

# BURNS LYNCHED

## Negro Slayer Of Cumberland Policeman Taken From Jail By A Mob.

### BODY RIDDLED WITH SHOT

Left To Lie Where It Fell, Near The  
Jail Doors.

### POLE TO BATTER DOWN DOORS

Mob, Not Large At First, Augmented  
As It Neared Jail Till It Num-  
bered Hundreds — Sheriff Had  
Feared No Attack And Was Ab-  
sent When Crowd Came.

[Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.]

Cumberland, Md., Oct. 6.—After waiting sullenly since Thursday night for the result of the attack on Policeman August Baker, who was shot by William Burns, colored, and who died early yesterday (Saturday) morning, a mob battered down the jail doors with a telegraph pole, took the negro out at 12.40 o'clock this morning and shot him to death, 20 feet from the building. His bullet-riddled body was left lying in the dull light of the street lamps, where it was viewed about 1 A. M. by Coroner George Martz.

While feeling over the assault of the officer was intense, there was little talk of lynching until yesterday, when Baker's death became known. Even then, until dark, there was little undue agitation.

Sheriff H. H. Hamilton, fearing nothing, had no extra guards and was himself absent last night, the only one on duty being Deputy Sheriff Noah Hendley.

About 12 o'clock it was noticed that little knots of men lingered long after the streets are usually deserted.

A half hour later a band of about 50, with their coats turned inside out and handkerchiefs bound over their faces, started for the jail. As if runners had sounded a call the little band was augmented at every corner. By the time the little jail on Washington street was reached the mob was several hundred strong.

Without parley the leaders, supported by the mob, rushed to the doors and demanded that Deputy Hendley turn over his keys. He refused and someone shouted "Get a pole!"

A few seconds after the suggestion a stout pole was torn down, and manned by the mob was sent against the door, which shivered, but withstood the shock.

As Sheriff Hendley pleaded with the men to give up a second rush was made and the door went down. The leaders grabbed the Deputy, thrust revolvers in his face and demanded his keys.

In the meantime the men bearing the pole broke through a second door and were battering upon the iron cell doors.

The negro within cowered in a corner and crouched as if preparing to pounce upon the first of his assailants.

But the impetus of the ringleaders overpowered the negro, who, cursing, fought as best he could. Bleeding from a mashed nose, torn ears and cuts on the head, the negro was dragged past the deputy, and into the doorway.

As the throng without saw their victim they set up a cry of "String him up! String him up!"

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Cooler heads advised an attempt to get a confession from the negro, but others seemed satisfied with the negro's guilt and continued to cuff him as he continued to blaspheme those about him.

Before the negro, who had been released in the crowd and was being buffeted from side to side, had gone 15 feet someone fired a shot, which was the signal for a general fusillade. A pathway was opened, but it was unnecessary, as the negro dropped, his body peppered with bullets.

Making certain that their victim was dead, the mob quietly dispersed.

While one of the spectators said the mob had no trouble in securing the keys to the jail and taking their prisoner out, Deputy Hendley told an altogether different story.

"About 12 o'clock," he said, "I heard the crowd outside, but I had heard little talk of a lynching and had no idea at first of what the men wanted.

"When they demanded the negro I refused to comply, and they, then got a telegraph pole and battered down the door and wrecked the interior of the jail."

"Pistols were pushed into my face, but I still refused to give up the keys.

"Finally, when my clothes were torn from me, they got the keys, but by that time the prisoner had been taken into the street."

Asked about the numbers in the crowd Mr. Hendley said there were at least 2,000, some of whom seemed respectable and others who were not. He said he would be unable to identify anyone in the crowd.

Altogether different was the tenor of the account of another. He said:

"The crowd gathered quietly and there were, not more than 25 actively engaged in the lynching. The men demanded and received the keys without trouble, took the negro and shot him to death."

Chief Judge A. Hunter Boyd was attracted by the throng. He ran to the head of the mob and besought the members to disperse and go home. Finding his plea of little avail he mounted the jail steps and recognizing some in the crowd called upon them to leave, which they did.

Rev. Cleveland Hicks, of the Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, also argued and pleaded with them without avail.

According to Benjamin A. Richmond, a former partner and close friend of the late Gov. Lloyd Lowndes, declared that there were a number of prominent men of Cumberland and vicinity implicated in the lynching.

There are 16 policemen on the city force, but not one appeared at the jail or along the route taken by the lynchers.

Baker, who had been city patrolman for eight years, died yesterday morning at 3.30 o'clock. Burns came here from Fauquier county, Virginia, about six months ago. Burns was resisting arrest on Willow street, near the canal wharf, Thursday night, when he shot Officer Baker.

Officer Baker, who was at the Allegany Hospital, began sinking at 8 o'clock Friday night. By his side was his faithful wife.

The resident colored people are very indignant over the shooting, as Officer Baker, who was of a very kindly, obliging nature, was very popular with them.

The coroner's jury assembled today and decided after hearing the testimony, that Officer Baker came to his death by a bullet wound at the hands of William Burns, colored. There was no testimony to hold Jesse Page as an accomplice, and State's Attorney Austin A. Wilson ordered his release. The testimony was corroborative and was to the effect that while Officer Baker had Burns under arrest and was endeavoring to have the prisoner go with him, Burns without warning shot him. Baker had pleaded with the negro and told him that he did not want to hurt him. After he had been shot, Baker exclaimed "You dirty dog, you shot me." After this Baker beat Burns with his club and put the nippers on him. The negro was down and he struggled, but Baker held him and called for assistants. When told that Officer Baker was dead Burns broke down. He

said he was drunk and did not know much about the affair. He exonerated Page from any connection with the crime. Burns is a mulatto, 22 years of age, and says he has a mother living in Virginia. He said that he did not want her notified.