

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1812.

*BALTIMORE MOBS.*

The devoted city of Baltimore is completely given up to the domination of a mob more savage and inhuman than the ruffians of the French revolution. On Monday last the editors of the Federal Republican attempted to re-establish their paper in Baltimore. Feeling it unsafe to rely on the civil authority for protection, the weakness and inefficiency of which had been before sufficiently manifested, a party (whose names we annex as stated in the Baltimore Whig) placed themselves in the house from which the paper issued, in order to defend it against lawless violence. A mob as had been threatened, assembled on Monday night at an early hour and attacked the house. In spite of the remonstrances and warnings repeatedly given to them by the party in the house, they continued their assaults with increasing fury, broke the windows, threw showers of stones into the house, and at length forced the door. Still anxious to save the effusion of blood, the party in the house fired a volley without ball, and the mob retreated, but almost instantly returned to the charge with renewed violence. They rushed into the house, vowing the most direful vengeance against the whole party, and uttering the most shocking imprecations against them. In this state of things, those who were thus assailed, in defence of their own lives, were compelled to fire, and two or three of the assailants were killed and several wounded. The mob immediately fled, but after a short time re-assembled and continued their attacks during the night. Towards day the mob had increased to several thousands, and provided themselves with cannon to batter down the house. About this time a troop of horse and some infantry paraded at the scene of action. The Mayor and Gen. Stricker also came there and urged and besought the party in the house to surrender themselves to the civil authority, and suffer themselves to be conducted to the jail as a place of safety; giving them, as we are assured, the most solemn pledges that they should be protected in their persons and property. Under the faith of this pledge, about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, they were marched to the prison, without arms and without any means of defence. The militia who conducted them to prison were, it is said soon after dismissed and the prisoners left to the mercy of the savages who were thirsting for their blood.

Without even any shew of resistance from the civil authority, the mob about nine o'clock at night broke into the jail for the avowed purpose of murdering the men who were then disarmed and imprisoned—and who had been induced to surrender their arms and their house by the most sacred promises of safety and protection from the civil authority.

We are unable to describe the brutal and horrible massacre which then took place—A few had the good fortune to escape unhurt in the darkness & confusion of the scene. The rest were beaten down and most horribly mangled with clubs amid the shouts and yells of their savage murderers, then dragged into the yard of their prison and beaten with fiend-like exultation and joy even after all signs of life had disappeared.

The number who were left for dead we have not been able exactly to ascertain—The reports vary from 10 to 16. But we rejoice to state that it has pleased Heaven to disappoint the malice of these fiends, and that all except *one* of them who were thus beaten have revived, and some hopes are entertained of their recovery. But the *one* who has thus died, is Gen. LINGAN!—who after fighting and bleeding in defence of the liberties of his country in the war of '76, has been thus basely and inhumanly assassinated at the advanced age of 60 years in the very country for the liberties of which he had in the prime of his life, wasted his fortune, shed his blood and encountered every hardship. He was a man dear to every one who knew him. A man whose benevolent and excellent heart, whose brave and generous spirit, was beloved and admired by numerous and affectionate friends who will severely feel and long deplore his loss. Of the present situation of his family we could not speak—a ruffian could not hear—without tears.

We have felt it our duty to give this sketch in order to gratify the anxiety and impatience of the public mind—It is a hasty one, for in the hope of obtaining more correct information we have delayed it to the last moment—But the whole scene has been so full of horrors and the confusion and terror still prevailing in Baltimore subdued as it is to the absolute dominion of a raging and savage mob, deprives us of the usual means of information—nobody in Baltimore dares to publish, nobody dares

to speak, nobody dares write even to his friends at a distance.