

have ransacked the records and archives of the State, with the most assiduous labor, I have no doubt, and all they have found to complain of, has been the distribution of the school fund. "*Parturient montes; nascitur mus.*" I do not mean to say, sir, that this is a trifling matter; but I mean that in reality, it affords no ground of complaint. If one hundred dollars will confer as much benefit in the diffusion of education in Baltimore city, as two hundred dollars will in St. Mary's, where is the inequality in the distribution? It cannot be shown to exist. Even this, the only semblance of inequality by legislative action, that has been pointed to, has not elicited from them much comment, because they cannot fail to see its futility as a ground of complaint.

A few words more, sir, and I shall close these remarks. The gentleman from Carroll, (Mr. Brown,) significantly asks, "have not two-thirds of the people of Maryland, the same right to throw off the yoke of the other third, that the colony of Maryland had to throw off the yoke of Great Britain?"

The gentleman should first have shown the existence of the yoke of which he speaks. He should also have shown the parallel by which the comparison might be drawn. Having failed to do so, there is nothing to answer. Again, he says, that slavery is as well protected as it can be by a constitutional provision. This is admitted to be a fact, as long as the Constitution which we may adopt shall continue.

But there is no subsequent security, except that which we may be able to keep in our own hands. If we fail to keep that, as there is every reason to believe we shall fail, then the protection spoken of by the gentleman, is but a "rope of sand"—a mere cobweb for all enduring purposes. He tells us again, that by refusing to yield what these people demand, we encourage them to assail slavery. With one hand he points to the provision of security already adopted, while with the other, he holds over us a rod of terror. Terms of peace in one hand, and a declaration of war in the other. Other gentlemen have said, that if we do not concede what they demand in representation, they will not be answerable for the consequences, as regards slavery. They warn us not to exasperate these people.

What mean all these threats, sir? They all pre-suppose an existing hostility to that institution. There is something in them to excite our alarm; but instead of prompting us to a concession, it demands at our hands, a tighter grasp upon the power which we ourselves hold, for the protection of this interest.

Let us not trust it in the keeping of others. It might be safe for ten or twenty years; but there being an admitted hostility towards it, past experience and observation teach us, that that hostility will annually increase. Sound as a body, they may be at this time, the admitted and known contagion will spread and diffuse its influence through larger and larger circles. Let us not be deceived by the honied words of promised security and safety, when we have so fresh upon our

memories, the threats that have been suspended over us.

The fable of the woodman and the forest was most aptly applied, a few days ago, by the gentleman from Worcester, (Mr. Jacobs.) It is trite and ancient, but it teaches a lesson of wisdom, of which I think, we are sadly in need at this time. We should be wary of surrendering a helve. Placed in the axe it may prove an instrument of desolation to our cherished interests. Even if the helve we surrender, is inferior, and too short for any extensive destruction now, it will enable them to take another, better suited to their purpose, and still another, by means of which, they will be able to hew down, lop off, and shape to their own will, the rights and interests, which I repeat, are only safe in our own hands. Is it wise, is it safe thus to arm the northern and western portion of the State, with a power which will enable them to sweep from existence, those rights and interests of which we should justly be careful?

I do not feel, Mr. President, that any thing I have said, will divert gentlemen from the position they have taken. Eloquence, argument, and appeal, from other gentlemen, have been lavished in vain upon the ear, without eliciting a feeling of regret or remorse for the deed they are about to commit. The suicidal hand I fear, is already uplifted, that is to deal the fatal blow, only waiting the hour of execution. I fear sir, there is no hope. When pledges to constituents at home are disregarded; when the influence of our ancestors' example is no longer felt and acknowledged; when there is a disposition to pander to the imaginary claims of Baltimore city and the more populous counties on the one hand, and party spirit on the other, what chance is there to hope for pure, disinterested and patriotic action, such as distinguished our noble ancestors? Yield what they demand now, and you warm into existence—open and active existence, that which it is folly to agitate at this time, while there is not sufficient political weight to foster it.

Once let that section know that they have the preponderance here, and my life on it, it will not be long before it is attempted to be used to our injury. Small though, the disposition may be at first, it will grow and increase, as it is agitated. Demagogues and fanatics will rise, and stir up the people against the institution of slavery, and gentlemen, or their children will find, when too late, that they have been hugging a delusive phantom to their bosoms. They will find that they have confided too much, in the generosity of those, to whom, they have entrusted the guardianship of their peculiar interests. The power will have passed from their own hands, and from the hands of those with whom they are now acting, against whose soundness on that subject, I have not a shadow of suspicion. They will find that they have been nursing a viper in their bosom, which will only lay quiet and harmless, until excited by demagogues and fanatics, its poisonous fang will strike at the vitals of our interests, and they will be inevitably swept away from our possession.