gen. Stricker pledged themselves in the most solemn manner and with repeated asseverations to protect us, or die in our defence. We gave up our arms, and marched out under the protection of the military, who were formed in a hollow square, the horsemen in front and rear, about 50 being by this time collected; we were then marched through

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the principal streets of the city, at least a mile to the county gaol. All the efforts of our escort could scarcely protect us from the fury of the populace. I was knocked down by a stone whilst under the protection of the military and the magistracy. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, we arrived at the gaol, and were confined in the common receptacle of culprits.—I assure you I never entered a place with a more bounding step, or lighter heart than I did these unhallowed cells. We then foolishly regarded it as a place of safety, confiding in the promises of the Mayor and Gen. Stricker.—We soon couched ourselves on the bare floor of the prison, and from excess of fatigue were able to sleep, even in a dungeon, and on a bed of oak. Our friends in the course of the day attempted to get us released, upon giving bail but no; Gen. Stricker had given his word to the Mob that we should not be admitted to bail, and the Judge would not do it. They had given their word to us too, to protect us. Their promises to the Mob was most sacredly adhered to—their solemn pledge to us basely forfeited.—Between two and three o'clock P. M. on Tuesday, that very day on which we were committed, the Mob began again to assemble in the vicinity of the gaol—sent for Gen. Stricker and the Mayor—they came and endeavoured to appease the rabble? assured them that we were not bailed, and should not be, but that a day should immediately be fixed on for our trial. They then came in to see us—General Stricker told us he had ordered out two regiments and that he would defend us—the Mayor renewed his promises of protection.

They left us about 5 o'clock—the sheriff came about the same time, and endeavoured to pacify the Mob, which was fluctuating till 7 o'clock; increasing or diminishing, but attempting no violence. Gen. Stricker's troops assembled according to his orders and as soon as they were formed, this man dismissed them—and this, too, at the moment when their presence had become absolutely necessary, and when we were confidently expecting them.—The Mayor was no longer visible, and the sheriff had retired. We were thus shut up like sheep in the pen, waiting the hand of the butcher. We had given up our arms, and were completely at the mercy of a Mob to whom mercy is a stranger, who were thirsting for our blood, and who, f?antic with rage, set up a hideous yell. This was

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the signal of destruction—the outer gates of the prison were prostrated in a moment, and the inner doors, composed of bars of Iron, were immediately bent. The Mob were provided with 61 every implement for their purpose. Sledgehammers and crow-bars soon enabled them to effect it. In fifteen minutes the inner doors were forced, and they rushed into the common passage of the cells; they soon discovered ours, and the grate between us was but the obstacle of a moment. We had previously agreed that every man should act for himself, and escape if possible, by mingling in the crowd. One or two gentlemen who had pistols presented them—this caused a momentary pause, and produced some confusion in the assailants—they were, however, pushed forward by those in the rear, and we plunged among them, extinguishing as much as possible the portable lights—those fixed in the passages were beyond their reach. How I escaped I know not, I was recognized and knocked down four several times: beaten when down, held up by the hair of my head, stamped upon, and in short maltreated in every possible manner; but at the moment when they thought me dead, and when attention was attracted to another quarter, I sprang up, disengaged myself from those that held me, and fighting and retreating backwards, jumped from the flight of steps about 10 feet on to the very heads of the Mob, who tottered under me; and the moment I felt myself on my feet, rushed into the outer circle of the crowd, where I was again seized, bloody as I was, by two fellows in the garb of sailors; but a young gentleman, whose name I cannot mention, but whose nobleness of soul, and whose services to me I can never forget, interposed, and enabled me to escape from their fury; F 62 and I left the city at 2 o'clock the next morning. Some escaped entirely unhurt, not being known by the Mob. But one life was lost—this was the venerable Gen. Lingan. Several are dangerously wounded. Lee is dispaired of. Eight or nine bodies were thrown together in a heap, to all appearance, and in every one's belief, dead. The Mob then following to see Mr. Thomson tared and feathered in a cart, opportunity was afforded to some well disposed persons to carry the bodies to some houses in the neighborhood, where they revived, and were carried off by their friends. Some of our friends were enticed in the night (whilst we were parlying with Judge Scott) to come out of the house and converse with them, but the moment they got them, they treated them with the greatest

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barbarity, and left them for dead. Who were the leaders of the Mob I know not. Among the most conspicuous were a French apothecary, and a noted Irish pugillist.

Our last accounts from the city are to Aug. 1, at which time the Mob still remained undisbanded; and the civil authority still powerless and inert. The wounded which had been taken to the hospital, were principally carried away to the country, having been threatened with further vengeance by the barbarians.

