

THE CALVERT LYNCHING.

Particulars of Whittle's Crime—Statement of the Little Girl's Father.

[Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.]

PRINCE FREDERICK, CALVERT COUNTY, M.D.,
June 10.—Rev. Lee M. Lyle, of the M. E. Church South, whose little daughter was assaulted by Charles Whittle, colored, who was lynched for the crime, as heretofore stated in THE SUN, gives the following account of the assault:

"Charles Whittle was a bright mulatto boy, 18 or 20 years of age. He was raised from infancy by a respectable Christian family in Stafford county, Va. I employed him as cook last summer, and a better, more efficient servant I never had, until a few weeks since. Wednesday, June 2, he said to my wife that he was hurrying through his work in order to go out and gather salad for dinner. He tried to persuade my eldest daughter, Daisy, to go with him. She refused, and he then took a basket, went into the yard, where my two little children—Annie, 5 years of age, and Sammy, three years—were playing. He took Annie up in his arms and carried her off, at the same time driving Sammy back. Sammy came into the house crying, and would not be pacified. My wife, hearing the child cry, gave him some bread and told him not to cry, but he continued to cry and call for his little sister Annie. My wife then told Daisy (11 years) to go and hunt for Annie and bring her back. Daisy went out into the field and after a little while discovered the empty basket that Whittle carried away. She entered the woods and just then heard a muffled cry. She hastened in the direction of the sound, and soon discovered Whittle with Annie across his lap with one hand on her mouth pressing her head to the ground. Daisy at once cried out, "What do you mean? Let Annie go this minute." She then took her sister to the house. Whittle tried to bribe them into silence, and then made threats if they told. Some time afterwards he came in with the salad. I had been absent for two or three hours at the blacksmith shop and store, and on returning I noticed as I entered the back door, that he looked queer and hastened out of my sight. On entering my wife's room, up stairs, I found her nervous and pale, I asked her what was the matter. My wife locked the door and then disclosed to me the horrible news. My first impulse was to go at once and kill the fiend, but my wife's pleading and the grace of God helping, I concluded to have the wretch arrested and let the law take its course. I procured a pistol, and going into my dining-room called Whittle to me. He started to go out, and I drew the pistol and told him if he tried to escape that I would kill him. I then carried him to the court-house and gave him up to the sheriff. Dr. G. W. Jones prescribed for our little girl, and said that though she was badly bruised, she was not dangerously injured."

About ten o'clock Sunday night some forty mounted men armed and masked came to the jail and after some desperate efforts forced the gate leading into the jail yard and overpowered the guard. Several shots were fired but no one was hurt as far as known.

Whittle was chained to the floor. Some one armed with an axe cut the chain and then a rope was put around Whittle's neck and he was carried away about a mile and there hung to a persimmon tree. His body was cut down and brought back to town and buried near the jail. The sheriff and guard are thought to have done their duty, and the lynching is greatly deprecated, and by no one more than by Mr. Lyle himself.