

evils that have fallen upon her, the enemy which has tried to strike her down from her proud place in the van of nations; which has for the first time dragged her proud starry flag in the mud and mire—that enemy, as God is my judge, I believe to be the institution of human slavery. Right or wrong, I believe it. Nay, sir, I take that back, and say that I *know* it. And though I am the friend and daily companion and associate of the slaveholder, I am as true and earnest a hater of the system as breathes God's free air this night. Many a day and many a night have I followed the bloody history of the times, and as I have done so I have promised myself that if the day should ever come when I could strike that system a blow, when I could put the knife to its heart, God helping me, I would strike strong and sure. The gentleman from Anne Arundel (Mr. Henkle) quoted the lines—

“The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear,
The blood will follow where the knife is driven.”

I have marked for three long years, three long, dark, terrible years, the quivering flesh of my torn and bleeding country. I have marked the flowing of the precious priceless blood which slavery has drawn from veins that ought to be immortal. And loving her as I do; watching her agonies as I have watched them, I will never forgive, so help me heaven, that thing which has torn her flesh, her quivering flesh, and drawn her precious, her priceless blood!

Now, let me give you a quotation from a good old yankee song. I sometimes take a social glass; and sometimes I do it in company of gentlemen with southern proclivities. But I hardly ever in my life did so with one of those gentlemen, who, when he came to be a little—off his guard, [laughter] did not like to hear the Star-Spangled Banner sung, or even Yankee Doodle. It is an American instinct and will out some time or other.—Now, about that yankee song, its chorus is—“There's a good time coming, boys; wait a little longer.” There is great virtue in those words. Wait and hope; the night is very dark, the storm is very high, but God is at the helm! and if He watches the fall of the sparrow, if He counts the hairs of your head, do you think He cares nothing for a nation's agonies? Do you not think that if He so loved mankind that He gave our Master to die for them, He will not at last stretch out His omnipotent arm, when His hour comes, and save us? I do from my heart believe it. I believe he is working our salvation now, and by the destruction of that evil whence has sprung all our woes. Then I say “there's a good time coming.” Only think of it. Does it not make your heart bound? Does it not make the warm blood in your veins course with double swiftness, to think of it? A time

when our nation shall learn war no more; when the erring on both sides, who have done each other mutual wrongs, shall mutually lay down their arms, and declare themselves brothers, one nation, one land, one people, having one grand destiny, and that destiny to lead all nations to liberty and christianity. This day is coming. Do we not long for it? And if we had the power, would we not bring it about? And has not God the will to do it—more pity and more love than we have, and has He not the power to do it, and will he not do it?

Brothers, and I call every man on this floor now, my brother; let us at least be brothers in this; that we will look to such a destiny, if God shall perchance give it to us. Whether it shall come sooner or later, let us look to it and labor for it, and my word for it, it will not be long before you will hear again from southern mountains, and southern valleys, from that grand old lyric which Maryland's son, in days of gloom, gave to his countrymen; those words of good cheer:

“The star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

Mr. KENNARD. We have determined to act upon this question at 2 o'clock to-morrow. I therefore move that when this Convention adjourn, it be to meet to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. That will give us an additional hour to hear some member who may want to speak upon this question.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. PUGH. I have received a telegraphic despatch from my partner informing me that he is very ill. I therefore ask to be excused from attendance on this Convention for a few days.

Leave of absence was accordingly granted.

On motion of Mr. PURNELL—

The Convention then adjourned to 9 A. M. to-morrow.

FORTIETH DAY.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1864.

The Convention met at 9 o'clock, A. M.

Prayer by the Rev. Mr. Owen.

The roll was called and the following members answered to their names:

Messrs. Goldsborough, President; Abbott, Annan, Audoun, Baker, Berry, of Baltimore county, Berry, of Prince George's, Billingsley, Blackiston, Briscoe, Brown, Carter, Chambers, Clarke, Crawford, Cunningham, Cushing, Dail, Daniel, Davis, of Charles, Davis, of Washington, Dennis, Duvall, Earle, Ecker, Edelen, Farrow, Gale, Galloway, Greene, Harwood, Hatch, Hebb, Hollyday, Hopkins, Hopper, Horsey, Johnson, Jones, of Cecil