

swallowed up in its gulf-like vortex. Am I told no further aggression is sought? My answer is prompt and plain—I trust not the assurance. The scenes of 1836 are stamped upon my memory. Then the same seductive promises were given only to be broken. Ten years did not elapse before the pledges were all forgotten. The clamor for power was again raised—first in the densely populated city—and then spreading out, 'twas echoed from valley to plain—from plain to hill—from hill to the very mountain top. Yield now, and ten years hence the same scene will again be re-enacted—and again and again repeated, until we are humbled to the footstool of those whom our labors have fattened and exalted. Call not then this scheme a compromise. Like the fitful glare of the will-of-the-whisp as chronicled in legendary lore, if followed, 'twill lead on to certain destruction. Compromise once did mean a mutual yielding or a mutual taking—a mutual releasing or a mutual giving. Try this project by such a definition, and if I have interpreted its features aright, how will it bear the test?

We of the small counties stand in this hall with a majority of the political power—by this we yield it. We now have the entire control over the institution of slavery—under this 'tis surrendered to others. We have the ability to guard the public treasury from further appropriation for works of internal improvement—'tis given up to those who may be solely interested in their prosecution. The territorial "basis" is released where 'tis alone important—and the initiative step for a purely popular one substituted in its place. Our delegations have in every instance been reduced, whilst those of the large counties and the city of Baltimore have been permitted to retain all their power, and strength or been largely increased? Who in all this wise assembly can tell me what has been given to us? What for all this have we gained? The answer is upon every tongue, or at least in every heart, *nothing—absolutely nothing*. Insult, then, our intelligence no longer with the vain effort of attempting to induce us to regard it as a compromise. Away with it, we can touch it not, nor handle it not.

Sir, there is but one course for us who are struggling for self-protection to pursue. 'Tis plain before us, we must rally as one man, and "stand our ground" be the hazards what they may. Should that popular avalanche so often predicted in our hearing, come in its might, let us not by ruinous compromise cringe before it—but as men meet it, with our "back to the wall and our face to the foe."

Mr. President, in a crisis of such deep solemnity, and in an hour like this, there should be no misunderstanding of our relative positions. We should speak in the language of kindness and courtesy, but we should speak earnestly and plainly one to another. I believe that on this day the small counties of southern and eastern Maryland are doomed to be tried by a fiery ordeal, and abandoned perhaps by those whom they have cherished, and from whom they might

have hoped for gratitude; it may be the day of their political humiliation. But if now is "the winter of our discontent," when the cup brimful of bitters is to be drained to its very dregs, let me say to the honorable gentlemen from the larger counties who are so zealously waging this uncompromising war, the time is fast approaching when you too will be compelled to humble your proud crests before the very power which you are now hugging as an ally to your bosom. Look to the city of Baltimore—her shadow will soon be cast upon your mountains. During the past ten years her population has swollen more than sixty per cent. Ten, or at furthest twenty years hence, and she will hold you as a play thing in the hollow of her hand. Then numbering more than all the State beside, she will again meet you in Convention, organized it may be, exclusively upon the principle which you are seeking to establish in a fettered form. Then will you have reached the position upon which we now stand for trial—you may realize our feelings—perchance be compelled to drink from the same cup—and if tossed upon the troubled waters, you are forced to cry out "help, I perish," do not complain if the "dark memory" still remains with those who have this day, through their representatives, so solemnly—yet so vainly appealed to you. Remember 'tis you who have scorned the alliance that might have given to both security, and when a mightier hand shall make you as powerless as ourselves, you and you alone will be responsible for "the judgment."

But, sir, if surprised and annoyed by the conduct of those from whom we are separated by the Chesapeake's broad and eternal barrier, what language can portray the painful astonishment and regret with which I have watched the course of those who as Eastern-shoremen are bound to us by "the mystic tie." Coming like us from that land which is consecrated in our hearts by the presence of the living, and hallowed to our memories by the graves of the dead—with the same associations and attachments—the same hopes and aspirations—the same interests and objects—I did not believe there was any demon power that could have severed us in this the moment of our mutual peril and mutual danger. What a spectacle do we exhibit to our own community and to the world! Now when our serried ranks should be found standing in solid columns, shoulder to shoulder, we are torn and disunited; absolutely battling in hostile array the one against the other. Tell me Eastern-shoremen—in God's name I invoke you—why this unnatural warfare? Is that ancient maxim, "those whom the gods would destroy they first made mad," indeed true? And are we about to realize its awful force? *Are we mad?* Shall we join the shout which even now methinks I here from the distinguished gentleman from Carroll—"Ho die—Ho die—Carthago, delenda est," which may be interpreted—"this day, this day the Eastern shore is to be destroyed." No, no, no. If it must be so, let other hands do the unholy deed. In us 'twould seem a sacrilege that would wake from one end of that beautiful shore to the other, an indignant and outraged people and make the