

AS A WOMAN SAW IT.

A Vivid Pen Picture of the Maryland Lynching by One Who Was a Witness of the Terrible Tragedy from Beginning to End.

Princess Anne, Md., June 10, 1897.
The New York Journal, New York: Dear Sir, Editor—I have written considerable for newspapers, though that is not my business; but something unusual happened in our little city yesterday, and I thought you might wish to have a piece in your paper about it.

Sheriff Nelson lost his hat, and his clothes were torn, but he managed to get his prisoner into the court, which was crowded with men who growled like fierce animals, but the judge ordered them to be quiet and told the sheriff to lock the door, which he did. Then the trial began.

It was not much of a trial. The prisoner said he was not guilty at first, but the men who were glaring in at the windows were so fierce and the crowd outside yelled "Lynch him! Lynch him!" so loud that he told his lawyer, Mr. Thomas S. Hodson, of Baltimore, to withdraw the plea and plead guilty, which he did.

THE FIEND ANDERSON AT THE MERCY OF THE MOB



It was the death of a fiend in human form who maltreated a lady of this vicinity. He was beaten to death, shot and hanged, and the sheriff and honorable judge could do nothing to help him.

They did everything they could, even trying to immediately in the hope that if he was sentenced to death legally it would satisfy the people who were clamoring around the court house for his blood.

But it was of no use. The neighbors of poor Mrs. Kelly were not satisfied, and now the soil of our State is stained with this vicious blood.

I did not see the trial in court, but I was told about it by a gentleman friend who was there. Everybody knew that the negro, whose name was William Anderson, alias Cuba, was going to be lynched. The people of Somerset had sworn to do it.

They tried to do it last May, when it was first learned that he had assaulted Mrs. Benjamin T. Kelly, as good and beautiful a woman as ever suffered martyrdom.

But at that time the sheriff worked things so he got the prisoner away to Baltimore. This worked up the people of Somerset County so that it was decided that he would have to be tried right away, and the court convened a special session of court to try him.

When Anderson, alias Cuba, was brought to the county jail all Mrs. Kelly's neighbors came into town. First they thought they would take him out of the jail, but decided it was too strong, and innocent lives might be sacrificed, so the word was passed around among the men that they would hang the negro ruffian when he was being taken to court. This was in the night time. Next day, which was yesterday, everybody that had a buggy or could borrow one, or farm wagons either, drove up and hitched to the Court House fence.

There were some ladies there, not through vulgar curiosity or to see a human being suffer, but because we felt we were all in danger from fiends like this man, and wanted the men to know that we knew they only wanted to protect their wives and daughters and not to commit murder.

Nearwhile, inside the court room, they were carrying out the proceedings. We saw Sheriff Nelson and some other men come out of the jail with the negro. Anderson was scared nearly to death then. His eyeballs were rolled up, and his lips were whiter than any negro anybody ever saw. There were sheriff's men all around him. We just saw him for an instant while they stood up in a wagon, and then the men in the crowd made a rush for him. We saw Sheriff Nelson and his men fighting with their friends and neighbors who elected them. Mr. Nelson would have liked to stifle up the frightened negro boy as well as any of them, but he had his duty to do, no matter who suffered, and he did it. The sheriff rushed his prisoner into the courthouse and slammed the big doors right in the crowd's face.

York never saw such excitement! Judge Page was in the court. He went in there pale as death, resolved to do his duty in spite of everything, and the men who came there to hang the prisoner respected him, but they, too, felt they had a duty to do, which was in their eyes as great as that of the judge or the sheriff.

They had sworn to hang this man, and they kept their oath.

The instant the door was opened the court yard was full of armed men. This was at the back door of the court house.

Before this Judge Page had addressed the crowd and asked them to step back. He told them the law would hang Anderson and what did they want to stain their hands with crime for?

"Will he be taken to Baltimore?" one citizen, a leader of the crowd, cried out.

"No; he will be here and here his execution will take place," the judge replied.

They quieted down so much we thought they would go home for a minute, but it was not to be.

The door was opened and I saw something that will be in all our eyes as long as we live. The negro was all crouched up with terror. His mouth was open and his eyes shut.

When he opened them you couldn't see anything of them except the whites.

Then the foremost in the throng rushed at him. The Sheriff tried to shut the door again, but a man got his shoulder and leg in it and hundreds of others behind him brought pressure to bear and almost tore the door down.

Judge Page was swept aside by the torrent of wild humanity, but he was not hurt. He tried to talk, but you could not hear what he said.

Mr. Hodson made a speech in favor of his client in order to try to have a lighter sentence than death, viz.: imprisonment for life, pronounced.

Mr. Hodson did his best, but he could not say much in favor of the criminal who had outraged the womanhood of Maryland in the person of Mrs. Kelly. He told the judge the prisoner was only seventeen years old and had been a good boy all his life up to this time, and had been raised by pious parents, whose hearts were broken by the plight he had put himself in.

Judge Page determined to see justice done to even this friendless black boy. He had poor Mrs. Kelly called as a witness, to tell the details of the crime.

It was an awful story and it almost killed her to tell it before all those men, and she could hardly bear to look at the guilty wretch who was the author of her misfortune. She told how he attacked her on a road in the woods when she was returning home on May 5.

Afterward he threatened to kill her and did fire a revolver at her, but the cartridge would not explode. Then he told her if she ever mentioned his name he would kill her if he did himself for it.

