

The following letter has been received by the honorary secretary of the Anti-Lynching Committee from Governor Lowndes, of Maryland, in reply to enquiries respecting the lynching of an Englishman named Cocking in June last. A perusal of newspaper cuttings sent by the Governor shows that the circumstances attending the case were most unusual. Cocking, a shopkeeper, was one morning found in his cellar, his legs bound with ropes, where he said he had been thrown by robbers. Upstairs, his wife and sister-in-law were found murdered in bed; but while the drawers had been ransacked, only the money in the shop till was missing. Cocking was charged with the crime and was imprisoned. He, however, steadily protested his ignorance. There was every reason to believe that he would have a fair trial; but to save legal and prison expenses, so it is alleged, 25 men from the neighborhood assembled for a baseball match, entered the prison at night, dragged Cocking out, and hanged him. This was not done by a mob in the heat of passion; but deliberately planned in cold blood two months after the prisoner's arrest. Executive Department, Annapolis, Maryland, August 10, 1896.

My dear Miss Bagnic—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of July 21, 1895, enclosing clippings from the *Echo* of June 28 and July 11, 1896, and making enquiry in regard to the facts connected with the lynching of Joseph Cocking at La Plata, Charles County, Maryland. In reply I beg to enclose for your information clippings from the *Baltimore American* and *The Sun*, giving a full account of the lamentable affair, from which it will be seen that this prisoner, who was in the legal custody of the Sheriff of Charles County, charged with the murder of his wife and sister-in-law, was forcibly taken therefrom by an armed body of men and lynched. I note with much gratification your statement that your committee, and in fact the British public generally, have always held Maryland in high respect as a particularly law-abiding and law-loving State, and in order to show the more fully that the confidence thus expressed has not been misplaced I enclose for your information clippings from the *Daily Press* concerning the crime, from which you will at once perceive that the event was a great

course of procedure which the law points out as proper in such cases. In this connection, it is proper to say that in addition to the efforts of the local authorities, and with a view to putting a stop to such gross violations of the law, I have offered a reward of one thousand dollars for information which will lead to the arrest and conviction of the persons guilty of this crime, a copy of which is also enclosed. In conclusion, permit me to assure your committee that every effort is being made to discover the guilty parties, in order that they may be brought before the proper tribunals to answer for their conduct, which has already been so universally condemned by this community.—I am, very respectfully, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland.

The Duke of Westminster is reported to have refused 10,000 guineas for Shaddock, a three-year-old by St. Serf—Orange.

The amazing madness which can see anything for Britons to glory in in Dr Jameson's sordidly conceived and contemptibly executed raid had, we imagined, evaporated now that the facts are known. We (*British Australasian*) should despair of the Empire if we imagined that the gaseous jingoists who howled down Mr Draper at the Imperial Institute the other day in any way represented British sentiment. As the *Morning* justly remarks:—"The Jameson expedition was not only illegal but it was a ludicrous fiasco which has tarnished the British name and covered with ridicule British pluck and courage more than any episode of our own generation, and the most dignified course we can take is to make haste to forget it. To shriek and rave at the presence of a solitary Transvaal geologist, who is engaged to lecture in London on 'Auriferous Conglomerates,' of all things in the world, is to do the Boers too much honor. It is to exhibit the spirit of the whipped cur who, afraid to bite, snarls at the heels of his aggressor. It is to make imperialism dirt cheap." This is entirely our view, with the exception of the misapplication of the word "aggressive," the boot being entirely on the other leg.