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Domestic.

BALTIMORE RIOT.

FROM THE FEDERAL REPUBLICAN.

An exact and authentic narrative of the events which took place at Baltimore, on the 27th and 28th of July last; carefully collected from some of the sufferers and from eye witnesses.

(CONCLUDED.)

The mob gained possession of the principal entrance into the prison, but there was 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 goaler, was the first man who entered the room, to the best of 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. It was the post in which the plighted faith and honor of Gen. Stricker should 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, and by that means many would escape. As for himself he would be recognized, but every man must do the best himself. All seemed at once to embrace the plan, but when the mob were about entering the last door, Mr. Murray and Mr. Thompson presented their pistols, the latter 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 anyone of you first." Mr. Thompson was disposed to fire, but Gen. Lee and Mr. Hanson urged to 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 9 or 10, who made their way through the crowd in the confusion that ensued. But it was useless to himself because he was known to Mamma the butcher, who recognized and knocked him down after he had made good his way to the lobby, as it is called, or hall of the jail. He was then dreadfully beaten, trampled on and pitched for dead down the high flight of stairs in front of the jail. The purpose for which Mamma came into the prison room now appeared. He was posted at the door, to mark the victims as they came out, and designate them for slaughter, by giving each a blow or two, which was the signal to his associates, who proceeded to finish what he had begun. The fate of Mr. Hanson befel Gen. Lee, Gen. Langan, Mr. Hall, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Kilgour, Major Musgrove, Dr. P. Warfield and Mr. Wm. Gaither, all of whom were thrown down the steps of the jail, 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. Thompson and Mr. Winchester were carried in a different direction, and not thrown into the heap of 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 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 out 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. Langan lost his life by his endeavors to save it. He so much mistook the character of the monsters; as to suppose them capable of some feelings of humanity. He reminded them that he had fought for their liberties throughout the revolutionary war, that he was old and 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 application was answered by fresh insults and blows. At length while he was still endeavoring 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 "the damned old rascal is the hardest dying of all of them," and repeating the opprobrious epithet of "Tory." These blows put an end to his breath and his life. In a few minutes after his re-

moval into the jail he expired without a groan. His name will be as 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 Gen. Lee, who had again raised himself up. The knife glanced on the 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 exulting "see Hanson's brains on his breast."

During these horrid scenes several of the gentlemen, Mr. Nelson, Dr. Warfield, Mr. Kilgour, Mr. 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 shewing any emotion, the deliberation of the assassins, about the manner of disposing of their bodies. At one time it was proposed to throw them 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's falls, a stream which runs in front of the jail. Some that they should be castrated. Others again were for tarring and feathering 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 jolting 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 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 the mob to place the supposed dead bodies under his care until morning, and he conveyed them into the jail to the room whence they were first taken. There he was assisted by Drs. Birkhead, Smith, Owen, and a gentleman who assumed the name of Dr. Page, but is better known by the title 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 refresh themselves. A large part followed Mr. Thompson, who had been carried off in the manner stated in his narrative. Some, perhaps, felt sated 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 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 re-committed 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 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 Gen. Langan 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 laying 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 day light, some distance from town.

Mr. Nelson and Mr. 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 where the wounds of both of them were dressed and they were taken to Aug. Arundel county without delay. Mr. Hall got unassisted to the house of a humane gentle-

man 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 surprize 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 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.

Gen. Lee was taken to the Hospital where his wounds were dressed by the physicians and he received every assistance of which his deplorable and mangled situation admitted. Hence he was next day 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 Dr. 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 2 1/2 miles from town. They are all recovering.

It would remain now to relate the last act of this horrible and bloody tragedy which includes the fate of Mr. Thompson 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.

Such are the particulars of this atrocious and bloody affair which it has hitherto been possible 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 dispatched their victims quickly, rarely ever resorting to such 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 cooperation, 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 seduced by the syren charms of democracy.

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 even was ever 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. This determination remains unaltered. The letters of col. Lynn, whose service was volunteered, John Hanson Thomas, and Mr. Taney have been disingenuously perverted to an unjust and infamous purpose.

ROCKVILLE, August 12th, 1812.

An intelligent Youth,

OF respectable connexions, will be taken at this office as an apprentice to the printing business,

MR. SPRIGG'S NARRATIVE.

As the events which took place previous to entering the Jail, have been before amply detailed, we only extract such part of Mr. Sprigg's account as more particularly relates to himself.

Arrived at this asylum, 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. Boyd 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 redemption of the solemn and sacred pledge of the Mayor and Gen. Stricker, induced in my mind some suspicion of foul play. Self preservation is a powerful stimulus to invention. Immured and unarmed, as we were, and without any means of annoying the Briarcan 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. Immediately followed him softly into a room occupied by some negro criminals. From 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 upon 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 the lobby of the jail, and were 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 indistinguishable 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.

I saw many of my friends taken from the room, and most inhumanly beaten with bludgeons, swords, &c.—Their helpless condition, the extremity of their sufferings, were sufficient to dissolve a heart of adamant. 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. Wm. Gaither. He opened it, told his comrade it was money and enquired 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 enquired after the Tories, and threatened vengeance should they find them within.