Poor Mrs. Kelly broke down in the witness place and cried piteously. She had to be almost carried from the court room. When she came out the crowd thought it was the prisoner being sent back to jail and made a rush. When they saw the bowed form of the poor woman they fell back respectfully and let her pass.

But even the awful brute who caused her misery could not have worked up that crowd more than the spectacle of her misery.

They howled like wolves and we women put our fingers in our ears to shut out the terrible sound.

Judge Page, after hearing poor Mrs. Kelly's statement, could not see any reason to be lenient with the negro, so he sentenced him to be hung by the neck until he was dead, after asking him if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on him, which he had not.

Outside we knew he was sentenced to death by the noise. They cheered and would not be still for the Judge, who made a speech from the bench telling them that Anderson had been tried and convicted according to law, and begging them not to stain the good name of the State by interfering with the law.

Then men got up in the windows and waved their hats to the crowd outside and yelled that the negro was to be punished with death. The crowd near us yelled back until I thought they had gone crazy.

I never heard so much profanity in my life. The women there covered up their ears with their hands to shut out the dreadful language. We could not understand it when we saw respectable men we knew, church members, shouting and swearing like the worst class of people in the world.

But we knew they were not themselves, because their hearts were filled with vengeance toward the fiend.

After a while they quieted down, and most of them fell back from the doorway of the court house. It was most an hour before they brought Anderson out, thinking by this time they could take him to the



Meanwhile the Sheriff's men were fighting as hard as they could, but while there were plenty to hold them others sprang upon the negro and pulled him to the door.

Their appearance was greeted with cheers by the rest of the crowd, who could hardly wait for him.

In a moment we lost sight of Anderson, but where he was marked by a crowd of struggling men who were beating something on the ground with sticks and guns.

Once in a while he was jerked up and we saw him again. His face was covered with blood then and his clothes were almost torn off his body.

Up and down he went, and every time we saw him he was more beaten up. What were our feelings then for this wretched human being? We could not go away with all that crowd around us, and we just stayed there and watched.

It was awful to see. Every woman felt that the poor negro richly deserved all he was getting, and would not have raised a hand to interfere, but it was terrible to see a man in the image of his Maker so crushed and beaten by other men, even such a loathsome creature as Anderson.

By and by the crowd sort of fell back from where the negro was.

Tried Five Times for Murder, but Died from

NANCY E. CLEM was evidently not born to hang, for despite the fact that she was tried five times for murder, convicted twice and sentenced to be hung once, she died peacefully last Wednesday, twenty-nine years after the crime of which she was accused had happened.

Her brother, who was considered her accomplice, committed suicide in prison while awaiting trial, and her partner served several years of a life sentence which was commuted.

On September 14, 1868, Indianapolis was shocked to learn that Jacob Young and his wife, both highly respected and wealthy, had been found murdered at Cold Spring about two miles north of the city.

The man's head had been blown off with a shotgun, while the woman had been killed with a pistol and her body burned to a crisp, her clothing having caught fire from the flash of the weapon.

The bodies were discovered by Mollie Locke, daughter of Major Locke, and it was she who later proved the principal witness against Mrs. Clem.

She was fishing in a creek near the scene of the tragedy in company with her little brother. They noticed a man and two women in earnest conversation on the other side of the stream, but being children thought nothing of the matter. Then they went a few yards down stream to ask their father for permission to go swimming.

No sooner were their backs turned than two shots resounded.

Even this did not arouse the suspicion of the children, for there were hunters about, and they returned to their favorite spot along the bank of the creek, and, happening to look to the other side, saw the bodies of a man and a woman. They gave an alarm, and investigation revealed the fact that the Youngs had been murdered and their money taken.

Dense mystery surrounded the crime, and for weeks the detectives were completely baffled in their search for any definite clue. Then they learned that Young had been in partnership with Mrs. Clem, her brother, Silas Hartman and W. J. Abrams.

Just what their business was they could not ascertain. Dr. Duzan and a number of other capitalists and two banks had had large dealings with the firm and had received immense amounts in interest.

Dr. Duzan stated under oath that he lent \$30,000 to Mrs. Clem in two months, and that he had received \$9,000 interest for the loan. He had asked her how she could afford to pay such interest, and she evaded a direct answer.

The 12th of each month was settlement day for the partners and on September 12, Young drew \$43,543 as his share of the profits of the mysterious business.

All this pointed toward Mrs. Clem and the two men as being in some way interested in the death of the Youngs. The trio was arrested.

distorted by Mrs. Clem's testimony. She said she saw the man as he lay there and that they were not sure he was dead.

But dead or not to keep rope and make it. They put head and another end of the court yard.

The negro was a young man with the rot after passing.

In an instant hold of it pulled up into the air. Then they frightened a hurt.

Then ever was done, once was geance full. It was awful thir

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General Harrison, John T. Dye and James S. Duzan appeared for the stat and W. W. Leathers, John Hanna and General Frederick Knefer for the defend Judge Chapman presided, and the very day distinguished himself by prohibi the publication of any reference to the case. The Indianapolis Journal and Sentinel disregarded his order, and the reports were fined \$25 each. It was rumored at the time that money played a part at this attempt at secrecy.

Witnesses testified that Abrams had bought a shotgun a few days before the murder. It was a Remington-Union which was found in the cellar when other witnesses came there.

A chair was found in the cellar. Mrs. Clem's testimony was that she saw the man as he lay there and that they were not sure he was dead.

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(DRAWN FROM A ROUGH SKETCH BY THE JOURNAL'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT)