

# THE MARYLAND REPUBLICAN.

LIBERTY IS THE BRILLIANT GIFT OF HEAVEN:—ITS REASON IS SELF:—THE MIND OF DEITY.

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## CONDITIONS OF THE MARYLAND REPUBLICAN.

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All communications (post-paid) from literary gentlemen, will be thankfully received, and, if admissible, shall receive immediate attention.

## Political.

From the Whig.

### TO THE CITIZENS OF CECIL.

Fellow citizens, a crisis more important than the present has not demanded your attention for a considerable time—consequently your energy in support of correct principles is required by the most urgent motives that can possibly arouse a band of firemen to action.—There is a party opposed to your enjoyment of equal rights, both civil and religious. To defeat your opponents, and maintain your rights, harmony is indispensable.

I will not at this time comment on the wanton aggressions of foreign nations upon our neutral rights; taking it for granted, that you very well understand what you so sensibly feel. England exerts the most terrible despotism on the ocean; she openly declares to independent nations, that they shall have no trade, except what she causes to permit! I need not repeat our fruitless endeavours to obtain justice, and renew free commerce. England violated her own solemn assurance, given under the hand of her minister Mr. Es-kine, after she had gained supplies from our merchants of the most necessary articles. On the history of her aggression, and our disappointment, loss, and degradation, I need not expatiate; it has excited the abhorrence of honest men of all parties throughout the Union. But, I shall carry your attention for a moment to our intestine divisions: What is the political situation of Cecil at this moment? I blush to name it; for it seems as though the mantle of concert and freedom were about to be rent in twain; as if the tombs were opening to receive the relics of the rich inheritance left us by our heroic ancestors. For shame! my fellow-citizens, will you suffer a breach to be made in your ranks, at which a tory host may enter and bear away the prize? I am confident you will be united.

In what state of the union has federalism so glaringly avowed their hellish purposes? Behold it, in its zeal to promote an established church, with powers and emoluments whose effects would have been dreadful and destructive to liberty.

Behold it in the calumnies promulgated against general Smith, and their proscriptions of the most worthy characters in our country. The same party who abused Mr. Jefferson for writing the declaration of independence, slander general Smith for having fought in the American army against "mother Britain."

Behold it in the hints and taunts thrown out against the general suffrage law, which permits the poor man to have as much weight at an election as the rich. This glorious law was adopted by the republicans; if they lose their power, the suffrage law will follow their fate. When federalists rise to power they will study the best way to retain it; and none so sure as confining the privilege of voting to the wealthy.

Look around you, and view the formidable phalanx of federalism advancing to seize the reins of the state government;—meet it and defeat it, while you can— if you lose the right of suffrage, it will then be too late. Every enemy is most easily resisted at the threshold.

Look next at the means this faction has taken to pave their way to success. What

artifices they employ to carry their point! Do they not industriously circulate half bills surcharged with the boldest falsehoods? They do. And, forgetting their hostility to foreigners when formerly in power, do they not hypocritically offer to obtain the right of citizenship for Irishmen on condition that they will vote for the federal ticket? They! who once proscribed all republican Irishmen as REBELS! They, who doomed the virtuous emigrant to a fourteen years probation, before he was allowed to ask for citizenship! They, who heaped abuse on every United Irishman, and designated them as "fugitives from justice!"—Do they now fawn on those whom they reviled in the reign of terror and federalism? Yes they do; meanly flattery, that they may have another opportunity to betray.

It is not enough barely to suspect such men and such professions; every man of discretion and integrity must heartily despise both. They can deceive none but the blind. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Have the federalists fallen in love with liberty, since they have been hurled from office? Believe it who can!

Look again at your opponents; clean your eyes of scales, your judgment of delusion; and you may behold leaders in this contemptible band, some of whom the exigencies of former times have compelled (by breaking down the strong hold of ecclesiastical establishments,) to exert their talents in expounding the civil and common law, instead of the moral law. You may behold men, whose fathers subjected large and valuable property to confiscation for their adherence to the cause of Britain; yes, who, regardless of the ties of consubstantial endearment and affection, had espoused the cause of England at every hazard. You perceive the sons of these men inherit the perverseness of their fathers; and I should much lament to see them share their fathers' fortune.—When we view these men appointed missionaries to promulgate the doctrines of federalism; what must we think of their followers?—Here I must pause, and look around me for an IRISHMAN so destitute of patriotism as to accept the invitation held out by this faction. Can he take by the hand this party who strove to debar him from those privileges which the constitution provided for him?

Irishmen! you cannot be ignorant of the views of the two parties. Liberty and slavery, democracy or federalism, are as distinct as light and darkness.—But, if any among you suffer yourselves to be thus galled into federal measures, I will not ascribe your motives to depravity of heart: I will not by unjust imputations, fix you in permanent error, when I know your reflection and good sense will correct temporary or accidental mistakes.—If, however, any of you suffer your conduct to be swayed by deplorable of situation, by fear of displeasure or love of favor; if you stoop to be controlled by a haughty, inexorable, arrogant employer,—you have no excuse worthy of a man of Spirit—but worthy of the timid slave. The proud heart of an Irishman never yields to the presumptuous dictate of any man; it is only the spurious that submit to the commands of the rich or the menaces of the strong. Should there be a son of Erin in Cecil county, whose political creed is not pure democratic, would to God, I had an opportunity of walking along with him to his desolated and devoted dwelling—to approach with respectful awe, the tomb of his brother, his father, his kinsman, or his friend, who was immolated on the altar of despotism for daring to support the rights of man. To remind you of such scenes is enough. You will not dishonor yourselves, by siding with the federal allies of England in America, who rejoiced at your misfortunes in 1793, and stigmatized you as "rebels."

Have you forgotten the vile aspersions heaped on you (in Ireland) by the domineering advocates of a "protestant ascendancy," rendered licentious and intolerant by the exclusive privileges of an established church? You were first disfranchised or disabled; and when you prayed to be made equal with the members of the church of England, you were reproached: you were told by the British faction, that the presbyterians were ungovernable, and that the catholics were not to be believed on their oaths! You did not deserve this character: "calumny was brought in to justify oppression." Your own GREAT-TAN has repelled the slander by irresistible eloquence and truth; he has thus contrasted the laziness of the privileged clergy with the zeal of the catholic and presbyterian. Speaking of an attack on christianity and on the rights of Ireland, he says: "Their country as well as their God had been outraged—her trade crippled, her constitution destroyed, and her final judicature, of which the right reverend the lords spiritual composed a part, usurped. What an opportunity here for their interposition during a long period! Where are their spirited votes? Where are their deep researches? A layman indeed on that occasion came forth; Molyneux came forth;

and though he could not retake the citadel, he rescued the holy vestiges, the vestal fires of the constitution, and rescued them without aid from the dignified priests of the temple. A most successful struggle to recover trade and freedom was afterwards made: what an opportunity here! The presbyterian ministers came forward in every shape; the Roman catholic priest afforded us his literary assistance; the parochial clergy [of the established church] and their six bishops—not one syllable—on their part a sad blank—profound, uninterupt taciturnity. When their God, their Redeemer, and their country, are in question, they are silent; but when a twelve penny point on their tythe is brought forward, THEN they are vivacious—the pig-rogans with clerical billing-gate;—then a synod is held in the capital, in the seat of learning, under rained auspices, training up the reverend youth of the country in the holy office of anonymous publication, and inoculating their tender minds with the scribbling itch of meagre production; and then the parochial clergy, deans, deacons, archdeacons, prebendaries and precentors, with six bishops, in holy order and solemn march, advance," &c. This eloquent description is not inapplicable here, where the enemies of human rights have dared to bring in a bill to erect an established church; it passed the house of delegates, and was stopped in your republican senate—to the joy of every friend of equal rights, but to the mortification of every person of the episcopal church, who, in the language of the same great orator, "relinquish the lofty self-surrendering precepts of the Gospel, to preach in politics, for little and wicked tenets, in order to brand your prayer book with the image of sorry selfishness which would disgrace the frontispiece of Machiavel!" One of these reverend expectants of bishopricks and tithes-pigs, BENO'S from the dignity of the pulpit to poach in politics, and write letters to influence the election in neighbouring counties! another at Annapolis, has assumed "the holy office of anonymous publication," to defend the Church-Bill. A third, supposed more pious and popular than those who sent him, has been feeling the pulse of the folks in the western parishes—touching their politics for love "of virtue and religion." Has the Devil taken these reverend gentry up to the pinnacle of some church—pointed out to their ambitious view the PARISHES of Maryland—and caused them to forget the bible?

