

the rights of the slave States guaranteed to them. That was the express ground; the preservation of the Union.

Mr. STOCKBRIDGE. They hitched off somewhat, after a little, into *State* rights. But it began with *Southern* rights. Now, what did that mean? Not national rights; not *State* rights; but *Southern* rights. Now, what are *Southern* rights as distinguished from *Northern* rights, but the right to hold slaves? Is it anything else? As late as the 19th of April, 1861, when a certain ticket was elected in Baltimore, to send members to the Legislature at Frederick, it was brought out as a "*Southern rights ticket*." But let us read the authorities. What said Alexander H. Stephens, in his great speech, in Savannah, in March, 1861?

"The question of African slavery, as it exists among us, was the immediate cause of the late rupture, and present rebellion. * * Our new government is founded, its cornerstone rests upon the great truth that slavery is the negroes' natural and normal condition. This is the chief stone of the corner in our new edifice."—1 *Reb. Rec. Doc.* 45, 46.

And Mr. Spratt—L. W. Spratt, of South Carolina, who has furnished to this rebellion more brains than any other two men who have had anything to do with it—what said he in his letter of February 13, 1861?

"The contest is not between the North and South as geographical sections merely, there can be no contest; nor between the people of the North and the people of the South, for our relations have been pleasant, and on neutral grounds there is still nothing to estrange us. * * But the real contest is between the *two forms of society* which have become established, the one at the North and the other at the South. The one embodies in its political structure the principle that equality is the right of man; the other that it is the right of equals only. In the one there is hiring labor, in the other slave labor. * * Slavery was within its grasp, ('the grasp of the government,') and forced to the option of extinction in the Union, or of independence out, it dares to strike, and it asserts its claim to *nationality*, and its right to recognition among the leading social systems of the world. Such being the nature of the contest, the Union has been disrupted in the effort of slave society to emancipate itself.

Why is it that they sang pæans to "Maryland, my Maryland," but because we had one institution in common with them? I say then, as I said before, slavery is too costly a luxury. I has cost us a debt of \$1,700,000,000 within the last three years. It has cost us more desolated hearthstones, more precious lives—sir, they cannot be estimated. What passes in your streets every day, as the slow funeral march moves along to yonder resting-place? Day before yesterday four were carried there; yesterday there were

eight. How many to-day? How many to-morrow? And this is but one little place. Look where in their gory beds sleep the thousands and tens of thousands. And this is the result, says Mr. Spratt, of the effort of slave society to emancipate itself.

From these considerations—not to detain the Convention longer—I believe it to be the interest of Maryland to extinguish slavery here at the earliest practicable day. I shall, therefore, vote for this article. I believe it right, and therefore I vote for it. And believing it right, I will say with Luther of old—"Here I stand, God help me. I can do nothing else."

Mr. SANDS. Mr. President, if it is not too late, I will go on now.

Mr. MILLER. Will the gentleman from Howard (Mr. Sands) allow me a few moments to put myself right in regard to a historical question?

Mr. SANDS. There will be time enough for the gentleman to-morrow. I have but little time now to say what I have to say.

Mr. President, I have but little time to waste in a war of words, else I should pay my respects to several members of this Convention. But I must do it in one individual case. That of my friend from Prince George's (Mr. Clarke,) because the scene of to-night reminds me so strongly of that of last night, when in the opening part of his speech he gave me the treat of transporting me, at least in imagination, from this hall and this time, back to that splendid epoch in English literature, which characterized the close of the last century and the opening of the present. He made me believe for a time that I was absolutely transplanted or transported from Annapolis to London, and that I was in one of its halls listening to one of Campbell's very eloquent lectures on poetry. Somehow or other—perhaps it was because I was transported in imagination to London—somehow or other London bridge, and one of London's poets came up in my mind, and I could not help mentally repeating some lines from Tom Hood:

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath;
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his [political] death." [Laughter.]

I had proposed treating my friend to a little poetry myself, but as my time is short I will content myself with a single line:

Drum wolle nur, was edel, thu' nur was rechte.

Now that poetry may be amusing, but I tell you it is very appropriate. It is a line from a long string of advice, good advice, too, which an old Viking gave to his son, when he was about leaving this world, in regard to the treatment he should give his servants. Translated it reads thus: