

wearing the badge of honor or dishonor which attaches to us as slaveowners.

Mr. President, I contend for the maintenance of the sacred rights of property of every kind. You are about to settle a different principle. Property, henceforth in Maryland, is but a shuttle-cock, to be banded here and there. The *slave aristocracy*, as you call them, may exist no more in Maryland as *slaveholding*; the "Star Spangled Banner," written by a Maryland slaveholder may be forgotten; the high-born families of Maryland may be driven out in time; but they will leave the record of their glory and fame upon every page of your history.

"Slave aristocracy" will live through all time, and after ages will respect it, for its high standard of honor, its exalted patriotism, its specimens of educated gentlemen, barristers, theologians, and statesmen. It will live through all time as a model of courtesy and hospitality. It will live through all time as the respecter of the rights of person and property. It will live in history as the best friend of the poor *white* man, and the negro's kindest *protector*.

Can I say as much for that aristocracy which may perchance succeed it? For there is an aristocracy which is aiming to take its *place*, an aristocracy fed on fat Government *contracts*—without education—without refinement—without honesty—reared upon the ruin of the country and the "price of human blood"—and by its action every day making *itself* richer, and the poor white man poorer. Accept, sir, this as the true doctrine that property is not secured by the safeguards of law and common honesty, and the cheek that is smitten will not ever turn the other to its smiter. "The mills of God grind slowly, but *very small*."

Political catch-words can be invented which may come home to others besides the slaveowner. This *new* aristocracy reared by the war, may yet see, in the efforts of the people to save themselves from the ruin which threatens the many, in order to *enrich the few*, their gains, "the price of blood," crumble into dust and nothingness.

The people may yet take up in their agony and oppression, the cry, "homes for the homeless,"—"bread for the breadless,"—"money for the moneyless." This new aristocracy may yet be seen trying to skulk and hide from the swift but avenging power of the people.

Freedom, sir, for the enslaved *white man* must be maintained, if even it demands the extermination of the black man. There will be a cry of peace, when there is no peace. And woe to the man who resists this changing tide of popular sentiment. There is power in the storm, might in the hurricane, but the people's voice will be stronger than the roar of the *storm* or the majesty of the hurricane. Other men, besides the slaveowners may yet learn the meaning of the hand-writing upon the wall: "MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN."

Mr. President, my task is over, my work is done. I have, in my humble way, discharged a duty I owe to myself, to my constituents, to my State, and to my country. I have stood up and battled for the rights of all classes of my fellow citizens—for the widow, the orphan, the aged, the fair, and the brave, alike. I have aimed to secure you in your homesteads, my fellow-countrymen, so that in the future (as ever in the past,) you may continue to gather, day after day, around your old altars to worship—enjoy the bloom and beauty of your fields—and cast your eye at morn and eve to your family grave-yard, where rest for generations your fathers, who now sleep the sleep which shall know no waking until the trump of God shall rouse them. If I do not succeed in this battle for your rights, and all that is dear to high-born men, and noble, fair women, aye to tender children, and the helpless innocence of the maiden—the fault is not mine. Point to every man who votes for this article, and mark him through all time with the inscription, "thou art the man." [Mr. SANDS, (in his seat) Amen.] Thou canst not say I did it? But come weal or woe,—whether a succeeding administration of the Federal Government does us justice, or a succeeding generation metes out equity to our children, be still high-born *men* and *noble women*. Onward in faith, and leave our destiny to a God who will never desert those who battle in as holy a cause as ours, although we must yield now to the arbitrary action of a majority which admits that it has not time to stop to do justice, but walketh ever in ways of its own unlicensed choice.

The ballot box may yet save our institutions. Strike, men of Maryland, at the ballot box, "for your altars, your firesides, and your homes."

On motion of Mr. STIRLING,
The Convention adjourned.