

*From the Federal Republican.*

*To the Disciples of Washington in the State  
of Maryland.*

A period has arrived that calls on you to act a part worthy of you. The liberty of the press is tarnished.—There was a time in this state when she had her temples among us. Now they are destroyed, and her votaries murdered by robbers and assassins. Compelled to fly from the despotism of a mob, she has sought an asylum where her name is still held sacred, and where murder and plunder are not yet virtues.—On the banks of the Patowmack she raises her ravishing song. Her voice is heard and admired in every land where the rights of man command veneration. Its notes are music to the ears of Freemen, while mobs, mob-judges, mob-generals, and mob-mayors, sicken at the sound.

We will drop a tear over the misfortunes of our country, we may deplore the extinction of the liberty of the press, which is the extinction of liberty itself, but let us not despair. Your ardour should increase, as the clouds thicken. You exceed the liberticides in number, courage and intelligence.—Employ these in rousing the people to a sense of the calamities that await them. Tell them the story of Langan's death. Use all honourable and constitutional means to displace a set of men who have permitted a desperate banditti to ride over the laws for more than nine weeks. Of all governments, a mobocracy is the most detestable.—Sound the alarm in every country and in every district. Let every man work for the salvation of the Republic.—Speak aloud what the tyranny of brigands does not suffer you to publish. Three short months, and the incapacity or wickedness of our rulers may involve us in

the horrors of a civil war. Be not dismayed by threats. Cling to the constitution and it will protect you. In war as well as in peace, you have a right to express yourselves freely, and do it without fear. The contrary is inculcated only by the advocates of arbitrary power. It is tyrants alone that tremble at the truth. How long has it been since it was proclaimed by a demagogue president, that "errors of opinion should be tolerated, while reason is left free to combat them!" At this time, even the timid should become bold. When we are surrounded by danger, our security consists in braving it—not in hiding. When the storm comes, let not men of property imagine, that by bending to it, they will escape desolation. The same tempest which swept away the virtue and genius of France, carried with it the heads and estates of the rich. Cowardice invites attack, while courage repels it.

Let the people be convened in every county of the state to express their abhorrence of the outrages of the rabble of Baltimore, those sores in the body politic, as the Philosopher of Monticello terms them, which rankle and fester in it, and which if not speedily healed will produce mortification. The conduct of Mr. Hanson and his friends deserves every eulogium. It is tame language to say that this gallant young gentleman has immortalized his name. Endued with an unconquerable spirit, with talents of the first order, and an integrity which nothing can corrupt, he seems to run a race of fame of the most brilliant character. At once an orator, a statesman and a hero, when years shall ripen his judgment, and store his mind with the riches of knowledge, there is no post to which his ambition may not aspire, and which his talents will not fill. As to Gen. Lingan, that noble martyr in the cause of the liberty of the press, every federalist in Maryland should assume a badge of mourning in honour of his memory.

I am sure I only anticipate your intentions, in recommending the adoption of these measures. We should not sleep over the tragedy that is acting in Baltimore. Only two acts have been performed. The next may be played on a new stage, in Kent or Montgomery. And if such is the beginning, what will be the catastrophe? If it commences with murder and the torture, with what will it end? Shall it be told in the east that in Maryland the disciples of Washington have seen one of his companions in arms murdered by a ferocious banditti, and the Liberty of the Press trodden under foot, without having the magnanimity to complain, or the courage to speak?—Then, indeed, should we be poor debased slaves; prepared to pass under the yoke of Buonaparte, wretches too abject to endure a republican government. But this will not be. One universal throb of indignation beats in every breast. Cherish, my friends, this generous sentiment. Do not suffer it to cool, but give it a manly vent. Silence on the present occasion, would betray a want of gratitude, of friendship, nay, even of humanity. Every county has not a Mob to intimidate, a Stricker to command the military, nor a Johnson at the head of the civil authority. Remember, that John Montgomery does not every where prosecute in person. There are officers who can have the baseness to arrest the innocent, while they permit murderers to escape; but this requires a degree of depravity in human nature to be found only in the town of Baltimore. It is only rank soils that breed monsters.

Did you want examples to stimulate your

Did you want examples to stimulate your ambition, you have before your eyes a recent enterprise full of honour and full of glory—an enterprise undertaken in a holy cause, by a band of patriots of transcendant talents, bravery and virtue. Lingan's ashes are still warm. Hanson, Lee, Gaither, Warfield, Sprigg, Nelson, Murray, and other names, at which the patriot fires, have proved to you their readiness to offer up their lives on the altar of freedom. What lustre surrounds their characters! What forbearance, what presence of mind, what tenderness in shedding blood, did they display on the 25th and 27th of July! It was not until they were attacked by a furious populace, the windows of the house broken, and the door attempted to be forced, that they would even

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\* A few years ago, this John Montgomery was challenged to fight by Mr. Jarrett, of Harford, a gentleman of the first respectability. He refused and was published in the papers as a coward. Of such stuff are all mobs and their abettors composed. A man of courage would attack his adversary single handed, but a coward must have a mob to back him. There is another fact relative to this John Montgomery, that cannot be too generally known. For a criminal act committed in Pennsylvania, he was compelled to take refuge in this state, where he was formally demanded of the governor. The affair was referred to the assembly, who decided by a majority of two or three votes not to give him up. And this man is an Attorney General!

\* Ye Gods, it doth amaze me.  
"A madman such a feeble temper should"  
"So get thee out of the majestic world!"

act on the defensive. It was in their power to destroy the enemies of Freedom as fast as they collected, but compassion overcame them. If they at length fired, it became necessary and unavoidable. Let not some cool apologist of villains come and tell me that a citizen of Maryland is not entitled to defend his house, and call in his friends to his aid. Say, is it a crime to fly to another county or to another state, in defence of a friend, whose property has been demolished, and person threatened, by an association of hired ruffians?

You have then seen these intrepid men obedient to the law, yield themselves up to the magistracy, on a promise of protection—a protection never granted, or intended to be granted. The civil and military authorities, instead of taking the most vigorous measures against a mob of unexampled ferocity, turned their arms against innocent men contending for their lives, stripped them of their swords and left them in a place they resolved should not be guarded, an easy prey to blood-stained brigands. What ensued, all have heard, but none can describe. The picture does not admit of coloring. Fancy to yourselves three and twenty citizens, than whom purer spirits never breathed, confined in a gaol, without arms, and surrounded by cannibals, at whose savage yells the blood froze.—The military is withdrawn.—The Tigers rush to the door.—It opens. They press on with head-long fury. Their frightful howls echo through the lobbies of the prison. Their victims, unable to resist, stand and listen to the horrid imprecations of death that every minute pierced the ear. Retreat is cut off. Resolute and undaunted, they prepare to die. The brave and collected Lingan shakes his friends by the hand & bids them a long farewell. Hear his last words. “I am ready to die a thousand deaths for the liberties of my country!” The tears start in his eyes. The inner door flies open. The massacre begins. Then ensued “a scene of woe, the like of which eye hath not seen, ear heard, and which no tongue can adequately tell.” The prisoners fall lifeless under a thousand blows. Every instrument of death is employed to dispatch them.—Bruised, mutilated and full of gashes, their bodies are piled in a heap and left for dead. A merciful Providence disappointed the assassins, and rescued some from the grave.—Would it had pleased the same Providence, that the too prophetic Lingan had been of their number. His gentle manners could not touch the hearts of his murderers. An appeal to his services in the cause of his country, only enraged these butchers and hastened his end. When he exclaimed, “I fought in the revolution—see those scars,” the villains finished his murder. His mangled corpse lay exposed on the earth like that of some vile malefactor. See his feet pale and shrivelled with the pinch of death—When he marched to the Cowpens you might have tracked him by the blood of these same feet.

“His virtues

“Will plead like angels trumpet, tongued against

“The deep damnation of his taking off”

Peace to his manes!—his grateful coun-

Peace to his manes!—his grateful countrymen will do justice to his name. A monument will hand down to posterity his virtues and his services. His memory will be revered when the names of Johnson, Stricker, and Montgomery, will either be forgotten or remembered only to be execrated. When the orator shall speak of a Patriot, the name of Lingan "will not be far off."

This is but a faint sketch of some of the excesses of the mob of Baltimore—a mob which consists of copious extracts from foreign prisons, of foreign traitors, of pickpockets, highwaymen, of "Knights of the Shade," and French apothecaries. The gentlemen from the Old Bailey recognise and greet their friends, the gentlemen from Calcutta, united by a congeniality of soul, the associate together for the laudable purpose of plunder and murder. Some choice spirits of American growth, some from the roads, and some from penitentiaries, solicit admission into this band of worthies. Neither the forests of Germany nor the mountains of Spain can boast three hundred such heroes. Each night they recount the exploits of the day, and distribute the spoils. Gold and silver watches, bank notes, and letters, robbed from the pockets of honest citizens, reward their labors.

These details are sufficiently harrowing: But what will the free citizens of this republic say, when they are informed, that to gratify a savage vengeance, the writ of habeas corpus was suspended, and these unfortunate men were refused a privilege that cannot be denied to the most notorious offenders. Yes, the Mayor and City Council of Baltimore, in the face of a civilized nation, have proclaimed it that *they promised the mob not to bail the persons in the prison*. They would neither set them at liberty on giving security, nor allow the military to conduct them to a place of safety. They were too tender, it seems, of the peace of the city. Yet they could make terms with assassins! "O Shame where is thy blush!"

I would ask these honorable gentlemen, why it is, that the host of riotous murderers who daily prowl through the streets of Baltimore, publickly boasting of the part they bore in these transactions, have not before this been arrested, and tried? Why are the foreign renegades, who have performed a tour thro' the criminal codes of the principal nations of Europe—miscreants who have spent the prime of their days in galleys, or at the whipping post—why, I say, are these men suffered to march in proud triumphal procession through the streets of Baltimore, shouting with savage exultation, their hands reeking with the blood of revolutionary Patriots.—“When these things do conjointly happen they are portentous unto the climate that they enlighten upon.” We are told indeed that steps are now taken to prevent similar occurrences. Why was not this done sooner? why not during a period of five weeks, when the peace of the city was repeatedly violated, and the court and jury compelled to adjourn? has a satisfactory expiation been made by the victims that have been immolated? or is this a deceitful calm to betray others? When we shall see the court and jury protected in the discharge of their duties—when the late murders and riots shall be punished, and a free press established in Baltimore shall dare to tell the truth, we shall then know how to appreciate professions which we cannot, at present, but consider as hollow.

I know and feel, my friends, that I am addressing myself to men of honorable sentiments, formed on the purest models of Grecian and Roman virtue. From actual knowledge I can say, that the spirit of Washington breathes in you. Your bosoms glow with a flame pure as that of the vestals, sacred as that which kindled our revolution. Remember who you are, and rise with the magnitude of the crisis. Hitherto your career has been splendid beyond example. Having withstood the fury of a long train of persecutions and oppressions, undismayed by perils and uncontaminated by the sordid suggestions of interest, you have passed an ordeal that has purified and confirmed your virtue. While we have been wandering in political darkness for more than ten years, with the Moon of Democracy glaring its sickly light upon us, blighting and destroying the constitution—while we have been trampling against embargoes, non-intercourse laws, non-imporation acts, and the whole system of political empiricism—while we have been pursuing an *ignis fatuus*, that has led us over rocks and precipices, thro' all the turns and winding of a crooked Jeffersonian policy, every where beset with snares, your courage has never sunk, nor your zeal abated. You have been on the alert, marking to your fellow-citizens the tempests that threatened us, and the shoals on which we should be shipwrecked—recommending Pilots for the vessel of state, and havens where she might ride in peace, honor, and security. Persevere in your exertions. The day fast approaches when the rays of the Sun of Federalism, which already illuminate the land of Pickering and Otis, Griswold and Quincy, will penetrate the Alleghany, dispersing the mists of democracy, and purifying the political atmosphere with the beams of virtue, truth and liberty.