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***Extract of a letter from A. G. Hanson, Esquire, (one of the Editors of the Fed Repub.) dated near Baltimre, August 3d, 1812.***

“Of my friends and fellow martyrs, when I say they would vie with the picked men of Leonidas, facts will attest the truth of the assertion. Although they had not slept for 36 hours, to the last moment, they were cheerful, conversable and sometimes gay. Not even when the forcing of the jail door was announced by the savage yell of the Mob, nor when they came to the door of the apartment in which we were confined, was there a look, a whisper, or motion of the body, expressive of any thing but cool, collected courage and contempt of death. A different conduct was not to be expected of men, who had embarked in such a cause, with a perfect knowledge of all the consequences, though they never could have anticipated being delivered over to the executioner, through the inhuman treachery of the civil authorities. The Liberty of the Press, the security of property and person, the rights, civil and political, belonging to the meanest citizen, the very principles and privileges, for the assertion and defence of which the War of Independence was declared, we had pledged ourselves to maintain, and at the risk of our lives, and at every extremity not forbidden by the laws. With the Mob and civil authority united against us, the contest was indeed unequal. However, my situation allows me to add but little.

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“All my partners in persecution and suffering whom I have seen or heard from since the massacre, agree in ascribing their injuries to the same men. The names of the *Mayor*,

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*General Stricker, and John Montgomery*, are first on the catalogue of the perfidious, and barbarous monsters; and it will appear, that the advice of the latter, *dictated by cowardice*, produced the catastrophe.

“My writing to you is more of an experiment than otherwise, and I cannot dictate, as no one will be my amanuensis, the doctors and nurses all uniting in their vows that I shall not write or talk, as I can do neither without danger.

“I have six wounds on the head, either of which, sufficiently severe to induce an inflammation of the brain, without great care. Both collar bones are hurt. The extremity of the spinal bone injured, and excessively painful.—The breast bruised, and now painful. The fore finger of the right hand broken, and the whole hand injured having been twice stabbed, once through, with a pen knife; and the nose broken.—These are the injuries I have received, but they do not give me half the pain that the despondency of my political friends (in Baltimore) inflicts.”

### **PUBLIC FEELING.**

#### TOWN MEETING.

At a meeting of the citizens of Georgetown, convened at the Union Tavern, on the 7th of August, for the purpose of expressing their sense of the outrage recently committed in Baltimore, and declaring to the world their testimony to the virtues and worth of the late General Lingan—William Marbury, Esq being called to the chair, and George French, Esq. appointed secretary—the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

—

Whereas the Patriots who established the government, under which it is our happy lot to live, devoted their exertions and shed their blood, in order to protect the lives, liberties, and properties of their countrymen, equally against unbridled licentiousness and individual violence—And whereas, under our inestimable government, deriving its power more

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from reason than force, outrages have been committed against the lives, liberties, and properties of the citizens, which the civil power has been found too timid or unwilling to punish: It has become the duty, as it is the right of the people, to express their opinions, and let their determination be known, so that practices big with danger to every thing man holds dear in life, may be arrested in their progress, with whomsoever they may originate, or by whomsoever they may be promoted—And whereas we consider the freedom of speech, and of the press (at once the peculiar privilege of freemen, and the best support of freedom) as F 2 66 dreadfully endangered by the lawless violence of a Mob, as by the force of a despotic power—

*Therefore Resolved*—That we view with the utmost detestation and horror, the conduct of the Mob in Baltimore, which has at different times, violently destroyed the property of our fellow-citizens, and then inhumanly murdered those who dared to make that opposition to their cannibal fury, which the laws of nature and society concur in approving.

*Resolved*—That we reflect with wonder and delight at the firmness and bravery of Alexander Contee Hanson, and his little band of heroick supporters, in a recent encounter with wretches, who, with more than savage ferocity, attacked his life, destroyed his property, and butchered those who clung to him in the hour of danger.

*Resolved*—That the blood of our friend? inhumanly spilt on this memorable occasion, ought to be avenged by the legal punishment of the offending criminals.

*Resolved*—That in testimony of our deep sorrow for the death of General Lingan; a sorrow doubly aggravated by the horrible circumstances of his massacre—we, the assembled citizens of Georgetown, who remember, with a melancholy satisfaction, his endearing virtues while he was our fellow-townsmen, will for the space of thirty days, wear the accustomed badge of mourning.

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*Resolved*—That a subscription shall be immediately opened for the erection of a monument to the memory of the departed General.

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*Resolved*—That when the civil power formed for the protection of social rights, either through lukewarmness or timidity, suffers those rights to be invaded or destroyed, their protection devolves on the virtuous and brave of society, whose duty it is to rally round the law, and enforce its execution.

*Resolved*—That the attempt to destroy the liberty of the press by the Mob of Baltimore, in pulling down the house, and destroying the press of the “Federal Republican,” with the attending circumstances, far exceed in atrocity and violence, the cruel murder by the despot of France of the German printer Palm for the free expression of opinion; and ought to meet with unqualified detestation from every friend to freedom.

