

# AN UNMITIGATED OUTRAGE

(COMMUNICATED)

He was only a boy, scarcely more than nineteen years of age. He was not a loafer or desperado; he was a worker, but unfortunate in being drawn into bad company, enticed into "Shanty town" that despicable hell-hole which has given Cumberland an unenviable notoriety—there he was filled with that poisonous stuff called whiskey, which robbed him of his reason and made him a maniac. Becoming boisterous and unruly, he was arrested and while being clubbed into submission, he fired the fatal shot which ended the life of Patrolman Baker. Such is the brief story of Wm. Burns, who was brutally murdered right in front of the jail and within the shadow of the temple of justice.

The daily papers counseled the people to be quiet and that law be permitted to take its course. Despite this there was a feeling that mischief was being plotted. No attempt was made to safeguard the jail. Sheriff Hamilton was in Frostburg and thus the brave deputy, Noah Hendly, was left alone to resist a mob of more than two hundred determined and desperate men. The doors of the cell were quickly battered down, the brave Hendly resisting in the face of half a dozen revolvers and refusing to surrender the keys. The cell was quickly broken into and that boy who was entitled by the laws of God and man to a fair and impartial trial, was dragged into the streets and kicked and clubbed and shot to death.

Law abiding citizens of Allegany county gaze upon the picture, and as you ponder over the crime against law and order, think of the ineradicable stain that has been placed upon the fair name of the Queen City of the State.

It is among the things possible that the actors in this horrible drama may never be brought to justice, for it will, as it always has been, be a difficult matter to fix the responsibility, but the eye that never sleeps and the hand that metes out even handed justice to all, regardless of race or color, will in His own time and in his own way make all things right.

God pity that mother down in Virginia who, perhaps, does not even know of the dreadful fate of her boy.

His honor, Judge Boyd, one of the purest and fairest judges on the bench, came upon the scene too late to do anything to stay the hand of the mob, but at his command the crowd dispersed.

Rev. Mr. Hicks, of Emmanuel P. E. church plead eloquently for the life of the culprit, but to no avail. Nothing would satisfy the mob but the blood of the misguided youth.

It is enough to make the figure of justice bow her head in shame. Law and order outraged and trampled under foot; and the fair name of the county has been besmirched so deeply that it will never be erased.

J. W. JACKSON.