Can Irishmen support in America what scourged them in Ireland—an established church? Impossible! You will not suffer yourselves to be seduced into an abandonment of the principles of liberty; you cannot forget the historical truth and experience, which taught you, that liberty having been hunted down in the old world, could only find a refuge in the new. I know the heart of an Irishman too well to believe that Irish discretion in 1809, will eclipse Hibernian valor displayed in our revolutionary contest.—It is true, the tory prints in Baltimore, and elsewhere, have insisted that foreigners ought to have no rights; that they were dangerous, being vomited forth on our shores in hundreds—that were too offensive to be borne. "Dangerous" did they say? Show them that you are "dangerous" to toryism. On this subject I say no more: men who have systematically abused you, cannot dupe you.

Fellow-citizens, I have only to claim your attention to the inconsistency and ingratitude of federalism. The federalists at last session rejected a bill to admit persons conscientiously scrupulous of taking an oath, to serve on juries, &c.—Quakers and Friends, was not this an infamous proceeding? It was saying in substance, your affirmation is not worthy of credit. This was adding affront to injury. Your brethren in Pennsylvania feel not these privations; yet, there, the preponderance of political measures is decidedly republican.

Finally, let the first Monthly in October prove that republicanism is always consistent—support your ticket from the legislator to the very constable—suffer not your political adversaries to gain one inch of ground. Discharge your duty to God and your country—and I require no more.

EMMETT.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

William Cobbett, alias Peter Porcupine, is now the warm advocate of parliamentary reform—of sir Francis Burdett and Wadde—and the opponent of political corruption.—Will miracles never cease?

On this subject he has addressed a series of letters to the people of Hampshire—of which the first presents a most serious and monitory lesson to the people of the United States.

"Some of you," says he, "will have heard, perhaps, that whilst I was in America, I wrote several pamphlets, some under a feigned name, and some under no name at all—From one of these pamphlets the London ministerial newspapers have extracted these words: "For my part, I

am no friend of the English—I wish their island was sunk to the bottom of the sea." Having taken this sentence, they tell their readers, that it is quite natural "that a person" should wish for a reform that would lead to revolution. Gentlemen, I do not recollect any thing so bad as this ever done or attempted to be done, by any writer in the world.

"The pamphlet from which the extract is made, was written for the purpose, and the sole purpose of serving my king and country, and that too at a time and in a place when and where no man but myself had the zeal to write a line for such a purpose. In order to give effect to what I was writing, it was necessary for me to say something to disguise the fact that it proceeded from an ENGLISHMAN'S pen; and that this was the case there needs no proof but this, that the government at home caused this pamphlet to be republished in England. Further, for having written this and other pamphlets in America, the government here made me offers of their support, which I never accepted of. Upon my return from America, those offers were renewed, but again rejected.—I received marks of approbation for these writings, from all the men then in power. I dined at Mr. Windham's with Pitt, which I then thought a great honor; and really, when Mr. Canning looks back to the time when I dined at his house at Putney, and when he paid me so many just compliments for my exertions in my country's cause, I can hardly think that he must not view with some degree of shame, these attempts on the part of persons who are publically said to write under his particular patronage. As to Mr. Windham, he has declared in open parliament, that for my writings in America, I deserved a statue of gold."

And now let the federalists of the United States say, that extract—was "blatant untruth," to their souls. Who was William Cobbett? The man, who in times of yore, was their oracle—the man whom they cherished, fed and encouraged—whose page they subscribed and wrote for, and whose writings they admired with the same spirit which warmed the gratitude of Pitt, of Windham, and Canning. Of the hypercritical morality of Mr. Cobbet, we shall say nothing; he was a spy, a pensioner, and a slave—and he had at least as much morality as belongs to his vocation. But of the federalists, what shall we say! Whilst he was labouring "for the sole purpose of serving his king and country," they seemed to be with him—the same in opinions and feeling—"bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh," the adherents of a creature, to whom the British government had "made offers of support."

There are writers in the United States at this very moment, who ply the same trade in the same disguise—who profess an attachment to the United States, and a hatred for England, the better to mask their views—and who cannot sink the Englishmen in their hearts. They are devoted to the interests of Britain, and many of them are apostates to their native country.—Cobbett's of the present day, who Mr. Canning may reward for their exertions in his country's cause. When will the honest men of the opposition—when will the native-born true-hearted American federalists awaken from their delusion?