*Resolved*—That although we confide too much in the good sense of our fellow-citizens to apprehend any similar horrors in this quarter, yet being conscious that a state of preparation for danger is the only security in times of peril like the present, should any such outrages be attempted within our reach, we pledge our lives and sacred honour to each other, and to society, that we will cheerfully and immediately obey the call of the civil power; but should that be too slow to redress the wrong, we as faithfully pledge ourselves to rally round the laws, and support and defend with our lives, the injured rights of our fellow-citizens, and the essential principles of our beloved republican government.

*Resolved*—That Francis S. Key, Esq. be solicited to deliver an oration on the death of our 68 beloved friend and fellow citizen James Lingan.

*Resolved*—That a committee consisting of three persons, be appointed to carry the preceding resolutions into effect, and that the following gentlemen compose the committee aforesaid —Thomas Peter, John I. Stull and George Johnson.

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*Resolved*—That these resolutions be published in the Spirit of '76.

WM. MARBURY, *Chairman*.

George French, *Secretary*.

Meeting in Prince George's County.

At a meeting of the citizens of Prince George's county, held at Upper Marlborough, on the 13th of August—James Somerville, Esq. was called to the chair, and S. Addison, Esq. Secretary—The following preamble and resolutions were reported by a committee appointed for that purpose, and unanimously adopted:—

Whereas the bill of rights has declared, that the liberty of the press ought to be inviolably preserved, and deeming it essentially necessary for the security of freedom that it should be unawed by power and unassailable by licentiousness, we have viewed with abhorrence and indignation the attempts which have been made to destroy this sacred right. Our indignation has been greatly increased when we have seen that the civil authorities in this state, instead of interposing their power in protecting its citizens in the full and free enjoyment of this inestimable privilege, have been silent spectators of the most atrocious enormities that ever disgraced a civilized community. We have seen with emotions of horror not only the invasion and destruction of private property, but the lives of our fellow citizens sacrificed by an infuriated Mob, with all the merciless rage of the savage Indian, while they were nobly defending and supporting those rights, which were guaranteed to them by our constitution—And whereas this lawless force commenced their outrageous violations of the law on the 22d June last, and with impunity have repeated the most wanton acts of violence and bloodshed—believing as we sincerely do, that the liberty of the press is the palladium of all our civil, political and religious rights; that they must exist, or perish together—believing that a succession of such outrages will not only lead to the prostration of the press itself, but to the destruction of every thing held dear and valuable

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by freemen—Who do, therefore, in the spirit of that liberty, derived to us from the valour of our fathers,

*Resolve* —“That all persons invested with the legislative or executive powers of government, are only the trustees of the people, and as such, accountable for their conduct,” that therefore it is the right of the people at all times, either by liberty of speech or through the medium of the press, freely to examine into the measures of government, to lay open and expose to the public the conduct of their rulers, boldly to set forth and publish any delinquency or mis-management 70 in their administration, that the people may see and judge whether the government committed to their charge has been wisely directed, and whether it has been conducted in such a manner and upon such principles as may best conduce to the interest, the happiness, and prosperity of their country.

*Resolved* —That if the liberty of the press be subverted, it is a matter of perfect indifference to us by whom. The consequences are precisely the same, whether it be by the wicked ambition or criminal relaxation of our rulers. The municipality of Baltimore have the power, and it is imperatively their duty to protect the citizens thereof, both in their persons and their property, against all lawless force and violence, and to secure to them the enjoyment of all their rights and privileges; consequently, their failure to curb the unbridled cruelty and savage outrages of the Mob, merits the severest execration and animadversion of all who duly estimate the peace and good order of society, and evinces a criminal acquiescence in a detestable usurpation of the authority of the laws.

*Resolved* —That from a deliberate and impartial examination of the report of the civil authority of Baltimore, we consider the conduct of the Mayor and Brigadier General as distinguished and characterized by perfidy and cowardice.—Perfidy, in not affording that protection they had promised to unarmed men, who had confided in their honor for the safety of their persons and security of their property—and 71 cowardice, in being deterred by the menaces of the Mob from the execution of their duty.

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An exact and authentic narrative, of the events which took place in Baltimore, on the 27th and 28th of July last. Carefully collected from some of the sufferers and eyewitnesses. To which is added a narrative of Mr. John Thomson, one of the unfortunate <http://www.loc.gov/resource/lhcbcb.20045>

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*Resolved*—That the executive of this state are the constitutional guardians of the law, and conservators of the peace of Maryland, and it is their duty to take care that the former be faithfully enforced, and the latter inviolably maintained—when they fail to discharge the high trust confided to them, they will merit the severest censure of their constituents.

*Resolved*—That as a tribute of respect to the memory of the brave Lingan, who died in defence of that liberty he fought to achieve, it be recommended to our citizens to wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

*Resolved*—That Francis M. Hall and Richard W. West, be authorised and requested to repair to Annapolis, and to lay a copy of these resolutions before his excellency the governor.

*Resolved*—That the proceedings of this meeting be published in the “Federal Republican,” the “National intelligencer,” and the “Maryland Gazette.”

THE END.