GEN. SAMUEL SMITH.

IT is much to be lamented, that the character of a man is subjected to the shafts of calumny, in proportion to his worth and standing in society. Envy sickens at the blaze of merit, and endeavours to tarnish the lustre of every good and brilliant action.... The conduct of Gen. Smith at Mud-Island, was, considering the smallness of his force, one of the most remarkable circumstances that happened during the revolution. The British were at the time in possession of Philadelphia, and the fort at Mud-Island was consequently an object of great importance; because, if well defended by its commanding officer, and supported by the American galleys, the British would be compelled to evacuate the city of Philadelphia for want of a communication with their navy. The mere selection to the command of this important post, would be considered as a circumstance proving, that General Smith stood very high in the estimation of the commander in chief for bravery, cool intrepidity and tried patriotism: Yet, he has been tauntingly called the hero of Mud-Island, and this affair represented as a common occurrence. We, however, feel no hesitation in referring to the Historian, to see whether Mr. Smith deserves any credit for his conduct or not.—The following is an extract from Gordon's History of

the American Revolution, Vol. 2, p. 374.

While the British were entirely occupied in possessing the city of Philadelphia, Gen. Washington sent Lieut. Col. Samuel Smith of the Maryland line, with two hundred men, who were to proceed and possess themselves of Mud-Island. By dark marches, he arrived with his party at the lower ferry, and with a faculty threw himself into the fort, which he found in a wretched condition—without ammunition, provisions, stores, garrisoned by about thirty militia. He had with him two excellent officers of artillery, to whom he assigned fifty of his best men who were trained to the guns. The Colonel, with Commodore Hazlewood and Captain Robinson, a brave naval officer, visited Province-Island, principally under water—the banks having been cut by order. The Colonel pointed out two dry places, where the enemy might erect works, the nearest about four or five hundred yards from that side of the American works where the defences were only pallisades, one gun and two weak block-houses. With great labour he undertook to erect a two gun battery without the fort, so as to make a cross fire on the spot. He had not finished before the enemy took possession of the ground he most dreaded; but, by a well directed fire from the block-house batteries and galleys, ere they had a gun ready, the Americans wounded the commander, and the party delivered themselves up prisoners. While these were removing, another party came down from the heights, and deceiving Major Billard with offers of submission, till too near to be prevented, re-possessed themselves of the battery, from whence they annoyed the garrison very much. Many of the men and officers having sickened through the unhealthiness of the place, the Colonel was reinforced by the first Virginia regiment, of about one hundred and twenty men. The enemy having got up part of the chevaux-de-frieze, brought in their shipping, and made an attack as above related. One American squadron of four galleys, believed well, the others kept aloof—the Commodore being at the distance of more than a mile.

"The British, after that unsuccessful attack, applied themselves to the strengthening of their batteries on shore, and nightly sent up their boats with provision to the city, by the passage between Mud and Province-Islands, while the Commodore absolutely refused attempting to prevent them, upon the plea that a single bomb from the enemy would destroy any of his galleys. There came three or four days of uncommon high tides, which drowned some of the British, and hindered them working any of their guns, except one howitzer. This opportunity of annoying them considerably, was not duly improved by the galleys.—On the decrease of the tides, the British renewed their fire with double vigor, and soon destroyed the American two gun battery, blew up the north-west block-house and laboratory, and compelled the garrison to seek cover in the fort. Col. Smith, after having defended it from the latter end of September, till the 11th of November—a few days excepted, was wounded by a spent cannon shot, and greatly bruized by the bricks it threw on him, which occasioned his removal to the main. His fatigues and dangers had been extreme, and he supported them with uncommon patience and fortitude."

JUSTICE.

The Columbia Academy,

Corner of East and Chest Streets,

BALTIMORE,

For Young Ladies, as Boarders or Day Scholars, will again open for their reception on the 1st Monday in September next.

Mrs. GROOMBRIDGE, ever grateful for the encouragement so liberally bestowed on her, and anxious to merit its continuance, affords those Parents and Guardians who entrust their children to her care, that the most assiduously devotes her own time to the instruction of her pupils, but has also twelve assistants, who are in every respect adequate to the branches of Education they undertake to teach.

August 26 1869.

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